

LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

MODERN SCREEN

JUNE 33

10
CENTS



Sally
Eilers

GARBO'S UNKNOWN ESCORT

"Color's the Thing!"

says JOHN HELD, Jr.

The Famous Artist and Author gives some Fashion Advice for your Spring Apparel and Home Decorations

BEFORE I started to make the drawings for this page, I interviewed well-known style creators and interior decorators. "What", I asked, "is the outstanding fashion note for Spring?" "Color!", they answered. "Color in every article of apparel—home decorations, too. Color that is lively, brilliant, cheerful."

That being the case, how fortunate there is such a product as Tintex. With these so-easy-to-use Tints and Dyes, you can give everything you wear the gayest colors of the season—at an insignificant cost!

John
Held Jr.

Above, I've sketched three young ladies who have just finished their Spring Tintexing. And my! How the old home-stead glows with fresh, bright color. Faded curtains, drapes, slip-covers, table-linens, etc., have become just-like-new!

It's an exciting adventure to restore color or give new color to faded "undies," stockings, dresses, frocks, etc. And it's an adventure without any risk if you use Tintex. Never spots and never streaks.

A Tea-Time Interlude:—"No, darling, I must confess. This isn't a new dress—just last year's dress, given a glorious new Spring color with Tintex."

I've always felt that if any product has achieved leadership it must be pretty good. Don't you feel the same way? Well—Tintex is the largest-selling Tint and Dye in the world! Women seem to agree on Tintex.

Tintex
REDUCES FADING
TINTS AS YOU RINSE
PINK

THIS GRAY BOX TINTS AND DYES ALL MATERIALS
COTTON, SILK, WOOL, RAYON, MIXED FABRICS
© 1954 BY PARK & TILFORD

You can always get just the color you want with Tintex Tints and Dyes. There are 35 fashionable colors to choose from. And you can buy them all-over-town!

One real kiss gave her new ideas on life!

She could lick an army! Swear like a trooper! Drink any man down! What a man-eater she was! Until a *real* man came along and gave her new ideas on life. From then on things were certainly changed! . . . This is the "different" picture you've been longing for. So gay and merry you'll laugh yourself sick when you see it—and laugh a lot more every time you think about it. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre, now, when it is going to be shown.

"THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND"

A Jesse L. Lasky Production

with

ELISSA LANDI
MARJORIE RAMBEAU
ERNEST TRUEX
DAVID MANNERS

Directed by Walter Lang

A

FOX
P I C T U R E



In this picture it's
the women who do
the chasing—the
men who are
chaste!

MODERN SCREEN

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ERNEST V. HEYN, Editor

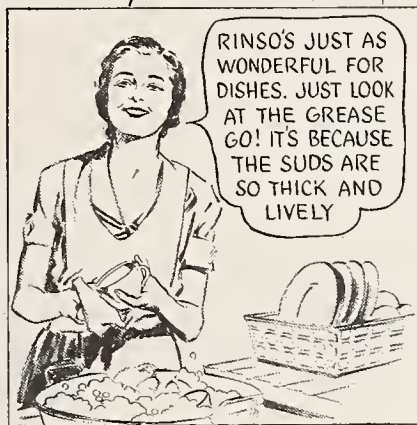
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LOOK! MY WASH
IS 4 OR 5 SHADES
WHITER, AND
SWEET AS CLOVER—
YET I DIDN'T SCRUB
OR BOIL IT



You can save \$100 by washing your clothes this easy way

NOTHING is harder on clothes than scrubbing them against a washboard. Save money—use Rinso! Its lively suds *soak* out dirt. Clothes come 4 or 5 shades whiter—last 2 or 3 times longer. It's possible to save \$100 or more on clothes by washing them this safe, "scrubless" Rinso way.

The home-making experts of

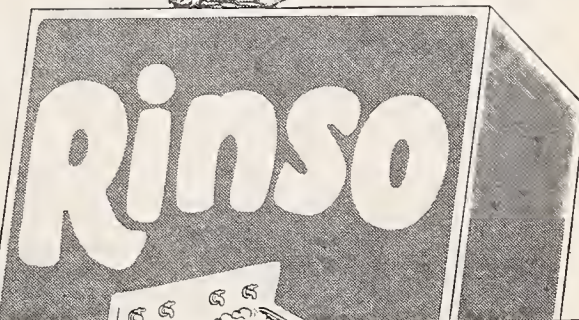
316 leading newspapers recommend Rinso. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water.

Great in washers, too

Makers of 40 famous washers say, "Rinso for safety and whiter clothes!" Wonderful for dishes—*easy on hands!* Get the BIG box.

WHAT! RINSO
MAKES CLOTHES
LAST LONGER?

YES, 2 OR 3
TIMES
LONGER



The biggest-selling package soap in America

R E V I E W S

—a tour of today's talkies

PICTURE SNATCHER (Warner)

THIS boy Cagney never misses! Here we have Jimmy fresh out of the Big House with a determination to go straight. He gets a job on a newspaper, falls in love with a cop's daughter, is instrumental in getting the cop a promotion and then unintentionally demotes him again. But when a couple of policemen are bumped off, Jimmy turns hero, wrings in the old cop on the glory, and both go on up the ranks—with Cagney winning the gal (Patricia Ellis) as well.

Cagney is at his best in this snappy fast-moving comedy. He has ample support in ga-ga-eyed Alice White, Robert Emmett O'Connor as the cop and Ralph Bellamy as the city editor. You'd be foolish to miss this one.

OUR BETTERS (Radio)

Here we have the beautiful Connie Bennett in a gay, witty and sophisticated yarn about decadent post-war society. Connie, an American gal with lots of doray, falls in love and marries a man of title (Alan Mowbray). When she learns he's married her for her money, she becomes the most disillusioned and notorious woman in London society. There are some very subtle situations, loads of sparkling dialogue, and acting and direction are smooth as silk. Gilbert Roland makes a slick gigolo, Anita Louise and Charles Starrett furnish refreshing romance and Violet Kemble Cooper as the duchess *almost* beats Connie to the laurels. Swell satire.

THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE (Paramount)

This is not a picture for churchgoers. Taken from William Faulkner's devastatingly frank novel, "Sanctuary," it shows us Miriam Hopkins as the wild daughter of a respectable Southern family. She is scheduled to marry William Gargan, a nice young attorney.

But she craves adventure and gets it by running away from a party with Buster Collier, just for fun. They fall into the hands of some ultra-tough bootleggers, headed by Jack LaRue—and when you see him you'll know why George Raft didn't want this cruel, nasty role. A terrible character to play.



James Cagney and Alice White in "Picture Snatcher." Cagney is at his best in this one—and that's saying plenty. The story is good, too.

Pictures marked ● are recommended. Those marked ●● are specially recommended. Brief reviews on page 90.

- ● Picture Snatcher
- Our Betters
- The Story of Temple Drake
- ● Hell Below
- Out All Night
- ● Today We Live
- ● Zoo in Budapest
- ● Christopher Strong
- Baby Face
- ● The Working Man
- ● The Barbarian
- ● Trick for Trick
- ● Gabriel Over the White House
- Sweepings
- ● The White Sister
- Fast Workers
- The Kiss Before the Mirror
- ● Pick-Up
- ● Clear All Wires
- Central Airport
- ● The Cohens and the Kellys in Trouble
- Humanity
- Pleasure Cruise

LaRue does it splendidly, but there's not an ounce of sympathy in it. Miriam makes Temple Drake understandable. Buster Collier is good in his small role. Gargan is somewhat miscast.

We advise you to see this if you'll promise not to be shocked.

HELL BELOW (M-G-M)

This picture has entertainment, and *what* entertainment! It moves along rapidly, has plenty of punch, sweet love story and good hearty comedy. Robert Montgomery is a naval officer whose orders have sent several members of his crew to their death. He is court-martialed, sends his girl back to her crippled husband, and meets his punishment bravely. You will like Montgomery in this serious role. Madge Evans makes a lovely heroine, and Jimmy Durante and his kangaroo will send you into hysterics. Edwin Styles is good as the crippled husband, and Robert Young and Eugene Pallette are okay in their parts. But we're leaving the best till last. Walter Huston. He's *grand*!

OUT ALL NIGHT (Universal)

This Zasu Pitts-Slim Summer-ville comedy is a rib-tickler if there ever was one! They're a coupla newlyweds in this yarn, trying to enjoy a honeymoon at Niagara Falls. But what (Continued on page 8)

Are Men's glances Keen...Women's Friendly ...Do they Admire your Skin?



Face to face with one friend, or surrounded by people—wherever you are, someone's eyes are searching you—scrutinizing your skin. For you, like every other woman, are in a Beauty Contest every day—ever the object of critical eyes that find you beautiful or consider you plain.



• *Exquisite cleanliness is Beauty's first law. With a soft cloth, apply a rich lather of Camay and warm water to your skin. Rinse well with cold water.*



You may live grandly in a mansion, or modestly in a cottage. Yet you cannot escape the Beauty Contest of life... the rivalry of woman against woman. Wealth and social position cannot help you. But a fresh, radiant skin is a glorious weapon.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

To have a skin that is soft and velvety, use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Camay is creamy-white—pure—delicate

as dew upon your cheek. The quick, luxuriant lather it yields, in hard water, as in soft, cleanses the pores deeply and gently and brings out the fresh, natural loveliness of your skin. A finer beauty soap has never been made!

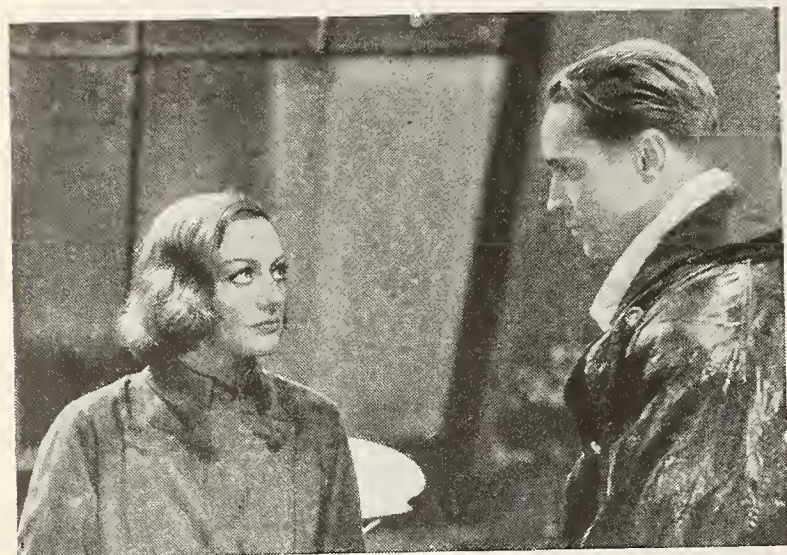
The cost of keeping your skin lovely is amazingly low! Never in your lifetime have you known a soap so fine, so delicately perfumed, so beautifully wrapped to cost so little! Get a supply of Camay today.

• *Camay is pure—made of delicate oils. Its luxuriant lather is as gentle and refreshing in your bath as on your face and hands! Try it today!*

Copyright, 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



(Above) Walter Huston and Karen Morley in "Gabriel Over the White House." A political satire, plus a real story. A splendid film. See it. (Above, left) Madge Evans, Walter Huston and Robert Montgomery in "Hell Below." All about a submarine and its inmates and how Bob gives the wrong orders which send a number of men to their doom. Bob, and Huston and Madge Evans, are all swell. (Left) Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone in "Today We Live." It concerns a girl, her brother and her girlhood sweetheart and the entrance into her life of the man she really loves. Good.

(Continued from page 6)
with one of them thar nosey mamas-in-law, they have little chance for privacy. There's a kidnapping scene that's a wow. Zasu and Slim are funny as usual . . . especially Zasu. But that mamma-in-law (Laura Hope Crews) steals most of the laughs. Forget your troubles for an evening and have a chuckle for yourself.

TODAY WE LIVE (M-G-M)

Chalk this one up as a "must see." It boasts of fine acting, thrilling battle scenes and a beautiful love story. The action takes place in England and on the battlefields of France and the principal characters are a girl (Joan Crawford), her brother (Franchot Tone) and her childhood sweetheart (Robert Young). The three are inseparable and share all secrets. Then enters the American (Gary Cooper) and he and the girl fall in love.

Joan has never been more ravishing to look upon . . . and Cooper, Young and Tone are all letter-perfect in their portrayals. Roscoe Karns and Louise Closser Hale furnish the laughs.

ZOO IN BUDAPEST (Fox)

This is a love story with an unusual background. Gene Raymond, an attendant in a great zoo, meets Loretta Young, runaway from an orphan asylum. But it's the animals, not the love

story, which really hold your interest. The elephants stampede and manage to let most of the other animals escape, what with their trampling down of cages and all. Then everyone has to turn to and catch the lions and tigers and leopards again and put them back in their cages. Very exciting. And the photography is excellent. Take the whole family.

CHRISTOPHER STRONG (Radio)

Ever since her sensational performance in "Bill of Divorcement" every eye has been focused on Katharine Hepburn. Whether she would be as good in her second flicker was questioned. But this Hepburn gal is okay. What an actress!

The story is secondary to the Hepburn personality. It concerns a married man (Colin Clive) and his wife (Billie Burke). They are happily married until the man meets the young innocent gal . . . and they fall in love. Colin Clive and Billie Burke give fine performances. Ralph Forbes and Helen Chandler also contribute their share of good acting. But it's Hepburn you'll be watching, and remembering. You wouldn't want to miss this one.

BABY FACE (Warner)

Barbara Stanwyck steps forth in a role here that should put her right up in the front row. She's grand as the

tough, ambitious Lily Powers who knows all there is to know about men. And how she uses 'em!

From her dad's beer parlor in a small tank town, she graduates to New York where she goes to work in dead earnest. Her final victim is the president of a bank.

George Brent, Donald Cook and Arthur Hohl are all good. But it's Barbara's picture, and she was never better. Better leave the kiddies at home.

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE (M-G-M)

Excellent. It's like reading the headlines in the paper—when the paper has lots of news. It's what is known as a political satire, but don't let that make you think there's no story. Walter Huston, as the "dictator president" who settles national matters just like *that* is superb. It's rumored that President Roosevelt made several suggestions for this talkie. Franchot Tone as Huston's secretary gives his best performance to date. Karen Morley is good. See this.

THE BARBARIAN (M-G-M)

Here's *real* romance! You have the desert as the setting and a thrilling looking sheik who makes warm love to a cool and dignified English lady. But, of course, the lady weakens. Not since the Valentino days have we had such a good romantic yarn. (Continued on page 10)

IT WILL MAKE
"FRISCO JENNY"
TURN PALE

Even Broadway blushed at this sensational stage play of a 1933-model Delilah who had a weakness for every "strong man" in her barnstorming medicine show . . . If you liked Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jenny", you'll like her even better as "Lilly Turner", most lovable "bad girl" the screen has ever shown! » » »



RUTH
CHATTERTON
in
"LILLY TURNER"

with

GEORGE BRENT
Frank McHugh
Ruth Donnelly
Guy Kibbee

A First National Picture based on a play
by Philip Dunning and George Abbott
Directed by William A. Wellman

WARNER BROS. again!



(Above) Colin Clive and Katharine Hepburn in "Christopher Strong." Katharine is a dashing woman aviatrix and Colin is a respectably married man. They meet, fall in love and try to fight their emotions. (Above, left) Jack LaRue and Miriam Hopkins in one of the tense, tragic scenes from "The Story of Temple Drake." You'll hate LaRue for the villainy of his character—but you'll have to admire him for his acting. (Left) George Arliss and Bette Davis in "The Working Man." This is George Arliss at his best—a delightful, human film the whole family can see and enjoy. Bette is very lovely.

(Continued from page 8)

Ramon Novarro as the sheik is in his element and for the first time in her career Myrna Loy has a sympathetic role. She looks glamorous and makes a good subject for Novarro's burning kisses. Photography is gorgeous.

For the ladies particularly.

TRICK FOR TRICK (Fox)

Ralph Morgan is a magician and spiritualist in this one, and some of the stuff he pulls is worth your hard earned money to see. You'll get five laughs for every nickel you spend. Things happen fast and furiously in Morgan's house of mysteries. He and his rival (Victor Jory) are asked to aid the police in solving the murder of a girl (Sally Blane) . . . and from then on it's one trick and one laugh after another. Swell entertainment.

THE WORKING MAN (Warner)

This is George Arliss' best picture for some time. He plays a wealthy shoe manufacturer who never married—because his sweetheart married a rival. When this couple die, Arliss appoints himself incognito guardian of their children, Bette Davis and Theodore Newton, and rescues his long-ago rival's business from bankruptcy. But only temporarily—for other crises come and Arliss finds he must merge his business with his "rival's." So—he goes fishing. Hardie Albright is good as Arliss' nephew. And Bette Davis is lovely.

SWEEPINGS (Radio)

In this story we meet Daniel Pardway (Lionel Barrymore) and his wife as the proud owners of a small store in Chicago immediately after the big fire.

Pardway's entire lifetime is spent in building up this store until it becomes one of the city's leading establishments. His dream during all these years is that his children will continue in his footsteps. But one by one they disappoint him until in the end he realizes his old partner (Gregory Ratoff) is the real standby.

The story is a bit draggy in spots but the fine acting of Barrymore and Ratoff will leave you satisfied. The rest of the cast, including Eric Linden, Gloria Stuart, Alan Dinehart and William Gar- gan, is incidental.

THE WHITE SISTER (M-G-M)

This beautiful and tragic romance bears all the charm and poignancy of the silent version. The performances of Helen Hayes and Clark Gable are equally as sensitive and fine as those of Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman (if not more so). It is the story of a man and woman deeply in love. The man goes to war and word comes back that he has been killed. The girl becomes a nun, and the man returns only to learn that the bonds of religion are stronger even than her love for him.

Helen Hayes and Clark Gable were

never better. Lewis Stone, Louise Closer Hale and May Robson also contribute splendid performances.

FAST WORKERS (M-G-M)

This yarn didn't do anything for John Gilbert, but it did do a lot for Mae Clarke. Because of her excellent performance, M-G-M signed Mae to a nice long ticket.

The tale is about two riveters (Gilbert and Bob Armstrong). Yassha, you'll learn all about what these riveters do, think, say and even eat, but you won't find it particularly interesting. And don't say we didn't warn you.

KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR (Universal)

This should have been better. The story is a pip but bad production makes this just fair entertainment. It starts out with Paul Lukas finding his wife (Gloria Stuart) in a rather compromising position with her lover. He murders her. After he has told the story to his attorney friend (Frank Morgan) he, Morgan, finds his wife (Nancy Carroll) in the same situation when he returns home.

Morgan swears that if he can acquit his friend . . . he, too, will murder his wife. Lukas goes free, but Morgan and Nancy kiss and make up . . . and that ends the murdering. No, it's not boring. But it could have been better.

(Continued on page 82)

"I keep my lingerie lovely looking with LUX"

says *Wynne Gibson*

"No fastidious woman would think of wearing underthings a second day. It's so easy to Lux them, and Lux keeps colors and materials so exquisite! I also insist that my maid wash all sweaters and washable dresses in Lux. It's so economical that any girl can keep her things lovely the Hollywood way."

WYNNE GIBSON

Paramount Star appearing in "The Crime of the Century."

Why don't *you* follow this thrifty Hollywood rule

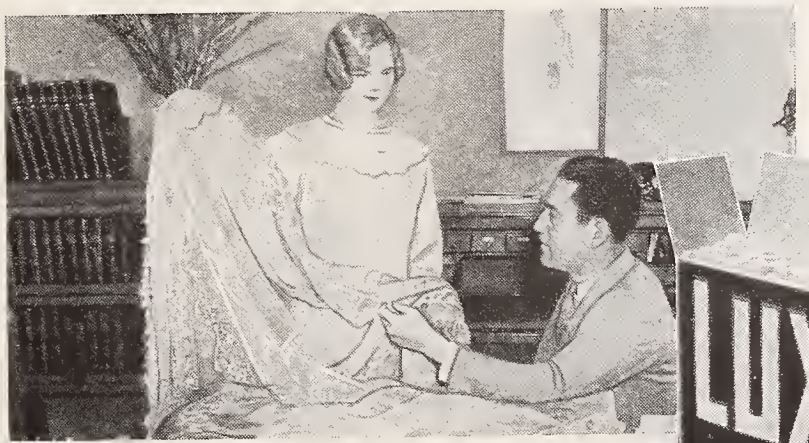
Everywhere girls follow the method lovely Wynne Gibson uses to keep lingerie exquisite looking...daily washing with Lux.

These gentle suds whisk away perspiration odor, yet protect color—keep fabrics looking like new. Avoid ordinary soaps—they often contain harmful alkali. Never rub with cake soap—it weakens silk. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Official in all the big studios...

Frank C. Richardson (right), Wardrobe Director of the Paramount Studio, says:

"Costumes represent a big investment that must be safeguarded. That's why Paramount specifies that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects the colors and materials . . . keeps them new longer . . . and saves money."



Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck
— **TRUST TO LUX**





All pictures by J. B. Scott



WHAT PICTURES!

Some grand informal shots of the stars! (Top, left) Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable are shown at the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel. This was their first night out after returning from that hunting trip in Utah. The hunting trip was grand. (Top, right) Gloria Swanson, looking chic as usual and younger than ever, arrives in Hollywood with husband Michael Farmer. (Bottom, left) Down at Agua Caliente. Gary Cooper with a friend, Margaret Beck. No romance. Really a friend. (Bottom, right) Claire Windsor and Antonio Moreno, also at Agua Caliente. These two are seen together very frequently. Romance? Well, there's some news about them on the next page. (Immediately, left) Jean Harlow, snapped on Sunset Boulevard. Just been at the hairdressers.

STARS USHER IN BEER WITH GAY FOAMY PARTIES

**Everybody Who Is Anybody
Publicly Celebrates the
Return of Legal Brew**

"Beer it ever so humble," sang Bing Crosby at the exclusive Little Club on the night that beer returned, "there's no-o-thing like foam!"

A grand gang was present at the Club. Bing and wife Dixie, Joby and Dick Arlen, Wesley and Arline Ruggles, Sue and Nick Stuart, Carole and Bill Powell with Dick Barthelmess. Gary Cooper, stag. And who should walk in, a bit late, but Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer.

It's funny, but the ladies didn't drink much beer. Fattening, you know. They do say that there will be a clause in lady stars' contracts forbidding them to touch it. Marlene Dietrich, however, figured that the new contract hadn't yet been signed.

Helen Hayes' European Vacation Cut Short by Call from Studio

Very recently Helen Hayes and her author husband, Charlie MacArthur sailed for a European holiday with Irving Thalberg and his wife, Norma Shearer. The four of them had planned to stay away for some months.

But, alas, Helen must return at once for M-G-M needs her to play in "Night Flight." The Thalbergs, however, will continue with their vacation plans. Mr. Thalberg hasn't been well, you know. He is much better already, though.

Robert Young and New Wife at Last Manage Honeymoon

Bob Young—the chap who made his first hit as the doctor in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"—recently married Elizabeth Henderson of Santa Ana. And ever since, the two of them have been trying to get away for their honeymoon.

Three times they packed their bags, but each time the studio had another assignment for Bob and the honeymoon had to be temporarily postponed. The fourth time, however, proved to be lucky, for they finally got away—to Vancouver, B. C.

Diana Wynyard Sails for Short Vacation in Deah Old Lunnon

M-G-M promised Diana Wynyard a vacation several weeks ago, but at the last minute decided to put her in "Reunion in Vienna" so that poor Diana had to wait awhile before setting off.

However, with "Reunion" finished, Diana and her English maid are now on their way to England.

Have a good time, Diana!



MERIAN C. COOPER AND DOROTHY JORDAN

Joan Crawford Trying to Forget Troubles in Gaiety

Joan has had a great deal of worry lately. The separation from Doug, Jr., of course, was the biggest worry. Joan and young Doug both did things as sensibly and intelligently as they could, nevertheless— But evidently Joan has decided that worry never solved any problems. So she repaired to Palm Springs. And since her return she's been doing the night places, chiefly with Franchot Tone.

Success of "42nd Street" Starts Rage for Musicals

Warners will follow the highly successful "42nd Street" with "Goldiggers of 1933"—with a huge cast. Fox makes "My Lips Betray" with Lilian Harvey and John Boles. Also "It's Great To Be Alive" and "My Weakness." M-G-M is doing the stage success, "The Cat and the Fiddle" with Ramon Novarro and "The Hollywood Revue of 1933." Paramount, of course, is doing "International House." And Radio, besides "Maiden Cruise," has in mind a musical, as yet an untitled, for Irene Dunne and Francis Lederer.

Flashes from Here and There

Aline McMahon was sued by Warner Bros. for failure to appear in a certain scene of one of their pictures.

While working in "Song of Songs" Dietrich was thrown from a horse and received concussion of the brain.

Nils Asther has been cast in "Night Flight." Also in it will be Helen Hayes, John Barrymore and Clark Gable. What a cast!

Wheeler and Woolsey are off for a four months' around-the-world trip.

Jean Harlow's taking up of the Tango has started Hollywood off on a new Tango craze. Everyone's doing it these days.

Alice Joyce has married Clarence Brown, director.

Wilson Mizner, famous wit and playwright and scenarist, died in Hollywood.

Will Rogers turned down the role in "Arizona to Broadway" so it was given to Jimmie Dunn.

MERRY MONTH OF MAY BIG TIME FOR DAN CUPID

**New Romances Kindling
And Old Loves Shelved
For New Thrills**

It's very hard to keep up. We'll start with Gary Cooper, who has ousted the Countess Frasso from his affections and taken up with Wera Engels from Germany. The Countess, however, has won Ivan Lebedeff. Little Dot Jordan has ensnared Merian C. ("King Kong") Cooper.

The warmest romance is that of Phillips Holmes and Florence Rice—Grantland Rice's daughter. It looks like a marriage. In fact there are rumors that they are married. And guess who else—Claire Windsor and Antonio Moreno. Tony's wife was killed in a tragic accident a while ago, you remember. Claire is the only woman he's been seen with since then.

Anita Louise Deserting Movies to Go Abroad and Study

Anita Louise, the lovely young thing whom you've seen in "The Phantom of Crestwood," "Our Betters" and "Little Women" is planning to go abroad soon to study voice culture.

As Anita is only sixteen, this time out from the movies will not harm her cinema career.

It will be her first time out of the country since babyhood. She was born in Vienna, you know. But hasn't been abroad since coming to America.

Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb Are Definitely Splitting Up

Rudy Vallee and his wife, Fay Webb, are definitely separated. A property settlement has been arranged. Fay may live in California.

The separation came as something of a surprise for it is only a few months ago that Fay's father had succeeded in bringing the two together after their first rift.

Fay may get the divorce in California.

Alice Faye, the soloist in Rudy's band, is being picked by the wisecracks as the next in line for the title of Mrs. Rudy Vallee.

Tom Mix and Former Wife in Morass of Hot Legal Battles

Tom Mix was sued by his former wife for payment of \$50,000 in promissory notes given her as property settlement at time of their divorce. Then Tom sued her for payment of half the income tax on their community property.

Mix won the first suit because the promissory notes were rendered void by his former wife's remarriage.



(Above) Baby Le Roy. "A Bedtime Story" has made him a star. (Left) Connie Bennett arriving back in Hollywood. (Below, left) Isn't he grand?



JOAN AND DOUG GOING PLACES!

WHEN we saw Joan and Doug together at the Roosevelt Blossom Room the other evening we were rather surprised. They seemed to be having a marvelous time dancing and all that! It happened just a few days after their separation had been announced.

Being of a snooping nature—and wondering whether they had changed their minds—we followed them down the stairs. They got into *separate* cars (rather unique idea for separations, what?) and started out in different directions!

Maybe it's just Joan's way of being particularly swell until Doug has had a chance to fight his way out of the law suit that's hanging over his head—a law suit that many people in Hollywood believe is a fake!

● Had you heard the true story about the Hollywood actor who lost his "upper plate" of false teeth while gambling at Caliente? Yes he did! And they landed on 32 while the wheel was spinning and *that* number came up (page Mr. Ripley).

● "Hello, Joe!" exclaimed an acquaintance to Joe E. Brown the other day on Hollywood Boulevard, "Say, you're fine after that recent operation. By the by, what did they operate on you for?"

"Five hundred dollars," replied Joe E.

"Yes, I know," went on the man, "but what did you have?"

"Five hundred dollars!" grinned Joe E., from ear to ear.

● The "Eskimo" company, headed by Director Van Dyke, is back in Hollywood, after over eight months in the frozen wastes of the north country. With "Van" comes a boatload of Eskimo actors; the "Greta Garbo" of the North; fur coats for everyone on the M-G-M lot; and a flock of swell yarns.

The Eskimo actors were immediately housed in a large bungalow—which had to be fenced in to keep the tribesmen from running into traffic (which they can't as yet comprehend) and getting themselves killed before the picture is finished!

Dortuk, the beautiful Eskimo leading lady, was taken to the studio and gowned in a beautiful evening dress—a sight that almost caused the rest of the natives to die from laughing.

Dortuk made the announcement that: "I don't care for the men in America . . . they laugh and make too much noise . . . I still prefer the men of the great *silent* north!"

● This never happened before in Hollywood:

The day before Mae West was expected back from the East, a large

Joan and Doug seen together at the Blossom Room—after their separation

EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW



J. B. Scott

Phil Berg, Leila Hyams and Buster Collier gave a joint circus party at the Beverly Hills Athletic Club. Don't the three of them look silly?



J. B. Scott

Among the distinguished guests at the circus party were Bill Haines and his escort, Polly Moran. Polly's all dressed for a snappy swim.



Acme

Ramon Novarro sails from New York on the S. S. Paris for a European concert tour. He recently finished his latest film, "The Barbarian."

group of theater owners in Southern California called at Paramount studio and demanded the pleasure of meeting the train and giving Mae a rousing welcome.

"... We want to show our appreciation to Miss West for the marvelous picture she has given us to show in our theaters... it's the first one in a long time that has made our friends stand in line at our box-offices!"

● Gary Cooper received a huge box from abroad the day before yesterday. He opened it, found a smaller box inside, tore inside that and found still a smaller one and so on until he at last came to a three-inch container in the very center. Inside was a small plaster bust with "Gary Cooper" inscribed on the base. A note was attached to the gift. It read:

"I found this at Harrods. I think it is revolting!"

(Signed) Charles Laughton.

RED LETTER DAY

OF course, the very fact that Bing Crosby is back in Hollywood is interesting, but this little side-light is more so, in our estimation:

Dixie Lee (Bing's charming wife) is going to have a baby. Sue Carol and Jobyna Arlen wanted her to have the same baby specialist that they were employing. The kick lies in the fact

that *now* Dr. Harris is almost positive both Joby Arlen and Dixie are going to have babies on the same day! What would the poor M.D. do if they should happen to arrive at the same hour?

● Bebe Daniels is to sing two new songs: "Hunger" and "I've Lost Everything," in that new picture for Columbia called "Cocktail Hour." We knew you'd be glad to hear the news because Bebe has such a lovely voice.

We've heard both the numbers and think they are swell. The unusual part of the whole item is the fact that Bebe's director in this picture (Victor Schertzinger) wrote them both. He is the composer who wrote "Marcheta."

HOT AND BOTHERED

THE romance between Lilian Bond and Jamison Thomas is still much more than lukewarm.

Can this be the *trudt*? Yes, we actually saw it with our own eyes. Claire Windsor out with her old buddy Rogers!

Miriam Hopkins and Jean Negulesco (formerly *like this* with Sidney Fox) are seen every place together and it begins to look as if it were *serial*!

● A certain young and quite popular actor was hailed before the night court the other dawning on the charge of "driving while under the influence."

The boys at the station drew the customary chalk line and told the gent to hold one arm "this way" and throw the other arm "this way"... to which the actor replied:

"Why, I couldn't perform this feat if I was sober!"

● The little inside story about the marriage of Kathleen (Panther Woman) Burke is quite cute. She and hubby-to-be Glen Rardin had hired the little church and had invited the wedding party for Tuesday. The day arrived and just as the bride was about to step into the car, the studio called with the command that she appear for a few added scenes.

The sweetheart and wedding party waited outside the studio in the car. The scenes dragged so it almost drove Kathleen crazy. Finally at *three o'clock* in the afternoon she mentioned to the director that she was supposed to have been married at *noon*! "Why didn't you tell me? You could have gone any time!" he said.

ALL OVER NOW

JOEL McCREA and Luana Walters have decided that romance is not for them. They are both free-lancing in the market of love.

Noah Beery, Jr., and Cecilia Parker were such a sweet couple, and *now*—!

Alice White and Cy Bartlett are still

The latest Hollywood romances...Why Wynne Gibson played golf in a skiing outfit



J. B. Scott

Lilian Harvey, the newest European Importation, and that French guy, Maurice Chevalier, are great friends. Lilian wept when she saw Maurice off on a vacation.



Look who's here! Be danged if it isn't that lovely creature who at one time was the sensation of what was then known as the silver sheet. Betty Blythe, to you.



International

Buster Keaton with the former May Scribens. This was taken in the garden of Buster's home after he and May returned from Ensenada, where they were married.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . .

this way and nothing seems to be happening to bring them together again. Your correspondent has a silly hunch they are just kidding each other though . . . they'll have those hours again, methinks!

● Can you imagine Wynne Gibson playing golf at the Santa Barbara course in a *skiing* outfit? Neither could any of the eastern visitors to the hotel. It happened this way:

Wynne had decided to go to the mountains and enjoy the snow over the week-end, but as she threw her bags into the car the rest of the gang changed their mind and named Santa Barbara as the point of destination. Wynne, as usual, offered no opposition and away they went. When she started out to play a round of golf a few hours later, she found that her bag was full of nothing but *skiing* clothes. It didn't stop her, though.

● Joan Blondell almost wishes she hadn't bought that swell big house on the hill with the estate that goes with it! Her pet dog fell in the fish pond yesterday and drowned! "We wouldn't have had a fish pond on a small place," cried Joan.

● If a loving kiss and tear-filled eyes mean anything, that romance between

Lilian Harvey and Maurice Chevalier must be nearing an engagement. When Lilian went down to the station to see Maurice off, she not only gave him a great beeg kiss or two, but copious tears rolled down her cheeks as the train pulled out carrying Chevalier off to Paris on a short vacation.

GARBO WEARING TROUSERS?

ONCE again Hollywood seems to have missed its guess about the great Garbo. After reporting that her trunks were packed, her passport obtained and the star herself on the high-seas bound for Hollywood, the lady comes out with this statement: "I am sorry but I have to tell you I am thoroughly enjoying my stay in Sweden, I feel very happy and I don't know when I am returning to Hollywood." No sooner was that denial printed than a number of rumors came to the effect that Garbo had *sailed* from Sweden on a freighter *dressed as a man*. The idea, of course, was to get on board without anyone knowing who she was. As soon as she was aboard she changed to her regular clothes. The freighter had only a very few passengers and all of them except Garbo—if it was Garbo—were sedate married couples.

● Joan Crawford found a real friend in Ruth Chatterton during her recent marital trouble. She went to Ruth with all her troubles and received some sound advice in return. That Ruth was all for Joan was indicated by a note addressed to Louella O. Parsons, asking the latter to be kind to Joan in her column. That sounds like real friendship!

● When Charles Wesley Ruggles reaches manhood he is going to know exactly how he looked as a baby, how

he acted and what he did every single day of his life. The infant son of Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles—and by the way, he was named after Wesley's noted actor-brother, Charlie Ruggles—will be photographed every day of his life in the same position, besides all sorts of other poses. The film is destined to show every stage of his development. His proud parents firmly believe he will compete with any baby in the world and those who have seen the young gentleman say he is indeed one of Hollywood's best-looking and best-acting babies.

HOW DO, MR. ER—

IF you don't remember names, well, don't feel so terribly bad about it—for neither does she of the golden voice, Kate Smith.

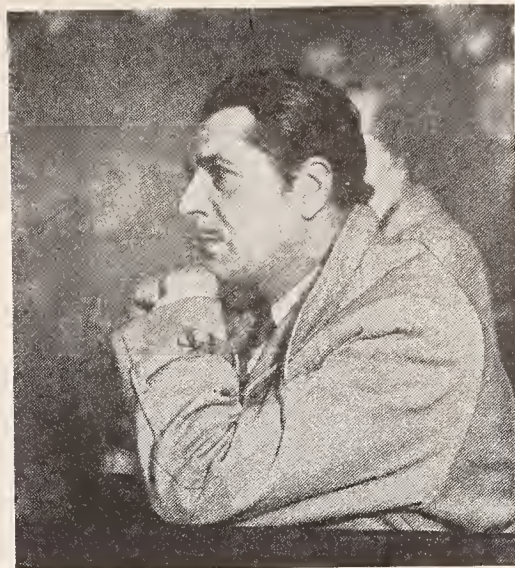
She couldn't, in fact, even remember the name of her director on "Hello Everybody," William Seiter, but usually called him "Mr Seidel." One of the assistant cameramen was named Rickenbacker. Miss Smith called him "Hollenberger"! One day he had some cards printed with his name in huge letters and handed Kate one of them. She laughingly thanked him—and a few minutes later she was calling him "Mr. Hamburger"!

● This is about a woman of high courage in the face of misfortune. Her name is Mrs. Harold Lockwood. Any of you who know your films will recall Harold Lockwood. When Mary Pickford was becoming "America's Sweetheart," when Norma Talmadge was rising to fame, when President Wilson was in his first term in the White House, when hobble skirts were in style and when war clouds were sweeping Europe, Harold Lockwood was a great star—

Garbo dressed as a man—supposed to have boarded an American bound freighter



J. B. Scott



J. B. Scott

The professional tennis matches in Hollywood usually manage to draw a number of the movie stars and starlets. Above, left, you see Buddy Rogers and Jeanette Loff. They're partners in a night club act, you know. Above, right, is that Arizona Kid, Warner Baxter. He really seems to be interested in the game.

same as, say, Gable today. That was yesterday. Today is today and Lockwood's widow is a make-up woman. Not even a regular one, either. Calls for her come only when casts are extremely large.

The other day on the Wheeler-Woolsey set at Radio was the first time in months she had worked. Yet, in spite of all the bitter breaks Hollywood has given her, she carries on. Her smile is just as big as when her husband was the toast of the young ladies everywhere. Their son, Harold, Jr., is still in secretarial school.

● That little runaway, Ann Dvorak, and her hubby Leslie Fenton are back in Hollywood again after almost a year's absence. You remember Ann walked out on Warner Bros. just as she was reaching the very peak of her career because that studio refused to give her the salary raise she wanted. Since then she and Les have wandered all over Europe, stopping in one place just long enough for Les to make a picture. Now that Ann's back, everything seems to be patched up between her and the studio . . . and that old salary probably looks pretty good.

● At the opening of "King Kong" at the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, Buster Keaton and his new wife more than shocked the natives by pulling up in front of the theatre in the sidecar of a motorcycle. Buster and his spouse were all decked out in evening clothes, and the sight of them alighting from this broken down motorcycle was almost too much for some of the sightseers.

● What a rep we must have! Dorothea Wieck (did you see her in "Maedchen in Uniform"?) cabled that she was leaving all her jewels at home and

that she would enter Hollywood well armed. All these wild reports of robberies among the stars had frightened the little foreign gal to death. She didn't *look* scared to us when she arrived.

GOOD FOR YOU, PEG

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE seems to have done Mrs. Oakie's boy, Jack a lot of good. He has actually discarded his pet sweatshirt and blossomed forth in silk hat, spats, bow tie, cane and gloves. And (yes, there's some more) he's bought himself a swanky new car with a dignified chauffeur at the wheel. My, what class when he takes Miss Joyce out stepping now! (See story on page 36.)

● Tallulah Bankhead's New York stage play "Forsaking All Others" is reported to be a wow! In fact so much so that extra coppers have been put on duty to keep the mob from actually pouncing on their Tallulie in their enthusiasm. And on top of all this success, comes an offer from Fox Studio to do the lead in "The Worst Woman in Paris," which is supposed to be a pip. Things are certainly looking up.

● If Harold Lloyd doesn't get some better locks for his beach home, he won't have anything left in the place. For the second time in a month robbers have broken into the place and gone off with some pretty choice stuff. The house has been vacant for several months, but if this continues it will soon be positively empty!

● Gloria Swanson and her mate, Michael Farmer, are back home again. It seems that Michael, who had a smell of the grease-paint in Gloria's last pic-

ture, "A Perfect Understanding," insisted upon the filmland visit, perhaps to continue his movie career. Gloria herself wasn't so keen on the trip. 'Tis reported the first thing that would greet her would be a lot of lawsuits.

● Poor Marlene. She started the pants craze in order to be comfy, and now we're told that she's so laced up in stays in her role in "Songs of Songs" that she can't even sit down between scenes. On top of that comes the report that she has had an offer to do a New York stage play, but with the understanding she is not to appear in trousers at any time!

● If you don't think bicycling is the current fad in Hollywood, you should take a ride out Toluca Lake way some Sunday morning. They'll soon need some policemen to handle the "wheel" traffic . . . it's that heavy. Almost every star has her own bicycle now. It's been found to be the ideal way of reducing. Mildred Davis has lost almost twenty-five pounds, and Joan Crawford admits her little red bike is responsible for her slick figure.

● It looks like a romance between Phillips Holmes and Florence Rice, daughter of Grantland Rice. Some say they're already wed. . . . Our snooper tells us that there will be wedding bells for Norma Talmadge and George Jessel as soon as Norma gets her divorce. . . . It's a sure-fire romance between Minna Gombell and Austin Parker (Miriam Hopkin's ex). . . . But the most talked-about romance in Hollywood at present is that of Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy. Ramon, who has stayed shy of women all these years, and who has at times admitted a desire to enter a monastery, seems to have fallen at last.

Ann Dvorak and her hubby back . . . Tallulah gets another movie offer



LEO: "I'm glad you made 'REUNION IN VIENNA', John. When I saw it on Broadway as a great Theatre Guild hit I knew you were the man for the part."

JOHN: "Thanks, Leo. It's an added pleasure to play opposite Diana Wynyard in such an exciting story."

LEO: "I'm sure it'll be a pleasure to the public to see it too, John!"



One night of reckless romance, risking capture to recapture the love of his mad days in the Imperial Court... Gayest of this year's Broadway romantic hits "REUNION IN VIENNA" becomes another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen delight...

with John Barrymore, Diana Wynyard, Frank Morgan.
Screen play by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West.
From the play by Robert E. Sherwood.
Directed by Sidney Franklin.

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

We honor Katharine Hepburn for her unique interpretation in "Christopher Strong."



We honor Sylvia Sidney and George Raft for their modern sincerity in "Pick-up."



We honor Helen Hayes and Clark Gable for their beautiful work in "The White Sister."



Wide World

THE HOLLYWOOD

By RUPERT
HUGHES

When the recent earthquake devastated Long Beach and Compton, the world feared that Hollywood and Los Angeles might have suffered, too. People, perhaps for the first time, realized just what an important city Los Angeles—which includes Hollywood—really is. Rupert Hughes, master of word painting, gives you a marvelous idea of the city's worth

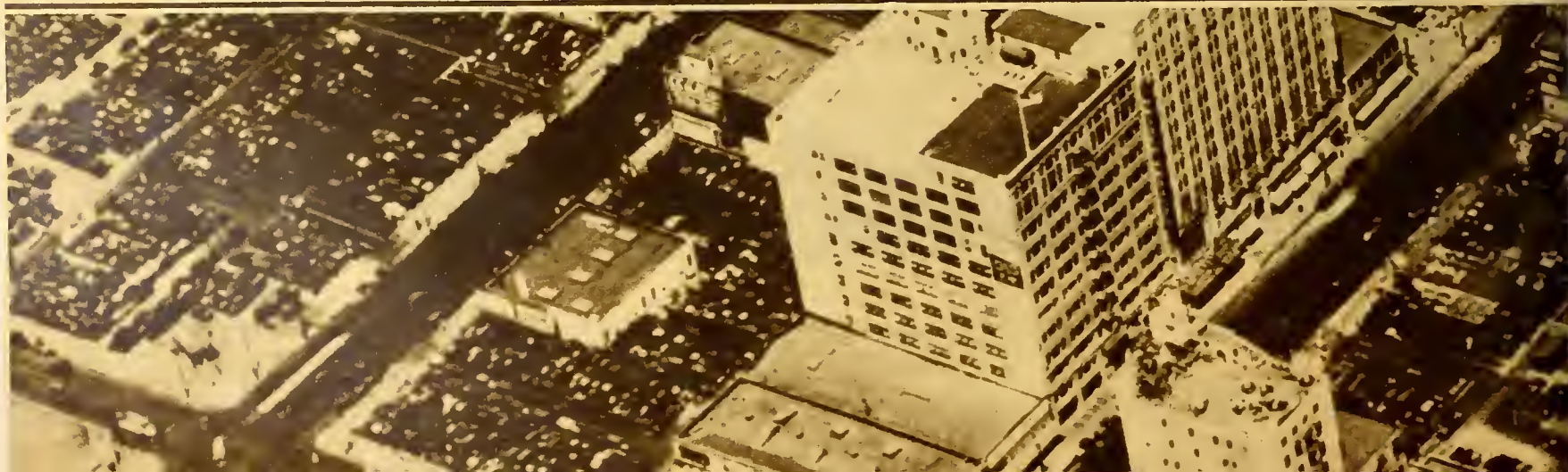
HOW those girls love one another!" might read with equal irony, "How those cities love one another."

San Francisco's resentment against Los Angeles, the little inglorious town that outstripped it in population and fame, is natural; but what grievance have the most distant cities against this remote metropolis of the southwestern corner of the country?

What makes Hollywood's unpopularity as a city most baffling is the fact that Hollywood's best known citizens are the most popular people in the world. They are recognized and discussed by every nation around the globe.

No city in the world has, or ever had, so many inhabitants whose names, faces and voices are so familiar in so many places and regarded with such affectionate interest. Little girls and mere lads in Hollywood are cherished in regions that have never so much as heard of our great-

With Los Angeles and Hollywood in actual danger of earthquake destruction





YOU DON'T KNOW

est statesmen, military heroes, scientists, scholars, painters, sculptors, architects.

Yet hardly anybody speaks a kind word for the city that made and makes these universal favorites what they are.

Los Angeles and the region thereabouts are undeniably among the paradises on this earth; yet novels whose scenes are laid there have to be satires on the people and the scenery or they are dismissed with contempt by the Eastern book reviewers. And almost all the book reviewers are Eastern.

The climate of Southern California is heavenly with rare hellish interludes; yet it has somehow been turned into a national joke. "Sunny Sou. Cal." is a byword. The brilliant and varied architecture which its tropical scenery justifies is never spoken of except with scorn and a superciliousness that is very trying.

WHEN James M. Cain, the author of the sensational and daring article called "Paradise," actually praised the swimming pools, I nearly swooned. A swimming pool is, of course, a peculiarly beautiful and delightful addition to any home, but the Easterners hitherto always laughed their heads off over them. Of course, the reason for their ridicule was sour grapesish, but they laughed all the louder.

Hollywood and Los Angeles boosters have said much too much about citrus products, oil wells, and real estate values. The city's popularity has not been enhanced by the wide fame of Aimée's fervent piety or the Mayor's passionate and exclusive affection for ice water. Stories of the high salaries and the high jinks of motion picture stars have made few friends.

It seems to me that the points to emphasize are the features of the city and its life that are either not known

People—perhaps for the first time—began to realize their real civic worth



at all or, when known, are not associated with Los Angeles. Imagine the amazement and unbelief that would greet the statement that Los Angeles is a center of magnificent intellectual and artistic activity.

The suggestion would be hailed as a bit of sarcasm or burlesque. Yet it is absolutely true. Some of the world's most earnest thinkers and artists are solemnly consecrating their lives to the supreme ideals in the region of which Los Angeles is the center. Some of the noblest institutions on earth are there.

It dazes people to be told that in the very heart of Los Angeles, and only a short distance from the motion picture studios of Hollywood, is a park containing the La Brea pits, one of the most astounding curiosities on the globe.

Emerging here on the surface are the traces of the vast pool from which have been drawn innumerable skeletons of prehistoric monsters, sabre-toothed tigers, dire wolves, mammoths, giant condors, horses, camels and other long extinct species.

Associated with this unlimited treasure is a museum carrying on researches of the most profound significance and so rich in specimens that it has enriched other museums about the world with its surplus treasure.

While this profound research is being made in the depths of the earth, the Mount Wilson Observatory is carrying on its researches in the depths of the sky. One feature of its equipment is the largest light-gathering telescope in the world; yet in Pasadena a two hundred-inch telescope is nearing completion which will have four times that power.

IN Pasadena, which is as close to the City Hall of Los Angeles as Hollywood, flourishes the California Institute of Technology, one of the world's most famous beehives of scientific zeal. Its president is Dr. Robert A. Millikan, the Nobel prize winner, and among the eminent members of its faculty is Einstein.

A little distance away is the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Museum, now a public institution, one of the finest libraries in the world with treasures valued at five million dollars. This is a center of historical and other research by famous scholars.

One does not think of Los Angeles as a university town though the athletic prowess of the U. S. C. football team has forced a grudging recognition in the athletic pages. But there are only fifty men on the football team and there are nine thousand students at the University of Southern California.

And its prowess on the athletic field is being challenged by the rapidly growing University of California at Los Angeles with nearly 7,000 students. There is also the earnest Occidental College, and there is Loyola.

The new Los Angeles Public Library building is decorated with the just finished murals of Dean Cornwell, and they are among the greatest contributions America has made to mural art. The Doheny Memorial Library has only recently been dedicated. Branches of the public library are scattered everywhere and they keep an enormous number of books in circulation.

The Los Angeles people, including the motion picture colony, are well read and well-reading far beyond the population of the average American city.

The art galleries, public and private, are numerous and richly stored, and clusters of artists are zealously at work

in all the fields of art, sculpture, portraiture, landscape and genre painting, etching. I am constantly surprised by the number of devoted artists one encounters. Los Angeles has its Montmartres, as well as Paris.

IN the field of architecture, the city is extraordinarily active. Buildings of great majesty and originality spring up everywhere. In fact, Los Angeles has created a Los Angelesian school of architecture that is new to the world and true to the locale.

Experience has shown that the brilliant sunshine of Southern California has little radiation, and there is unusually marked change of temperature in the shade. The first builders used the overhanging eaves of many Southern schools of architecture with the result that the rooms thus shadowed were always cold.

Gradually the Los Angeles school evolved a type of building that has no cornices at all. After a little experiment a form was developed that is as beautiful as it is unique. And it has the final justification of perfect adaptation to conditions.

Los Angeles has many publishing houses and prints an unsuspected number of periodicals and books, many of them of a very high quality.

In music the city has long upheld very high standards. Besides the Philharmonic Orchestra, which has its own auditorium, and the opera company which San Francisco and Los Angeles combine to maintain, there is the famous Hollywood Bowl.

I think it safe to say there is not, and never has been, in the world a more beautiful or a more poetic concert room than this canyon amphitheatre. The world's most famous conductors appear here and during the season the audiences outnumber those to be found in any other country. It is nothing unusual for twelve thousand people to flock to the Bowl and listen enraptured to the loftiest works of music.

In any other city this would be taken as proof of an extraordinarily high degree of musical culture, and it is a proof of it in Los Angeles. But the city's critics fail to allude to such things.

Here "where the mountains meet the sea," and the desert and the orange groves mingle, there is an almost unbelievable choice of climate. There are

times when one may have a snowball battle on the mountain tops and motor in two hours to a dip in the semi-tropical sea.

The beaches, public and private, stretch for endless miles. All day long hundreds of thousands of nearly nudist sun-worshippers enjoy the almost year-long bathing season. At night hundreds of camp fires glow on the beaches and clusters of people still in bathing suits alternate between the surf and song. The people are tanned, healthy, vital.

To an extent unknown to any other large city in America the people lead an outdoor life. They approach more nearly than any other to the Grecian standards of eagerness and health in body and mind. They try to be beautiful and that is a glorious thing. Beauty is the merchandise of many of them who, in a sense, sell their own flesh, or pictures of it, and the fact gives the life a charm and a vivacity missing in other communities. Life is really an art here and nobody need be ashamed of its accomplishments. Los Angeles and Hollywood can afford to smile serenely at their critics. They are busy with a very beautiful life in the midst of a realm of beauty.



Rupert Hughes is, perhaps, best known for his biography of George Washington. It startled the world because it depicted Washington as a man and not as a glorified hero. Mr. Hughes has also given us "The Thirteenth Commandment," "Ladies' Man," "The Old Nest," "No One Man" among many other books.

GARBO'S



UNKNOWN ESCORT!



... Who is this man who can take Garbo around town? Like her, he won't talk. But here's the inside story of that mysterious and lucky gentleman

AS elusive as Garbo, as averse to publicity as the unapproachable Swede herself, a certain man never listed in print among her friends and intimates—has yet been her constant escort whenever Garbo has come East. Those who know him hint that he even made an unobtrusive visit to Sweden last summer, soon after Garbo left America. Once, according to rumor, he turned down an offer of twenty thousand dollars for an interview on Garbo. How has this man evaded the news-hawks for four years? All her other friends have been interviewed and probed. For the first time in print, the story of this man's friendship for Garbo is presented. No one knows what the outcome of this friendship will be. See what you make of it:

He is from South Carolina. He is thirty-four years old. He has brown eyes, dark hair and a small dark moustache. He speaks with a faint Southern drawl. He is quick and witty, and is one of the most important members of the new Radio City personnel. On his desk in the Palace Theatre Building in New York is one photograph—Garbo's. Beside the photograph is a plain wooden cigarette box that Garbo gave him, containing one denicotinized cigarette—the kind that Garbo smokes. He is guarded from the curious by two women secretaries and a man who stands almost constantly at the door to his office. His name is Robert Reud. He is Garbo's unknown escort.

When Garbo makes one of her mysterious "Gussy Berger" trips to New York, the public reads a great deal about newspaper reporters, cameramen and city officials, waiting in ambush by freight elevators, to greet her, to

By ELIZABETH
MATTHEWSON

snap her photograph, to make her talk. The public reads by what ruses she evades them, what clothes she wears as disguise, and what Walter Winchell thought of the whole silly business. But the pub-

lic does not often read about the man who takes the elusive one in dark glasses and flat heels to and from the freight elevator, to the theatre when she dares go, and to the few parties that she is willing to attend. He is almost as hard to contact as Garbo. He hides from the eyes of the public with a success that is appalling when one considers the number of times he has been her companion at the theatre, on her strolls through the park, and even on her search for the Swedish food which she requires wherever she goes. If he were just a bodyguard, merely a friend who could be counted on to keep the crowds from mobbing her, why this mystery, this elusiveness? Is Reud courting the woman who walks alone?

HE makes no secret of the fact that he considers her the greatest woman of the age. He came from the South with the full determination to make the acquaintance of Garbo, as many wide-eyed youths have doubtless done before and since. But unlike most of his ambitious brothers, he succeeded. But how? How to know Garbo? The cry springs up from a million throats all over the country. *Everyone* would like to know Garbo! How should Robert Reud succeed where Lady Astor and the late Calvin Coolidge failed? The fact that Reud is partly Swedish may have had much to do with his meeting her. His parents, although they have always lived in South Carolina, are of Swedish descent, (Continued on page 98)

A NEW



Culver Service—from a lithograph after a sketch by Hullmandel

General Theobald Wolfe Tone. He took a decidedly active part in a rebellion in Ireland way back. Franchot has inherited that rebel spirit.

ABOUT the year 1790 there was a very dashing soldier named General Theobald Wolfe Tone. He had a voice born to hurtle orders, and there was fire in his eye. He led a roaring rebellion in the grand old land of Ireland. A rebel, he was, peace be on his soul!

Today in Hollywood there is a great-great-great-grandson of the daring rebel named Wolfe. He is of medium height, and rather slight in build, and his face is boyish rather than grim (he looks enough like Richard Cromwell to be his brother).

And the looks may be deceiving, but the blood is not! For Franchot Tone is a rebel, if rebel ever came to Hollywood!

With this big difference from the steely-eyed young fellow in Ireland: Franchot is a new kind of rebel—a *charming* rebel. Maybe he gets the charm from his mother's side, where he gets also his name. (Fran-sho, you pronounce it, by the by.)

Franchot Tone's mother is French by descent, and the French are always charming; always, always. No raging Charlie Bickford is Franchot, and no intellectually rebellious Charlie Chaplin either. He does not shout, he does not pose. He smiles—slowly, and delicately, and wickedly. That's all.

The fierceness just manages to peek out and show itself

Franchot Tone his name is . . .

KIND OF REBEL



(At top) With Joan Crawford in "Today We Live." (Immediately above) With Karen Morley in "Gabriel Over the White House."

Franchot (pronounced Fran-sho) is part Irish and part French. Which may account for both his devastating charm and his love of rebellion.

in the smile of his hazel eyes. It's hidden from all but those who have the Irish second sight to see it. And so Franchot is the first rebel Hollywood has ever really taken to its heart and loved. But, charm or no charm, a rebel he is, never fear! Rebel by blood and by conviction.

HE has always been so. His mother's favorite story about him has to do with one of his rebellions when he was no further along than two years old. That is pretty young to be a rebel, you must admit.

He was living at home then, being a bit too young to venture out on his own into the cold, cold world. The home was a very beautiful home, in the town of Niagara Falls, New York, and a very comfortable and luxurious one into the bargain. Franchot's father is an industrial executive, and the family has always had money.

But there was something else that the family had besides money, in those days, and that was goldfish. And it was the goldfish that were to blame for Franchot's first rebellion at the tender age of two.

They were in a big glass box by the window, you see, where the sunlight shone in and made them glitter and shine in the green water, and they were very pretty.

Franchot thought they were so pretty that he dipped

his arm into their watery house, one day, and took one out to see what it looked like up close—something not so easy to do, as you may find for yourself by trying to catch one of the slippery creatures in your own fingers, any day of the week! He forgot to put it back, and the goldfish died and went soaring up and away to the Heaven of all good goldfish.

"Mother spanked me, off and on, for two hours and a half, I think, to make me say that I was sorry," he remembers. "And then she locked me up in a dark closet.

But I was not sorry, and I would not say I was."

And eventually his mother realized that he had not known what he was doing, and had not understood that fish needed water to live, and had simply been curious in a childish way.

And so she understood then that there was no reason why he *should* feel sorry, and that it was wrong of her to try to make him say he was. People always come around to Franchot's way of thinking. Partly it's just because he's a rebel, maybe, but mostly it's because he's such a charming one.

With an ancestor who was a Rebel General, and a father who is a forceful, dynamic business executive, and a mother whose grandfather was a Congressman and whose father was a State Senator, (Continued on page 104)

By JACK
JAMISON

Slight, unassuming, quiet, smiling—but, all the same, just try to "cross him"



(Above) General view of Clyde Beatty and his "cats." That's the author in the circle. (Below) Clyde doubling for Raymond Hatton. He had to double—the story tells why.

By CLYDE BEATTY

THE wild animals in my big "cat" act—forty lions and tigers—had faced movie cameras before I took them out to Universal City to make "The Big Cage." The newsreel men on two or three occasions visited circus winter quarters at Peru, Ind., to "catch" the act before we set out for New York to give the Big Town a touch of spring by helping the circus season get under way at Madison Square Garden.

But these newsreel showings provided not even a mild foretaste of what my lions and tigers were to experience before they could call themselves full-fledged movie stars, which they now are, with every right in the world to expect fan mail from lesser members of the cat family.

The circus season of 1932 was one of the toughest ones I've ever known. We were scheduled to close on Labor Day but to our complete surprise considerable new book-



There are a thousand unexpected hazards to face when big cats enter a studio



WHEN WILD ANIMALS BECOME MOVIE ACTORS— BEWARE!



When the unusual irritations caused by working in a studio got on the animals' nerves they would attack each other constantly. Clyde tells in the story about the terrific fight pictured here.

ing developed and we did not actually close until early in November.

Shortly after we closed (somewhere in the south) we returned to winter quarters and there I got busy preparing my wild playmates for the trip to Universal City where they and I were scheduled to appear in the screen story prepared for us by Edward Anthony, co-author of "Bring 'Em Back Alive," and my collaborator in the book called "The Big Cage" on which Ed based the motion picture of the same title that we were getting ready to make.

To convince the skeptical that I really put forty lions and tigers through their paces in a thirty-two foot arena, Roy Johnston, in charge of publicity on the Universal lot, asked me on my arrival there to give a special performance for the press before we started shooting our picture.

I had never appeared with the circus in California and Roy thought it would be a good idea to show the newspaper boys my act. Roy is a grand scout who thoroughly knows his onions, so I always cheerfully comply with his requests.

THE performance—similar to my act in the circus—and performed under similar conditions, was enthusiastically received. Perhaps my animals thought they were in California for a special circus engagement. They soon found out that this was not the case. The next day they were introduced to Kleig lights for the first time. I'll never forget how those lions and tigers blinked! And how I blinked myself.

It soon became obvious that it would be much too dangerous to attempt to go ahead until we had improved the Kleig light situation. The lights would have to be so placed that we minimized the possibility of the animals suddenly being blinded by a piercing beam of light—or of the same thing happening to me.

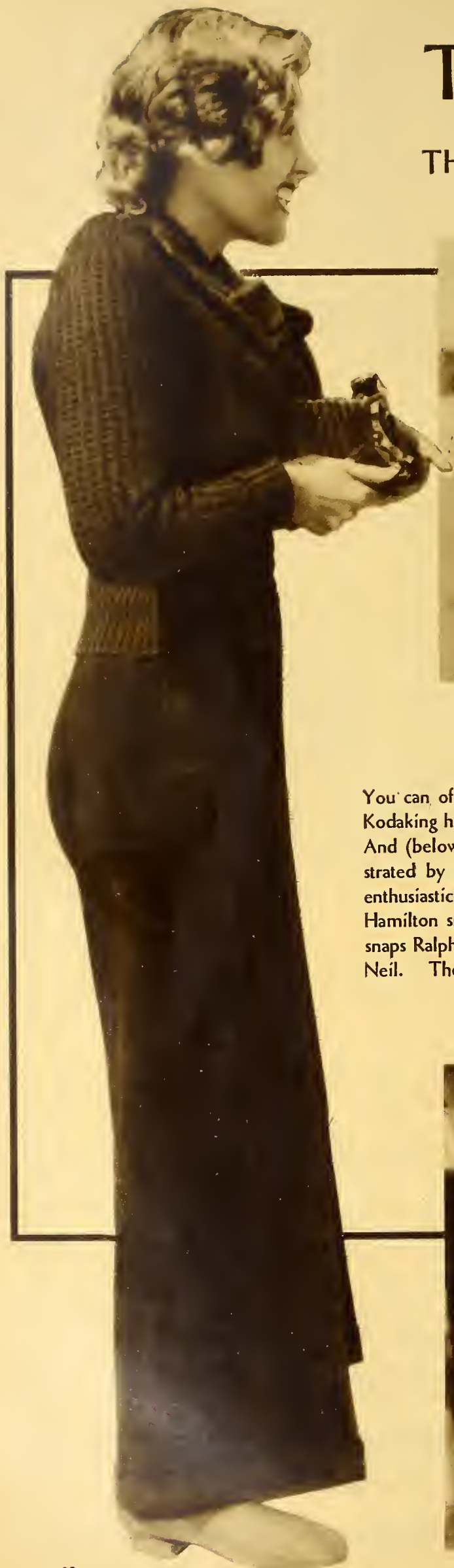
The normal hazards of my activities inside the big cage were bad enough without complicating them needlessly.

During the years I have been doing my act I have made twenty trips to the hospital. Each and every one caused by attacks made on me by my (Continued on page 105)

As Clyde Beatty found when he took his animals to Universal to film "The Big Cage"

THEIR OWN

THE STARS—LIKE YOU AND I—HAVE FUN



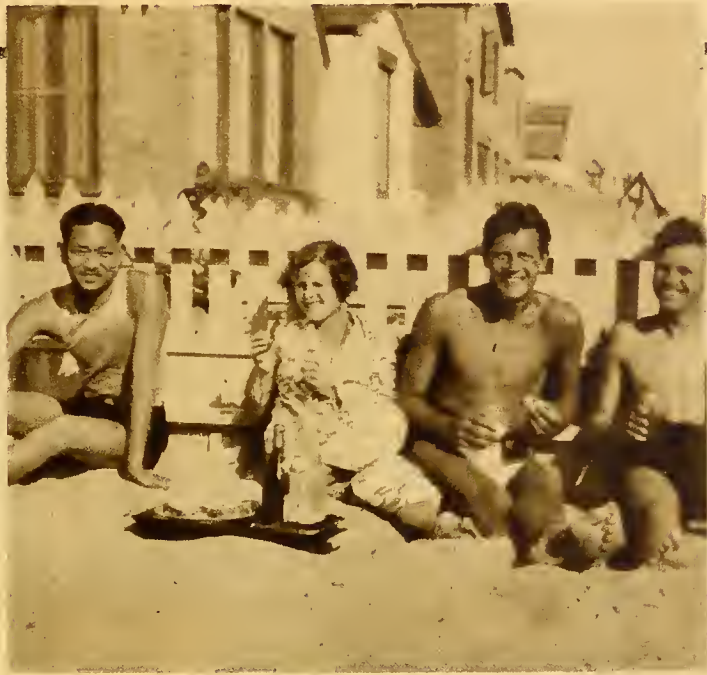
You can often find Joan Blondell (left) Kodaking her friends on the Warner lot. And (below) time-saving stunt, demonstrated by three of Hollywood's most enthusiastic amateur photographers. Neil Hamilton snaps Roland Young; Young snaps Ralph Morgan; and Morgan snaps Neil. The results should be unusual.

(Above, left) Dorothy Wilson as she looked when her picture was snapped by Joel McCrea and his trusty Kodak. (Immediately above) Bill Boyd and his dawg—as snapped by his wife, Dorothy Sebastian.



INTIMATE SNAPS

TAKING EACH OTHERS' PICTURES. LOOK AT THEIR EFFORTS



(Above) Margaret Lindsay gets Mervyn Le Roy, director, Dick Powell and Warren William with her Ciné-Kodak. (Above, right) Joel McCrea and some friends at Malibu. This was taken by Eric Linden. (Right) Leslie Howard goes camera-man. (Further right) And so does Ruby Keeler. (Below) Maurice Chevalier, Jerry Tucker and Blinky caught on the Paramount lot. (Below, right) Charles Farrell snapped this picture of Jobyna and Richard Arlen. The Arlens and Farrells are great friends, you know.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S NEW WARDROBE

By VIRGINIA T. LANE



On the left and on the right you see Claudette's semi-formal black crêpe with organdie guimpe and her white suede lace evening gown. Above and below are detailed views of these two stunning gowns.



ONE glance at Claudette Colbert's wardrobe and you have all the fine points of the latest fashions. Talking clothes with Claudette is like asking Admiral Leigh about ships. She *knows*. Her aunt, you see, was a famous modiste in New York. One of those clever French women who take a couple of yards of material, a few pins and create a sensation in style. Her mother casts just one look at a costume, readjusts a collar, adds a buckle or boutonnière and presto! you have *chic*. So that delightful young Colbert person comes by it naturally. She was cutting out pretty patterns before she could spell d-r-e-s-s. And no sooner had she

finished high school than she began sketching dress designs for a large store.

I'd heard that once she had modeled. But Claudette shook her head regretfully. "No, I never did. I wish I had, though. It's such fun, parading up and down a salon in slinky clothes. I was a little too short and too thin for it. And, of course, my 'career' in the field was cut short because in December of the year I graduated I was offered a place on the stage. I'm afraid I simply bolted away from that drawing board!"

Bolted to stardom. That's what she did. And in the cutest clothes you ever saw. I remember some of the

. . . It's so chic and yet so wearable. And it includes all the high points of style. You'll find much to admire—and copy—here



(Left) Ah— isn't that nice? To a simple, jacketed sports frock of white ribbed silk, Claudette adds a plaid bow and gloves.



(Left) A ribbed wool suit of Eleanor blue. Shell-shaped hat to match. White doeskin gauntlets. And a suede scarf.

actresses asking her where she bought them. Claudette shrugged and laughed—and named a little known shop off Fifth Avenue. She pays for smartness in a dress, not for the name. I daresay her wardrobe is one of the least expensive among the stars—and it's also one of the loveliest.

Now take that little two-piece white sport outfit, for instance, up above. (I wish I could!) It's a heavy ribbed silk and to give it character—that illusive something known as style—what does Claudette do? Why, she tucks a plaid bow beneath her charming young chin, and matches it with her gloves! An exciting note. *And very*

(Right) Above the zippiest kind of blue and white stripes, Claudette wears a very Puritan white piqué collar. The skirt is dark blue wool. (Immediately below) Checks are new—and big. The jacket to that street costume has pleated shoulders. It's made of black wool ranga cloth. (Further below) With a blouse of white matelassé crêpe wear a huge black satin bow. The article tells you a trick about that bow.



new. It's the thing now to have your gloves in some way match your dress. Occasionally they resemble the belt—or the shade of the trimming. In any event they've captured a prominent place among the accessories of a costume. More so than ever. So watch your hands, ladies!

The jacket, if you notice, is trimly tailored. Reminds me of a West Point cadet's dress uniform, if only it were buttoned clear up the front. But instead it has neat revers. And the frock subscribes to a small round collar, a version of the still popular puffed sleeves (they're a nice note on the new tailored frocks) and a plain skirt with four inverted pleats. (All skirts have shrunk into the background; it's the coats that are important.) Quite

naturally the Scottish plaid touch could not be worn with anything but a neutral color. Try it to perk up a monotone dark blue dress or a black one—but don't forget the style landscape is *white* this summer.

Claudette tops her outfit with a slide-away hat that reveals her bangs, and she ends it with a pair of white kid perforated pumps. Incidentally, her hosiery is the dark sun-tan chiffon that she uses almost constantly. Never a lighter shade.

YOU wouldn't think a girl with as divine a figure as Claudette's would worry. Ah, but she does. Over collars. They're her pet dress (Continued on page 107)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



SLIM SUMMERVILLE, IN AN EARLY JOB AS MAGICIAN'S ASSISTANT IN A MEDICINE SHOW, WAS ONCE SO CARELESS WITH A TRICK CAGE THAT THE "IRON" BARS WERE SEEN TO STRETCH.

P.S. HE LOST THE JOB.



WELCH



GEORGE RAFT, TOUGH GUY OF THE SCREEN, WEARS FANCY SILK PANAMAS AND STAYS HIMSELF WITH PERFUME.



GRETA NISSEN HAS NEVER BEEN TO A BEAUTY SHOP.

SHE HAS DONE HER OWN BEAUTIFYING SINCE SHE WAS A GIRL IN OSLO.

BUSTER CRABBE, THE "LION MAN" OF "KING OF THE JUNGLE" SAVED 22 LIVES WHILE A BEACH GUARD ONE SUMMER.



WALTER BYRON SHAVES WITHOUT A MIRROR.

HE SAYS HE IS TIRED OF LOOKING AT HIS NOSE, WHICH WAS BROKEN A FEW YEARS AGO IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT.

WHAT A MOTHER THINKS OF PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE

. . . Jack Oakie and the much-married Peggy Hopkins Joyce seem to be very much "that 'a way." Read what Jack's mother thinks about the famous lady

By WALTER RAMSEY

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE in her time (and what a time) has been regarded through many eyes. The eyes, for instance, of rich and oftentimes titled gentlemen, who have looked upon the fair Peggy and found her desirable; the eyes of show producers who have weighed her beauty and international reputation at the box office; the eyes of women who love to lift a speculative eyebrow in regard to a lady so blond and so sensational.

But to the best of our knowledge this is the first time Peggy has been regarded through the eyes of a mother!

Now if it weren't for the fact that Jack Oakie was "going with Peggy," was, in fact, her newest and most ardent Hollywood boy friend, what Mrs. Evelyn Offield thought about la Joyce wouldn't be much more important than what your mother, or mine, happened to think about her. But facts *is* facts, and Jack is "nuts" (his own expression) about Peggy. And that's enough to make any "Ma" sit up and take notice.

To make the picture a little more clear, consider the respective backgrounds of the two heroines of our story. Peggy's you know. But Mrs. Offield's—. She is the daughter of a Methodist minister. She is a former teacher of psychology at a famous school for girls in New York. She's about five feet nothing at all, with a nice bun of white hair knotted on top of her head. She is also about the "cutest" little lady in Hollywood.

Jack says she is the "cutest" because she is the only one left who remembers the gentle art of blushing. She looks like a mother, she acts like a mother and she is a mother, every bit of the time.

For the past twenty-seven years a young hooligan named Jack Offield (later Oakie) has been the apple of her eye and the pride and joy of her days.

FROM the moment he was born," said Mrs. Offield from her perch on a Beverly Hills living room chair which did not quite permit her plump little feet to reach the floor, "I adored him . . . doted on him and almost spoiled the stuffings out of him. I should have known better, too, having been a school teacher all my life. But I didn't."

She looked every bit as "cute" as Jack had said she was. And she did blush when I told her that he sassily referred to her as "ma."

"He's awfully fresh," she said, looking as pleased as punch about it.

From the moment Jack was old enough to make contacts of his own, Mrs. Offield had ideas about those contacts. Particularly about little girls and, as he grew older, about the older girls and women.

"I guess," she admitted with a maternal candor which almost took my breath away, "I was scared from the start of some girl taking him away from me! Why, when he was little I wouldn't even permit him to attend a school where there were girl students. When he grew up and decided he wanted to go on the stage I wasn't scared about anything except the girls and women he met.

"It wasn't exactly a maternal selfishness either, though I guess that was partly the reason. I just wanted him to know the right women. I didn't want any girl who wasn't worthwhile interfering with the grand times and the wonderful life my boy and I enjoyed.





J. B. Scott

Much amazement and some amusement was caused when Peggy first started going around with the clowning Jack Oakie. Everyone thought it was a gag. But it seems to be serious.

Jack has always lived with me you know, even when we lived on Broadway. He's never liked anybody's cooking as well as mine. Just the other night he called up and said:

"Ma, what are you having for dinner?"

"Oh," I said, 'Just an old-fashioned dinner. Fried chicken and cream gravy and biscuits and candied sweet potatoes.'

"Okay," Jack said, 'put on an extra plate, I'm bringing Peggy Hopkins Joyce home for dinner!'

"That was the first time I met Peggy." Then, confidentially lowering her voice, "She's Jack's new girl, you know!" Just as casual as that!

I hadn't expected such casualness from Jack's mother.

I gulped. I could feel the kind, understanding eyes of Jack Oakie's "Ma" fastened upon me in amusement.

"I know," she nodded kindly, "I know you are surprised. And why you are surprised. You can't reconcile this idea of a minister's daughter and a former school teacher and a mother who admits she has been absurdly careful of her son's attention to women—and all the things Peggy Hopkins Joyce is *supposed* to stand for.

"Well, if Peggy were really what she is supposed to be, maybe you would be right. But I know women! It is impossible to teach 15,000 young girls over a period of twenty-five years and not know something about what they are made of! It is impossible to have been in intimate contact with such fine (Continued on page 94)



FRIENDLY DIVORCE

SALLY EILERS GIVES EXCLUSIVELY TO MODERN SCREEN
HER OWN STORY OF HER DIVORCE FROM HOOT GIBSON

(Above) Sally Eilers with Richard Barthelmess in "Central Airport." She tells how her attitude toward her career has changed since the time she first met Hoot.

By ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER

SALLY EILERS and Hoot Gibson are through. Matrimonially. They have talked over their affairs. They have arranged their property and financial matters. There is nothing left for the divorce court to do but grant them their freedom. And they will ask for this freedom on the grounds of mental cruelty or incompatibility or some other decent and intelligent basis.

However, as friends, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson are not through.

"We're going out together," Sally told me. "And when I meet 'Hooter' at premièrès and parties I most certainly am going to talk to him and dance with him."

"When we're seen together it is inevitable, I suppose, that the papers will print reconciliation rumors. But don't believe them. Don't believe them for one minute. Married we simply don't click. We've given ourselves every chance."

"When we separated the first time Hooter would not consider a divorce. Now he agrees that it is the only thing. And he's been generous enough to say I may have

a hand in his daughter's education, to agree to Lois spending part of her holidays with me, that I may shop for her and retain the tremendous interest I have in her."

"We could remain together, Hooter and I. It sounds like the same old Hollywood story . . . I know. . . . But the fact remains that neither one of us have any interest whatever in anyone else. Not having such an interest doesn't necessarily keep you from realizing how utterly



Photograph by Scotty,
MODERN SCREEN'S
exclusive cameraman



Hoot, Minna Gombell, Sally and her brother Budd at the Beverly Wilshire: This was after the separation. "We're going out together," says Sally. "I am going . . . to talk and dance with him." And doesn't this picture prove it? They're definitely going to remain friends.

hopeless your present relationship can be. Our relationship is worse than hopeless, it's destructive really. If we stayed together we'd take the heart out of each other. Misunderstandings such as we seem doomed to manufacture for ourselves are no good for anyone.

"And the longer we waited to call quits the harder we knew it would be for both of us. The older we get the more afraid we are of loneliness. That's always true, I think. And neither Hooter nor I would want a marriage that survived because of this particular fear."

Thus Sally Eilers made the one exclusive statement she will make regarding her separation from Hoot Gibson and their contemplated divorce.

HOLLYWOOD, a malicious, gossiping, old crone if there ever was one, shakes a knowing head and whispers, "It all began when he lost his fortune and she found hers playing in 'Bad Girl.' He always was jealous, couldn't even stand her looking at another man." And, inconsistently enough, in the very same breath, "He never should have married her. She's close to sixteen years younger than he, a skittish young thing . . . all for her career. She never made any effort to do a good job as a wife."

Half-truths, those whispers, every one of them.

Here is the truth about Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson. Sally talked to me frankly. She felt it would be better to have one authentic story in which she was quoted rather than a dozen trumped up stories in which reporters would write their own opinions with little or no regard for facts.

Hoot and Sally got off to a bad start. Everybody knows that. But there are some little things which went on backstage in their lives which never have been told before. And, as usual, it has been these little seemingly unimportant events that have shaped the end.

When Hoot and Sally married, he was rich. Sally offered to give up the screen. But he wouldn't have it.

"Don't quit anything," he told her gently, "until you've made good at it."

Along came "Bad Girl." Sally made good.

"Now do you want to give it up?" Hoot asked her. She shook her head.

Hoot lost most of his money. They went to live in a comparatively humble bungalow. They both did a darn good job of adjusting. Sally was a little thoroughbred about Hoot's losses. Hoot was a sport about Sally's great

success. And little Lois Gibson who might have been expected to offer the step-daughter problem was no problem at all. She and Sally became great friends. If anything she became a bond between Hoot and Sally.

NEVERTHELESS, Sally and Hoot didn't get on. "We had all the quarrels other couples have only we seemed to take them harder," Sally explained. "It's always a matter of the temperaments involved, I suppose."

Their first separation, in spite of a dozen different rumors to the contrary, actually was caused by nothing more serious than a quarrel over a dress.

When Sally returned from her triumphant visit to New York she tried on all her new clothes for Hoot. He thought she looked grand in them, and told her so.

Then came the night of that memorable Mayfair dance. For the first time Sally wore one of her new gowns. It was white with brown flowers. Hoot was critical. He insisted this dress was cut too low.

"But you liked it before," protested Sally. She had counted on wearing this dress for weeks. She wore it anyway, in spite of the husbandly disapproval. They both arrived at the party in a bad temper.

It was when Sally returned to the Gibson table after a dance that the serious quarrel began. Hoot was more disapproving than ever. Sally was more defiant.

"Now I know Hoot was right about that dress," Sally told me the other day. "But at the time I honestly thought him unreasonable. I looked at myself in the mirror and the dress seemed perfectly modest. It was, you see, one of those gowns that are quite all right as long as you hold yourself carefully but which aren't all right at all when you don't . . ."

So, believing her husband unreasonable and determined to avoid any further criticism, Sally left that party with Edward Cline and his wife. How they crashed into a telegraph pole is an old story.

"They telephoned Hooter," Sally went on, "but he didn't believe there had been any accident. He thought I was sorry I'd run off and was trying to get him to come home. And he might have been right . . ."

"But he wasn't . . ."

"And not realizing the horrible night he experienced when he finally got home, found I wasn't there, and telephoned every hospital trying to locate me, my pride hurt, I was glad enough to have the (Continued on page 111)

IT'S A CRAZY TOWN...

By KATHERINE ALBERT

THE Hollywood speakeasy has opened again.

Notice I said *the* Hollywood speakeasy. There is really just one good one. It's not like any of the New York speakeasies, for you have to have a special dispensation from the czar or somebody important to get in.

It's a little place, but very, very noisy and somehow quite typical of the new Hollywood—for in the last five years, I've seen the town change from a sprawling village to quite a metropolitan place.

Of course, nobody dresses up in Hollywood—except on very, very formal occasions and the night I went to the speakeasy Peggy Hopkins Joyce was there in a black



beret and Jack Oakie was with her—in a black beret, too. Jack bought drinks for everybody at the bar. And Nancy Carroll and her husband, Bolton Mallory, didn't speak to anybody but each other. They are entirely engrossed in themselves.

The smartest place to dance nowadays is the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. The popularity of the Club New Yorker—when Jean Malin was there—lasted just six months. Now Ted Healy has it and it's taken a fresh start. But Hollywood night clubs seem able to last only six months. I've never known one to keep going longer.

The reason is that the stars like to cut capers privately—in their own homes.

But the Beverly Wilshire (Ricardo Cortez and lots of others live there the year around) is a great Sunday night place.

One Sunday night Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks (just before the separation), Franchot Tone, Tommy Thompson, Jerry Asher (a boy who works in a

publicity department) and I went there for dinner.

It's as crowded as the five and dime store before Christmas—as all Hollywood places are—and the six of us sat at a table built for two.

Those Hollywood folk have to keep doing something all the time. The minute we sat down Douglas suggested playing "Who am I?"

Have you ever played that game? Here's how it's done.

BY rights one person should go out of the room but at that little table all we could do was to stop up our ears. So Franchot put his fingers in his ears and we all put our heads together and decided who he should be. We decided on Mussolini. Then we gave Franchot the high sign and he said—to Joan—"Who am I?"

... Modern Screen's girl-about-town gives you colorful and amusing side-lights on your favorite village and its gay and unusual goings-on

Illustrated by
RUSSELL PATTERSON



graph hounds and, incidentally, isn't it surprising that the Hollywood citizens are as movie struck as those in Keokuk and points east?

Well, this day a famous star had loaned me her beautiful limousine—and chauffeur—and very proudly I drove up before the Brown Derby. When they saw the marvelous car they all rushed forward to get an autograph and when they saw me—instead of the great star they had expected—their faces fell like boarding house cake.

But the Beverly Hills Brown Derby is quite nice and intimate and cosy and (wonder of wonders) not so crowded. It's a great place for the stars to go "cook's night out."

One night I saw Karen Morley and her husband there. Karen is one of the most amazing girls in town. You know how beautiful she always looks on the screen—and how smartly gowned. Well, she doesn't give a tinker's darn about her personal appearance when she's off screen. Any old clothes will do, thinks she.

Her hair—she usually wears a wig before the camera—looks as if it had been combed with an egg beater and even when she's wearing her gorgeous mink coat she lets it hang from her shoulders as if it were an old tweed rag. None of that "please, James, my sables" stuff for Karen.



Joan answered, "I think you're one of the most marvelous men of this generation."

"Who am I?" said Franchot to Tommy Thompson.

"You believe in having large families," said Tommy.

Get the idea? The questions keep going around until the poor "it" has proudly announced—much to the bewilderment of the folks at the next table, who have just come in—"I'm Mussolini." It's a swell game—try it some time.

Across from the Beverly Wilshire is the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. Now you mustn't confuse that with the Vine Street Brown Derby. The Vine Street one is where the stars go to luncheon because it is so centrally located. And that's where the autograph seekers hang out.

Oh, I must tell you about a joke I played on the auto-

While we were there having dinner, Catharine Dale Owen, Lydell Peck (Janet Gaynor's ex-husband, you know) and another man came in. But the most spectacular member of that party was Lydell's enormous bird-dog.

The dog wasn't left outside. He was invited right in and—what's more—he was asked to sit right smack at the table between Lydell and Catharine. Now where else but in unconventional Hollywood could that happen?

But I want to go on record as saying that he was a devil of a lot better behaved than many dinner companions I've had. He never moved during the meal and only ate what was set before him.

YOU know, actors do have a tough time sometimes in spite of the money they make. Listen to this working schedule of Clark Gable's:

Nine o'clock on the set to do re-takes of "Possessed." It seems the English censors wouldn't pass it so Clark and Joan have to be secretly married in the English version.

Re-making a picture a year after it was originally made is a hard job both physically and—well—spiritually. You know how you feel doing a job you love to do—when you're fresh and enthusiastic. But go back to that job and do it over again a year later and see how you feel. That's just how Clark and Joan felt.

Well, all day on the "Possessed" set and then just time for a quick bite of dinner—did I say dinner? I mean a sandwich and a cup of coffee—in the studio commissary and then into the officer's uniform for retakes on "White Sister," standing out there in the cold—and California nights are plenty chilly—half the night. Then the next morning at the studio at eight to work on "Possessed" at nine.

The most excitement that the Paramount Studios have had centers around a tiny mite of a baby. It's that cute kid being used in Chevalier's picture, "A Bedtime Story," and wherever the baby goes a crowd of stars follows.

One day they gave the baby a psychology test. They dangled balls and strings and blocks in front of the nine-months-old child and everybody stood around and said, "Marvelous!" I had more fun watching the people than watching the baby.

What I like best about Paramount is that after her luncheon Marlene Dietrich goes tearing out of the commissary and appears again in a minute with a huge German cake, part of which she eats and part of which she gives to her luncheon companions. It's baked at her home every night and brought to the studio every day.

Hollywood is such a funny town. It is completely isolated—absolutely cut off from the rest of the world. That the President is having spectacular bills passed in Congress; that a famous senator is dead means very little. They don't read the papers, except the movie columns. They never listen to the news over the radio.

Bigger than the return of prosperity is the vital question, "Does the fact that Norma Shearer went out and hired a free lance press agent instead of relying on the studio publicity department mean that she is staying with M-G-M or not?" and it's my personal hunch that Norma's fans care very little about the state of her contract. The main thing is that she keeps on making pictures—and good ones—and whether it's M-G-M or Monogram for whom she is working doesn't really matter.

I've never seen anything like the way Joan Crawford can cry for a scene. She always does her own crying,

incidentally, and just once in a great while does she use a drop of glycerine and then only for long shots when she's making an exit. She feels embarrassed when she has glycerine put on and as if she should apologize to the electricians, saying, "I really can cry—I'm only doing this for a long shot."

The director says to her, "You'll have to have tears for this scene." They put some emotional piece of music on the phonograph and Joan walks by herself to the edge of the set, just standing there quietly with her back to

everybody. In about two minutes she steps before the camera with tears streaming down her face.

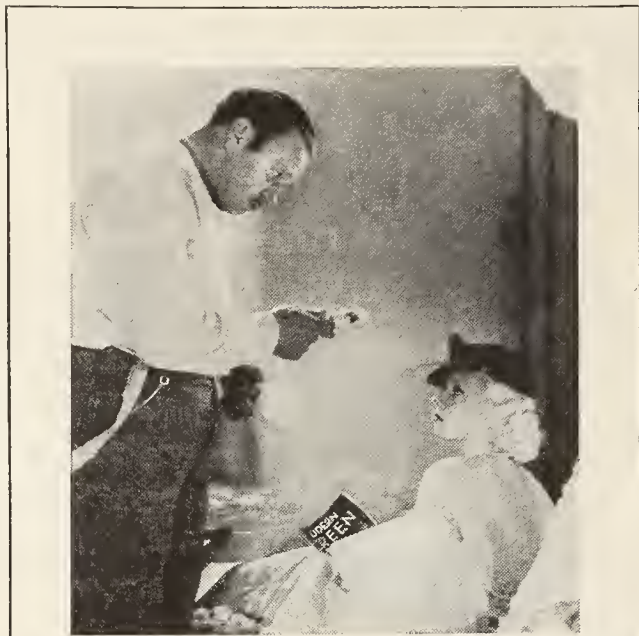
I asked her, "How in the world do you do it? How do you work yourself up so quickly? What do you think about?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said, "I just think about all the lonely and unhappy people in the world—and about some of my friends who have been so good to me—and the tears come."

Incidentally, Joan loves to see movies. She has them run at her home about four nights a week and gets as excited as a school kid.

"Don't go up those stairs!" she'll yell at Nancy Carroll on the screen, say, in "Woman Accused."

Or, "Don't you treat that baby so rough," to Ric Cortez in "Flesh."



This shot of Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow and Modern Screen is from "Dinner at Eight." It seems that M-G-M is going to make another "Grand Hotel" of this—for the probable cast includes, besides Beery and Harlow, Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Madge Evans, Lee Tracy, Karen Morley, Billie Burke, Warner Baxter and others.

HOLLYWOOD has a new rave—Helen Hayes. She's a sort of cult. One night I went to a swell party at Una Merkel's. It was Una's first big party and she was as nervous as an extra girl doing her first "bit."

But the minute we came in the door she said, "My party is a success! Guess who's here?" And then in a tone of reverence and awe, "Helen Hayes!"

It was really a nice party—with Johnnie Arledge playing the piano for everybody—Jean Harlow parking at the miniature roulette wheel—Anna May Wong in Chinese trousers—and Ramon Novarro being more gay than anybody there. Wallace Ford was there and his wife looks so much like Ann Harding that you can't tell the difference. She used to be Ann's understudy.

Helen Hayes is an amazing little thing—that funny small face, that sweet small voice, that timid way—and married to the big, blustering Charlie MacArthur—who looks as if a comb had never seen his hair. He wears his hat sitting right on top of his untidy head. If you saw a thousand men lined up in a row and somebody said, "Which one *isn't* Helen Hayes husband?", I'll bet you'd pick Charlie MacArthur. But she adores him.

I really think the nicest couple in Hollywood are Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian.

They've bought a ranch a hundred miles from town and are knee deep in plans. Dorothy—and she used to be a hey-hey girl—talks about top-soil and she'll tell you with an ecstatic look in her eye that her onions are coming up.

Oh, it's a crazy town—with every sort of person living in it—and the swell part about the place is that it changes—in tone, in color, in outlook—every few months!



. . . Drama enters the life of
Edward G. Robinson! Read this
famous novelist's description of
how Eddie took it

LITTLE CAESAR, JR.

By DONALD

HENDERSON

CLARK E

EDWARD G. ROBINSON, with his wife, Gladys, arrived in a taxicab at the Doctors' Hospital, East End Avenue and Eighty-seventh Street, New York, on the dot of noon. Shortly afterwards, Dr. Richard N. Pierson said to Eddie:

"I can tell you in ten minutes what we have to do in this case. It looks to me as if a normal birth were out of the question."

Eddie, his Havana cigar forgotten for the moment, said:

"Remember, Doctor, Gladys is all that counts."

Eddie walked, and sat, and walked and sat until at 2:09 o'clock a nurse appeared from the operating room.

"It's a boy," she said.

"How is the mother?" Eddie asked.

"She's fine," the nurse replied.

"Then she showed me the kid," Eddie said to this writer in the very up-to-date hospital the day after the christening. "He weighed eight pounds, ten ounces. I began to realize what it is to be a father. And you might say that Little Caesar couldn't have a son without having him the Caesarian way.

"My friends all have told me what a great experience was in store for me. And now it has happened I find they didn't tell me the half of it. But all I had was anxiety and sleepless nights, worrying about my wife, until the birth. I felt her life and my happiness were at stake. I resented the kid, but I couldn't let my wife know how I felt. We were so happy, and had so much to live for.

"After nine years she had decided I should have a baby for a present. It was all her idea. The baby was going to be mine from her. She was happy all the time. She knew just what he was going to look like, and all of his characteristics. And gosh! It turned out she was right.

"She was going to call the baby Manuella, after my

real first name, Emanuel, if the baby was a girl, and Edward G. Robinson, Jr., if he was a boy. I had no preference as to sex. All I wanted was my wife. She wanted a boy.

"Now that he's a boy, and has my name, it puts me on my good behavior. He must have that name unblemished, if possible. I couldn't afford to go into the banking business, for instance, could I?"

"The minute I saw the baby everything was different," Eddie continued. "His birth changed all my sense of values. I felt not only the natural vanity and joy that a man feels at seeing, and feeling himself reproduced, but also I sensed that I was a factor in the chain that tells the story of man. It has made things that formerly appeared important seem insignificant and negligible."

Eddie grinned.

"Look here," he exclaimed. "We don't want this to sound too sentimental. You might mention that the kid was born without a cigar in his mouth, or a gun in his hand."

Eddie frowned.

"We don't know yet what we want him to be," he asserted solemnly, "except we don't want him to be a business man or a soldier. I wouldn't prescribe anything for him. He's the boss at this stage. After all he didn't ask to be born."

Eddie grinned.

"You might mention that if we get too serious about his career he might decide to be a policeman," he said.

Eddie looked serious.

"We'll teach him languages," he exclaimed, "and give him a broader idea of the brotherhood of man, a true conception of patriotism, in contrast to mere chauvinism."

Eddie led the way to a door, on the glass panel of which was printed "Nursery. No admittance."

A nurse rolled up a white crib on casters to the nursery side. A pink face reposed (*Continued on page 77*)

"YOUR FACE WILL BE

SO THE DOCTOR TOLD BETTE DAVIS WHEN SHE WAS THIRTEEN



"I'm sorry, but this child must go through life with her face scarred," the doctor said. "There is nothing I can do for her." But Bette's mother had an idea—



By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

to a magazine or newspaper writer. So you're hearing for the very first time—and from Bette's own lips—this astonishing story.

"When I was thirteen," Bette told me, "I was almost burned to death. Being only thankful that my life had been saved it did not even worry me when the doctor said to my mother, 'I'm sorry but this child must go through life with her face badly scarred. It is a great handicap for a girl I know—but there is nothing I can do for her, she will just have to make the best of it and you must help her to forget that her face is drawn and ugly.'"

"But my mother wouldn't believe those words. She was determined that I should not have this ghastly handicap and it was she who saved me from it.

"At the boarding school, which I was attending at the time, we had planned a school play to be given the day before the Christmas holidays. I had the uninspired role of Santa Claus and my costume consisted of a heavy wool robe and lots of cotton bunting. Just before the curtain went up I was standing near the Christmas tree and one of the lighted candles fell and landed in the cotton on my costume. I screamed, but because I was such a crazy kid and was always screaming and yelling nobody paid any attention to me. And then, suddenly, I burst

BETTE DAVIS has just told me an amazing thing that happened when she was a young girl and that night, had it not been for the fortitude and courage of her mother, have entirely ruined her life and made it impossible for her ever to have been an actress.

Curiously enough, Bette has not spoken of this dramatic event for years and she has never before revealed it

SCARRED FOR LIFE"

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN SUCH A CASE? THE SAME AS BETTE, OR—



(Above) She isn't a bit scarred today. The story tells why. The two small pictures show Bette about the time she was burned.

That's her sister with her.

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

into flame. Little hands of fire clutched at me and worked quickly toward my face. I did have sense enough to shut my eyes and this time my screams were so full of horror that my schoolmates and teachers ran to me—to see me standing there burning.

THE stage was a wild confusion of jittery girls but somebody had presence of mind enough to snatch up a rug and throw it around me and other people rushed to me and began beating out the fire. I shall never forget the terror of that moment. I apparently thought none of the things that people in situations like that are supposed to think. My past did not flash before me. I was simply possessed by horror.

"The only thing that saved my life was the fact that I had on the heavy woolen costume. Otherwise the fire would have gotten to my body and surely I would have died, but as it was, only my face suffered.

"The teachers of the school made a grave mistake. They were determined that the Christmas holidays should not be spoiled so they bundled me up and took me to a village doctor who rubbed a little salve on my face and sent me back. That night I suffered agony but the next day they put me on the train and sent me home without ever letting my mother know what had happened.



"She was to meet me in New York and I shall never forget her eyes as she caught sight of me. My face and hands were swollen beyond all recognition. And, of course, I was beet red. My eyes were narrow slits in that awful face. And this is the truth—the only way my mother recognized me was by the clothes I wore. Can you imagine how terrible it was for her to see that child walking up the ramp?"

(Continued on page 81)



...THE ROVING



(Above) George O'Brien, Sally Clark and Billy Bakewell at the polo matches held at the Riviera Polo Club. (Above, left) Bob Montgomery suffered an injury to his wrist. No, that isn't Clark Gable helping Bob fix it up. (Left) Vivienne Gaye, Randolph Scott, Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant. (Below, left) Leslie Howard in polo costume. (Immediately below) The winners: Johnny Mack Brown, Big Boy Williams, Charles Farrell and Will Rogers.

Unless otherwise noted, pictures in this section by J. B. Scott, MODERN SCREEN's exclusive cameraman





Keystone

CAMERA

Florence Rice, the daughter of Grantland Rice, and Phillips Holmes. We're disclosing a new romance! (Above) Boris Karloff and Mrs. Karloff enjoying a stroll through Hyde Park, in London. Boris is visiting his native land. (Below) Is it the one about the farmer's daughter? Buster Collier and Richard Dix at Agua Caliente. (Below, right) Aline MacMahon and Dick Powell between scenes of "Golddiggers of 1933."



BUCK JONES' RIDE THROUGH LIFE...



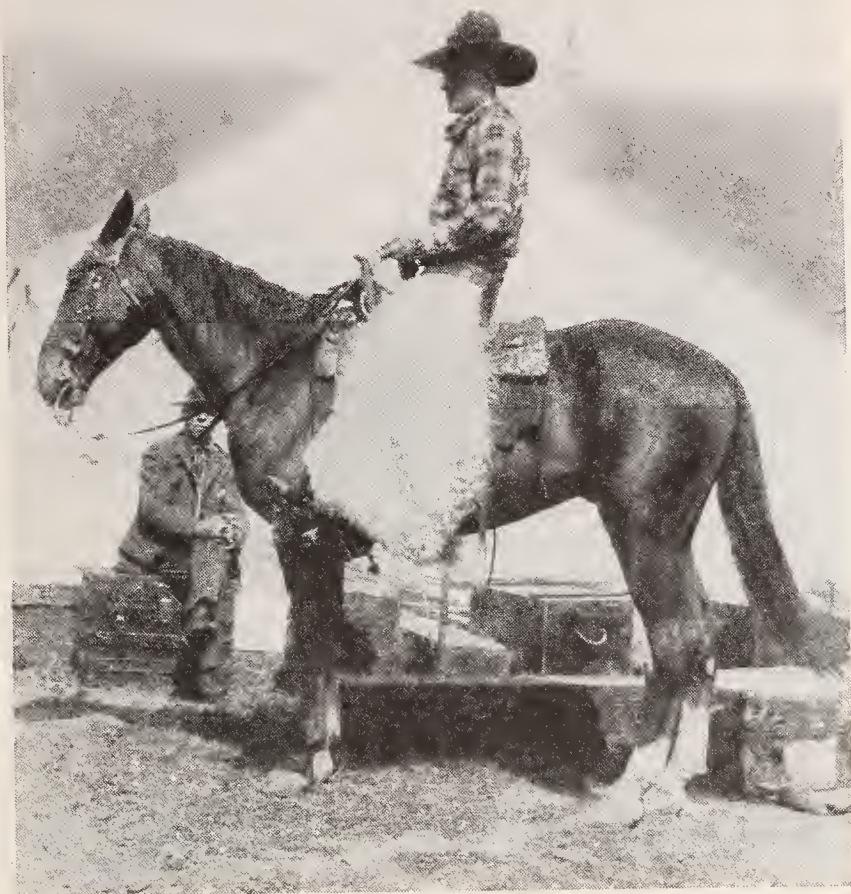
The small picture on this page shows Buck as he appeared when he was with the 101 Ranch and the Ranch decided to send a rodeo touring the country.

By WALTER
RAMSEY

... Had never seen a dollar bill until he was fifteen ... His first cowboy days ... His flyer in the army ... And his first taste of rodeo



In a test car during his sojourn at Indianapolis where he got a job as a test driver.



When Buck first joined a circus he looked like this. That would be when the 101 Ranch sent its cowboys on the road.

SOME thirty odd years ago Buck Jones was born Charles Gebhart in a modest little farm house just outside Vincennes, Indiana. It was the beginning of a life of typically American adventure that reads like a page from Mark Twain.

It stamped him for the rest of his life with a brand of Americanism that even Hollywood's sophisticated success has never been able to dull.

Buck, himself, puts it: "You can take the boy out of the country, but if the country has taken roots in his soul as it has in mine, you can never take the country out of the boy. Even Hollywood can't do it!"

The Gebhart family was small, consisting of Buck's father, who worked hard to barely manage a living out of his little farm; his mother, who worked hard at the task of keeping her small brood fed and protected, and an older sister, Ada.

Before Buck was old enough to remember anything at all about Vincennes, his family moved to another farm near the town of Ben Davis about sixteen miles out of Indianapolis. There was just one railroad line running through the town and one general merchandise store that carried everything from groceries to wearing apparel. Even the post office and the village doctor's headquarters were located in this store.

There was very little social life in Ben Davis. But then social life meant nothing to young "Chuck" Jones.

He knew, instead, secret trails that led to the hollows

of ageless trees. He knew the joys of a real honest to goodness old swimming hole. Before he was six years old he could whistle like a bird.

In company with neighboring farm boys he learned to build rafts to float down the river, and to dig caves to bury treasures and to build campfires without the aid of anything so modern as a match.

Every morning, no matter how cold in winter, or how hot in summer, he arose an hour before daybreak and carried a lantern to the barn for his father.

WHEN he was seven, he was entered (very compulsory entrance) in the one-room school two miles distant from his father's farm. He would have balked—played hookey—or anything else to have avoided this compulsory education if two of his closest cronies, the Marshall boys, hadn't advised him that it was pretty good for a fellow to know how to read and write.

Chuck had enormous respect for the Marshalls' judgment. If the Marshalls considered "education" as beneficial as swimming or exploring secret trails, all right, he would give it a fling.

It was an odd school! Every grade from kindergarten through high school was conducted in this one room by one harassed teacher.

That worthy lady would turn from instructing one row of rebellious youngsters through the mazes of the A B C's to the problems of trigonometry over in the "last" row.



Photograph by Carl de Voy

(Above) An unusual portrait of Buck.
(Right) In the uniform of the 6th Cavalry. Read about his exciting experiences while with this outfit.



Chuck's actual "grade" education went only as far as the fourth.

But the opportunity offered him to listen to the higher grades recite their lessons gave him an education that would equal Junior High today. He managed a fair education in economics along about the same time he was still struggling with addition and subtraction.

When Buck was eleven, the end of his fourth year in school, he refused to go on with his education. He was also growing restless with the life on his father's small uneventful farm and begged his family for the privilege of "hiring out" for a year at the farm of Doctor Tucker who lived near Maywood, about ten miles from Ben Davis.

Chuck's chief reason for choosing Doc's farm was because the old physician was the proud owner of two horses, Gypsy and Topsy, and Chuck was mad about horses. So he went to live with Doc . . . but the horse riding didn't come until later.

In the meantime he had a disastrous experience on the back of a mule which earned him forever the nickname of "Buck."

DOC thought that Chuck should learn to ride a mule before he trusted him on the back of one or the other of his famous steeds. The mule was named Jennie, and she had a disposition—all of it bad.

At this particular time Doc was using the mule to plow up his field. Chuck "helped" the plowing along by sitting on the mule's back and "guiding" her. This was an ideal arrangement for everybody except Jennie.

As days went by she grew more and more rebellious. One day when she could stand it no longer she gave a right smart jump in the air, for all the world like a bronco, and when they picked up Chuck ten feet away,

he was just about as unconscious as they come.

Nothing serious resulted, but when Chuck's farm gang heard about the incident they kiddingly nicknamed him "Buck" and from then on it was "Buck" instead of "Chuck."

(At the height of Buck's fame as a Fox star the company attempted to change his name to the more dignified billing of "Charles Jones." But even his fans insisted on "Buck" . . . and so it has been.)

When Buck was not actually busy at his chores on the farm he and his gang used to get a great kick out of wandering into town and "haunting" vacant houses. One day they went into a house they had believed to be vacant, but it wasn't.

Just as they were going pretty good on their ghost game, the owner came home. He was a mean old crank, furious at the juvenile "housebreaking," and reported to the children's parents that several articles were missing and that he was going to put the police on them.

"Now farm boys have only one idea about the law," laughed Buck, "and that idea is that the law is for one purpose . . . hanging! We all had visions of ourselves being strung up on a tree with an entire posse standing around chewing tobacco and laughing at us. So we decided to run away.

THERE were five of us forlorn, lonely and scared figures that set out down the railroad tracks. We didn't know where we were going, but we did know we were *moving*! We walked all day . . . I guess about five or six miles in actual distance.

"Exhausted and tired we decided to spend the night on the outskirts of a farm we had neared. But our rest was sadly disturbed by a suspicious farmer who mistook us for burglars or chicken thieves . . . and fired his shotgun in our direction. In less than an hour we had covered the five miles it had taken us all day to walk and were safe back home in our own beds!

"Funny thing," reminisced Buck, "I had a visit from one of the old gang just recently. It was one of the Marshall kids . . . Grover, whom I hadn't seen since those days back in Ben Davis. He had seen my picture in a movie magazine and had wondered if I was the same Buck he had known.

"I remember how we all used to envy Grover because he was the only kid that owned a small rifle. One day he was sitting on the fence showing off by shooting at some sparrows. Right in the midst of his exhibition the rifle broke open and his finger got stuck inside. It cut right through the joint and the only thing that held the finger to his hand at all was a little thin skin. We rushed Grover home and the doctor bandaged his finger with old-fashioned remedies. Believe it or not, Ripley, or anybody else, but the finger actually grew back on!"

WHEN Buck was twelve, at the completion of his year on Doc's farm, his family once more took him under their wing and the entire clan moved to Red Rock, Oklahoma, about ten miles from Ponca City.

This was all Indian territory, but white men were permitted to "homestead." The first step in homesteading is to fence in so many acres . . . then cultivate them and build a shack to live in before you can prove and get title to a homestead.

The Gebharts took 350 acres and 1,000 acres for grazing and built their own house out of logs.

But the little family had more than a hard time getting along. Fencing cost a lot of money . . . at least, a lot for the Gebharts. On top of this, their first year's planting was ruined by the frost.

By great self-sacrifice, they managed to raise a few hogs and cows for trading, and (*Continued on page 83*)

Portraits

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Joan Crawford wants to do a musical comedy picture. To that goal, she's taking singing and dancing lessons daily. The picture is tentatively titled "Dancing Lady." In "Today We Live," as you doubtless know, Joan had three excellent leading men—Gary Cooper, Robert Young and Franchot Tone. The bicycle fad which still keeps Hollywood pedaling was Joan's idea. She rode her own bicycle in "Today We Live." Rides well, too.





Photograph by Freulich

Gloria Stuart looks very fragile and Dresden-Shepherdess here, but in real life the lady is the very spirit of independence. She was born on July 4—maybe that's why. Gloria has just finished three pictures: "Dead on Arrival" for Paramount, with Ric Cortez, "Sweepings" for Radio with Lionel Barrymore and "The Kiss Before the Mirror" for Universal. The last named studio has dubbed Gloria "The All-American Girl." She is married to a nice young sculptor named Gordon Newell. She can't find anything wrong with the marriage-plus-career idea.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Warren William has completed "The Mind Reader" and is working in "Golddiggers of 1933." He has been married to the same woman for ten years. William may play hard-headed, nickel-snatching business men on the screen, but in private life he's a quiet, reticent chap. He has a delightful sense of humor. He never talks about himself and when interviewed he refuses to be personal. Which is discouraging to reporters, but makes us like him better. He lives in a large Beverly Hills house and has two dogs named Jack and Jill.



Here is a picture of Cary Grant whom all the girls adore. They can see him (and undoubtedly will) in "The Woman Accused" with Nancy Carroll and in "The Eagle and the Hawk"—which is his biggest picture to date. Cary's romance with blond Virginia Cherrill is still sizzling, although both deny an engagement. Cary continues to live in bachelor quarters with Randolph Scott. He (Cary) was badly hurt recently when the ceiling of a studio set fell on his head. Production on "The Eagle" was held up for a week on account of it. He's all right now.



Photograph by Mac Julian

Doesn't Loretta Young look lovely in bangs? It doesn't seem possible that Loretta has just turned twenty—she has so many pictures to her credit. You've just seen her in "Zoo in Budapest." Next, "Breadline." Loretta continues to live with her mother and three sisters—Sally Blane, Polly Ann and young Georgina, aged six, about whom Loretta is quite daffy. Loretta is still looking forward to her first European trip. It won't be for some time, however—not until "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," with young Fairbanks, and "She Had to Say Yes" are completed.



Photograph by Bachrach

Bruce Cabot is Hollywood's most eligible bachelor. (He was married when he was little more than a boy. It didn't work and there was a divorce.) He likes all the girls—but especially Loretta Young. When the bank holiday left the country unable to cash a check, Cabot was in Mexico and he had to bum his way back, not having a sou in his jeans. The Mexican trip was a little vacation, following completion of "King Kong" and "The Great Jasper." Cabot likes all sports—a very outdoor young man—and is quite an expert in most of them.

WHATEVER BECAME OF VIOLA DANA?

By KATHERINE
ALBERT



Remember how cute Viola was in her stardom days! At the left you see her in a recent Columbia short called "The Case of Poison Ivy." She used to be one of the biggest stars!

I HAVE a picture of Viola Dana in my mind's eye that I can never forget. I can see her on the old Metro lot standing like some mischievous gamine on a little rustic bridge in the studio garden, waving a bright handkerchief to an airplane whirring all too close to her.

Those were the days when Viola was at the height of success and happiness. She was madly in love with Lieut. Locklear—the Lindbergh of his day—and she was a great star.

Locklear used to fly over the studio, dipping his plane so low that the wheels would touch the top of the stages—much to the terror of the actors and to the delight of Viola.

She was always a madcap in those days—but a true artiste in her intense, vital way. Locklear, as you know, was killed while stunt flying at night. He apparently mistook the fireworks sent up around his plane for ground lights and flew downwards instead of upwards, crashing into the earth.

It was a heart breaking time for Viola, but she went on with her career.

When her grief was at last over, she fell in love with

Lefty Flynn. Her marriage to him was a real Hollywood romance, but one—like everything in Viola's life, it seems—to be touched by tragedy.

YOU know, of course, the one time great football player's weakness. To put it tactfully, he looked too long upon the wine when it was red—except that he didn't content himself with just looking and he liked harder stuff than wine.

Viola loved Lefty—there's no doubt about that and he loved her—but only a woman who has been married to a man like him can know what Viola suffered. The sound of his voice on the telephone (would it be husky or clear?). His step on the front porch (would it be firm or faltering?). Her plans for the evening (would he be "himself" enough to take her to the theater party or dinner party, or would she be sitting at the telephone calling all his friends with whom he might be?).

What those months cost Viola only she, herself, knows. There was no way for it to end, of course, but in the divorce courts.

Her career, although not so poignantly personal, of course, was no less tragic. (Continued on page 91)

Another grand addition to our series on the fate of old favorites



DO YOU WANT INSPIRATION?

...Then read about Dorothy Jordan, as this discerning novelist sees her. For her story is more inspiring than a thousand more glamorous Hollywood histories

By FAITH BALDWIN

WHILE I write this, hundreds and thousands of girls all over the country are looking at themselves in mirrors, each of them dreaming of becoming a movie star.

Each of these girls is convinced that she has something special—grace, figure, appearance, acting talent, hair or eyes. Something unique, something which never before has been, never again will be.

Others of us, reading of the temperamental escapades and curious vagaries, fads and fancies of Hollywood stars and near-stars, believe that, allowing for what is pure publicity, these fortunate people must have been set apart by nature for the positions they have attained.

Dorothy Jordan is a direct contradiction of this. Dorothy Jordan is not a motion picture actress who happens, by chance, to be an extremely nice girl; she is an extremely nice girl who happens to be a motion picture actress.

Her history is so commonplace that it is startling. She said to me, laughing a little, that she wondered whether she had better think up a new one, one evolved from pure fiction. "Because," she explained in her pretty Southern accent, "people must get tired of reading the truth."

Nevertheless, in her history there is more inspiration for the average girl than in the dramatic histories of a thousand other Hollywood stars.

Dorothy Jordan is a small town girl. Her early experiences are being duplicated every day by hundreds of girls in other towns. She was the most popular girl in her senior high school year. I can understand that perfectly. She is pretty without being so spectacularly beautiful that she would arouse the animosity of other girls; she has a sense of fun and a sense of humor and is one of the most sincerely interested listeners it has ever been my good fortune to encounter.

During that senior year she was selected to represent her school in Clarkeville, Tennessee, in an inter-scholastic debate. Dorothy had worked hard, with the enthusiasm native to her. In addition, she had been to the usual exciting round of graduation parties. The last big event was the debate. So Dorothy walked out on the stage of a strange auditorium, heard the applause and listened, smelled the piercingly sweet fragrance of many flowers. Took her place. And then she fainted dead away.

This still remains to her a most devastating experience.

Dorothy Jordan is still very young. She has some very excellent work in pictures to her credit. She has not been spoiled; neither has she become disgruntled or bitter because all her roles have not been what her ambition might prefer. Less than any young motion picture person I have met has she "gone Hollywood." She hasn't "gone" anything at all. She is simply herself. She does not accept praise as if it were her due. When I told her how well I recalled her charming performance with Novarro in "Devil May Care," her eyes, which are neither gray nor green, widened a little. She was sincerely amazed that I remembered her.

SHE has an enchanting little face, unmarked by any lines of greed or by the desire to be the center of the limelight. Her hair is a pleasant brown—"plain brown," she told me, only it isn't plain—and her skin is smooth and pretty. She has the smallest hands I have ever seen and they are beautifully formed and have a surprising amount of strength in a hand-clasp. Her features are not remarkable for anything in particular; they are just very nice features, easy to look at, and if I repeat that she is not a world-shaking beauty she will not mind, for I doubt if she has any aspirations in that doubtfully happy direction.

She has a certain fragility of appearance, however, and so quiet a manner that I puzzled over her a little. The manner is not weak nor undetermined, but it is passive rather than pushing. It amazed me to think that once she had come to New York from the life of her small town and become a chorus girl. I wondered what had urged her to it, what chance had brought her this way. It was impossible to believe that she had deliberately made up her mind to "go places and do things." And then I realized that, during her chorus girl experience, her attitude and her life had changed very little from her attitude and life at home. And I became aware that whatever she did, or for whatever reason she did it, nothing would alter her very much. Just as in Hollywood she has never been identified with the sensation-seeking crowd, so in New York she did not ally herself with the tabloid headlines of the Main Stem. It isn't in her to do so. It wouldn't suit her. She is a fastidious little person and it doesn't (Continued on page 97)



ALWAYS IN HOT WATER

(Left) As he is today. (Left, below) With Miriam Hopkins in "The Story of Temple Drake" (temporary title). (Left, bottom of page) With Maurice Black and Helen Mack in "While Paris Sleeps," an old Fox Film. (Below) With Verree Teasdale in "Terror Abroad." (Below, bottom of page) With Warren William in "The Mouthpiece." Opposite page, (Upper small picture) The whipping scene with Cary Grant in "The Woman Accused." (Lower, small picture) With Gary Cooper in "Farewell to Arms." And (big picture) with Mae West in the stage play, "Diamond Lil."



As a kid, Jack LaRue was always getting in pretty hot water

By MARTHA
K E R R

YOU have seen Jack LaRue as the ascetic, dreamy-eyed priest in "Farewell to Arms." You have seen him as the whimpering, cowardly gangster in "The Woman Accused" and other roles of that type.

And perhaps you have wondered—as I did—just what a man with a face like that is really like.

For that wide, sensual mouth—those darkly brooding eyes—the broad, flat nose have a sinister quality.

What sort of a man could have a face like that?

All his life Jack LaRue has been in trouble—that's the first thing you'll learn about him.

His trouble began when he was a small, lithe mischievous kid with bright Italian eyes. His father was a piano maker, and when Jack should have been helping him he was sneaking away from home to sit all day in a movie palace, watching the glittering paradise peopled by svelte silken women and smooth, sophisticated men who marched across the screen.

If you had seen him then as he watched the film run over and over again and imagined himself as suave as the men he saw before him you would have had a hint of the Jack LaRue who was destined to play in "The Story of Temple Drake," from Faulkner's allegedly salacious novel, "Sanctuary." (Ask George Raft about that!)

For instead of a little Italian boy in a movie theatre Jack became the man he is on the screen—thirsty for all life's stolen pleasures and willing to pay the penalty for them.

For there was a penalty for those hours spent in the

movie theatres. Jack knew the scene at home, his father saying to him, "Where have you been, son?"

And Jack answering, "I haven't done anything really bad, father, I . . . just . . ."

And then his father—to teach a lesson which Jack couldn't learn—giving him a good sound whipping.

And Jack whimpering before his father (do you remember in "The Woman Accused" when Cary Grant applied the whip to his face and body?) and promising never, never to do it again.

BUT he did it again and again. Jack could no more help running away to the movies and staying all day than he could help flirting with the dark-eyed Italian girls in his neighborhood. Jack was born for trouble as surely as sparks fly upwards and women were to play an important part in his life.

I want to give you a picture of him when he was fourteen to show you what manner of boy he was. Unbeknown to his father—who knew that Jack was different from the other children in the family—Jack asked a girl to go to Coney Island with him for an evening.

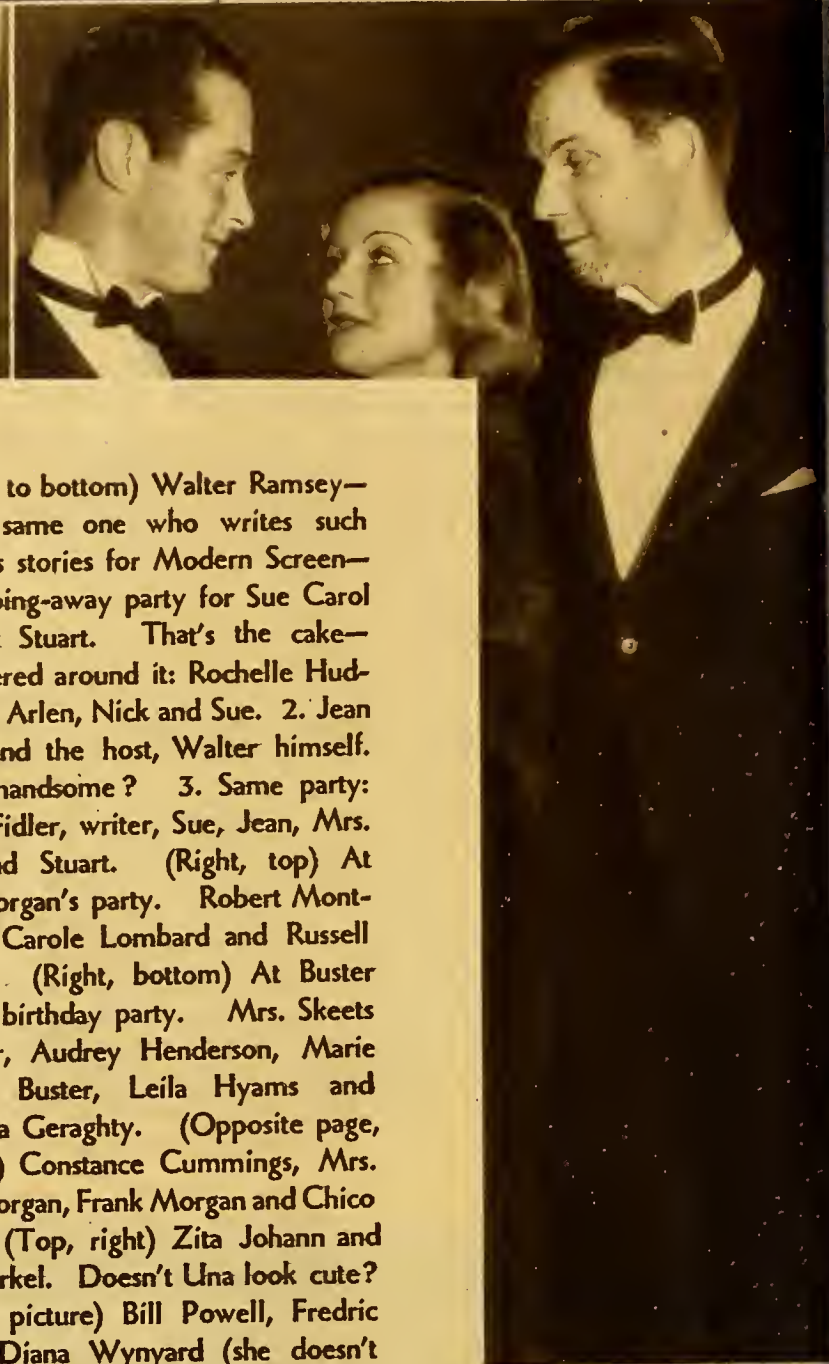
In spite of the fact that he was only a kid, he was amazingly spruce and dapper and eager to make an impression on the girl who clung to his arm as they walked along the tawdry Coney Island streets.

The blare of the merry-go-round calliope; the dancing girls in grass skirts and nothing much else, writhing to the wail of steel guitars and ukuleles; the snake charmers in red sequins; the hoarse (*Continued on page 99*)



But he's made up for it by making a sensational success of his career

MODERN SCREEN'S



(Left, top to bottom) Walter Ramsey—yes, the same one who writes such marvelous stories for Modern Screen—gave a going-away party for Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. That's the cake—and gathered around it: Rochelle Hudson, Dick Arlen, Nick and Sue. 2. Jean Harlow and the host, Walter himself. Isn't he handsome? 3. Same party: Jimmie Fidler, writer, Sue, Jean, Mrs. Arlen and Stuart. (Right, top) At Frank Morgan's party. Robert Montgomery, Carole Lombard and Russell Gleason. (Right, bottom) At Buster Collier's birthday party. Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, Audrey Henderson, Marie Prevost, Buster, Leila Hyams and Carmelita Geraghty. (Opposite page, Top left) Constance Cummings, Mrs. Frank Morgan, Frank Morgan and Chico Marx. (Top, right) Zita Johann and Una Merkel. Doesn't Una look cute? (Bottom picture) Bill Powell, Fredric March, Diana Wynyard (she doesn't always look like that—just being silly), Mrs. Fredric March and Bob Montgomery at Frank Morgan's.



HOME PARTY ALBUM



FRANK MORGAN'S PARTY WHERE SOME OF THE GIRLS DO A DIETRICH

MODERN SCREEN'S



(Left, top to bottom) 1. At Robert Armstrong's informal stag party. Find Bob? 2. Frank Morgan and others at the same party. 3. At Gary Cooper's party. Mary Pickford, mustached Jack Oakie, Joan Crawford, Moss Hart, composer, and Polly Moran. (Right, top to bottom.) Top, Jimmie Gleason, Bob Armstrong and Harry Joe Brown at Bob's party. 2. Also at Gary's party. Mrs. Frank Joyce, Oakie again, Jobyna Ralston, Tommy Tompkins, Franchot Tone and Roscoe Kearns. 3. Joan Crawford and Gary at Gary's shindig. (Opposite page, top) At Mike Levee's party for Elsa Maxwell. It was supposed to be a stag affair—except for the guest of honor. But Elsa fooled them by coming dressed as Professor Einstein. Edgar Allen Woolf, Elsa Maxwell as the Professor, Jesse L. Lasky, Jimmie Durante, Mike Levee, Maurice Chevalier, Frank Borzage, Leslie Howard, Jean Malin and Fredric March. (Opposite page, bottom) Another group at Gary's party.



HOME PARTY ALBUM





Photograph by Ray Jones

Genevieve Tobin has seven real dogs and a large assortment of wooden and porcelain bows besides. You'd never believe it, but she is quite a home girl. Lives with her mother, brother and sisters. She has never been married and there are no romance rumors about her. She plays the piano and the harp very well. Since her return from England—where she played a feature role, you know, in Gloria Swanson's "Perfect Understanding," Genevieve has completed "Pleasure Cruise" with Minna Gombell and Roland Young for Fox.

GLAMOR HOLLYWOOD'S AND YOURS



DIRECTED BY MISS MARGERY WELLS,
THESE DEPARTMENTS, WHICH CONSTI-
TUTE A MAGAZINE WITHIN A MAGAZINE,
BRING YOU THE LATEST, MOST
AUTHENTIC INFORMATION CONCERNED
WITH FASHION, BEAUTY AND THE HOME

June, the month of brides—Constance Bennett, a beautiful bride. Miss Bennett's veil is of real lace, but its draping is classic and a perfect arrangement for tulle, net or mousseline, if the old family lace inheritance doesn't seem to be handy.

HOLLYWOOD CHARM GOSSIP

• CONTENTS •

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HAVE you seen the new accordion pleated scarves that match the accordion pleated trimming on frocks? Jean Harlow appeared at lunch at the Assistance League, where she's been doing so much good work, in a pale yellow dress with a brown scarf swinging low over the left shoulder and up across the right one. Both the scarf and the brown puff on the sleeve at the elbow were accordion pleated.

• And speaking of scarves . . . the ladies have adopted these, too, but we'll have to give Gary Cooper credit for introducing them. We mean the long white silk aviator scarves. They are three yards long, cross over the chest, swoop down under the arms, and tuck in or tie at the back.

• Bandeaux add a fascinating note to bright locks—to say nothing of the way they keep stray hairs in order. If you're going in for a smooth hairdress on top and a cluster of curls behind, you'll want one, of course. They are shown in every conceivable hue and material.

At a dance given by Hollywood's Little Club, Mary Brian wore one of turquoise. Her gown was turquoise blue taffeta and she carried a flower muff of forget-me-nots! At the same affair, Mary Carlisle had her blond hair caught back by a golden hoop that matched the spray of flowers on her shoulder. Mary's dress was lilac blue chiffon.

Nothing is more flattering than flower hats, as the stars have discovered. Quite frequently for formal occasions they complement them with a muff of similar flowers. Dolores Del Rio is most disturbing

to man's peace of mind in a flat little hat of flaming poppies which are matched by the tiny muff she slips over one hand. An all-white costume of dull crêpe is a delightful offset.

• Claudette Colbert is wearing her bangs longer so that she can brush them back, when the mood takes her, with the comfortable assurance that they'll stay back. She uses very clever small clips on her hair for evening that are identical with those on her gown. (Continued on page 79)

WHEN YOU GO TO THE BEACH



Frances' bathing suit (right) is yellow with dark green stripes and green trunks. The skirt is navy blue ribbed woolen material and so are the slacks. The skirt is a wrap-around. The slacks are casual, but nicely fitted.

Frances Dee has a three-piece outfit for sun and sand. She can wear her navy slacks over her bathing suit as she is doing in the picture above. Or she can wear the skirt, as in the middle picture. She is, in other words, equipped for any beach occasion. A good scheme to follow.



FRANCES DEE'S THREE-WAY BEACH OUTFIT

What about the hair when you go in for honest-to-goodness swimming and diving? Protect it with a tight rubber cap, as Phyllis Barry does in the picture immediately below. One with a chin strap. Then (center picture) when you choose a swim suit, wear a hand-knitted one in white, backless and cut out under the arms.

If yachting is in order, a white suit is best. Genevieve Tobin shows you how to do it in the latest 1933 summer manner. A dress of white piqué with cape sleeves and a gaily colored scarf about the throat, along with a white straw sailor hat. White buckskin pumps, with straight heels, finish the costume.



Norma Shearer shows how the backless bathing suit is done in its more modern manner. Hers is white with a royal blue border around the bib top and straps of the same blue shade crossing over the back.



Knitted suits—well, you're just nothing this summer unless you have at least one of them! And how they do stand up under hard wear! Mary Carlisle (above) is wearing one which combines green, yellow, red and powder blue in a knitted pattern that resembles tuckings. There is a bolero jacket, worn over a yellow knitted sweater and the close fitting knit cap is also of yellow.

A white hat is chosen above every other for summer. And when it is high and Russian looking as Sari Maritza's is (right) and worn at just the right angle and with just enough hair showing, it's practically perfect.



(Above) Summer pumps for evening in silver and white brocade have their matching handbag. There is suggested a string of clear crystals and silver to be worn along with them, when a very simple white evening dress is the background. (Right) Katharine Hepburn knows how to wear a plaid blouse, with high neck and high-waisted skirt—one of the best models for this season.



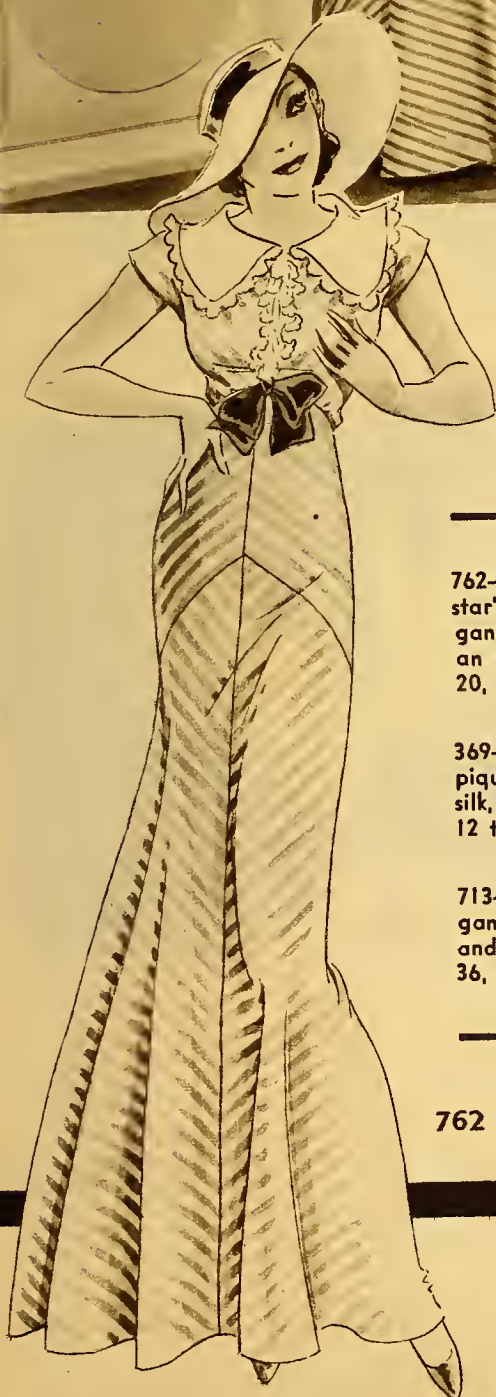
GOING AWAY? LOOK AT THESE FOUR IDEAS

PATTERNS

For back views and instructions for ordering these patterns, see page 109.



369



762—Sari Maritza's argandie frack is our star's model. This dress, in fine white argandie (for it must be stiff) would make an excellent graduation dress. Sizes 12 to 20, 36 and 38 bust.

369—This swagger sparts frack, in cattan piqué, cattan and woolen mixtures, or wash silk, is smart and will tub beautifully. Sizes 12 to 20, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

713—Polka-dotted silk with crisp white argandie sleeves. The shoulder line is new and the skirt is slimming. Sizes 14 to 20, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

762



713

PATTERNS WITH SUNNY DAYS IN MIND



Lovely Hands

At the top, Greta Nissen shows you how quiet, poised hands make a daily gesture beautiful. At the left, you see two of the loveliest hands in Hollywood—Jean Harlow's. And Carole Lombard shows you the latest fad—crimson polish covering the whole nail, tip and all.

SOFT SKIN, PERFECT GROOMING AND GRACEFUL USAGE DOES IT!

BEAUTY ADVICE

By
Mary Biddle

THIS is a "by request" program. Its object is to answer as many as I can of the questions which crop up in letters—which are general enough to interest most people but which are, at the same time, just a little out of the usual beauty routine.

We'll start with hand problems. I put those lovely pictures on the opposite page just to inspire you toward bigger and better hand beauty.

See how Jean Harlow's flower-like hands (with natural nail polish, observe) are so beautifully in character with her silvery beauty. See how Carole Lombard makes a new fad (the crimson polish covering the whole nail) smart and interesting without being garish. Note, too, in the picture of Carole's hands by themselves, how important it is to have long slim fingers if you are going to wear great big rings. I said *slim*, not thin, for a thin hand would look over-weighted with a ring of that size. And see how Greta Nissen uses her hands so gracefully.

All right—all right. I know many of you probably haven't pretty hands. The oftenest-asked question is, "How can I make my hands white? They're *always* red—and especially red when I particularly want them to look nice." Naturally. When you "particularly want them to look nice," you get a bit nervous. All the blood rushes to your hands. Make a point, at such times, of keeping your hands *up* as much as possible. Be sure your sleeve isn't tight in any place. Avoid the puffed-sleeve-with-elastic. As a matter of fact, be sure none of your clothing is tight—and that goes for girdles, too.

Softening, slightly bleaching hand lotions are essential to everyone. In addition, the lady who's troubled with red paws should use a hand cream on special occasions. The best one I know is about the consistency of grease-paint—maybe a little thinner. It leaves the hands soft and with an almost powdered look. Then, too (and how many times have I said this!) wear old, loose gloves to bed, first anointing the hands with cold cream or tissue cream.

IN the matter of manicures, here's my rule: look after the cuticle first. The shape and length of the nail comes next in importance. And polish and nail-white last. So, if you haven't time for a complete manicure, for good-

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

ness sakes do the cuticle. Remember, half-moons can be made to grow where you thought none existed—but you can't do it in a single treatment. It takes patient, gentle coaxing. Don't push the cuticle back as if your life depended on it—you'll break the skin and encourage hangnails. Be satisfied with a little progress at a time.

If your hands are big, capable and rather bony, don't affect bright polish on

any occasion. If your hands are slim, white and elegant, play them up! Change your shade of polish often—to match your frocks, your lipstick or the occasion. Call attention to your pretty hands with one lovely ring—it doesn't have to be expensive, you know. But in buying costume jewelry, do stick to the semi-precious stones—carnelian, topaz, turquoise and so on—and avoid imitations of the more precious jewels. Wear bracelets only if they add to your costume and if your arms and wrists are slender. Don't buy cheap gloves! They may seem great bargains, but you'll find that another dollar or dollar-fifty would have given you a glove that would fit and whose seams wouldn't have given way from malnutrition. Never wear tight gloves—they make the hand look bigger. And if your hands are big, avoid white and choose grey, beige and black.

Question two: "Please, Miss Biddle, have an article on different ways to fix the hair—both long and short hair." Whew! Do you realize, my innocents, that it's very difficult to tell folks in print (and at long distance, too) how to fix their hair? I can only give you a few general principles—here they are:

Take a hand-mirror and sit down in front of a big mirror. Study the shape of your head. Is it flat on top? Then, in dressing or cutting, it must be built up there. Waves will build it up. So will expert barbering—"feathering" the hair underneath and combing the long hair over the feathered part. Is there a bulge in your head at the back? Then avoid clumps of curls and wads of hair at that point. Have you a rather large nose? Then balance that nose with hair at the back of your head—either curls or a small knot. And don't wear hats with no brims. How about your forehead? Measure it—if its height is the width of three fingers, you have a very nice forehead. Show it. If it's higher than (Continued on page 103)



OBJECT LESSON IN GOOD MANNERS

This distinguished woman, the great-great-niece of Napoleon, (below, in the small picture, is her family crest) begins a series of fascinating articles on good manners and charm. She bases her observations on the lives and living of the stars. And she begins with the Harold Lloyds, whom you see at the left. Why the Lloyds? Because there is no pretense about them! For other reasons, too—which you'll find in the article.

By Her Highness Princess Laure Mural

DELIVER me from pretense. Give me more people like the Harold Lloyds.

Let me tell you about a visit I had with the Lloyds just after they came back from Europe. It is such a perfect illustration of all I applaud in them.

The Lloyds, after all, had had something of a triumphal tour. Remember that! Tremendous crowds had welcomed them upon their arrival in the different cities and been at the train again to bid them Godspeed. In England and on the Continent they met the most important people.

Neither Mildred nor Harold were born to this sort of thing. When I think of the way they *might* have reacted to it, I am doubly amazed that they came back the same delightful, genuine people they have always been.

In the drawing room of the family's tower suite in the Waldorf-Astoria, little Gloria paraded about in a pair of her mother's high-heeled mules. Peggy (the Lloyds adopted little one, you remember) watched her admiringly for a little while. Then, unable to endure Gloria's superiority another minute, she asked permission to wear



the brocaded sandals she found under her mother's bed. Both little girls were so enthusiastic about the skating and skiing they had seen at St. Moritz that they interrupted each other telling me about it.

Harold, Junior, was very important in a blue sailor suit. He sat beside his nurse on the sofa and covered yellow paper with wobbly lines. In turn he in-

sisted they represented a cat, a dog, a horse and a boat. He reminded me of other young, radical artists I've known.

It was all very informal and refreshing. *And very American.* If only Americans, as well as every other nationality, would remember that we are always most charming when we are *what* we are, that we lose all our charm by forsaking our natural color in an attempt to imitate something that is native to someone else.

As Mildred and I stepped into the dining room for a minute, several other guests arrived. It had been planned that the nurse and children would go to the nursery quarters. But somehow it ended by all of us congregating around the long Sheraton table (*Continued on page 96*)

WE CAN ALL LEARN MUCH ABOUT GOOD MANNERS FROM THE GENUINE, UNASSUMING LLOYDS

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



**Worries over a Gray Hair
But She Neglects Her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!**

SHE gets panic-stricken about a gray hair—and yet nobody else would ever know she had one! Scarcely anyone, however, can glance at her without noticing how gray her teeth look—how dingy and dull.

If your teeth are dull-looking—if your gums are sensitive—they need *Ipana* and massage.

"Pink" upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums.

And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth—the charm of your smile!

For "pink tooth brush" may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—it may even endanger sound teeth.

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

Restore to your gums the stimula-

tion they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives 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 it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the *Ipana* treatment regularly and faithfully and you need have little concern about "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-63
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

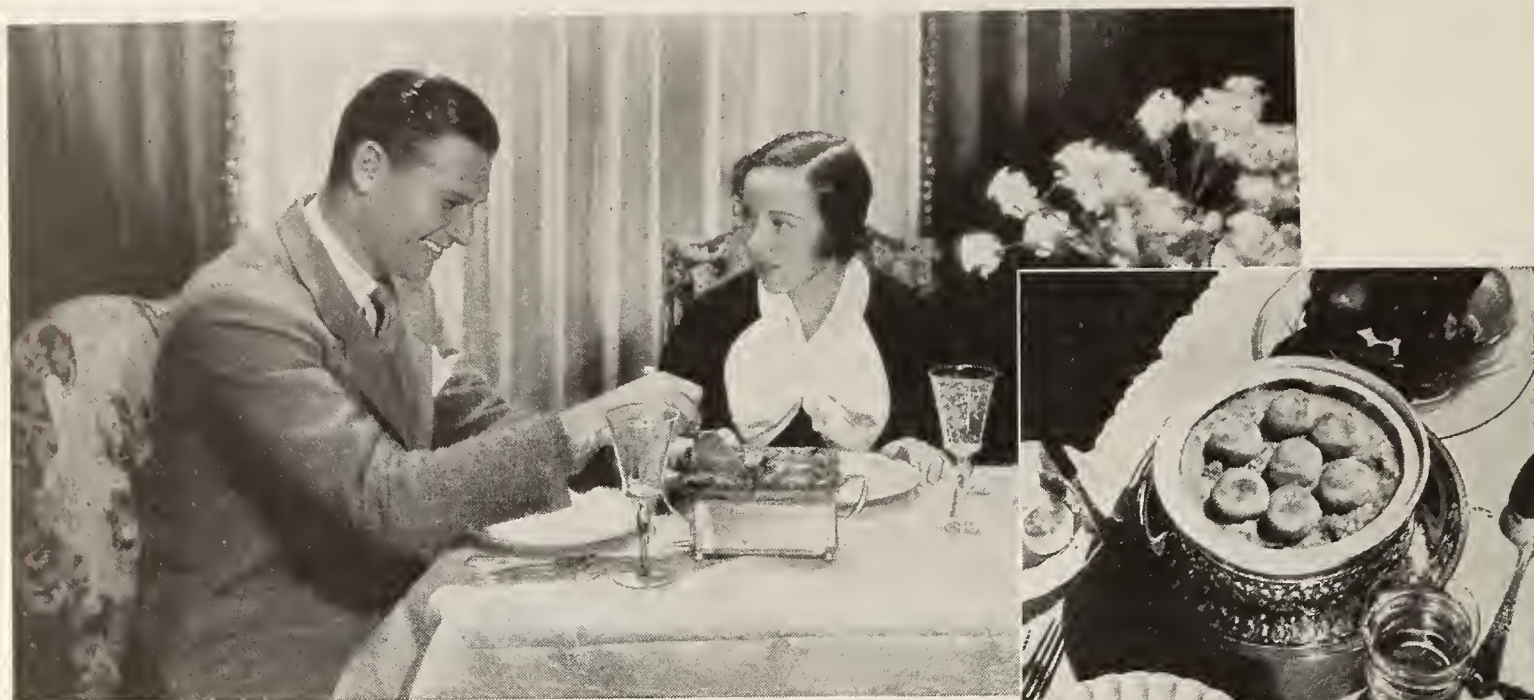
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

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

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



(Above) Dick is helping Joby to Savory Lamb Pie—one of his favorite dishes. Inexpensive and delicious. And so is the meat pie (right) with the baking powder crust.

THE MODERN HOSTESS

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, our husband ran into an old college friend on his way home from work. So overwhelmed was he with delight at seeing "good old Jim" again that he carted him right home to dinner

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 June, 1933, at no further cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

without even stopping at the corner drugstore to find out whether or not the meal he was so eager to share was one which would stretch. Being just a young bride we were completely covered with housewifely confusion when they walked in! For we were having stew—and somehow we just couldn't imagine offering stew to a guest. However, there we were, with nothing else in the house; we set the steaming platter on the table, stuttering incoherent phrases of apology the while. Our guest sniffed the savory aroma emanating from that humble platter. He looked actually expectant and we wanted to believe him when he assured us that *he* thought stew was "an elegant dish." Perhaps, we speculated, he was being just polite. But by the time he and our husband had completely demolished that great platterful of meat and vegetables and dumplings, we decided that he was just being truthful.

Later we discussed the matter with

our husband and he laughed heartily. "Of course he really likes stew," he assured us. "Likes it as much as I do, and that's saying a lot. All men like a *good* stew. Why, down at the club, when there is stew or meat pie or some other such concoction on the menu, the fellows always order it in preference to steaks or chops or any of those supposedly preferred meats. Didn't you know?"

We thought we detected a note of masculine patronage in the tone of voice in which the question was put—but we had to confess we didn't know! We had always thought that "made" meat dishes were things which were eaten at home because they were put on the table to be eaten, but we never dreamed that men actually ordered them in restaurants in preference to the snootier undisguised meats. But once we had learned our lesson we never forgot and from that day to this, whenever we plan a (Continued on page 92)

ECONOMICAL MEAT DISHES FROM THE RICHARD ARLENS' RECIPE BOOK

Little Caesar, Jr.

(Continued from page 43)

on a white pillow, over which was tacked a card inscribed, "Baby Boy Robinson."

"Isn't he grand?" Eddie exclaimed.

"Look at that head. Look at those hands—and the feet. See him try to stand up. That's more than an ordinary baby three months old can do. Isn't he handsome?"

BABY BOY ROBINSON'S eyes goggled towards his nose.

"Naturally," Eddie said hastily, "all babies look a little cross-eyed at this age. But see the strength of him. You can see the character in his face. Isn't the mouth like mine? Look at it."

"Of course," Eddie continued, as the nurse held up Eddie, Jr., in her arms, "all fathers boast, but this baby really has beaten all records in this hospital. Most babies lose weight for the first three days. This one lost five ounces the first day, and has gained every day since—even yesterday when he was christened. Yes, sir. The boy can take it."

"Look at him hold up his head," Eddie exclaimed. "No other babies his age can hold up their heads like that. Their necks aren't strong enough."

Eddie, Jr., yawned right in his father's face.

Eddie, Sr., led the way down a long corridor to his wife's room. Gladys Robinson in a lace negligée was lying in a tall hospital bed, flowers in vases around the room, her own bright brunette face, sparkling brown eyes, fluffed brown hair, rosy cheeks, like a flower on the white pillow.

"Isn't he grand?" she asked, smiling.

"The nurse has had to take him in to see every patient on the floor," Eddie said.

"He's boss of this family," Eddie said.

"He's the sovereign," Gladys agreed.

"By the way," she added, "you know I take care of Eddie's business, and look after his roles and his contracts."

"That's right," Eddie agreed. "She okays everything I do."

"And I'll be back on the job in about a week," Gladys said.

Miss Jones, the nurse, entered with Eddie, Jr.

"Here comes the boss," Gladys said, smiling.

"He never misses a meal," Eddie said.

"Isn't he beautiful?" Gladys demanded.

Visitors are not allowed at babies' eatings.

"But fathers are," Eddie explained outside the room. "And it's marvelous to watch, besides being the only time I can really get near my son. They don't allow anyone—even fathers—in the nursery."

"You might mention," he said, before this visitor took the elevator, "that just to keep in line with the pleasant custom of nepotism in the movies, that Harry Warner is the boy's godfather."

"Isn't he thrilling?"



A new batch of snapshots is a package full of excitement . . . "Let me see" . . . "I must have this one" . . . Plenty of fun when the pictures were made. But what sport when the prints are passed around!

Millions are finding new possibilities in snapshots—they use Kodak VERICHROME Film. It has really made picture-taking quite a different thing. Easy positions—natural expressions—you get them with Verichrome. Because nobody need pose or face the sun. Dull days or bright, just snap what you want. The pictures will turn out right. Try a roll of Verichrome today! Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

• Verichrome is the double-coated film. Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshots.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

PERFUME MAGIC

By Ann L. Silver



(Left) A gold perfume bottle—fabulously valuable—which belonged to a Chinese empress and, recently, to Lya de Putti. (Below) Miss Lya de Putti's vanity—a lovely thing of creamy enamel, set with diamond chips, turquoise and sapphires.

Both articles loaned by courtesy of Blue Waltz Beauty Aids



moody, gay or pensive. How it affects others is even less predictable. A scent may stimulate, intrigue, annoy, charm or make people absolutely sick. It can attract so irresistibly or irritate so indefinably that others may never realize it is your perfume and not your personality that is driving them from you. That's why it is so important to select the right perfume."

But the right perfume, according to this expert, is not necessarily the one you like. Perfume in a bottle isn't the same as perfume on your body. It doesn't even smell the same on two people. What may seem like a divine scent on your best friend might develop into a repulsive odor on you. Once it touches your flesh, a chemical reaction occurs. It is best then, this beauty specialist advises, to try perfume on the skin first, rubbing it in well until the alcohol evaporates and the body heat brings out the real fragrance.

BUT if you can't use your personal preferences as a yardstick, how, I asked, are you to know which is the right perfume? Few of us can go to experts for a perfume test and analysis.

The secret, it seems, is all in knowing your type and being true to it. That's the safest rule, according to this Egyptian beauty specialist, and a good half the battle. The rest depends on your observing a few necessary do's and don'ts about the use of perfume.

Blondes—this Egyptian beauty specialist calls them the flower type—should, as a rule, use floral scents or bouquets. Elusive, delicate fragrances that are like the breath of spring—violet, sweet pea, mimosa, muguet, mignonette and daffodil. Not all blondes, of course, are frail, fair-skinned and delectably feminine. There is the classic ash blonde, like Ann Harding. The haunting purity of lily-of-the-valley is best suited to her. Or the aristocratic blonde, such as Karen (Continued on page 109)

PERFUME can be a powerful weapon in the hands of the woman who knows her scented A, B, C's. And a complete failure when she doesn't—as too few of us do.

We buy something because it bears an intriguing name or comes in a tricky bottle. Maybe it suits our personality, more often it doesn't. And we keep on making the same mistakes and the problem remains unsolved.

An expert perfumer, of course, knows the secret. That's why I went up to the smart Fifth Avenue salon of a man who has long catered to the perfume needs of the discriminating women who can afford such advice. He is an Egyptian. The secrets of Cleopatra and other beauties who reigned in the land of the Nile were handed down from generation to generation and are now in the possession of this modern son of Egypt who combines the alchemy of the East with the advanced science of today in creating his perfumes.

He was mixing a scent for Joan Crawford when I came into his salon. Into a test tube he put the sweet, haunting essence of heliotrope, a bit

of pungent amber, drops of some strange, tantalizing green liquid, then a mysterious, fatty substance for a base and fixative. The tube was sealed and plunged into a steam bath. I tried to imagine the spicy, exhilarating fragrance on the fiery Joan and the very thought of it fascinated me.

"Exactly—that's the purpose of perfume," he said, watching my reaction. "To create an illusion and arouse the emotions. And its influence is unlimited on both the physical and mental states. It can depress or elate, make you feel frivolous or

CORRECTLY, SUBTLY USED PERFUME CAN DO MORE THAN BEAUTY!

Charm Gossip

(Continued from page 67)

● The day of pants in the feminine fashion parade is past. This is the decree of no less a personage than Adrian. Marlene Dietrich and Sari Maritza, who have worn tailored trousers these long years, will probably continue to do so. But as a general fad trousers are out. Done for. In their stead bloom the most romantically lovely costumes ever seen under the moon. Swirling chiffons and gay flowered taffetas. Irene Dunne has a taffeta we dream about—the background is cream and the design is an old-fashioned bouquet. It sports a square neck and ruffled shoulder sleeves. Irene completes it with a bright, dark blue picture hat.

● To be smart, use your signature! That's what the stars do. Norma Shearer, Miriam Hopkins and I don't know how many others have had a plate made of their autograph. Their name in their own handwriting appears on their cigarette cases, handkerchiefs, underwear, note paper and car door.

● Trust the Fredric Marches to think of the cleverest things for that adopted baby of theirs. Now it's a lamp in the nursery that even when it's turned off, maintains a luminous glow throughout the night so that you can readily find it. Quite an idea . . . and won't somebody please perfect electric light buttons that are phosphorescent?

● Many a head has ached from using the pillow on a summer resort bed. So why not take along your own nice pillow to which you're accustomed when you go vacationing? Constance Bennett always takes her own bedding when travelling. Says, for one thing, it protects her from catching cold and for another she never feels lonesome with something from home along.

● Upright pianos have been pushed right out of the fashion picture this last decade or so by interior decorators. Now it's time to pull them back. No more shoving into corners; no more hiding them behind fancy shawls. They're very much in vogue again. Who says so? Joan Crawford, my dears. She's had hers painted a pale icy green to blend with the walls.

● Hollywood bachelors like their comfort! And what is more comfortable than to be resting on a downy divan and still be able to switch on your favorite broadcast program or pet record without getting up? Joel McCrea has a unique arrangement. On either end of his plaid upholstered couch is a small table. Twin parchment lamps stand on them so you'd never suspect them of concealing anything. Ah but they do! One hides a radio—the other a victrola. Just the thing for an apartment or bungalow where room is at a premium.

"She's pretty—"
"She's lively—"
"She's a good dancer—"



CAN you blame him for blaming her? For wondering why she doesn't do something about it?

A girl who has everything to make her popular, yet fails to "click"!

And the pity of it is, it's *her own fault, her own carelessness.*

It's hard to forgive a girl who has the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it is so easy to be always sweet and dainty—with Mum!

A quick fingertipful of Mum applied to each underarm when you dress—that's all there is to it. Just a little half minute and you're protected for all day or evening!

The beauty of Mum is that you can use it *any time.* For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing, you know.

And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can use it immediately after shaving under the arms.

Remember, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration. It just prevents its ugly odor. Don't let this disagreeable thing stand between you and popularity. Play safe with Mum. 35c and 60c at all toilet counters. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N. Y.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

STILL ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS WOMEN—As a deodorant for sanitary napkins Mum has the gratitude of countless women. It *insures* protection.

LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

More news and chit-chat about the film city and its folks

THAT European trip via tramp steamer certainly did a world of good for Connie Bennett. She's back looking radiant and with ten extra pounds. As soon as her contract is up (about one year) she plans to get herself a cozy little villa in Southern France and give herself a chance at a real rest. It will probably mean permanent retirement from pictures (or so she says!)

GEORGE RAFT receives thousands of fan letters from young gals all over the country . . . but the one he received from a little miss back in Wyoming takes the prize. Says the young lady: I want to thank you for saving me from a life of misery. The night before my wedding day I had a fight with my sweetie because I refused to throw away your picture. That incident proved to me what a jealous brute I was about to marry, and I realized I would never be happy with him. I will always be grateful to you for this awakening. . . ."

Fredric March has become quite the authority on beauty. He has acted as a one-man jury in no less than twenty-five beauty contests conducted in universities all over the country. He does the judging by photographs, and takes his work mighty seriously.

IF you don't think it's hard on a certain part of your anatomy to ride horseback for four days in a row, ask Dorothy Burgess. After finishing a Western picture in which she had to spend that much time on a mare's back . . . Dorothy took herself off to Palm Springs to recuperate.

ALISON SKIPWORTH was so thrilled over the prospect of a visit from her brother in England that she went right out and planted a beautiful orange tree in her front yard (it was his first visit to Sunny Cal.) But lo, the day before his arrival the oranges ripened and dropped to the ground. Alison was desperate but finally conceived the idea of sticking hairpins through the oranges and hooking them back on the tree. The effect was grand and the brother never knew the difference.

EVER since George Bernard Shaw blew into town all the beautiful little gals have gathered at his feet and listened with rapt expressions to his dissertations on life, love and what-have-you. And during all this time the respective boy-friends have been sitting around pouting. . . .

But when Mr. Shaw spotted Constance Talmadge on the Boulevard one afternoon, he asked his companion if that was "Norma" Talmadge. When his friend said "No," Shaw said, "Well,

it must be Gloria Swanson then." And that is what Shaw knows about the movies.

THE report that over 600 of Hollywood's highest paid men and women had refused to contribute one-half of one percent of their salaries to the Motion Picture Relief Fund certainly couldn't have included Maurice Chevalier. Immediately after the recent earthquake Maurice suggested a plan to help the victims in Long Beach. It was to take over Hollywood Bowl and put on a show . . . with himself and several other stars putting on the entertainment. The price of admission was to be food supplies. That his offer was



International

When George Bernard Shaw, famous playwright, visited Hollywood he was entertained by M-G-M with Marion Davies acting as hostess. From his remarks he didn't think so much of the town.

turned down by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce was a deep disappointment to Chevalier.

SPEAKING of charity, Wally Beery is usually one of the first to offer aid in time of need. The day after the earthquake found him in a hospital in Long Beach working side by side with the nurses. Another example of his generosity was revealed after the death of Allen Roscoe, actor—whom he had been looking after for months. He promised Roscoe that he would continue

to care for his little daughter and he's more than carrying out his promise.

Ginger Rogers hasn't exactly been lacking in escorts since she and Merwyn Leroy had their little rift. Everybody thought the romance of Ginger and Merwyn was one of those cinch affairs, but now Howard Hughes seems to be the leading man in her life. Lew Ayres even came out of his hideout and took the vivacious Ginger to lunch one day.

HOW would you like to see Mary Pickford do "Alice in Wonderland"? Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse, is making elaborate plans to do the picture, using all cartoon characters except Mary who, of course, will be Alice. The entire picture will be done in color and will take about a year to produce. It will be a big undertaking but should be something in the "unusual" category.

Every so often Ruth Chatterton and hubby George Brent have to sneak off for a little honeymooning. With no fuss and nary a word to anyone, they packed their bags and beat it for Europe. George was scheduled to emote opposite Kay Francis in "Mary Stevens M. D." but after a little pleading on the part of the newlyweds, the studio released him and gave the part to Lyle Talbot. Maybe this will be the break Talbot has been waiting for?

THE H. B. WARNERS have decided to call it "quits" after eighteen years of married life. H. B. filed the suit for divorce stating in his complaint that Mrs. Warner had often told him that she no longer cared for him. However, when she sailed for the Orient the other day, two pictures of her estranged hubby were seen displayed in her cabin.

THE Four Marx Brothers have pulled up stakes over at Paramount and together with Sam Harris, New York theatrical producer, have organized their own firm and will produce their own pictures. The refusal of the studio to pay them money due on their released pictures was the cause for the move.

Overheard at a local theatre:

"Say, what does that word 'asbestos' mean across the curtain?"

"Oh, that's Latin for 'welcome'!"

THIS month finds several contracts expiring and it looks as though many of them won't be renewed. Over at Fox, Marian Nixon, Joan Bennett and Minna Gombel have been released with the termination of their tickets. Paramount is not renewing Stuart Erwin's contract, nor is Warner Brothers taking up their option on Bill Powell.

Scarred for Life

(Continued from page 44)

"My God! Bette, darling, what has happened?" she cried.

"I told her as best I could for it was pain for me to speak with my swollen lips. My mother is an amazing woman. She almost threw me into a cab and we drove immediately to a doctor. It was then he told her that if he had attended me immediately after the accident he might have done something but that now it was too late and that both of us would have to reconcile ourselves to my going through life with a horribly scarred face.

I DON'T care, I really don't,' I told her.

"But I do care,' my mother said, 'And we will get rid of the scars.'

"It is to her that I owe my career and my happiness. Do you know what she did? *Every fifteen minutes for two solid weeks she rubbed my face with oil.* Every fifteen minutes—night and day. You can imagine how much sleep we both had. She learned how to take little ten minute cat naps between oilings. Every other duty she had was put aside for that. Think of the courage that took.

"I used to beg her to stop. 'It isn't worth it,' I said, 'Let's not bother.' I used to say that during those long nights.

"It is worth it,' she always insisted. 'You're going to have a face.'

"When the two weeks were ended and she saw that my face had peeled and underneath was fine soft skin, not drawn and wrinkled, I think we both cried a little. I know that we slept the clock around—for the nerve strain and anxiety were gone.

"Now all I have is a tiny scar here by my ear on my right jaw bone. You can hardly see it. My eyes are still weak and hurt when I stay under the studio lights too long. And, of course, I still tremble and break out in a cold sweat when I think of what my life might have been if mother hadn't had the courage to do what she did. I could never, of course, have been an actress."

I was weak when Bette finished the story for there flashed before my mind all of the wonderful performances she has given on the screen, outstanding amongst them that vital, real, living girl in "Cabin in the Cotton," with that perfect Southern accent.

BETTE'S mother, as a matter of fact, is responsible for a lot more than saving Bette's beauty. She is partly responsible for making Bette the swell person she is. Of course, the girl had the stuff but her mother helped to bring it out.

Once, in school, they suggested that Bette could pay part of her tuition by waiting on tables in the school dining room. Since many children are potential snobs, the idea was repellent to Bette. And she told them in a grand manner, "I'll write my mother and ask her if I may, but I'm sure she would

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BE SKINNY. HERE'S HOW
TO GAIN
QUICKLY

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PUT ON SOME WEIGHT. YOU
HAVE THE FIGURE EVERYBODY
ADMIRE

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*Sensational discovery—richest
yeast known, imported beer yeast,
now concentrated seven times.
Gives thousands of skinny folks
5 to 15 lbs. in a few short weeks!*

THIN, weak, rundown men and women by the thousands have been astounded and delighted at how quickly they gained 5, 10, 20 pounds—just what they needed for normal weight and health—with this amazing new beer yeast discovery.

"I gained 15 lbs. and my skin is so much better," writes Miss Ruth Farthering, Lexington, Ky. "Put on 5 lbs.," says Mr. G. W. Wisham, Southport, Conn. "Gained 8 lbs. and new pep," reports Miss Bertina Roberg, Bade, Ia. "I am 12 lbs. heavier," says Miss Margaret Scott, Kansas City, Mo.

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Everybody knows that for years physicians prescribed beer for building weight. Then yeast was found to be a marvelous health builder. Now, by a sensational new process, specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then to bring even quicker and more thorough results, this super-rich yeast is treated with 3 special kinds of iron, the great blood, strength and energy builder.

A new person—quick!

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No need to stuff yourself with food you hate. No messy gagging oils. No "pasty" taste—no gas or bloating. Instead a pleasant easy-to-take little tablet.

Skininess a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, *before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast

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Only be sure you get *genuine* IRONIZED YEAST, and not some imitation which cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 36, Atlanta, Ga.

never let her daughter be a waitress."

The mother's letter came back by return mail. "By all means help with your tuition in this way. I think it would be fine for you."

And right then any snobbishness Bette might have developed later was wiped out of her. The reason is that the Davises are "quality." You only need to talk to Bette fifteen minutes to find that out.

When she was graduated from prep school in Boston (and, by the way, the boy who recently became her husband was in the same class) she said she wanted to go on the stage. She had always known it, somehow, and now she realized that she must strike out and be what she was meant to be. She wrote for an audition with Eva Le Gallienne hoping to be able to join her school.

The actress heard her and refused to take her in the school on the grounds

that Bette "wasn't serious enough."

Back in her home in Boston Bette wept with chagrin. That summer she grew pale and thin with "stage sickness" and her mother, made miserable by the girl's misery, said, "We're going to New York at once. You will get on the stage."

The two of them appeared at John Murray Anderson's school. "Will you take my daughter?" the mother asked. And perhaps because of the force of this woman's personality, and Bette's appealing eyes, he said "Yes."

She worked like the little trouser she is, determined that she would show Eva Le Gallienne that she was quite serious enough. Her hard work brought her a scholarship and, eventually, actual theatre engagements. For three years she was on the stage. Then Universal gave her a contract.

You remember how Universal cast

her in the sort of roles which completely buried her personality. It wasn't until Warners took her that Bette Davis really made a dent in the movie fan's consciousness. That was in "Cabin in the Cotton."

Her husband? That's rather a sweet story. As I've already told you he was in her class at school. She was in love with him then and she has kept right on being in love with him for several years. When she was in Hollywood she had lots of beaux but somehow she always kept thinking about Harmon Nelson, Jr. And then when he found that she was going to stay in Hollywood for a long time he went out to see her. They are married now and utterly happy and expect to stay that way.

I hope that, when he looks at her lovely face with those enormous blue eyes, he remembers to be grateful that it was not ruined forever.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 10)

PICK-UP (Paramount)

The combination of Sylvia Sydney and George Raft is a big enough draw in itself, but coupled with a story that's a humdinger, "Pick-Up" is extra special entertainment. There is loads of human interest in this story of a young taxicab driver (Raft) and a gal (Sylvia) who has just finished serving a term in jail. Raft picks her up off the street just as her funds run out, and they fall in love. Enter the society dame who goes on the make for Raft, and Sylvia's husband who has broken jail and is out to get the other man. Sylvia goes off with her husband (from whom she had just received an annulment) in order to protect Raft, but in the end there's a grand reunion between the lovers.

Sylvia gives a beautiful performance. Raft is swell. William Harrigan as the jailbird husband and Lillian Bond as the society gal are okay. One of the best this month. Excitement, emotion and very good acting.

CENTRAL AIRPORT (Warner)

This isn't up to Dick Barthelmess' former vehicles. But that isn't his fault. He does a swell job of acting as usual. Yep, it's an air picture, but a little too exaggerated to be thrilling. There are plenty of crashes, people killed and all that stuff. In fact, too many for credulity's sake.

Dick is a pilot of a large passenger plane, and the opening scene finds the pilot and his passengers being rescued after a crash. After that there are a few more smash-ups and a few more bones broken. Sally Eilers, as the heroine, does some good acting, as do Tom Brown and Glenda Farrell. As a whole, though, not so good.

Too bad—we'd looked forward to it.

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE (Universal)

George Sidney and Charlie Murray are at it again . . . and they're funnier than ever. This rip-roaring comedy will drive away the blues and send you home feeling like you'd just found a million bucks. The laughs start when Murray's ex-spouse shows up and demands back alimony. From then on it's a round of dodgings for Charlie and his pal. Some of their pranks will tickle you pink. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson are good as the love interest. It's worth the price of admission to see this 'un.

HUMANITY (Fox)

A rather feeble tale of a country doctor (Ralph Morgan) who has devoted his life to service and is heartbroken when his son goes in for the "profiteering" end of the business. When the boy (Alexander Kirkland) gets mixed up in a crime, Morgan takes the rap . . . dies . . . and the boy takes up his father's work where he left off. Outside of Morgan, who gives a convincing performance, the rest of the cast including Boots Mallory, Irene Ware and Christian Rub, is just fair. Not bad . . . and not good.

THE KEYHOLE (Warner)

In this story Kay Francis is married to a wealthy old bird (Henry Kolker) who is so jealous that he listens at doors, peeks through keyholes and even employs a detective to watch her when she goes on a little trip.

The trip is for the purpose of getting a divorce from a former husband (Monroe Owsley) whom she thought had attended to that little detail long before. Now he's after her dough. But

everything turns out swell. The first husband gets killed and old snooper-face arrives just in time to see his wife in the arms of the handsome detective.

George Brent, as the detective, is still a bit too stiff to look human. Kay Francis grabs most of the honors. Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins furnish hilarious comedy. Photography is only fair. It's just so-so.

CLEAR ALL WIRES (M-G-M)

Here's our friend Lee Tracy in a role that's a honey and that suits him to a T-racy. He's a newspaper reporter—this time in the foreign department. And the messes he gets into! He steals his boss' sweetie and beats it for Russia. The boss finds out, and Lee is out of a job. Then he plans a good old-fashioned assassination only to find that he'll have to be the target.

A few more such goings-on, and he settles down with the gal that's been home waiting. Tracy is the whole show, almost. Una Merkel proves she's capable of stealing scenes even from that boy Tracy. Benita Hume is oke in a small part. A-1 entertainment.

PLEASURE CRUISE (Fox)

Graced with a beautiful production and a clever story, this should have been better. As it stands, it is just fair entertainment. Finding life with a jealous husband a terrific strain, Genevieve Tobin goes on a little boat trip for escape.

But the green-eyed monster (Roland Young) follows her . . . unbeknown to her . . . and watches her every move—breaking up all her chances at romance. The picture reaches its peak when Genevieve finds herself in bed with her husband and is successful in convincing him that she knew it was he all along.

Buck's Life

(Continued from page 50)

they would "swap" a cow or hog for a supply of groceries. Very little money was seen at all in those days. Trading was used almost exclusively by the farmers and homesteaders. Seed, farm implements, food, clothing . . . in fact everything was purchased through trading. Buck never saw a dollar until he earned one at fifteen years old!

AS usual, when Buck moved to a new location, his first job was to visit around and make friends with a neighboring gang of kids. His particular chums were the Schultz brothers . . . Guy, Clarence, Floyd and Grover. As a "gang" they got together and decided they were "darn sick and tired" of working at home for nothing, so they put on a bold front and applied for a job at the 101 Ranch.

This beautiful piece of property was owned by a Mr. Miller who had leased the land from the Indians for very little. It was located about three miles from the Arkansas River near a small town called Bliss. Mr. Miller had branched out until he was the lord and master of 101,000 acres of grazing land plus a smaller Bar L Ranch about fifteen miles from the 101.

To be a cowhand on the 101 Ranch you had to know your stuff about riding, roping and branding. When Buck and his gang applied for a job they were afraid they might not make the grade. But it so happened that at that particular time they were in need of some extra help to transfer beef from the Bar L to the 101 Ranch . . . so the boys got a break.

Buck's pay was \$15.00 a month—the first money he had ever earned—plus "chuck and bunk." The top pay for a cowboy was \$30.00 a month. Only a boss foreman earned as high as \$35.00.

So Buck became a real cowboy, but not the kind he was later to become in pictures. Instead of wearing beautiful boots, large cowboy Stetsons, chaps, etc., these cowhands wore shoes made out of cowhide and ordinary caps. The reason for this was that they could not afford the luxuries of the other outfitting.

In case you do not know it, a good pair of boots costs about \$20.00 and a Stetson hat about \$30.00. The main thing was to have a good saddle, bridle and blanket.

Buck first met D. V. Tantlinger on the 101 Ranch. Tantlinger was the foreman at that time and Buck took orders from him. (At the present time Tantlinger is Buck's foreman on the latter's own ranch just outside of Hollywood.)

TANTLINGER, from the very beginning, was young Buck's idea of a real cowboy. The most noticeable thing about him, outside of his superlative riding ability, was his habitual silence.

One day Buck was riding with the silent Tantlinger on the 101. The boy noticed some fine stock on a nearby hill. Pointing to them, he said: "There are some good looking horses." Tantlinger


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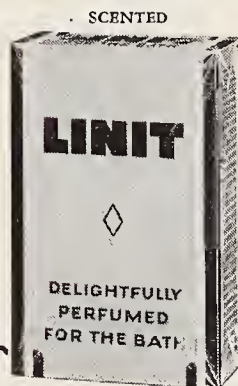
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contains highly beneficial oils that nourish and stimulate the natural growth of the lashes, applied nightly before retiring. Pure and harmless, it is an excellent stimulant for dry, brittle lashes.

These famous, high quality Maybelline eye beauty aids may now be had in 10c sizes in all leading 10c stores.

said nothing. Just rode along.

Thinking that perhaps he was slightly deaf, Buck raised his voice. "There," he yelled, "are some good looking horses."

Tantlinger looked at Buck hard for about a full minute. Finally he opened his mouth just sufficiently to drawl: "You'll never amount to a damn . . . you talk too much!"

Though Tantlinger has had to eat those words—literally—he has never learned the gentle art of conversation. His idea of letting Buck know what is going on at his Hollywood ranch is to ring him by telephone, with something like the following conversation:

"Horse is sick." Bang goes the receiver back on the hook.

And then a few days later:

"Horse is better." Bang!

To say that Buck is extremely fond of the silent old fellow is putting it mildly.

Life on the 101, in spite of the fact that it was typical ranch life, was a little broader than Buck had ever encountered before. Men talked here of things that were going on in the outside world . . . of championship prize fights . . . of big city doings . . . of politics.

For three years Buck listened to this talk and as he listened his curiosity grew. About this time automobile racing was quite a topic of conversation on the ranch, and while Buck's knowledge of automobiles was very meagre indeed, he suddenly took a notion to go to Indianapolis where races were held.

IT was a big decision in my life," Buck relates. "I was a greenhorn through and through. I knew absolutely nothing about towns . . . much less cities. But the roving fever and my curiosity got the best of me. I decided at the age of seventeen that it was time I got out and saw a little of the world.

"I'll never forget how big and bustling and exciting Indianapolis looked to me. I couldn't get over the noise! After an entire lifetime spent in the silence of the outdoors, I couldn't believe that people could actually live in this clanking confounded racket. I spent the first night at a hotel, but I couldn't sleep at all.

"The next day I made my way out to the race track. It was practically completed and already the famous race drivers from all over the country were gathered . . . testing out the track and looking after their precious motors. No one paid much attention to me . . . except to stare at my cowboy's outfit as though I were a creature from another world.

"But one fellow, who appeared to be working as a mechanic, was very nice to me. His name was Harry Stillman, and he later became one of the most famous race drivers in the country.

"I told him I wanted to get into the racing racket in some way or another, and his first crack was: 'These are automobiles, son, not horses.' Even though I knew he was kidding me, we became fast friends."

Harry Stillman took the more-or-less "lost" Buck under his wing. He taught

him the intricate parts of motors, which in time became as alive to him as the most sensitive horse. For a year Buck worked at the Indianapolis track as a test driver.

BUT adventure was once more calling, and when Buck and his pal, one of the Schultz boys, heard that the Government was having trouble with the Indians up in North Dakota, they joined the Army and went out after them.

He considered it his private tough luck that before he could get into the fighting, the Indians had been sent back to their reservations . . . and the trouble was over.

In spite of that, Buck was signed up in the Army for a certain length of time, Indians or no Indians. When trouble broke out in the Philippines he was shipped over to the Islands. Well, he had wanted a taste of adventure when he left the 101. He was surely getting it.

Buck was in the 6th Cavalry, and their first camp was in Overton, about a week's sail from Manila. Never will Buck forget that first skirmish with the Moros.

Coupled with the fact that the Moros are ferocious fighters, their religion taught them that if they killed any Christians (the more the better) they would assuredly go to heaven on a glorious white steed. For that reason they would stop at nothing to kill a few choice Christians.

Orders from headquarters were that if a Moro was seen approaching with his hands in back of him . . . they usually walked that way, holding a "kriss" under their roller towel . . . the cavalry men were to holler "Halt!" If the Moro didn't immediately raise or extend his arms, the order was to shoot . . . and shoot to kill! "It was merely a case of you . . . or him," explained Buck.

The first skirmish with the Moros was a nightmare to Buck. He was scared, quite frankly, pink! "Any man who says he is not afraid when he faces open fire for the first time," Buck insisted, "is a good old-fashioned liar!" The skirmish had started quite unexpectedly. The men had been asleep in their pup tents . . . the cook was starting to prepare breakfast . . . when all hell broke loose.

WE formed in a line about four feet feet apart," Buck continued, "and our first command was to cross a creek that was ice cold. After that we crawled on our bellies through thick brush . . . all the fighting in this country had to be on foot. At first we couldn't tell where the enemy was, but later they heard firing from a decoy group we had planted and as they thought they were closing in on us, we were permitted to close in on them. Those babies were murderous and unafraid. I've always said that almost any war could be won with a good general in command and about a half dozen Moros!"

But even the dauntless Moros could not cope with the more modern means of warfare of the American Cavalry, and after a few more unimportant skir-

(Continued on page 87)

NO JOB — WAS THIS THE REASON? — *by Timmins*

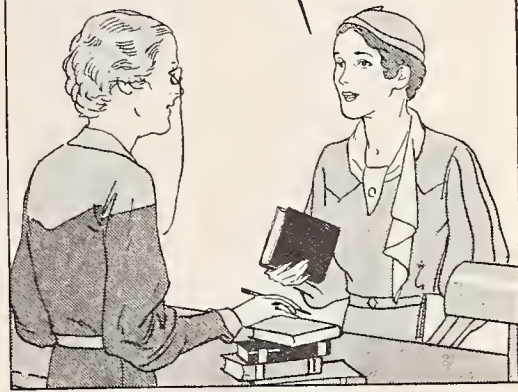
ANOTHER BOOK! YOU READ THIS ONE IN NO TIME

OH, I HAVEN'T MUCH ELSE TO DO THESE DAYS I'M STILL OUT OF A JOB. CAN'T SEEM TO GET ONE



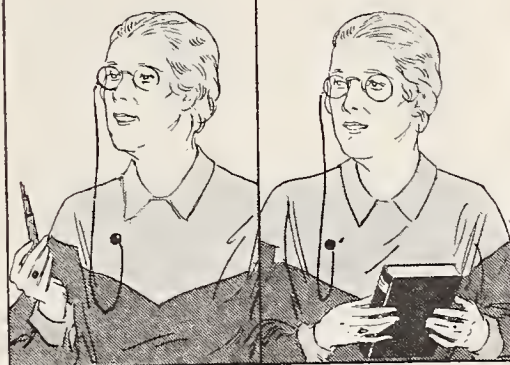
HOW DID YOU ENJOY THIS LAST BOOK?

VERY MUCH. BUT, LOOK, ISN'T THIS UNUSUAL? WHEN IT SAYS THE HEROINE TAKES A BATH, IT ACTUALLY TELLS WHAT KIND OF SOAP SHE USED — LIFEBUOY



WELL, I CAN READ BETWEEN THE LINES CAN'T YOU? SHE WASN'T TAKING CHANCES WITH "B.O." —

TOO BAD EVERYONE DOESN'T FOLLOW HER EXAMPLE! YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MANY OFFEND AND PROBABLY NEVER REALIZE IT



COULD THAT BE A HINT FOR ME? PERHAPS I OUGHT TO GET LIFEBUOY

MY—LIFEBUOY'S GRAND! SUCH WONDERFUL LATHER — I NEVER FELT SO GLORIOUSLY CLEAN



"B.O." GONE — *a fine job landed!*

JUST DASHED IN TO RETURN THIS BOOK. IT'S WAY OVERDUE. HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TIME TO READ LATELY. I'M WORKING NOW AND I'M SO HAPPY!



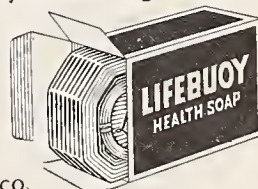
Don't let "B.O." stand (body odor) between you and your job

APPlicants are many, positions scarce, employers critical. Don't miss out on the job you're seeking—don't risk the job you have—by carelessness about "B.O." (body odor). Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap, gives extra protection. Its rich, hygienic lather purifies and deodorizes pores—stops "B.O."

Complexions aided, too

A fresh, clear skin helps you make a good impression. Use Lifebuoy — its bland, searching lather deep-cleanses pores—makes dull complexions radiant with health.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.



Spare FRIENDS Save DRESSES

Perspiration can Cost
You Both



In less than ten minutes, underarm perspiration can defeat you socially and undermine you financially!

It can defeat you socially, because the unfortunate odor wrecks your charm and distresses your friends. It can undermine you financially, because the acids of perspiration stain and fade your dresses.

Odorono Protects your Dresses and your Friendships

A famous physician developed the *safe, sure* defense against perspiration and odor. Odorono prevents perspiration, as perspiration *must be prevented*, if dresses and friendships are to be saved! Greasy creams and sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps may, at best, get rid of odor temporarily. But Odorono not only secures your charm. It spares your clothes from early discard and your friendships from unhappy moments.

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



INSTANT
ODORONO

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

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

ODO·RO·NO

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PLAYERS

MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; CURRENT AND FUTURE ROLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Unmarried. Born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Today We Live," M-G-M; "The Adopted Father," Warner Bros.; working in "Song of Songs," Paramount.

AMES, ADRIENNE: married to Stephen Ames. Born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Broadway Bad," Fox; "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount. Working in "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.

ANDRE, GWILI: unmarried. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, February 4. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon"; "Secrets of the French Police," and "No Other Woman," Radio.

ARLEN, RICHARD: Married to Jobyna Ralston. Born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "The All American," Universal; "The Island of Lost Souls," Paramount. Working in "The Beer Baron."

ARLISS, GEORGE: Married to Florence Montgomery. Born in London, April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Successful Calamity"; "The King's Vacation"; "The Working Man." Working in "Voltaire."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Divorced from Jeanne Kent. Born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. Radio player. Featured in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "King Kong," Radio; "Fast Workers," M-G-M. Working in "I Love That Man," Paramount.

ASTHER, NILS: Divorced from Vivian Duncan. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Washington Masquerade," M-G-M; "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia. Next is "Rhapsody," M-G-M.

ASTOR, MARY: married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. Born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Red Dust," M-G-M; "Little Giant," Warner Bros. Next is "The Power and the Glory."

ATES, ROSCOE: Married to Ethel Rogers. Born in Hattiesburg, Mass., January 20. Radio player. Featured in "Little Orphan Annie," "Lucky Devils," Radio; "What! No Beer!" M-G-M.

ATWILL, LIONEL: Married. Born in Croydon, Eng., March 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Wax Museum," First National; "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M; "Murders in the Zoo," Paramount. Working in "Song of Songs," Paramount.

AYRES, LEW: Divorced from Lola Lane. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Night World" and "Okay America." Co-starred in "State Fair," Fox. Next is "Out on Parole."

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM: Unmarried. Born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Lucky Devils," Radio.

BANCROFT, GEORGE: married to Octavia Boroshe. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Starred in "Lady and Gent," Paramount.

BARRYMORE, JOHN: Married to Dolores Costello. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Rasputin and the Empress," M-G-M; "Topaze," Radio. Working in "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M. Next is "The Christian."

BARRYMORE, LIONEL: Married to Irene Fenwick. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Starred in "Rasputin and the Empress," M-G-M; "Sweepings," Radio. Working in "Service," M-G-M. Next is "The Late Christopher Bean," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: married to Jessica Sergeant. Born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Central Airport." Working in "Bread Line."

BAXTER, WARNER: married to Winifred Bryson. Born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Six Hours to Live," Fox; co-starred in "Forty-Second Street," Warner Bros.; "Dangerously Yours," Fox. Next is "Only Yesterday," Universal.

BEERY, WALLACE: married to Rita Gilman. Born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Flesh." Next is "A Dancing Lady."

BELLAMY, RALPH: Married to Catherine Willard. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Destination Unknown," Universal; "Picture Snatcher," Warners; "Parole Girl," Columbia. Working in "The Narrow Corner," Warner Bros.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE: married to the Marquis de la Falaise. Born in New York City, October 22. Radio star. Starred in "Rockabye" and "Our Bitters," Radio. Next is "Bed of Roses."

BENNETT, JOAN: Married to Gene Markey. Born in Palisades, N. Y., February 27. Fox star. Starred in "Me and My Gal." Next is "Department Store."

BENNETT, RICHARD: Married. Born in Beaconsfield, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "Washington Merry Go Round," Universal; "If I Had a Million," Paramount.

BICKFORD, CHARLES: Married. Born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "The Last Mile," Columbia; "No Other Woman," Radio. Working in "The Beer Baron," Paramount.

BIRELL, TALA: Unmarried. Born in Vienna, September 10. Universal player. Featured in "The Doomed Battalion" and "Nagana."

BLONDELL, JOAN: Married to George Barnes. Born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Central Park"; "Broadway Bad"; "Blondie Johnson." Working in "Gold Diggers of 1933." Next is "Goodbye."

BOLES, JOHN: Married to Marcellite Dobbs. Born in Breville, Texas, October 27. Fox star. Featured in "Six Hours to Live," Fox; "Child of Manhattan," Columbia.

BOW, CLARA: Married to Rex Bell. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage."

(Continued on page 89)

Buck's Life

(Continued from page 85)

mishes the company was transferred to Malaband, and later to Angel Island, just out of San Francisco.

When Buck's Army service was over he once more returned to the life of the 101 Ranch. But after all the hectic experiences of the past few years, riding horses for a livelihood seemed a tame existence. His old pal Schultz had returned to the ranch with him . . . and was equally as restless.

It was a source of great delight to both of them when the 101 decided to send out a traveling show . . . and Buck and Schultz signed up for exhibitions of buck riding, roping, etc. Their first stop was Ponca City where they stayed just long enough for a "preview." From there the Wild West Show went directly to Madison Square Garden in New York City.

IT is one of the biggest laughs of Buck's life that he, an honest to goodness cowboy, had to get all the way to New York City to purchase boots, hats, loud shirts, chaps and all the other "regular" cowboy outfittings.

Both Buck and Schultz blew in every dime they had on gorgeous Stetson hats, boots, etc. . . . the first they had ever had. They thought they looked pretty hot . . . and no doubt they did. But their new cowboy finery had completely ruined their first week's pay . . . so they had to bunk in the Garden along with the horses, for a week.

Much to Buck's surprise, he came to learn that the Garden was such a huge place that two other shows were going on at the same time. Naturally the 101 riders had an idea that these other shows featured merely "sissy" riding.

They were so far beneath Buck's notice that he didn't even bother to drop over and see them, until one afternoon when, for lack of something better to do, he drifted over to a rival "ring" to watch the riding.

There was a girl in the ring—a blond girl. She was taking a bow before the stands that were wildly applauding her. She smiled. It was Buck's private conclusion that she might be a "sissy" rider, but she could sure smile! In fact, she was so darn pretty he decided to stay and see her "stunt."

And so the sceptical "expert" remained to watch the "tenderfoot" and as he watched, his eyes nearly popped out of his head. Never had he seen such riding—for a girl, or anybody else. It was as though her small slender body was almost a part of the sensitive animal she controlled.

Buck's jaw dropped. He was so flabbergasted that he hailed a program boy and looked up the name of this slim, blond rider. The name was Odille Osborne, he noticed, and her home was in Philadelphia. And although she did not know it until several days later, a young cowhand from the 101 Ranch had fallen head over heels and irrevocably in love with her!

(To be Continued)

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS at 10¢ are a Revelation in Quality

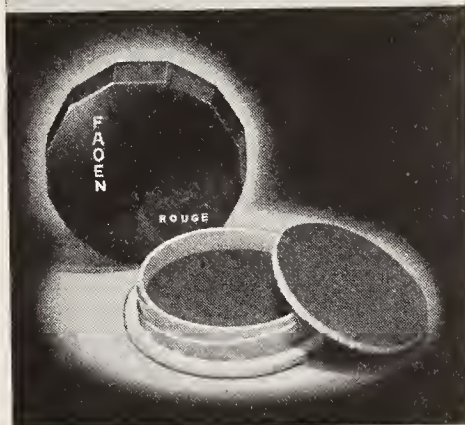


Science Proves Faoen Face Powder, Lip-Stick and Rouge Equal the Quality of \$1 to \$3 Brands

Can Faoen Rouges give you the same loveliness as the most expensive rouges? Can Faoen Face Powder duplicate the flattering charm of dollar-or-more powders? Those are natural questions for you to ask. And here is the answer—from the report of a famous Research Laboratory:

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

Your first trial of any Faoen Beauty Aid will be your final proof!



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BETWEEN YOU and ME

Here's your department! For your letters and opinions on talkie subjects. Write early—and avoid the rush!

And write again—as often as you like

Dear Friends:

New names! New faces!

Franchot Tone, Clyde Beatty, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Jack LaRue—all offering something new. What kind of people are they? Turn to pages 26, 28, 36 and 60 and find out.

In a way, I'm a prophet. When I gave you those stories, I was betting that you'd want to know about most or all four of these people this month.

Last month I chose Katharine Hepburn, Alexander Kirkland, Mae West.

And next month? And the month after—?

Why don't you write and tell me your favorite *new* personality—and why?

The Editor

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

This reader finds no fault with tragic dramas—if they are logical. Do you agree?

DORIS SAIZOW of Kansas City, Mo., says:

A letter recently published on this page states the belief that a happy ending is necessary. I disagree most fervently with that statement. Any picture that succeeds in bringing tears to my eyes I remember long after other pictures are forgotten and enjoy far more than a light comedy which leaves you with nothing. A drama that is twisted to bring about a happy ending when the logical conclusion should be sad I have no use for at all. We are able to forget our own troubles by watching and feeling in sympathy with the more overwhelming ones of the hero and heroine.

This lady wants greater recognition for lesser known players

SYLVIA SCHWARTZ of Atlantic City, N. J., writes:

I wonder if others, too, are tired of reading about Crawford's ever-changing personality, Lupe's "lofe" for somebody or other, La Bennett's questioned ritziness, and so on. Please, don't concentrate too much on the big shots—they have reached the top and don't need so much publicity now. Give the Little Stars a break. People like Helen Vinson, Monroe Owsley, Gregory Ratoff, Lillian Bond, Adrienne Ames, Veree Teasdale (and Miss Schwartz goes on with a list of similarly excellent players and comedians. We agree with her point. And

we do try, constantly, to bring them before you in picture and story.)

How about it, Britishers? Do we misrepresent you?

JAMES COX sends us this from Hastings, England:

One thing that irritates us with regard to American films is the way they portray English characters. An Englishman is seen as a soft-looking fathead with a monocle stuck in his eye, a little whippersnapper with a terrific Cockney accent, or a numb-skull policeman. We may have a few of that type, but please, don't make us all look like that.

(Has "Cavalcade" come to England in talkie form yet, Mr. Cox? Don't miss it!)

Another letter from England—and high praise for Miss Chatterton

MISS D. J. G. of London writes:

I have just read your March issue and am very interested to read the letter of Mabel Harrison of Berkeley, Calif., who thinks that Ruth Chatterton deserved the Actresses' Award. For my part, I think Ruth Chatterton deserves any awards that are being offered for any and every part she has ever played. As for "Frisco Jenny," I think she was perfectly marvelous in that. She was so absolutely natural throughout and the poignancy of her acting in the courtroom and prison scenes was surely unforgettable. To me, it is always a joy to see any picture in which Miss Chatterton appears—the trouble is that there are not nearly enough of them. I always see her pictures three or four times. (Miss Chatterton's next picture is "Lilly Turner"—and her husband, George Brent, plays in it, too.)

(Continued on page 112)



Romance Lives On

Eighty years have passed since loving fingers sewed this demure party dress. The lace has faded... but the seams hold firm... the stitches unbroken... as in all garments sewed with J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. six cord thread. Today, these strong, elastic threads are helping women to do sewing that stays sewed!

The dress above belongs to Frances C. Dickinson, Kane, Pa.; made in 1853 for a little lady who wore it at a party where she met the man she married.



CLARK'S O. N. T.
J. & P. COATS

For more than a Century—as Today
The Two Great Names in Thread

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 86)

- BOYD, BILL:** Married to Dorothy Sebastian. Born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at Radio. Featured in "Yukon," "Men of America" and "Lucky Devils." Next, "Power Man" and "Emergency Call."
- BOYD, WILLIAM:** Divorced. Born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Oliver Twist," Monogram. Next is "Power Man," Radio.
- BRENDEL, EL:** Married to Flo Bert. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct"; "Too Busy to Work."
- BRENT, EVELYN:** Married to Harry Edwards. Born in Tampa, Florida, October 20. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia.
- BRENT, GEORGE:** Married to Ruth Chatterton. Born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street"; "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Keyhole"; "Baby Face"; "Lilly Turner." Next is "Mary Stevens, M.D."
- BRIAN, MARY:** Unmarried. Born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Hard to Handle"; "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warner Bros. Working in "The Beer Baron," Paramount.
- BROOK, CLIVE:** Married to Faith Evelyn. Born in London, June 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox; "Christopher Strong," RKO.
- BROWN, JOE E.:** Married to Kathryn McGraw. Born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "You Said a Mouthful"; "Elmer the Great." Working in "How to Break Ninety."
- BROWN, TOM:** Unmarried. Born in New York City, January 6. Universal player. Featured in "Laughter in Hell"; "Destination Unknown," Universal; "Central Airport," Warner Bros.
- BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES:** Married to Ethel Sutherland. Born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.
- BYRON, WALTER:** Unmarried. Born in Leicester, Eng., June 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Decency," Hoffman; "This Sporting Age," Columbia.
- CABOT, BRUCE:** Unmarried. Born in New Mexico, April 20. Radio player. Featured in "Lucky Devils"; "The Past of Mary Holmes"; "King Kong"; "The Great Jasper."
- CAGNEY, JAMES:** married to Frances Vernon. Born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Hard to Handle"; "Picture Snatcher" and "The Mayor of Hell."
- CANTOR, EDDIE:** Married to Ida Tobias. Born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "The Kid From Spain."
- CARRILLO, LEO:** Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Parachute Jumper," Warner Bros.; "East of Fifth Avenue," Columbia; "Exile Express," Universal.
- CARROLL, NANCY:** Married to Francis Bolton Malory. Born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Starred in "Child of Manhattan," Columbia; "The Woman Accused," Paramount; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal. Working in "I Love That Man."
- CAVANAGH, PAUL:** Unmarried. Born in Chiselhurst, Kent, Eng., December 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Tonight Is Ours," Paramount.
- CHAPLIN, CHARLES:** Divorced from Lita Grey. Born in London, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."
- CHASE, CHARLES:** Married to Bebe Eltinge. Born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach star. Starred in "Mr. Bride"; "Fallen Arches"; "Tartan in the Wrong."
- CHATTERTON, RUTH:** Married to George Brent. Born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Frisco Jenny"; "Lilly Turner."
- CHEVALIER, MAURICE:** Divorced from Yvonne Vallee. Born in Paris, France, September 22. Paramount star. Starred in "Love Me Tonight," Working in "A Bedtime Story." Next is "She Laughs Last."
- CLARKE, MAE:** Divorced from Lew Brice. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Breach of Promise," World Wide; "Tarole Girl," Columbia; "Fast Workers," M-G-M. Next is "Soviet," M-G-M.
- CLYDE, JUNE:** Married to Thornton Freeland. Born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Universal player. Featured in "The All American."
- CODY, LEW:** Widower of Mabel Normand. Born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Undercover Man," Paramount. Working in "I Love That Man," Paramount.
- COLBERT, CLAUDETTE:** Married to Norman Foster. Born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Co-starred in "Sign of the Cross"; "Tonight is Ours." Working in "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists. Next is "Apartment 9."
- COLLINS, CORA SUE:** Child actress. Born in Beckley, West Virginia, April 19. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Silver Dollar" and "Picture Snatcher," Warner Bros. Working in "Jennie Gerhart," Paramount.
- COLMAN, RONALD:** Divorced from Thelma Ray. Born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Cynara," "The Masquerader."

(Continued on page 102)



Greta Nissen and Donald Cook in THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER Columbia Pictures

Don't envy the beauty of movie stars! Often their beauty is enhanced by clever make-up. You, too, can have a satiny soft skin, tempting red lips, and an alluring fragrance about you, if you use Blue Waltz face powder, lipstick, and perfume, all scented with the irresistible Blue Waltz fragrance. Convenient 10c sizes in your 5 and 10c store.



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GIVE YOUR HAIR the allure of shimmering color tans—youthful, vibrant brilliance—natural lustre and charming softness. Simply add Nestle ColoRinse to the after shampoo wash. Twelve true tints to choose from—all harmless, for ColoRinse is just vegetable compound. Two rinses in each 10c package. Buy a package today—and you will use it always!

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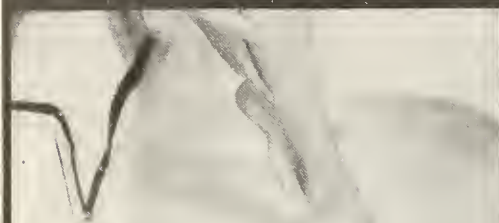
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COLORINSE, SUPERSET, HOT OIL
SHAMPOO and the new Nestle GOLDEN
SHAMPOO and HENNA SHAMPOO

Pain Stops Instantly!

CORNS

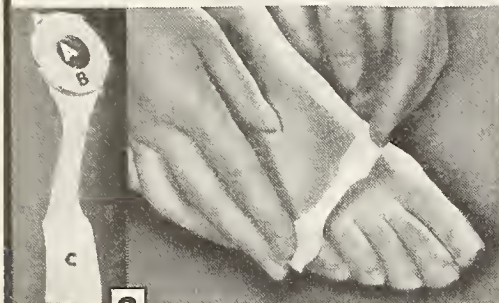
Gone in 3 days

THIS SAFE, SCIENTIFIC WAY



1

SOAK THE FOOT for ten minutes in hot water, then wipe it dry.



2

APPLY BLUE-JAY, centering pad directly over the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS: A is the mild medication that gently undermines the corn. B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once. C is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.



3

AFTER 3 DAYS, corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, lift out the corn. (Old, tough corns may need a 2nd application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action).

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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City _____

The MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PICTURES

These brief reviews are to serve as a guide when you do your movie shopping. From them you can get an idea whether the picture is good or bad and whether it is the sort of story you go for

ANIMAL KINGDOM (Radio)—Talkie adaptation of the sophisticated stage play, with Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, William Gargan and Myrna Loy. Excellent—but children won't be interested.

BABY FACE (Warners)—Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE BARBARIAN (M-G-M)—Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

BE MINE TONIGHT (Universal)—Imported musical comedy with lots of good singing and some excellent acting. The story is based on mistaken identity. Very good—children will like parts of it.

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (RKO-Radio)—Stirring drama with incipient insanity as its underlying theme. John Barrymore, Katharine Hepburn and Billie Burke in the leading roles. Although the story is slightly unpleasant you should find it fascinating. Excellent—nothing in it for children, however.

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN (Columbia)—Story of the missionary girl who goes to China and the handsome Chinese general who falls in love with her—much to her indignation. Barbara Stanwyck is the girl missionary and Nils Asther the Chinese general. Good—but the children won't be interested.

BROADWAY BAD (Fox)—All about a girl who becomes a chorus girl in order to earn money to bring up her child. Joan Blondell is the chorine. Very good—but children won't be interested.

CALL HER SAVAGE (Fox)—As a half-wild girl who knows nothing of modern life or pent-house romances, Clara Bow makes her come-back to the screen—and very effectively, too. Gilbert Roland plays opposite her. Very good—children will enjoy some of it.

CAVALCADE (Fox)—If you haven't heard about this picture you must be a hermit for it is one of the hits of the year. It's the story of thirty years in a family's life and what those years do to the various members of the family and friends. Excellent—okay for children.

CENTRAL AIRPORT (First National)—Richard Barthelmess and Sally Eilers. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

CENTRAL PARK (First National)—A movie the entire action of which takes place in a city park. Joan Blondell is in it. Very good—parts of it the children will like.

CHILD OF MANHATTAN (Columbia)—Sophisticated pent-house story of love and a modern sort of sacrifice. Nancy Carroll and John Boles. Very good—but don't take the children.

CHRISTOPHER STRONG (RKO-Radio)—Katharine Hepburn's first starring picture. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

CLEAR ALL WIRES (M-G-M)—Lee Tracy in another fast one. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE (Universal)—Charlie Murray and George Sidney. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

CRIME OF THE CENTURY (Paramount)—Stuart Erwin and Wynne Gibson in an exciting melodrama with a bank robbery and murder. Very good—okay for kids.

CYNARA (United Artists)—Triangle story with new angle. Ronald Colman, Kay Francis and Phyllis Barry have the leading roles. Very good—but it will bore the kids.

DANGEROUSLY YOURS (Fox)—Warner Baxter as a crook and Miriam Jordan as a gal who works for an insurance company. The company is out to get Warner—and he falls for the girl without knowing who she is. Good—not much in it for children, however.

DESTINATION UNKNOWN (Universal)—A mysterious stranger appears on board a boat which is lost at sea with twelve rum-runners and a woman aboard. Through his efforts, the boat is brought to harbor and then the stranger disappears as quietly as he appeared. The interest of the story is in the reaction to the stranger of the various characters. Very good—but children will be bored.

ELMER THE GREAT (Warners)—Joe E. Brown in a baseball yarn with Joe funnier than he has been in ages. Very good—swell for the kids.

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE (Warners)—Warren William once more as the cold-blooded, hard-hearted, lynx-eyed business man to whom the running of a big department store is the only thing in life. Loretta Young, Alice White and Wallace Ford are also in it. Good—the older children may enjoy it.

EX-LADY (Warners)—Bette Davis and Gene Raymond having a good time trying to find out all about love and the best way to achieve happiness. Good—but children won't find much in it of interest.

FACE IN THE SKY (Fox)—Weak story about a sign painter with a dash of romance. Fair—not for children.

FAST WORKERS (M-G-M)—John Gilbert and Mae Clarke. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

FAREWELL TO ARMS (Paramount)—Gary Cooper as a soldier and Helen Hayes as the nurse with whom he falls in love and for whom he deserts the Italian army. Excellent—but the children should be left at home.

FORTY-SECOND STREET (Warners)—Corking musical picture with Warner Baxter, George Brent, Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers and others. Swell songs, dances and back-stage scenes. Excellent—okay for children.

'FRISCO JENNY (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton in a "Madame X" sort of thing. Only in this she is a San Francisco bad woman. James Murray and Donald Cook are also in it. Very good—but send the children to a Western.

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN (Paramount)—A perfect spoofing and kidding of "Grand Hotel." If you saw that famous movie you must see this and enjoy the fun. In it are Jack Oakie, Carole Lombard, David Manners, Adrienne Ames and Sidney Blackmer. Very good—okay for the kids.

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE (M-G-M)—Very fine. Walter Huston, Franchot Tone and Karen Morley. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

GRAND SLAM (Warners)—Spoofing the national game of bridge. Paul Lukas and Loretta Young have the leads. Very funny—but children will be bored unless they know all about the Culbertson pastime.

THE GREAT JASPER (Radio)—Richard Dix as a chap who meets a fortune teller, played by Edna May Oliver, and gets sold on the idea of entering the racket. His adventures makes the story. Very good—okay for kids.

THE HALF-NAKED TRUTH (RKO-Radio)—Lee Tracy as a high pressure agent and Lupe Velez as the gal whom he decides to make a beeg success by the magic carpet of publicity. Excellent—kids will like it.

HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM (United Artists)—Whimsical musical film with Al Jolson making his come-back to the screen. Good—children will enjoy it.

HANDLE WITH CARE (Warners)—Another press agent story—this time with James Cagney being the press agent. Mary Brian in a blond wig plays opposite him. Very good—okay for children.

HELL BELOW (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery, Walter Huston, Madge Evans and Robert Young. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

HELLO EVERYBODY (Paramount)—Kate Smith's first starring picture. It's all about the old farm and the wicked water power company who wants to dam up the valley and turn out the farmers. Excellent if you're a Kate Smith fan—okay for the kiddies.

HIGH GEAR (Columbia)—Racing story. Good—children will love it.

HOT PEPPER (Fox)—Remember the old days of Quirt and Flagg? Well, they're back again—this time in civilian life. Lowe and McLaughlin have their original roles. Okay if you like this type of entertainment—it would be better not to take those kiddies.

HUMANITY (Fox)—Ralph Morgan, Boots Mallory and Alexander Kirkland. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

I'M A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG (Warners)—Paul Muni as the man who escapes from a Southern chain gang. There are some very thrilling moments. Excellent but gruesome—not for children.

IF I HAD A MILLION (Paramount)—Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Alison Skipworth, George Raft, Charles Laughton and others in an unusual story. Excellent—children will like some of it.

INFERNAL MACHINE (Fox)—The story of a chap who is utterly without fear—and wins the girl he loves by his display of amazing courage. Very good—okay for the kiddies.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS (Paramount)—A mad scientist—on a lonely island—has fun turning beasts into men. Good—but it's almost too scary for the kids.

THE KEYHOLE (Warners)—Kay Francis and George Brent. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE KID FROM SPAIN (United Artists)—Bull fighting à la Eddie Cantor. You'll love Eddie in this consistently funny picture. Excellent—and great for children.

KING OF THE JUNGLE (Paramount)—Buster Crabbe and Frances Dee in an exciting film. Very good—fine for children.

KING KONG (Radio)—A motion picture company goes to an island where prehistoric animals survive. The final scenes with the gigantic ape atop the Empire State building are superbly thrilling.

(Continued on page 113)

What of Viola?

(Continued from page 57)

She was, remember, a great star. Once, on a personal appearance tour, her triumphs were sung all the way across the country. All the fanfare and ballyhoo that would accompany a Constance Bennett or a Joan Crawford on a like occasion today were hers.

The theater entrances were mobbed. Crowds stood around her hotel doors.

The money from her pictures filled the coffers of the producers for whom she worked and then a circumstance occurred that was to be the downfall of so many well known stars.

Three great studios merged—Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer. Today it is one of the biggest studios—M-G-M—but at the time of the merger when the contract stars and players were taken over by the new formed company, only a few of the old Metro stars survived.

Ramon Novarro was one of these, but Viola had had her big day as a star, new faces were appearing on the screen and somewhere in the shuffle of that merger, she was forgotten.

She did the usual things—things that all waning stars do. Played vaudeville, took lesser parts with smaller companies, told her friends she was “just between pictures” but was expecting a marvelous new contract.

Like all the players of that day she had been improvident. Those were lean years after she was dropped from the regular payroll of a big studio. The years were unhappy ones, too, for Viola wanted to work.

It was not entirely pride that kept her trying to get jobs, nor was it entirely the need of money. It was more than that—it was her eagerness to give to the screen the vitality and charm that she had to give.

But as she saw herself becoming more and more a “hanger-on” and when she walked up Hollywood Boulevard to find herself unrecognized—while newer people were being asked for autographs—she knew that she could not stand it any longer, so she left the town that had witnessed her glories, her happiest and also her saddest years. And now she was entirely forgotten, except by a few old friends.

And then an obscure item in the papers announced that Viola Dana, “former famous motion picture star,” had married Jimmy Thompson, a Colorado Springs golf professional.

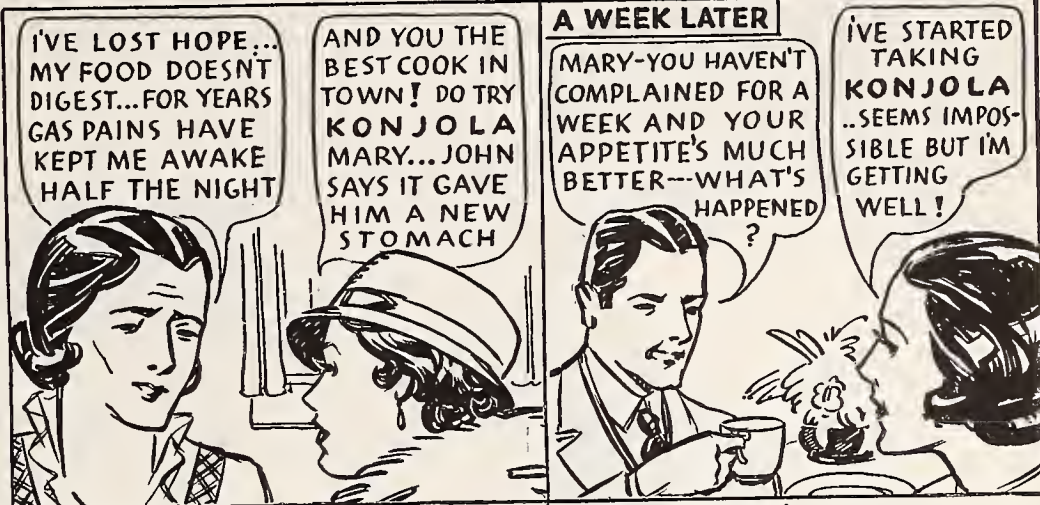
Word came to Hollywood that little Viola was happy at last and those who remembered and loved her read bits of her letters to each other.

She wrote that she was perfectly happy—that she was as domestic as a fireside cat, loved cooking and house-keeping and that her husband was a darling.

Remembering Viola's gay days of dancing until the band went home at the old Sunset Inn, her friends wondered at her change but were glad she had found peace.

She liked Colorado Springs, she

MRS. COOK finds a “NEW STOMACH”



For Gas and Stomach Trouble Try **KONJOLA** America's Wonder Medicine

If you are discouraged about gas, indigestion or other stomach troubles, you certainly ought to give America's wonder medicine—famous Konjola—at least a trial. Never before has a medicinal preparation met with such amazing country-wide success!

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A WEEK LATER

MARY—YOU HAVEN'T COMPLAINED FOR A WEEK AND YOUR APPETITE'S MUCH BETTER—WHAT'S HAPPENED?

I'VE STARTED TAKING KONJOLA... SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE BUT I'M GETTING WELL!

A MONTH LATER

MARY COOK... YOU LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER!

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MODERN SCREEN was the first magazine to introduce really intimate pictures of Hollywood folk at home, at play, at sport events and at the theater.

And, in spite of the fact that the idea has been copied by every other fan magazine, our intimate pictures are still the best. But—and here is the

important thing—they're going to be still better!

WATCH MODERN SCREEN FOR SOMETHING NEW IN
INTIMATE PICTURES!!



1st PRIZE \$150.00
2nd PRIZE 75.00
3rd PRIZE 25.00
50 PRIZES each 5.00

THE CONTEST IS SIMPLE!

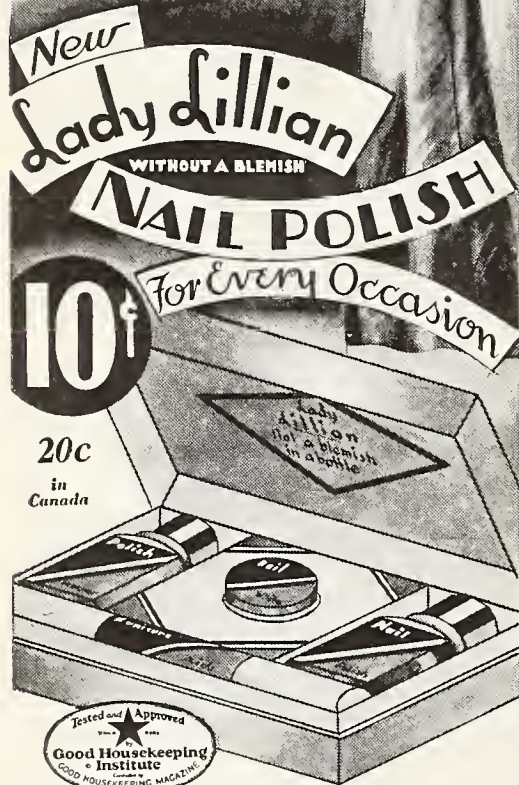
Write a 25 word letter telling what you like best about any Lady Lillian Manicuring item. Enclose a box top, label, or bottle cap . . . or a reasonable facsimile of either, with your letter. The best letters will win awards. Write in pencil pen, or typewrite . . . as many letters as you wish. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The decision of the judges will be final. Contest ends September 1st.

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wrote, and had no longer any desire to be in pictures.

But suddenly she and Thompson arrived in Hollywood. The call of the cinema had been too strong for Viola. She, like so many, many others, having tasted the fruits of success and stardom, having once smelled greasepaint and felt the hot white glow of the spotlight, could resist it no longer.

For a while they had a bad time in Hollywood. Thompson found that the professional positions at the golf clubs were pretty well filled. Viola tried to get back in pictures and discovered that it was the same old heart-breaking task. But she was happier in Hollywood than in Colorado Springs—despite her cheerful letters.

Thompson at last found work at a Long Beach golf club. Viola has done

a little work in Columbia shorts and she is just as ambitious as she ever was.

She goes to previews with her old friends and as she watches the new pictures unfold before her she says, "I can't understand why I don't get a good part. I know I could do as well as that girl!" The funny part about it is that she could!

They are never completely happy—these women who have had stardom and lost it. But Viola is as happy as can be expected. She and Thompson lead a quiet enough life. She has not forgotten the domesticity she learned to like in Colorado Springs. She works occasionally. In small pictures, to be sure, but still, in pictures.

She is at least breathing the same air she breathed when she was a great star!

Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 76)

dinner for men guests only, we always see that they are served some unusual, flavorful and substantial "made" meat dish.

WE tell you all this in order that you may appreciate how interested we were to hear Mrs. Richard Arlen (Jobyna Ralston) say that her husband would rather have a good rich stew for dinner than the tenderest *filet mignon* in the world. "In fact," she went on to say, "Dick claims that a good stew is a symphony in foods."

"He's right," we agreed. "A clever cook puts together a stew in something the same way that a composer puts together the notes for the various instruments of an orchestra. And just at this moment, what this country needs is more symphonies in food and fewer sob ballads! I'd mortgage my future for a few good new recipes for so-called 'made' meat dishes right this minute!"

"Goodness, you really don't have to do that," smiled Jobyna Arlen. "I'd be delighted to give you some of my recipes for concoctions which Dick thinks are particularly appetizing."

Things can happen to one, just like that! Here one goes along for weeks wondering where to go in all Hollywood with any hope of getting some really sound information about turning everyday, ordinary, inexpensive meats into something delicious and exciting—and then, just by chance, you meet Mrs. Arlen. And there she sits, looking so pretty that you'd think she couldn't possibly know anything more helpful in a culinary line than how to serve humming bird's tongues, and before you know it you are having a whole series of super-elegant recipes dropped right in your lap. Right then and there, I can assure you, Mrs. Arlen and your humble food newshound sat down in a corner—and out came our ubiquitous note book.

"If you want the recipe for Dick's

most particular favorite first, I'll start off with Beef Stew," Jobyna began. "In our house it's sort of a cross between a beef stew and *chili con carne*, retaining, in our estimation, the best features of each. First you cut a couple of pounds of chuck steak into cubes. . . ."

But there. You might have some trouble unravelling the recipe if we gave it to you just as Mrs. Arlen told it to us, so instead we are going to give it to you in the nice, tidy form in which it emerged from our testing kitchen. We suggest that you cut out this recipe, paste it on a filing card and keep it forever and ever. We are sure you will want to, once you've used it.

BEEF STEW WITH NOODLES

2 pounds chuck steak, cut in cubes
 Suet
 3 stalks celery
 2 medium sized onions
 2 sprigs parsley
 1½ cups diced carrots
 1 cup diced yellow turnip
 1 green pepper, diced
 4 tablespoons chili sauce
 1 teaspoon kitchen bouquet
 2 teaspoons salt
 1 bay leaf
 ¼ teaspoon pepper
 Cooked noodles
 1 can red kidney beans

Roll the meat in flour. Try out the suet (beef fat) until you have 3 to 4 tablespoons in the pan. (To try out suet, cut into small pieces, put it in the pan, turn the flame low under it, cover and let simmer slowly, stirring occasionally.) Remove all solid pieces of fat. Add the meat to the liquid fat in the pan and brown well on all sides. Cover with boiling water. Add celery cut in small pieces, onions sliced, and minced parsley. Cover and simmer for one hour. Then add all remaining ingredients except the kidney beans and

noodles and cook until meat and vegetables are tender. When done, remove vegetables and meat from liquid. Measure liquid. There should be about three cups. If you have less, add water to make that amount; if you have more reduce quantity by boiling until sufficient evaporates. Dissolve $4\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of flour in a quarter cup of cold water and mix with a little of the stew liquid. Add to remaining liquid and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. Add kidney beans to this gravy and pour over the stew. Serve with cooked noodles.

DUMPLINGS are as good as noodles to serve with the stew," Mrs. Arlen told us, "but Dick happens to like noodles better. And, incidentally, if there is any of this stew left over, it is delicious made into a sort of pie. Just pour it into a greased casserole and put baking powder biscuits, cut about a half inch thick, over the top and bake in a moderate oven. You'll find it will then be as popular on the second day as it was on the first."

We tried it, and it was. Even more so, if such be possible. In fact it proved to be so supremely delicious that we have included, on page 76, a picture of the way it actually *looks* so that you will be tempted to find out for yourself how grand it *tastes*.

"Now I'll tell you about another favorite of ours," Jobyna continued. "Veal Birds—and for four people you will need about one and a half pounds of veal steaks..."

Again we come to the rescue and unscramble the recipe from the notes we took and give it to you as we worked it out in our kitchen.

VEAL BIRDS A L' ARLEN

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds veal steak
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 onion, minced fine
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound chopped mushrooms
- 3 stalks celery, diced
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ slices soft bread crumbs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 pound fresh peas
- 1 tablespoon heavy cream
- 1 tablespoon flour

Have the butcher cut the veal thin and pound it out almost flat, then cut it in four equal squares. Melt the butter in a frying pan, add to it the minced onion, chopped mushrooms and diced celery. Cover the pan and let simmer over a low flame for ten minutes. Then add the bread crumbs and salt and mash all together to a paste. Spread this paste on the meat squares. Roll each square up separately and tie with string. Roll the meat rolls in flour and brown in butter in a frying pan. Transfer the meat to a baking dish, add 1 cup boiling water to the pan in which the meat was fried and boil up. Pour this over the meat, cover closely and bake one and one quarter hours in a moderate oven (375°). Meanwhile shell the peas and cook them. Dissolve the flour in the cream. When the meat is done, remove it from the casserole and add the

Southern Beauties

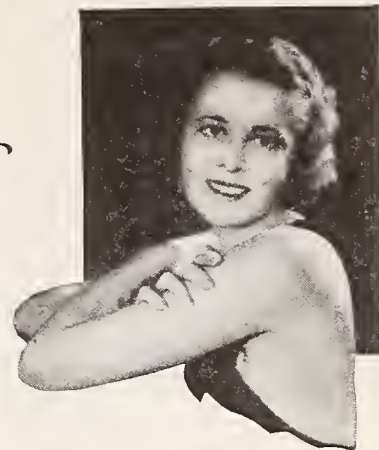
... keep their skins lovely with these two creams



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in a package for 10c for douche pur-
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Napkins which have no deodorant
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juice in the casserole to the cream and
flour. Cook this over a low flame, stir-
ring constantly, until smooth and thick-
ened. Add the peas to this gravy and
pour over the veal birds.

"I'm having the best time!" said Mrs.
Arlen. "I feel just like an old-fashioned
housewife swapping recipes over the
back fence. Now I must tell you about
the Tamale Loaf which Dick enjoys so
much."

SHE did tell us about that Tamale
Loaf, and about a Savory Lamb
Pie and a casserole of Ham and Cab-
bage. And then for good measure
Jobyna kindly included a recipe for
Spaghetti with Meat and Cheese—which
we think is the grandest dish for a
Sunday Night Supper we ever knew.

We wish we had room to give you all
these recipes here, but we haven't. So
we have had them printed up in a spe-
cial Richard Arlen folder and all you
have to do to get them is to fill out
and mail the coupon on page 76 and
mail it in. Enclose a stamped, self-
addressed envelope, please. And do
write your name and address plainly on
that envelope. There is no charge for
these recipes—except the stamped en-
velope. These recipes are all of them
inexpensive to make and that's one of
the things which we like best about
them—the fact that they make it pos-
sible to serve really luxurious meals on
a very modest food budget. So do send
for your set of Richard Arlen and
Jobyna Ralston recipes at once, and
start economizing like an expert!

Jack's Mother and Peggy

(Continued from page 37)

women as I have known: Madame
Schumann-Heink, Mrs. Woodrow Wil-
son, famed singers of the Metropolitan
Opera House, women in all walks of
the artistic and literary world and not
know the creatures inside and out.

"And now, I think this is the time to
say right here that Peggy Hopkins
Joyce is one of the finest and most like-
able women I have ever met! I am
proud that she is my friend.

"Let me tell you something. Never
judge any advertised product by its
reputation! Know it for yourself be-
fore you form any conclusions. That
goes for men and women as well as
coffee and baking powder and tooth-
paste.

OF course I knew Peggy's reputation
for many marriages and for the
exciting night life she has lived on two
continents. The first time I ever saw
her was at a theatre in Kansas City.
Like everyone else in the audience, I
had been attracted there to see this far-
flung sensation who had so many dia-
monds and such beauty and such a
wardrobe. Between acts of her show a
gentleman sitting next to me turned and
said: 'What do you think of her?' I
answered: 'I don't know . . . what do
you think of her?' He laughed: 'Well,
I guess she's an advertised product!'

"There are many women in America
today, and I mean women of the social
register, who have been married as
many times as Peggy Joyce and who
have as many jewels and who have
been as avidly admired by men and en-
vied by women . . . but the point is
that when Peggy was being married
and divorced as a young girl, those
things were more sensational than they
are in our present day. Divorce was
more advertised!

"Well, that was the last I saw, or
thought, of Peggy until the other night
when Jack brought her home for dinner.
It wouldn't be natural to say I wasn't—
what is the word I want?—rather

nervous about the idea of meeting Miss
Joyce. You can't just have Peggy Hop-
kins Joyce drop into your house for a
plain family dinner without being
impressed before her arrival. That
wouldn't be human. My heart was
pounding quite a bit when I heard Jack's
key in the door and his lusty yell of
'Ma.'

"They arrived a little sooner than I
had expected and I was caught in the
kitchen with my hands in the biscuit
dough and my face sort of flushed from
the oven, you know how it is, and I felt
I looked a sight. But Jack hasn't any
idea of how such things are and if he
didn't bring her right into the kitchen!
I started to apologize about the way I
looked, when Peggy came up to me and
put her arms about me and kissed me.
'You are sweet to have me to a dinner
you have cooked with your own hands,'
she said in that lovely rich voice of
hers.

"Right then and there, Peggy Hopkins
Joyce and I were friends! I'm not very
often wrong about first impressions and
I liked her from the moment I saw her.
She was wearing an awfully sweet, but
perfectly plain little dress and she wore
far less make-up than most of the school
girls you see on the street. Except for
a diamond pin at her collar, she wore
not a single jewel.

"We had a perfectly wonderful time
during dinner. We laughed and joked
with Jack just like old friends. Once
she reached over and touched my hair
and said she loved it because it was
soft and white! She is the most natural
human being I have ever met. She says
things just like that—just as they pop
into her head.

"I thought, of course, that after din-
ner Peggy and Jack would go out
somewhere, dancing or to a theatre or
something. But no, they stayed home
all evening. Peggy curled up in a com-
fortable chair, Jack twisting up and
down the radio dial and I did most of
the talking. I had a lovely time.

to Brides past present future

"We talked of everything under the sun . . . of girls and books and plays and men and women and marriage and divorce. Every once in awhile it would come to me, 'This is the famous Peggy Hopkins Joyce who is sitting here chatting with you in this neighborly fashion.' But it didn't seem to register anything. It might as well have been Anna May Doakes, excepting that Peggy's ideas were more interesting and down to earth and witty!"

"When it came to be about eleven-thirty and Peggy admitted that she was sleepy, I got up to get her hat and coat. She followed me into the hall. 'I can't tell you,' she said, 'what a perfectly grand evening I have had. The very nicest I have spent in Hollywood.'"

"And the odd part of it is this: Other guests of mine and Jack's have said the same words but Peggy Joyce has that rare trait of making them sound as though they came from her heart."

"Maybe that is because she is sincerely and honestly appreciative of any little thing that is done for her. When Peggy thanks you for something you can't help feeling it has come from her heart."

IT wasn't any more than a couple of days after that when the doorbell rang. Yes, it was Peggy. She had a friend of hers along, a director from the Paramount studio. The first thing she said was: 'I wanted you two to meet. You shouldn't have gone this long without knowing each other.'

"I didn't know what she meant at first, until I found out that this man was terribly interested in a book I had recommended for Peggy to read. He, too, was crazy about it—wanted to bring it to the screen. Peggy said we were two nuts on the subject and she just had to see that we got together and thrashed it out."

"I fixed tea and muffins for them and I guess they were here about two hours. Peggy ate two or three muffins with jam and then accused me of trying to ruin her figure. She said if I didn't quit feeding her every time she came over she wasn't going to come to see me any more. You know, there's something about the way Peggy treats me that reminds me of Jack. I don't know that I can quite explain it . . . but she treats me like a friend . . . like someone she can laugh and joke with." Mrs. Offield laughed suddenly, her foot that didn't quite reach the floor wiggling in embarrassment.

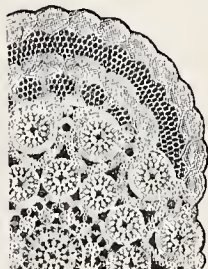
"Just to kid me she calls me 'Ma' like Jack. And I love it! And what's more, Peggy can not only see a good laugh on you but she can see one on herself as well."

"The only time Peggy ever referred to her marriages and her diamonds and all that she said: 'Ma, that reputation is just so much money at the box-office for a poor working gal!'"

LET me tell you a little story: I was once talking to a class full of little girls on the subject of what they really wanted out of life. One little tot kept waving her hand in the air and I knew she wanted to tell me her heart's desire.

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"When I finally permitted her to speak, she said: 'What I really want out of life, Mrs. Offield, is to marry a rich, handsome man!' And I nearly fell over when about twenty other little mouths echoed: 'Me, too.'"

"That was before those little girls were old enough to be hypocritical! They were speaking with frank honesty."

"Well, Peggy Hopkins Joyce married a millionaire! That she married several of them makes her not one whit different in my estimation from that class

room of little girls who so frankly admitted their desire before the subtle hypocrisy of worldly knowledge had silenced their lips! They were naïve, certainly, but very honest."

"And now," said my charming hostess with an eye on the clock that was heading around toward time to start dinner, "I think I've made it pretty clear what *this* mother thinks of Peggy Hopkins Joyce. As for Jack, well, he will never be the loser for the privilege of a friendship with such a *fine* woman!"

Object Lesson in Manners

(Continued from page 74)

in the dining room, talking, smoking, and drinking excellent beer. So the children stayed where they were. And now and then treble voices and laughter sounded through the big door.

MILDRED wore a blue dress with white collar and cuffs. She looked like a schoolgirl. Laughing, she told us how, in Europe, she had insisted upon seeing all the things she always had heard about.

"I know," she explained, "that most of the places I went weren't typical of the cities in which they were located—that they were almost entirely supported by sight-seers. But I'd heard about them for so long I had to see them for myself."

It was the Lloyds' first trip to Europe. Not for a minute did Mildred try to give the impression it was anything else. And not once—which makes her unique—did she explain how she and Harold had discovered the Paris not generally known to tourists, the Paris of the true Parisienne.

"Where did you stop?" I asked.

"At George the Fifth," she said. Not "George Sank," praise her. Nine out of ten would have said that, you know—pronouncing George in English and then, without reason, lapsing into French. A school child knows *cinq* is French for five. Yet a notion persists that to say George Sank instead of George the Fifth marks you a cosmopolite.

Do I carp? Perhaps. But always, in order to put your finger on a tangible pretension, you must place it on a petty affectation.

Someone asked Mildred if she'd like to live in Europe.

"Not among the expatriates or as an expatriate," she answered quickly. "I found them disgruntled and unhappy. Generally, I imagine, if you can't adjust to your own country you can't adjust anywhere."

"But in a way Harold and I would like a house over there. Say in Switzerland. The children loved their freedom so!"

And well the children might! In California they have none. Gloria and Peggy and Harold are guarded even while playing on their own lawn, swim-

ming in their own swimming-pool. There wasn't the usual grand display of French clothes. Mildred showed us a few lovely things she had brought back, but only when we asked to see them.

"I've always wanted some Paris things," she told us simply. "I bought these before the 'Buy American' feeling was so great. But I don't expect I'll enjoy them as much now."

Unlike many wives of successful men, Mildred Lloyd has never spent her time acquiring pretensions to match Harold's dollars.

Harold came in. He seemed well pleased that there were guests. Morton Downey was there. An editor. A writer. Several New York friends. A British financier the Lloyds had met coming home on the boat.

"Hello," Harold greeted us, shaking hands all around. "Gee, it's mighty good to see all of you."

You would have liked him immediately for that "Gee." He obviously hadn't come home with any English "By Joves," or French "*Mon Dieu*."

He went over to a commode and broke a sugar rose off the big pink birthday cake standing there. It had been part of Mildred's birthday celebration.

He is suddenly shy every now and then.

Then he pulled up another oyster-white Heppelwhite chair to the table—to sit on it backwards.

"Have a good rest, Harold?" the editor wanted to know.

"Well," he laughed, "I don't suppose you'd call it a rest exactly. You know, they got me to make personal appearances and to talk over the air. And, well, I was kept pretty busy."

"But everybody was so darn nice to us that it never seemed hard work. The change was stimulating, of course. In fact, I've come back with so many ideas I don't know just where to start. But I imagine when we get home and settled and I talk things over with the gang at the studios I'll know which picture idea will work out best."

Again that engaging smile. You know it from the screen.

"The gang," I understand, is com-
(Continued on page 101)

Inspiration?

(Continued from page 59)

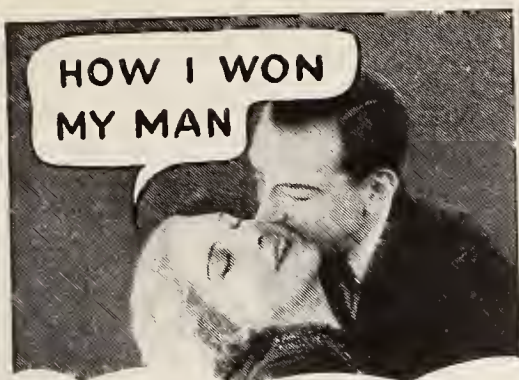
happen to amuse her. She likes a good time—she likes a good time very much. But that is all.

IN Hollywood she has a small, unremarkable house which she shares with her mother and her sister. No legends have grown up about her, either. No legends that she is chaperoned within an inch of her life or that she demands her right to be modernly independent. She isn't modernly independent because she doesn't seem to want to be and she isn't chaperoned to the point of publicity because her mother's mind seems to run along sensible lines. And doubtless because her mother knows Dorothy very well.

While I was talking to her I realized that she has real kindness of heart, a kindness which is as genuine as her smile. I spoke, with some disparagement, of a motion picture colleague of hers and I listened to her quiet defense of the person in question. She didn't deny that my accusations might be right, she merely said that our mutual acquaintance had been all that was friendly and helpful and charming as far as she, Dorothy, knew. She made me feel like an elderly cat. There was no especial sweetness and light about her statement. I think she is the sort of girl who is likely to judge people by what they have been toward her rather than what they may be toward others or the world. Later, after leaving her, I learned of her extraordinary gentleness toward R  n  e Ador  e when they were working on the last picture Miss Ador  e made before her illness. Miss Ador  e was very ill at the time, and Dorothy Jordan, in a thousand little ways, spared her strength and helped her. Yet in the natural course of events these two would have remained strangers, temperamentally differing as they do.

Dorothy is a conscientious worker. She is uncomplaining and even-tempered. She has been well brought up, one imagines, and has her own especial code. I am certain that no matter what branch of work, what profession she might have undertaken by chance or destiny, she would have been same in it. Even-tempered, hard working, successful.

She has great courage. Not the courage of the person who does not know fear, but the courage of the person who is by nature gentle and rather retiring, in a sense, and who is a prey, just as most of us are, to the usual trivial anxieties and worries which beset us. She is not the sort of a girl who can trample rough-shod on life. She dislikes facing emergencies. But she can face them. We compared, laughing, our mutual dislike of street accidents and dentists' chairs and other unpleasant things and decided that half our trouble was in worrying about things before they happened. But Dorothy has learned this lesson in a much shorter time than it took me to do so. I admit it.



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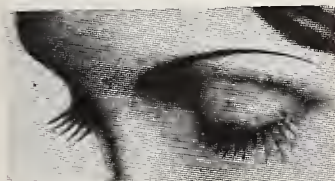
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This is an intelligent girl. I had wondered whether, despite the sweet, vivacious, but hardly deeply emotional roles I had seen her portray on the screen, she might not be, "in person," temperamental and a little of an oddity. But I found her most untemperamental and exceedingly regular rather than odd. She has above average intelligence and she actually does a good deal of thinking. She thinks out her own problems and she believes in directed thinking with all the strength of her nature.

SHE is a favorite of everyone on the lot; from the male stars with whom she works in pictures to the hairdressers and ladies' maids. There is every reason why she should be. Surely Hollywood by now has come to distinguish between impulsive generosity, or mere gestures, and absolutely authentic kindness and decency of motive.

She has plenty of beaux. That's what her mother calls them. They come to her house and spend "wild" evenings there: playing the piano, singing, raiding the kitchen. Just as the beaux of hundreds of girls all over the country do. That isn't perhaps an exciting picture to the people who still want to read about impossibly idiotic parties and orgies. But it is very exciting to me because I never expected to see it and to believe in its reality.

I think one of the secrets of Dorothy Jordan's charm is the fact that her life has never deviated from a normal, well-ordered course. During her first break in pictures, in the "Taming of the Shrew," and before her mother joined her, she lived at the Studio Club, quietly and sedately. I think her life will always be like that.

I understand that she is to be co-starred with Joel McCrea in a series of romantic pictures for RKO, the first of which will be called "Little Clown Lost." I hope she finds satisfaction in this series—and meatier roles than she has had during the past few months.

It is an axiom among novelists that if you have a normal, sweet and attractive heroine and a wildly beautiful, gaily wicked rival, your heroine must always win out. It doesn't always happen in real life. But Dorothy Jordan does prove the rule because she has a hundred more admirers than the most exotic beauties; lasting admirers. That's because she is what she is; and, of course, because she's from the South. And did you ever know a Southern girl to lack in the technique of beau-catching? Well, Dorothy's technique is unconscious, but it's there just the same.

Here's a girl who fainted when she made her first public appearance in a high school debate, but who has broken into pictures and who is going to stay in them despite a number of indifferent roles. Here's a girl who is not a yes-girl, but who has gumption enough to question the careless statement of a stranger made about someone three thousand miles away. And here's a girl who can listen to a story told her by that stranger and whose eyes fill with genuine tears because of the suffering of still a third person whom she has never seen.

Here's a girl who must have found much which discouraged and disgusted her and was alien to her nature, in the profession into which by chance she has come. But who fights it out without any bravado. A very healthy-minded, normal girl if you ask me. The sort of girl you'd like to have for your daughter or your friend or your sweetheart, depending on your age and sex.

I hope I haven't made you see her as some impossibly and sickeningly sweet creature. It's always a little hard to write about thoroughly nice people convincingly. I have more trouble with my heroines and heroes than with my villains! I want you to see her as I see her, a very normal girl, a girl such as any fine girl you yourself may know, who happens to be, instead of next door, "in the pictures."

Long may she stay there.

Garbo's Unknown Escort

(Continued from page 25)

and when Reud came to New York to enter the theatrical profession, he was thrown with many Swedes and Swedish-Americans. In this crowd was a man named Joseph Buhler, Garbo's lawyer. When he discovered Buhler's connection with Garbo, Reud attached himself to the lawyer, took him and his wife to the theatre, plied Mrs. Buhler with books and flowers, and made himself so thoroughly charming with his suave southern gallantries that the Buhlers took this designing youth to their hearts and included him frequently on their week-end house-parties in Greenwich, where they have a country place on beautiful old Station Road. It was here that Reud met Garbo on one of her trips

to the East, in the days before she was obliged to sneak into town in turtle-necked sweaters and smoked glasses. At that time he probably could not have foreseen that some day he would be accompanying her to the best plays of the season. Or that, when he did, the audiences at those plays would be so overcome with the idea of Garbo's being in the theatre, that Reud would have to take her home before the plays were half over, in order that the performers could be heard.

IT did not take him long to make friends with her once they had met, for he is not only a gay companion and brilliant conversationalist, but he is wise

in the ways of the theatre, and Garbo quickly recognized in him a man who could advise her concerning phases of her career. There is a story that Garbo was offered an opportunity to act on Broadway in a play that an eminent producer had chosen for her and which she had always wanted to do. It was Reud who advised her against it for the time being and she acceded to his judgment. Now, Reud, according to announcements in the papers some time ago, has written a play for her himself, entitled "Wait For Me," which she is said to consider the best vehicle for her own talents that has fallen into her hands. She cabled her studio from abroad that she wants it adapted at once for her screen use. However, if Reud has written it as a play and not a movie, may it not augur that Garbo is considering appearing upon the stage—and in Reud's play?

Bob Reud refuses to talk of his friendship with Garbo, other than to parry questions put to him with veiled answers which may mean much or nothing. Last spring a rumor was spread that Garbo was not going to Sweden alone. From the Gilbert Miller offices, where Reud worked at the time, trickled the noncommittal news that Reud was contemplating a trip to Sweden in the summer. Was he visiting Garbo? Had Garbo invited him? Was he going to see Garbo at all? To all of these ques-

tions came the same evasive answer, "Robert Reud does not care to discuss any matters pertaining to Miss Garbo and himself."

IS this man outsmarting his friends? Has he contacts with Garbo other than those of a casual friend? Facts prove that he takes her to the theatre, advises her on matters of business and, more specifically, on matters pertaining to her career. And no casual admirer is he, his offices and home are filled with so many pictures of Garbo that the most ardent of her devotees would fall back electrified.

Has his hero-worship of Garbo swept this impetuous southerner into the belief that Reud means as much to Garbo as Garbo means to Reud? Contrary to popular opinion, Garbo is kind and forbearing. She likes Reud and trusts him or she would not go about with him. She respects his brilliance and accepts his advice. Would she be angry—or tolerant—should this man be guilty of a self-created legend that he is "The Man Who Knows Garbo?" Is it a self-created legend? I do not think so, but there is nothing to prove it, one way or the other. Garbo does not talk. Reud does not talk. However, by his very silence he has managed to create the impression that there is more in this than meets the eye. And who knows? Maybe there is—and maybe there isn't.

Always in Hot Water

(Continued from page 61)

monologue of the barkers—all these things stabbed Jack with a strange excitement.

In his own imagination he was a man of the world who could buy ambrosia—actually soda pop—for his goddess—actually a girl in a cheap dress. He could show her the wonders of Olympus—actually the Coney Island side shows.

And then, as they turned into another street, he saw his father!

Jack was suddenly no longer a swaggering man, but a little boy who might get a whipping if he were caught.

"Quick!" he said to the girl. "Down this way!"

And the two, instead of strolling in a nonchalant manner as they had done before, ran like the guilty kids they were.

But quick as he was, Jack had not been quick enough.

His father had seen him, running away (and how many times, years later he was to run from justice on the screen) and that night he paid the penalty for his deceit.

When the whipping was over the father shook his head and said to his wife, "That boy, that boy—he is always in hot water."

And as he grew older women began to play an even more important part

in his life until real tragedy came to him.

Jack, himself, will not mention it, but his friends who knew him when he became an actor on Broadway will tell you of the girl he really loved—a beautiful girl, like the ones he had seen in the movies, a girl who was a crystallization of the dreams he had dreamed in the little movie theatres of his boyhood.

Broadway will tell you of his love for this girl and the end of the romance, which devastated Jack. She fell in love with another man!

AND maybe that bitter experience is the reason that now—when asked about marriage—he says, "No, no, no. Marriage is not for me—I don't want it. I'll have a good time now, while I can. I'll go dancing and to the theatre and have many friends. I'll try to repay my parents for what they did for me. They're coming to Hollywood. I've rented a house for them and I want them to have every comfort I can give them. If it weren't for my father's watching eye I might have gotten into a lot more trouble than I did. Now is my chance to show him and my mother my appreciation. I don't want to get married!"

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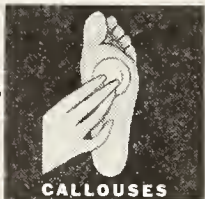


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side of Jack LaRue. I want you to know the boy who "just happened to get into show business." Remember that he had always had a love of the dramatic. Remember how much a part of him glamor and excitement and thrills—even at the cost of a sound whipping—were.

When he went to vaudeville shows he was always that little boy who came upon the stage when the magician stopped pulling rabbits out of a hat long enough to ask for a few volunteers to make sure that the knots tied around the disappearing lady's wrist were tight.

"Will three young men kindly come up on the stage and give me a little help?" the magician would say.

And Jack was always the first to leap from his seat and bound upon the stage. For this was exciting, this was a taste of life.

So one day—the mischief of the neighborhood in which he lived exhausted—he was idly strolling along a side street "looking for trouble" when he saw the old New York studios where Norma Talmadge used to work.

The impulse to go inside came to him suddenly and with a swift glance up the street to make sure his father wasn't in spying distance he went into the casting office.

Hundreds of people were already there and Jack—hands in pocket, swaggering slightly—joined the mob.

The casting director stuck his head out the door.

"No work today," he said.

He swept all those people away with a hand. Then he saw Jack and something in that bold Italian face held him.

"I can use you, kid," he said. "Come back tomorrow."

So Jack was a movie actor now and that night the boys in the neighborhood and the girls, too—the ones he wanted to impress—heard about it.

The next day he appeared at the studio. There were the usual hundreds. Presently the casting director came out.

"Go away—all of you," he said. "No work today."

Jack stepped forward, with pride. "But me—I'm an actor. You said—"

The casting director looked at him. "I said no work today. Now clear out of here."

It was the first time in his young life that Jack had ever been nonplussed. Boss of his own little community, head man among the neighborhood boys and girls—he now found himself faced with real authority for the first time.

He was incredulous. He stepped forward and then fell back. The man had said— And now he wasn't a movie actor!

He didn't see "the crowd" that night. He couldn't face them. Instead he mooned at home, alternately cursing man's curses and weeping boy's tears.

But the next day he went to the studio again.

The casting director came out of his office and Jack grabbed him by the coat lapels. "See here," he said, "you promised me I'd be an actor. You said for me to come back and yesterday . . ."

"Of course," said the casting director. "Where were you yesterday? I told you to come back here then. Come in. I want you to go to work."

And slightly baffled at the ways of casting directors, Jack was admitted into the sacred studio lot and played the rôle of a bell hop in an old Norma Talmadge film.

And now that he had had his first sweet taste of the heady wine of show business, he knew that this must be his life.

Now, instead of at the movies, he was to be found hanging around theatrical offices. He knew how to beguile the girl secretaries with a full-lipped smile and get in to see the managers. The managers were more difficult to convince, but Jack had learned how to be ingratiating. Paradoxical as it sounds, Jack's strength lay in his weakness.

FOR instead of battering the managers down with tall tales of his talent he put himself at their mercy and plead with them, humbly, for roles.

Small parts came first, of course, then larger ones. He became more and more sure of himself and the profession he had chosen. A season as the South American lover in Mae West's "Diamond Lil" brought him notice and other shows followed.

The rest is simple enough. One summer found him driving to California with a couple of friends and, since he was well enough known on Broadway, it was not difficult to get roles in pictures. You undoubtedly remember him in "While Paris Sleeps," "The Mouthpiece," "Radio Patrol," "Night World," "Blessed Event" and "Three on a Match."

Now he is on the threshold of his great opportunity.

Paramount had bought the book "Sanctuary" as a vehicle for George Raft, but George refused to play it.

"I've built myself up to sympathetic characters," George said. "I was a pretty nice sort of guy in 'Night After Night' and I'm not going to tear myself down in a part like this."

And then the studio remembered Jack LaRue with that sensual face. Why, he looks like a character who has stepped right out of one of Faulkner's books.

As you watch him work you'll discover that he is an odd mixture of strength and weakness. He is trying desperately hard to stay out of trouble, for he knows how trouble dogs his steps.

When a woman walks on the set he is quick to jump up and offer a chair. With almost child-like eagerness he shows you over the set, pointing out the accuracy of the detail.

Whenever he does a scene he shoots a quick look at the director to see if he has done well. His manner is almost obsequious, he is so eager to be successful.

PUBLIC opinion means a great deal to him, and when he first took the role in "The Story of Temple Drake," as "Sanctuary" is being called in pic-

tures, he was afraid that George Raft might be angry with him for going into a picture he had refused to do. For political reasons he suggested that some night the two of them might go out together on the same party, to show the world that they were friends.

But Raft is a different sort of man from Jack LaRue. Public opinion and studio politics mean nothing to George. When LaRue made this suggestion Raft said, "No, we're friends and that's okay, but I don't have to show people. You got your pals. I got mine. Let it go at that."

Away from the studio Jack is not so earnest.

He likes to have a good time. You'll see him often dining and dancing at the Club New Yorker, at the Cocoanut Grove and the other places where film folk dine and dance. He is always immaculately groomed.

There is very little humor about him in spite of all the colorful and exciting roles he has played in pictures. The priest in "Farewell to Arms"—an entirely different type of part for him—

is his favorite talkie role so far.

He has, like all Italian boys, a love for church and family, for no matter where his life might lead him the family ties are strong.

You would expect a man with a face like LaRue's to be over-bold with women. But he doesn't play all his cards at once. In spite of his impulsiveness, there is a caution that makes him wait until he knows where he stands, and right now he is at that very delicate point in his career when neither he—nor the studio—knows whether he will be a big star or not. They're waiting.

It's my guess that he will be. Eric von Stroheim once told me that there is a touch of sadistic love in every woman—and LaRue's is a strangely sadistic face. Mind you, he doesn't over-play this strange sex appeal which is his. He doesn't have to.

Alert, eager, intuitive and sensitive is Jack LaRue.

But I'll make a little wager with you that he will always, as his father said when Jack was a boy, be in hot water.

Object Lesson in Good Manners

(Continued from page 96)

prised of men who have worked with Harold for many years, ever since he began to make his bespectacled character world-famous.

THERE was not one boast of the triumphs he had experienced—in spite of the fact that the very conservative New York Times gave him editorial space, insisting that on this trip he had proved as great an ambassador of good will as America ever has known, with the possible exception of Charles A. Lindbergh.

Mildred and Harold Lloyd would be memorable visitors in any country. Always they would be too busy being human beings to pose as celebrities. Always they would be too occupied trying to acquire the viewpoint of whatever city or country they were in to act superior. They are observing, intelligent people. Undoubtedly they saw many things in which it would profit the European nations to emulate America. But they would be too gracious, too polite, ever to voice any unfavorable comparison. Any more than they would do such a thing if they were visiting in a strange house.

I hope they've corrected the impression given by several other stars who went traveling during the last year. These particular celebrities saw Europe "down their noses," so to speak. They could learn from the Lloyds. So could other Americans visiting in Europe—and Europeans, with similar tendencies, who visit in America.

I've met many people of many nationalities and many social classes. But never more natural and, therefore, more charming people than the Lloyds.

I can hear some readers protest, "But the Lloyds have no need to pretenses. They have importance. They have wealth."

Both importance and wealth are comparatively new to Mildred and Harold. They might go about so impressed with their sudden possession of these things that they would talk about them loud and long. But they do nothing of the kind.

As I understand it, both Mildred and Harold come from good, honest respectable families. They might easily want people to think their backgrounds were more distinguished. And to this end they might monopolize the conversation with anecdotes colored with "blue-blooded ancestors" and "lost family fortunes," all calculated to give the impression that what they had done was merely climb back where they belonged originally.

They might act "elegant and traveled." They might be patronizing. Or they might be superior and formal because they weren't sure enough of themselves to dare to act quite naturally.

In other words, Mildred and Harold Lloyd might be the direct opposite of the warm, unassuming couple they are. And lose the charm which all of us want to possess in the bargain.

I repeat, deliver me from pretense. Give me more people like the Lloyds.

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 89)

COMPTON, JULIETTE: Married. Born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "The Match King," "First National," "The Masquerader," United Artists.

COOK, DONALD: Divorced. Born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Columbia player. Featured in "Baby Face," Warner Bros.; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Paramount. Working in "Tampico," Columbia.

COOPER, GARY: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Featured in "If I Had a Million"; Co-starred in "Farewell to Arms"; "Today We Live," M-G-M.

COOPER, JACKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, California, September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Lumpy" and "Divorce in the Family."

CORTEZ, RICARDO: Widower of Alma Rubens. Born in New York City, July 7. Radio star. Starred in "Phantom of Crestwood"; Co-starred in "Flesh," M-G-M; "Broadway Bad," Warner Bros. Working in "Dead on Arrival."

CRAWFORD, JOAN: Separated from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas, March 22. M-G-M star. Starred in "Letty Lynton"; M-G-M; "Rain," United Artists; "Today We Live," M-G-M. Next is "A Dancing Lady."

CROMWELL, RICHARD: Unmarried. Born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "That's My Boy," Columbia.

CROSBY, BING: Married to Dixie Lee. Born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Big Broadcast," Paramount; "Girl in the Transom," Mack Sennett. Next is "College Humor."

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Unmarried. Born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Night After Night"; "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "The Mind Reader," Warner Bros. Working in "Let's Live It," in England.

DAMITA, LILI: Unmarried. Born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Goldie Gets Along," Radio; "The Match King," First National.

DANIELS, BEBE: Married to Ben Lyon. Born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Co-starred in "Silver Dollar"; "Forty-Second Street," Working in "Hard Times Square."

DAVIES, MARION: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Blondie of the Follies," Working in "Peg O' My Heart."

DAVIS, BETTE: Married to Harmon O. Nelson. Born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Cabin in the Cotton"; "Parachute Jumper"; Starred in "Ex-Lady"; Featured in "The Adopted Father," Next is "Easy to Love."

DEE, FRANCES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 26. Paramount player. Featured in "Crime of the Century"; "King of the Jungle." Next is "The Silver Cord," Radio and "College Humor," Paramount.

DEL RIO, DOLORES: Married to Cedric Gibbons. Born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Starred in "Bird of Paradise," Radio.

DEVINE, ANDY: Married. Born in Flagstaff, Arizona, October 7. Universal player. Featured in "Cohens and Kellys in Trouble," Universal; "The Big Cage," Universal. Working in "The Beer Baron," Paramount.

DIETRICH, MARLENE: Married to Rudolph Seiber. Born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Blonde Venus," Working in "Song of Songs."

DILLOWAY, DONALD: Unmarried. Born in New York City, March 17. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia; "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach—M-G-M; "Night Mayor," Columbia.

DIX, RICHARD: Married to Winifred Coe. Born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. Radio star. Starred in "The Conquerors"; "The Great Jasper." Next is "The Ad Man."

DORSAY, FIFI: Unmarried. Born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "They Just Had to Get Married," Universal; "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," Warner Bros.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Married to Helen Gahagan. Born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M; "The Old Dark House" and "Nagana," Universal.

DRESSLER, MARIE: Unmarried. Born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Emma" and "Prosperity." Next is "The Late Christopher Bean."

DUNN, JAMES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Walking Down Broadway"; "Handle with Care"; "Sailor's Luck."

DUNNE, IRENE: Married to Dr. E. F. Griffin. Born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. Radio star. Starred in "No Other Woman," Radio; "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M. Working in "The Silver Cord."

DURANTE, JAMES: Married. Born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Phantom President," Paramount; "What! No Beer!" M-G-M; "Hell Below," M-G-M.

EILERS, SALLY: Separated from Hoot Gibson. Born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "State Fair," Fox; "Central Airport," Warner Bros.; "Sailor's Luck," Fox. Working in "Made on Broadway," M-G-M.

ERWIN, STUART: Married to June Collyer. Born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Fortune Smiles"; "The Crime of the Century"; "Under the Tonto Rim." Working in "International House." Next is "Gambling Ship."

EVANS, MADGE: Unmarried. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Fast Life"; "Hell Below," M-G-M; "The Mayor of Hell," Warner Bros. Working in "Made on Broadway," M-G-M. Next is "The Chaser," M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: Separated from Joan Crawford. Born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "Parachute Jumper"; "The Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "The Narrow Corner," Working in "Fellow Prisoners."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: Married to Mary Pickford. Born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe."

FARRELL, CHARLES: Married to Virginia Valli. Born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Co-starred in "The First Year"; "Wild Girl"; "Tess of the Storm Country," Fox.

FARRELL, GLENDA: Married. Born in Enid, Oklahoma. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Wax Museum"; "Grand Slam"; "The Keyhole." Next is "Highlife."

FORD, WALLACE: Married to Martha Halworth. Born in England. Birthday unknown. M-G-M player. Featured in "Employees Entrance," "Central Park," Warner Bros. "The Big Cage," Universal. Working in "He Lived to Kill," Columbia.

FOSTER, NORMAN: Married to Claudette Colbert. Born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Fox player. Featured in "Strange Justice," Radio; "State Fair," Fox. Working in "Pilgrimage." Next is "Department Store."

FOSTER, PRESTON: Married. Born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. First National player. Featured in "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"; "Ladies They Talk About"; "Elmer the Great."

FOX, SIDNEY: Married to Charles Beahan. Born in New York City, December 10. Universal player. Featured in "Don Quixote"; "Rol Pause!" "Afraid to Talk."

FRANCIS, KAY: Married to Kenneth McKenna. Born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Trouble in Paradise," Paramount; "The Keyhole," Warner Bros. Next is "Mary Stevens M. D."

GABLE, CLARK: Married to Ria Langham. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Red Dust," M-G-M; "No Man of Her Own," Paramount; "White Sister," M-G-M. Next is "A Dancing Lady" and "Nora."

GARBO, GRETA: Unmarried. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "As You Desire Me." Next is "Christina."

GARGAN, WILLIAM: Married. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. Radio player. Featured in "Animal Kingdom"; "Lucky Devils"; "Sweepings," Radio. Working in "The Story of Temple Drake." Next is "Emergency Call."

GAYNOR, JANET: Divorced from Lydell Peck. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Co-starred in "Tess of the Storm Country," "State Fair." Working in "Adorable."

GIBSON, HOOT: Separated from Sally Eilers. Born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tee Art Studio. Starred in "The Boiling Point"; "Cowboy Counsellor." Next is "Dude Bandit," Allied.

GIBSON, WYNNE: Divorced. Born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "If I Had a Million"; "Crime of the Century." Working in "The Trumpet Blows." Next is "Dead Reckoning."

GILBERT, JOHN: Married to Virginia Bruce. Born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Fast Workers."

GLEASON, JAMES: Married to Lucille Webster. Born in New York City, May 23. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Penguin Pool Murder," Radio; "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "Clear all Wires," M-G-M.

GOMBELL, MINNA: Unmarried. Born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "Wild Girl"; "Walking Down Broadway"; "Pleasure Cruise."

GRANT, CARY: Unmarried. Born in Bristol, Eng., January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "Madame Butterfly"; "She Done Him Wrong"; "The Woman Accused," Working in "The Eagle and the Hawk." Next is "Apartment 9."

GRAVES, RALPH: Divorced from Virginia Goodwin. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 23. M-G-M player-writer. Featured in "War Correspondent."

GREEN, MITZI: Child actress. Born in New York City, October 19. Radio player. Starred in "Little Orphan Annie."

HAINES, WILLIAM: Unmarried. Born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Fast Life."

HALE, LOUISE CLOSSER: Unmarried. Born in Chicago, Ill., October 13. M-G-M player. Featured in "Today We Live"; "White Sister"; "The Man on the Nile."

HAMILTON, NEIL: Married to Elsa Whitner. Born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Animal Kingdom," Radio; "As the Devil Commands," Columbia; "The Silk Express," Warner Bros. Working in "Terror Abroad," Paramount.

HARDING, ANN: Divorced from Harry Bannister. Born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. Radio star. Starred in "The Conquerors" and "The Animal Kingdom." Next is "When Ladies Meet," M-G-M.

HARDY, OLIVER: Divorced. Born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Wed in a Hole"; "Twice Two" and "Fra Diavolo."

(Continued on page 110)

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 73)

that, I would suggest a bang or at least some hair over the forehead. If your forehead is low and broad and your face is rather short and round, wear your hair off your forehead. But if your forehead is low and your face is long, then bring the hair over your forehead. Why? Well, if you cover up some of your low forehead, no one can tell how high it *might* be, see?

IF your face is full, see that a bit of hair covers the cheeks. If your face is moderately thin and you'd like it to look wider, try a center part. But if your face is *very* thin, a center part would defeat itself by calling attention to the decided thinness. Instead, part the hair way over on one side. Draw the hair more or less straight across.

Here are some rules about waving: dark hair usually looks best with a sleek, flat wave. Light hair looks best with a fluffy wave. Light shades of hair seldom look well straight—unless you have a lot of it and can go in for the Ann Harding type of coiffure. Even so, notice that Ann has slight softness around the face. Red hair looks best with a wave, either fluffy or flat, depending on the type of person. Dark hair can be worn straight to advantage.

Now, as for actual coiffures—I've been looking around at heaps of smart-looking people in town lately, and hanged if I can say that there's any definite, set rule about fashions in coiffures. Hair does seem to be shorter—the long bob looks rather silly with the new perky little hats. Most heads seem to be more or less elaborately waved and curled. At least, the hair is curled over the lower crown of the head, with fluffy, combed-out curls to finish off. I see quite a bit of the Bette Davis type of hairdress: the hair straight, or only slightly softened around the face, straight over the head, and fluffed out at the ends. I see quite a bit of long hair around, so don't feel old-fashioned and out-of-date if for some reason you have never cut your hair. However, don't let it be too abundant, for knots must be gracefully proportioned to the head and to the small hats. If you still cling to the "bun" get that hand mirror again and study the shape of your head once more. Don't let your hair make your head seem bigger from the tip of your nose to the knot of hair than it is from crown to chin. If you have a short neck, you can't wear low-placed knots—or clumps of curls, either. If you have a long neck, however, a low-placed knot of hair will give your head a graceful, queenly outline.

HERE'S a tip for gray-haired ladies who are youthful looking and who lead active lives. Have your hair cut—quite short. Gray hair is stiffer than other hair and, especially if the texture of the hair is medium coarse, it will swirl and curl beautifully. Simply run a wet comb through the hair and kind of

scrunch it into place with your fingers.

Round-the-head coiffures are very nice for evening, I think, especially on tall young girls or stately looking older ones. Coronets, twists, or bands of hair swathed smoothly round the head. But if you feel an urge to try such a coiffure, allow plenty of time to arrange your hair. You can't do these things in a hurry. They must be neat. They must be perfect, with just enough hairpins to hold the hair in place—and not too many to show or to make you uncomfortable. Then, when you go out into the open air, take the trouble to put a hairnet over the whole head, pinning it once at the back. When you are indoors again, slip the net off.

To obtain the best results with your hair, try to remember to shampoo it at least two days before a special date.

Another question: a girl wrote and wanted to know what she could do while her eyebrows were growing back in! That was a poser, but I think I understand. The young miss had plucked her brows too extensively—changed their whole natural shape. Then she didn't like the results. And you know how brows look when the plucked hairs start to grow back—just awful! Well, the thing to do is to brush the long hairs *down* to cover up the untidy bristles as much as possible. A little judicious plucking might help at the start—pull out the most unsightly hairs until the regrowth has started. And rub cream into the brows every day—rub the right way and then the wrong way and then the right way again, to make them silky and healthy. And brush them with a little brush to groom them.

Last question—this came from women who described themselves as being "middle-aged—but not fat nor middle-aged looking." They were worried about a lump that had come on the backs of their necks, in spite of faithful exercise. Yes, that's one of the first signs of age—but you can get rid of it. Stretch! Stand, face against the wall, close to the wall. Now stretch up with both arms—as high as you possibly can. Don't lift up on your toes. Every day try to stretch a little higher.

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.



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A New Kind of Rebel

(Continued from page 27)

is it any wonder that young Franchot should be strong-minded, too?

Franchot's father's work took him all over the world, with the result that Franchot celebrated his fifth birthday in France, his sixth birthday in Tucson, Arizona, and his seventh at Saranac Lake.

And with the result, too, that most of his early schooling was had from private tutors. And so the travel, which gave him lots of new things to see and do, and the tutors, who were friendly and did whatever he told them to do, kept him from being a rebel as a little boy.

But when he was fourteen, and they sent him away to the fashionable Hill School at Pottstown, in Pennsylvania, he turned back to that great-great-grandfather with a bang!

IT was an exclusive school for the sons of rich men, set on sprawling soft green lawns, with fine old trees and buildings. There was only one thing wrong with it, and that was that the faculty put up a lot of rules for the boys to obey.

There were four rules which were especially rigorous. These were (1) that the boys should not smoke (2) that the boys should not drink (3) that the boys should not swear, and (4) that the boys should not talk to the town girls when they went walking on Sunday. Those were four very strict rules, and Franchot proceeded to do exactly four things about them:

1. He smoked.
2. He drank.
3. He swore with awful violence.
4. And he talked to the town girls when he went walking on Sunday.

And he a mere stripling-lad of fifteen!

Then the faculty decided that the enforcement of the rules was not severe enough, and they stepped in and began to take the power of punishment away from the boys themselves, who until then had had a kind of committee of judges.

What happened was that the sixth form, the older boys in the school, banded together and threatened to walk out and never come back. It was rebellion—stark, wild rebellion!

"Well," said the faculty, "you can't have a rebellion without someone to start it. Now, we wonder who started this one? We'll look around and see."

And, of course, the investigation brought out that a quiet boy with hazel eyes, an innocent-appearing boy with a perfect record, who had never been caught doing a single bad thing, the sly young divvil that he was—the investigation of course brought out that it was this boy who had been going around and stirring up all the rebellion.

And so what could the faculty do but kick out young Master Tone? They kicked him out very politely, but they sent home a note to his papa and mama saying that he had been "a subtle influence for disorder all throughout the

Fall term." And off he marched.

Subtle, they had to say, for they hadn't really ever been able to catch him at it. Oh, they're the clever ones, the great-great-grandsons of handsome, dashing Irish General Wolfe Tone!

WHY, then, the story goes on, Franchot was a good lad until he went away to college. At Cornell things were all right until other folks began to tell him how to mind his business. Rebels, you know, can never stand to have others tell them what they ought to do.

Franchot was taken into a good fraternity at Cornell. That was fine, too, until his fraternity brothers began to hint, "Don't go out for the Dramatic Club. It'll be better for the house if you'll try out for manager of the crew, or something manly like that."

Drama was what Franchot was interested in. That was what they foolishly forgot. Crews meant no more to him than eight men absurdly lathering themselves into a state of exhaustion in a flimsy boat.

Then there was a fraternity dance, and there was a house rule that co-eds should not be brought to dances, so Franchot brought a co-ed to the dance.

And, next, his fraternity brothers balked because he wasn't snobbish enough. He insisted on making friends of fellows who didn't have enough money, or enough social prominence, to get into fraternities, you see, and that would never do.

Finally, Franchot remembers, they annoyed him with "too much hand-shaking and brotherly love and advice." And he told them to go You-Know-Where, and moved out of the handsome fraternity house with the Greek letters beside the door, just exactly one school term after he had moved into it.

"Your career on the campus is finished, for this!" His ex-fraternity brothers, not so loving any more, made the dire prophecy.

And Franchot laughed, and did something funny with his fingers and his nose—a sort of trick, it must have been—and countered by getting himself elected to the Senior Society.

It was the highest honor in the college, and he was the first president of the Dramatic Club ever to be elected to it. . . . How the scrapping, joyous, laughing rebels always seem to come through!

HE graduated from Cornell in 1927 and his cousin, who owned the Gary McGary stock company playing in Buffalo, gave him a try-out job as assistant stage manager. That meant overalls and hard work and little pay, but the sons of the sons of General Wolfe Tone of Ireland are the favored of the Lord!

For an actor in the cast withdrew on account of illness, and Franchot sat up all night and learned the part, and the next night he was a full-fledged actor in a professional stock company.

Seven weeks of that, and then he hurried on to New York and, with no trying, fell plump into the New Playwrights Theater, a semi-Communist organization of bright young hellions like himself, putting on the rebellious social plays of John Dos Passos, the champion in literature of the American workingman, and John Howard Lawson, and Mike Gold, editor of The New Masses, which is the workingman's own magazine.

And he rebelled against them, and in the next year was playing in "The Age of Innocence," with Katherine Cornell, on Broadway.

Then he rebelled against Broadway, and joined up with the Theater Guild.

And then he rebelled against the Theater Guild. "I got sick of the hypocrisy of their talking about themselves as an art theater," he says, "when really they were just a commercially-minded theater with a little more taste than most. I wanted to quit them and get in with a theater whose intentions I could respect." He wanted to quit, and they wouldn't let him quit. He had a contract, they said.

You know what that meant!

But even so, it wasn't long before Franchot Tone did not belong to the Theater Guild and he was where he was happy to be, in a smaller organization which he could respect, called the Group Theater.

It does happen that way, it seems. They get what they want, and they end where they want, these rebels!

But, will you believe it, just a little while passed before Franchot was a rebel again! Not against the theater for which he was working, this time. No. It was all right. The people in it were doing great and fine and splendid things for the American theater, which Franchot loves above his life. (And that is no exaggeration at all, but the simple and honest truth.)

But he rebelled against the public and the critics, there in New York. Here were these people in the theater, breaking their hearts and going without their dinners to put on fine plays.

And the critics paid little attention to them, and the public paid less. That was cruel and unfair. So, decided Franchot, he would go to Hell!

And he got on a train and went to Hollywood!

AND only then did his friends learn that Hollywood had been offering him screen tests for a year and a half, and that he had turned down every one of them very firmly.

And so now the lad is in Hollywood. And he lives in solitude, 'way up the beach at Santa Monica, with a New York pal who rebels against everything, and a Korean house-boy who rebels against the English language. And—at latest reports—all is quiet on the Western front. No rebellion, just now.

Well, that is to say—*ahem!*—there was a *little* rebellion, the other day. Just a little one. The, ah, the studio asked him, very politely, in a nice quiet voice, if he would mind changing his name, you see.

Well, the—well, to tell you the truth, they say pieces of arms and legs *did* fly out of every window in the studio for a few minutes. Franchot was his name, he had been born with it, his mother liked it, and it was good enough for him, he said. And he kept it.

But that's the only rebellion so far. Absolutely. Except—oh, well, if you *insist* upon knowing *every* little thing, of course!

It's very unreasonable of you; yes, very. And it didn't amount to anything much, anyhow, really. It was just that a newspaper writer the other day asked Franchot a question which Franchot thought was silly.

"What was your greatest emotional moment?" the question was, that being the kind of question that writers ask movie-actors. Franchot answered it, all right. He said: "— — — —"

Still on the whole, you must admit, things are quiet right now. The fans have taken to Franchot like a house afire. So has Hollywood. He's going to all the parties, and being very handsome and agreeable and charming.

He's a good boy at the studio, where the stenographers step into wastebaskets and drop their pencils every time they look at him, and he's doing all the things they tell him to do. No more rebellion. No. None at all. Everything quiet and peaceful. Everything happy. Everything harmonious and lovely. Everything gentle and sweet.

BUT JUST WAIT TILL THEY TRY TO SHOVE YOUNG FRANCHOT TONE INTO A POOR PICTURE! JUST YOU WAIT!

Wild Animals—Beware!

(Continued from page 29)

animals while working with them. The last time I smelled that familiar disinfectant odor and saw those familiar white beds was in January, 1932. That time I very nearly slipped right over into eternity.

And while laughing at death is a pretty phrase, even animal trainers have as much desire to live as you and you. At least I have.

We fussed with the lights until we

felt certain we had them properly placed but that very day we discovered we still had a lot to learn about them.

My first taste of Hollywood danger was given me then.

ALL around the cage the blazing lights beat down on me and the cats. The camera was grinding. Outside the cage the director and the technical men stood watching. Everything was set.



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Phantom Red

L I P S T I C K

One of the lions was standing on a pedestal waiting for my cue. It was an animal that I had had under perfect control for months. I had nothing to fear from him. Yet. . .

No animal is entirely trustworthy. They have to be watched every moment. If a cat senses that you are off guard, or your defense is weak—look out! And that's true no matter how well trained they are.

I found this out in the next seconds—to my own regret.

For as I stood there about to give him the cue, I found myself suddenly blinded.

That lion was amazingly quick to sense that I hadn't my usual control. For in that moment he came tearing right at me! Instinctively I started sidestepping and as I did I felt on my forehead and temples the rush of wind stirred up by the huge beast as he went sailing past me!

I couldn't have been blinded for more than a second or two but that is an eternity in the big cage. My sight was restored in time to meet the charge of this same animal who had swung around and was coming for me again. I kept him off me by blazing away with my blank cartridge pistol.

Most of the next day we fussed with the lights again and this time we arranged them so that I was blinded only two or three times, with no serious consequences, during the whole time we were engaged in filming "The Big Cage."

HOWEVER, the lights caused plenty of trouble of an entirely different nature. They gave off so much heat that they made my animals drowsy. One day as I cued Sultan, one of my fiercest lions, to leave his pedestal, I made the astonishing discovery that this animal—one of the liveliest cats I have ever handled—was fast asleep!

His head bobbed back and forth, much like that of a man asleep in a chair, and he gave forth noises that were much akin to snoring!

What an unprepossessing pose for an animal whose ferocity had been proclaimed in scores of press stories by Mr. Ringling's inspired publicity staff! Why, the creature seemed as harmless as a doddering octogenarian asleep in an old-fashioned Morris chair! (Not that I thought he was harmless. I know better than that. The great cats are always potential trouble-makers).

I tried to rouse Sultan by prodding him gently with the butt of my whip. A fly lighting on his mane could not have disturbed him less. He kept on snoozing, his head bobbing as before to the accompaniment of the same nasal noises that I chose to interpret as leonine snores.

I resorted to my blank cartridge pistol, getting a much swifter reaction than I bargained for. Sultan awoke with the startled expression of one suddenly made aware of exploding firecrackers under his chair and as I happened to be closest to him when his eyes opened, he decided to take it out on me.

His wrinkled nose and twisted mouth heralding his rage, he leapt off his

arena seat and came straight at me. I backed away, at the same time holding out the kitchen chair that I always carry into the big cage for protection.

With a slap of his great paw, the furious animal sent the chair spinning. I backed away as fast as I could and turned to the blank cartridge pistol—always the last resort.

I had to empty its chambers at him before I could get him turned around and back on his pedestal.

WE contrived to improve our ventilation on the set but even so every now and then an animal would be made sluggish by the heat of the lights and that animal I always avoided until he was himself again.

I am not as contradictory as I seem when I express a preference for facing an animal in full possession of his faculties to one that is drowsy and sluggish, for the latter is likely to be even more than normally mean and irritable.

Another difficulty involved in using my performing animals in the movies is that before the camera they are frequently required to work for stretches of four to six hours whereas in my act in the circus they work only forty minutes a day (twenty minutes at the matinee and the same in the evening).

Irritated by these long assignments, several of the animals I used in "The Big Cage" became well-nigh unmanageable and made all kinds of trouble for me.

Not only did they fight me more than they usually do but the fighting among themselves increased tremendously. Our old friend Sultan was the worst offender. Time and again he attacked without provocation. On one occasion (see photograph) he almost wrecked the arena in a battle with one of my biggest tigers.

Both of them were overtired. Suddenly, without warning, Sultan sprang on the tiger and the fight was on.

They rolled around the arena, their great jaws snapping and their huge claws tearing each other's flesh.

I tried to separate them. I gave commands. No use. Twice I emptied my blank cartridge pistol at them. Still they fought on.

The director was thrilled. It made splendid footage for him. But that fight had to be stopped. No telling what they'd do if their fighting instincts were allowed free rein.

Finally I had a heavy hose thrust through the bars of the big cage. And with that I attacked the angry beasts. A heavy stream of water shot from the hose and caught Sultan in the mouth. He gasped—and, naturally, let go of the tiger. Then I doused the tiger. At last they were separated.

But by that time Sultan had recovered from the shock of the water and was after the tiger again. Once more I sent that stream of water straight for his huge mouth. Again he fell back.

That kept me busy for nearly half an hour. By the time the two beasts were finally subdued the arena was practically afloat.

Just another unusual happening brought about by the necessary working

conditions of a moving picture studio.

In the filming of "The Big Cage" the familiar process of providing a double for the featured player was reversed. I doubled for all the characters that were required by the plot twists of the story to enter the arena; for no one but myself could be allowed to do that, under any consideration.

It will be realized how necessary it was for me to double for the others when I point out that even in the circus world I have no understudy. When I am ill the act does not go on.

I do not mention this boastfully; but it is a fact—one that is well known in the circus world—that no one else is willing to undertake the handling of the big group in which I work two score lions and tigers. So it isn't surprising that I had to do all the doubling in "The Big Cage."

Raymond Hatton and I had some good laughs over this. I doubled for him in one of the big scenes in which he plays the part of an animal trainer of the past, garbed in the sumptuously gold-braided uniform that trainers once effected. This meant that I had to don a similar uniform.

And this worried me, for animals react peculiarly to changes in the appearance of the trainer.

As an example of what I mean, let me cite the fact that Madame Pianka,

a Polish trainer, who some years ago worked a small tiger group, was savagely attacked by one of her striped cats when she entered the arena wearing a corsage of red roses that an admirer had sent her.

This added touch of color upset the animal and he attacked with intent to kill, badly ripping one of the unfortunate woman's breasts. Only fast work on the part of attendants outside the arena saved Madame Pianka from dying of her wounds.

My regulation arena apparel consists of a white shirt, white duck trousers and soft leather boots. In the gaudy uniform prescribed by the script I would be almost unrecognizable to my animals and it was a cinch that they would attack me on sight. It would be sheer folly to attempt to "work" them in a group until I got them used to my new garb.

One at a time I got them accustomed to the new uniform, putting each beast through his paces separately. As the cues given by this figure in the gold-braided outfit tallied with the cues of the man in white to whom they were accustomed, they began to realize that the figures were identical and I was able after several days of this preliminary work to enter the big cage with the full group and double for Raymond Hatton inside the arena without new dangers.

Claudette's New Wardrobe

(Continued from page 34)

problem and a perplexing one, too.

"I have a short neck and the difficulty I have with necklines!" she confided. "That's why every time I can I wear a high collar or a scarf. Of course a V-shape is very good, especially for evenings and once in a while I go in for a square one. But never for a boat-shaped neckline.

"You ask about chiffons. No my dear, not for me. I'm not the chiffon type. Here is what I think: *femininity is accented by simple clothes*. It isn't necessary to wear fluttery fabrics to look gracious. I know this is a chiffon season and it does look beautiful on some people. Yesterday I met a tall, heavy-set woman gowned in gray chiffon. It was almost tailored in cut and she was heavenly in it. But one of my special obsessions is black chiffon on slim young girls. You know why? It makes them look positively bony—particularly around the neck where they don't want the hollows to be highlighted. If they want to wear it, then they ought to use a white top."

That is being done frequently this season. White chiffon capes flow over young arms and above dark skirts that sweep the floor. But Claudette has her own ideas about the black-and-white dinner gown. See it, back and front views, on page 32. It is in dull surface black crêpe that sheathes the figure and is not more than ankle length. It

has something of a jumper effect—wide armholes that are ruffled across the shoulders and through them come puffed sleeves of white organdie with a circlet of appliquéd leaves. A cunning leaf edge softens the high neckline and trails down the back of the organdie guimpe. The belt of the gown—of self material—is inset and resembles a Victorian stomacher. It ends in a small bow in back. And a word about that bow: very self-effacing, you'll observe. That's the only kind of bow-in-the-back Claudette will wear. Because she says that no matter how thin you are they emphasize the hips in the same way that bustles do.

For ever so long Claudette refused to have a bow anywhere. They were not in keeping with her scheme for simplicity. Then suddenly she bloomed out in the most fetching bows conceivable. It was Travis Banton, Paramount's style creator, who persuaded her—and Travis, one must admit, is a most persuasive young man as well as a remarkable artist.

"Look, this bow's going to be different. Effective," he explained one day in the fitting room. Claudette, always with a keen eye to smartness, saw that it was. That was more than a year ago and she's been wearing them ever since.

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tantalizing than that black satin bow holding the spotlight on her black and white afternoon frock on page 34? Directly in front and simply enormous. And what it does to that dress! It gives it youth and dash and spirit all in one. Now here's the deep, dark secret to it. You know how difficult to manipulate these huge bows are. One never succeeds in tying them twice in the same place and they're apt to show it. So Claudette had hers sewn in shape and attached to the other end of the narrow ribbon collar with snaps. Didn't I say that girl was clever?

There's absolutely nothing more flattering than a soft fold of satin against the throat. This fold is tucked beneath the flat collar of the white jacket—which has a swanky red suede belt. Black, white and red . . . hailed as the supreme triple alliance of colors for the summer. The material is that heavy matelassé crêpe that wears so well.

PERHAPS you've seen the new matelassé organdie, too. It doesn't wrinkle half as easily as other organdies and it comes in the most intriguing shades . . . that rich coralaque that makes blondes look like angels, and Grecian rose and dawn blue. Linen, another fabric that creased if you wink an eye, is disguising itself in tweed mixtures and behaves beautifully this year. Claudette has one which you'd have to inspect twice before you realized it was linen. It's in mottled cream and black in a typical tweed design and she uses a delphina blue ascot scarf with it.

Her suits are all so trim. Invariably she has one that is severely tailored. This time it's a gray wool with a herring-bone stripe, wide lapels and a determinedly masculine air. Her side-swiping hat adds a saucy note that relieves the tailleur.

Claudette's hats are likely to be impudent. Charming roguish. "I think these crazy Cossack caps and fly-away sailors and turbans are the cutest ever," she told me. "I loved the one with the zippy feather that I wore in 'Tonight Is Ours.' In fact, I liked it so much I had one made similar to it. A black ribbon turban with a feather novelty waving from the side." This she wears with a striking black and white street costume. Costume and hat are shown on page 34. The dress and the trimming of the jacket are checked with a big splashy sort of check. The dress has cap sleeves, is simply cut, but the jacket—black wool ranga—has those plaited shoulders that are so surprising and wonderfully trick.

The same sort of shoulders, with the tucks a little less prominent, provide one of the features of her Eleanor blue suit. Very nobby, this suit. (Page 33.) Fashioned of widely ribbed woolen that manages to be serviceable and smart simultaneously. It has so many interesting notes that are the last word in suits—but let's begin with those sleeves. Three-quarter length and bulgy and high-on-the-shoulder. They require the kind of glove she's using with them—white doleskin gauntlets. Her pockets are diagonally placed,

trimmed with big blue leather buttons to match her blue military belt. The skirt is gored. Stockings—smoke gray triple chiffon. Pumps—black leather. Scarf—and oh, my dears, do heed that scarf—in white sheer suede and it's initialed in blue.

SCARFS, sweaters, blouses—they're all so gay and *different*," opined Claudette. "You can work wonders with them. With this suit, for instance, I sometimes switch to a scarf that resembles patent leather in a deeper tone of blue, a blue sport sweater-blouse, and black kid gloves. One could easily use gray accessories with it, too."

And don't you dote on that hat? I swear it's patterned after a sea-shell and of course it is of the same material as the suit.

We've noticed three of the highest fashion notes for summer in Claudette's outfits: A touch of plaid, diagonal ribbed material and checks. Now we come to the fourth—stripes. She has them in that bright dark blue and white in a fascinating knit blouse. (See page 34.) The blue skirt that accompanies it is also knit and there's a narrow red leather belt. As a distinctive offset she uses a white piqué jabot collar that looks for all the world like those the Pilgrim Fathers wore. Modern zip combined with the piquant Puritan touch.

Day clothes are predominant in Claudette's wardrobe. Day clothes of the semi-sports variety.

"I have a greater need of them," she declared. "You don't wear silks and satins until tea time and, anyway, I don't tea or go out very much socially here in California. Consequently the majority of my things are plain tweeds or light woollens or linen. At home I live in slacks and comfortable sweaters." And wouldn't you think she was just the type to don trailing hostess gowns and to go in for paillettes! But not Mlle. Colbert. She is not the sophisticated enchantress off the screen that she is on. She's very youthful and sincere and altogether adorable.

That's why her costumes illustrated here are perfect for the young American college girl or business woman. They're beautifully assembled, have just the right note to give them quantities of chic and they're so *wearable* and adaptable.

Even her formal frocks have that little prim school girl accent. Just look at that demure collar on her lovely white suede lace gown, on page 32. And the ruffles over the arms—irresistible, this frock. And then, when she turns around—there's the collar resting peacefully above an exciting décolletage! The soft white satin sash falls almost to the floor. The lace is worn over the white satin and there's a band of net at the edge of the skirt.

White is a glamorous choice for evening and Claudette usually selects it. Here is what she says: "I believe brunettes look best in white just as blondes do in black. It's the striking contrast. Personally, I don't care for pastels; I like more definite colors."

Perfume Magic

(Continued from page 78)

Morley or Elissa Landi, who can get the best results from an orange blossom base.

The golden blonde of lively coloring and temperament—Joan Blondell, for example—should use perfume with a hyacinth or white rose base. A blonde with Gwili Andre's exoticism should use a heavy, sweet floral odor such as the Egyptian rose which has the most intense fragrance of all flowers. Voluptuous blondes—the Jean Harlows and Carole Lombards—need perfumes with double floral bases—oriental rose with violet or mimosa. The orchid women—the smart, sophisticated blondes such as Constance Bennett and Lilyan Tashman—can use a narcissus base, which is sweet and heavy, yet has a curious subjective effect on the nerves. They can also use the heavier aromatics—rosemary, lavender and orchid.

Red-heads—the flame women in this expert's category—should use perfumes that complement the brilliance and vivacity of their coloring. Girls with the temperament and fire of Marlene Dietrich, who is called a Titian blonde, can use a blend of oriental rose and sandalwood which is heady and stimulating. Single flower odors of red rose, jasmine or honeysuckle are for the girl blessed with the vivid coloring and self-assured poise of Constance Cummings. Those who pride themselves on having the proverbial red-headed temperament—the Clara Bow of the earlier days, for instance—can use the spicy acacia.

THE brown-haired lassies, who are in the majority, are divided into two types by this Egyptian beauty specialist—the Diana and Madonna. The former is the slender, graceful, keenly alive young person with hair of chestnut, auburn or soft brown. She is the daring, capricious Katharine Hepburn type who can use the new woodsy sports perfumes to perfection. Something with hawthorne, which is light, sweet and a little cool. She can also choose from

the currently favored fern and herb blends, such as lemon verbena which is invigorating and refreshing.

The Madonna type isn't necessarily the obviously maternal-looking woman. Rather, she has the steady, quiet charm and dignity of beauty as exemplified by Norma Shearer. The aromatic perfumes are suitable for her or, if she wishes, the lily or magnolia which has an exquisite scent, slightly richer in quality but still light.

The decided brunettes can go in for the heavy oriental perfumes with the whole range of exotic scents to choose from—musk, civet and ambergris, which are animal derivatives; sandalwood, amber and patchouli which smell of the earth. Combined with the rich, floral odors they become languorous, hypnotic perfumes.

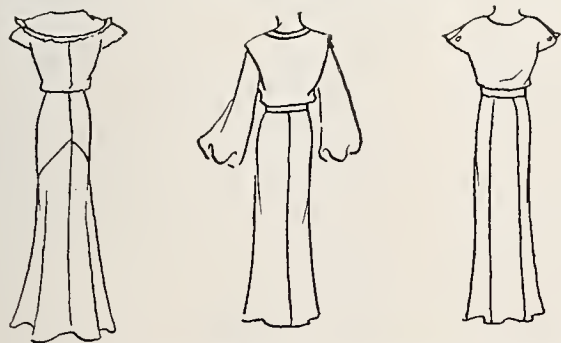
And now for a word to the woman who would be wise in her use of perfumes.

Don't follow a fad. If all your friends are using chypre or gardenia, be original and we'll bet the boy friend won't be able to forget you because of the distinctive scent which was yours exclusively.

Remember that perfume is not only a question of personality but also of time, place and mood. A rich, dreamy scent may be perfect for a tête-a-tête but it will be perplexing at a dance. Use something stimulating instead—a spicy perfume which will pep you up through the long hours.

If you're a dainty, delicate blonde, don't try to become a siren by spraying yourself with heady, pungent perfume.

There's a trick to applying scent so that you get the most for your money. Use a dropper, not an atomizer if you don't want the least bit of fragrance lost in the process of spraying. And apply it to the skin, not your clothes—two drops on the breast, one on each ear lobe, two on the lips and just a touch through the hair.



Here are the back views of the patterns for this month. First (762) is Sari Maritza's organdie dress. Second (713) the afternoon frock. Third (369) the cute sports dress.

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 102)

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BARLOW, JEAN: Widow of Paul Bern. Born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Dust," Working in "Bomb-shell." Next is "The Christian" and "Nora."

HAYES, HELEN: Married to Charles MacArthur. Born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Farewell to Arms." Paramount; "Son-Daughter," M-G-M; "White Sister," M-G-M.

HETBURN, KATHARINE: Married to Ludlow Smith. Born in Hartford, Conn. Radio star. Featured in "Bill of Divorcement"; "Christopher Strong." Next is "Morning Glory."

HERSHOLT, JEAN: Married. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Flesh," M-G-M; "Crime of the Century," Para-mount. Working in "The Beer Baron," Para-mount.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Unmarried. Born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Secret of Madame Blanche" and "Born to Kill," M-G-M. Working in "Service."

HOLT, JACK: Married. Born in Winchester, Va., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "Man Against Woman"; "Fever," Working in "Tampico." Next is "When Strangers Marry."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Divorced from Austin Parker. Born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Para-mount player. Featured in "Trouble in Para-dise," Working in "The Story of Temple Drake." Next is "The Trumpet Blows."

HOPPER, HEDDA: Divorced from DeWolfe Hopper. Born in Holidaysburg, Pa. June 2. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Men Must Fight"; "The Barbarian."

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Para-mount. Free lance. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise," Paramount. Working in "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.

HOWARD, LESLIE: Married. Born in England, April 24. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Animal Kingdom," Radio; "Secrets," United Artists. Working in "Fellow Prisoners," Warner Bros.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE: Unmarried. Born in Clare-more, Okla., March 6. Radio player. Featured in "Hell's Highway"; "Lucky Devils."

HUSTON, WALTER: Married to Nan Sunderland. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Rain," United Artists; "Kongo," M-G-M; "Hell Below," M-G-M. Working in "Gabriel Over the White House."

HYAMS, LILLA: Married to Phil Berg. Born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Big Broadcast" and "Island of Lost Souls," Paramount.

JOLSON, AL: Married to Ruby Keeler. Born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Starred in "Halle-lujah, I'm a Bum," United Artists.

JONES, BUCK: Married to Odille Osborne. Born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia star. Starred in "The California Trail," Featured in "Child of Manhattan," Starred in "Lovable Liar," "Grass Valley," Working in "The Cougar's Trail."

JORDAN, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Clarkville, Tenn., August 9. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Cabin in the Cotton," Warner Bros.; "That's My Boy," Columbia; "Strictly Personal," Paramount. Working in "Bondage," Fox. Next is "Little Clown Lost," Radio.

JUDGE, ARLINE: Married to Wesley Ruggles. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Radio player. Featured in "Sweepings."

KARLOFF, BORIS: Married. Born in London, No-vember 23. Universal star. Featured in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; Starred in "The Mummy," Universal. Working in "The Ghoul," Gaumont.

KEENE, TOM: Married to Grace Stafford. Born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. Radio star. Starred in "Cheyenne Kid"; "Scarlet River"; "Son of the Border."

KIBBEE, GUY: Married. Born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "Central Park," "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," "The Silk Express." Working in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER: Unmarried. Born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Tess of the Storm Country"; "Call Her Sav-age," Working in "Bondage," Next is "Black Beauty," Monogram.

KNAPP, EVELYN: Unmarried. Born in New York City, June 17. Columbia player. Featured in "Air Hostess," "State Trooper."

LANDI, ELISSA: Married to J. C. Lawrence. Born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Co-starred in "Sign of the Cross," Paramount; "The Masquerader," United Artists. Working in "The Warrior's Husband."

LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Married to Elsa Lanchester. Born in Scarborough, England, July 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M; "If I Had a Million" and "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

LAUREL, STAN: Divorced. Born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Towed in a Hole," "Twice Two," "Fra Diavolo."

LEE, LILA: Divorced from James Kirkwood. Born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Uni-versal. Free lance. Featured in Paramount; "Face in the Sky," Fox.

LINDEN, ERIC: Unmarried. Born in New York City, July 12. Radio player. Featured in "No Other Woman"; "The Past of Mary Holmes," Radio; "Afraid to Talk," Universal; "Sweepings," Radio. Working in "The Silver Cord."

LLOYD, HAROLD: Married to Mildred Davis. Born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Para-mount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."

LOMBARD, CAROLE: Married to William Powell. Born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "No Man of Her Own"; "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount. Working in "Supernatural." Next is "Gambling Ship" and "She Laughs Last."

LOUISE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Vienna, Jan-uary 9. Radio player. Featured in "Phantom of Crestwood"; "Our Bitters."

LOWE, EDMUND: Married to Lilyan Tashman. Born in San José, Calif., March 3. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Chandu the Ma-gician," Fox; "The Devil is Driving," Paramount; "Hot Pepper," Fox. Working in "I Love that Man," Paramount.

LOY, MYRNA: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Animal Kingdom," Radio; "Son-Daughter," M-G-M; "Topaze," Radio; "The Barbarian," M-G-M.

LUKAS, PAUL: Married. Born in Budapest, Hun-gary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Grand Slam," Warner Bros.; "A Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal. Working in "Fellow Prison-ers," Warners.

LYON, BEN: Married to Bebe Daniels. Born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. M-G-M player. Fea-tured in "Hat Check Girl," Fox; "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warner Bros. Working in "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists. Next is "Maiden Cruise," Radio.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE: Unmarried. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," Next is "The Queen."

MACKAILL, DOROTHY: Married to Neil Miller. Born in Hull, England, March 4. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "No Man of Her Own," Paramount.

MACMAHON, ALINE: Married. Born in McKeesport, Pa., March 3. First National player. Featured in "Silver Dollar," "Life Begins," "The Life of Jimmy Dolan," Working in "Gold Diggers of 1933" and "Breadline."

MANNERS, DAVID: Divorced from Suzanne Bushell. Born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Mummy," Universal; "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount. Working in "Warrior's Husband," Fox and "Dead on Arrival," Paramount.

MARCH, FREDRIC: Married to Florence Eldridge. Born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Sign of the Cross," Paramount; "Tonight is Ours," Paramount. Working in "The Eagle and the Hawk."

MARITZA, SARI: Unmarried. Born in China, March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Evenings for Sale," "A Lady's Profession," Working in "International House."

MARSH, JOAN: Unmarried. Born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Speed Demon," Columbia; "Daring Daughters," Tec-Art; "Kiss of Araby," "High Gear," Goldsmith.

MARSH, MARIAN: Unmarried. Born in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17. Write her at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Daring Daughters," Tec-Art; "Eleventh Commandment," Allied.

MARSH, MAE: Married to Lee Ames. Born in Madrid, Mexico, November 9. Fox player. Fea-tured in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox; "That's My Boy," Columbia.

MARSHALL, HERBERT: Married to Edna Best. Born in London, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Blonde Venus," "Trouble in Paradise" and "Evenings for Sale."

MAYNARD, KEN: Married to Mary Leiber. Born in Mission, Texas, July 21. Universal player. Fea-tured in "Fargo Express," Tiffany.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Married to Kathryn Carver. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Mur-der of the Circus Queen," Columbia; "Farewell to Arms," Paramount. Next is "The Doctor," Radio.

MERKEL, UNA: Married to Ronald Burfa. Born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street," Warner Bros.; "Whistling in the Dark," M-G-M; "Clear All Wires," M-G-M. Working in "House of Refuge," Fox and "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M.

MILJAN, JOHN: Married to former Mrs. Creighton Hale. Born in Leeds, S. Dakota, November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Kid From Spain," United Artists; "Flesh," M-G-M; "Whistling in the Dark," M-G-M. Working in "Made on Broadway" and "The Chaser," M-G-M.

MIX, TOM: Married to Mabel Ward. Born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Universal star. Starred in "Oh, Promise Me," "Terror Trail," "Rustlers Round Up."

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Allen. Born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Faithless," "Hell Below," Working in "Made on Broadway," Next is "When Ladies Meet."

MOORE, DICKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Fea-tured in "The Devil is Driving," Paramount; "Oliver Twist," Monogram. Working in "Gabriel Over the White House."

MORAN, POLLY: Unmarried. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Prosperity."

MORGAN, FRANK: Married. Born in New York City, June 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Half Naked Truth," Radio; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "Sailor's Luck," Fox. Working in "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M. Next is "The Chaser," M-G-M.

(Continued on page 114)

Friendly Divorce

(Continued from page 39)

papers carry the story of our separation."

Sally's and Hoot's story is amazing, really. Coincidence shapes the pattern in a fantastic way. If any novelist presumed to call upon coincidence half as much he would be laughed at.

Their reconciliation was announced long before it actually took place. Sally knew that Hoot was about to appear in court to ask the entire custody of little Lois. She felt he'd have a better chance of getting this custody if it was believed they had patched up their differences. Courts like to think a little girl ten years old will have a woman's care. And the devotion existing between Sally and Lois was well known.

So Sally talked to the reporters and they drew the conclusions she meant them to draw and newspapers all over the country carried stories to the effect that Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson were reconciled. But they weren't. They weren't at all.

Then Sally's mother and father were hurt in an automobile accident.

Frantic, Sally called Hoot and asked him to take her to them. He did. He waited for her. Then he drove her home again. By home I mean to the Beverly Hills house which she had bought her parents and which she was still sharing with them.

About to enter her room that afternoon she was greeted by a drunken cook brandishing a carving knife. She flew inside, locked the door, waited until Hoot had time to reach his house, and then telephoned him. Hoot, she knew, would manage things without any of the publicity which would have been so extremely undesirable at this time.

He came back at a lawless speed and had the cook taken away. Then he gathered a badly frightened, very willing little Sally into his arms. And when Mr. and Mrs. Eilers returned from the hospital they had the Beverly Hills house to themselves again. The reconciliation the newspapers had announced as happening weeks before really had taken place.

"I'M glad we tried it again," Sally told me. "Otherwise we always would have felt we had made a mistake. I know I'd always have believed it might have worked, and probably shed many regretful, sentimental tears.

"Now I know and now Hooter knows that we simply aren't gauged for marriage. We didn't get on better. On the contrary . . .

"It takes me a month to make my pictures. Hooter makes his in about eight days. Naturally he has more time for pleasure than I have. Often when he'd want to go places or have company I'd be fit for nothing but bed . . .

"Besides I'm no longer the carefree 'hey, hey' girl Hooter married. It's enough to sober any girl to watch the man she loves lose as much as I've watched Hooter lose. Thousands of men have had bad times in the last few

years. I realize that. But Hooter's had more than his share of bad luck. Unless you're a fool you can't go on thinking everything is hotsy totsy when a hundred things are falling to pieces all around you.

"I felt responsibility for Lois, too.

"And I'm far more interested and ambitious for my career than I used to be.

"There are, I expect, some wiser, more adjustable people who might have managed our marriage and gotten happiness out of it. We haven't. And it hasn't been for want of trying on either side.

"To go on trying would soon destroy the friendship we've so far managed to salvage. For we've reached that horrible, impossible state where we literally sit back waiting for the other to say or do the wrong thing."

SHE was silent for a few minutes, her eyes focused on the foothills far beyond the window. Then she said quietly, a little gratefully, too, I thought . . .

"The other morning after we'd seen each other at a party, Hooter telephoned me at two a. m. He wanted to ask my advice about a decision he must reach early that same morning. We talked warmly, friendly. I told him quite honestly what I thought about it."

"And then . . ." I prompted. Watching Sally sitting there before me, so very young, so frankly fond of her Hooter, I wanted to determine if she was serious about going through with this divorce business. ". . . And then, after you had said good-night and hung up the receiver how did you feel? Blue? A little lonely?"

"No," she said. "You don't know, you see, what very difficult times Hooter and I have managed to work up for ourselves. No, I wasn't blue and lonely. I turned over and went to sleep thinking how much better it was this way."

She convinced me. I think she would have convinced you, too. I've known Sally for a long time. I remember her during her last visit to New York when she bought the dress that precipitated everything. And I've never known her voice to be so steady and confident. I've never known her eyes to be so steady and level.

Undoubtedly Sally and Hoot have reached a wise, calm understanding. Probably not without quiet tears and voices that sometimes broke in spite of the effort they made to keep them even. I don't for one minute believe they've decided to break up easily. But I think they've decided wisely.

If the newspapers will let them alone and not print scare-heads every time they're seen dancing, talking, or driving together and not print unfounded rumors and suppositions that will hurt their pride and rush them into doing ill-advised things, I believe the adult, intelligent, and friendly divorce Sally and Hoot Gibson plan has every chance of going through according to schedule.



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Between You and Me

(Continued from page 88)

This reader likes the all-star cast pictures. How about it?

H. S. S. of Bridgeport, Conn., writes:

'Way back in the July issue, you wondered in that boxed-in column above whether "Grand Hotel" was going to be the originator of films with all-star casts and whether they would be successful as far as the general public was concerned. 'Member? Have you too been answered, as I have, with the answer "Yes, they are successful and the public does like them"? I find they are fifty percent more entertaining than the usual one or two star casts. Take for one, "State Fair." And "Forty-Second Street." Really, Mr. Editor, you must agree when I say it was superb. And there we had—well, I needn't go into the names—you know better than I what stars were in that picture. When I say I most assuredly intend seeing this picture again, I cannot express my appreciation in a more convincing manner.

(Watch for "Dinner At Eight" and its all star cast.)

There were many letters about Buddy Rogers. This, we think, is most entertaining

MOISES A. CAGUIN of Manila, P. I., has a little trouble with her English, but gets the idea across:

I wonder if there could always be a time of contentment since that old boy friend signed off, leaving us behind the screen. How hurting it was to have missed Buddy—I mean Charles—Rogers, mind you. But, gee, sweetheart; not a bluff. Only a couple of days ago, I've fixed my eyes on Mister Carter Bruce's article of the February Modern Screen and oh! what a thrill. Buddy Rogers here again. How sugary of you Mister World to have brought us back our pet pal. Buddy's revival to the screen will really mean my return to the theater with great inspiration.

SHORT QUOTATIONS AND SOME ANSWERS

MRS. G. M. BORN of Honolulu, wants to know whether or not Robert Armstrong is dead. She was confused by a newspaper account of the death of Robert Williams two years ago. (No, indeed, Mrs. Born. Armstrong is very much alive. His latest picture is "King Kong.") MRS. F. H. STEVENS of Elk Point, South Dakota, wishes actresses wouldn't cry out loud in pictures. Can't they register sorrow, she asks, without making so much noise about it? FRANCIS HINDS of Allandale, Ontario, wishes Una Merkel and Ernest Truex would be permanently teamed together in comedies. (It looks as if each of these players will be too much in demand for other pictures. Una is scheduled for a great many films. The latest released one is "42nd Street." Truex is working in "The Warrior's

Husband" with Elissa Landi.)

PAT BROWN of Enid, Okla., liked our story entitled "Norma Talks About Joan." She is crazy about Sally Eilers and since Sally is on the same lot with Janet Gaynor, suggests that we have a story called "Janet Talks About Sally." (Well, the only drawback to that is that there has been no publicized rivalry—or stories of rivalry—about Janet and Sally as there undeniably has been about Joan and Norma.) MYRTLE LARBOUR of Marlboro, Mass., sends in a rave for Bette Davis. (There's a grand story about Bette on page 44 of this issue, Myrtle.) MISS E. THURSTON of the Bronx, N. Y., has been having an argument as to Garbo's first talking picture. (It was "Anna Christie," Miss Thurston, with Charles Bickford and Marie Dressler.)

MRS. MARY H. of Bridgeport, Conn., wants to know what Boris Karloff's nationality is. (He is English, Mrs. H. He was christened William Henry Pratt. His mother was Russian and her maiden name was Karloff.) Speaking of Karloff, GOODRICH BENNETT of Milford, Conn., writes, "Recently I read Edgar Wallace's 'The Dark Eyes of London.' Talk about your weird tales! There was one that would make Boris Karloff's hair stand on end." (Maybe, when Karloff completes "The Ghoul" for Gaumont, Universal will find that story suitable for him. His next scheduled Universal picture is "The Invisible Man.") Many readers objected to the criticism (printed recently in these columns) that Gary Cooper was not suited to the role of the soldier in "A Farewell to Arms." L. D. B. of Lynchburg, Va., writes on this point, "Critics said he gave the best performance of his career and acting honors were equally divided. And I say if Paramount lets him go roaming around Africa again, they are losing a great drawing card." (After "Today We Live" with Joan Crawford, Gary's next appearance will be in "The Eagle and the Hawk," so there won't be any African trips for awhile, anyway.)

PHYLLIS S. of Montreal, Canada, says "Yes, I like Clark Gable and I adore Herbert Marshall, George Raft and Lee Tracy. But there's one that tops them all. No, he isn't a star. But he has had roles in a lot of different pictures in the past year and he's a great actor. Oh, yes—the name is Russel Hopton." E. S. Goodhue of Honolulu thinks the huge salaries actors are paid are responsible for many Hollywood ills. He quotes our article on Ethel Barrymore, in which Miss Barrymore said: "One cannot make a home here in Hollywood... I have the feeling that one of these days a Master Carpenter will... cry 'Strike'... and all this will disappear." Of course, says Mr. Goodhue, Hollywood homes are not homes "but unenviable rendezvous for men and women who live at high pressure, with rapid pulses and unstable emotional experiences."

A REMINDER—

Letters are not omitted from this department because we don't want to print them. They are omitted because we haven't enough room to print them all. If your first letter isn't printed, don't be discouraged. Write again, as several writers have done already. There are no rules about these letters—except the rule that they must really say something that will be of interest to other readers. Of course, we are pleased when they are

neat and tidy, but we don't neglect them if the writer happens to be poor in penmanship! A scrawly letter, after all, may contain some splendid criticism or interesting information. And that's what we're looking for—so that other readers may enjoy it and so that, perhaps, the higher-ups, such as the actresses and the actors and even the directors and producers, may see and read and profit by your comments.

Got the address? MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 90)

Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong and Bruce Cabot have leading roles. **Very good—children will be thrilled.**

THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR (Universal)—Nancy Carroll, Gloria Stuart and Paul Lukas. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

A LADY'S PROFESSION (Paramount) Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as a couple of English aristocrats who come to America to make their fortune and who—through their lack of knowledge of American slang—become the owners of a speak-easy. **Very good—some of it will amuse children.**

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT (Warners)—Prison picture—only this one deals with the gal crooks. Barbara Stanwyck has the leading role. **Fair.**

LUCKY DEVILS (Radio)—Bill Boyd, Bruce Cabot, Joel McCrea and William Gargan in a story of the Hollywood daredevils who double for the stars. **Very good thrilling stuff—okay for kids.**

LUXURY LINER (Paramount)—George Brent, Alice White, Zita Johann and others in a story all of which takes place on a great liner. The story—taken from a famous novel—has suffered in the transition to the screen. **Fair—children will be bored.**

MADAME BUTTERFLY (Paramount)—As played by Sylvia Sydney, Madame Butterfly is an appealing and tragic little figure. The story is slow but is well worth seeing, nevertheless. **Very good—not much in it for children, though.**

THE MASQUERADER (United Artists)—Ronald Colman in a dual role—two cousins, one good, one no good. The plot concerns the usual substituting of one for the other, but from there on it's different—and good. **Very good—okay for the children.**

MEN MUST FIGHT (M-G-M)—A stirring preachment against war with Phillips Holmes and Diana Wynyard in the leading roles. Diana Wynyard plays a similar part to that which she did in "Cavalcade"—and plays it equally as well. **Very good—dull for children, though.**

THE MIND READER (Warners)—Warren William as a racketeering fortune teller and Constance Cummings as the gal with whom he falls in love and—of course—who finally makes him give up his nefarious schemes. **Very good—some of it might amuse children.**

THE MUMMY (Universal)—Boris Karloff in another "dead man coming to life" role. This time he's an Egyptian Mummy and there is much mumbling of magic phrases and incantations and general hocus-pocus. **Very good if you go for weird stuff—parts of it okay for the children.**

MURDERS IN THE ZOO (Paramount)—More horror. Lionel Atwill, Charles Ruggles and Kathleen Burke. **Good—a bit scary for children.**

NAGANA (Universal)—Jungle story which concerns the fight of a young doctor against sleeping sickness—and also against a designing female. Melvyn Douglas is the doctor. Tala Birell the woman. **Very good—but children won't be interested.**

OUR BETTERS (RKO-Radio)—Connie Bennett and an important cast. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

OUT ALL NIGHT (Universal)—Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING (United Artists)—Gloria Swanson and Lawrence Olivier as the young husband and wife who decide that no matter what the other does, he or she will always receive perfect understanding from the other. Of course the scheme goes wrong and the fun begins. **Not as good as some Swanson pictures, but worth seeing—not for children, though.**

PICTURE SNATCHER (Warners)—James Cagney and Alice White. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PICK-UP (Paramount)—Sylvia Sydney and George Raft. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PLEASURE CRUISE (Fox)—Genevieve Tobin, Minna Gombell and Roland Young. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PRIVATE JONES (Universal)—Lee Tracy as a doughboy who doesn't believe in war—until certain things happen at the front. Donald Cook and Gloria Stuart also have important roles. P. S. Lee doesn't get the girl. **Weak in spots but worth seeing. Children may like some of it, too.**

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS (M-G-M)—You must have heard by this time that the three (3) Barrymores are in this picture. But you may not realize it also has Diana Wynyard, of "Cavalcade" fame. But in spite of all these illustrious troupers, Tad Alexander, the kid actor, darn near steals the picture. **Excellent—but hardly for children.**

THE ROME EXPRESS (Universal)—Exciting melodrama, all of which takes place on a French train. Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston are in it. **Excellent melodrama—the kids will get it and enjoy it.**

SAILOR BE GOOD (Radio)—Jack Oakie as a prize-fighter—gob. Vivienne Osborne as the gal he loves. The humor is sort of smokehouseish. **Very good of its kind—but not for the young ones.**

SECRETS (United Artists)—Remember Norma Talmadge in the silent version of this famous story of old-time romance? Well, Mary Pickford does it this time—and well, too. Leslie Howard is the husband and he is excellent. **Excellent romantic stuff—kids will like the exciting parts.**

THE SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE (M-G-M)—Thrilling drama of London of two decades ago. Phillips Holmes and Irene Dunne in the leading roles. **Very good—but the children won't like it.**

SHE DONE HIM WRONG (Paramount)—The sensational Mae West in a story of old New York—New York of the 'nineties, that is. Mae will take your breath away with her amazing personality. And her songs—well, they positively crackle. **Very good of its ultra sizzling kind—but be sure to leave the kiddies at home.**

SISTER TO JUDAS (Mayfair)—All about a man who saves a girl from suicide and then marries her—only to spend his life being insanely jealous of her. **Poor—not for children.**

STATE FAIR (Fox)—A galaxy of stars in one picture. Will Rogers, Louise Dresser, Janet Gaynor, Norman Foster, Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers. All of them go to the fair—and the story is their adventures there. **Excellent—kids will like some of it.**

THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

A SUCCESSFUL BLUNDER (Radio)—Mrs. Wallace Reid and Junior Durkin in murder story with a slightly different twist. **Fair.**

SWEEPINGS (RKO-Radio)—Lionel Barrymore. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED (Universal)—Cuckoo story of a butler and maid (Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts) who receive a tremendous legacy. Roland Young is also in the cast. **Very good—and okay for the kids in spite of the title.**

TODAY WE LIVE (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Robert Young. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

TOPAZE (Radio)—John Barrymore in a very good "worm who turns" story. Myrna Loy plays opposite him. **Very good—kids won't think much of it, though.**

TRICK FOR TRICK (Fox)—Sally Blane and Ralph Morgan. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

WAX MUSEUM (Warners)—If you like the horror cycle of pictures you'd better hurry at once and see this for its all about a madman (they're always mad) whose pet habit is killing people and then turning them into pretty wax figures. Cute? **Very good thriller—but it may be a bit too shocking for sensitive children.**

WHAT! NO BEER? (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton and Jimmie Durante in amusing comedy. Jimmie is particularly funny. **Very good—kids will like it.**

WHISTLING IN THE DARK (M-G-M)—Ernest Truax as an author who gets mixed up with a bunch of gangsters and is forced by them to plan the perfect crime. But, after that, well—**Good—okay for children.**

THE WHITE SISTER (M-G-M)—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE WOMAN ACCUSED (Paramount)—Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant in a story which, incidentally, was written by no less than ten famous authors. It's about a girl who commits a murder and tries to get away with it. **Good—not much in it for children, though.**

THE WORKING MAN (Warners)—George Arliss. Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

ZOO IN BUDAPEST (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 110)

MORGAN, RALPH: Married to Grace Arnold. Born in New York City, July 6. Fox player. Featured in "Son-Daughter" and "Rasputin and the Empress." M-G-M; "Road to Heaven," Fox; "Humanity," Fox. Next is "The Power and the Glory."

MORLEY, KAREN: Married to Charles Vidor. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Phantom of Crestwood," Radio; "Mask of Fu Manchu," and "Flesh," M-G-M; "Gabriel Over the White House."

MORRIS, CHESTER: Married to Sue Kilbourne. Born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Breach of Promise," World Wide; "Blondie Johnson," Warner Bros.; "The Infernal Machine," Fox.

MUMI, PAUL: Married to Bella Finckle. Born in Vienna, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "Scarface," United Artists; "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," First National.

MCCREA, JOEL: Unmarried. Born in So. Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Radio star. Working in "The Silver Cord." Next is "Little Clown Lost."

McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Married to Enid Lamont. Born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Guilty as Hell," Paramount; "Rackety Rax," and "Hot Pepper," Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD: Married to Ruth Helms. Born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Kongo"; "Fast Life"; M-G-M. "Auction in Souls," Tiffany.

NISSEN, GRETA: Separated from Weldon Heyburn. Born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Devil's Lottery"; "Rackety Rax"; "Murder of the Circus Queen," Columbia.

NIXON, MARIAN: Separated from Edward Hillman. Born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Too Busy to Work"; "Face in the Sky." Working in "Pilgrimage."

NOVARRO, RAMON: Unmarried. Born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Son-Daughter"; "The Barbarian." Next is "Laughing Boy."

OAKIE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Sailor Be Good," Radio; "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount. Working in "The Eagle and the Hawk," Paramount. Next is "College Humor."

OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Divorced. Born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Radio player. Featured in "Penguin Pool Murder," "The Conquerors" and "The Great Jasper."

OSBORNE, VIVIANNE: Unmarried. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Sailor Be Good," Radio. Working in "Supernatural," Paramount.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "The Golden West"; "Robber's Roost"; "Canyon Walls."

O'BRIEN, PAT: Married to Eloise Taylor. Born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Airmail"; "Laughter in Hell" and "Destination Unknown," Universal.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: Unmarried. Born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Robber's Roost," Fox; "Cohens and the Kellys in Trouble," Universal. Working in "Tarzan and His Mate," M-G-M.

PAGE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Prosperity," M-G-M; "Jungle Bride," Monogram; "The Big Cage," Universal. Working in "Soldiers of the Storm," Columbia.

PALETTE, EUGENE: Divorced. Born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Wild Girl," Fox; "Half Naked Truth," RKO; "Hell Below," M-G-M. Working in "Made On Broadway," M-G-M.

PICKFORD, MARY: Married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Secrets."

PITTS, ZASU: Divorced from Tom Gallery. Born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Walking Down Broadway," Fox; "They Just Had to Get Married," Universal; "Out All Night," Universal.

POWELL, RICHARD: Divorced. Born in Mt. View, Arkansas. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Blessed Event"; "Forty-Second Street." Working in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

POWELL, WILLIAM: Married to Carole Lombard. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Jewel Robbery"; "One Way Passage"; "Lawyer Man"; "Private Detective."

RAFT, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "If I Had a Million"; "Undercover Man"; "Pick Up." Working in "The Trumpet Blows."

RAYMOND, GENE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Red Dust," M-G-M; "Ex-Lady," Warner Bros.; "Zoo in Budapest," Warner Bros.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Married to Gladys Lloyd. Born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "Silver Dollar"; "The Little Giant"; "Big Shot." Next is "The Kingfish."

ROGERS, GINGER: Divorced from Jack Pepper. Born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "You Said a Mouthful"; "Forty-Second Street," "Broadway Bad," Working in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

ROGERS, WILL: Married. Born in Olagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Too Busy to Work"; Co-starred in "State Fair." Next is "Arizona to Broadway."

RUB, CHRISTIAN: Married. Born in Passau, Bavaria, April 13. Free lance. Played in "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "Silver Dollar," Warner Bros. Working in "The Road to Heaven," Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Evenings for Sale"; "Madame Butterfly"; "Murder in the Zoo." Working in "Terror Abroad." Next is "Don't Call Me Madame."

SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Unmarried. Born in Orange, Virginia, January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Wild Horse Mesa"; "Hello Everybody"; "Murders in the Zoo." Working in "Supernatural." Next is "College Humor" and "Sunset Pass."

SHANNON, PEGGY: Separated from Allen Davis. Born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Blue Moon Murder Case."

SHEARER, NORMA: Married to Irving Thalberg. Born in Montreal, Can., August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Strange Interlude" and "Smilin' Through." Next is "La Tendresse."

SHERMAN, LOWELL: Divorced from Helen Costello. Born in New York City, October 11. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "What Price Hollywood," Radio. Starred in and directed "False Faces," World Wide.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Madame Butterfly"; "Pick Up." Next is "Jennie Gerhardt."

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR MAY AND JUNE—

Why Not Send Them a Birthday
Greeting? Their Studios' Ad-
dresses are on Page 86.

| | |
|------------------------|---------|
| Bing Crosby | May 2 |
| Aline MacMahon | May 3 |
| Gary Cooper | May 7 |
| Richard Barthelmess | May 9 |
| Constance Cummings | May 15 |
| Maureen O'Sullivan | May 17 |
| Robert Montgomery | May 21 |
| Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. | May 23 |
| Herbert Marshall | May 23 |
| Paul Lukas | May 26 |
| Minna Gombell | May 28 |
| Jack Holt | May 31 |
| Clive Brook | June 1 |
| Johnnie Weissmuller | June 2 |
| Bill Boyd | June 5 |
| Ralph Bellamy | June 17 |
| Jeanette MacDonald | June 18 |
| Polly Moran | June 28 |
| Lois Wilson | June 28 |

SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Unmarried. Born in London, England, July 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night"; "Tonight Is Ours"; "A Lady's Profession." Working in "Song of Songs." Next is "Don't Call Me Madame."

SMITH, KATE: Unmarried. Born in Greenville, Virginia. Paramount player. Starred in "Hello Everybody."

STANWYCK, BARBARA: Married to Frank Fay. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia; "Ladies They Talk About," Warner Bros.; "Baby Face," Warner Bros.

STARRETT, CHARLES: Married. Born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; "Jungle Bride," Monogram; "Our Betters," Radio.

STONE, LEWIS: Married to Hazel Wolf. Born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Son-Daughter"; "Born to Kill"; "White Sister." Working in "Service."

STUART, GLORIA: Married. Born in Santa Monica, Calif., July 4. Universal player. Featured in "Private Jones"; "Sweepings," Radio; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal. Working in "Dead on Arrival," Paramount.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Married. Born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10; Universal player. Featured in "Airmail"; "They Just Had to Get Married"; "Out All Night."

SWANSON, GLORIA: Married to Michael Farmer. Born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Perfect Understanding."

TALBOT, LYLE: Unmarried. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 8. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "She Had to Say Yes"; "The Silk Express"; "Lilly Turner." Working in "How to Break Ninety."

TASHMAN, LILYAN: Married to Edmund Lowe. Born in New York City, October 25. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Scarlet Dawn," First National; "Style," Reliance.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE: Divorced from Jack Dempsey. Born in Wilmington, Del., May 20. Write her at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "Western Limited," Monogram; "Call Her Savage," Fox.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 29. Fox player. Featured in "Perfect Understanding," United Artists; "Pleasure Cruise," Fox.

TODD, THELMA: Married to Pasquale de Cicco. Born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Call Her Savage," Fox; "Air Hostess," Columbia; "Sneak Easily," and "Fra Diavolo," Roach.

TONE, FRANCHOT: Unmarried. Born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., February 27. M-G-M player. Featured in "Today We Live," and "Gabriel Over the White House."

TOOMEY, REGIS: Married to J. Kathryn Scott. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "State Trooper," Columbia; "She Had to Say Yes," Warner Bros. Working in "Soldiers of the Storm," Columbia.

TRACY, LEE: Unmarried. Born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Half Naked Truth," RKO; "Private Jones," Universal; "Clear All Wires," M-G-M. Working in "The Chaser."

TRACY, SPENCER: Married to Louise Treadwell. Born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," Warner Bros.; "Me and My Gal" and "Face in the Sky," Fox. Next is "The Power and the Glory."

TWELVETREES, HELEN: Married to Frank Woody. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Is My Face Red?" RKO; "Unashamed," M-G-M. Working in "Bedtime Story," Paramount.

VELEZ, LUPE: Unmarried. Born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "The Half Naked Truth" and "Phantom Fame," Radio; "Hot Pepper," Fox.

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNIE: Divorced from Bobbe Arnt. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan the Ape Man," Working in "Tarzan and His Mate."

WEST, MAE: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night" and "She Done Him Wrong." Next is "Rings on Her Fingers."

WHEELER, BERT: Separated from Bernice Spear. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio; "In the Jungle," Columbia; "So This is Africa," Columbia. Working in "In the Red."

WHITE, ALICE: Unmarried. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 28. First National player. Featured in "Employee's Entrance," Warner Bros.; "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Picture Snatcher," Warner Bros.

WILLIAM, WARREN: Married. Born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Match King"; "Employee's Entrance"; "The Mind Reader." Working in "Gold Diggers of 1933." Next is "Goodbye Again."

WILSON, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., November 14. Radio player. Featured in "Age of Consent"; "Men of America"; "Lucky Devils"; "Scarlet River."

WILSON, LOIS: Unmarried. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "The Crash," First National; "The Devil is Driving," Paramount; "East of Fifth Avenue," Columbia.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT: Married to Mignone Reed. Born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio; "In the Jungle," Columbia; "So This is Africa," Columbia. Working in "In the Red."

WRAY, FAY: Married to John Monk Saunders. Born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Wax Museum," Warner Bros.; "King Kong," Radio; "Tampico," Columbia. Next is "Rules for Wives," Columbia.

WYNARD, DIANA: Unmarried. Born in London, Eng., January 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox; "Born to Kill," M-G-M. Working in "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M.

YOUNG, LORETTA: Divorced from Grant Withers. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First National star. Starred in "Life Begins"; "Employee's Entrance"; "Grand Slam"; "She Had to Say Yes"; "Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "Zoo in Budapest." Working in "Breadline."

YOUNG, ROBERT: Married. Born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Strange Interlude" and "Unashamed," M-G-M; "Kid From Spain," United Artists; "Today We Live," M-G-M; "Hell Below," M-G-M.

YOUNG, ROLAND: Married. Born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," United Artists; "A Lady's Profession," Paramount; "Pleasure Cruise," Fox.

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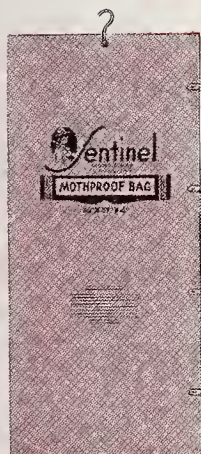
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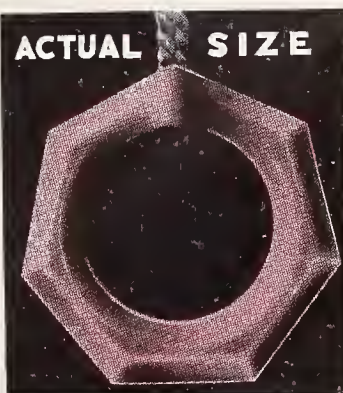
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