

MODERN SCREEN

10¢

MAY

33



Katharine
Hepburn

The exclusive
inside story of **THE JOAN-DOUG SEPARATION!**

Your Wardrobe—from A.M. to P.M.

Illustrated by JOHN HELD, JR.

How to keep everything you wear smart and new in color

"WHEN I portray The American Girl either on my drawing-board or in one of my books, I insist that the picture be authentic. For example, before I drew the sketches for this page I sauntered through New York's smartest Fifth Avenue shops in order to give you an accurate forecast of the new Spring colors that you can so easily duplicate with Tintex. As an artist I am naturally appreciative of color—and I am always amazed at the great range of brilliant and fashionable colors that Tintex offers you for everything you wear. It is small wonder to me that Tintex is used by more women than any other tints and dyes in the world."

A.M. All your intimate wearables should be in bright pastel shades. Launderings will fade them, of course. But never mind. Tintex will restore their gay color.

P. M. Afternoon and evening attire depends so much on correct color for its smartness. And I've observed that women who are both smart and thrifty depend on Tintex to give their dresses and frocks the very colors Paris decrees.

See the two young ladies below! They are showing you how simple it is to use Tintex. Just do as they are doing—"tint as you rinse."

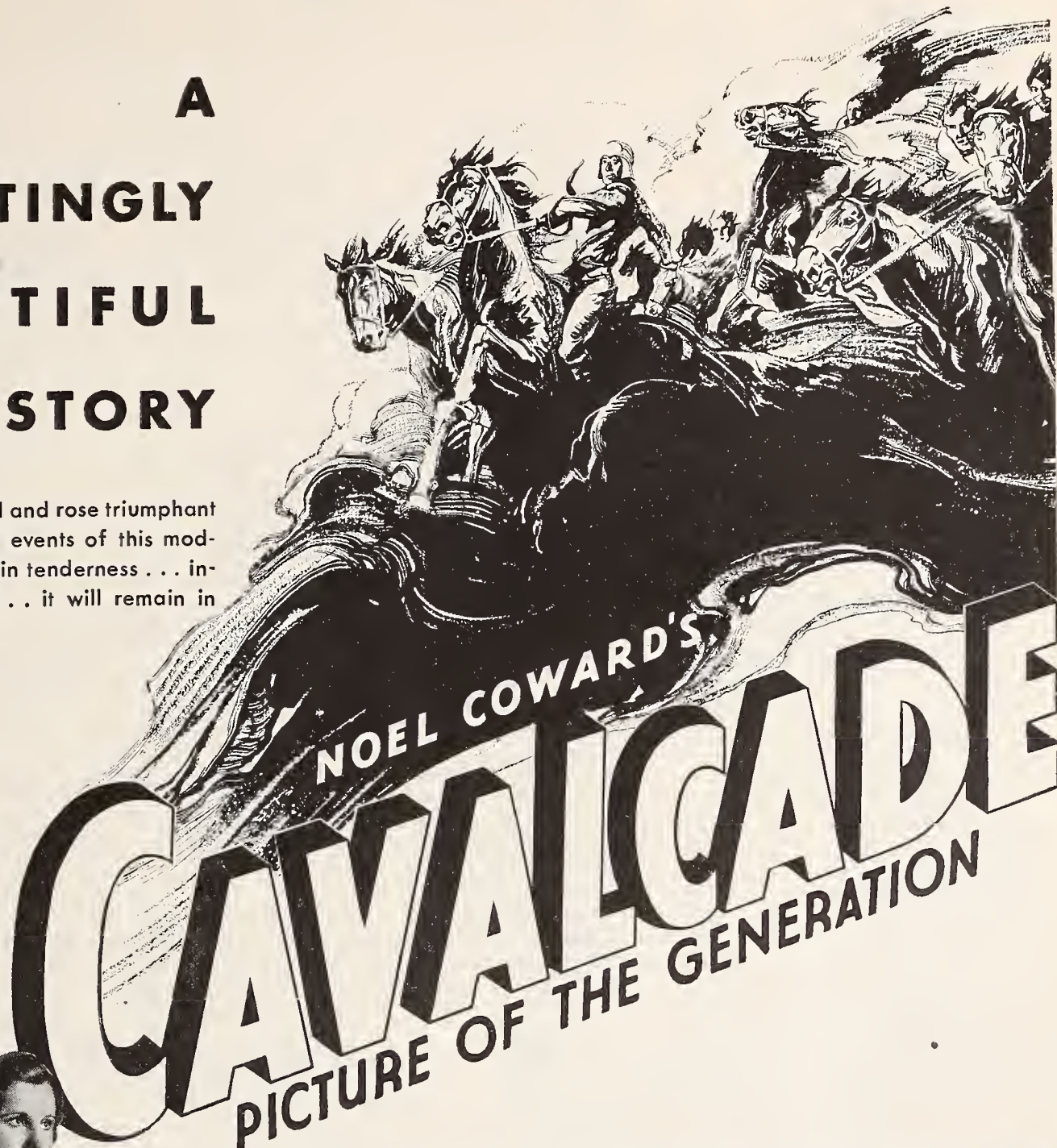
I have drawn the girl at the left just to remind you to use Tintex on home-decorations; curtains, drapes, slip-covers, household linens, etc.

How many Tintex colors are there to choose from? There are 35—and each, I assure you, is up-to-the-minute in fashion. Where can you get Tintex? Well, I've noticed you can get Tintex just about every place.



**A
HAUNTINGLY
BEAUTIFUL
LOVE STORY**

A love that suffered and rose triumphant above the crushing events of this modern age . . . Strong in tenderness . . . inspiring in loyalty . . . it will remain in your heart forever!



Now YOU can see the Picture the whole world acclaims as the Greatest Ever!

LOUELLA PARSONS: Greater even than "Birth of a Nation." Drama beautifully real and splendidly told. Truly magnificent.

PHILADELPHIA Public Ledger: If your budget calls for but one film a year I recommend "Cavalcade."

ST. LOUIS Post Dispatch: The cinema triumph of modern talkies . . . a tremendous and magnificent picture. By all means see it.

ATLANTA Constitution: It stands

supremely above criticism. A capacity audience sat spellbound.

NEW YORK Herald Tribune: The finest photoplay that has yet been made in the English language.

BOSTON Herald: It is, without fear of contradiction or dispute, the greatest film production since speech was given to the screen.

CHICAGO Tribune: "Cavalcade" IS, unquestionably, one of the screen wonders of the age—it has everything.

FOX

"Cavalcade" will be shown in your city soon. Your Theater Manager will be glad to tell you when.

This Month in
MODERN SCREEN

MODERN SCREEN

We have three very
delightful surprises



Princess Laure Murat is presented to you this month in an article in which she tells all about the manner in which Hollywood ignores social customs which, through the changes wrought by our modern civilization, have become outmoded. Perhaps you don't realize how many things you do in your daily life for which, actually, there is really no excuse—except precedent.

And Hollywood, sanely and wisely the Princess believes, decides to worry not at all about precedent and live life in the most fitting manner. You yourself may find a lot of hints in this story.



Donald Henderson Clarke needs no introduction to you if you read "Millie," "Louis Beretti," "In the Reign of Rothstein," "Impatient Virgin" and others. His latest book is "Female." Mr. Clarke gives you a marvelous interview with Jimmy Durante in which Jimmy tells all about that schnozzle of his. The schnozzle which has made him famous today and is—well, we almost said loved, certainly people are fond of it. There was a time when James hated his nose—and so would you if you were trying to tell a girl that you were crazy about her. Don't miss reading this story.



Noël Coward does MODERN SCREEN a great honor in giving exclusively to us his opinions and reactions to the film version of "Cavalcade." You know, of course, his great reputation as a playwright and as an actor. Mr. Coward is very young—only thirty-four—yet he has already given to the world such dramatic successes as "The Vortex," "Private Lives," "Cavalcade" and "Design for Living," which is now playing on the New York stage. Not to mention the delightful revues, "Bitter Sweet" and "Words and Music."

He seems able to dash off light, satirical comedy, emotional drama, brilliant skits and popular songs with equal ease. You will, we are sure, be intensely interested in the article he has written for this magazine.

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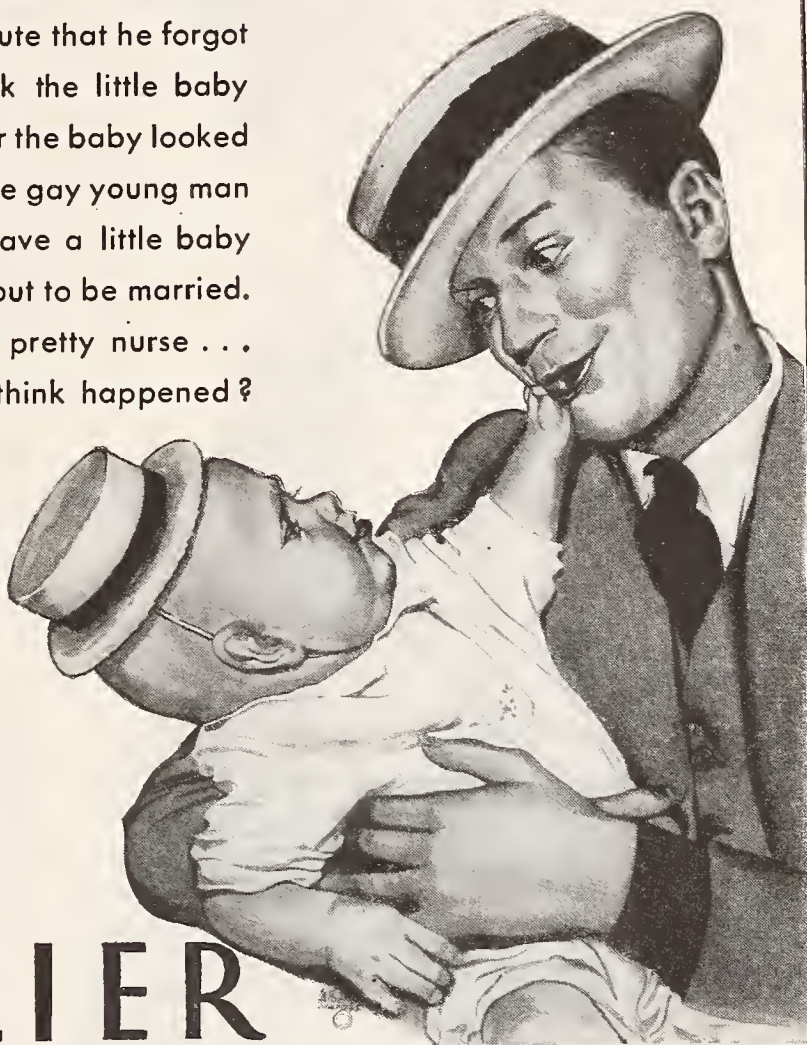
Walter Ramsey, Western Representative

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THEN *M'sieur* LE BABY ARRIVED!



Once upon a time there was a gay young man who loved to play about Paris. One day just about playtime, he found the cutest little baby... so cute that he forgot about playing and took the little baby right straight home... for the baby looked exactly like him... But the gay young man was not supposed to have a little baby at home, for he was about to be married. So he got the baby a pretty nurse... and what do you think happened?



Maurice CHEVALIER *in* "A BEDTIME STORY"

with
HELEN TWELVETREES
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
ADRIENNE AMES and M'SIEUR LE BABY

A Paramount Picture directed by Norman Taurog

A sparkling new romance with naughty songs!

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORP., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.

REVIEWS

—a tour of today's talkies



SECRETS (United Artists)

HERE'S that picture you have been waiting for: Mary Pickford in "Secrets"! And you haven't waited in vain! If you *ever* liked Mary, you will *love* her in this. Moreover:

No matter how much you've liked Leslie Howard, you'll be a still greater fan after you watch him pack this little epic neatly in his kit bag and practically walk away with the show!

Of course you remember the story? All about the bank clerk who elopes with the daughter of the bank president (back in the good old days) and they trek west for gold and adventure! He warns her that there will be trials, and the picture then proceeds to prove he was right!

They reclaim a ranch from the desert, have a baby, lose all their cattle to the rustlers, string up the most of them, thereby incurring the anger of the escaped chief of the gang who returns to set fire to their ranch house and shoot their baby!

There is just a chance, however, that you saw Norma Talmadge in the silent version. If you did, you may find the memory a bit too vivid and beautiful to forget!

THE GREAT JASPER (Radio)

We didn't believe Richard Dix could ever approach his work in "Cimarron," and here we are, tossing a coin to decide if he is not actually better in this swell picture!

Dix starts out as a fun-loving, devil-may-care young fellow in the horse-and-buggy days—with a cold, unsympathetic wife (Florence Eldridge) who shuns his caresses, disapproves of his philandering and finally leaves him flat!

Nothing daunted, Richard goes to the Big City where he meets Edna Mae Oliver, falls (Continued on page 8)

(Above) Mary Pickford in "Secrets." (Right) Richard Dix and Wera Engels in "The Great Jasper." Both of these films are well worth seeing.

... You'd better read these reviews carefully unless you don't mind wasting money on a picture which might not be the sort of thing you care for



RED, ROUGH HANDS ...

*made smooth,
white, lovely—*

IN ONLY 3 DAYS!

HER new friends were wild with envy! Her gorgeous frock...her beautifully coiffured hair...she outshone them all!

Then they saw her hands—coarse, red, rough... They breathed easily again. No danger of anyone falling for a girl with *those* hands!

Are you killing the charm of *your* lovely frocks, the allure of *your* beauty, with rough, red, ugly hands?

Would you continue to, if you knew that only 3 days of Hinds care would make your hands tenderly soft, white, lovely? The kind of hands men adore...

How this famous cream works

Hot water...harsh cleansers...housework...all take away the natural oils that keep hands soft. Hinds Cream *puts back* these precious oils. And thus restores youthful softness and smoothness.

The moment you rub this dainty, gossamer-fine cream into your hands you feel the skin become soft and supple again.

Unlike ordinary hand lotions

Observe how different Hinds is from other hand lotions. It is not weak and thinned out, nor is it one of these thick, gummy jellies that just stay on the top of the skin. Hinds is so chiffon-fine, so penetrating, that it goes deep down *through* the skin layers where the *real* healing work must be done.

Use Hinds *always* after hands have been in water, after exposure, and *before going to bed at night*.

This famous lotion leaves an invisible "*second skin*", too, that protects hands from chapping and drying, keeps them lovely in all kinds of weather. This "*second skin*" is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated deeply through the rough skin. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting*.



TODAY • TOMORROW • NEXT DAY

New beauty discovery!

It's a remarkable new liquefying cleansing cream that melts the moment it touches skin. Fine, light, penetrating—it *floats* the dirt and grease out of pores! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream. 40¢, 65¢.



HER GOWN SAID
"BALLROOM BELLE"
...but her hands cried
"BACK-YARD DRUDGE"

FREE A 7-Day Trial Bottle (Also trial sizes of new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by fast return mail. See how deeply Hinds penetrates, healing those rough cracks, that sore, dried-out skin. How soft, white, lovely, it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW.



Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors,
Dept. HT-5, Bloomfield, New Jersey

(This offer not good in Canada)

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 or 20 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Also trial sizes of the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

HINDS *honey and almond* **CREAM**

Copyright, Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1933



(Left) Alison Skipworth, Sari Maritza and Roland Young in "A Lady's Profession." This is a highly amusing comedy of the more sophisticated type. (Upper left) Gloria Stuart and Lee Tracy in "Private Jones." A war story with Lee playing the part of a kid who's regular enough but who, nevertheless, doesn't see why he should fight. Of course, he redeems himself before the film is over. (Above) Bruce Cabot, looking very much like Clark Gable, Fay Wray and Robert Armstrong in "King Kong." This is the thrilling story of a gigantic gorilla to which New York buildings are just child's building blocks. Very thrilling stuff.

(Continued from page 6)

heir to her astrological business and cashes in big on the feminine trade he is well able to lure into his lair. Later, when he is an old man, he tries to win his wife's love again, but she doesn't give in until he is on his death-bed!

And as great a performance as Dix gives, you will come away from the theatre saying that Bruce Cabot (Jasper's illegitimate son) is headed for great things. He's really fine! Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Freddie March) seems a bit miscast, but don't let that stop you! See this picture by all means!

MIND READER (Warners)

You have two reasons for seeing this picture. It gives the low-down on the fortune-telling racket and it has some of the best acting and comedy we've seen for months!

Warren William as "Chandra the Great" (he got the name from a box of cookies) reads a flock of pamphlets on charlatanry and decides to go on tour! He picks two grand assistants (who both happen to be grand actors, as well) and starts out. All goes well until they reach Kokomo, where Chandra falls for "the little woman" (Constance Cummings) and decides to go straight. They

marry, but Allen Jenkins (assistant Number 1) beguiles William into starting another racket in New York. However, at last, Chandra involves his wife in a murder charge, and then goes straight for good!

If you miss *this* little offering, you're crazy!

THE ROME EXPRESS (Universal)

You want action—suspense—plot? And some of the best acting ever? Then see "The Rome Express" by all means!

This picture was made in England and certainly deserves a flock of orchids! It's really "Grand Hotel" on a train—but we have a hunch you will like it even better!

A gang steals a priceless painting. One crook runs out with the loot. The chief of the outfit and his lieutenant take after him. An art collector and secretary are also traveling, plus a runaway wife and her sweetheart! All this aboard the Rome Express. Then an actress renews her love for the lieutenant and is involved also! Conrad Viedt, Esther Ralston and Muriel Aked share honors!

MEN MUST FIGHT (M-G-M)

This little epic is not at all relax-

ing! Matter of fact, it becomes a bit prophetic and shows you 1940 and a world war that actually makes the last one look like child's play!

Diana Wynyard is glorious as the nurse whose lover gets killed in the war and who is determined that their son shall *not* be sacrificed! Lewis Stone gives his usual charming performance as the rejected suitor whom Diana marries when she is about to bear another man's child. Phillips Holmes, as the son, seems to inherently disapprove of war, but eventually marches off with the boys to the tune of "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Mae Robson will give you some chuckles as the ultra-modern grandmother.

This will give you plenty to think about!

TOPAZE (Radio)

Here's a top-notch that will furnish you a real evening's entertainment! John Barrymore scores heavily as the timid, simple-minded soul who earns his living teaching a bunch of high-brow ruffians in a private school. The school scenes will prove plenty rib-tickling, we assure you!

But the meek shall inherit the earth!

When Topaze (Barrymore) finds out that it (Continued on page 10)

WE DON'T DARE TELL YOU HOW DARING IT IS!

Never before has the screen had the courage to present a story so frank—so outspoken—yet so true! Get set for a surprise sensation!



Introducing...

filmdom's newest favorite in the stardom she earned in "Cabin in the Cotton" and "20,000 Years in Sing Sing"

BETTE DAVIS in "EX-LADY"

With Gene Raymond, Monroe Owsley, Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd, Kay Strozzi . . . Directed by Robert Florey . . . One more in the sensational series of 1933 hits from WARNER BROS.



(Left) Constance Cummings and Warren William in "The Mind Reader." The story of a shrewd guy who reads up on fortune-telling and makes a swell racket out of it. Even love doesn't stop his nefarious—that's the word—goings on, until—but that's giving too much away. (Upper left) Elissa Landi and Ronald Colman in "The Masquerader." Ronnie plays a dual role in this. Incidentally, it's the last picture you'll see him in for some time. He's temporarily quitting the screen. (Above) Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant in "The Woman Accused." All about a gal who kills for love and then tries to grab happiness.

(Continued from page 8)
is possible to buy the scholastic honors he has slaved years to attain, his nature takes a turn and he begins fighting back against the world in general, and the rich boss in particular. He finally takes the gentleman's mistress away from him and blackmails him out of a share of his business!

You should enjoy this picture!

Myrna Loy, as the mistress gives a good performance. The photography is excellent.

THE MASQUERADER (United Artists)

We strongly advise you to see this latest picture of Ronald Colman's, as it may be his last for a long while!

The story concerns a dissolute member of Parliament who hires his cousin (with the same face, voice and manner) to make his speeches and take his place in society. The imposter does well enough in Parliament, but he neglects his employer's mistress and falls in love with his wife! Both of these little mistakes should lead to his probable downfall, but they don't!

The original gentleman returns just in time to keep the cousin from being discovered—and then dies! Since he passes away in the cousin's room, he is buried as the cousin!

Thus Colman is allowed to go on with the game and actually become the "other man," since the wife has found out anyway and really loves the new husband much better!

Colman is great in a duel role. Elissa Landi looks less icy for a change and does well with her role. You'll be glad you decided to see this picture!

EX-LADY (Warners)

You "romance addicts" might go for this one, but you who are too young to know what love is all about (or you who have *forgotten*) better stay at home!

Two young things (Bette Davis and Gene Raymond) have a grand time trying to find out all about love. After a lot of emotional experimenting they come to the conclusion that the old-fashioned ball-and-chain idea is the best. Fair acting and a few laughs.

PRIVATE JONES (Universal)

Here is a war drama that is *different*!

This is the story of the Big Fracas through the eyes of a buck private—one who fails to see anything particularly thrilling or glamorous about bloodshed! It's the war, minus the

usual heroic exhibition and glory. In fact, just plain war.

Lee Tracy, as Private Jones, is splendid as usual in giving the screen a sincere portrait of a young man who is embittered by a quarrel that he can't understand. He takes all the lieutenant's backtalk and even "takes it" when he is called a "bad soldier." But in the end he saves the lieutenant's life and is back peeling potatoes as part of his K.P. duties.

If you're one of the millions who like Tracy, see this one. Donald Cook plays the lieutenant and Gloria Stuart does well with a small role. Gags a-plenty, too. You'll laugh.

DANGEROUSLY YOURS (Fox)

Nothing to take your breath away in this dangerous sounding flicker, except the title. Warner Baxter is one of those slick crooks until he meets that gal Miriam Jordan! Then he does some falling in love and tells her all his secrets. When he finds out she is working for the insurance company—and against him—he goes caveman, kidnaps the fair damsel and carries her aboard his yacht. He anchors her with a slave bracelet (cute) and there's a fight scene between them that is quite good.

Outside of that, the picture isn't so hot. If (Continued on page 102)

WHITER! YOU BET I GET MY WASHES WHITER



WHAT! RINSO MAKES CLOTHES LAST LONGER?



YES, 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER!



You can save lots of money by washing clothes this "scrubless" way

JUST a change in the kind of soap you use—you wouldn't dream it could make such a big difference on washday. But it does! It saves scrubbing and boiling. It washes clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter.

No wonder millions use Rinso! No wonder the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers recommend it! By gently soaking out the dirt, saving the wear and tear of scrubbing, it makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Saves money.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—in the hardest kind of water. Rich suds, full of life, long-lasting. The makers of 40 famous washers say, "Use Rinso!" It's great for dishes, too—and for all cleaning. Most women buy the BIG handy, household package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



The biggest-selling package soap in America

HOLLYWOOD ROMANCES

(Right) Estelle Taylor and John Warburton are seen about and seem to be much interested. Incidentally, Estelle is suing Frank Joyce, theatrical agent for \$150,000.00. Auto accident.

Photographs by J. B. Scott



(Below, left) Jack Oakie and Peggy Hopkins Joyce are often at various restaurants together. Peggy is said to be thrilled by Jack. (Below, right) Estelle and Warburton again, and Isobell Jewel and Lee Tracy. These latter two have been "that a'way" for a long time now.

(Above) Harriet Lake, Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, Dick Powell, Boots Mallory and Jimmie Dunn. Buddy was formerly Mary's boy-friend. They're still friends. Dick Powell is now Mary's steady. Boots and Jimmie have been seen together since his break with M. O'Sullivan.



CASH SHORTAGE CAUSES BIG PAYROLL CUTS

Janet Charges Lydell With Jealousy and Being Inconsiderate

Janet Gaynor has every intention of going through with her divorce from Lydell Peck. Lydell, you know, is quite willing to make up. In spite of all their differences and disagreements, he believes that their marriage could be saved if Janet were willing. But Janet isn't willing to patch things up. She evidently feels that a clean self-respecting divorce will be better than a bitter series of small quarrels.

She has charged Lydell with being jealous and inconsiderate. It is easy to understand how a husband in Lydell's position might be guilty—or seem guilty—of these faults. Naturally he would be jealous of the demands made upon Janet as an actress. And naturally he would want a major share of his wife's time and attention at times when she would not be able to give them. Just another case of clashing temperaments, we suppose. Too bad.

Young Hollywood Forms Dutch Club. Tom Brown President

The younger set of Hollywood want to get together and have good times without it costing the boys their weekly pay checks—just the way young people get together in small towns all over the country for good fun. So Tom Brown has been elected president of the Dutch Club. Anita Louise is vice-president. Rochelle Hudson, Patricia Ellis, Eric Linden and William Janney are among the members.

Forty Foot Fall Not Fatal to Reginald Denny Baby

One day while the Denny nurse was occupied with something else, the Denny baby managed to get out of his crib. He crawled out onto the upper porch outside his nursery. There was an open space. And a forty-foot drop. And over the edge Master Denny went. Below was a small flower plot, surrounded on all sides by cement. Yes, the baby hit the flower plot and wasn't even scratched.

Marx Brothers Drop "Cracked Ice" Following Money Dispute

Work on "Cracked Ice," the Four Marx Brothers next scheduled release for Paramount, is indefinitely suspended—or maybe stopped entirely. The four Marx zanies claim that the studio still owes them money on former releases. And until Paramount pays the bill, not one Marx antic will they perform for another picture. Let's hope the dispute is soon settled—there aren't nearly enough Marx pictures as it is.



BEFORE THEY SEPARATED

Modern Screen is the First Magazine to Print Joan-Doug Separation

The Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., separation, one of the biggest Hollywood news stories of the year, is told about for the first time in any magazine this month in MODERN SCREEN. You'll find the entire inside story on page 36. We are proud to present this story.

Just before the separation was announced Joan said, "Both Douglas and I tried to make a go of our marriage. We did everything in our power to revive the happiness that we saw waning. Once we were convinced that we could not get along together any more the only decent thing possible was to separate.

"Of course, Douglas and I will see each other after the separation. Neither would want to lose the other's friendship and we can't see why the fact that we have decided to separate should make us give up our friendship.

"But there is one thing that I do want to make clear. Neither of us wants to remarry. That is why we have decided upon separation instead of divorce. When one of us falls in love—then it is time enough to talk of divorce."

Flashes from Here and There

Harold Lloyd and the missus returned from their trip to Europe with just a bit of change in Harold's pockets. "Where can I cash a check?" he asked. And wondered why everyone laughed.

Karloff has gone to England to make "The Ghoul" for Gaumont Pictures.

Marjorie Wellman, aviatrix, and husband Director William Wellman are divorcing. She charges mental cruelty. This is their second divorce—their two marriages having taken place about a year apart.

Buster Keaton, not waiting till he had his final decree from Natalie, married his former nurse, May Scribbens, in Mexico recently. Keaton and his new bride are living in separate establishments pending the final decree.

The Gleasons—Lucille, Jimmie and young Russell—are abroad. Father and son will make a picture there and mamma will chaperone.

Mrs. Skeets Gallagher has opened a dress shop in Hollywood. Such prices! \$12.95 seems to be top. Bebe Daniels and Arline Judge modelled at the opening.

Walter Hiers, well known comedian, formerly with Paramount, died in Hollywood recently.

Universal Suspends Contracts. Others Give Cuts Because of Bank Holiday

The National Bank Holiday hit Hollywood just as it hit the rest of the country. There was a terrific shortage of cash and the studios had to find some way of meeting the emergency.

The employees of the Fox company volunteered to help matters by working for four weeks without pay. Universal suspended all contracts during holiday period. Columbia handed out twenty-five and fifty percent salary cuts. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer also decided that fifty percent cuts were necessary in order to get by. RKO and Fox followed suit.

These measures were, of course, only brought about by the national crisis and these drastic cuts and stoppages of pay will last only as long as necessary. Just as soon as things start to function normally, Hollywood will go back to the old scale.

Extra! Extra!

How the Quake Affected the Movie Personalities

When the recent earthquake shook the Coast, Hollywood, Beverly Hills and Culver City suffered almost no damage. All studios were ordered vacated after the major shock. The high voltage wiring of talkie apparatus would, of course, have been dangerous. An emergency radio call was put in for studio electricians to help with the relief work—and it was answered in three minutes. The boys rushed all portable lights out to the shattered houses of Long Beach and every studio dispatched truckloads of food to stricken areas.

How about the stars themselves? Marion Davies turned over the entire staff of her private hospital to the injured. Ben Lyon rushed down to his Santa Monica beach home, grabbed Bebe and daughter Barbara, and drove for hours along the beach away from all tall buildings. Sally Eilers—whose permanent separation from Hoot Gibson, by the way, has been announced—was telephoning when the blow fell. The operator informed her of the quake but Sally didn't feel it till five minutes later. Helen Twelvetrees and husband Frank Woody, Wesley Ruggles and wife Arline Judge were dining—and made for the street at the first shock. None were hurt. Anita Stewart, recuperating from an operation, has suffered a relapse from all the excitement. Jean Harlow is the only known star who failed to experience the shock. She was in a moving automobile.

All social events in Hollywood were at a standstill. A relief benefit was arranged by all the studios.

(Right) Mary Pickford, Gary Cooper and Marion Davies at a recent party Gary gave to welcome the John Hay Whitneys from New York, to send off the Jimmy Durrantes to New York and to celebrate the new Wesley Ruggles baby. (Extreme right) Diana Wynyard having her footprints immortalized by Sid Grauman at his Chinese Theater. For her marvelous work in "Cavalcade."



International



J. B. Scott

WHAT EVERY

Frances Dee. You've seen her in "King of the Jungle," with Buster Crabbe, Paramount's Johnny Weissmuller. After that, Frances is scheduled to do "Dead on Arrival."



...That Marian Nixon break-up... Peggy Hopkins Joyce's escorts surprise film city... A real fight over Lili Damita... And other news and chatter

Ah, there, Marlene! Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler decide to go to the other extreme—and amaze Hollywood by appearing in skirts. With them are Wallace Beery, Tom Mix and Carol Ann Beery.



J. B. Scott

FAN SHOULD KNOW

THAT MARIAN NIXON BREAK-UP

WHEN Marian Nixon suddenly surprised everyone (even including her husband, Eddie Hillman) with suit for divorce, things began to happen.

Eddie learned of his wife's intentions after the suit had been filed—and then from a newspaper friend! He is quoted as having said: "I don't believe it! You must be wrong. It just can't be true!" Mutual friends of the couple were equally surprised because Eddie and Marian had been out in public together just the evening before the complaint was made public!

Many smaller tragedies have already resulted directly from the one large tragedy.

A baby was to have been adopted by the couple. And now since the wife's status has changed it is rumored that the adoption will be impossible.

A great number of persons whom Marian had reason to believe would see her side of the argument have sided completely with Eddie. Two of Marian's best friends, Sally Eilers and her husband Hoot Gibson, now have as their house guest none other than Eddie Hillman.

The story has it that Eddie has offered Marian the home, several other pieces of property (mostly personal) and a settlement—all of which, according to the story, Marian has refused to accept. More reason for Hollywood siding with Eddie! Every part of the sad break-up seems to point to the fact that Eddie still loves his wife and that he had very little to do with her action for divorce!

Incidentally, Marian Nixon isn't asking her wealthy hubby (ex by now) Eddie Hillman, for a penny's worth of alimony! She says her income is \$1,000 a month (Eddie's is \$5,000)...

and that she couldn't possibly spend more than that!

There actually are gals like that. . . .

● Remember, at a recent party, we told you that Elsa Maxwell (London's famous party thrower) arrived dressed as Professor Einstein? She was the only woman present! The other day, just after the famous scientist arrived in California for a series of lectures, Elsa received a note from him:

"The next time you decide to impersonate me, I shall be happy to lend you my own clothes. . . . I'm sure you will find them much more deceiving!"

● One of Hollywood's favorite "operators" opened again after months of being closed. The first night we found Peggy Hopkins Joyce there with three men: Jack Oakie, Johnny Weissmuller and "the gentleman in the dinner jacket." Peggy wore slacks and a beret and gained quite some attention for herself. George Raft was there with a bunch of the boys.

● At last! Hollywood has come out from cover and as much as admitted that being *déclassée* has nothing whatever to do with *morals*!

It all came to a head, when RKO was about to star Ann Harding in that old-timer "Déclassée," in which the woman is so tagged because she happens to be a divorcee! It was decided that being divorced in this day and age would no longer produce the result, so they made the woman a thief! Then, after going to all that trouble, they decided not to make the film after all. That's Hollywood!

FIGHTING FOR LILI

LILI DAMITA had all Havana aflutter when her escort, Earl Smith, entered into a few bloody rounds with

a dusky Cuban who insisted upon an introduction to the voluptuous Lili. Smith's refusal infuriated the Cuban, and he made a swing at the two-hundred pounder. The fight was just waxing merry when the cops made their gallant entry and stopped all the fun.

Earl Smith is a brother of Sydney Smith, Lili's fiancé. So y'see it was purely a "brotherly" act!

● Mary Pickford is always doing something "nice"! On her way to New York recently, she heard of a family of five traveling cross country via day coach. She took one look at the tired little mother and her brood of children, then rushed over to the Travelers' Aid Desk and slipped the matron a roll of bills with the instruction that the young mother and her family was to be made comfortable. "And," added Mary, "don't mention my name."

● Everyone wondered whom Peggy Hopkins Joyce (connoisseur of men) would choose as her escort from Hollywood's brilliant list of males. So far she's picked two—Grant Withers and Jack Oakie! Surprised?

● Constance Cummings can do all the freelancing her little heart pleases from now on. She and Columbia Studio have been wrangling for weeks over her contract. Columbia claimed she was still under contract to them, and Connie said she wasn't! So they took their grievances to court and Connie emerged the victor!

● Lilian Harvey has evidently ensnared a couple of Hollywood's "eligibles." Gary Cooper had her to lunch t'other day and he looked ver-r-ry much interested! Maurice Chevalier's flower bill has been rising to dizzy heights ever since the lil English gal



Wide World

Janet Gaynor and her mother as they arrived from two months in Honolulu. Janet went there to forget her matrimonial troubles. They're saying that Lydell is willing to make up.



Wide World

Oh, oh, oh. What will Mervyn Le Roy say when he sees this picture of Ginger Rogers (whom he has been beaung everywhere for months) with Allen Vincent. Allen is a new screen face.



Wide World

When Jeanette MacDonald visited London during her European jaunt she met Herbert Marshall, who was also vacationing. They say that Jeanette and Herbert will do a Noël Coward play.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . .

arrived. It's a box of blooms every day—and nothing less than orchids.

● Were Adrienne Ames' lobes pink the other day or not? She was sailing along the boulevard in her swanky limousine, when suddenly everything went wrong! First the engine let out a wild cry and then died. Then the horn went kafooey and it blew and blew and blew! The chauffeur got so rattled that he made a grand leap for the pavement and took to his heels, leaving poor Adrienne to the mercy of the fast-gathering mob! Finally two cops put in an appearance and rescued the fashionable Ames gal from what probably was the "most embarrassing moment of her life"!

● Marlene Dietrich may be indifferent to Hollywood and its stars, but daughter Maria isn't! She's sent Mamma out collecting autographed pictures of all the movie folks for her with a special request for a real big one of Cary Grant. And the reason Cary is the chosen one is because he once bought little Maria an ice cream cone (a pink one).

● There's no resisting that Chevalier charm! Even blasé Peggy Hopkins Joyce succumbed when Maurice stuck

his head out of his dressing room window the other morning (it's right next door to Peggy's) and asked: "Why don't you like me . . . huh?" When Peggy wanted to know his reason for asking, the Frenchman replied: "Well, you sat next to me last night at the Mayfair party and you didn't say one word to me! Is that nice?"

Peggy's *so nice* now!

IT LINGERS ON

SYLVIA SIDNEY says she just can't forget Pola Negri! She occupies the same dressing room that Pola had some eight years ago. It seems the Polish actress had a yen for exotic-smelling perfumes and one day, during one of her temperamental fits, she threw one of the biggest and smelliest bottles at . . . guess who? Anyway it hit the wall, and the scent lingers on and on and on. . . .

● Katharine Hepburn proved she could sling a mean tray the other day at the studio café. It was one of those heavy "extra" days, and the waitresses were practically sliding on their ears trying to get everybody's order. Katharine waited ten minutes . . . then calmly, and very efficiently (overalls and all) picked up a tray and started taking orders.

She did so well that she left the cafe with her pockets fairly *bulging* with tips!

RUTH WAS TIRED

RUTH CHATTERTON and hubby George Brent's quiet li'l week-end in the mountains turned out to be a very-near disaster! It was during that stormy session and Ruth and George

awakened one morning to find themselves completely snowed in. After three days, and still no let-up in the snow storm, they started plowing their way to the nearest village (five miles away). They arrived half starved and almost frozen to death and were immediately whisked home and put to bed. Both suffered from partial snow blindness and Ruth, in particular, was in a serious condition for several days.

And believe it or not, this all happened in *sunny* California, in fact, just fifty miles from Hollywood!

● Bruce Cabot and Loretta Young are going so many places together that we just can't keep track of them!

● Lil Tashman made a decided hit in the ol' home town in the stage play "Grounds For Divorce." The opening night brought out all the "notables." Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard occupied front seats. Paulette looked gorgeous in black satin and white ermine. Joan Crawford caused a lot of sighs and groans and "Ahs" and "Ohs" as she sallied forth in shimmering gold escorted by hubby Doug, leading man Franchot Tone and two other handsome males. Eddie Lowe was out in front beaming and shaking hands with everyone.

After the show everyone trudged over to the Lionel Barrymores and made merry.

● When Russ Gleason called Mary Brian for a date the other night, little Mary informed him that she already had *five* dates. "Well, might as well make it a half dozen," said the undaunted Gleason lad. Mary agreed, so off she tripped with six handsome swains! Some gals get *all* the breaks!

Lilian Harvey has the males agog. Adrienne Ames' embarrassing moment



Wide World

Hollywood was all excited to see whom Peggy Hopkins would choose to take her around. Lew Cody gave her a party (above). Peggy has also been seen places with Jack Oakie and Grant Withers.



Wide World

On page 14 there's a picture of Gary Cooper, Mary Pickford and Marian Davies at his party which was given to celebrate, among other things, Arline Judge Ruggles' new baby (above).



Warner Baxter meets Lili Damita in Havana where both are vacationing. In this section you'll find an amusing little story of how a couple of he-men fought over the beautiful Lili.

● Say, don't you wish you could go with Ronald Colman on that swell vacation of his? He and two others have bought themselves a nifty sail boat and are setting their sails for the alluring islands of the Aegean Sea. They plan to spend the entire summer exploring this enchanted spot. Guess this trip ought to satisfy Ronny's hankering for adventure!

THE MYSTERIES OF "KING KONG"

HOW did they do it? How did Mer-
 ian C. Cooper and Ernest Schoed-
 sack, directors of RKO's epic ape-
 drama, "King Kong," create that giant
 monster? Fifty-six feet high, able to
 walk, talk (after an ape fashion), throw
 automobiles over the Empire State
 Building, send airplanes crashing to the
 ground with one stroke of its paw, hold
 a girl in one hand—even make love?

Well, they *built* that monster on the
 RKO lot. Three stories high he is, per-
 fect in every scientific detail. The other
 prehistoric monsters in the picture were
 built, too. They made the beast appear
 to speak by recording guttural human
 sounds, reversing the sound film, slow-
 ing it down to lower the tone and re-
 recording the result. Three men did it
 all and some of their secrets they will
never divulge. Some of the scenes, to
 be sure, are tricks—done in miniature.
 (Actually, there are twenty-seven differ-
 ent-sized Kongs used in the picture.)
 But just ask Fay Wray about that scene
 where the monster holds her in his
 hand, looking down at her with apish
 adoration, and then tears off her clothes
 with one stroke of his (mechanical)
 paw. She'll tell you there was no mini-
 ature nonsense about that. She was be-
 ing held fifty feet in the air—looking
 down on the roof of the RKO studios.
 The scene took twenty-three hours to
 make. (A record for Hollywood.) It

couldn't be interrupted—it couldn't be
 repeated. It had to be perfect the first
 time because it might be impossible to
 take it again. Fay went through with
 it like a Spartan—but just don't men-
 tion the word "miniature" to her!

● 'Tis said Garbo had a little trouble
 in getting a permit to reënter the United
 States because of Hollywood's recent
 action to send a lot of their foreign
 stars home. But we understand she
 now has obtained permission and will
 be back before long.

● Speaking of Garbo, Katharine Hep-
 burn's recent trip to New York was
 shrouded with all the mystery of Garbo
 herself. The object of her trip, our
 snooper found out, was to visit her
 hubby, L. O. Smith, and to undergo a
 minor operation.

● Marlene Dietrich doesn't seem to
 mind the fact that Maurice Chevalier
 has done a turn-about in favor of Lilian
 Harvey. Marlene has been seen lunch-
 ing with Brian Aherne, her leading
 man in "Song of Songs."

● Speaking of Lilian Harvey (again),
 have you heard her description of Gary
 Cooper? "That tall boy with the beau-
 tiful face," she calls him.

And speaking of Gary he may be
 able to join Mary and Doug and the
 Countess on that European trip after
 all. Gary felt quite put out about it for
 a while because it looked as if he was
 all sewed up to do another picture—
 "The Eagle and the Hawk." But Para-
 mount has decided to put Cary Grant
 in the part instead.

MORENO TRAGEDY

ALMOST immediately following the
 report of the separation of Tony
 Moreno and his wife, came the tragic
 news of Mrs. Moreno's accidental death.

Mrs. Moreno was killed instantly when
 her car, driven by René H. Dussag
 (young protégé of Moreno) plunged
 three hundred feet from a scenic moun-
 tain road near Hollywood where they
 had gone to view the city. The accident
 happened when Dussag, upon turning
 a curve, noticed the lights were dim
 and reached for the switch to brighten
 them. Instead, he turned them com-
 pletely off . . . then the tragedy.

The Morenos were married in 1923,
 just after Mrs. Moreno secured her di-
 vorce from J. M. Danziger, oil pro-
 moter. Their recent separation was
 caused by "temperamental differences."

● Jack LaRue (he was the young
 priest in "A Farewell to Arms") was
 brought to Hollywood to play Paul
 Muni's bodyguard in "Scarface," but
 because LaRue was taller than Muni,
 George Raft was given the part. And
 that started the ball rolling for Raft.
 Now the other half of the story is that
 LaRue recently stepped into Raft's role
 in "Shame of Temple Drake" when
 George turned it down because of the
 unsympathetic character.

CHEVALIER GETS RAZZBERRY

LITTLE LEROY (the baby person-
 ally picked by Maurice Chevalier
 for his picture, "Bedtime Story") com-
 pletely disrupted the studio the other
 day. He had been taught to do the razz-
 berry by some extras—and Baby Leroy
 thought it was such a cute trick that
 even during Chevalier's most ardent
 scenes, he would give him the berry.
 This was funny at first . . . but after a
 couple of hours it got under the French-
 man's hide. He threw his coat on the
 floor and stamped off the set in a huff.
 The only thing that stopped Leroy was
 a bottle and a long nap.

MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 84

The ghost of Negri lives on in Hollywood. The Chattertons get snowed in

JOAN: "I love my role in 'TODAY WE LIVE'. No part ever thrilled me so deeply, touched my heart so keenly. Do you think the public will like me in it, Leo?"

LEO: "My child, the public always appreciates genius. It's a great emotional part. You are perfect in 'Today We Live'."

JOAN: "If that's so, then we must thank Howard Hawks' marvelous direction for his greatest picture since 'Hell's Angels', and the inspired playing of Gary Cooper."



The finest picture Joan Crawford has yet made. Gary Cooper shares the stellar honors. The scene at her home, where the sweetheart she believed dead returns and finds her the mistress of another—is as powerful an emotional scene as the screen has ever witnessed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is very proud of "Today We Live"!

With Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns. Story and dialogue by William Faulkner. Screen play by Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor.

P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by William A. Fraker

Mae Clarke's new haircut is a direct result of her most recent illness. (Mae has been in bad health for nearly two years, all told, you know.) During the last spell, all her hair was cut off—and doesn't she look attractive? With "Parole Girl" completed for Columbia (her home studio), Mae was loaned to M-G-M for "Rivets" with John Gilbert. And was she thrilled—because, years ago, Jack was her movie-idol crush and she once wrote him a mash note. Though she has been in Hollywood some time, she had never met him until "Rivets."



Photograph by Hal Phylfe

Marian Nixon's separation from Edward Hillman, Jr., was something of a surprise after their adopting a baby a few months ago. Marian has completed "Face in the Sky" and her next pictures will be "Pilgrimage" and "Five Cents a Glass," all for Fox. Marian loves music—all kinds of music—but she has no talent for it, she says. Oh, she'll admit that she "can sing a little." Her voice is small, but sweet and true. In private life, she wears extremely subdued clothes (size twelve, if you'd like to know). She has two dogs—named Disk and Davey.



Photograph by Otto Dyar

Paul Lukas is invariably late for appointments, but he apologizes so charmingly that everyone forgives him. He learned English by listening to the radio and attending court sessions and church services. He holds the Continental idea that it's a woman's business to stay home and be a good wife and mother. Fortunately, Mrs. Lukas agrees with him. Did you know that Lukas was born on an express train speeding toward Budapest? Paul has finished "The Kiss Before the Mirror" for Universal and "Grand Slam" for Warners—now for one abroad!



Photograph by Ernest Bachrach

Richard Dix has completed "The Great Jasper" and his next film will be (tentative title) "Pigmy." He has just sold his famous Mystery Ranch and moved into the Beverly Hills home which was his Christmas gift to wife Winifred. Both of them are very much agog over their new baby girl. Reporters pestered Dix so at the child's birth that he was nearly crazy. As if it were not enough to be becoming a father without having the phone ringing constantly! He may be pardoned for at last shouting testily, "Would you mind waiting a second till it's over?"



Glenda Farrell made her movie debut in "Little Caesar." She made her stage debut as Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Several seasons ago, she was on the stage in "Love, Honor and Betray," in which play were also Clark Gable and George Brent. She has been in so many movies lately that it's hard to keep track. Let's see—"Life Begins," "Grand Slam," "Keyhole," "Central Airport" and "Girl Missing." The next will be "Golddiggers of 1933." All are Warner pictures. She was born in Enid, Oklahoma, in 1907. Mother Irish, father German.



Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

Alison Skipworth is busier than any two young players in Hollywood—she's made three pictures in three months. She has a grand role in "Song of Songs" with Dietrich. And she is in "A Lady's Profession." Miss Skipworth says she likes Hollywood except for the warm climate and early rising necessitated by studio work. She is not married, lives alone, drives her own Ford and spends her vacations on a farm on Long Island. She never kisses anybody. She's devoted to the four o'clock tea habit, like Mr. Arliss. Calls herself Old Cross Patch.



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Franchot Tone is known to all New York theatregoers for his many excellent characterizations for the Theatre Guild. His first talkie, however, is Joan Crawford's "Today We Live." Following that, you'll see him in "Gabriel Over the White House." Tone is a Cornell graduate. Was a very bright student, as the Phi Beta Keppa key on his watch chain attests. He is twenty-eight years old, unmarried and has never been engaged. Very quiet chap—rather handsome. A well read, well-informed person in an unassuming sort of way. His chief interest is the theatre.



HOLLYWOOD DARES TO BREAK THE RULES

(Top of page, left) A picture of the author at work. The large illustration shows you how Lew Ayres and Lola Lane attended a formal party in sport clothes! Why? And why not? (Right) Precisely why shouldn't a wife innocently dine with a male friend?



Modern Screen is honored to add this illustrious woman to its list of contributors, her Highness, Princess Laure Murat. The princess is the great-great-granddaughter of the King of Naples and the the great-great-niece of Napoleon

By Her Highness, PRINCESS LAURE MURAT

HOLLYWOOD dares to break the rules. Hollywood would rather be criticized for bad taste than stifled by antiquated standards made to serve another generation. Hollywood dares to be a law unto itself. I say "dares" purposely. It takes a lot of courage to do the kind of things Hollywood does. For instance:

Would you pay the checks when you were out with your boy friend?

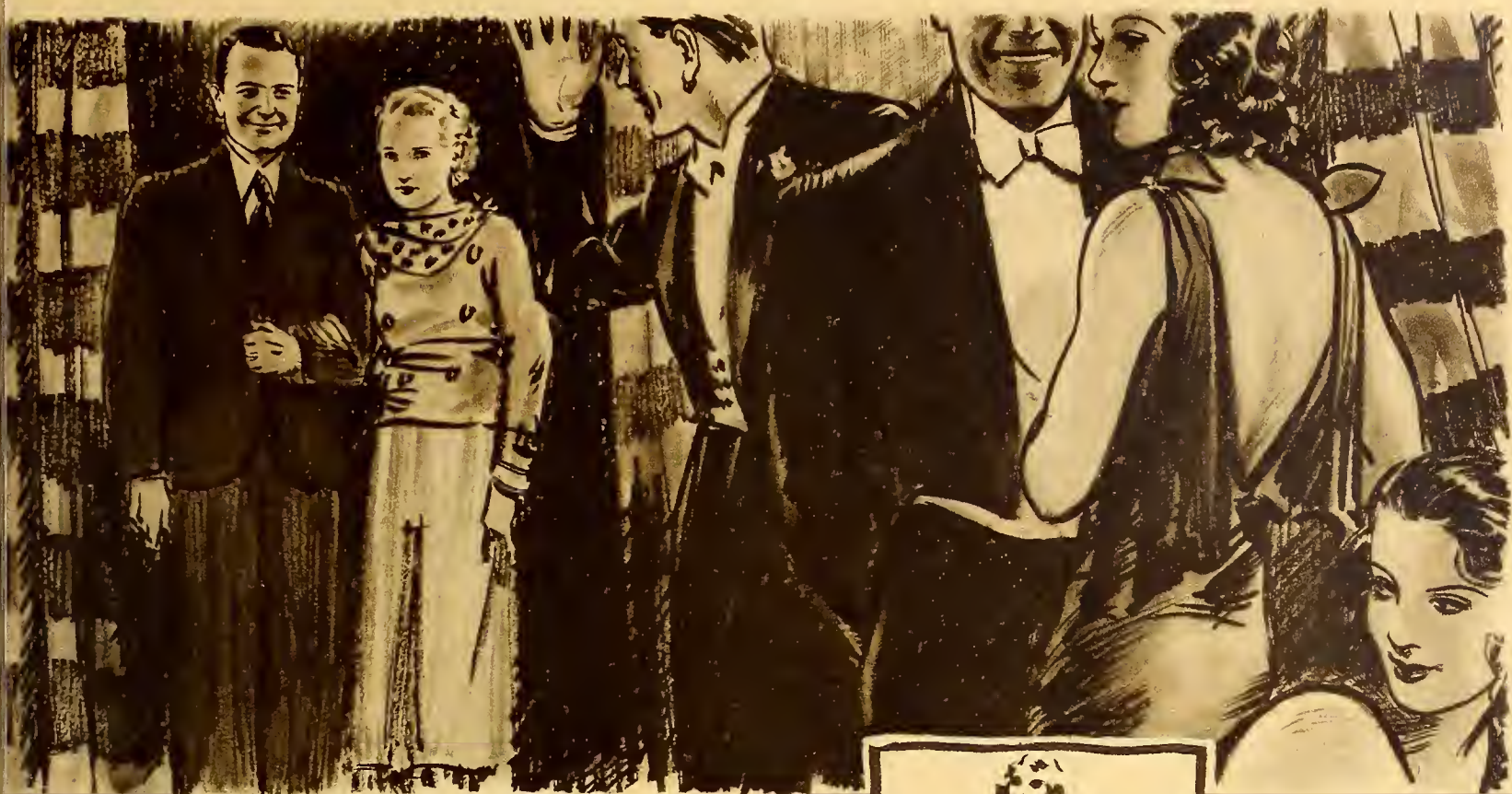
Would you dare ignore important rules of etiquette when giving a formal party?

Would you accept the attentions of someone you had been warned was socially tabu?

And, married, would you . . . go out with other men?

When Ruth Chatterton and George Brent returned to Hollywood from their wedding trip, Ralph Forbes met them at the train! But Mrs. Grundy says divorced husbands and wives should be strangers.





... Would you dare to break the rules of social and personal behavior as Hollywood does? Read this fascinating and revealing article—and decide for yourself

Illustrated by JACK WELCH



(Left) Marlene Dietrich's trousers again. This is the latest style rule Hollywood has broken. But even peerless New York has taken up with this bit of law-breaking.

Invite your ex-husband to dine with you and your second husband?

Pose, smiling, for photographs a few days after your husband died?

Hollywood does all these things. And more. Many more.

But wait. Don't condemn Hollywood yet. Hear their side, then decide.

An approved book of etiquette says:

"Where a gentleman escorts a lady to the theater, to luncheon, or to tennis matches, he pays for everything."

Not in Hollywood.

Hollywood is, essentially, a woman's town. The girls starring in pictures earn huge sums of money. But any number of the nicest young men are comparatively poor. The girls want to enjoy their limited leisure to the limit. Their first need is a congenial escort.

So if the young man they like best can't afford to take them wherever they want to go, they take him. And he doesn't become a gigolo in their eyes, his own eyes, or anybody else's eyes.

There are ways this can be done so no one is embarrassed. And the Hollywood girls do it this way . . .

A telephone call to a restaurant arranges for the bill, including a proper tip for the waiter, to be charged. Tickets for tennis, the theater or those romantic starlight concerts in the Bowl can be paid for in advance. Held at the box-office. Or handed to the young man casually when he calls. No one is made uncomfortable.

Young Hollywood is practical and honest.

"When divorced people meet it must be as strangers."

Again I quote from the etiquette book. Again I say not in Hollywood.

GOOD taste never condoned the recriminations in which so many divorced people indulge. True enough. Neither does good taste encourage ex-husbands and ex-wives to hobnob with each other. Nor does it so much as hint that first and second husbands or first and second wives might become the friends they became in the film colony. On the contrary. Stupidly enough, in most circles such fraternizing would be considered positively indelicate.

Here again it is circumstances that influence Hollywood to break the rules. Many Hollywood divorces are sought without the two people involved having experienced any great unpleasantness. The professional group is comparatively small. Hollywood is isolated. There are few theaters or intellectual diversions. Members of the motion picture colony must depend upon one another for their social life. They'd hardly get on with the retired farmers and ranchers who comprise the rest of southern California's population. So they must not place too many restrictions upon hosts and hostesses as to who can be asked with whom.

Those who salvage friendship from marriage deserve praise.

I like to hear how Ralph Forbes met Ruth Chatterton

and George Brent at the train when they returned to California after their wedding in the East. Ralph and Ruth were old friends.

I think the relationship between Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker who dine together and swim together and drive together, the papers of their Mexican divorce secure in the dark of their safe deposit boxes, as healthy and intelligent an attitude as a divorced couple can achieve.

I also find it fitting that there were tears in Harry Bannister's eyes when he said good-by to Ann Harding at the 'plane which flew her to Reno. For any of a thousand reasons they no longer found it desirable to continue as man and wife. But they, too, had been good friends. And the manner of experiences they had shared must create a bond between two sensitive, intelligent human beings.

The public announcement this couple made regarding their reasons for parting did seem unnecessary. What they were doing and why they were doing it was their own affair. But we live in a practical world. Maybe public announcements like this (and those terrible personal insertions men make in the daily papers declaring themselves no longer responsible for their wives' debts) prove as exigent as they are crude.

MARRIED women do not go out with men other than their husbands."

That amounts to an unwritten law. But doesn't hold in Hollywood.

In Hollywood when a husband is busy a wife goes out with William Haines, Randolph Scott, Joel McCrea or any one of Hollywood's attractive bachelors. And she doesn't become a target for gossip. So, young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in New York, we have pictures of Joan Crawford lunching at the Brown Derby with William Haines. Rudolph Seiber in Germany, it is Chevalier who escorts Marlene Dietrich to parties and premières.

Certainly if a woman is ever capable of friendship with a man it is when she is happily married. And if she isn't happily married it still is better for her to go about with other men frankly and openly rather than secretly.

Who can deny this freedom is more civilized than the old notion that a married woman couldn't spend even a few hours in the company of any male except her husband, father, brother, or some close and *very* elderly relative without deserving the disapproval she was sure to receive from that stupidest of tyrants, Dame Grundy.

I'm not an image breaker. I don't agree that rules were made to be broken. But I'm sure Society would go on forever respecting rules that no longer served the times if some group of honest, alive, intelligent young people—like the movie stars—didn't take the lead in tossing these rules into the discard.

The etiquette book is very definite about formal dinners. *They mean, it insists, dinner promptly at the stated time, usually eight o'clock, a candle-lit table covered with damask white as new snow, no butter, coffee in the drawing-room after dinner.*

In Hollywood, formal dinners are another story.

Dinner at eight, all the guests assembled promptly . . . I need go no further. In Hollywood it can't be done. Some guests are sure to discover at the last minute that they have to work until eight o'clock or later. At least

one guest is likely to have to hurry away early to make a personal appearance at some theater.

But Hollywood again is equal to the occasion. At many formal parties a buffet is served.

A buffet supper—or actually a buffet dinner since that is what these really are—is a boon to hostess, guests, and to the cook who, if she is a good cook, takes pride in her execution of the menu. For a buffet dinner given by a hostess wise enough to entertain in this way, in the first place, will include only those dishes which can be served promptly at a stated hour and kept hot over alcohol flames for tardy arrivals.

It's amusing, incidentally, that this buffet dinner has found its way into the very circles of New York City where only a few years ago it was hooted.

We no longer live in a leisurely eighteenth or nineteenth century. You may deplore this fact but still you must accept it. And hostesses aware of the uncertain hours both men and women have to keep are arranging their parties so that their busiest and often, by the same token, their most entertaining and stimulating friends will not be obliged to send regrets.

It was Hollywood, however, that had the courage to break an old rule and to show the way.

FORMAL parties demand formal dress. Not in Hollywood.

I understand when Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were first married they went to formal parties in sport clothes. Why? They felt they could not afford to spend the necessary money on formal evening clothes. Their hostesses insisted they wanted them anyhow. The Ayres' wanted to go. Complications have a way of disappearing when you are honest about them.

The most amazing thing about this story, however, is the Ayres' had a good time at these parties. They weren't on the defensive because they didn't conform to the general pattern.

Even if you feel they should have stayed at home unless they could go in the proper dress you must admit it took courage and a positive flair for adjustment for them to do as they did.

Some rules, of course, never should be broken. But in Hollywood even these sometimes go by the board. There are, for instance, two famous stars (both married, one a golden blonde, the other very dark—now guess!) who telephone the hostess who has asked them to a party to inquire what other guests will be there. Such a question is inexcusable. It implies a hostess has friends they would prefer not to meet. What hostess hasn't? Besides it shows too plainly they have no confidence in her ability to bring the right people together.

Only those who take themselves very seriously would ask a question with roots so embedded in snobbery. I've met snobs who were born in a palace and came of a fine old line as well as snobs who were upstarts. But I've never yet met a snob who wasn't an inferior

person at heart.

Estelle Taylor dealt with snobbery as it deserved when she first went out with Jack Dempsey. There was, at that time, a decided prejudice against fighters. The fact that no set of people can be entirely dismissed—ever—was completely disregarded.

A man, a power in Hollywood socially and professionally, warned Estelle Taylor she must quit seeing Dempsey. Or—. Whereupon she made it a point to go with Jack to those places where they were sure to be seen. She won. And inevitably those who had been prejudiced about "The Champ" in the first place, met him to like him.

Jack Dempsey and Estelle (*Continued on page 83*)



Jean Harlow is building a new house. She was photographed in front of it, smiling. Why might society condemn her behavior?

...Experiences in our lives go to make up our personalities. Read how three experiences—tragic, horrifying and psychological—have given Clark Gable the certain twists of character peculiarly his own



(Above) With Helen Hayes in "The White Sister." Why does Clark seem to have a secret bitterness?



3 VITAL MOMENTS IN HIS LIFE

By JACK JAMISON

WHAT "makes us what we are today"? Where do the roots of your personality, of your best friend's personality, really lie? One does not need to be a doctor of psychology to know that our attitude, our philosophy of life, the slant of our personality in general—in short, what we are—is a result of our personal experience in the world. We have it in a proverb, indeed: "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." A man's mental make-up is formed and fashioned by the ruts, bumps, and smooth stretches of his own road through Life.

A baby is frightened by an unthinking nurse, and for the rest of his days a man is a coward. A young girl sees a drunkard beat his wife, and grows into a woman such as Carrie Nation, who crusaded so violently against the saloon in the old days. We are the product of such poignant moments, which determine the men and women that we shall later become. In a way, you might go so far as to say that we *are* those moments.

This being true, it offers us a fascinating way to study the mysterious personality of Clark Gable and bring to light its secret sources. If the problem were put up to

you to "boil down" Clark's personality into a few simple words, what would you say that he is? The chance is that, after consideration, you would agree with the consensus of opinion, which holds that the secret of his attractiveness lies in three things. They interlock one with the other, but, insofar as they can be separated, they are there.

First, he carries the appearance of being bitterly, sadly disillusioned and cynical.

Second, he meets life with a reckless, grim defiance.

Third, somehow he makes every woman feel that, if she were to give him her love, he would know what to do with it; that, beneath his hard exterior, there is a yearning for love, and a deep tenderness.

Those are the three things that you would say about Clark Gable, probably—and you would be right! You don't know how right you would be! You couldn't know; unless you knew, also, what Clark's childhood had been, what his boyhood had been, what his young manhood had been. For there has been a moment in his life to explain every one of those characterizations of him; there have been three moments so (Continued on page 111)

THE REAL REASON FOR HEPBURN'S AMAZING BEHAVIOR



(Left) As she appears in her newest film, called, at the moment, "Christopher Strong." (Further left) Another pose from the same film. It's the story of a woman aviator.

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S eccentric behavior has been amazing Hollywood ever since she became a cinema sensation with the release of "Bill of Divorcement." Any number of tales have been going around concerning the amazing and unusual things she has done. Each one more surprising than the previous one.

And a number of reasons have been advanced for Katharine's goings-on, from the obvious one that she's doing it for publicity to the laughable one that she's not all there mentally.

But I don't think any of the reasons are right. I think that the reason for the Hepburn's present behavior lies in the past. I think so because meeting Katharine in Hollywood has made me remember certain happenings of years ago—

It was years ago—yes, and outside the Woman's Suffrage Organization Offices in New York! An excited

By NINA
WILCOX
PUTNAM

little girl of about nine years of age was selling balloons—balloons with "Votes for Women" written on them in white letters. Her mother was praising the child—not scolding her, mind you, but *praising her* for the fact that she'd been lost for nearly four hours on the New York Streets! Lost, yes, but she'd sold

a dozen balloons for "the cause!" And who was it? That little girl was Katharine Hepburn.

Another picture flashed across my memory: Twelve grave, intellectual ladies seated at a luncheon table discussing matters of social revolution, while the same little girl screamed at her play, snatched dainties from the women's plates and acted as "natural" as a young savage—all unreprieved.

"I want her to express her true self, fully!" Mrs. Hepburn told the members. "We never suppress her."

The Club was "The Heterodoxy Club" and beside myself and members were Katharine's mother, Crystal East-



(Left) On location for a scene of "Christopher Strong." That's her hairdresser kneeling behind her and her maid in front. (Below) A scene with Colin Clive. Katharine is starring in this film—yet it is only the second movie she has ever made!

... Modern Screen is the first magazine to reveal the explanation as to why the Hepburn girl loves to shock and amaze Hollywood



man, Mrs. Will Irwin, Emma Goldman, the Anarchist, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, the great suffragist, Fannie Hurst, Margaret Sanger, the birth-control propagandist, Isadora Duncan and many other liberal thinkers. Little Katharine not only sat and listened to these women's talk, sometimes on Emma Goldman's knees, but was encouraged to join in the talk—an extraordinarily intelligent, precocious child, given to the use of long words and not only expressing astounding ideas but doing so with a semblance of knowing what she said.

A LATER picture next came to mind—a household up in Hartford, Connecticut, where the house was run to suit the Hepburn children. They got up when they pleased, ate when they pleased, came and went as they pleased, unquestioned. Katharine played golf, I recall, on a course which adjoined the home, but it never even occurred to her to regulate her golfing hours to the household routine. Instead, her meals were served when she got ready to eat them. The usual rules of home discipline

were reversed and the household routine (if such it could be called) was made to fit the self-expression of its younger members. Indeed, with the exception of Doctor Hepburn, the father of the family, nobody gave heed to any set hours or habits.

Oh dear, oh dearie me! I feel that I myself am partially responsible for Katharine's oddities! You may recall that when she first came out to the RKO lot, Miss Hepburn's clothes were a source of much concern to those who had to put her best foot forward for her. The truth of the matter was that Katharine would not, or could not, dress properly.

She wore old slacks, or any old housedress, when she should have been looking her snappiest. The studio even went so far as to send to New York for an expert to dress the wild woman, whether she liked it or not. And as I looked at Katharine's rebelliously worn blue costume (and it was chic enough, goodness knows) I recalled still another early portrait of the girl, seated with dangling legs, on my desk at the Woman's (Continued on page 113)

UNKNOWN LOVES

YOU can read in the papers that Maureen O'Sullivan and Jimmy Dunn are seen at all the smart places dining and dancing together.

You know that Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez are interested in each other.

The love that Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland had for each other is Hollywood heart history.

These are things that everybody knows. But these well publicized affairs are not the only loves of Hollywood. Buried deep in Hollywood secrecy are numbers of romances—some unrequited, some fulfilled, some tragic, some amusing and some pathetic. And because I think that you should know what Hollywood knows I'm going to tell you about as many of these as I have space to tell. As you can see while you read these pages, both names involved in a romance cannot always be told.

You've probably thought of Anita Page as just a cute little sub-deb type whose beaux were the juvenile swains of the town and whose dates were always carefully chaperoned. This was true until the late Robert Ames came along. Bob was much older than Anita. He was a New

York actor with all that charm and wit and fascination. And it speaks well for Anita that she was able to appreciate his charm and his great wealth of understanding and did not, as so many girls of her age do, put him in the "why-he's-an-old-man" category. What romance there was, was at the studio or at parties which Anita attended with boys nearer her own age. It was a romance of hastily and avidly snatched conversations on the set with a hundred pairs of eyes upon them. It was a romance which flowered—as much as it ever flowered—at luncheon time in the clatter of the big, bare studio commissary. Unromantic as their meetings were, Bob Ames gave Anita Page a grasp upon maturity. And then tragedy descended upon them.

When Bob Ames died in New York, everybody thought that he and Ina Claire were sweethearts. It was Ina who got the world's sympathy when his body was found in his hotel room. But it was Anita, three thousand miles away, working in a studio in California, who needed that sympathy. And, since theirs had been an unknown love, Anita must not say a word. The tragedy gave Anita a maturity and a wisdom she might not otherwise have had.

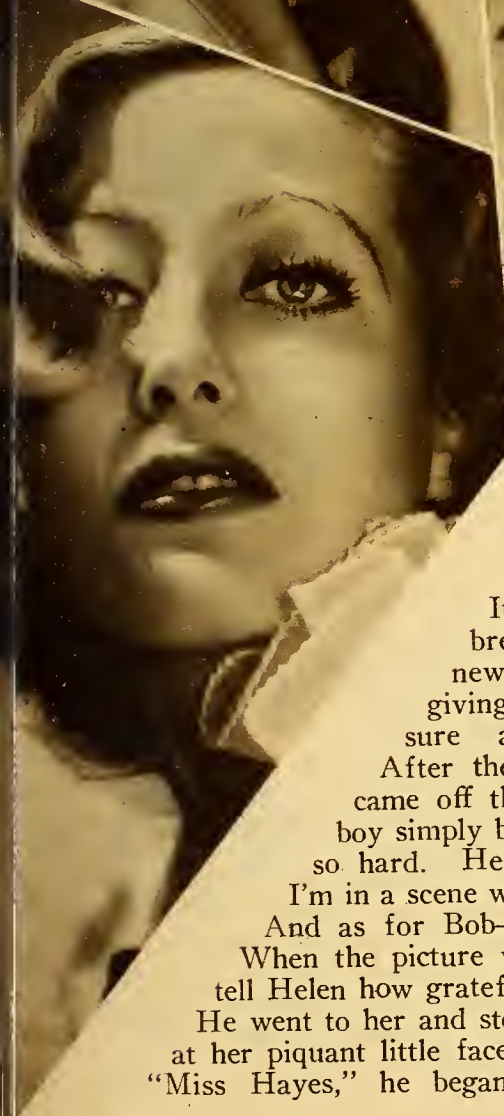
Right now Hollywood's sharp eye sees an attachment

that the rest of the world does not see. Myrna Loy, one among the cinema town's enigmas, is wearing a look upon her face that can only come from unrequited love. It is pitiful, for the man in the case is married and nothing that touches upon romance can ever happen between them.

THE reverse of this situation is the case of Robert Young, who is in love with a married woman. Although love is not really quite the word. It isn't the word at all, as a matter of fact. What Bob Young feels for Helen Hayes is worship. Helen is married to—and she adores—Charlie MacArthur. Not by the furthest stretch of the imagination could there ever be a

HOLLYWOOD HAS ITS ROMANCES WHICH NEVER GET PUBLICITY

OF HOLLYWOOD



know —
er — I'd
like to tell
you—"

He couldn't go on. His worship was too great. He was too sensitive and inarticulate. He tells other people how grateful he is to her and how wonderful he thinks she is—but he has never been able to tell Helen herself. Instead he sits in the smaller movie theatres and watches her upon the screen—seeing her pictures over and over again—and there, in the darkness, he can look up at her and say, "Thank you!"

WHETHER it was a romance or not nobody ever knew. Jean Harlow is too smart a girl for that. But the fact remains that during the past month or so a certain platinum blonde was seen night after night at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica, seated at the same table and seldom taking her eyes off the orchestra leader. Of course, there's no reason why she should not go night after night to hear this orchestra. In this

Two were engaged. Two loved.
Two were loved. One is unhappy.
One was a good sport. One was
worshipped. And one was—forgetting?

issue of MODERN SCREEN Princess Laure Murat tells you how rightly Hollywood defies outmoded conventions. It is right for Jean to try to forget the tragic suicide of her

romance
between her
and Bob
Young.

As you probably remember, he played her son in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

It was Bob's first big break. Helen helped the newcomer in every way—giving him the benefit of her sure and tried technique.

After the first day's work she came off the set and said, "That boy simply breaks me up. He tries so hard. He is so sincere. When I'm in a scene with him I want to cry."

And as for Bob—good heavens!

When the picture was over he wanted to tell Helen how grateful he was for her help.

He went to her and stood there looking down at her piquant little face.

"Miss Hayes," he began, "I—I want you to

husband, Paul Bern. It is right that she should seek gay companionship.

Jay Whidden is the name of the orchestra leader. Jean tried to get him for her leading man in a new picture, but something interfered. Nobody knows what it was—whether they had a quarrel or whether Jean's interest cooled. Anyway, he didn't play in her picture. And now Jean is seldom seen at the Miramar.

The most touching story concerns Joan Crawford and her script boy. As in the case of Bob Young and Helen Hayes, it was not exactly love the boy had for Joan—but pure and unadulterated worship. His eyes followed her wherever she moved on the set. He was made happy for a day when she talked to him—as she did whenever she had a chance. On Christmas Eve Joan gave a party to all the studio workers in her dressing room. I could tell for pages about that party—at which everybody received stunning gifts—but that's another story. Joan asked the script boy to help her serve the guests.

He was in an ecstasy of delight. His goddess had asked him to help her! And the beautiful part about it is that it was not as a goddess that Joan asked—but as one friend to another. He worked all that afternoon—helping her distribute the

(Continued on page 109)

YOU'LL BE SURPRISED—AND TOUCHED—WHEN YOU KNOW THEM

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND'S SECRET

No one has known about it until
now. It explains why this
chap is not always as
happy as he looks

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND has a deep sorrow — something that he has never told anyone until now.

Alexander, who set such a high standard for himself in "Strange Interlude," and more recently in "Humanity," is known to his friends as "Bill"—possibly you know. When he was twenty, he fell desperately in love. It wasn't just the usual boy and girl romance because Bill, as you'll soon see, had already lived a strange and colorful life and knew something of love. This girl was an invalid. He realized that marrying her meant accepting terrific responsibilities. Instead of being free to come and go as he pleased—as he had been before—it meant he would be completely tied down, providing for her. He thought the situation over carefully. He knew that he loved her, but balanced against that love was his love of freedom.

So he just left her, without saying a word. Now, of course, he knows it was the bitterest mistake of his life. And he will never, never forget that girl. Her memory still eats at his heart.

His leaving her probably seems, to you, like a cruel thing. How—you ask—could a boy who was really in love make a gesture like that? But before you pass judgment on Bill Kirkland, hear the events of his life that led up to his meeting "the girl," and you will realize that it was the only thing he could have done.

Briefly, let me set down a few of the things that have happened to him:

At fourteen he serenaded a señorita through a grilled



By MARTHA
KER R

window down in romantic Mexico.

At fifteen he was keeping dates with chorus girls.

At sixteen his adored one was a Russian adventuress in her thirties.

His seventeenth year found him fox hunting with an apple-cheeked English girl.

When he was eighteen he thought a waitress in a lunch-wagon needed protection.

And at nineteen he was reading Karl Marx with a pretty young intellectual.

I know you don't believe me. I shouldn't expect you to. It's too fantastic that a boy who looks like Bill Kirkland—young, fair-haired, blue-eyed—and a boy who has the wealth of quiet charm that he possesses, should have crowded so much into such a short space of time. But I'll vouch for the truth of everything I'm telling you.

HIS young life was made up of sudden changes—from Mexico to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; from the Crillon in Paris to a year of poverty in the "white trash" section of Knoxville, Tenn.; from being a bank president's step-son to sleeping under a Christmas tree in a municipal park. They were all breathless and exciting journeys that made him wonder what the next day would bring.

Once when he was traveling through the south in his uncle's private car his father said to him, "Bill, when I think of your riding around in a private car at six, I wonder what there's going to be left for you to look forward to."

Just four years later, the (Continued on page 110)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



DIANA WYNWARD—ENGLISH, LOVELY AND FEMININE—SMOKES BLACK CIGARS.



JOE E. BROWN SHOULD BE ABLE TO LAND A JOB PLAYING BASEBALL WITH THE KANSAS CITY CLUB. . . . HE OWNS THE OUTFIT—



ELEANOR HOLM, WHO GREW UP TO BE A SWIMMING CHAMPION AND MOVIE PLAYER, ALMOST DROWNED IN A BATHTUB AT THE AGE OF 2.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT WON'T LEAVE A BUILDING EXCEPT BY THE DOOR THROUGH WHICH SHE ENTERED, SHE'S THAT SUPERSTITIOUS.



JOAN CRAWFORD WORE HER WEDDING RING ON HER THUMB.

J. WELCH

"WE CAN'T GO ON—
PRETENDING TO BE HAPPY
WHEN WE'RE NOT"

THE
EXCLUSIVE
INSIDE
STORY OF



THE SEPARATION

IT has happened!

And for the next few months you will be seeing dozens of stories about Joan's and Doug's separation. Each writer will have his own opinion. Every story will give you a different reason. But here—the first magazine story to mention the separation as an actuality—you will find the complete and absolute truth; the real reason for the parting of these two people.

I have been wanting to write this story for months. I, as one of Joan Crawford's best friends, have known things which my loyalty to her prevented my telling. But they can all be told—now that it has happened!

First of all—the cold, hard facts!

Doug has moved away from their Brentwood home. Joan remains at that house. There will be no divorce at present, because neither of them wants to remarry. It is

By **KATHERINE
ALBERT**

a legal separation. They have talked the matter over like the lady and gentleman that they are and have come to the agreement as the only way out.

And now for the story behind these vital statistics—what is it?

The trouble has been brewing for months. Remember when Joan and Doug went to Europe in July, before there was even a hint of discontent? That trip was made for a purpose. It was a last fling—an attempt to revive the thing that they saw going—their happiness. Before their European trip they were on the verge of separation. They thought perhaps if they could get away from Hollywood, have a swell time together, be free of the work that drives them both so hard—the nervous, exciting work—they might be happy again.

They came back rested. They had had a grand time.



"IT'S NOT FAIR TO YOU
NOR TO ME. WE HAVE
GIVEN IT EVERY TRIAL."

... A thousand conjectures have been told and written concerning the separation of these two people. *Modern Screen* gives you the inner truth—by someone who knows them well

OF JOAN AND DOUG

They thought that they could once more make a go of it. Joan had developed a sense of humor. She could look at it more calmly. But the trip to Europe was only a drug that deadened pain. It did not remove the cause of the trouble and back in Hollywood it all began all over again.

IT has come so slowly—their drifting apart—that it is impossible to put your finger on any one set of circumstances to blame for it. They had simply gotten on each other's nerves. Remember how young they were when they married. Remember how much each has changed. And don't forget that they both give much of themselves to the camera they serve.

Joan likes to be alone when she has finished a day's intensive work. She has one of the most remarkable minds I have ever known and she likes to think—by herself.

Doug is a gregarious person. He enjoys people—

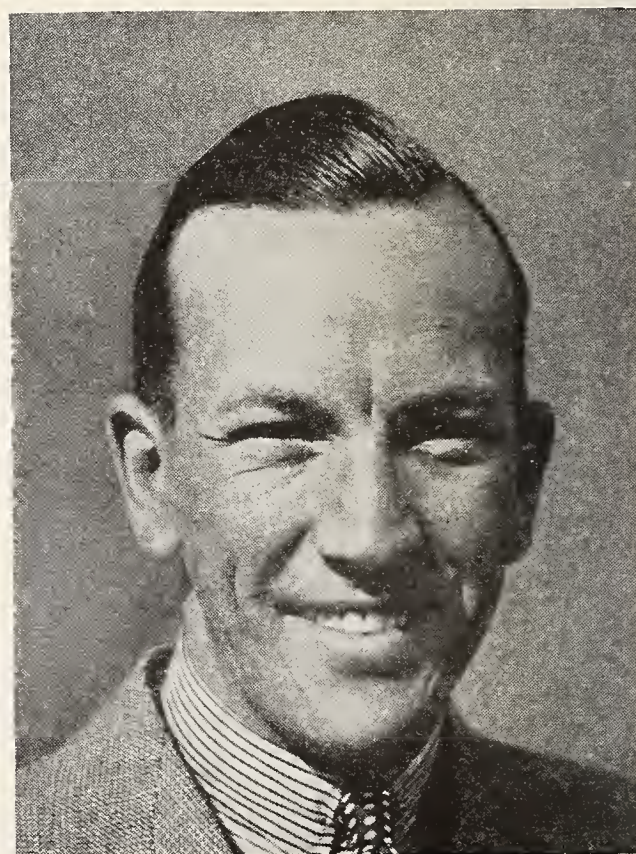
spritely, amusing people, it is true—but he does want people around. Doug can throw off the day's work in a way that Joan never can. When she has done a terrifically emotional scene in the afternoon she is devastated for the rest of the day. Doug can come home and chat. Who can say which way is best? They are merely different ways, but I do know that this tremendous difference in temperament has caused much of their unhappiness.

Once, while they were still making that valiant effort to revive the love that they saw slipping away from them daily, Joan suggested that they go away together for a week-end—just the two of them—to talk things over. Doug agreed. But by the time the week-end arrived three or four other people had been invited to go along. Doug had asked them. Joan and Doug did not go away on that week-end trip.

They have, during the last two years, grown apart temperamentally. When they (*Continued on page 85*)



Mr. Coward (below) tells his reactions to Miss Wynyard (left) and to "Cavalcade."



SAYS NOËL COWARD:

"It was a slight shock when I heard that Diana Wynyard was to play the part of Jane Marryot in the film version of my play 'Cavalcade'"

"My impression of Diana Wynyard in private life . . . is that she is very uncompromising, very direct and that she has a great sense of humor"

"I should say that 'Cavalcade' was discovered for the Fox Film Company by two women"

WHAT THE AUTHOR THINKS ABOUT IT

...In honor of "Cavalcade"—the year's sensation—we are offering two stories. The first, on this page, gives the brilliant author's opinion of the film and the people who play in it. The second, on the following pages, is the inside story of the filming itself



IT was a slight shock when I heard that Diana Wynyard was to play the part of Jane Marryot in the film version of my play "Cavalcade."

I knew Diana Wynyard only slightly.

I had, of course, seen her on the stage; mostly in plays of a slight and artificial nature, and displaying a type of tricky comedy technique that showed her to be a great artiste in that style of work. But that she was able to enact the difficult emotional role of the mother in "Cavalcade" I was not so sure.

Yes, I was filled with misgivings at the thought that Diana Wynyard had become the American film conception of Jane Marryot, but there was nothing for me to do, for although I had been invited to submit ideas for casting the film, I was not able to do so. For one thing, I was very busy with "Words and Music," my new revue, and if I had made any suggestions I naturally would have advised the original cast of the play. The play was still running, so my suggestions would have been valueless.

I did not know Diana Wynyard's capabilities for I had never seen her in anything but light comedies. If I had seen her work in more serious dramatic plays it would have been a different matter. I would have recognized immediately her talents; it is not difficult to recognize a true artiste and if ever there is one it is surely Diana Wynyard as I know her now. She is superb.

By NÖEL COWARD

As told to Oscar M. Sheridan

Modern Screen is honored to have been chosen by Mr. Coward as the only magazine in America to present his views. Noël Coward is one of the most—if not the most—successful authors in the world today. Born and bred in England, he has been on the stage ever since he was a child. In his late 'teens he took to playwriting. His play "The Vortex"—a story of post-war social life—was a hit both in England and here. Since then he's done a number of plays and musical comedies. "Private Lives"—which became a movie with Norma Shearer—made America Coward-conscious. After that he went to England and did "Cavalcade." Now he is appearing on Broadway in his latest, "Design for Living"—which, by the way, Paramount will do as a talkie. He is in his early thirties.

Frank Lawton and Clive Brook in the scene from "Cavalcade" where they meet in Flanders. Noël Coward mentions an interesting fact about the scene.

My first knowledge of the results of "Cavalcade" was conveyed to me in a letter from my friend G. B. Stern, the brilliant English authoress. She said that "Cavalcade" was immense and that Diana was magnificent. I had such faith in Miss Stern's critical sense that all my fears were instantly put at rest. Then, when I saw the picture, to say that I was enthusiastic is to put it only very mildly.

Diana Wynyard's performance I found entirely

entrancing. I was impressed most of all by her ability at having completely discarded all comedy technique. I was moved by the way she grew old so very gracefully. I was amazed to see how utterly simple she had become; how naturally she had played her part. To her, I am immensely grateful.

My impression of Diana Wynyard in private life (I first met her casually at a party) is that she is very uncompromising, very direct and that she has a great sense of humor. In talking with her I found her refreshingly uneffusive, and she struck me as being a very sincere sort of person. No, I would not call her beautiful. I would say that she has very nice looks, or perhaps I might say she is what I call a handsome woman. She has charm and grace, and in (Continued on page 100)

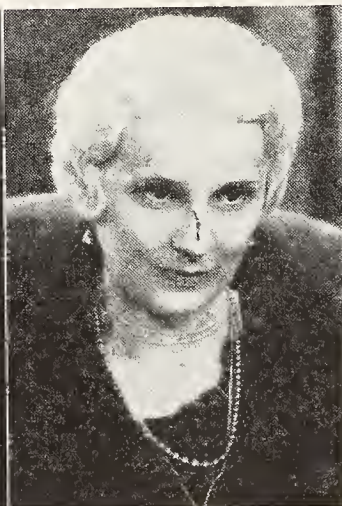
THERE WAS A PARTICULAR THRILL FOR EVERY PERSON WHO WORKED ON "CAVALCADE," BECAUSE IT WAS DESTINED TO BE A GREAT PICTURE

By WALTER
RAMSEY



THE INSIDE STORY

(Right) Diana Wynyard as an older woman. Read how it was done. (Further right) Diana again and Clive Brook. (Extreme right) Una O'Connor and Herbert Mundin—the Bridges.



THIS, the story *behind* the story of "Cavalcade," has been written in the sincere belief that those who have already seen this marvelous production will have been so impressed with its human quality and charm that they will be anxious to learn some of the back-stage reasons why it was fated to be *great* from the very beginning. To those readers who haven't seen "Cavalcade," we hope the *human* side—the back-stage story—will make them determined to see it.

Curiously enough, there were many good reasons why it needn't have been a great picture! "A history of England?" one heard on all sides, "Why do they want to

make *that* in America? The man who payed thousands for that story is doomed! The Fox Studio is doomed! It will be a huge failure!" And not only in America were these sentiments expressed. England was upset at the idea of having the history of their country sold "down the river" to an American film company! "Noel Coward has betrayed his own country!" was heard from across the Atlantic.

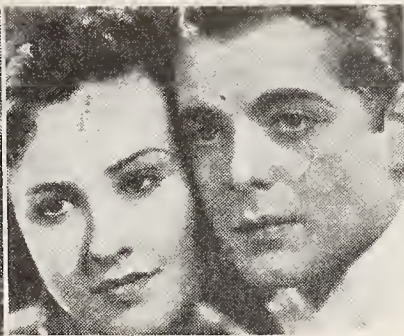
The members of the stage cast (imported for the occasion) arrived with their noses in the air and seeming to say, "Can it *realleh* be done, ovah heah?" Two days had hardly passed before they had been totally won over by the attitude of Frank Lloyd. I presume the desire to make the picture great was really generated by the American members of the cast and staff who had heard the Hollywood rumor: "Fox studio stands or falls on the results of 'Cavalcade'!" Everyone tried to do his best.



SOME OF THE THINGS WHICH HAPPENED BACK-STAGE DURING THE MAKING OF THE PICTURE WERE AS THRILLING AS THE PICTURE ITSELF

(Left) An amazing thing happened during the making of this scene.

OF "CAVALCADE"



(Left) Frank Lloyd, who directed "Cavalcade." (Further left) Edith (Margaret Lindsay) and Edward (John Warburton). (Extreme left) Fanny (Ursula Jeans) and Joe (Frank Lawton).

The first side light of the picture developed accidentally. Lloyd had indicated to his assistant the number of hours he would need for each scene. The assistant was to schedule the scenes to particular days. Four days after the completed schedule was handed to the director he noticed that the date on the schedule set aside for the taking of the Armistice scenes fell on November 11! Coincidence? Perhaps. Later, however, the schedule was changed and the Armistice scenes were allotted a different date. Then, strangely enough, an accident to one of the players caused a third change and "Cavalcade's" Armistice Day fell once more on November 11—for good.

You saw a marvelous group of scenes in the picture of the original Armistice Day celebration. Six thousand different extras were given work that day! But you didn't see the *real* celebration of Armistice that I saw! Lloyd got the studio's permission to cease work for the day.

Hundreds of ex-soldiers had been called to work—some English veterans and some American. And how they paraded! Flags waved, bands played stirring music of both the nations. A bishop of the church gave the benediction. And at exactly eleven o'clock, all heads were bared and a two-minute silence was called for. Thousands of men and women stood facing the west. At the end of the two minute interval, an American bugler played "Taps" and an English veteran played "Last Post!" It was, in fact, almost a greater scene than you saw in the picture!

Lloyd had sent out the word that as many war veterans as could possibly be used would be given an opportunity



No man under five feet ten was supposed to take part in this scene. Yet, when the uniforms were given out, many of the men were found to be under that height. How come? The reason is one of those things which makes one keep faith in human kindness.

to work in the picture! American Legion Posts immediately began drilling their men. Those out of work were to be given the first call. Some of those men drilled *ten weeks* so that they would be in perfect trim for their small part. And they knew that the longest they could possibly work would be six days!

MR. TUMMEL, Lloyd's assistant, went to the various posts to choose the men to enact the "troop ship" scenes. He knew that the C. I. V.'s were all tall men, so he picked men five foot ten and over. Special overcoats were made for the soldiers to wear. Imagine his thoughts when he got to the dock to find that fifty of the men present were 5 feet 7 inches and under! He had a hunch what had happened. These fifty smaller men had been given the chance to work by those he had chosen because they needed the money more than the others! Tummel had a hectic two hours of taking hems in overcoats.

And remember the scene (after the World War) where

we see a group of blind soldiers learning to make baskets? It was a very impressive scene—one you won't forget in a hurry. But the scene *behind* that bit of film was far greater!

Director Lloyd had instructed his assistant to have the proper set constructed and when everything was ready, to hire twenty-five actual blind soldiers from the Braille Institute for the Blind. The assistant did just that, but forgot to tell the director that they would be on hand at twelve o'clock of November 1! Lloyd had been lunching with Diana Wynyard that day, and returned to the set at one-thirty. They had been telling each other some of the funny incidences of their careers and so arrived on the set laughing! The moment they saw those twenty-five men sitting there, however, the laughter ceased!

Then came the dramatic moment, when one of the blind soldiers (having heard Lloyd's laugh as he came on the set) called to one of the prop boys and asked to be led "to the man who laughed." When he stood in front of Lloyd, at last, he held out his (*Continued on page 97*)

IF YOU WANT TO BE LIKE KAY FRANCIS

By
FAITH
BALDWIN



... Any girl could be like her—if not physically, then spiritually or mentally. All you have to do is to learn how from this story

IF you want to *look* like Kay Francis you must be tall and slender with magnificent soft, shining black hair and gray-green eyes. You must have a wide, generous mouth and beautiful teeth, expressive hands, a fine textured fair, pale skin and the tiniest feet. You must have character in your face and good bones and a light, graceful carriage.

Most of these things you must be born with; some may be cultivated if your general build and coloring follow the Francis lines. So if you want to look like Kay Francis — and who wouldn't want to look like her?—you must look like this. But if you want to *be* like her, be like her in character and emotion reaction and attitude toward life, that's different.

The day I saw her we sat before a bright coal fire in the living room of her brother's charming New York house, and she wore a black negligée, very plain, with flowing sleeves, and I asked her if she'd mind if I sat and looked at her for a couple of weeks. For that's the way she affects you. And she laughed, and said she wouldn't mind; which was courteous of her. She said it in her low, pretty voice, which can't quite manage the R's and so slides over them, much to her horror.

We had something in common, for we had attended the same school. Miss Fuller's, in Ossining, New York, but, alas, at very different times. So we talked about Miss Fuller's and about the Cathedral School in Garden City to which Kay went afterwards. About her first

marriage at seventeen, and about her original birthplace in Oklahoma, which she doesn't recall, and small wonder, as her parents moved to California when she was a year old, and later to Denver. And, when Kay was four, to New York City.

The background of Kay Francis is bound up with the stage, for her mother, Katherine Clinton, was a well-known actress, and, I judged from the little things her daughter said about her to me, a wise and wonderful mother as well.

Kay's life has been colorful and varied. She has excelled in school athletics. She has in her school days written a play and played the leading male rôle in it. She has taken a secretarial course, travelled abroad, and been secretary to such important people as Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and others.

AND she has been on the stage, as the Player Queen in the modern version of "Hamlet," as a member of the Stuart Walker Stock Company, and on Broadway in such plays as "Venus," "Crime" and "Elmer the Great."

After that came Hollywood, and the rest is motion picture history. Her favorite rôle was the one she played in her recent "One Way Passage," a great picture, and she very much liked doing "Trouble in Paradise," as well. Her latest picture is called "The Keyhole."

As you know, she is married to Kenneth McKenna. And I know she likes books, airplane travel, sailing, tennis, sunshine, fresh air, and a clean face—which, besides being likes, are also beauty secrets—and watching all sorts of sports. She plays bridge and backgammon, and appears to possess a perfect menagerie of domestic animals. She drives a Cadillac—and a (Continued on page 105)

These are some of this famous author's books: "Millie," "Louis Beretti," "In the Reign of Rothstein," "Impatient Virgin," "John Bartel, Jr." His latest is "Female." You've seen most of them on the screen



Illustrated by
Floherly, Jr.

When his NOSE was a handicap

By DONALD
HENDERSON CLARKE



...This famous author, whose many novels show his remarkable knowledge of modern life, gives this picture of Durante—a picture with a story behind it

JIMMY DURANTE led the way from the Lyric Theatre where he and Hope Williams had been rehearsing for the Brown-Henderson musical, "Strike Me Pink," across Forty-third street to the Hotel Astor.

"Hello Jimmy."

"Hello Jack."

"Hello Jimmy."

"Hello Pat."

"Hello Jimmy."

"How ya makin' out?"

A dozen greetings from a dozen men in the street, and in the lobby. A half dozen handshakes, three thumps on the back by the Durante hand.

The elevator operator grinned.

"How're ya, Jack?" Jimmy asked.

The door of the Durante suite was locked.

"I guess the Missus is out," Jimmy said. "Waiter! Will you bring up a key?"

Two maids popped into the hall, and one of them opened the door with a passkey.

"Thanks, folks," Jimmy said.

"You're welcome, Mr. Durante," they replied in unison, all smiling.

Jimmy dropped his soft white felt hat on a couch, a big slightly-burned cigar on a table, his light tan overcoat on a chair, crossed the living room, and threw up a big window looking north over the lights of Broadway.

"You know why I'm in this hotel?" he demanded. "You know why I'm in this suite? Look at that."

He flung an arm out toward the flashing, many-colored lights.

"What Zane Grey's mountains are to him them lights are to me. That's the grandest scenery in the world to me."

He smoothed back scant, drab hair in a characteristic gesture, but his small blue eyes were serious. He looked tired. A doctor had paid him two visits between the time he finished rehearsing at two o'clock that morning and the time he fell asleep two hours later.

"Somethin' I ate," Jimmy said. "Or maybe it's nerves from havin' to rehearse this show in a week. Hope's a great actress, ain't she? Now, I gotta get another gag for her."

JIMMY introduced a pleasant, dark-complexioned chap, a bit of gray in his hair, who was hanging up scattered wearing apparel.

"My drummer," he said. "Old friend. I keep old friends busy if I can."

Jimmy had introduced a half dozen men in half an hour without mentioning a name. They all were Old Friends.

"How about a drink of water?" Jimmy asked Old Friend.

Old Friend produced two glasses of ice water. Jimmy and the guest drank.

"What do you want from me?" Jimmy asked. "Maybe we can think of a gag."

"How about forgetting gags for a minute, Jimmy?" was suggested. "That nose of yours that you're always boasting about must have given you some sad moments before you became famous."

Jimmy's tired features, which had been laughing and grimacing for hours on the rehearsal stages in two theatres, and on public parade in between times, relaxed in mournful lines. He turned weary eyes, with fatigue shadows under them, to his questioner. He nodded slowly, solemnly.

"That's right," he said. "Specially from twelve to eighteen. I was very thin, and my nose looked pretty big."

"You weren't happy about having a big schnozzle then?"

Jimmy shook his head, still solemn.

"That's the age a feller begins to like the girls," he said. "It was pretty tough."

"They used to say, 'Hey, Big Nose,'" Old Friend contributed.

"They used to say a lot worse than that," Jimmy asserted. "They used to call me a Big Nose this-an'-that, and (Continued on page 108)



The girls would gather around some good looking guy and Jimmy Durante was always left out of things. No girl, after all, wanted a guy with such a schnozzle.

BAD, B A D WOMAN

. . . Mae West, the famous exponent of sex in the theater, makes her Hollywood début. What's she like? Well, she's different, and startling, and amazing—see for yourself



Harold Seton

(Above) This is as she appeared when she was first successful in vaudeville. And this (right) is as she appears in "She Done Him Wrong."

By CAROLINE
SOMERS HOYT

WHEN Mae West first swayed across hundreds of American screens with one hand on hip and shoulders hunched forward, folks in the audience turned to each other and said, "Oh boy, I'll bet that baby has had a past!"

And, oh boy, that baby has had one, too!

Let's start right at the very beginning and find out how Mae West got that way—where she got that whiskey voice, that Bowery walk, those smart come-backs. What, in other "voids" (that's the way Mae would say it on the stage) makes Mae West tick and how was she able to give dignified magistrates a laugh when the people of New York preferred charges against her?

It all begins back in Brooklyn when Mae West was a kid. A dignified aunt used to watch Mae bullying the boys in the street and say to her mother, "Tcht, tcht, that child is too wilful. She'll come to no good end. Why don't you make her act more like a lady? Why do you let her have her own way? Why don't you correct her?"





If that same dignified aunt could see her, now that she has become famous playing bad, bad women for the edification of thousands of audiences! If that aunt could see her jewels and her spangled gowns and could hear her say—as she said to me a few weeks ago, in that husky voice:

"Listen, there's some bad in all women. I work off my energies—and I've got plenty of energy—by being that sort of woman on the stage and screen. If I didn't have that outlet I might have been one of 'em myself. I couldn't make any prophecies. I've always been interested in women like that. Maybe it was the theatre that saved me. Anyhow, I've made a lot more money in the theatre."

MAE was a wilful kid. Once she and her mother were invited to a friend's house for tea. It was one of those dignified gatherings. But immediately after the wraps were "laid off" Mae espied one of those living-room atrocities—waxed flowers underneath a cylinder of glass. She thought it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen and because it was so beautiful she wanted to touch it. So, wanting to touch it, she did—running her little hands over the smooth, rounded glass.

The hostess—a fluttery woman—ran to her. "No, no, dear, you mustn't touch that. That isn't for little girls to play with."

Without a word Mae walked into the bedroom, got her own coat and hat and her mother's. She carried her

Modern Screen's exclusive cameraman for the Eastern territory—J. Culver—got this swell picture of Mae in New York.

mother's wraps to her and said, "Here put these on. We're going home."

The hostess begged them to stay. She lured Mae with promises of the lovely cakes that would arrive with the tea. She told her that there would

be piano playing later on. She begged Mae to forgive her. "She even," said the West in telling the story, "offered to let me play with the damn thing."

But all this cajolery was no use. Mae had been insulted. Mae was going home. And because her mother adored the child and was later to sit in a theatre watching that same daughter play in "Sex," "Diamond Lil," etc., and see nothing bad about the plays, she put on her hat and coat and went home with the little girl.

Some months later the mother promised Mae a doll. She could have any one she chose and together mother and daughter journeyed to the store. There were hundreds of dolls in great piles. All of them were lovely but right at the very top was a doll dressed in a lavender frock. This doll was perched precariously at the top of the pile—almost touching the ceiling. Mae pointed upwards. "I want that one," she said.

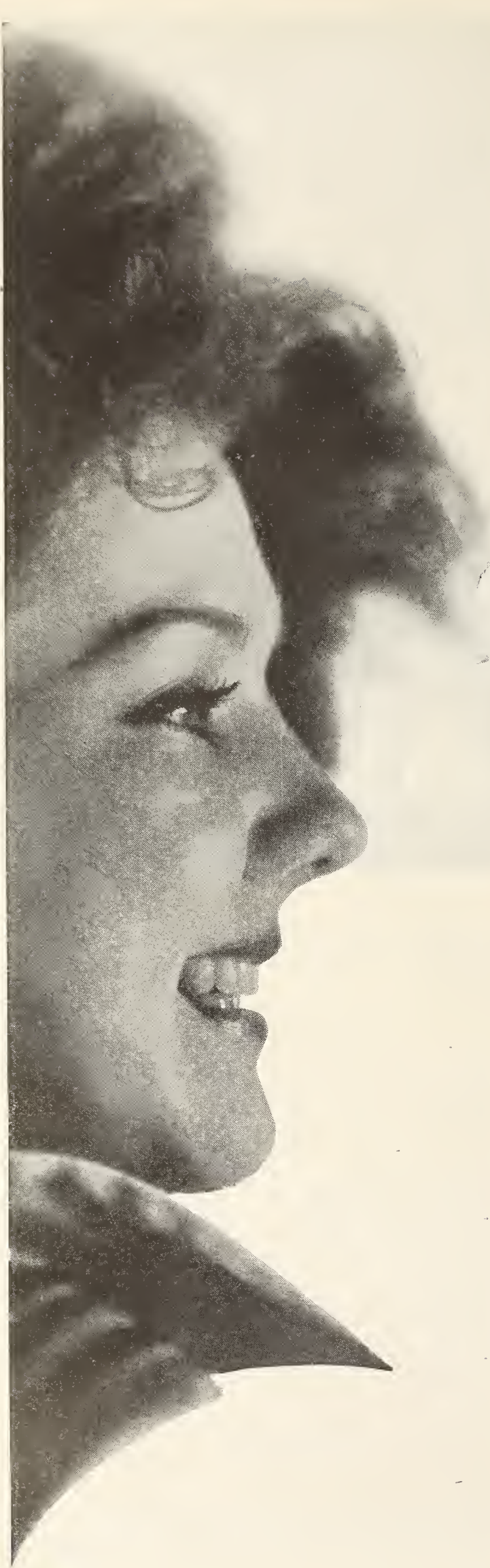
The salesman smiled and began to look for a doll like it on one of the lower shelves, but found none. He begged her to choose another, pointing out the merits of the more easily reached ones.

But Mae stood there, pointing. "I want that one."

They explained how inaccessible was the toy. They offered her bigger dolls, more (Continued on page 104)



**KEEP
YOUR EYE
ON THEM!**



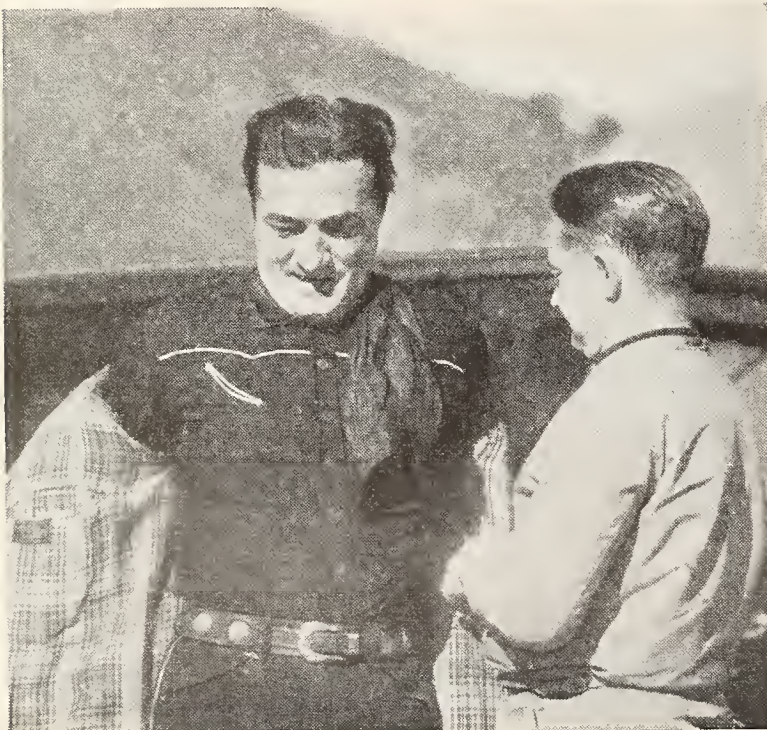


The gal at the extreme left is Jean Parker—"Rasputin" and "The Secret of Madame Blanche." (Top, opposite page) Ruby Keeler—"Forty-second Street" and "High Life." (Immediately above) Henri Garat—"Congress Dances." Now doing "Adorable." (Above, right) Benita Hume—"Clear All Wires" and "Service." (Right) Onslow Stevens—"Nagana" and "Peg O' My Heart." (Below, right) Wera Engels—from Germany—"The Great Jasper." (Below) Patricia Ellis—"King's Vacation" and "Picture Snatcher." (Bottom, opposite page) Lyle Talbot—"Ladies They Talk About," "The Life of Jimmy Dolan" and "She Had to Say Yes."



THE ROVING C A M E R A

(Left) Buster Collier, Sir Guy Standing, Miriam Hopkins and Director Stephen Roberts of "The Shame of Temple Drake." (Below) Edward G. Robinson adopts a goat as a mascot at the New York Zoo. (Below, left) Connie Bennett and Elsa Maxwell. Elsa is Europe's most famous hostess and was called in to assist on "Our Betters." (Bottom, left) Tom Mix snapped as he prepared for his last day at movie-making. (Bottom, right) Modern Screen's exclusive New York camera-man gets a close up of Lyda Roberti. While playing in the stage show, "Pardon My English."



Culver Service

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



Photograph by K. O. Rahmn

We honor Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard for the romance they bring to "Secrets."



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

We honor Lee Tracy for his excellence in M-G-M's "Clear All Wires" and Universal's "Private Jones."



We honor John Barrymore for his vivid portrayal in the title rôle of "Topaze."



VISIT THE MOST FAMOUS HOME IN THE WORLD

Across the top of these two pages is a view of the whole of Pickfair. The guest house is on the left. The trees are silver sycamores, cypresses and pines. Turquoise blue window shades give the house a perpetually sunny look. (Left) Mary Pickford, on the stairs of Pickfair.

IT is more than just a beautiful house, this Pickfair. It's steeped in such serenity that you feel you never knew the real meaning of peace until you passed through the wide gates leading up to it.

This is the only home of her own that Mary Pickford has ever had. Douglas brought her here as a bride a little less than ten years ago and between them they have made Pickfair the pride of Hollywood. Something to be pointed out as standing for integrity and fineness in this morass of upset ideals and twisted emotions.

"I suppose we could have built a far more elaborate house with the money we spent a little while ago in remodeling this one," said Mary musingly, with forefinger pressed to chin in a gesture known to millions. "But it wouldn't have been the same. We have shared happiness here—and sorrow—and it's *home*. That word means everything, doesn't it? We feel that Pickfair has grown to be a part of us. It was a hunting lodge when we took it, you know. We converted it into this Eighteenth Century English type of house and even had new floors put in. Last winter we added a guest house and redecorated every room except the dining room and



. . . Visit Pickfair—where Hollywood's royalty lives and where visiting royalty is entertained. A faultlessly beautiful house—and a real home, too. Mary Pickford, its gracious mistress, will show you about

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

library. It's something I have been wanting to do for a long time. But putting a new dress on Pickfair hasn't changed it. It hasn't blotted out any of the lovely associations or memories."

NO, but that "new dress" put a good many people to work just when the unemployment situation in Los Angeles had reached a crisis. Mary decided she had to do something about it personally besides donating sums for relief. That's typical of her. When there is a national or civic problem to be confronted Mary is among the first to face it. She rolls up both diminutive sleeves and goes to work. This time she called in that delightful lady, Marjorie Requa, who has been her consulting decorator for the last seven years, and together they went over plans and specifications. Net result: a hundred and fifty men were put to work immediately and Miss Pickford took the American woman's slogan to heart and went shopping.

"Furnishing a home is an exciting adventure for any woman. The stores become treasure coves into which you dig to find just the right things to make 'picture

(Right) Mary and her own pet and particular Tony on the terrace. This terrace runs around three sides of the house. Formal gardens and fountains deck the lawn. Pickfair stands on a hill and from it you can see the Pacific and all of Los Angeles spread out below.



Just when the unemployment situation in Los Angeles was at its worst



(Above) An amusing Hill-billy party Mary and Doug gave recently. The chap in the left foreground with the whiskers is a real Hill-billy. You can find Mary and Doug, of course, and next to Doug, made up in mustache and all, is Lady Millicent Hawes, from England. You can catch a glimpse of Fay Wray behind the neck of that guitar. (Left, reading down the page) The upper hall—bigger than most rooms. The cabinet contains many of the little Chinese figurines of which Mary is so fond. Next is the dining room, and then the room of Gwen Pickford, Mary's niece.



corners' in your house." Mary's brown eyes lightened up with the joy of it. You realized suddenly what a true home-lover she is; every nook and cranny of Pickfair holds something precious to her. "The first thing is to make sure that you have a certain continuity from one room to another. There has to be a happy blending or you get a harsh, irritating note. I've learned to try out my carpets and curtains together and then to select the furniture that will give 'weight' to the room. It's easy to do this. Simply take a small board or anything painted the color you want your draperies, decide what shade of carpet will go best with it, and experiment with various colors against these two so that you'll know what furniture to buy to harmonize with them. I think husbands should be consulted about this matter and their tastes considered. After all, they have to live in the house, too!"

Doug and Mary together chose Eighteenth Century period decoration—that period when the French influence was predominant throughout the civilized world. It was then that beauty became identified with simplicity for the first time since the Classic Age. A beauty that was captured in the exquisite tones and artistry of the designs. It is a period adapted to Mary in a remarkable manner.



"Furnishing a home is an exciting adventure for any woman," says Mary

Mary and Doug built their guest house—and thus found work for many



(Above) The west end of the drawing room. The mullioned window looks onto the terrace and a formal garden of roses and irises. The case of that grand piano was especially made to go with the oyster white carpet. The satin damask curtains are oyster white, too—they give a lovely pearly hue to the room. (Right, reading down the page) First the Chinese gallery in the attic. Aren't those Japanese drawings of Mary and Doug amusing? Then, a view of the entrance hall. That embroidered hanging is Chinese—centuries old. And, finally, the cheerful breakfast room.



BUT before we go in the house let's stop for a moment on the lawn that contrasts so vividly with the whiteness of the walls. (There's a complete view of the house across pages 54 and 55.) Silver sycamores and Italian cypress and stalwart pines offer shade and on every side we see those "million dollar views" so dear to the heart of every Californian. There's the ocean to the right, a gleaming strip along the horizon, and all Los Angeles.

A wide brick terrace runs around three sides of the house which is now in the form of an ell. The guest house is to the right of the entrance and connected with the main part only through the loggia. Turquoise blue blinds lend a rich note of color to it. That color, combined with oyster white, dominates throughout the dwelling. We meet it right here in the entrance hall—spacious and supremely restful. It isn't a hall in the ordinary sense. It could very well have served as a living room for Marie Antoinette. The parquet flooring is kept highly polished.

Supposing you were arriving at Pickfair for one of their charming parties. You'd drive up under the great *porte-cochère* on the east side of the house and enter through a small green and gold reception room. Up a short flight of stairs and you would be in this hall watching a brilliant array of stars waltz by. It swings off at a



Her clever and artistic ideas will give you ideas for your own home



(Above, left) This is where you would enter if you were visiting Pickfair. (Above, right) The west end of Doug's suite. The globe with the clock under it lights up and tells the time in every part of the world. (Below, left) One of the baths in Doug's suite. Sumptuous? (Below, right) Doug's red and gold lacquered Chinese bed.



right angle toward the dining room wing. But wait. Above that antique console table facing the drawing room you'll notice a Chinese embroidered hanging (page 57)—I don't know how many hundreds of years old it is. Chinese designs were very much in vogue during the Eighteenth Century and Mary has used them to great advantage in her home.

Next to the table is a gracious old French settee with an Italian mirror above it. Opposite stands a white and pale green and gold Adam cabinet—a lovely piece. On top of it are old Worcester vases, filled with shaggy shasta daisies, and a Louis XVI clock.

Some of these things Mary and Douglas purchased abroad. The figures in a tall French cabinet in the lower hall, for instance, they brought back with them from China when they were there some time ago.

"I loved China," said Mary. "When we started out on that trip I wasn't particularly interested in going there, but once we landed in Shanghai I began to realize what a wonderful race those people are. Their whole soul is wrapped up in the fine pieces they create. Look at the work that went into this, for example." Carefully, she drew out a bit of Imperial jade of such delicate carving that you wondered if a human hand really could have done it. She has an innate appreciation of beauty, this little Miss Pickford, and a sense of values as well. In collecting the Kuan-Yin statues (Kuan-Yin is the Chinese goddess of mercy) of which she is so fond, she had some amusing experiences and some that were touched with pathos. Especially in getting the coral Kuan-Yin in the guest house and the white porcelain one in the drawing-room. But more of that later. (Continued on page 89)

WHAT EVER BECAME OF FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN?

... This, the second of a fascinating series dealing with old timers whom obscurity has claimed, tells you the tragedy of a player who once was the most popular man in the world

By KATHERINE ALBERT

IT was just an obscure item in the morning's paper. A line or two to the effect that Francis X. Bushman was suing one Allen E. Hamilton for damages covering injuries received in an automobile accident. The item further stated that Bushman claims he was permanently disabled in the crash and that his professional career was seriously hampered.

Poor Frank! Poor Bush!

In 1918 the fact that Francis X. Bushman was suing anybody for anything would have been spread over the front pages of every paper in the country. For at that time he was the most sensational star of the cinema.

If he appeared on Broadway, Hollywood Boulevard, or any Main Stem in any town in the United States, traffic was held up for blocks.

Six stenographers and a secretary were needed to take care of his "fan mail."

His face was, according to Arthur Brisbane, "the best known in the entire world."

He had everything the world has to offer—fame, money, adulation, acclaim. And he lost it in three short days!

Perhaps you know that story already, but I must tell it again briefly, for it is so dramatic. When he was the greatest star of them all—and he was that when he co-starred with Beverly Bayne—it was considered bad policy for matinee idols to be married, so his wife and five children were kept at his home, "Bushmanor" in Maryland, while he worked in the studios. This secrecy and separation led to disagreements and a divorce was imminent. Also he wanted to marry Beverly Bayne.

The studio thought it would be wise to break both stories at once—the divorce announcement and the ap-

proaching marriage. And when those news items appeared in the papers Francis X. Bushman was through!

It wasn't that his fans objected to his marrying Beverly. What made his adorers hate him was that he had been married all those years. Two days after the announcement only one stenographer was needed to handle his fan mail.

IT is hard for today's fan to imagine such a situation. Modern stars may marry and have children and lead normal lives without jeopardizing their popularity. But not then. Bushman was ruined!

"I was the bitterest man in the world," Bushman said not long ago. "I hated the public that had ruined me. I hated the world and everything in it."

But in 1923 came his chance at a big come-back. The public had forgotten the hidden wife, the divorce and his marriage to Beverly Bayne. He was called to a studio again to play the role of Messala in "Ben Hur."

For two years he was in Rome. He came back to the States full of hope. He knew he had done a good job. He felt that this was his chance to regain his lost place among the stars. But studio politics now played an important role. While the company was in Rome the studio which first began "Ben Hur" was bought out by another. When Bushman got back he discovered at its head a man who thought Bushman had slighted him two years before. This executive refused to pay Bushman the salary the other studio had agreed upon. High words were said. The old grievance was aired and from that day to this Francis X. Bushman has never had a role at a major studio!

(Continued on page 98)



The photographs in this feature were taken by "Scotty," Modern Screen's Exclusive Cameraman



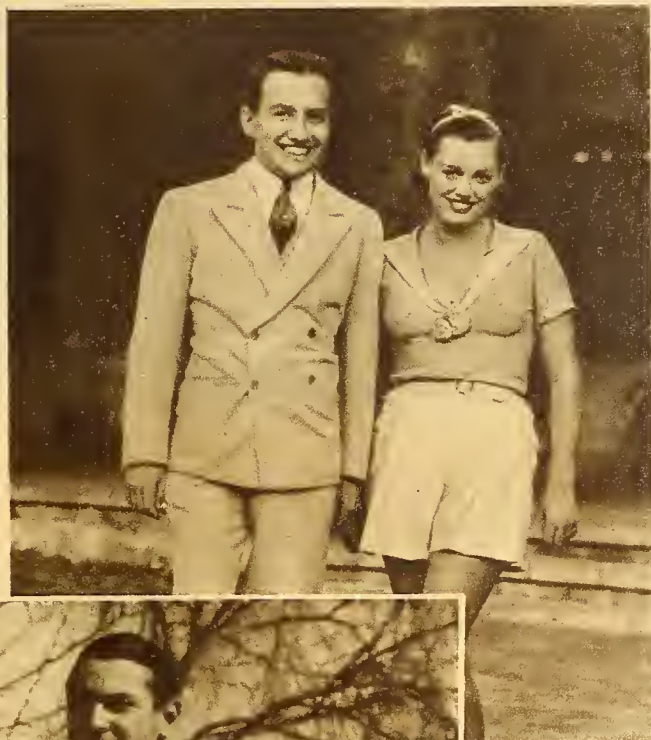
IT'S
HOT



When Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson were staying at the Desert Inn they, with a party of friends, went on a moonlight picnic (above) and horseback ride. Lot of fun. (Left) Gary Cooper with his momma and poppa—on the desert. (Below) The pool of the Mirador Hotel at Palm Springs.



. . . When Hollywoodians feel like basking in the sunshine they go to Palm Springs. Now, turn over the page



(Above) Lee Tracy and also Gwili Andre at the Palm Springs hotel. (Right) Ken Maynard and his wife. (Right, above) Carl Laemmle, Jr., and Eleanor Holm. They're seen together quite a lot these days.

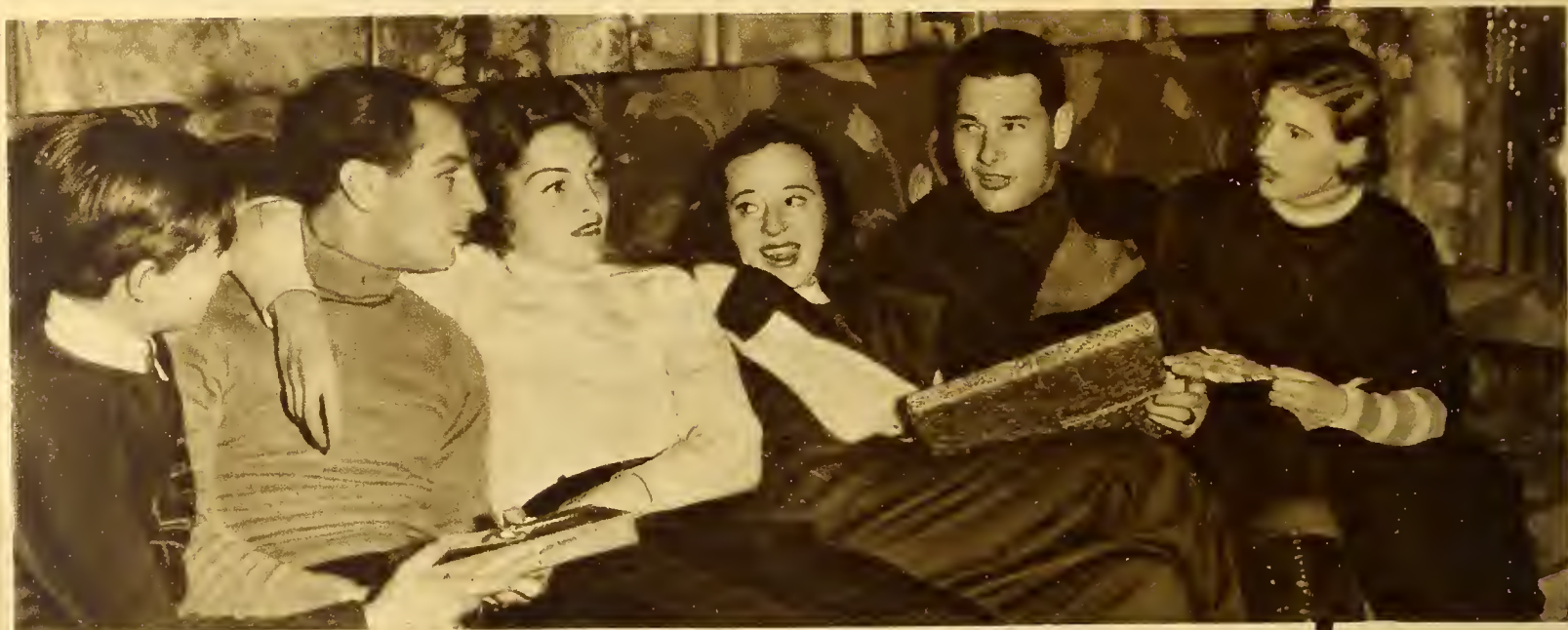


(Left) Johnny Weissmuller and Charles Laughton talking to Richard Arlen and his wife (seated). They were all short-vacationing at the El Mirador at the time.



IT'S COLD

(Above, left) A study in family resemblance, or like father like son—or something. Doug, Jr., spent a busy time trying to emulate his father's skiing prowess. (Above, right) Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston. (Below) "Buttons" Joyce, Zeppo Marx and his wife, Joby and Dick Arlen and Mrs. Frank Joyce.



. . . Only about sixty miles from Palm Springs (see preceding page), yet you'll find snow at Lake Arrowhead



(Above, left) Yep, that's the wife with him. What? Oh, yes, it's Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable.
 (Below, left) Mickey Mouse as he appeared at the Mickey Mouse snow carnival at Lake Arrowhead.
 (Above, right) Zeppo Marx, busily kodaking.
 (Below, right) Dick Arlen again. Pretty good, Dick.



(Right) With Joan Crawford in "Today We Live." (Below) On his African jaunt—this was taken about eighty miles northwest of Nairobi. (Further below) Vacationing at Palm Springs after he finished making "A Farewell to Arms." That picture made him a bigger success than ever.



THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE OF GARY COOPER

By WALTER
RAMSEY

GARY'S life in Hollywood began with enough of an adventure to hold any young man. While on location with the "Wings" company in Texas (his first picture of any importance under his new Paramount contract) he was forced to make a parachute jump from an airplane of which he, an inexperienced flyer, had lost control. Gary literally descended into Hollywood fame from the sky and from that moment he was a figure of talk, and conjectures, and movie prophecy.

It is amazing, considering how shy Gary was at the time, that for the first year or two his adventures proved to be purely in the realm of the romantic. He was rumored in love with, or engaged to such flaming ladies as Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent and last, but by no means least, the fiery Lupe Velez. The trials and tribulations, the combusive excitement and the general adventure of that romance is too well known to movie fans to need amplification here. If one were to judge by what one reads, Gary's entire time was devoted to being in love with Lupe—which was not exactly the case.

In spite of his torrid romance, he made seventeen pictures during the first two years of his contract. Among the better known were "It," "Children of Divorce," "Beau Sabreur," "Legion of the Condemned," "Lilac Time," "The Virginian"—and going into his third and fourth year, "The Man From Wyoming," "Morocco," "The Spoilers," "City Streets," and others.

FOR four long years the adventure of Hollywood was Gary's complete life. There was a time when it seemed to threaten to be the one adventure he could not beat. For two, at least of those four years, he was on a maddening merry-go-round of Hollywood. Pictures, pictures and more pictures—Lupe—the constant strain of being pulled between his love and his family (who had



. . . How he achieved film fame through an exciting adventure. His rapid rise to stardom. His romantic loves. And the African trip



His new Hollywood home. He lives there with his parents. Charming and comfortable but unpretentious.



The living room of the Gary Cooper establishment. He didn't buy any of those hunting trophies, you know.

joined him in Hollywood)—bickerings with the studio over salary. The adventure of fame and success and money might be the ultimate achievement of most men, but to Gary, the long, rangy kid from the Montana ranch, it was a devitalizing, tearing-down process. Several times he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. His health was in a deplorable state. His nerves were shattered.

In the spring of 1931 Gary Cooper disappeared from Hollywood.

For two weeks no one knew where he had gone. The studio finally admitted he had been granted a short vacation to go to New York. His family said: "Gary is merely taking a little rest in New York." Lupe reiterated the statement that Gary was gone for only a little while. The next news Hollywood had of Gary confirmed this by saying he actually was in New York. He had taken Tallulah Bankhead to the theatre. The next news flash was that Gary had left A. W. O. L. for an extended trip to Europe! No asking permission of his studio, his family, Lupe or anybody! Gary merely informed them he was leaving. Later Gary told me:

"All of a sudden I knew I had to go. I knew that two weeks of night clubbing and theatre parties in New York would not be a long enough 'rest' to cure my tired nerves. I had lost so much weight from overwork I was weak. In Hollywood I was being pulled apart by factions, both of whom sincerely believed they had my real interests at heart. It was getting so I couldn't make a decision for myself. I knew that the only way to get back on my feet was to get away for a long time. A year, at least. Even if it had meant that my contract would have been can-

celled and that I would never make another picture in Hollywood, I would have gone. At that time my health and peace of mind were more important to me than anything else!"

GARY had no definite aim in mind when he started out for Europe. He was both amazed and surprised—and delighted—at the interest he attracted in England and France. But he had not come to Europe seeking adulation, or to be the center of admiring throngs. When mutual friends suggested that he accompany them to Italy to be the guests of the Count and Countess Frasso, Gary gladly accepted.

For two ideal spring months, under the sunny skies of Italy, Gary was the house guest of the Count and Countess, enjoying the charming hospitality of their magnificent villa. They became very good friends and it was with sincere regrets that he read an imperative wire from the studio summoning him back to New York to make "His Woman." Though his two months' rest in Italy had improved his health considerably, nevertheless Paramount realized how badly Gary needed a *real* rest. So when Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Preston extended an invitation to accompany them on a big game expedition to Africa, the studio granted Gary permission to accept along with a five months' leave of absence.

Gary says no kid ever started out to a circus more excited and happy than he, the day he sailed with the Preston party for their farm in the Kenya Colony in British East Africa. One of the dreams of his childhood was to be a big game hunter, (Continued on page 86)

WHILE JOHNNY WASN'T LOOKING

When Johnny Weissmuller was staying at the Mirador Hotel in Palm Springs, the guests got a grand opportunity to view that million-dollar body. Scotty, Modern Screen's own cameraman, got out the trusty old photograph-taker and caught these fine pictures of Tarzan. Yes, that's Johnny diving off the top of the page.



GLAMOR

MOD'S AND YOURS +

IN THIS NEW FEATURE—A MAGAZINE WITHIN A MAGAZINE—WE BRING YOU THE LATEST AND MOST AUTHENTIC INFORMATION CONCERNED WITH FASHION, BEAUTY AND THE HOME

DIRECTION OF MARGERY WELLS

D CHARM GOSSIP

? Connie lambs' wool. In the same room she has a club chair friend in covered in silver gray velvet. Instead of the covering at it you being tacked on, it is merely draped over the chair, nky. But tucked in along the cushions and allowed to flow gracefully to a tooth- fully to the floor. The edges are bound, but they could rette case. be hand-rolled or neatly stitched.

CONTENTS •

ood Charm Gossip . . .	67
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e Colbert's Dream House	74

- One of Bill Gargan's most valued possessions is a gold toothpick which he inherited from his great-great-grandfather. Lionel Barrymore felt quite honored when Bill offered to lend it to him for a scene in his recent picture, "Sweepings," which takes place during the toothpick era.
- Anita Louise wears a dress in the very modern Constance Bennett picture, "Our Betters," that her mother wore in 1905. Anita's mother was very "stylish" when she wore the frock in 1905—and Anita is right up-to-date in it today, twenty-eight years later!
- Mrs. Richard (director) Wallace has some very sweet looking picture frames made out of sheer pink

- Lilian Harvey has designs woven into her bags and hats of the same pattern as the radiator cap of her swanky foreign-built car. She also has introduced the new gag of having her shoes made of the same material and color as her dresses.
- Everything is scarfs this year. To be real dashing you'll have your scarf, bag and handkerchief to match. Lil Tashman has one of these ensembles made out of red and yellow plaid wool to wear with a blue tailored suit. It's plenty attractive and smart as Lil's things always are.
- Ann Harding is sporting a brand new gray roadster. She has originated the idea of having the cushions for it upholstered in various colors—a set to match each frock. The other day we saw her sailing along the Boulevard in her gray buggy with red cushions and a red and gray street outfit to match. She caused quite a stir.
- Progressive parties have supplanted Sunday night buffet suppers in popularity of late. Of course, they've been the bane of every hostess' existence in the past because the guests had so much (Continued on page 76)

ON THIS PAGE—CHATTER FROM THE FASHIONABLE WORLD OF THE STARS

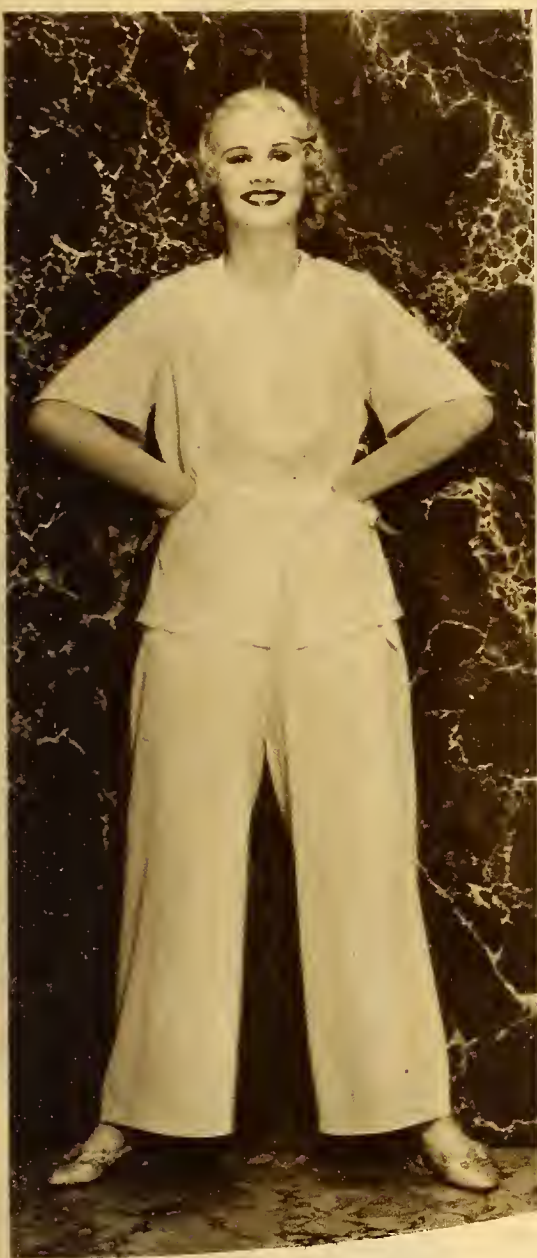
Hollywood Says: TAILORED



You can see the tailored trend beautifully illustrated in the three pictures above. First, Joan Blondell's trousers, mannishly severe. Then Lorena Layson's tailored suit for daytime. And Barbara Stanwyck's evening gown. Joan Blondell's suit is of red men's wear flannel, with brass buttons. Lorena's wrap-around skirt is of tan jersey, the coat of brown and the scarf striped red and brown. Barbara's evening gown is of ivory satin, printed in gold! How do you like her in a blond wig? She wore it in "Ladies They Talk About," you know.

IT PROBABLY ALL STARTED WITH MARLENE DIETRICH'S TROUSER FAD

CLOTHES FOR SPRING



The three pictures on this page show pajamas and an evening gown—both very tailored. If your pajamas are going to be right this season, they will not depart an inch from tailored lines—which idea is perfectly carried out by those of Jayne Shaddock (new Warner player) at the extreme left. They are pale pink ribbed silk with white pearl buttons. Next, Miriam Jordan's white crepe evening dress can't quite decide whether to be a sailor suit, as it certainly is at back, or a formal gown—which it would appear to be in the front.

HOLLYWOOD has gone tailored. Call it fate, or call it the inevitable leadership of screen stars, the American girl has adopted with enthusiasm the tailored mode for spring. Tailored wear for daytime, for afternoon, for evening, for the boudoir, for the beach—you never need step out of the picture if you accept the tailored lines and find them becoming to your style of beauty.

By tailored, the Hollywood style authorities do not necessarily mean trousers, though even these are good under certain circumstances. But taking a tip from men's suits, the dresses of the season follow their hard and fast lines.

After all, there is more than a mood in this style of dressing. It is essentially American in character. It suits the temperament and the life of the girl of today. No wonder that she takes hold of it so avidly and makes so much out of the fashion as adapted to her own particular needs.

BUT THE NEW TAILORED MODE ISN'T A FAD—IT'S MOST PRACTICAL



Along with all the tailored clothes comes a new style in hairdressing. Curls and puffs have no place with man-nish dressing. Mae Clarke's new headdress (left) is perfect in this respect.



(Left) For spring evenings, Minna Gombell's white wool raglan coat is worn over a white sports dress and the square white wool turban is new in line and most effective. (Right) Sari Maritza wears checks in black and white—a clever topcoat with fatigue cap to match.



TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

- Enclose fifteen cents in stamps or coin for each pattern ordered. Be very sure to state the size or sizes wanted. Write your full name and full address plainly on the letter. Mail to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. For Canadian and foreign orders, send twenty cents in coin—Canadian and foreign stamps will not be accepted.
- Address any questions about your own wardrobe to Morgery Wells, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

EVEN FORMAL ATTIRE AND LINGERIE SPURNS RUFFLES AND FURBELOWS



5215

5170



PATTERNS



5202



5112

5215 — Raglan sleeved coat with patch pockets. It may be made shorter. Sizes 12 to 40.

5170—An easy skirt pattern, with smart, high waistline. Sizes 26 to 36 waist measure.

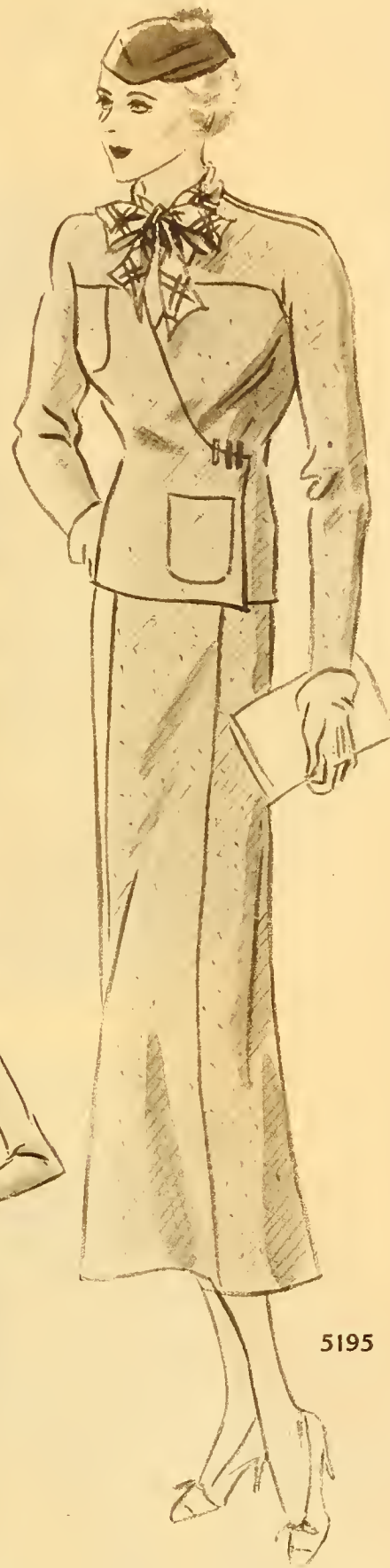
5202—The lines of this frock are perfect. Sash crosses in front and ties in back. Sizes 12 to 42.

5112 — The Gibson Girl frock with puffed sleeves and flaring skirt. Sizes 12 to 40.

5195 — Minna Gombell's gray wool suit (photographed above) has been made into a pattern for you. It is a simple suit to make. The coat fastens on the left hip with three metal clasps. Sizes 14 to 42.



5195



5195

See back views on page 114.

+ + + B E A U T Y



By Mary Biddle



Above, on this page, Miss Norma Shearer—on the left, with, and on the right as she looks without make-up. Norma makes her lips fuller with a rather dark lipstick and enhances the depth of her eyes with the clever use of eyeshadow and pencil—read how in the article. On the other page, the two pictures at the top show Joan Crawford—on the left, with street make-up—on the right, in screen make-up. Joan actually scrubs her face for that shine—which is a chic, glowing shine. Now, immediately left, Claudette Colbert—a lovely model for brunettes to follow. All the make-up tricks Claudette uses are designed to play up her dark beauty without making it the least bit theatrical. And on the opposite page at the lower right, an exactly opposite type to Claudette—Constance Cummings—who strives for a most natural, unmade-up look for street wear.

FIVE FAMOUS MOVIE STARS TELL YOU HOW THEY MAKE UP FOR "EVERY DAY"

A D V I C E + + +



Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Address her at MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply

I HAVE had a lot of fun this month. I've been finding out just exactly how five of the most famous movie stars make up. Not for the screen—for the street. After all, we may copy the gowns and the coiffures of the stars as seen on the screen—but their screen make-up wouldn't do us much good, would it? I've had many letters asking me such questions as, "What shade of lipstick does Norma Shearer wear?" "How does Joan Crawford pluck her eyebrows?" And I always promised myself that some day I'd find out and tell you. Well, I have found out the make-up tricks of Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Clara Bow and Constance Cummings. All these girls are different types. They all offer helpful information which you will be able to turn to your own good uses. And they have all studied extensively this important business of make-up and grooming.

So—are you all set? We'll start with Joan Crawford. *(Continued on page 87)*



READ ABOUT THEIR SECRETS—YOU'LL SURELY FIND SOME YOU CAN USE, TOO



Claudette Colbert's DREAM HOUSE

The large picture at the bottom of the page shows you a drawing of the little house Claudette would like to have. English style, low to the ground and (as the two plans below show you) with large rooms.

I'D make it an English house."

There was not an instant's hesitation in Claudette Colbert's answer to my query as to the kind of house she would like best if it had to be a very little house at the very low cost that you or I—average folk—could afford to have.

She played the part of Betty Jones (Mrs. John J. Jones on her calling cards), whom I created for the occasion. Betty Jones had been a stenographer before her marriage two years prior to this interview. By dint of some pinching of pennies and hoarding of wedding money, she and John were ready to buy a home of their own. Claudette Colbert, in the person of Betty, explained why she would make it an English house.

"Because an English house *belongs*. It runs down to meet the ground. It fits into the setting. It isn't just stuck on the ground as most houses are. It has a settled feeling about it—that's what I like most.

"Comfort means more to me than anything else in a house. I work so hard all day that I want to be really comfortable when I get home. That's true of everybody . . . not just people in pictures. Betty and Betty's husband want to be comfortable, too. This English house

*By Jennie
Moore*

that I'm talking about is *so* comfortable. So is the furniture that goes into it—loungy and large.

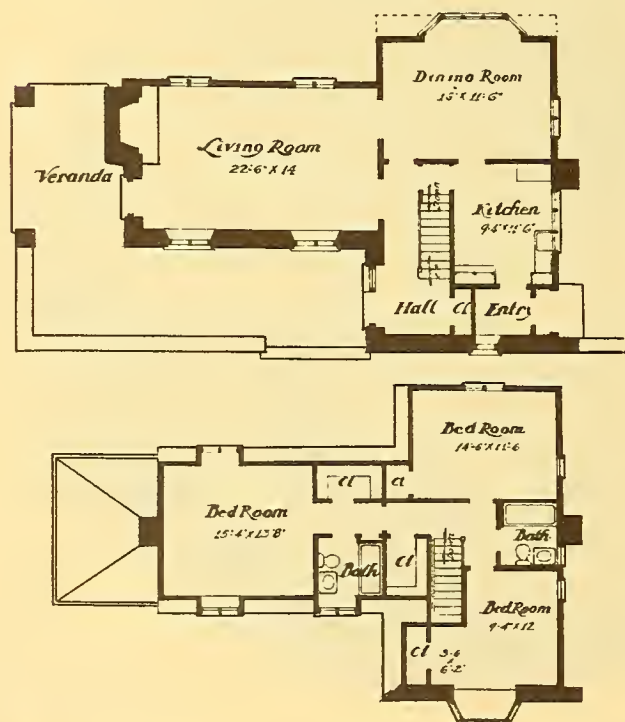
"So you wouldn't choose a French house, in spite of your French traditions?" I asked.

"No, oh, no!" It was a most emphatic negative. "No French house for me. French houses are so dark, so stiff, so formal—except, of course, the dear little peasant houses in the country. Even those are dark, though.

"And I'd want sunshine *everywhere* in my house. Why, I'd build the whole house to catch the sun. I'd catch it coming and I'd catch it going. Otherwise, why have a house at all? I lived in a New York apartment for three years; it faced north and the only decent room in it was the kitchen. The kitchen used to get the sun in the morning, and when I got up I'd always run into the kitchen. Do you know why French houses are so dark?"

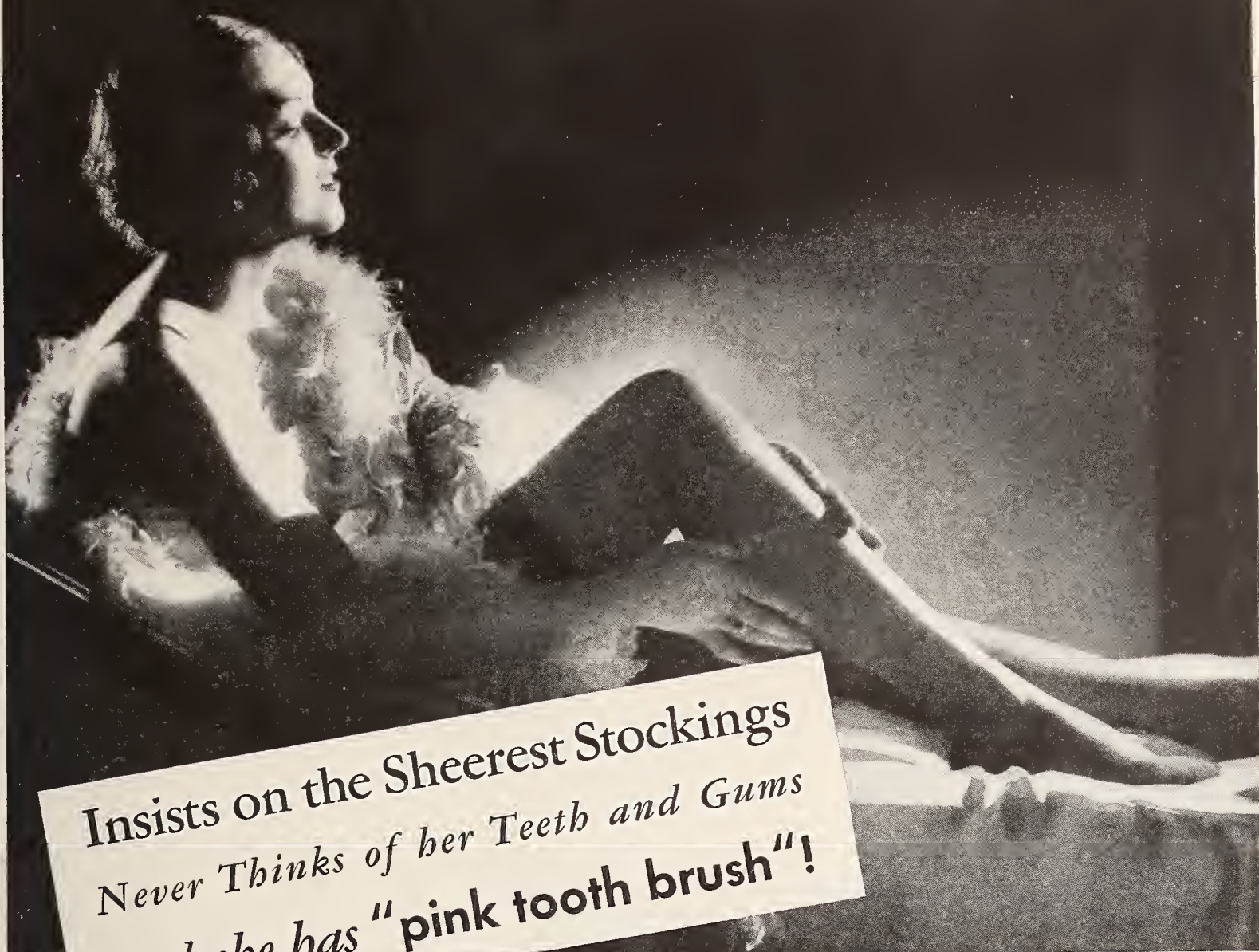
I didn't.

"Because there's a tax on every window and door in France. People come back to America and rave about how unsanitary those dark holes are. That dark is imposed on the French people for economic reasons. They can't afford enough doors and (Continued on page 92)



YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE WITH IT—THIS ENGLISH DREAM HOUSE OF CLAUDETTE'S

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



*Insists on the Sheerest Stockings
Never Thinks of her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

SHE *insists* on silk stockings to set off her shapely ankles. She couldn't imagine doing without them. But to the glamour and loveliness of her smile—to the health of her teeth and gums—she never gives a second thought.

You *must* take care of your teeth and gums. If you find "pink" upon your tooth brush, if your gums bleed easily—then the health of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, the attractiveness of your smile, are in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. It is an ever-present threat to the brightness and even the soundness of your teeth.

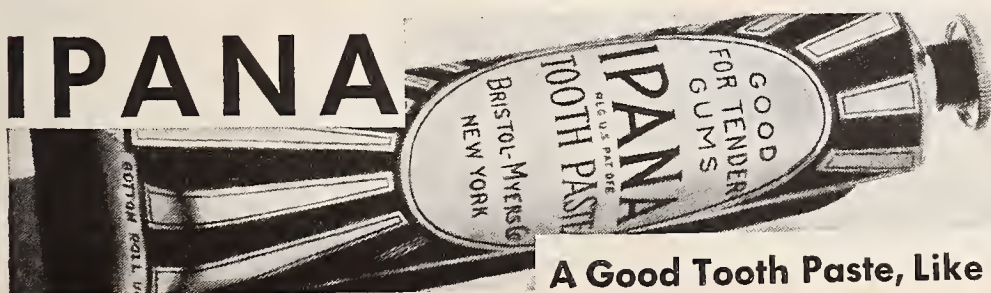
Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern foods that give them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start in tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube (over 100 brushings). Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

IPANA



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Phyllis Frazer always puts a piece of cleansing tissue in her mouth before slipping on her dress. Wards off lipstick stains.



Sue Carols's modernistic atomizer has three speeds—fine, medium and heavy. Clever?



"The commuter purse." Dorothy Jordan wouldn't be without hers. There's a place in the back where you can tuck a book.

(Continued from page 67)

fun over the *hors d'œuvres* that the soup at the next house got cold and by the time they'd partaken of the soup the roast at the *next* place was burnt. But Lil Tashman and Kay Francis solved that problem away. To "speed the parting guests" a gong was rung at the end of each course and ten minutes later all the lights in that particular house went out. So the guests had no alternative but to move on.

The invitations can be made very unique. It's considered smarter to print them yourself. Black paper and silver ink are often used and they read something like this:

Bring along your appetite Thursday evening at seven to
1036 North Canyon Drive.

Soup will be slipped to you at
1356 Benedict Canyon Road.

Fish (what, you don't like fish!)
at 1532 Club View Drive.

Dinner plates laden (and some
busted)
at "The Elms."

You'll find sweets to eat over at
The Meeks.

Sometimes the hostesses sign their names, but if only intimate friends are to be invited, who are familiar enough with the addresses, the names are left out.

● Ramon Novarro has created a moonlight effect all of his own. He arranged this by placing an electric light just outside of a large stained glass window in his living room, and when this is lighted it looks exactly like the moonlight streaming in. How's that for cleverness?

● Claudette Colbert has solved the problem of giving a wide face length. It's this: hide your ears! Hollywood beauty shops have been bombarded with requests from plump-faced patrons to have their hair done "just like Claudette

Colbert's." They don't realize the secret is so simple.

● Janet Gaynor has never liked the looks of the modern type cocktail shaker, especially in her colonial rooms. La Gaynor finally got the idea of having an old-time copper tea kettle remade for the purpose. It's really sort of old-fashioned looking to see a modern cocktail coming out of a copper tea kettle. Most of Hollywood's folk who have seen the new gadget are on the warpath for some new way to disguise their iced drink dispensers.

● Marlene Dietrich uses a perfume that has a fragrance of pine trees and Jeanette MacDonald sprays herself with the odor of cedar. Just a couple of backwoods gals!

● Here's a swell new idea coming from the Bill Haines decorating shop: a circular dining-room table with a two-inch black marble top. It's really quite effective with the individual white lace doilies. The black marble gleams all around the white of each guest's tiny spread. Fetching, if you're a millionaire!

● And here's a new Hollywood game that will throw a party of about ten under every available table: carefully remove the paper from a cigarette and spread it out flat. The first guest places the paper under her nose and holds it there by inhaling. While thus holding the paper, she is supposed to move it to the next guest's nose when his inhalation takes it away from her, and so on around the crowd. Start by warning everyone to be absolutely serious, and take a picture of the gang at the end of the first round!

● Carole Lombard has a brand new early American interior to her dressing room at Paramount. A large couch set

off with little ruffles; white lampshades with little gingham ruffles twining around them and live ivy playing leap-frog on the walls. Quaint?

● An excellent Chinese servant at a recent Hollywood party gave us a brand new idea for serving salads: hollow out the inside of a cucumber, leaving a short handle on the top. Fill the hollow with mixed salad (fruit and nuts) and tie a little ribbon on top of the handle. It's mighty effective—and very appetizing!

● Buckles, buckles everywhere. . . . They've swooped over the fashion horizon and taken Hollywood by storm. You see them in silver, in tortoise shell and beads. They come in every possible shape and material and perch on belts, bags, hats and shoes with equal ease. On Wynne Gibson's new angora dress of hyacinth blue there's a huge Colonial buckle that looks like chromium plate and it's duplicated on her two slippers. Una Merkel has a wooden one on a sport frock. She says she wears it at the races in Agua Caliente so she can touch wood when she makes her bets!

● And have you seen the new radio watches? Clark Gable is sporting one. Says it reminds him of the speedometer on his car. It has a plain silver face and the numbers keep flashing up . . . 6:45, 6:46 and so on.

● Romantic complexions are back in vogue. Yes, my dears! No more ashen cheeks and green eyelids. The stars look as fresh and rosy these days as boarding school ingenues are supposed to look. Madge Evans believes one cause of it is the predominance of gray this spring. You simply *have* to use more rouge with that color or you go blah-blah. So don't be horrified if

(Continued on page 95)



The quilt shown in the illustration was generously loaned by Mrs. E. T. Hunt, 124 Prescott St., Toledo, Ohio. It was made in 1833 by an 18-year-old bride of her family, for her new log-cabin home.

Down Through the Years

The little flowers are faded, in this soft, warm quilt sewed so many years ago. But the countless, tiny stitches are as strong as ever . . . Even after generations, stitches made lovingly with J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. six cord thread keep on holding firm . . . If you would sew once, and securely, be sure to sew with Coats or Clark's Best Six Cord. It pays to use good thread.

J. & P. COATS



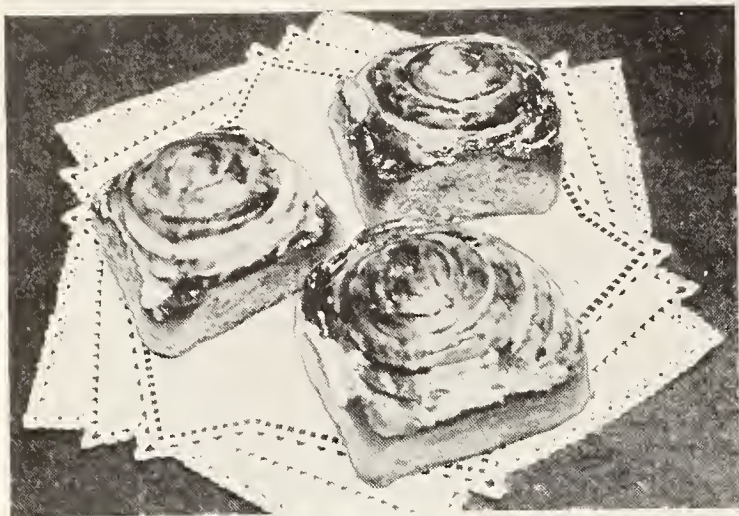
CLARK'S O. N. T.

A reproduction of the above illustration, suitable for framing, sent free on request — Address Dept. 68S, Box 551, Newark, N. J.

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THE MODERN HOSTESS

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning

DO you know that in the early part of the seventeenth century bread used to indicate the social standing of the family? It's a fact! The royal family got the bread when it was freshly baked. The nobility could have it when it was one day old. The gentry got it when it was two days old. The scholars or friars were permitted to have it three days old, and the peasantry when it was four days old and probably beginning to be a little mouldy. Of course, this doesn't mean that people baked their bread and then let it sit around in accordance with the dictates of the law until it had attained the proper antiquity. In those days people didn't bake at home at all for the simple reason that they had no ovens. The bread was all baked in the ovens of the manor. The word "lady" means "loaf giver" from the fact that the lady of the manor used to distribute the loaves.

In one way, most of us have returned to the old feudal customs, because our bread is usually baked in the great commercial bakeries, and we go to the store to get it, as our ancestors used to go to the manor house. To many of us a yeast cake is something to eat straight, and we have sort of gotten out of the habit of baking yeast-raised breads at home. And oddly enough—or perhaps logically enough—as the result of this, we, as a nation, eat less bread than almost any other nation in the world. Bread isn't anything particularly exciting in most homes—it is always there, always the same and often

as not it is assiduously avoided.

This era of limited food budgets, however, may bring back home-made bread, because bread is our most efficient food as well as our cheapest. There is more energy in a pound of bread than in a pound of meat—and think of the difference in cost! And just a hint to you women who would like to see prosperity back again: if every person in the United States ate one more slice of bread a day, it would mean the consumption of sixty million more bushels of wheat a year and would go a long way toward solving the problem of the wheat surplus and (Continued on page 106)

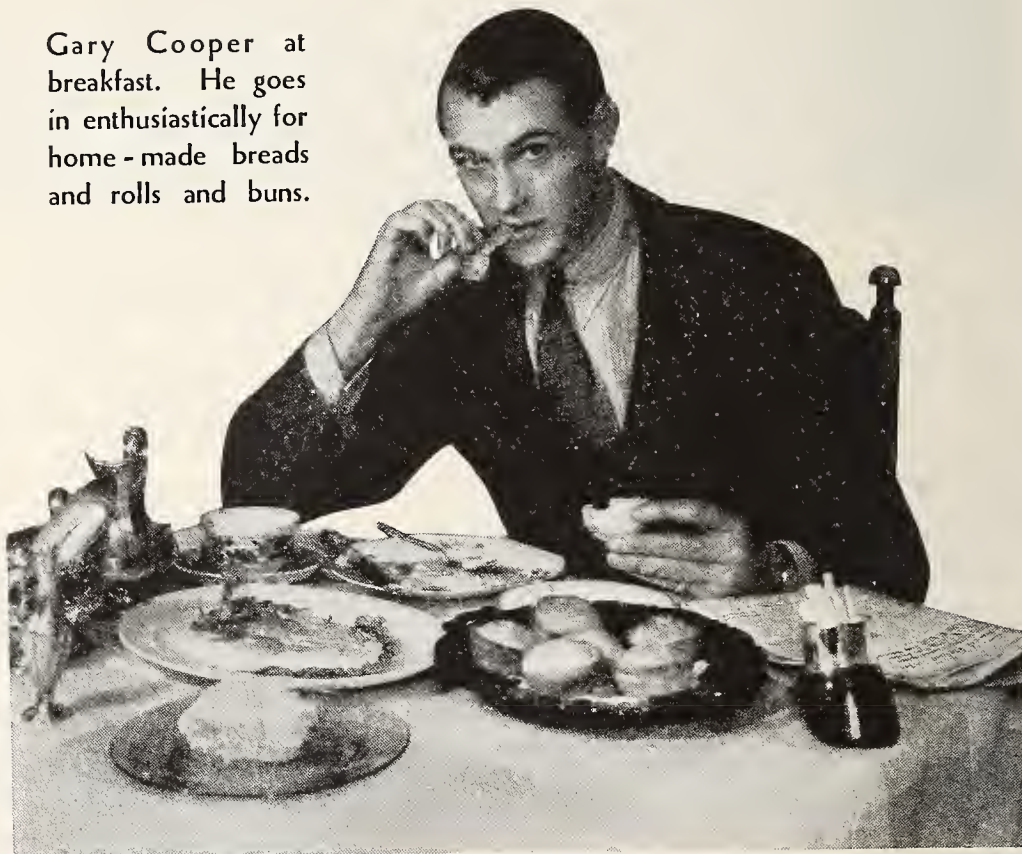
MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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

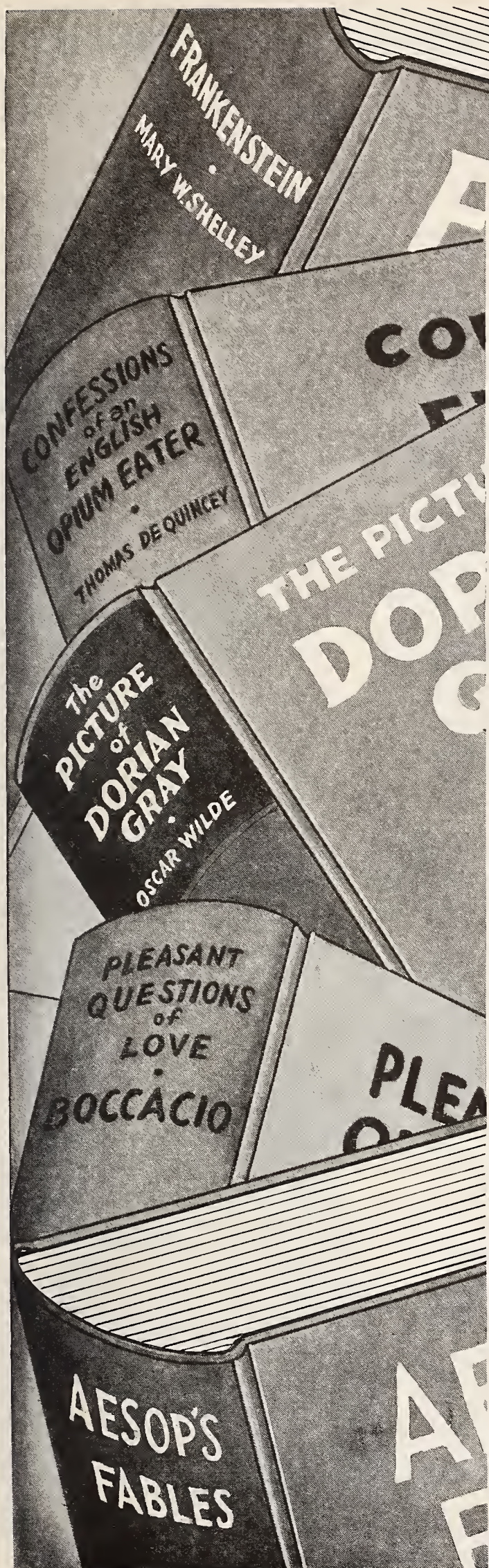
I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, for which please send me the recipes for May, 1933, at no further cost to me.

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(Print in pencil)
Address
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Gary Cooper at breakfast. He goes in enthusiastically for home-made breads and rolls and buns.



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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PICTURES

Don't just "go to the movies." Look over this list of pictures first and find out if the movie playing at your neighborhood theater is the sort of thing you'd like

AFRAID TO TALK (Universal)—Eric Linden and Sidney Fox in a story of how an innocent person can be framed in a murder case. **Good**—children won't be amused, though.

ANIMAL KINGDOM (Radio)—Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, Myrna Loy and William Gargan in talkie version of the sophisticated play of the same name. If you like smart, modern stories you'd better see it. **Excellent**—children won't be interested.

BE MINE TONIGHT (Universal)—Imported musical picture. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (RKO-Radio)—The film which put Katharine Hepburn on the cinema map. It also has John Barrymore and Billie Burke. The story is slightly unpleasant—having to do with hereditary insanity—but nevertheless should be seen by all. **Excellent**—nothing in it for children, however.

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck as a missionary gal, Nils Asther as a Chinese general. The story concerns his interest in her. It's unusual and quite interesting. **Good**—but the children won't be interested.

BLONDIE JOHNSON (Warners)—Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

BREACH OF PROMISE (World Wide)—Chester Morris and Mae Clarke in a story with political background. Mae does some grand acting. **Good**—but not for children.

BROADWAY BAD (Fox)—Joan Blondell as a gal who joins the chorus for the sake of her chum. (But it's not as trite as it sounds.) **Very good**—but children won't be very interested.

CABIN IN THE COTTON (First National)—Bette Davis, Dorothy Jordan and Dick Barthelmess in a story of the new south. **Good**—children may like it.

CALL HER SAVAGE (Fox)—The big come-back of Clara Bow! She really is grand as the half wild girl who suddenly finds herself in the midst of complex modern civilized life. Gilbert Roland and Thelma Todd are also in it. **Very good**—children will enjoy some of it.

CAVALCADE (Fox)—Historical drama with Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard and others. Mob scenes that will amaze you with their power. **Excellent**—okay for children.

CENTRAL PARK (First National)—What the hotel atmosphere did for "Grand Hotel," a public park does for this. Everything which happens happens in the park. And is it exciting! **Very good**—parts of it the children will like.

CHILD OF MANHATTAN (Columbia)—John Boles and Nancy Carroll in a sophisticated story of New York life. Buck Jones, who used to be a hard-ridin' Western star, also appears in this film but very much minus horses, chaps and boots. **Very good**—but don't take the children.

CRIME OF THE CENTURY (Paramount)—Bank robbery story with a decidedly ingenious twist. Stuart Erwin and Wynne Gibson are in it. **Very good**—okay for kids.

CYNARA (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Ronald Colman, Kay Francis and Phyllis Barry, a newcomer, in sophisticated triangle story. **Very good**—but it will bore the kids.

DANGEROUSLY YOURS (Fox)—Warner Baxter and Miriam Jordan. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

DESTINATION UNKNOWN (Universal)—Ralph Bellamy, Alan Hale, Betty Compson and Pat O'Brien. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

ELMER THE GREAT (Warners)—Joe E. Brown comedy. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE (Warners)—Telling the world what makes a department store tick—with Warren William, Alice White, Loretta Young and Wallace Ford. **Good**—the older children may enjoy it.

EX-LADY (Warners)—Gene Raymond and Bette Davis. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

FACE IN THE SKY (Fox)—Weak story about hicks who don't seem very convincing in this day and age. **Fair**—not for children.

FAITHLESS (M-G-M)—About a wealthy society girl who loses her money and the sacrifices she makes in order to help the man she loves. Talulah Bankhead and Robert Montgomery. **Good**—not so suitable for children.

FAREWELL TO ARMS (Paramount)—War love story beautifully portrayed by Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper. Adolphe Menjou is in it, too. Take a great big hankie. **Excellent**—but the children should be left at home.

FORTY-SECOND STREET (Warners)—George Brent, Warner Baxter, Mrs. Al Jolson and Bebe Daniels in the first musical to come out of Hollywood in some time. **Excellent**—okay for children.

FRISCO JENNY (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton does another "Sarah and Son." Only this time she becomes a smart racketeer in the most modern manner. James Murray comes back in it in a small part. Donald Cook is Ruth's son. **Very good**—but send the children to a Western.

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN (Paramount)—Jack Oakie, David Manners, Adrienne Ames and Carole Lombard. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE GOLDEN WEST (Fox)—George O'Brien in a Western which is typical of its kind but well worth seeing if you like them. **Very good** for Western fans—grand for the children.

GRAND SLAM (Warners)—Loretta Young and Paul Lukas in a story which pokes fun at the national pastime—bridge. **Very funny**—but children will be bored unless they happen to be bridge fiends.

THE GREAT JASPER (Radio)—Richard Dix and Edna May Oliver. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE HALF NAKED TRUTH (RKO-Radio)—All about a side show harker who turns into a high pressure press agent, and the hotcha dancer whom he publicizes in a beg way. Lee Tracy is the press agent and Lupe Velez the dancer—so you can imagine. **Very good**—the kids will like Lee.

HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM (United Artists)—Al Jolson in a semi-musical film which gives him a chance to put over a couple of songs in his best style. Madge Evans, Frank Morgan and Harry Langdon are also in it. **Good**—children will enjoy it.

HANDLE WITH CARE (Fox)—Jimmy Dunn and Boots Mallory in a weak story which tries to prove that the presence of children can sometimes be a nuisance instead of a blessing. **Fair**—children might enjoy parts of it.

HARD TO HANDLE (Warners)—Press agent yarn—yes, another of 'em!—with James Cagney and Mary Brian. Mary appears with a blond wig which is not very flattering to her. The story is amusing, though, and Cagney is good. **Very good**—okay for children.

HELLO EVERYBODY (Paramount)—Kate Smith makes her debut as a movie star—she was featured in "The Big Broadcast," if you remember—with charm and some real talent. Randolph Scott is also in it. **Excellent**—okay for kids.

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT (Paramount)—Randolph Scott again—this time in a Western. **Good**—the kids will eat it up.

HOT PEPPER (Fox)—Quirt and Flagg again—now in civilian life. Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen once more have the roles. **Okay** if you go for this type of entertainment—better not take the kids.

HOT SATURDAY (Paramount)—Nancy Carroll, Randolph Scott and Cary Grant in a story which shows how gossip can turn an innocent affair into a hot scandal—in a small town, of course. **Very good**—but the kids will be bored.

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG (Warners)—Exciting story of a man who escapes from a Southern chain gang—with remarkable acting by Paul Muni. **Excellent** but gruesome—not for children.

IF I HAD A MILLION (Paramount)—What would you do with a million dollars? This unique story shows what happens when an eccentric millionaire picks several names at random from a phone book and leaves each of them a million. Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, George Raft, Alison Skipworth, Charles Laughton and others are in it. **Excellent**—children will like some sequences.

INFERNAL MACHINE (Fox)—Chester Morris as an adventurous young man who wins the love of Genevieve Tobin by his utter lack of cowardice. **Very good**—okay for children.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS (Paramount)—All about a mad scientist who, with the help of a lonely island in the South Seas, goes in for creating creatures which are half man and half beast. Charles Laughton as the mad scientist is excellent. **Good**—but it's almost too scary for the kids.

JUNGLE BRIDE (Monogram)—Charles Starrett and Anita Page. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE KID FROM SPAIN (United Artists)—Eddie Cantor goes to Mexico and quite unintentionally becomes a bull fighter. There's also some nice music and some very very attractive chorus girls. **Excellent**—and great for children.

KING KONG (Radio)—Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

KONGO (M-G-M)—Another tropical picture with a lot of hocus-pocus and gruesome goings-on. Walter Huston, Lupe Velez and Virginia Bruce have the leads. **Good**, if you like morbid stuff—but don't take the kids.

A LADY'S PROFESSION (Paramount)—Alison Skipworth and Roland Young. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT (Warners)—What happens when a woman goes to prison? Here's the answer—with Barbara Stanwyck as the woman. **Fair**—not for children.

LAWYER MAN (Warners)—It seems there was a lawyer who made a name for himself defending gangsters. First Warren William did it. Then John Barrymore. Now it's William Powell's turn. **Very good**—but not so interesting for youngsters.

(Continued on page 103)

"Colonel, when STOOPNACRACY comes, everybody will get two copies of **RADIO STARS!**

... One for himself and one for the
guy what reads it over his shoulder."

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE:

"Budd, that looks like a gol-durn
insinuation agin me."

BUDD:

"No offense meant, Colonel. I was
just speaking generally."

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE:

"Generally, eh? You always want
to be best!"



IT'S a pity, indeed, to hear Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, those two
old radio cronies, exchanging muffled insults. But what can you
expect when both want to read the same magazine at the same time?
Especially when the magazine happens to be the best darn magazine
about radio there is: **RADIO STARS!**

10c At Kresge, Kress
and Newsstands

Look for Rudy Vallee
on the May Cover!



You adorers of Stoopnagle and Budd will
be especially delighted with the latest issue
of **RADIO STARS** because it contains a grand
article about the funny pair entitled: "**BACK-
STAGE WITH STOOPNAGLE & BUDD.**"

And it's just that! With the help
of Ogden Mayer's running fire of
snappy description and scads of
pictures accompanying the article,
you'll practically see just what these

two funny men are honestly like.

That's what **RADIO STARS** can do
with all your favorites—set them
right before your eyes!

In the May issue, for instance,
you'll find "The Grand Romance of
Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa"
(Portland, you know, is the slightly
balmy lady stooge in Fred's Linit
Bath Club); and absorbing articles
about Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor,
Lanny Ross and the girl who is re-
sponsible for those satisfying Sher-
lock Holmes hours.

Dozens of other features, including a gallery of beauti-
ful portraits, and scores of snapshots of your favorites
at work, at play, and at home. Here, at last, is your chance
to really get acquainted with your radio enthusiasms!

Give yourself some real fun with the latest

RADIO STARS

THE FASCINATING MAGAZINE OF RADIO PERSONALITIES

★ BARBARA ANN REESE AT 10 MONTHS



BABY 99.8% PERFECT!

"I can hardly say enough," writes Mrs. Franklin W. Reese, 331 Taylor Avenue, Scranton, Pa., "for the good qualities of Eagle Brand as a food for infants.

"Our baby, Barbara Ann, is a beautiful, healthy example of what it can do. She's loved it and thrived on it. Almost from birth she had one bottle of Eagle Brand a day. After she was 4 months old I gave her only Eagle Brand.

"When she was 7 months old, I entered Barbara Ann in a baby contest and after a thorough examination by eminent physicians, she was marked—99.8% perfect!

"She has lovely pink and white skin—strong, white teeth—and has never kept us up more than one or two nights. I feel that Eagle Brand deserves the credit for her good health."

If your baby is not thriving on his present food—try Eagle Brand! It is approved by Good Housekeeping and other eminent authorities. Send for free booklet, "Health for Baby and You." 80 pages on care before birth, layette, baby's bath, bowels, weight. Latest scientific findings on baby feeding. Mail the coupon today.



Eagle Brand

The infant food with three generations of proof behind its claims

FREE! WONDERFUL BABY BOOKLET!

THE BORDEN COMPANY,
Dept. 133, 350 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me—free—"Health for Baby and You."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please print name and address plainly



BETWEEN YOU and ME

"Reserved for the fans"—to tell how they feel on talkie topics. This page is set aside exclusively for you. Is your letter here?

Dear Friends:

It seems to me that there has never been a more significant cycle than the current cycle of animal pictures. You have seen "King Kong," "King of the Jungle," "Zoo in Budapest" and "Murders in the Zoo." These exciting pictures represent three of the picture companies: Radio, Paramount and Fox. And there are several similar pictures on the way. "Man Eater" is being filmed in Malay with Marion Burns and Kane Richmond in the cast. Warner Bros. will offer "Untamed Africa," a real jungle picture. M-G-M is planning "Tarzan and His Mate" and "Eskimo." Radio Pictures also has "Pigmy" on the way. United Artists is releasing "India Speaks" which will show you the adventures of that soldier of fortune, Richard Haliburton. Universal will present "The Big Cage" and "S.O.S. Iceberg."

These pictures should be mirrors of your and my taste. Are they?

The Editor

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

Should fans adopt a "wait and see" policy?

EDITH M. BROWNELL of Barrington, Rhode Island, writes:

I, with many other fans, like best the more natural and the more sophisticated ladies of the screen. Anita Page, Anita Louise and others of similar type are just "pretty faces" to me. But I say "Give them time!" How can young girls who have had little or none of the hard knocks of this ol' world portray the human women who have cultivated a veneer of sophistication as a protection and yet who prove to be good and darned sweet and loyal at heart?

Some criticisms for directors:

PEARL COLIN of Yonkers, N. Y., can't help but notice certain things:

In "Animal Kingdom," it shows Mr. Howard, in one scene, putting his coat and hat on. He leaves his coat open and is putting on his gloves, but before his other glove is on, his coat is seen buttoned. Practically the same thing happened in "The Yellow Ticket." Laurence Olivier had his coat and scarf open when he was shown kissing Elissa Landi. At the end of this kiss, when he stepped away from her, his scarf was seen to be fixed and his coat buttoned. Now how under the sun can a man fix his coat and scarf when his arms are around some one? And you most probably saw "I Am a Fugitive" with Paul Muni? Well, Mr. Editor, could you please tell me since when prisoners are allowed to carry matches on their persons? Where did they get the matches to light the fuse on the dynamite? (Quite true, Pearl, prisoners are not supposed to have matches. But there are ways . . .) And in "Strange Interlude," remember Gordon's birthday party? Don't you think

Norma Shearer and the other older characters were made to appear too old? I mean, after all, the boy was only supposed to be eight or nine.

This isn't true—believe us. It's the fans' favorites we stress

JUST A FAN from New York, N. Y., complains:

I like MODERN SCREEN because it is the best, but there is one thing that burns me up. If a player happens to be your favorite you give him a lot of space, while someone who deserves publicity gets very little. For instance, Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable—you do the publicity stunt with Clark so he will overshadow Bob because they are from the same studio. But I am telling you that Bob is a thousand times better than that Indian, Clark.

See page 57—there's a surprise!

A SUBSCRIBER (no address) tells us:

I am writing this for three large circles of young folks, boys and girls, fifty of us altogether. Each one of us buy your magazine monthly. We want you to know what we like best. Stories telling how the stars entertain, where they entertain, what they serve and where they live. Some of the boys are studying architecture at school and are making the most attractive books of homes. The girls are making books of recipes and scrapbooks of the outsides and insides of homes. We depend solely upon your cameraman to show us the beautiful homes for which California is noted.

Concerning Helen Hayes

MARIE BROWN of Montreal, Canada, writes:

You ask for the fans' opinion of Helen Hayes. Surely a pleasant task for most of us. Of Helen's remarkable technique I need not write and her great talent is immediately obvious in the three pic-

(Continued on page 99)

Hollywood Dares

(Continued from page 28)

Taylor are no longer together. But undoubtedly she is a greater individual today because of her years with him. And because she acted as she did.

Speaking of snobbery reminds me of an aunt of mine, Princess Antoinette Murat. This aunt has renounced Paris for her farm in southern France. She is entirely free from snobbery.

A conductor of the tram she used to take to my uncle's house once asked this aunt to marry him. He mistook her, in her farming clothes, for a farm woman. He was quite frank in admitting he wanted to marry her because he felt she would be able to do something with his little plot of ground. My aunt boasted about this proposal for years. She was flattered that her skill and industry should recommend her as a wife for a poor man.

Had the same thing happened to another relative of mine there would have been a most frightful scene on that tram and the poor conductor sadly berated. For this other relative is not at all free from snobbery.

ETIQUETTE books decree: "The young widow should wear deep crêpe for a year and then plain black for six months and second mourning for six months longer."

Not in Hollywood. Not that. And not anything like that.

Often enough a day or two after the funeral Hollywood widows must be back in the studios portraying emotions far from what they feel. They have no choice. They must keep their grief in their hearts.

There's Jean Harlow. An elderly lady I know is shocked because it is reported Jean goes regularly to a certain hotel to hear the orchestra that plays there. This friend argues it unseemly and disrespectful that a young woman so recently widowed should do such a thing.

On the other hand a young friend of mine admires Jean Harlow tremendously because she smiled in all the photographs that show her before the new home she is building.

"That's having what it takes," my young friend observes graphically.

It is natural I should agree with her.

As a child I lived with my grandmother at Juan les Pins. My father, an army officer, and my mother, nursing at her hospital, were always engaged with matters of war. The excursions Grandmother and I made into Nice and Cannes became a trial. For as the war grew older on every side were women wearing dull black or crêpe. I was a healthy normal child. If those poor souls depressed me they depressed many others. And what purpose did this serve, especially at a time when everyone needed what courage and good spirits they could muster?

(Continued on page 96)

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT UNTIL... by Timmins



TWO WEEKS LATER

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, AUNTIE? I BELIEVED IN IT...TWO WEEKS AGO! HAD LUNCH WITH THE MAN, AN OLD SCHOOL FRIEND—HE PROMISED TO PHONE BUT HASN'T



THE WEEK AFTER

AUNTIE'S A DEAR—WARNING ME ABOUT "B.O." IN SUCH A SWEET WAY, THEN GIVING ME A PARTY—INVITING JACK



"B.O." ENDED— JACK'S FALLING HARD!

YOU'RE LOOKING SIMPLY SWELL TONIGHT!
HOW SOON CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN?



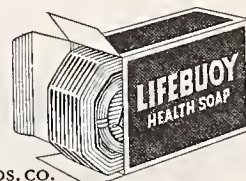
It's a lonesome world for "B.O." offenders (body odor)

THEY just can't seem to make friends. And the pity of it is they seldom suspect the reason—"B.O." (body odor). Playsafe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps—gives extra protection. Its gentle, purifying lather deodorizes pores—stops "B.O."

Complexions aided, too

Lifebuoy's rich, abundant lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities. Makes dull, sallow complexions fresher—glow with health.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.





FIRST PRIZE . . . \$150.00
SECOND PRIZE . . . 75.00
THIRD PRIZE . . . 25.00
50 PRIZES . . . each 5.00

Everybody is eligible in this simple contest, except employees of the manufacturers of Lady Lillian Products and their families. The rules are simple. Merely write a letter, not over 25 words, about any Lady Lillian item, telling what you like best about these world famous manicuring accessories. Enclose a label, cap, or box cover taken from the item you write about. Write as many letters as you wish, about one or all Lady Lillian items, including a label or cover with each letter, thus increasing your chances of winning a cash award. Neatness will count. Contest ends Sept. 1st. Winners' names will appear in this magazine. The decision of the judges will be final, and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

12 GREAT LADY LILLIAN ITEMS

About which you can write! They are known all over the world, and are sold in all Leading Chain and Drug Stores for only

10c Each!

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|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Individual Nail Polish | 7. Hand and Nail Compact Set |
| 2. Individual Polish Remover | 8. Complete Manicure Set |
| 3. Individual Cuticle Remover | 9. Eye Cosmetic Set |
| 4. Twin Set | 10. Eye Brow Brush |
| 5. Wonder Three Set | 11. Cuticle Remover |
| 6. Sanitary Manicure Tube Set | 12. Wonder Vanities |

A Simple Statement Like This May Win a Prize For You!
"The Lady Lillian Complete Manicure Set at 10c gives me twenty BETTER complete manicures at a fraction of ordinary cost!"

This is the NEW
Lady Lillian

NAIL POLISH

Five Smart Shades

CLEAR
NATURAL
ROSE
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CRIMSON

10¢



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Sold in KRESGE and KRESS STORES

If your favorite Chain or Drug Store does not handle any of the above listed LADY LILLIAN items, send 12 cents in stamps for each article you wish, to

NORTHEASTERN LABORATORIES
BOSTON, MASS.

LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

... Constance Cummings does a Dietrich ...
Keaton says good-bye to Hollywood ... And
other bits of movie news and chit-chat

D OUG FAIRBANKS, JR., is as weary of autograph hounds as anybody but when three little waitresses climbed twenty-five tiers of stairs in the Empire State Building in New York recently just for his "John Henry," Doug not only scribbled his name, but added "Good Luck" as well. The little gals fairly sailed down those steps, they were that tickled!

When the two Prince M'divani's brought their wives—Mae Murray and Mary McCormick—together the other night at one of the night clubs, spectators were surprised to see the two gals carry on in a most friendly manner. They couldn't help but recall the stormy scenes between Mae and Pola Negri, the former Princess Sergi M'divani.

C ONSTANCE CUMMINGS was the only gal that appeared at the Frank Morgans' party dressed in men's clothes, although the invitations read "wear trousers." But was she popular? Ivan Lebedeff spent the whole evening trying to get her telephone number!

Freddie March had a swell time until Bob Montgomery ran off to the William Powell's party with Diana Wynyard and Freddie's wife (Florence Eldridge) and left him without transportation! And he's so cute when he's mad!

But Skeets Gallagher grabbed the spotlight when he lead the whole group (about 200) in a songfest.

A Hollywood studio had to put out \$2.50 in cold cash the other day for a wire that was sent collect. It was from a lad in Pittsburgh, and read as follows: UNDERSTAND YOU ARE IN NEED OF NEW TALENT STOP YOU'VE FOUND HIM I'M IT.

Maybe he's another Tarzan!

AFTER ten years of making sour faces so people could laugh, Buster Keaton is going to have a try at laughing himself, that is, if he's got any smiles left! It's good-bye to picture making, and a nice long vacation with buddy Lew Cody. Their first stop will be Honolulu. And from there, who knows?

Can you imagine any girl going to a luncheon in her slip? Well, Mac Clarke did! She had sent her favorite luncheon frock to the cleaners with the understanding that it was to be delivered to her at the studio. Lunch time came, and no dress. So Mae slipped her coat over her slip and so to luncheon.

IF there was any possible chance of a reconciliation between Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey its ancient history now! Estelle and John Warburton are like *that*—and the latest reports from the Great White Way are that Jack is galavantin' round with none other than Fifi Dorsay!

Fay Wray continues to get beseeching letters from an old gent who insists that he is her father. All he wants her to do is to give up her career and take care of him! Fay's father has actually been dead for years! Some of these old fogies certainly get queer ideas.

Just another example of "it's tough to be famous."

WE glimpsed Jean Harlow and Howard Hughes out dancing t'other night. Jean was all in gray—and to judge by the smile on her face, everything must be rosy between her and Howard again. This romance dates back to the filming of "Hell's Angels," but it's been cold for a long, long time. Or perhaps Jean is just trying to forget her recent sorrow in a little gaiety.

Diana Wynyard's home town newspaper please copy: Marlene Dietrich has taken to smoking big black cigars!

NORMA SHEARER says no picture is important enough to keep her away from her husband! So she's forsaking her screen career for several months to accompany hubby Irving Thalberg on his European trip in search of health. When Thalberg was so ill, Norma was with him constantly, and she intends to "stick close" until he's well and strong again.

Rudy Vallee has just rejected Paramount's offer to croon in Peggy Hopkins Joyce's picture, "International House." Says he's too busy studying law! Can you beat such ambition?

GEORGE RAFT and Paramount are having trouble. George refused to do "The Shame of Temple Drake" (one of those meanie roles) so Paramount dropped him from the payroll and Jack LaRue will step into the part. This may be the break LaRue's been needing, who knows? And what about Raft? He still insists the role was so repulsive it would have meant "screen suicide" for him. He may take a jaunt over to Europe where there's real dough waiting for him.

(Continued on page 114)

Joan and Doug's Separation

(Continued from page 37)

were married, Doug was a dreamy, poetic youth. He has changed into a sophisticated man of the world.

Joan, during the years of their marriage, has more and more sought simplicity. Today, her friends not only include the important people of Hollywood, but also a boy in the publicity department, the younger actors on the lot, a few underpaid writers and a script clerk as well.

And that brings us to Joan's friends. She still has a number of women friends—Claudette Colbert, Ann Harding, Helen Hayes, Doris Warner. It is the hey-hey girl friends of another period in her life who have not lived up to Joan's intense brand of loyalty.

Her closest friends are men—for Joan thinks like a man.

SHE has danced and laughed with Ric Cortez, Bob Young, Alexander Kirkland, Franchot Tone (one of her newest leading men).

Of course, that has all been grist for the gossip mill. But what the gossipers have failed to record is the fact that never has she been alone with any of these men on the dancing parties. Either Douglas or a party of other people have been along.

When Joan is "between pictures" she loves to laugh and she has an amazing sense of the ridiculous. She has found laughter with these bright and amusing boys.

Oh, she has tried to solve her problem. She has wandered through the rooms of her beautiful home trying, to think out every angle of the break with Douglas that was bound to come.

Naturally, she thought of her career. What would such a break do to her as an actress? Two people in private life grow apart and get on each other's nerves and they separate. But after such an important separation as this there is bound to be a storm of gossip, and Joan knew that she would be blamed for it.

But she knew that in remaining together they were not being fair to each other.

They talked the matter over quite calmly.

Seated in the quiet luxury of their enormous living room Joan said, "You know, Douglas, that we have got to face facts. You know that we can't go on like this—pretending to be happy when we're not."

"I know it," said Doug, "It is not fair to you nor to me. We have given it every trial."

And that was how they decided to separate.

"But we'll be friends?" Joan asked.

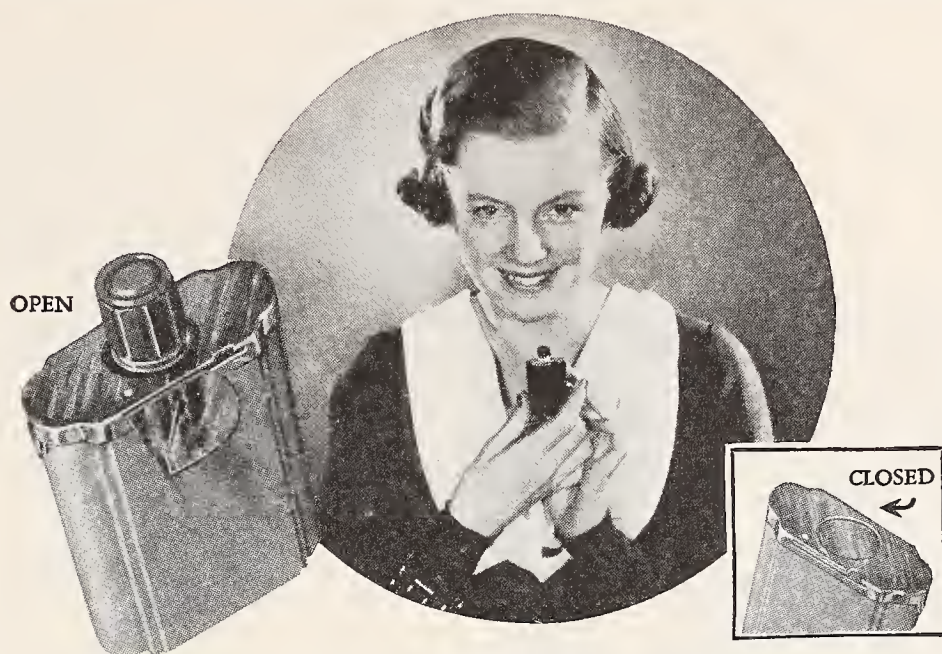
"I couldn't stand to lose your friendship," said Doug.

"And you never will."

And on that note they parted.

(Continued on page 101)

AN AMAZING OFFER!



Did you get YOURS yet?

This dainty, non-leakable perfume container has been enthusiastically received by thousands of fashionable women everywhere. Easily carried in the purse, ready for instant use and available in six different colors, they are fast becoming an indispensable accessory to milady's handbag. As they make welcome gifts for your friends, you will no doubt wish to get *more* than one.

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Try the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin feel *instantly* smooth and soft. It leaves an invisible light "coating" of LINIT so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary. To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

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*The Bathway to a
Soft, Smooth Skin*



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**Perspiration can Cost
You Both**



Under your arms there is a social and financial enemy. A social enemy, because the odor emanating from arm-pits is positively repulsive to your friends!

A financial enemy, because the acids of perspiration stain dresses and fade colors. That alone can cost you the best dress that you have to your name.

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Odorono, a physician's defense against perspiration and its odors, protects you. For perspiration *must be prevented* if you are to avoid ruining dresses and offending friends. Greasy creams and sticks, temporary powders, perfumes, soaps, cannot save you. But Odorono is certain; with it your freshness is secure. Without it doubts can disturb your mind—perspiration wreck your dresses.

Choose with confidence the famous **Odorono Regular** (ruby red) or the newer **Instant Odorono** (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.

**ODORONO
REGULAR**

for use before retiring
—gives 3 to 7 days'
complete protection.



**INSTANT
ODORONO**

is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Life of Gary Cooper

(Continued from page 65)

and now the dream was about to come true!

He forgot Hollywood as completely as though it had never existed. (He had read, upon his return to New York, an article in which Lupe was quoted as saying she was "through with Gary." Though the press made much of it, hinting at reconciliations and "just another lover's spat," it was the beginning of the definite break up between Lupe and Gary.)

I WILL skip lightly over the journey there," Gary told me. "I mention it only to show how one may quickly reach a spot where he may pull a trigger to his heart's content. We sailed for Naples and from there to Alexandria where we entrained immediately for a two-hour journey to Cairo. Three days later we took an airplane for the 4000-mile flight up the Nile to Nairobi, just south of the equator.

"We flew merely for speed, since the journey by boat over the same course would have required twenty-two days. As we started out before dawn, sun helmets were distributed in case we should have a forced landing in the desert, or worse, the sweltering jungles. This served to highly impress upon me the hazards of our journey which was, in the main, over the darkest part of the wilderness.

"What sights we saw below us! On the first day we passed over the ancient city of Luxor, the Valley of the Kings and then, later, the famous tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen. By sundown we were at the border of Egypt and the Sudan. We spent the night at the village of Wady Halfa at the edge of the Nubian desert. It was here, on our return trip, that I picked up Talooa, my monkey.

DURING the third day of the trip I caught my first glimpse of big game, a herd of elephants. The pilot swooped down within a few hundred feet of the herd which immediately stampeded in mad fear. It was cute to see the way the babies held frantically to their mother elephants' tails with their trunks, so that they would not be left behind.

"Once safely landed at Nairobi, we motored eighty miles to the Preston farm which was to be our home for several weeks. This spot is at the edge of the big game country. Situated on the banks of Lake Naivasha, at an elevation of 6000 feet, it presents remarkable living conditions. The farm is surrounded by high mountains, and is not unlike California.

"To the American hunter who has tracked many an hour without getting close to a wary deer, the Preston farm seemed too good to be real. Through the farm, on their way to the banks of the lake, tracked herd after herd of game, and already my finger itched for the trigger. Hiking over the farm I saw lake elephants, zebra, water buck,

impalla, Thomas gazelles and hyenas. I tried out my marksmanship, imagining I was getting a real thrill, but I was only starting.

"For three weeks we rested and prepared for the hunt. By that time I felt I could lick my weight in wildcats. The Count and Countess Frasso had joined our party, and it was quite a little group of us that finally started.

"In the company of all these experienced big-game hunters I felt like a bungling novice, for certainly I was the greenhorn of the group. There were five of us in the hunt, which they all insisted, was in my 'honor'. Our safari consisted of twenty blacks to act as gun bearers, porters and servants. Our caravan comprised five light trucks, loaded with supplies and the natives . . . and two passenger cars. Don't get the idea that this is 'dude' hunting; far from it. It's just sensible. Without a motor car, a hunter is lost for any lengthy jaunt into Africa. There are horses only in a few places. They can't stand up under the heat, anyway. One takes a car of some kind (by no means swanky) and when the end of the car's possibilities is reached, one gets out and walks.

WITH hunting equipment, food supplies and a hospital kit, we set off for the great Tanganyika Territory, which is famous for herds of game.

"The first few days out, it rained and rained. Our motors bogged down. The mud was as sticky as hot molasses. But if we were inconvenienced, I was too tickled with the entire adventure to notice. Nothing short of an enveloping earthquake would have stopped my enjoyment.

"I got my first crack at game during these bogged down days. As the motors crept along, I got out and hunted. My first bag was an oryx. This is a large buck with two graceful horns, and hunting them is much like shooting deer. I don't know whether everybody was merely trying to be nice to the 'novice' or not, but anyway, I was flattered when they told me it was no small task to bring one of them down, as they are extremely fleet footed. Just as suddenly as the rains started, they ceased, and we stopped to make camp.

"It would be impossible to give an accurate account of all the thrills and adventures of our life there. It seemed to me that I was in a new world, living a new life. Every day I grew stronger and happier. But perhaps you would be interested in hearing about the greatest thrill I encountered on this adventure of my life?

"We were hunting rhinoceros in Mount Kenya, which is a very difficult country for hunting. The brush is very solid, ranging from fifteen to thirty feet high. You have to work your way through . . . and it's a job. I had already seen two rhinos, but I didn't shoot at them because their horns

(Continued on page 94)

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 73)

If you saw Joan in person, you would notice that her face is shiny. No, I don't mean that the powder has worn off her nose. I mean that it is *intentionally* shiny. Like a little boy who has just been given a good scrubbing. And that's just what has happened to Joan's face, too. It has been scrubbed. And this is how she does it:

Before she goes to bed at night, Joan takes off all traces of make-up with a good cold cream. She removes the remains of this with astringent on a cotton pad. And that's that. In the morning, however, she washes her face with lukewarm water and a bland soap. Then she uses up an entire cube of ice on her face until it glows and tingles. Next, with a rough towel, she polishes it—and I mean she polishes it! Rubs her entire face all over until it gleams like an apple that has been polished on the grocery man's sleeve.

You may have heard about Joan's freckles. She has 'em all right. Lots. She makes no attempt to conceal them. Maybe you couldn't get away with this. After all, Joan has beautiful features, beautiful eyes and lovely hair. And when a girl is born with all those blessings, what's a freckle or two? Joan uses no powder in her daytime make-up. And there's another thing—to ignore powder you should have beautiful features and a very clear, clean outdoor-looking skin.

But Joan does use other make-up. She uses a light shade of lipstick and follows the natural line of her none too small mouth. She has never made up her mouth in private life as she made it up in "Letty Lynton" and "Rain." And, as you know, she has abandoned that over-painted mouth on the screen now, too. But, on the other hand, she has not returned to the pretty-pretty, Cupid's bow mouth she used to paint on herself in the old days. Joan's mouth isn't small and rosebud-like. It's big, sensuous and has a great deal of character. And she makes it up just that way. The lipstick goes clear to the corners. And she widens the lower lip just a tiny, tiny bit.

Her eyebrows are about the color of her hair—brown, with a reddish tinge. They need almost no plucking—just a few stray hairs from underneath to give them that beautiful clean sweep. For daytime, she uses the tiniest bit of brown pencil on them. In some photographs of Joan you will notice that her brows are carefully brushed into that sweeping line. In others, you will notice that the hairs at the center, nearest the nose, are not brushed—they are allowed to go anywhere they will. This I like. Without being in the least untidy or shaggy, it gives a very natural look.

Joan makes up her eyelashes with great care. They are very long. She darkens each hair with great precision, taking care that the lashes do not mat together. She uses brown mascara. Only on the upper lashes, however.

... This Machine Broke Down 3000 Years Ago



TODAY A NEW HEALTH HABIT MAY SET IT RIGHT

REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.

2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.

3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.

4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE—Chewing Dentyne is an easy way to correct many bad conditions. An easy way to keep teeth healthy and white.

WHEN we stopped chewing tough, wild meats and roots, the complicated mechanism of the mouth went out of kilter. *Without sufficient chewing* the protective devices of the mouth ceased to work right. And slowly mankind found itself with *decayed teeth, malformed mouth structures, throat and mouth disorders* which medical science found it practically impossible to prevent.

But now here's good news. Read the report on this page. We wouldn't go back to eating tough meats. And it's hard to make ourselves chew raw, wild foods, but we would all be delighted to chew delicious Dentyne every day. And according to this report that is just what we should do. Every day regularly—just like other health habits.

Why not start this important habit now! Let each member of your family chew delicious Dentyne at least once a day for five minutes. Tooth brushing—no matter what tooth paste or powder you use—gargling, using mouth wash, all good in their place, will not do the same fundamental work.

Chew delicious
Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - KEEPS TEETH WHITE



CORNS HURT?



Jane dear,
I have a
terrible corn!
Tell me how
you removed
yours so
quickly and
easily?

JUST APPLY BLUE-JAY

With Blue-Jay,
my dear. There
was no pain at
all. Just soak
your foot ten
minutes, then
apply Blue-
Jay, centering
the pad over
the corn.



PAIN STOPS AT ONCE

The pad relieves
the pressure,
stops the pain
at once. After
three days
remove the
plaster, soak the
foot and lift out
the corn! It's
that simple.



CORN GONE IN 3 DAYS

GENTLE · SAFE · PAINLESS!

Blue-Jay, used by millions for 35 years, is the invention of a famous chemist. It is made for you by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house whose scientific products are used by doctors and hospitals the world over. *Be kind to your feet.* When a corn appears remove it with **Blue-Jay**.

25c at all druggists. Special sizes for bunions, calluses

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And these she always brushes outward, on a slant, rather than straight up. Gives a much more natural look.

Now, there's Joan. With a shiny nose, cheeks and forehead, ready for the street. Red-brown hair, enormous blue eyes, dark lashes, light red mouth, fair skin and freckles.

Oh yes, just one more point. She wears her nails very long and pointed (and says just the things you and I say when she breaks one) and she uses a very dark red polish—which she puts on herself—putting it entirely over the nail, right to the very end, leaving no white edge.

WHEN Norma Shearer gets made-up for the street she always looks perfectly stunning—so fresh and clean and well-groomed. Of course, Norma is a lovely woman but she's smart enough to know how important a careful make-up is—and you girls can learn a big lesson from Norma. Besides taking care and time with her face before she goes out she always carries with her enough extra rouge, powder and so on to keep herself looking well-groomed.

Norma's hair is light brown, her eyes are blue-grey, her skin fair. And, incidentally I believe I'm safe in saying her skin is the most delicate in all Hollywood. Fine-grained, smooth and altogether lovely. That's why she takes such good care of it. She could not, by the way, treat it in the healthy, vigorous way Joan treats her skin. And don't you, either, if you're one of those petal-skinned girls.

First of all she uses a good cleanser, astringent and powder base. Then she uses a little cream rouge on her cheeks. This, you know, gives a base for rouge that makes it stay on much longer. Now she pats the powder on with a puff, patting it in all over her face in large dabs and then with a tiny, soft baby's brush she brushes off the surplus powder. This distributes the powder evenly.

The dry rouge goes on next—subtly used and following the natural line of the natural color in her cheeks. (If your skin is seemingly colorless, you can ascertain where your natural color *would* be by gently pinching your cheeks.)

Norma's lips are not so full as many of the stars but you would never know it, would you? That's because she extends the lipstick—a fairly dark shade—beyond the natural outlines of her mouth. She uses a very clinging lipstick that stays on a long time, but the minute it shows signs of wear Norma puts on more.

Norma's eye make-up is a work of art. Although Norma's eyes are beautiful and expressive, several stars have larger eyes than she. Here's how she applies the make-up. She uses a little brown or blue eye shadow on the part of her eyelids nearest the temples. This extends a trifle farther than the lids. Then a tiny line underneath the eye, beginning at the middle and extending it toward the temple to follow out the shadow. Look at the two pictures of Norma and see the difference. On the

upper lashes she uses mascara but none on the lower lashes.

A dark brown eyebrow pencil, following the natural shape of the eyebrows, completes the perfect picture.

NOW—there are two girls that the average girl could copy. And now for an individualist!

You may or may not approve of Clara Bow's make-up, but you've got to admit it's different. When you look at her it seems as if she is a study in orange color. Her hair is that flaming red with orange tints. Her cheeks are orange-tinted, her lipstick a dark orange and her eyebrows are orange, too. The eyes, heavily mascaraed in black, are the only accents. She uses a dark eye-shadow, too.

Those eyebrows give her a startling look and I heard that the English women were amazed at them, for Clara, instead of plucking her eyebrows, just shaves them right straight off—zut, like that—with a razor. "Saves a lot of time," says Clara.

Then she draws a thin, long (very long) line straight across her brow, with that reddish orange pencil. I must say I do not approve of it for ordinary purposes but because Clara is an actress and expected to do the spectacular, she can get away with it.

Her lips are full—almost too full, in fact—so she does not follow the line of her mouth with the lipstick on the lower lip. The upper lip she shapes into a cupid's bow.

Oh yes, and she makes her lashes curl up with one of those eyelash curlers. And there's Clara.

Constance Cummings is another girl with freckles, like Joan, but Connie uses an entirely different type of make-up. She has reddish brown hair, greenish-grey eyes and light brown, naturally curly eyelashes. Her skin is fair and she accents this fairness by using very little rouge.

Her powder base is an astringent and she puts the powder on right over that with no cream rouge because she looks better with very little rouge. She uses the dry rouge in a shade just going into the orange (but not Clara Bow's vivid color). On her eyelids she uses brown eyeshadow and her lashes take the light brown mascara. Eyebrows, too, have this same shade.

Her lipstick is light and follows the natural lip line. This style of make-up gives Connie a sort of neutral, monotone look that is decidedly interesting. There are no sharp accents about her face—all the cosmetics are brownish in color and she uses very little of any of them so she can keep the pale effect.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT—the vivid brunette—on the other hand plays up her type to the utmost. Dark powder, bright red rouge, dark red lipstick, dark brown eyeshadow and heavy mascara. She uses a good powder base, pats the powder in heavily, making sure that it soaks well into the pores and thereby stays on better.

Her brows are very heavy and so she must pluck them, but she is wise enough to know that a brunette looks

very bald if her brows are just a tiny line so she keeps them fairly heavy, but neatly groomed.

Claudette doesn't need to use an eyebrow pencil, except right on the end of the eyebrows. Instead, she just brushes the brows free of powder with—of all things—a pipe cleaner. Yessir, she's found that a grand thing for generally cleaning up the face after the make-up has been applied. With it she takes off the surplus rouge around her mouth and also with it she draws an imaginary line vertically along the indentation above the upper lip from the tip of her nose to the middle of her mouth. Removing the powder from this part accents the natural indentation and enhances the beauty of the mouth.

Claudette uses mascara on both the upper and the lower lashes but she is extremely careful that it does not smear.

And when Claudette Colbert walks into a room her vividness draws every eye to her. Remember, though—while she uses all the make-up in the calendar, she still does it subtly and never looks theatrical.

So now you know exactly and in minute detail just how five of your favorites appear before their friends.

Miss Biddle has had mimeographed copies made of several treatments, exercises and a diet which may be helpful to you. There are treatments for blackheads (both dry and oily skin), for acne and for the removal of superfluous hair. There are exercises for reducing various parts of the body. And a simple-to-follow, sensible eight-day diet—which can be followed for the specified eight days or indefinitely, as you like. And if you wish to know about some delightful manicure accessories—including a platinum finish for nail-tips—which have just come to her attention, drop a note to Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. She'll willingly help you.

Pickfair

(Continued from page 58)

The Chinese goddess of mercy has a generous representation among the ornaments in this cabinet. You see her in amber, turquoise, rose quartz, spinach jade and *blanc-de-chine*.

ACROSS from the cabinet is a Duncan Phyfe sofa striped in yellow and white; on either side are inlaid satinwood tables supporting Rockingham lamps with taffeta shades in softly blended pastel colors. Two more satinwood tables, with Sheraton mirrors of Adam design suspended above them, are at the entrance to the dining room. Antique Venetian chairs upholstered in oyster white satin brocade add further to the grace of this singular hall.

On the lower floor, it is to be noted that the walls of Pickfair are plain,

*

Figure is half of smart appearance



MODERN CLOTHES require a gently rounded figure to achieve the best effect. Fortunately this figure of fashion is also the figure of health. So those of us who must reduce can gain both health and smartness.

But unless the reducing diet is planned with care, vitality and complexions are endangered. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise, skins may become sallow. Eyes lose their brightness. Wrinkles and pimples appear.

Laboratory tests prove that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN furnishes the required "bulk"—and also supplies vitamin B and iron. This "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that found in leafy vegetables.



LAURA LA PLANTE, lovely motion-picture star, wears metal cloth with precious fur for her evening ensemble; and on the beach an utterly simple, hand-knitted mailot.

Enjoy ALL-BRAN as a tasty cereal with milk—or cook into fluffy bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much better than taking patent medicines—so often habit-forming.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN helps satisfy hunger without adding many calories to the diet. Recommended by dietitians. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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Filled with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups" wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.



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famous Screen Star and
Beauty authority
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"EASY to apply
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*Moon Glow
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...and other Moon Glow requisites for perfect nail care are the choice of discriminating women everywhere. No finer quality can be had at any price!

5 Beautiful Shades

Natural...Medium...Rose...Carmine
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most lustrous, most lasting polish you
have ever used.

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Ask for generous size bottle at your
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MOON GLOW
NAIL POLISH**

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd.
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA

oyster white. Combined with the early English crystal chandeliers they give an effect of delicious coolness. They're perfect as an offset to the soft colors of the furniture and paintings.

I like to think of this drawing room, fit to be the salon of a fastidious queen, as belonging to the courageous, spunky little Irish girl who won for herself a greater love from the public than any queen has ever possessed. It's like a beautiful reward for all the years of struggle and hardship that Mary put in.

You go down three steps, and through the great mullioned window at the farther end you see a fountain playing in a formal garden of iris and roses. (See page 57.) Somehow, Pickfair gives you the feeling of living right out of doors. The windows afford either amazing panoramas or—toward the north—woodland scenes that might be from the enchanted Black Forest.

The windows here in the drawing room are deeply recessed. The satin damask curtains, with their fringed bottoms, and the carpet are oyster white; this color is so pronounced in the room that it takes on a lovely pearl gray hue. Accented by deep notes of the turquoise blue and the yellow, gold and blue of the antique French chairs it's almost ethereal in character. When Mary, in a simple blue frock, entered the room it came to life as if it had been waiting for her. She has had many of the pieces originally purchased for her own room moved down here—which shows the unity of Pickfair's interior!

Flowers form a delightful part of this place. There's always a profusion of them. Great clusters of Canterbury bells, ranging in tone from pale pink to dark rose and from lavender to purple, are arrayed in a white crackle bowl which was made to match the grand piano. On the low Chinese lacquer table in front of the fireplace there's a lalique glass bowl filled with tall talisman roses. And beside it rests the white porcelain Kuan-Yin for which Mary braved the native quarter of Shanghai, considered one of the most dangerous spots in any city in the world. She had heard about this particular statue and she went there alone to get it. It was near train time and a frenzied Douglas dashed about trying to discover where she had disappeared to. As he was about to summon assistance, in walked Mary—and the Kuan-Yin.

ON a table beneath a turquoise lamp are equally dainty *objets d'art*. But what I like best, I think, are the old Chelsea and Staffordshire figurines marching up the panels on both sides of the fireplace. There are crystal cocks and other animals on a Louis Quinze cabinet in blue and gold, and white elephants of assorted sizes on a side table. Rockingham lamps with rose-white shades and decorated with bows of turquoise blue velvet ribbon stand on delicately wrought white and gold tables, centuries old. Crystal girandoles add their soft light in the evening and lovely little crystal trees are reflected in a large antique mirror.

Mary Pickford cannot resist beautiful mirrors for the reflections they give

a room. When Maurice, the faultless majordomo, announced lunch, we went into the breakfast room—the brightest imaginable place. (See page 57.) Maurice informed me privately one day that the servants' quarters at Pickfair were the grandest he'd ever seen. Yes, Mary would be sure to see to that, too. The table was arranged with a yellow organdie luncheon set and the center-piece was really a masterpiece of yellow roses, yellow calla-lilies and lilies-of-the-valley. I faced the handsome little French mirror over the sideboard which made a valiant effort to include the whole of Beverly Hills in its depth. Mary told us how she was planning to have large flower boxes filled with hydrangeas and hyacinths just outside the bay window. Can you picture that happy setting on a sunny morning? The curtains in this room are a fine white muslin; the carpet is the same green-blue that's in the dining room and in the library immediately beyond it.

Perhaps the most noted room in the house—and the one Mary loves best—is the dining room. (Page 56.) Here she has assembled old pieces from various collections. The chairs are white and gold Adam; some of them are upholstered in green and white damask and some in chintz. Chintz, by the way, is introduced into every room in the house except Mary's own bedroom and the drawing room. It helps to give that jolly country house atmosphere to Pickfair and to lessen the feeling of formality. The sideboards are satinwood with gold relief and marbleized tops. She has the gold compotes and vases from Anna Pavlova's collection, but the thing that interested me most was the painting of Mary hanging above the fireplace with its famous mirrored door. It isn't a studied pose by any means. It's Mary as you've seen her dozens of times on the screen.

Before we leave the dining room, there's a story to tell in connection with it. At the time they were extending the end of it, it was found necessary to cut down a large tree which was obstructing the view. The head gardener had the tree nearly felled before he noticed that a bird had built her nest on one of the lower branches. He came to Mary about it and she turned to Mrs. Regua distractedly. "Oh, what can we do? She needs that shelter to hatch her eggs!" Just then Douglas strolled into the room. They told him about the bird. "Why, that's easy," said Doug. "We'll just build the tree up again." So they wired the branches back on and left the tree intact until the fledglings were able to fly away.

The library, with French windows opening onto the terrace, is a favorite spot. One end is lined with books and in front of them is an inlaid table of magnificent design. Gold and green drapes set off the satin settee, the Louis XV chairs and satinwood tables. Above one of the tables is an old French painting set in a panel edged with gold and below it on either side are Eighteenth Century embroidered needlepoint pictures on silk. The whole effect is one of richness, luxury and good taste.

IT'S extraordinary how many halls are nothing but lonesome passageways; you certainly wouldn't want to linger in them! Mary's halls invite you to sit down and rest. They're sunny and large and wonderfully airy. The one at the top of the graceful stairway is like a surprise sitting room. (See page 56.) You reach the top step—and there it is beckoning you. She found a place here for the two rich Savanori rugs she purchased in Paris a few years ago. They have a rose and old ivory background with a blue border. The semi-glazed chintz curtains are in blue and tan with roses sprayed across the bottom. A couch and several chairs are done in the same chintz. There are gold painted Adam chairs, a satinwood and fruitwood bureau and a lovely cabinet with old fans and porcelains. A white Staffordshire bowl holds beautiful white gladioli. And it's here too that you meet Scotti. Scotti can sing any tune you care to whistle for he's been trained to follow in the footsteps of Nugget, Mary's beloved canary who, after a final fling traveling around Europe with her, died of old age a short time ago. There's a graveyard in back of the house where the former pets of Pickfair are buried. At present Snooky, a black and white spotted pup of no particular ancestry; Tony, the terrier cut-up who is Mary's prize, and Peter, the dignified, who belongs to Gwen, holds forth in the kennels. There's a picture of Tony with Mary on page 55.

Gwen, as you know, is Mary's niece. A charming young girl who owns a charming room with pale taffeta curtains and French chintz couch and chairs. Her bed and bureau are Louis Quinze. (Page 56.)

Mary's own room is like a dainty flower garden. There are no pictures except a sweet painting of Mary's mother. Flower panels on the walls. The suite consists also of a mirrored dressing room and wardrobe room done in oyster white, turquoise blue and delicate pink. When Mary herself showed me through I had a privileged view of lace that once was Marie Antoinette's. There were rare orchids which Douglas had sent her and which she had kept alive for nine weeks. She said she intended to bury them instead of just throwing them away.

Douglas' wing is all in deep turquoise—curtains, carpet and walls. Mary had it ready for him when he returned from the South Seas, after filming "Mr. Robinson Crusoe." And the first thing he asked for was his little Chinese man, the two-inch figure she had given him while they were in the Orient!

His bedroom is done in French Provincial style, massive, hand-carved walnut pieces. (Page 58.) I counted three beautiful photographs of Mary, besides the oil painting of her, which he caused to be placed about the room. He has a figurine of Mary executed by a famous sculptress and a small ivory miniature of her as well. The recessed windows are hung with turquoise blue curtains of glazed chintz having a copper trim. There's a terrestrial globe and clock on the table that lights up and tells you the time in every part of the world—a gift

**"Listen
pardner,**



**SMILE
when
you
say
that!"**

Ruth Hiatt,
Educational Pictures

"I ain't aimin' for no trouble, stranger, an' I reckon you ain't neither, but no tenderfoot is gonna come into these yere hills an' tell me I don't know my Hollywood!

"Say, ho, I been readin' FILM FUN long before you was big enough to climb a hoss! And that's no flim flam!"

The Koyote Kid's right, folks! Thar ain't (oops! she's got us doing it!)—there isn't another magazine on the news-stands with as many pretty pictures, winsome wisecracks, and novel news-items about HOLLYWOOD as

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from Mary. He has a variety of Italian prints and on his daybed is an antique Italian brocade spread. The old panels on the walls are one of the most attractive features about the entrance hall. Blue and dark pink flowers are embroidered on a silver-threaded lavender background. But the most startling thing is Douglas' Chinese room. They had the red lacquer and gold bed shipped from the Orient and an old Chinese screen converted into a sliding panel. It's very unique. (See page 58. And see page 57 for a picture of the Chinese gallery in the attic.) It is here that his "gang" sleeps when they visit Pickfair—the men, like Tom Gerraghty, who have worked with him on so many pictures. Across the hall are two glorified baths. (Look at the one on page 58.) One has a tile flooring in vivid Olympic blue and a steam room; the other is in a softer blue and papered in a novelty print.

AND now—the guest house. The living room is a dream. It's done in Georgian knotty pine and Mrs. Requa had the carpet dyed to match the wood. On either side of the marble fireplace are long doors framing scenes of the woods behind the house. There's a gold brocade sofa and a decorated satinwood table with clever amber bottles and Chinese pieces. Loveliest of all is the pair of jade trees that Sid Grauman gave the Fairbanks. Mingled with the jade leaves are flowers of rose quartz, coral and amethyst and the buds are turquoise.

On the mantelpiece rests a coral Kuan-Yin with a single pearl at her

breast—the finest figure of the goddess that Mary has. She spent an entire afternoon getting it. The Chinese merchant refused to sell it to her until he was convinced she loved the art piece as much as he did!

The satinwood grand piano has a throw of gold brocade and a bowl of salmon-pink gladioli is placed on it. There is a cabinet of the same wood on which stands the silver urn given them in Siam. A magnificent Chinese screen beside the door to the east bedroom once graced the palace of a mandarin.

This east bedroom is done in jonquil yellow, turquoise blue and burnt orange—a fascinating combination. The yellow wool and damask spread on the large bed matches the drapes, and the carpet is of the same color. Scatter chairs are in the burnt orange and the lamps on the tables are old English porcelain with cut-out taffeta shades. Old English marble-framed mirrors hang above fruitwood tables. It's interesting to observe how the French terra cotta ornaments pick up the brownish-yellow note in the chintz sofa. Perhaps the most unusual piece is a Venetian screen with ancient Biblical prints.

Another bedroom in the guest house is in the Louis Quinze period. Softly blended taffetas, four-poster canopied beds, charming French decorations.

Stepping out the door onto the loggia you catch sight of the pavilion at the far end of the lawn. Under it are the new bath houses and it's there Douglas has his gymnasium—beside the swimming pool.

And so we say good-by to Pickfair.

Claudette's Dream House

(Continued from page 74)

windows. I want lots of windows in my house . . . in every room.

I WOULDN'T want a house that is all chopped up into dinky little rooms, either. If Betty Jones can't have everything in her house, she's got to have a big living room. It has to have a fireplace in it." Claudette Colbert's slim active fingers flipped through some photographs I had taken with me. "See this, this massive one in stone? I'd like a fireplace like that, if the room could stand it. Of course, the room would need to be large and it would have to be developed in a rugged effect to take a fireplace like that. But I would like it."

Claudette Colbert's dream house grew. "A kitchen would be awfully important if you were doing all your own work. It ought to be cheerful, too, because you'd have to spend a lot of time there. I think I'd have mine white mostly—ivory, I suppose I mean—with all the trim in vivid blue or green. Blue is lovely in a kitchen . . . I think I'd have blue. It's so clean looking when it's combined with white." Clean

and yet charming—and practical.

She had ideas in plenty on bedroom and bath. In fact, I should make them both plural. For Claudette Colbert said, "If you have the space, I *do* believe that a woman should have a room of her own. No husband likes a fluffy room, and women do like them—for bedrooms anyway. I like French bedrooms; I like the ruffles and the femininity of them. I'm sure no man does, though. I think a man would be happier even in a smaller room where his clothes and things don't get mixed up with his wife's belongings and where powder isn't strewn around in the wrong places. And that two baths idea is certainly an excellent one if, of course, you can afford it."

IF you can afford it! We started out to see what bargains architects might be offering that would come closest to Claudette's ideal of a home. It had to be a house *you* could afford. Here's a plan for the Dream House:

A stone house would be what Claudette would like. The picture of the house on page 74, looking like an old

English print, shows you why, with its field-stone front wall and its massive chimneys of the same material. If you were building in a rocky section, you would find that the field-stone round about which your stone masons would use would help give that further feeling of "making the house belong to the spot."

See how the stone wall at the right slopes down to the garden gate; that's the way this type of design "ties to the ground to give that settled look." It gives that real "belonging" look.

Quite a lot of money may be sliced off the cost of this house by developing these stone walls in a rough stucco, combining very naturally with the half timber section around the dormer windows at the eave line of the roof. Almost all old English houses are distinguished by these great half-timbers, and the present day cost of stucco is very low.

Claudette demanded a big living-room. This one measures 22 feet, 6 inches long by 14 feet wide, and its windows on three sides certainly would catch that sunshine coming and going. So would all the other rooms in the house, for every one has cross ventilation or windows on two sides.

Wouldn't you love to lounge on some of that comfy English furniture which Claudette talks about in front of that great fireplace in the corner of the living room? And on summer days, the French doors at its side would open to take you out on the veranda for tea with a friend or for a cool rest overlooking the lawn.

Speaking of sunshine—that oriole window perched on the upper wall at the right just reaches out on three sides to draw the sun into an upstairs bedroom. So does the three-sided bay window in the dining room at the rear of the house.

Notice the efficient kitchen that Claudette would have "mostly in white, with blue trim because blue is so clean-looking." The sink and its drainboards extend under the casement window. Cupboards are built in for dishes and pots and pans, and the stove is so placed that cooking fumes are carried off into the chimney. Ample space left, you'll see, for automatic refrigeration of either the gas or electric type.

"That two baths idea is certainly a good one if you can afford it," says Claudette. And there are the two baths, one attached to the master bedroom of the house and the other situated in the hall near the other two bedrooms.

How do you like this Dream House? Would you care to build it for your family? Working drawings and specifications are available at low cost if you will write and ask MODERN SCREEN about them. It is estimated that the stone house will cost between \$9,500 and \$11,500 to build, according to labor charges and material costs, which vary in different parts of the country. By some careful changes this cost may be reduced; and MODERN SCREEN is prepared to suggest and help you. Or if you want to know about some other type house or one to cost more or even less money, write us of your desires. Address Miss Jennie Moore, in care of MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Adventurous Life of Gary

(Continued from page 86)

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weren't the suitable size for trophies.

"The back horn is always the same length, but the front horn sometimes runs up to about forty-six inches. A twenty-inch horn is a good trophy. When shooting at a rhino you usually aim for the heart, which is immediately behind the shoulder. If you hurt, or break one of the legs of a rhino, oddly enough it doesn't seem to bother him. He can go almost as well on three legs as on four.

"We picked up the tracks of a rhino one morning about dawn. We knew he was quite near... the spoor was still fresh and of a pretty good size. We tracked him for about two hours and finally, after zig-zagging back and forth, crawling on our hands and knees through this thick brush, we heard a twig snap about a hundred yards ahead of us. We circled around until we got so close that we could hear his massive jaw chewing. The brushes were terribly thick and we had to be very careful not to make any noise.

"Jack, an Englishman, and I were alone. Finally, after some more noiseless crawling, I looked up and saw the rhino. Its back was towards us.

"The animal was just a few yards from me, and his big jaw was still moving. There was no draft at all that day. The wind was from the rhino to me, which was lucky, because he was unable to get our scent. If he had it would have been just too bad for us! We crouched there for about eight minutes, hardly daring to breathe. We were terribly cramped, but ready for the fray. A few seconds later the animal turned enough for us to notice that the horn was short—only about fifteen inches. We were in a good rhino country, so we decided to pass him up.

"If he had seen us and had decided to charge, we wouldn't have had a chance to get away. We were undecided whether to shoot, for our own protection, or just sit still hoping that he would move on without seeing us. We waited, and finally the rhino moved on, and we crept backwards—inch by inch—into safety.

WE picked up another track later. We followed it down into a valley, and soon heard a crackling sound about sixty yards away. We immediately tried to get down wind to it. The only way was to stalk through some tall tullies. Every time we got to a big tree we would stop and look back... spotting the trees for protection. We moved on and on. The trees started getting thinner and thinner and farther apart.

"Finally there was nothing but tullies. Suddenly we heard a terrific snort, and wham! The big brute got our scent and charged! But not right at us. Luckily we were cross wind on account of a creek, so the rhino just missed us. He was only ten yards from

us, but we couldn't get a shot at him. But that was the biggest thrill I had during the whole trip.

"He must have charged for six or seven hundred yards because we heard him crashing through the tullies for a long time. We worked ahead and picked up his trail, and found a tree twenty-five inches at the base that he had hit and broken in three places when he was on his hurried way.

"There were other exciting adventures. When my first lion got away from me, I experienced the same bitter disappointment that most actors feel when they lose a role in a big picture.

"I ran for miles trying to catch a cheetah, and bring it back alive. I learned many secrets of the big game hunters, and feel that when I go back again I will not be such a greenhorn.

"I learned that zebras are too easy to shoot at, and one bags them only to add to a collection, and not for the sport of the thing. I learned that of all the animals of the jungle the hyena is the most loathsome. Believe it or not, and I don't want to spoil any illusions you may have about the beasts, they seldom laugh.

"However, one night after I had taken a shot at one of the whooping things, a pack of them came back to the outskirts of the camp and made a noise that sounded suspiciously like the razzberry! The whole camp laughed.

WE made many camps, pressing farther and farther into the jungle until, at last, it seemed to me that we must have reached the ends of the earth. At dusk we could hear the grunting of lions, not more than a hundred yards distant.

"When the fires flared in a circle around the camp, the light reflected in the eyes of the wild beasts beyond. It looked like thousands of eyes peering at us out of the darkness. Yet there is an eerie beauty about the whole thing that makes everything else in life seem trivial and unimportant.

"There were moments out there in those black jungle nights when I felt I could never return to the petty trials, tribulations and artificialities of Hollywood life.

"Man is only cheating himself when he robs his life of adventure," said Gary. "The ruts and the ties of civilization hamper the spirit of man, make him timid. If nothing else, my jaunt into Africa taught me to have a sense of values, of which I can never be robbed. I know that I am my own master. I know that luxuries and the hot house tidbits of life which are part and parcel of the movie game, are not truly important to me. I was born with the roving fever and a pulse that quickens at the very mention of adventure. I have a hunch that when I am at the end of my road, Hollywood will have been but only one, and not one of the most important, episodes of my life!"

Charm Gossip

(Continued from page 76)

somebody tells you that you have a peaches and cream complexion, as you would have been a year ago. Just be grateful.

● Trust Joan Bennett to think of something unique and lovely in the way of a luncheon. That girl is positively getting famous for her beautifully arranged tables. This was a water lily luncheon. And when the six guests trooped into her sun-lit dining room everyone said, "Oh!" The lunch set was yellow organdie, and green china was used. As a centerpiece Joan had four Dresden china swans floating on a lake that was an oval mirror. They were filled with fragrant pale yellow and white water lilies. And her menu carried out the theme.

Jellied chicken broth in green water lily cups

Potato soufflé moulded in a water lily shape with green peppers for leaves

A delicious salmon loaf that added color contrast

Ice cream in the form of water lilies and *petit fours* with green icing.

It's easy to make a similar lunch set yourself of the organdie and, of course, another flower in season could be used as a motif. Vases in the shapes of birds are the latest thing for table decorations.

● Would you believe those three famous sisters, Loretta Young, Sally Blane and Polly Ann not only look beautiful but cook beautifully? Really, I mean. Recently Loretta served her guests with a salad she had made herself. And if you want something delicious. . . ! It's tomato aspic with anchovies.

Heat two cups of canned tomato juice. Add one tablespoon of sugar and one teaspoon of salt. Add juice of one lemon and a dash of tobasco sauce. Add one and a half tablespoonfuls of gelatin—which has been soaked in cold water. Dissolve all and strain. Pour into moulds. When ready to serve, unmould and place on cold lettuce.

If the anchovies are to be used (it can be made without, if you prefer) select the small, curled kind. Pour your moulds half full of the salad mixture and let it set. Then add the anchovies, cover with more salad mixture and chill in the refrigerator. Serve with a mound of yellow mayonnaise on top. It makes a delectable dish.

● Here is the most important bit of news in months. Important because all the latest evening gowns reveal the backs in a way that dismays—if you haven't a good back. Benita Hume is credited with having the most gorgeous pair of shoulders and spinal column in filmdom and that is saying something! Here is her secret. *She stretches.* She does it the first thing in the morning and the very last thing at night.



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Hollywood Dares to Break Rules

(Continued from page 83)

Regardless of my prejudice, mourning is opposed to the premise upon which other social laws are based. At other times, at any cost, we're required to suppress our personal feelings immediately they turn unpleasant and likely to affect others.

THE separate houses Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster occupy are an old story. But they belong in any story of Hollywood's courage. This couple, honestly believing they are happier living as they do, stand up to the gossip that eddies around them.

For too many years entirely it was assumed there were two groups of women. Attractive women. They were described as charming and their praises sung by men. Smart women. They were described as estimable—Heaven help them—and their praises sung by other women.

Aware of the prejudice about women wise in the ways of business, the publicity department that first guided Mary Pickford's bright destiny credited the mother Mary loved so well with the business acumen of the family. But those who know Mary and who have worked with her have always found her more than equal to making her own decisions.

Today Hollywood beauties are frank about being excellent business women. They talk intelligently too, even when the conversation concerns itself with politics or finance. And in their spare time—the little they have of it—they read the new books and study at least one language.

Hollywood has entirely destroyed the old belief that beauty and brains aren't compatible. And proved you don't have to be a clinging vine for men to cling. If you understand what I mean.

WHEN kings were kings it was those at court who influenced fash-

ions and customs. Let a beautiful duchess wear a hat of crushed violets and half the women in the kingdom ordered hats of crushed violets the very next day. And hoped to look as beautiful as the duchess. Let a glamorous favorite fly in the face of tradition and a thousand would do likewise.

Marlene Dietrich is photographed at a grand opening in a man's tuxedo. Within the week an exclusive New York shop advertises a man's tweed suit with regulation trousers as well as a skirt, advocating it for slim young things.

It was Garbo who gave us pill box hats and evening gowns cut high in the front.

Joan Crawford introduced the sleeve-conscious Letty Lynton mode.

As for customs . . . Was it really only a few years ago a famous star, announcing she was expecting a baby several months hence, proceeded to go about quite the same as before until what was at that time a shockingly short period before her baby was born?

Since then a dozen other stars as well as young wives all over the country have announced their babies well in advance of their arrival and continued to live a normal life, socially and professionally, until several weeks before their babies were born. Until now this procedure is accepted within the realm of physical possibility as well as within the far more restricted realm of good taste.

The pattern changes. Life today is much too crowded to be complicated by rules made to serve another age and generation.

Hollywood has the wisdom to see this.

Hollywood has the courage to break such rules.

Hollywood has the following to establish new rules in the bargain.

I'm for Hollywood.



While Doug, Jr., was in New York, Joan lunched with William Haines. Harmless enough—yet it meant an old social custom broken.

Story of Cavalcade

(Continued from page 42)

hand—not quite in the right direction—and said: "Hello, Frank Lloyd!" Lloyd was absolutely overcome. It was some seconds before he placed the man as Peter Smith, a former assistant to the director while working at Paramount Studios in 1917! The man had gone to war and they hadn't seen each other since.

AND do you recall the great dramatic heights to which the picture took you during the theater scene? Remember, the men of England had gone to fight the Boers, particularly to save a besieged village in Africa called Mafeking?

Well, those theater scenes were made at the dilapidated old Mason Opera House in Los Angeles. The crowds were in their seats, the orchestra was playing, the dancers were on the stage. Lloyd had a hunch that when the *moment* arrived that the "audience" would know what to do . . . so he didn't tell them what was to come. He wanted their *natural* and spontaneous reaction to the news that "Mafeking has been relieved."

The show progressed, as you remember, through about half of the second act when suddenly the stage manager rushed from the wings and, holding his hands aloft, yelled: "Mafeking is relieved!"

Lloyd *got* the natural reaction he had tried for!

No sooner were the words "Mafeking is relieved" out of the stage manager's mouth than the trombone player in the orchestra pit stood up and shouted, "Thank God for that!"

Lloyd was flabbergasted! The scene had been perfect until this musician ruined it! He rushed down to ask him his reason for such an outburst. He received this answer:

"Thirty-two years ago, I was playing in an orchestra in a London theater . . . during the second act a man rushed from the wings and shouted 'Mafeking is relieved,' and when the same thing happened today I subconsciously did exactly what I had done on that night so long ago! I'm sorry my actions spoiled the scene, but I assure you I didn't do it intentionally."

Everyone who had anything to do with the making of *Cavalcade* gave everything he had to the production. Just two days after Diana Wynyard came on the picture she had caught the feeling of the entire troupe to the extent that she wanted to make her part the greatest of its kind. She would have none of the recognized methods of "aging" for the screen. She wanted no cane, no tremble. She argued that an old person is merely a tired person, and sold Lloyd on the idea of putting lead on the soles of her shoes as she was supposed to grow older.

"We started the last scenes (where I

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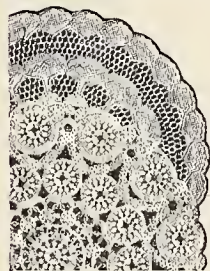
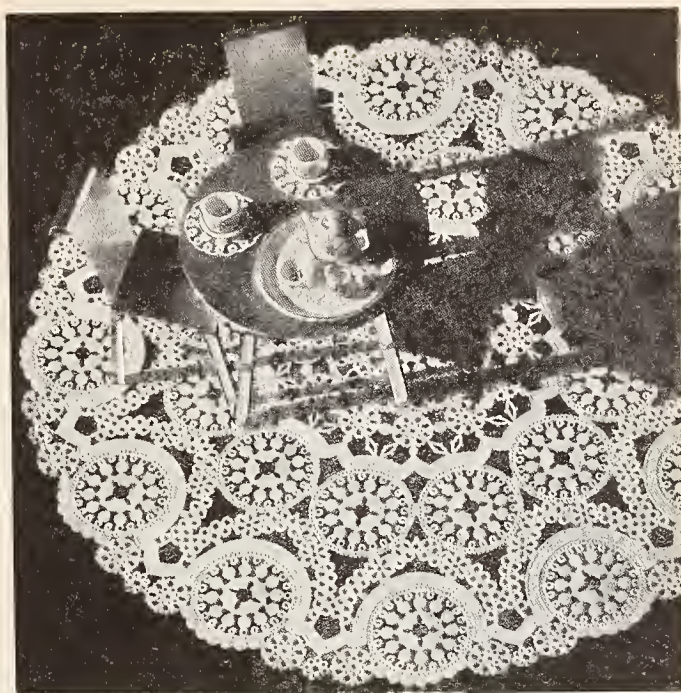
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Study your sweetheart's character. • Analyze your friends • Learn what you are, and why you are • You will be amazed with the mysteries that this chart will reveal to you.
Mail your name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. **SEND NOW TO** Rejovia Beauty Labs., Inc., Dept. E-42, 395 Broadway, N. Y.
Try REJUVIA Lipstick today, velvet smooth, permanent waterproof, indelible, in correct shade for your individual complexion. A tested quality full size lipstick for only 10 cents at most 5c and 10c Stores.

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Please send me a Free Sample of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Lip-and-Cheek Rouge, and Perfume.

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NEW Superior "X" Cream Deodorant.
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Wise mothers keep a jar of 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly handy for the inevitable cuts and scratches, bumps and burns which children seem to fall heir to. It's the safe, dependable treatment recommended by doctors the world over. Soothes, keeps the sore spot clean, promotes the growth of healthy tissues. Prevents scars, too. No medicine cabinet is complete without both jars and tubes.

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Keeps Age A Secret Brushes Away Gray Hair

Now you can really look years younger. With an ordinary small brush you just tint those streaks or patches of gray back to your natural shade—whether blonde, brown or black. It is so easy to do—at home—with Brownatone. Over 20 years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Does not coat the surface—actually penetrates the hair. Defies detection. No tell-tale, flat "dyed" look. Cannot affect waving of hair. No need to guess. Cut a lock of hair from your head and apply this famous tint. If Brownatone does not give your gray, streaked, dull, or faded hair its natural color, youth and luster, your money back. Only 50c. All druggists.

they do? "Flesh," for example. That was a grand picture. I went to see it because I like Wallace Beery and Karen Morley. But many people stayed away because the title sounded suggestive and ooey! And you should have seen the ads of that picture they plastered around our town.

MAVIS STARLING of Prospect, South Australia, writes in the same vein:

I saw an advertisement for "Merrily We Go to Hell" and I said to myself, "Some hare-brained thing, I suppose. Probably not worth the wear and tear on the old orbs." Then I noticed with surprise that Fredric March was in it. And I said to myself again (this habit isn't really chronic, yet), "Can't be so bad, after all." Well, I saw it and loved it. But if Fredric March hadn't been in it I would have probably missed a darn good picture and all because of a silly misleading title. Why do they do it?

JOTTINGS FROM OTHER LETTERS

JUST DESPERATE KATE of Canada wants to know what has become of Jean Arthur. (She is in "The Past of Mary Holmes" with Eric Linden, Kate.) MARGARET K. of New Haven, Conn., wants to know what free lance means. (A free lance player is one who is not under contract to any particular studio. His services are paid for on a per picture basis by whatever studio is employing him.)

VIRGINIA T. of Chicago, Ill., wants to know why the leading man in "Prosperity" was mysteriously changed from Norman Foster to Wallace Ford. (M-G-M made two versions of this, Virginia. Wallace Ford replaced Foster in the second version.) MRS. K., who doesn't give her address, complains because casts of characters are flashed on the screen without telling which actor plays which character. (We agree with your criticism, Mrs. K.) JACK HENRY, who lives right in Hollywood hasn't much patience with the trouser-wearing fad on the part of women. He doesn't object so much to Dietrich's wearing male attire—"Her life is hectic and varied. She enjoys the privilege of an actress—to be amusing and slightly sensational." But, he adds, "Heaven help the box office if Clark Gable should suddenly turn aesthetic and appear at some future opening in periwinkle satin and silver fox!" (Not much danger of that, Jack.) GWEN BLAKEY of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, is crazy about Gable, but wants to know if we must see him taking a shower, as in "No Man of Her Own." N. L. BROWN of Pontiac, Michigan, states, surprisingly enough, that Leslie Howard is a "so-so

actor." (What about that, Howard fans?) E. G. S. of Detroit, Michigan, wants to know "why we don't make a little more noise about Gary Cooper." (Well, we're running the story of his life, E. G. S. The second installment is in this issue—page 64.) ANNIE S. of Sumter, South Carolina, likes Bette Davis a great deal, but cannot help suggesting "That in future pictures where a Southern accent is needed, they get an actress from a little farther south than Boston, Mass." In other words, Bette's Southern accent in "Cabin in the Cotton" was not entirely convincing to Mason-Dixoners. CLARA FEHRS of Port Chester, N. Y., sends in nice compliments for our Modern Hostess department and Mary Biddle's Beauty Advice. (Both departments are grateful.) MARGARET UNDERHILL of Galveston, Texas, states that we give Janet Gaynor far too little space. "She is a great box office star," says Miss U., "yet she is as neglected as the lowliest ingenue." (The answer is, Margaret, that Janet, while by no means as much of a recluse and publicity-hater as Garbo, is nevertheless averse to giving out too many interviews. She lives quietly and with the exception of the stories about her separation from Lydell Peck, she is not much in the newspaper and magazine eye. We admire her as much as you do, but just to print that we admire her wouldn't make a very good story, would it?) MARIAN GERING of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, in answer to Carter Bruce's recent article, "What Does Divorce Mean to Janet?", replies staunchly that it means "her fans love and will support her as they always have—she's still our ideal."

ONE LAST WORD

Please send in really constructive criticism! We get so many letters which say "I think So-and-So is wonderful." Most of the raves at present seem to be about Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell. We admire both boys immensely, but we think sometimes if we see one more letter saying Tom and Richard are wonderful we'll go mad. But seriously—tell us why you like or dislike. Just a plain statement of the fact that you enjoyed a picture or admire a player isn't particularly amusing or enlightening to other readers.

Remember—this department is in a roundabout way, working for the good of future talkies. You are really the only people who can work that good—by intelligent, sincere criticism. You can put that criticism into letters to this department. We will be only too eager to print such letters. So let's hear from you!

What the Author Thinks

(Continued from page 39)

contrast to the type of parts I had seen her play, there is, about her, absolutely no artificiality. But in "Cavalcade" in which, I again repeat, I find her performance magnificent, she is very, very lovely . . . as lovely a creature as I had in mind when I created the character of Jane Marryot.

In again saying that while I was invited to submit suggestions for the casting of the various parts and that I was unable to do so for the reasons I have already explained, I would like to take this opportunity of saying that I feel

the picture is superior in every way than if I had personally been connected with the actual production, for the suggestions I then would have made would not have been an improvement on what was done without my cooperation.

I had many discussions in London with Mr. Winfield Sheehan with regard to the filming of the play. It was the desire of Mr. Sheehan to keep as near to the play as was possible. It was his idea that a faithful replica of an actual performance of the play at Drury Lane Theatre should be made in the form of

a gigantic newsreel—by that I mean no extraordinary efforts at special lighting or any attempt at directing. A true and unpretentious record of the play was made and that is all. That it was of invaluable help in the filming of the play is indisputable.

I should say that "Cavalcade" was discovered for the Fox Film Company by two women, Mrs. Florence L. Strauss, Eastern story editor, and Mrs. E. R. Tinker, wife of the then President of Fox. The play was bought and Mr. Sheehan himself liked it so much that he decided that he would personally supervise the production. Consequently, his views, advice and suggestions were of great interest to me.

I think we were in complete agreement right from the start, although I was afraid that perhaps with all those thousands of miles between him and Hollywood he might not be able to put his ideas into operation as conclusively and as effectively as he would outline them to me.

AN interesting and quite amusing anecdote in connection with "Cavalcade" should be related here. I was dining with my very old friend, Ronald Colman, one evening in Hollywood when Clive Brook walked in and joined us. Clive Brook had just returned from London and was more than enthusiastic about my play. There was no question then of his playing the part, and he had no inkling that he might be offered the role. I was deeply touched by his effusion and as a consequence I was more than pleased when I heard that he had been cast in the film. I would like to say that I was thrilled with his performance and for the life of me could not imagine anyone better suited to the character I had depicted.

I have been asked if there is anything

in the picture that I do not like.

There is nothing that I *violently* dislike, if that is what is meant. I am not favorable to the horsemen going through the wood interpolated as an expression of the passing of time. It is too much like the pages of a calendar being torn off and I feel it hinders the action a little. But this is suitably balanced, I will say, by a scene that I like very much and which was not in the play and for which I am in no way responsible. The producers of the film decided to allow Joey Marryot to meet his father in Flanders and this I found effective and charming.

As for the much discussed comparison of the movie and the play, they are so very different. It would be unfair of me to say that the players in the film are superior to the actors in the play. I would not even say that this is the case. I might compromise by admitting that some of the players in the film are more effective than some of the actors in the play—and vice versa. But it would be unkind of me to say who those artists might be.

In conclusion I will say I am very grateful to, among others, Miss Diana Wynyard, who has given as sincere and beautiful a performance as I had ever hoped to see in the picturization of my play. I think I shall always see her standing in Trafalgar Square or saying good-bye to the last of her sons at the station. Yes, Jane-Diana-Marryot-Wynyard will always live for me as I am sure she will for all those who go to see "Cavalcade."

Separation of Joan and Doug

(Continued from page 85)

But remember this and this is the absolute truth.

There is no other man in Joan's life!
There is no other woman in Doug's!

Had there been they certainly would have chosen to get a divorce instead of this separation.

Perhaps one or the other may say that it is a temporary separation—but that is not true.

It is final—and there is never any going back with a woman like Joan. For remember that this is not so sudden as it seems to you. Remember that this has been coming on for many months.

They have tried—and tried hard—to make a go of it.

But it just wouldn't work.

And how does Doug Senior feel about it?

Before they made their final decision

they talked it over with Doug, Sr. He is a wise and a kindly man and he said, "If you two kids can't be happy together, then there's just one thing for you to do."

And they've done it.

Of course, Joan will get the brunt of it all. Of course, the envious will be saying, "Sure, we knew it wouldn't last. Crawford is just reverting to type." Joan knew this, too, and it has given her many sleepless nights. That is why the separation has been postponed longer than it should have been for the peace of mind of both.

But Joan is brave enough and true enough to stand that gossip. She is big enough to face it—like the girl she is.

As I said before you'll be hearing and reading plenty of bunk about those two—but this is the absolute truth!

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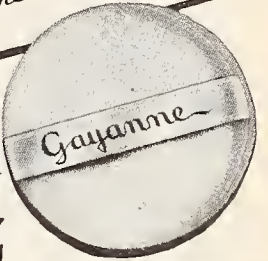


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**(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tin"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

A Tour of the Talkies

(Continued from page 10)

you don't expect too much, you may not be disappointed.

THE WOMAN ACCUSED (Paramount)

Ten of the best writers in the country put their heads together and brought out this prize story in Liberty. Each writer, as you will remember, attempted to outdo the other, so the net result is rather good.

Nancy Carroll is in love with Cary Grant, but on the eve of their marriage, Louis Calhern (the bad man in Nancy's past) shows up. Said bad man gets overly-tough and so Nancy has to kill him. However, she believes she can snatch three days of happiness for herself by skipping off on a "cruise to nowhere." John Hilday, Calhern's best pal, suspects her and grabs the same boat, puts on a mock murder trial and gets her to break down and confess while the police take down the words via microphone. Cary gets her out of it in the end by horse-whipping one of the witnesses—and what a scene *that* is and what an actor Jack LaRue is!

Nancy isn't well photographed but we think you'll like the picture all the same.

BLONDIE JOHNSON (Warner)

Not so good, not so bad, either.

Joan Blondell goes gangsteress on us in this opus. She starts out with a chip on her shoulder against the whole world and becomes a big-shot racketeer, ruling with an iron hand from her pent-house apartment. Chester Morris is quite good as the double-crossing sweetie and strives as hard as does Joan to bring this picture out of the rut. It doesn't do them much good!

Mae Busch and Toshia Mori (the Japanese Wampas star) do what they can as well, but the picture still rates "Also Ran."

WHAT, NO BEER! (M-G-M)

This may have been the reason for M-G-M's letting Buster Keaton out after ten years with that studio—at any rate, Buster should never have allowed them to put Jimmie Durante in this picture with him because Keaton suffers by comparison.

Not that the picture doesn't have its moments. It *does*! Imagine, if you can, Durante promoting Keaton into a partnership beer racket, Buster to furnish the money and Jimmie the poisonality! Trouble, in the form of rival beer joint owners plus the cop-

pers, haunts their trail. The high light of the picture is reached when Durante gets a tip that their joint is to be raided! He fools them all by inviting the whole town to come over and drink up the evidence. What a laugh *that* is!

Roscoe (Stuttering) Ates and John Miljan add to the merriment, but Durante purloins the negative.

DESTINATION UNKNOWN (Universal)

Here is an unusually strong dramatic picture! It should be enjoyed especially by those of you who have a serious turn of mind.

Twelve sailors and a feminine stowaway are lost at sea aboard a rum runner. Knowing they haven't long to live, they spend their last hours in a huge drunken brawl. Suddenly, and mysteriously, "the stranger" appears, takes them safely to shore and, as mysteriously, disappears again. The kick is in the various characters' reactions to the stranger.

There are some fine performances: Ralph Bellamy as "the stranger," Alan Hale, Betty Compson and Pat O'Brien. See it.

A LADY'S PROFESSION (Paramount)

How would you like to forget the bank failures, the mortgage, the war debts and all that tonight?

You can—with Alison Skipworth and Roland Young!

The title is a bit misleading. The plot really (what there is of it) concerns some broken-down English aristocrats who have arrived in America quite without knowing what bootlegging is and *why*! What happens *aside* from the story is what makes this picture such a honey!

Alison Skipworth creates the greatest laugh we have ever heard in a theater: all she does is try to get a certain number on the telephone. That's all, really. But you'll be convulsed.

You really should see this offering.

BE MINE TONIGHT (Universal)

This is another of those imported pictures and, as is becoming the habit lately, it is quite good. It's a musical—with a logical plot for a change—in which you will hear one of the most glorious voices you've *ever* heard! This man Jan Kiepura is the most famous tenor on the continent and is quite a handsome fellow as well.

It's a case of mistaken identity

with a lot of rather clever situations. We'll wager that you come away from the theatre raving about the leading lady (played by Magda Schneider). She's one of the freshest beauties for some time. Like singing? See it!

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN (Paramount)

At last a director who has enough sense of humor to kid "Grand Hotel." A bouquet for you, Mr. Erle Kenton!

A story about people who go to the races and live in a small-town hotel. Jack Oakie starts the story by asking for his mail at the desk (remember Lewis Stone?). Immediately after, there's a murder—but David Manners and his bride (Adrienne Ames) get a break. You will see Carole Lombard reconciled with her ex-sweetie, Sidney Blackmer—through a bet! Plus the story of the old Southern Gentleman (Walter Walker) and his young daughter.

A lot of stories in one story. But we can't tell them all to you. The last line of the story, Oakie asks for his mail again. There is none. He says: "Nothing ever happens in this burg!" You'll like it.

SISTER TO JUDAS (Mayfair)

This is a slow, monotonous story about a man's insane jealousy over a girl whom he saves from suicide and then marries. Johnny Harron is the man and Claire Windsor (back again) is the fair damsel. Holmes Herbert is the other man.

ELMER THE GREAT (Warner)

Here's one that will make you laugh!

Joe E. Brown as the small-town baseball sensation goes to the Big Leagues with swell ideas as to just how marvelous he really is! Joe will kill you with his "talk over the radio" in which he gives his "reasons for success."

Then, of course, there is the cruel fellow (with mortgage in hand—forged and all that stuff) who attempts to take advantage of the home folks while lil' Elmer is wowing 'em

in the Big Time. Needless to say, Elmer does his stuff and the whole sit-she-ation is cleared up!

Joe originally played this on the stage, so he has every trick down pat. You'll like it.

A SUCCESSFUL BLUNDER (Radio)

Nothing to get excited about here. Just one of those yarns about a murder!

Something new, though: You see the murder committed and then watch the amateur detective try to solve the crime. The detective is Junior Durkin—with Mrs. Wallace Reid as his mother.

It doesn't pretend to be sensational.

JUNGLE BRIDE (Monogram)

Just a "quickie" that's been "jungled-up" and results in rather slow entertainment. Desert island—murder—Charles Starrett accused and finally freed. Not very good.

KING KONG (Radio)

Finished at last! It took Radio two years to make this picture. But what a masterpiece! It's so different that the memory of it will linger with you a long time after seeing it. And you won't so easily forget Kong, the biggest beast in all Animal Kingdom!

The story concerns an expedition into the jungles. The girl (Fay Wray) is captured by a tribe of natives and given to their leader (King Kong) to appease his hunger for killing. But instead of killing her, Kong falls in love! Later, the girl is rescued by her people and Kong is captured and taken to New York for exhibition. Once he breaks loose he stops at nothing. He kills, tears down skyscrapers, turns the entire city into pandemonium, because he thinks in so doing he is protecting the girl he loves! And when he is finally killed, you'll actually hunt for your hanky!

Fay Wray—how beautiful she is!—does admirable work. Bruce Cabot as the hero is good, and Robert Armstrong is fine as the head of the expedition troupe.

See this by all means!

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 80)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (Radio)—The comic strip character comes to life with Mitzzi Green as Annie. Excellent for the whole family.

LUCKY DEVILS (Radio) Have you ever wondered what the men are like who do the dangerous stunt movies? You can find out if you see this. Joel McCrea, William Gargan and Bill Boyd are in it. Very good thrilling stuff—okay for kids.

LUXURY LINER (Paramount)—In "Grand Hotel,"

all the action took place in a hotel. In this story all the action takes place on an ocean liner. George Brent, Alice White and Zita Johann are in it. Fair—children will be bored.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (Paramount)—The famous operatic story of the little Japanese girl who fell in love with the American naval officer. Sylvia Sydney is lovely as the Japanese girl. Cary Grant is the naval officer. Very good—but the children won't care for the sad parts.

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to saturate every thread completely through. Such thorough penetration of fabric makes streaking and uneven dyeing impossible. Moreover, in 300 tests, this "deep" dyeing was proved to hold the color jewel-clear after 25 washings...exactly the French Ecru shade used by makers of the newest curtains!

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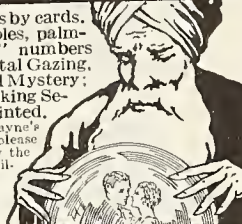
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MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM (John Krimsky and Gifford Cochran)—The poignant story of a little girl in a boarding school whose emotions are misunderstood by the over-severe principal. The dialogue is in German but there are English titles which make the story easily understood. Very good—but not amusing for children.

THE MATCH KING (First National)—Warren William in a story which is supposed to be based on the life of Ivar Krueger. Lily Damita plays a movie actress—made-up to look suspiciously like Garbo. Good—the children won't be crazy about it, though.

THE MASQUERADER (United Artists)—Ronald Colman. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

ME AND MY GAL (Fox)—Waterfront story—and pretty roughhouse—with Spencer Tracy and Joan Bennett. (Not Joan Blondell as we wrongly stated last month.) Good—but you'd better look at it yourself before deciding whether the kids should see it.

MEN MUST FIGHT (M-G-M)—Diana Wynyard and Phillips Holmes. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

MIND READER (Warners)—Warren William and Constance Cummings. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE MUMMY (Universal)—Along comes Boris Karloff scaring all the kids—and grown-ups—again. This time he's an Egyptian mummy who is brought to life by the application of some abracadabra and incantations. Very good—parts of it okay for the tots.

NAGANA (Universal)—Tala Birell and Melynn Douglas show how they react to the tropics. You'll find their acting just as interesting as their reacting. Very good—but children won't be interested.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT (Paramount)—George Raft as the owner of smart New York speakeasy has social ambitions because he loves Constance Cummings who is a Park Avenueer. Mae West and Alison Skipworth also have parts which will delight you. Good—but children will be bored.

NO MAN OF HER OWN (Paramount)—Clark Gable, Dorothy Mackaill and Carole Lombard in the story of a gambler who learns about love from two women. Excellent—but don't take the kids.

NO OTHER WOMAN (Radio)—Irene Dunne suffers again in this—and very beautifully, too. Charles Bickford and Eric Linden are also in it. Good—but not very interesting to children.

PARACHUTE JUMPER (First National)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as a young man who will accept any position—no matter how dangerous—in order to get along. Excellent—and the kids will enjoy it, too.

THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES (Radio)—Remember the play called "The Goose Woman"? It made quite a dent in the popular mind some years ago. Well, this is a talkie version of it—with Jean Arthur, Eric Linden and Helen McKellar. Fair—not for children.

PENGUIN POOL MURDER (Radio)—Murder mystery with large doses of comedy supplied by the delightful Edna May Oliver. Very good—and okay for children.

PRIVATE JONES (Universal)—Lee Tracy and Donald Cook. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PROSPERITY (M-G-M)—Not quite as perfect as some of the other Marie Dressler-Polly Moran combinations, but well worth seeing all the same. Very good—all right for the kids.

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS (M-G-M)—Story of Russia's mad monk with no less than the three Barrymores playing in it. Lionel's performance as Rasputin will thrill you if you are one of his fans. Excellent—but not for children.

RED DUST (M-G-M)—More tropical stuff—this time with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Mary Astor and Gene Raymond. Clark and Jean make a magnificent team. Very good—but better keep the children away.

ROCKABYE (Radio)—Connie Bennett in mother-love rôle. Fair—won't interest children.

THE ROME EXPRESS (Universal)—Conrad Veidt, and Esther Ralston. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

SAILOR BE GOOD (Radio)—Jack Oakie goes nautical again in this story of prizefighting and the navy. Very good of its kind—not for children.

SCARLET RIVER (Radio)—A Western movie company on location is the background for this fast-moving action story. Good—okay for children.

SECOND HAND WIFE (Fox)—Sally Eilers as the second wife of Ralph Bellamy tries hard to remove the first wife's influence over her husband. Good—but children will be bored.

SECRETS (United Artists)—Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE (M-G-M)—Interesting and exciting drama of the older days with Irene Dunne and Phillips Holmes. Very good—but not for children.

SHE DONE HIM WRONG (Paramount)—Mae West blazes a trail across the screen in her first starring picture. Taken from her play, "Diamond Lil." Very good of its sizzling kind—certainly not for children.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS (Paramount)—Cecil B. DeMille's amazing spectacle of the days when a Christian was something to feed the lions. Excellent—but parts of it are too harrowing for children.

SILVER DOLLAR (Warners)—The story of "Haw" Tabbar and his amazing rise to power during the gold rush days. Very good—but won't interest children.

SISTER TO JUDAS (Mayfair)—Johnny Harron and Claire Windsor. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

SO THIS IS HARRIS (Radio)—Phil Harris, famous entertainer, does his stuff which makes this a corking musical picture. Good—children will like some of it.

STATE FAIR (Fox)—Grand story about a family which goes to the fair and what happens when they get there. It really is an all-star cast, with Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Lew Ayres, Norman Foster and Sally Eilers. Excellent—okay for children.

A SUCCESSFUL BLUNDER (Radio)—Junior Durkin. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

TERROR TRAIL (Universal)—Tom Mix in one of his last movies. Better see it if you're a Mix fan. Okay for Western fans—excellent for children.

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED (Universal)—Amusing story of a maid and butler who go grand after receiving a tremendous legacy. Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville, Roland Young are in it. Very good—and don't leave a single child at home.

TONIGHT IS OURS (Paramount)—Fredric March and Claudette Colbert in a little something about a Queen and a commoner—and their love. Very good—too flimsy to interest children.

TOPAZE (Radio)—John Barrymore. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

WAX MUSEUM (Warners)—Lionel Atwill as a madman whose chief joy in life is to murder beautiful women and then turn them into wax figures. Very good thriller—but children may find it a bit too shocking.

WHAT, NO BEER? (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK (M-G-M)—Amusing comedy about an author, the girl he loves and the gangsters with whom they get mixed up—with surprising results. Good—okay for children.

THE WOMAN ACCUSED (Paramount)—Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

Bad, Bad Woman

(Continued from page 47)

easily reached. Much prettier dolls.

Mae wasn't interested. "I want that one." And turning to her mother, "You said I could have any doll I wanted."

THEY finally saw it was no use trying to dissuade her and at last two ladders were brought from the back of the store and Mae—the gal who always gets what she wants—proudly bore home the lavender-dressed doll.

It was this same stubborn and precocious child who, at the age of six, panicked a Brooklyn audience on amateur night by doing imitations of Eva Tanguay and other famous stars. That began her theatrical career—a career that was to lead her through stock, through vaudeville into musical shows and at last to make her author, pro-

ducer and star of the sensational "Sex" and "Diamond Lil" and eventually to lead her to the screen in "Night After Night" and "She Done Him Wrong."

Mae West was the first person—according to Mae West—to do the shim-mie on any stage!

That was way back when she was in musical shows.

Another story goes that Mae West was a member of an acrobatic act in vaudeville and also lifted what was supposed to be a 500-pound weight.

When she got her chance to get out of the lowbrow end of theatrical life and be a producer and star in her own right she figured—and she figured smart:

"Every Broadway actress has her own line," Mae said. "I'll give 'em

something different." And the sensational play "Sex," which she wrote herself and in which she played a harlot, was the result.

Mae gets her material in strange ways. One night she was coming into her hotel when another guest at the hotel—a man who had had a bit of a past himself—said to her, "You know, when you wear all those diamonds (the ones, incidentally, that were stolen in Hollywood) you remind me of an old sweetheart of mine who had more rocks than any gal I ever knew. Come to think of it—you look like her when you put your head down and sort of look up through your eyelashes with that hot look."

"Yeah?" said Mae, "Who was your friend?"

"They called her 'Diamond Lil.'"

AND that's how Mae got the idea for her greatest success. Diamond Lil was a real character of the 'nineties—as beautiful as Lillian Russell and much more spectacular. Mae didn't know whether she could play a 'nineties belle or not. Her mother told her she'd have to put on a lot more weight. At the time she tipped the scales at just 110.

"So I ate my head off," said Mae, "and opened in 'Diamond Lil' weighing 130."

"Sex" had been running on Broadway for some time before the law decided that it was offensive. So Mae was summoned to appear in court. Also there was the little matter of a play called "The Drag" which she had authored but in which she did not star. Later she wrote and produced "Pleasure Man" and the city of New York wanted to see her about that, too.

She appeared in court smiling and swapped wisecrack for wisecrack with the city fathers.

All during the time of her extremely

spectacular Broadway success don't imagine that there weren't men in her life. Mae knows plenty about men. And then along came a lad whose last name is Timony. He's a brunette gentleman who wears a derby hat, smokes big black cigars and doesn't mind getting hard-boiled when the occasion demands. You'll see him around back stage or wherever Mae is. He gives her plenty of good advice and Mae has liked him in a big way for a couple of years now. Timony is what is known as a character.

Yessir, it's men that Mae knows best—and men who like her best, in Hollywood she found she got on much better with the men than the women. Women sort of resent Mae. They know her reputation. They know what kind of roles she has played and when Mae comes into the room all the nice little Hollywood girls cast anxious glances at their boy friends and decide it's about time to go home.

For Mae speaks a man's language. She loves prizefights and things like that. Hollywood had never seen anything quite like her. She's so doggone honest and sincere and real and—well—just what she is, Mae West.

I asked her if the roles she played didn't make people misunderstand her—make them think she, herself, was that sort of woman.

"Certainly!" said Mae.

And then I asked her what she did to counteract that impression.

"Well, I'll tell you," she said. "I don't try to change anybody's opinion. A person who is interested in the sort of woman I characterize likes it a lot better if he thinks I'm that sort, too. And people who are not interested in women like that—well, they're just not interested at all. So I just don't bother."

"People can get any sort of impression about me they want to have. And I'm still not doing so bad!"

Want to Be Like Kay?

(Continued from page 43)

Ford—and sails quite a big boat.

As for her dislikes, they seem to include fittings—and this from a woman who wears lovely clothes more beautifully, I think, than anyone on the screen—interviewers, yet she was charming to me, and posing for pictures and portraits.

I am telling you all this because peoples' likes and dislikes are sometimes keys to their personalities. But it isn't enough to like and dislike the same things as Kay Francis in order to be like her.

To be like her, you must be vital. You must be interested in strange people and strange places, you must be ready to embrace change and adventure when they come your way. You must be ready for new fields of endeavor. Think of the variety and changes of her life. From schoolgirl

to secretary, and from secretary to stage and screen! You must be alive, every inch of you, and you must be adaptable. You must be a hard worker. Only a hard worker could have accomplished as much in a time as comparatively short.

You must have a sense of humor, which laughs with others, and at yourself. There is a difference, you know. Kay Francis has humor which is like a clear cold spring of water, but not too cold; sun warmed, let us say. It ripples back of her laughter, and the light in her sea-gray eyes—stormy eyes, I think. It is very refreshing.

I ASKED her what quality in people appealed to her most. She told me promptly but thoughtfully, simplicity. I do not believe she means the simplicity of purely mindless, primitive



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things. She is not a primitive person. She is entirely of this world, poised, sure of herself, friendly, but not giving herself in intimate speech to every passerby. A good listener, an excellent conversationalist, as styled and chic and charming as one of the frocks Banton so brilliantly designs for her.

She has ideas. She knows which pictures she likes and which she doesn't like. She knows which parts she can feel, and, feeling, play. She has an excellent grasp of the mechanics of screen writing, the perfect construction which should go into the making of the perfect picture, and she is quick to see flaws in technique or characterization.

If you want to be like Kay Francis, you can't stop learning. You can't just rest on your laurels. You must set yourself a goal, and when you win through to it you must set yourself another goal and try for that one, too. Here is a self-contained person, quiet in gesture, restrained in speech but alive to her long finger tips, nothing inert about her, nothing phlegmatic. But a controlled person. I imagine that that control has been a goal and that she set it for herself.

If you want to be like Kay Francis you will have no use for swank. You will be faintly amused and more than faintly disgusted at the people who swagger in their talk, and who, having themselves won a certain position, look down instead of at other people, and who go suddenly high-hat.

If you want to be like Kay Francis you will be yourself. That is a paradox, I suppose, as perhaps you know your real self does not resemble Miss Francis in the least. But if you are yourself, you are like her in one very basic quality. For she is herself, quite perfectly, and does not try to be like anyone else. And how very wise she is.

In other words, if you want to be like Kay Francis you will be first of all your very own self, with a respect for the personality which is uniquely your own, a respect which isn't in the least vanity, and which is a very valuable thing to possess. For the rest

you will be entirely natural. You will have no little affectations which, while they may be endearing for a time, soon become a bit boring. You will care for enduring things, the world which lies beyond your door, books, knowledge—and for simplicity.

I DO not mean simplicity of the "simple" sort. I mean a rather expensive simplicity. For it is, you know, the "simplest" clothes that are most expensive. The simplest dinner, which is the best, is generally prepared from the very finest materials. And in order to live simply one lives expensively. Nor do I mean expense in dollars. I mean that in order to live one's life as simply as possible, one must pay for it in a number of ways.

I remember that Miss Francis told me that when she is working she goes to bed at eight o'clock. If she consents to go out during the making of a picture she leaves a party at about nine-thirty. Ten is her deadline. Now, that is working hard and living simply, isn't it? And sanely, too, and wisely? But it costs her something, I imagine, in explanations and all the rest. We are cut so on a pattern that when any one deviates from it and makes his own pattern we are apt to be exclamatory about it. But when Kay Francis says she must go home at nine-thirty, she goes. This is her life. She intends to live it as she sees fit, and if she sees fit to be, for a time, a nine-thirty girl in a three-thirty town, she'll do it.

If you want to be like Kay Francis you must figure out where you are going and why, and when you have decided, you must go there serenely, as befitting a gentlewoman. With a little laughter back of your eyes, and with confidence in yourself and in your star.

In other words, if you want to be like Kay Francis you must be a very real person, and a person with not only genuine physical beauty, but genuine character.

If you *are* like her, I congratulate you. If you want to be like her I congratulate you also; it is a step in a very right and praiseworthy direction.

Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 78)

getting around that corner where prosperity is reputed to be waiting for us.

ONE of the reasons why it should be a genuine pleasure to bake bread is the fact that the men, bless them, do so enjoy home-made bread and rolls and coffee cake. For instance, take Gary Cooper. He still remembers and loves to talk about the bread and rolls which his mother used to make when they lived in Montana. Of course, Gary, like lots of other men, clings to the notion that the bread his mother used to bake was the very finest bread which ever came out of an oven. Perhaps

your husband makes just such a claim for *his* mother's bread, too. But with modern ranges and oven controls and thermometers and superb flours and scientifically prepared yeast, any woman with any instinct for cooking whatsoever can turn out better bread than *any one's* mother did and, what is more, do it with unfailing regularity if she will but follow a few simple rules.

The preparation of bread is a simple process and the time consumed in making it is short compared with that required by lots of other foods. And when you have introduced your family to the joys of hot clover leaf rolls, fresh and

fragrant, straight out of the oven, and cinnamon buns and oatmeal bread and butterscotch or almond coffee cake—not to mention the dozens of other varieties which you can make at home and which are difficult to buy, we know you will find they will be as delighted with them as can be—and will you be proud!

Almost all yeast-raised doughs are started off in the same way. The dough is mixed, kneaded, and set aside to double in bulk. As yeast does its best work at a temperature of about 80 degrees, you want to place the dough in a position where the temperature is as close to this as possible. Then the dough is kneaded again, shaped and again left to double in bulk. If you are in doubt as to whether or not your dough has raised sufficiently, stick your finger into it. If the impression disappears, let the bread rise a little longer. If the impression remains, the bread is ready to bake. You can't tell us that's much of a task!

THE next important point is the baking of the mixture. Loaves of bread should be put into a moderately hot oven—425 degrees is best, to raise the dough to its maximum bulk. Then, after fifteen minutes, the temperature is reduced to 375 degrees and the bread baked for about forty-five minutes longer. Rolls are baked for fifteen to twenty minutes in a slightly hotter oven—450 degrees is best—while sweetened, rich doughs require lower temperatures of 350 to 400 degrees. Then, when your bread is baked, if you like a shiny crust you brush the top with melted butter after removing the loaves from the oven. If you like a crisp crust let the bread cool without covering it—but if you like a soft crust, cover the loaves with a towel during the cooling.

One of the nicest things about yeast doughs is the fact that, if you have a mechanical refrigerator, you can store the dough after it has been mixed and keep it for several days. Keep the dough in a tightly covered container and the dry cold of the mechanical refrigerator will keep the yeast plants pleasantly inactive until you are ready to have them get to work. Then you can lop off pieces when you want to make up a batch of hot rolls for lunch or dinner.

If you want to maintain your family's interest in bread at a white heat, you must vary the breads frequently. Gary Cooper claims he could eat oatmeal bread at every meal, but we noticed with satisfaction that he went right on to talk about how much he enjoyed hot rolls, coffee cake and buns for breakfast. Our cameraman caught Gary in the act of eating his breakfast bacon—very crisp bacon, of course—with his fingers! Though no sanction to that procedure is given in any book of etiquette we have ever seen, it's the very nicest way to eat *crisp* bacon we know of.

We are giving you here a splendid

basic recipe for bread and one of the many variations into which it can be made by the addition of a little of this and a little of that. In this month's Star Recipe Folder you will find four other recipes, one for the French buns, another for oatmeal bread, a third for butterscotch coffee cake and the fourth for cinnamon buns like those in the picture accompanying this article. These are, all four of them, Gary Cooper's favorites and will be nice to keep on hand in case Gary is your house guest one of these days! But in the meantime, try them out on your family and friends and see what a hit you will make—and what a reputation as a cook!

BASIC BREAD RECIPE (Quick method)

- 2 yeast cakes
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water
- 4 cups scalded milk (or half water, half milk)
- 2 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 12 cups sifted flour

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. Scald milk and cool. (Test milk by dropping some on the inside of your wrist. When it feels neither warm nor cold it is the right temperature to use.) Add sugar, butter and salt to milk. Add yeast water and half the flour. Beat until smooth. Then add remaining flour, or enough to make easily handled dough. Turn out on floured board, knead until dough is smooth and elastic and has a bubbly appearance under the surface. Place in greased bowl, brush with melted butter, cover and set aside in warm place, free from draft until light (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours). Knead again, mould into loaves and place in well greased pans, half filling the pans. Brush with melted butter, cover and let rise again for one hour or until double in bulk. Bake in hot oven (425°) for fifteen minutes, then reduce heat to moderate (375°) for forty-five to fifty minutes more. Bread is done when it shrinks from the sides of the pan. Turn out immediately on wire rack and brush with melted butter if desired.

CLOVER LEAF ROLLS

(A variation of the above)

To one half the above recipe for bread add 1 tablespoon sugar and 2 tablespoons of melted butter before the first kneading. After first rising, knead again and shape very small portions of the dough into small round balls. Place three balls in each well greased muffin cup, half filling each cup. Brush tops with melted butter. Cover and let rise until light—about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Bake in hot oven (425°) about 15 minutes.

Now, fill out that coupon on page 78 and send for this month's recipes.



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When His Nose Was a Handicap

(Continued from page 45)

keep askin' me what girl would go with a Big Nose."

Jimmy handed the empty water glass to Old Friend, and straightened. Fatigue left his face and frame, as he grinned.

"But say," he exclaimed. "When some guy comes up to me these days, and says, 'I seen you in a picture, Jimmy, an' I don't think you got such a big nose.' Do I burn up! Honest! It hurts me now when some one says my nose ain't so big."

Jimmy rubbed a finger along the noted nasal projection, while mention was made that many persons rise to fame because they seek to overcome early handicaps.

"I thought it was a handicap from twelve to eighteen all right," Jimmy nodded, serious again. "I used to walk home sayin' hello to this guy, and hello to that guy, and all the time in my mind I was thinkin' if I only could get my nose shortened."

He grinned suddenly.

"But don't get me wrong," he repeated. "Do I burn up if a guy tells me it ain't big now!"

"Did you get into any fights over being kidded about the size of your nose?" was asked.

"I was fightin' all the time," Jimmy replied. "I fought with one guy for four hours, and got my schnozzolla busted. I fought through six streets for four hours that time—all over the old neighborhood."

"You see, I didn't mind just bein' called 'Big Nose,' but those guys couldn't just call it once and then let up. They had to keep bearin' down, an' then I had to fight."

He straightened quickly.

"But I'd like to fight a guy now that wouldn't pay attention to the schnozzle," he said.

"Where I was born, and grew up, down in Catherine Street, near Cherry, it wasn't a soft neighborhood, and a guy with a schnozzle like mine, especially as I was very thin in those days, had a tough time," he continued.

BUT when the girls would gather around Joey McLaughlin, or some good lookin' guy like that I'd sit down at the piano, and begin to give 'em some music and make gags. And then they'd pay attention to me."

"How'd you learn to play?"

"My mother made me take lessons from Professor Fiore. And did it burn me up!"

"And then the Professor used to give those things to show off how much his pupils knew—what-d'y-call-'em?"

"Recitals?"

"That's it. And my mother used to make me dress in a Buster Brown collar, and it burned me up. I never knew my lessons, but I could play the piano; and then they'd pay attention to me instead of to my schnozzle."

"That's when it burned you up to have a schnozzle?"

"That's right. I was sick over it

then all right, but I kep' playin' the piano and makin' gags, and gettin' laughs. I always could get laughs. I always liked everybody to be havin' a good time. I always liked a good time myself."

"Overcoming the handicap of a big nose by playing and singing and making gags?"

"That's right," Jimmy replied. "Only I feel like bustin' a guy that says my nose ain't big now."

"He used to be ashamed of it when he was a kid but now Jimmy's proud of the old schnozzolla," Old Friend contributed helpfully.

"I used to think my nose was too big for the girls, and too big for business," Jimmy agreed. "But now it's different."

"When did you first begin entertaining?"

"I had a brother who was a photo-engraver for the American Banknote Company, and I used to run errands around there. I got laid off, and I heard there was a job playin' the piano down at Coney Island. I went down and tried out in a turtle neck sweater, all the rest of the guys that tried out were wearin' tuxedos. I got the job at twenty-five dollars a week—kiddin' and playin' the piano. That's how I started."

"And then you began to make gags about your nose yourself?"

"That's right," Jimmy said. "I had the schnozzle, so I might as well use it in my business."

JIMMY said that after the run of "Strike Me Pink" he will return to Hollywood, where he may be co-starred with Jackie Cooper in a photoplay written especially for them. His films, since he went with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, are: "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," "The Cuban Love Song," "The Wet Parade," "The Passionate Plumber," "Speak Easily," "Blondie of the Follies," "What! No Beer?" and "Hell Below."

At the door of his suite, Jimmy said: "We didn't get any gags in this interview."

"This was supposed to be a gagless interview concerned with the psychology of overcoming a frustration," he was told.

"Ha! Ha!" he said. "That's one gag anyway. Now I gotta think up another one for Hope Williams. She's a swell actress, and a swell dame."

Another Old Friend down in the lobby said:

"So you saw Jimmy? He's a swell guy."

To this observer it appeared that Jimmy Durante is a swell guy entirely surrounded by swell guys, swell dames, and Old Friends.

"You didn't see Mrs. Durante?" the Last Old Friend asked on the sidewalk in front of the Astor. "Gee! She's a swell dame. They been married eleven years—and they're still swell pals."

Unknown Loves of Hollywood

(Continued from page 33)

presents, each one of which she had personally picked out. It was Joan and he, working together side by side, making people happy—together. It was the high point in that boy's life—a life that was to be snuffed out so soon.

For, as he was driving home after the party, happier than he had ever been, there was an automobile crash. The hospital telephoned Joan at two a. m. He had been saying her name over and over again. Joan jumped out of bed and rushed at once to the hospital. It was she who called in the finest specialists and begged them to spare no expense or care on the boy. But he died on the operating table, her name on his lips.

The end of this pitiful little story is that Joan paid all expenses for sending the body back to his home in Florida and when she discovered that his slim salary had been making it possible for his sisters to go to school, and that now they would have to leave school, she sent a check big enough to allow the girls to finish their education.

THERE are many studio workers who worship the stars they serve. A cameraman who was once on Irene Dunne's set loves her from afar. A publicity boy adores Karen Morley; a publicity woman is in love with Ricardo Cortez. But none of these people may speak of their love.

Mary Astor kept secret for many months her love for the young doctor she eventually married. She did it because she was afraid of Hollywood—afraid the town would criticize her for falling in love too soon after the death of her husband, Howard Hawks.

Jumping to the past you'll find some strange unknown loves. Alexander Kirkland and Zita Johann were, when they were playing in a theatrical production in Europe, engaged. Kirkland has a brilliant and mature mind. Zita is exotic and lovely and it was only natural that they were drawn together. But temperaments clashed and the engagement was broken. Now the two find themselves in Hollywood—both building screen careers. And the amazing part is that their romance has been enriched by the years and they are very true and fast friends. There is no romantic love between them. An almost better thing has come in its place—friendship. And don't get Kirkland started praising Zita! He thinks she is destined to be one of the great screen successes.

Years ago, long before she married William Powell, Carole Lombard was in love with a young actor. Although he was married at the time, everyone knew that there was trouble—and had been even before Carole entered his life—between him and his wife. Carole was just a kid, but she played the game squarely. She refused to do anything to force the divorce, which inevitably came, but after she was in love with

Bill Powell. There is, really, much more gallantry in Hollywood than the casual observer sees!

JUST the other day Dick Barthelmess and Constance Talmadge spoke to each other for the first time in years and wrote finis to an old romantic quarrel. Connie and Dick were engaged and very, very much in love. They had a lover's quarrel that resulted in Connie's marrying the famous tobacco king and Dick's marrying Mary Hay. But so bitter was the quarrel that even after their marriages Connie and Dick ignored each other when they met. Now, after all these years, it is forgotten at last.

There was a great mutual attachment between Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in the old days. Of course, Alice was married to Rex Ingram (and still is) and Rex was Ramon's discoverer. The three were the best of friends and were often seen out together. Because Ramon Novarro is the boy that he is he never declared himself to his friend's wife, but those who knew Ramon best were sure that his love for Alice was something more than friendship.

While Ramon was making "Ben Hur" he asked Alice if she would ride with him during one of the rehearsals of the famous chariot scene. Ramon, you know, actually did that hazardous driving. Alice declined. "You're not afraid that I would take any risks, are you?" Ramon asked. "You would trust me to be careful, wouldn't you?"

"I'd trust you," Alice said, "but I wouldn't trust the horses."

It was a very beautiful love Ramon had for Alice and even now—after all these years—whenever Ramon goes to Europe he is a guest at the Ingram home and when Alice visits Hollywood she always looks Ramon up at once.

BEFORE she was married to her present husband Helen Twelvetrees was often seen in the company of a famous executive. The executive was married, it is true, but for years and years he and his wife had been estranged.

Then there was a brief but unknown romance between Connie Bennett and a film salesman (before her marriage to the Marquis, of course) and another longer—but still unknown romance—between Gloria Swanson and a famous director. This last was many, many years ago—long before Mike Farmer came upon the scene.

I have tried, in this story, to give you as thorough a picture as I can of some of the romances about which Hollywood knows—but the world does not. Naturally it has been impossible in many cases to mention the names of both the persons concerned. And now I must tell you a story in which I can mention no names at all, and you'll see the reason why when you read it. The story is too good to keep and perhaps you can guess the principal actors. At

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any rate it was Hollywood's favorite gossip for months!

Two Hollywood stars had been intimate friends. One day one of the stars stopped by her friend's house to return a book she had borrowed. She saw her husband's car parked in her friend's driveway. She rang the bell—but there was no answer. She rang again and again and finally the butler came to the door.

"Is my husband here?" she asked.

"No, madame," said the butler.

But the wife pushed the butler away and marched through the house to a little den off the library. She tried the door and it was locked, but she knew the house well, so she went around through the library and flung open the other door which was unlocked. There, of course, just like a farce comedy,

she found her husband kissing her best friend.

The next day the husband gave his wife a diamond bracelet to make her forget her injured feelings, but the wife and her erstwhile friend have not spoken from that day to this!

I have been close to many, many of these unknown loves of Hollywood. I have had many girls cry on my shoulder and tell me of their heartaches. For all the romances of Hollywood are not light and gay and cheerful. The word "taboo" is written across many of them. And very often a man has been called upon to play a make-believe love scene with a woman he really loves but to whom he dare not confess his love.

The newspapers tell about the well known romances, but Hollywood knows how long is the list of unknown loves!

Alexander Kirkland's Secret

(Continued from page 34)

father died, his properties hopelessly tangled up in the Mexican mess, and Bill was running errands for nickels in a near-slum in the South where his mother was hiding their plight from friends.

When—several years later—he was expelled from Taft School, he made a grand exit. He ordered an enormous funeral car and he and six friends—along with the sixteen pieces of luggage he owned—drove slowly over the grounds, to the tune of cheers from the other students. What a crazy kid he was! He ought to have saved some of that showmanship for Hollywood!

And now, maybe, you understand how it was possible for Bill to leave the girl he loved. You can see how unlike the average boy's his background is. He had done as he pleased, been (by circumstance) snatched from wealth to poverty and then back to near-wealth again, only to discover, when he was still in his teens, that he had to earn his own living after all. At twenty, when he met "the girl," he had already crowded several lives into his one short life. What, then, did he have to offer her? Stability, assurance of being taken care of, comfort and ease? He could not be sure he could give her these. And don't forget, she was an invalid.

So he did the only thing possible to do. He left her—and he left her without a word, because he could not trust himself to tell her he was going. Isn't it strange that what often seems to be the most cruel of deeds turns out to be courageous when all the facts are known?

His giving her up shattered him and so he thought he would live so fast that he would not have time to remember. He began chasing around with a wild, crazy, mad group of young people. This was his escape from the thing that haunted him. One day two girls and another boy of that crowd came to him in a big blue car they said had

been loaned to them and they told him that they were going to Scott Fitzgerald's beach house.

They did go to the beach and stopped in front of a house. When nobody answered the bell the other boy went around to the back of the house and let them in so that they could avail themselves of hospitality to which they had no right.

AT last the owner of the house (it was not Fitzgerald) came home, found them there and was infuriated. But Bill's friend was a smooth talker and the crazy escapade ended with the owner's asking them to remain as his guests.

However, there were not always trick endings to Bill's adventures during that mad period of his life. The friends who he thought were just wild kids were, he discovered one disastrous night, a gang of petty thieves and blackmailers. One evening there was a mix-up over a girl. Bill hit the leader of the gang over the head with a bottle. Gallantly enough, he remained to tie up the boy's bleeding head and then got out fast! He never saw any of them again.

And thus "the girl's" influence was still felt. In trying to blot out her memory, in trying to be free, he had almost lost his freedom permanently.

And now he saw how ephemeral a thing freedom is. He needed that experience with the small time gangsters to teach him, so he traded freedom for a career. And that career has driven him ever since. The stage—and long hours of work—claimed him. Then came pictures and more work. His work has bound him.

The girl? Bill is twenty-five now. He knew her when he was twenty. Too much water has flowed under the bridge of experience for him to go back over lost territory. But she is still in his mind.

Now a lot of people have had strange

and colorful lives. The part that makes Bill's different is that his fantastic career has taught him how to live and given him a—I hate the word, but it says what I mean—philosophy that is startlingly mature for a boy of his age. His mind runs straight and true. He is sensitive, honest and sincere. And long since he has stopped just skimming the surface of things. Bill Kirkland goes deep, deep into human relationships. And because of this abundance of honesty and sincerity he is fitted to give some rare moments to the camera.

Although there are no more mad moments in his life—surely he has had enough of those—I don't want you to get the idea that he has grown stodgy. Not very long ago he said:

"Life is keenest when death is closest. The times I've felt most alive are when I've been in automobile smash-ups, a plane crack and a few weeks ago on a runaway horse in the Malibu Mountains.

"I was riding a friend's horse that had never been ridden except by the owner. The big black stallion was nervous with a new master, especially so on those trails about two feet wide over the canyon. When a rabbit zipped down the trail, the stallion bolted.

"If I pulled him in he might have reared and gone over the side of the

mountain, so I let him have his head. I cut through the overhanging branches like a bullet and when he went around turns I could hear the dislodged rocks clattering down. He was heading for the narrowest and highest trail on the mountain.

"But I didn't have time to be scared. All I could feel was the thrill. I sighted a sort of peninsula of ground at a turn ahead and decided to land there, so I kicked out of the stirrups and threw myself. And that horse backed up to where there was enough ground to turn on and nosed me!

"By this time I had had enough time to get scared but I figured that he had run me about four miles and I'd rather be killed than walk that far in riding boots so I got on again and stayed on this time.

"I found out the next day that I had broken a rib, but I didn't feel it until the next day. And that's what's so swell about excitement—you don't have to pay for it until you've had it. And that's what's so silly about a thoughtful life, you pay for everything in advance—even what you don't get.

"You never appreciate life so much as when you're standing on the brink of a volcano. But the penalty is that you cease to be impressed with a wisp of smoke from a cigarette."

Three Vital Moments

(Continued from page 29)

charged with emotion as to offer us a full explanation of the three major slants of his personality.

NEVER, never, never will I forget the first one!" Clark says. "It was when I was six years old, and they told me that the woman I thought was my mother wasn't my mother at all, but my step-mother."

As he speaks of it, even today when so many years have passed, his voice is vibrant with the bitterness of that moment.

"My real mother died seven months after I was born. My father didn't know what to do with a seven-months baby, so he took me out to my grandfather's farm and turned me over to Grandma. I stayed there until I was two and a half years old. Then Dad married again, and took me back. The idea was that I would grow up believing that Dad's new wife was my real mother. I'd do the same thing for a kid of my own. It was sweet of them. They thought they were saving me from ever learning that my mother had died. They had no way of knowing that it wouldn't work out that way. What spoiled their plan was that we lived in a small country town—Hopedale, Ohio. Everybody knew everybody else's family secrets. And, of course, kids are worse gossips than their parents, because they don't understand what the gossip is about, except that it must be

important or else their folks wouldn't be so interested in it, and the mystery makes it all the more attractive to them. I guess every kid in town knew that I was a step-child, except me. It didn't come out until I was six years old, when I started school. I was crazy about that school! To me, so new in it, it seemed like just a place for a lot of kids to get together and play games. I remember just when it happened. We were coming out of school for the morning recess. The first thing I knew, some kid was yelling in singsong fashion, the way kids do:

"'Clark ain't got no Ma-a,
Clark ain't got no Ma-a!'

"I thought it was some new kind of game, at first, but the next minute there was a whole ring of kids around me. The secret was out, you see. They stared at me the way they might have stared at a dog that had been run over in the street. I suppose they were just curious, wanting to see how I'd take it. And then they all took up that singsong.

"'Go on, I have too got a Ma,' I said. I tried to keep from crying.

"'No you ain't, either. You got a step-ma. Your ma is dead. The ma you got ain't no real ma at all.'

"When the bell rang, it was all I could do to make it to my desk. I haven't the least idea what the rest of that day was like. I must have been in a kind of—what would you say—stupor?



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THAT moment may easily explain the bitterness and disillusionment which are so much a part of Clark's screen appeal today. A child of six is a thousandfold more sensitive than we, his elders, believe. Children suffer more than grown-ups, because they have no way of knowing that their suffering is not going to last 'for ever and ever.' Those stupid little schoolmates implanted in Clark's soul, so deeply that he has never since been able to remove it, a conviction that he was different, that he was an outcast. And at the same time they killed his faith in his parents, not only heightening that conviction but also lessening his faith in everybody in general. Clark became, as a result, a sullen and suspicious boy. To this day, he is unable to trust anything, or anybody, wholeheartedly. Thus we say that he is disillusioned and cynical.

For our second determinative moment in Clark's life we must skip to his eighteenth year. At eighteen Clark was working in a factory, at Akron, Ohio, which specialized in the making of auto rims. The steel was brought into the factory in long strips. These were cut into lengths according to the circumference of the tire rims being turned out, and the lengths were fed into bending-machines. The bending-machines took the straight lengths, clamped them tightly, and then, when the steam-pressure was turned on, with terrific force curled them into perfect circles.

Clark's past, young though he was, already included working as a lumberjack, a newspaper advertising man, a tool-dresser in the oil fields, and a haberdashery clerk. He was in the steel-mill as a timekeeper. Drifting around among the workers, he had often wondered what would happen if one of them should become careless about inserting his strip of steel into his machine. The men were on piece-work, and they worked fast. It seemed inevitable that, sooner or later, somebody's flying fingers would make a mistake. So, one day when he heard a report like a cannon-shot, Clark knew instantly what had happened. Either a length of steel had snapped because of a fault in it, or a man had shoved it into the bending-machine without proper caution.

DASHING out of his small time-keeper's office, he raced in the direction of the report, for he knew that the workman would be hurt, and that bandages and tourniquets might be needed. He need not have hurried. The rim, lashing out from the machine like a coiled spring, had killed the man instantly. Its lower end had crushed

his chest and his arms. Its upper end had sheared his head off, smashing it to a pulp. Blood was pumping from the arteries of the headless neck in a veritable fountain.

"I was almost the first man there," Clark says, "and I got a good look. It made me feel faint, and sick at my stomach. I saw that poor, bloody, smashed devil for months afterward. I don't mean I just had dreams about him; I had regular hallucinations, in broad daylight. The whole scene would come back to me, down to the smallest detail. Months and months, it took, before it went away."

It never has gone away, entirely. It explains why Clark is reckless, grim and defiant. Why try to get a secure, easy life for yourself, when there is no such thing in the universe as security? When an accident may come at any second which will smash you to bits as that workman was smashed? Be reckless! For life itself is reckless! It is no wonder that Clark gives us the impression of grimness. That bending-machine taught him how grim fate can be! A piece of faulty steel—a slip of your finger, that you can't help—and you're over the boundary-line of death before you ever know what hits you. If that isn't grim, what is?

The moment in Clark's eventful life which determined the third major slant of his personality was of another kind entirely. The first two were instantaneous reactions. The third built itself up over a period of years, and came to him in the form of a slow realization, in the dingy hall bedroom of a third-rate hotel.

HE had left the oil fields for the stage, by that time. Why he wanted to be an actor he had no idea—"I guess because the work was easier than tool-dressing," he says, now, smiling. Merely to be one had seemed sufficient to him, at first, looking at it from the vantage-point of an oil derrick. Actors made money, they had an easy life, they traveled, they grew famous and beloved. What a marvelous existence! . . . At any rate, he had made his decision, and now he was an actor. He had played in Little Theaters, in ten-twenty-thirt'; he had toured the country in stock companies; he had played leading parts in Texas, he had carried a spear in Jane Cowl's "Romeo and Juliet" company on the coast. He had gone up, down, up, down. He was an actor.

"And then, one night, something hit me," Clark tells you. "I don't remember what town it was, but I remember the hotel bedroom I was in. I'd finished work at the theater, had something to eat, and come back to the hotel. I was getting ready for bed, and, all of a sudden, I began to look around me, at the room, as if my eyes had opened twice as wide as usual.

"Look at this dump," I said to myself. 'Look at it! An iron bed. A mattress. A dusty red carpet. Varnished, ugly wood. Faded wallpaper. Four walls, like a box. This is a fine way to live! So this is what you get for being an actor!'

"Then I began to look at it the other

way 'round. 'All right,' I said to myself, 'now, suppose that you get to be a success. In this business you go up and down, up and down. I've been a success before, and I'll be a success again, as soon as I get into a decent play. All right—suppose I'm a success. What of it? All I'm living in this hole for is to keep going until I'm a success. What is success good for, to make me want it so badly?'

"I thought it over, sitting there on that hard bed with one shoe off and one shoe on, and it came to me that I didn't really care whether I was successful or not. Success would never mean anything to me because I didn't have anyone to share it with, anyone to be proud of me. Here I was, kicking around the country, giving year after year of my life to it, eating bum food, sloshing through rain and snow, nursing myself in hotel bedrooms when I caught cold, putting up with a lot of misery, struggling to get ahead—when not one soul in the world cared whether I lived or died. What difference did my life make? I had *nobody*!

"I can't quite describe to you what that feeling was. It only lasted for a minute or so—maybe only a few sec-

onds—but it was as if all the loneliness of all the lonely people in the world poured into me!"

And that loneliness, too, has never quite left Clark. It shows in his face. You hear overtones of it in his voice.

It explains, in all probability, why women sense in him the need of love. In a flash of awareness, in that dingy hotel room, he learned how terribly he needed love, how marvelous and how desirable a thing love is. The hunger for love, that burst into fierce flame then, has colored his subconscious mind ever since. Ah, yes—if he were given love, he would know what to do with it! For he knows its value. And women *know that he knows*.

Clark Gable is bitter, defiant, and wistful. . . . Bitter, because the heart of a boy of six was shattered. Defiant, because a blood-spattered machine mocked a sensitive boy of eighteen with the truths that the good die with the wicked, and that a man's life is not precious in the eyes of nature. Wistful, because a young man in his late twenties realized that, though he spent the rest of his life searching, he might never find enough love to warm away his intense loneliness and yearning.

Hepburn's Behavior

(Continued from page 31)

Peace Party Headquarters, while the girlish, half-grown Katharine asked me about reform (yes, I was also a Dress Reformer then!) and listened attentively while I expounded the evils of conforming to basically ugly and swiftly changing fashions.

I recall well how her eyes widened as I enlarged on the freedom of the body, the beauty of Greek costumes and the cult of the classic dance.

"Well! My body is *always* going to be free!" she declared in solemn agreement with me.

And then, I remember, we both turned to criticize the costumes of the women passing on Fifth Avenue below the office window. The tight, uncomfortable costumes of early, pre-war days, mixed with the uniforms of all nations. I wore a Greek robe, myself, and Katharine was as interested in it, if not more so, than in the anti-war propaganda our office was putting out. In that day I little dreamed that, in two short weeks, President Wilson would have declared war in spite of our puny efforts, and that I would have changed my tunic for a military tunic, and my desk for the driver's seat of an ambulance, but such was the case—While Katharine—well, Katharine, with all of the indelibly printed radicalism of her childhood background fresh in her young mind, was to be plunged during her most formative years, into the flaming youth set which was such a notable by-product of the World war!

That was all years and years ago. My world moved—as did the Hepburns'. We

drifted apart. Even the name came to mean little to me. And so, when Katharine Hepburn started startling Hollywood—where I have been living for some years—I did not realize it was the same little girl who had been taught to always express herself.

I finally met the wild young lady. I looked at her with a puzzled expression in my eyes. Then the past came back.

"**W**HY, I remember you from the old days," I said. "And your mother—"

"Oh," Katharine burst out. "Oh, I was afraid you would. And if you do, you know altogether too much. I hoped you'd forgotten!"

I had forgotten, but now I remembered plenty. Her family far from opposing the girl's stage career, had been delighted at her choosing the theater as a profession. They would have been equally pleased if she'd decided upon big game hunting in Africa, provided Katharine was "expressing her true self fully."

I noticed that the aftermath of the war has left a mark of change upon her, so that the little lines about her mouth and eyes tell a tale of deep experiences and fierce emotional battles. But the girl was no longer a puzzle to me—knowing these intimate details of her hitherto secret youth, I understood—her fierce rebellions—her impatience—her superior attitude—for it is a fact that, whatever else may be said of her, Katharine Hepburn is not as other women. And you know the reasons.



**She
feared
this
darkness
around her...**

**. . . but she was more
afraid to stay in that house!**

BABY-TALK GIRL. Prude. Ninny. That's what they called her. But all the names in the world couldn't overcome Nita's distaste for promiscuous kissing.

Something in her rebelled against the random petting of this house party to which Jerry had brought her.

Came that awful scene—to sear her memory. . . . In shame and embarrassment she bowed her head; then, before astonished eyes, ran wildly, hysterically, from that house. . . .

Let Dorothy Dow tell you in her charming way the interesting conclusion of this stirring story that strikes home so deeply to every girl. Look for "SMALL TOWN GIRL" in the current issue of SWEETHEART STORIES.

You're due for a feast of absorbing love stories in the same issue, especially "Port o' Dreams," a complete novelette and a gloriously romantic tale of young love.

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Let's Talk About Hollywood

(Continued from page 84)

ALL this publicity Paramount is putting out about Marlene and her trousers is getting a lot of cracks from the sidelines. Her statement that she wears them "because they are so comfortable" rather contradicts the consensus of masculine opinion that tuxedos are about the most uncomfortable things created!

CLARK GABLE acted like a big overgrown kid when the jokesters on the set of "The White Sister" sprang a surprise party on him the other day. There was a huge birthday cake with one candle. Helen Hayes presented him with a bronze statue (kewpie doll) as the award for the most out-of-focus picture of the year (Clark has his own camera, y'know). Other gifts were: ear tape, a moth eaten polar bear head with pop gun attached, one lone peanut in a box and a candle stick.

London reports that Marlene Dietrich and Ramon Novarro are scheduled to grace their fair city this summer—in vaudeville. What accents that will make!

EVERYTHING is beginning to look up for Mae Clarke. This gal has had some mighty tough breaks, but that's all over now. Her latest good news is a nice contract from M. G. M., which she earned after her role in "Rivets" with Jack Gilbert. She's all set to step into "Soviet" which will co-star Clark Gable and Wallace Beery. It looks like Mrs. Clarke's girl is "sittin' pretty."

William S. Hart will always have a place in his heart for horses. Recently when he stepped off the train in Chicago he noticed a poor old nag shivering in the rain. Bill immediately went over and bought a bright red apple and offered it to the horse. . . .

JIMMY CAGNEY'S next picture dealing with "reform" must have had its affect on him! He (yes, the

same red-headed rascal that put up such a howl over a raise just a few months ago) has voluntarily taken a cut in salary!

SAN FRANCISCO folks who attended the opening of the musical revue "Tattle Tales" received quite a shock when the leading lady, Barbara Stanwyck, became suddenly ill and had to be taken to her hotel on a stretcher. The manager announced that the show couldn't go on without her, so their money would be refunded at the box office.

Barbara has been ailing for some time, but like all good troupers, has tried to "carry on" in spite of it.

Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor are seen everywhere together! And just a few weeks ago Eleanor started divorce proceedings against Vidor and ooh, the nasty things she said about him! It's a queer world. . . .

HARPO MARX has challenged Ely Culbertson's remark that "There isn't a good bridge player in the movie colony." He and Chico are going to take on the expert and his wife in a fifteen rubber match. Harpo says he has no family ties, so "all night" sessions will be okay with him.

Culbertson has proved quite a disappointment to a lot of Hollywood dames. They all had hopes of playing a hand or two with the great Eli, but so far his social engagements have been almost nil! It's all business with him. In fact, he takes it so seriously that the director on his picture walked out because Culbertson raised such a fuss about the way the cards were dealt in a certain scene!

WE ran across Marie Prevost and Buster Collier billing and cooing over their tea cups the other afternoon. They've been doing it for ages! The thing that caught our attention, tho, was Marie's figure. Remember how plump she used to be? All gone. This

Prevost lady now has one of the slickest figures in Hollywood! Exercise turned the trick, says Marie—especially walking.

'Tis said Lydell Peck is ready, willing and able to kiss and make up any time Janet Gaynor says the word. But the only "word" Janet seems to be saying is to her Mexican attorney.

HOLLYWOOD men decided it was high time they did something about this "pants craze" among the females; so Wally Beery walked blithely into the Derby one noontime with two gorgeous (?) women on either arm. Upon close inspection the "women" turned out to be Wheeler and Woolsey in skirts! (Both smoked black cigars). Next day the Marx brothers tripped daintly down the boulevard in ruffles! Jimmy Durante went to the other extreme and sallied forth in a pair of "knicker-slacks," which are nothing but abbreviated shorts! Schnozzle claims they're veddy comfy, and accentuate the beauty of his shapely limbs!

After a year's absence, Esther Ralston along with hubby George Webb and baby Mary Esther, is giving her home town Hollywood a fleeting visit. Esther has been faring very well over in Europe during the last year.

ANOTHER marriage gone on the rocks! This time it's Boots Malory who is asking to be relieved of marital ties. The husband in this case is Charles Bennett, New York agent. And the reason is "temperament" as usual.

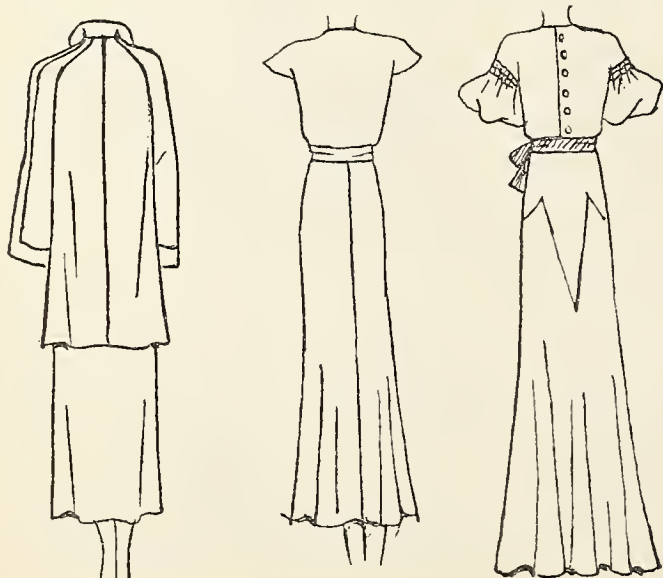
In the same breath we announce the marriage of Josephine Dunn and Eugene John Lewis, attorney.

So that evens things up.

A warning to all butlers: Always laugh at your master's jokes, no matter how many times you've heard them! A well known Exec in Hollywood recently fired his man because he refused to even smile when said Exec made a funny crack in front of a room full of people.

PLEASE save the part for me, I'll promise to get well in a hurry!" So cried Benita Hume as she was rushed to the hospital for an appendicitis operation. Benita, English actress, had just signed a ticket with M-G-M and was about to step into her first leading rôle in "Service" when the ol' appendix started turning cartwheels.

We regret that owing to the number of stories in this issue we simply hadn't space for our Directory of Players. This will surely be included in our next issue. If, in the meantime, you need our Directory, send ten cents in stamps to MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City—saying it's for the Directory—and we'll send you the latest one on hand.



The back views of three of our patterns—the swagger coat and skirt (5215 and 5170), the afternoon frock (5202) and the semi-formal gown (5112). The front views are on page 71.

PICK UP!



She sought refuge in his taxicab, but found ?

Freedom was a mockery for Mary Richards! Yes, the prison gates had opened—but to what had they released her Bleak city streets. . . .

Homeless, desperate, seeking shelter from the rain and cold, she darted suddenly into a parked taxicab. But its driver had been raised in a world where people paid for the things they received.

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