

MODERN SCREEN

JULY
10
CENTS

1933 10



Jean
Harlow

THE MOVIE STARS
TELL YOU HOW TO **GET ANYTHING YOU WANT!**



Romance Days are Here Again!

JOHN HELD, Jr. reminds you
of the part your Summer-
Wardrobe must play.



John Held Jr.

"OF COURSE you know I write novels about the American girl as well as sketch her. If that qualifies me as an expert, in your opinion, then believe me when I tell you that Romance and smart, colorful apparel are natural allies. There is another ally, too. Tintex! These world-famous Tints and Dyes make it so easy—so inexpensive—to give your summer dresses, sportswear, etc., the gay, flattering colors that attract admiring eyes. And then—Romance starts!"



"I'm not surprised that Tintex Tints and Dyes are the largest selling in the world. First—Tintex gives you a choice of 35 fashionable, long-lasting, brilliant colors. Then—Tintex is about as *easy* to use as you could imagine. And the cost? Absolutely insignificant! Think, too, of the *dollars* it saves in restoring faded colors—or giving new colors—to everything in your wardrobe and home decorations. Oh, yes—you can buy Tintex most everywhere."



WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Her Finger-Tips Gleam
Her teeth are dull...her gums soft
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

THIS girl keeps her finger-tips resplendently manicured. People comment on it. They do not comment upon her dingy teeth, of course—but they notice them!

Examine your own teeth—and gums.

If your gums are flabby, and bleed easily—if you find "pink" upon your tooth brush—the attractiveness of your smile is in danger.

For not only may "pink tooth brush" lead to gingivitis and Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles, but it may spoil the brightness of your teeth—and even spell *danger* for your teeth.

Ipana and Massage *Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"*

To have firm, healthy gums and good-looking, bright teeth, do this:

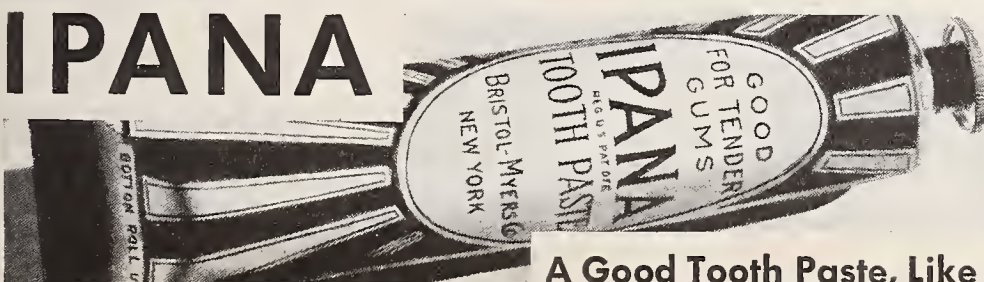
Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. And each time, put a little extra

Ipana on your tooth brush or finger-tip and massage it gently into your sluggish, tender gums.

Today's foods are too soft and creamy to give proper stimulation to your gums. But the massage with Ipana corrects this.

Get a full-size tube of Ipana today. Follow the Ipana method, and very soon you'll have brighter, whiter teeth. Within a month your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will disappear.

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-73
 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

JUN 10 1933

MODERN SCREEN

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LEO: "Sheer genius, Marion! You aren't *acting* Peg... you *are* Peg! Of all your roles, this is the one your public will love you for. I knew you would justify the most beautiful production I could give you. I'm proud and happy!"

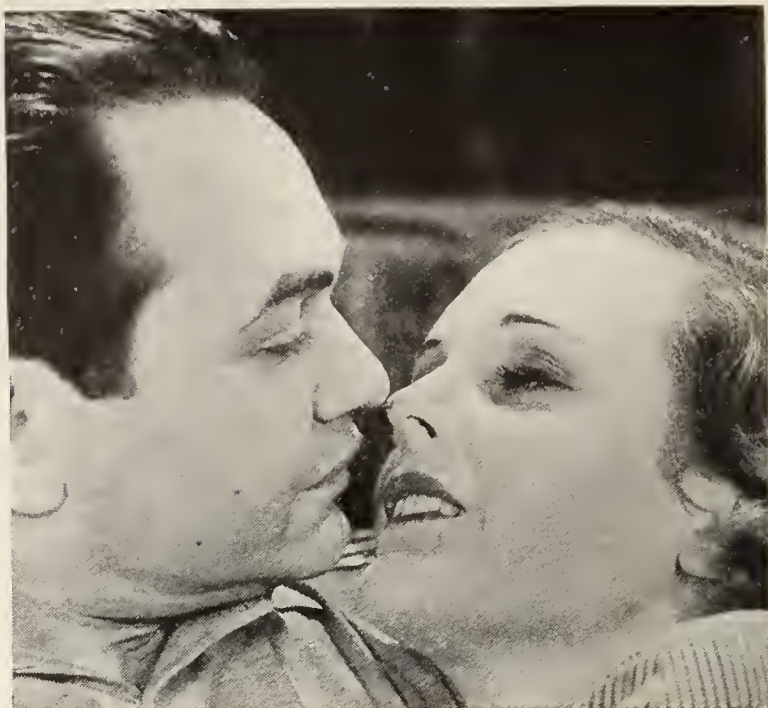


PEG O' MY HEART, that beautiful stage play by J. Hartley Manners, with its laughs, its tears, its heart throbs, is more exquisite still in its screen version. Supported by Onslow Stevens, J. Farrell McDonald and Juliette Compton, Marion Davies is the most utterly winning Peg the heart could desire. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard from an adaptation by Francis Marion . . . A first rank Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer-Cosmopolitan picture.

REVIEWS

—a tour of today's talkies

Edward G. Robinson and Mary Astor in "The Little Giant." You'll like this story of a racketeer who goes straight—and gets in a muddle.



THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND (Fox)

This is an hilariously funny satire about the inhabitants of a topsy-turvy ancient island. The ladies do all the fighting, while the men stay home and tend babies. The ladies' strength and bravery is all dependent upon a magic belt, which, during the unfolding of the plot, is stolen. Marjorie Rambeau is the Amazon queen. Ernest Truex is her sissy husband and Elissa Landi is the chief warrior maiden. David Manners is one of the invading Greeks and he falls bang in love with Elissa. When the strength girdle is stolen, the boys come into their rights and the ladies are surprised to find that they kinda like it. The four chief players are excellent and the entire production is lavishly and expertly done.

DINNER AT EIGHT (M-G-M)

(Advance review)

EXCELLENT sophisticated drama.

You're going to love this one. It has everything a movie-goer's heart desires.

Both John and Lionel Barrymore, Billie Burke, Phillips Holmes, Madge Evans, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler, Eddie Lowe, Jean Hersholt, Karen Morley, Franchot Tone, and Mrs. Harlow's little girl, Jean!

Just to get the story started, Billie Burke invites a flock of people to dinner, at eight, a week hence. The seven days intervening are taken up with showing the inter-twining intrigue into which the various guests are involved. Love—hate—laughter—horror—suicide—all are thrown together in one of the grandest plots you've ever witnessed.

John Barrymore dies beautifully . . . Marie Dressler is perfect as the *grand dame* who was once a stage star . . . Harlow is plenty—well, plenty . . . and Lee Tracy gives you everything! In fact, the whole cast is a riot of color and excellence, and we have a hunch you'll long remember the scenes between husband and wife played by Wally Beery and Jean.

Send the kids to see Buck Jones that night!

Pictures marked ● are recommended. Those marked ●● are specially recommended. Brief reviews on page 82

- The Warrior's Husband
- Dinner at Eight
- The Little Giant
- The Eagle and the Hawk
- The Silver Cord
- Reunion in Vienna
- I Cover the Waterfront
- Never Give a Sucker a Break
- Bondage
- Lucky Dog
- I Love That Man
- Samarang
- The Girl in 419
- Lilly Turner
- Private Detective
- When Strangers Marry

THE LITTLE GIANT (Warner)

This shrieks grand entertainment from beginning to end. Eddie Robinson departs from his usual heavy dramatic characterization and proves that he is one swell comedian. We meet him, soon after the recent election, calling a halt to his racketeering days and taking up "culture." The former beer baron and his pal enter the elite society of the Santa Barbara Biltmore, where he falls for a slick society dame, gets roped into a crooked scheme and has to send for his old gang to get straight again. He winds up by marrying the right gal—Mary Astor. Eddie is all there as the uncouth chap who thinks he knows all the answers, and Russell Hopton as his pal, who is bored stiff with this thing called "society," is great. Shirley Grey as the moll, Helen Vinson as the society belle and Mary Astor are good support. Don't miss it. Kids will get a kick out of it, too.

THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK (Para.)

A gripping, powerfully realistic story of the horrors of war, with its quota of bloodshed, slaughter and gory brutality. Without a doubt, the greatest of its kind since "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Besides, there are the convincing performances of Fredric March, Cary Grant and the rest of the fine cast. As the aviator whose bravery instills inspiration in the rest of the boys, March is swell. Grant comes in for a bouquet also as March's buddy, who, when he learns March has committed suicide, covers it up to look like heroic death. Jack Oakie scores as the comedian and Carole Lombard lends the film sufficient beauty to make up for her small role. Sir Guy Standing, Russell Scott and Forrester Harvey round out the capable cast. This is more than just another picture. Worth seeing. Bring the children.

THE GIRL IN 419 (Paramount)

A snappy, entertaining yarn about the goings-on around a police hospital with Jimmy Dunn, as the head, giving a right smart performance. The only criticism is that he looks a little youngish for the part, but that's soon forgotten once he starts emoting. Gloria Stuart is the unknown beauty who is brought into the hospital dying (Continued on page 8)

This Soap... Camay... Can Help a Girl in All her Beauty Contests



How satisfying—to be the object of admiring eyes! This is but one reward of having a lovely skin.

Your friends see it—your husband sees it—the world at large sees your skin better than you do. And the impression others get of your beauty depends upon the care you give your skin.

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Not on the word of some society lady or movie actress. But because Camay improves the skin of every girl who is smart enough to use it—because Camay is

milder, more luxuriant of lather, more delicate on the feminine complexion.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

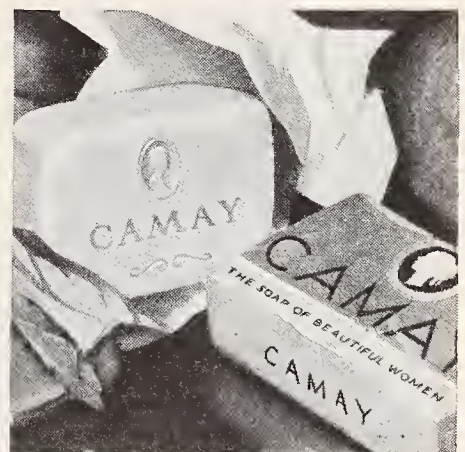
In the past six months thousands and thousands of clever girls have changed their old soap habits. They've taken up Camay.

Camay should cost more than other soaps. It doesn't—it costs you less! Check that up and see what a surprise is in store for you!

Maybe you think it's going a bit far to say, "You, Madame, are competing in a Beauty Contest!" But so you are—every day you live. The curve of your lips, the contours of your cheeks, the very texture of your skin—all are visible to the searching, judging eyes of men and other women.



● *Camay is a mild beauty soap that gives abundant lather in both hard and soft water. Ideal for the complexion, and delightful in your bath. Try it today!*



● *Make a rich, creamy lather with Camay, a soft cloth and warm water. Apply it generously to your face and neck. Then rinse with cold water.*

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



(Above) Marjorie Rambeau and Ernest Truex in "The Warrior's Husband," a comedy of a mythical period when women turned fighters and the men were effete. (Above, left) Diana Wynyard and John Barrymore in "Reunion in Vienna." From the stage hit, you know. Glittering, witty, more than a bit naughty, and perfectly acted by a splendid cast. (Left) Irene Dunne, Laura Hope Crewes and Joel McCrea in "The Silver Cord." A realistic story of a mother love that is selfish and dominating. Miss Crewes is superb as the complexed parent.

(Continued from page 6)
of injuries given her by her gangster sweetie (William Harrigan). Jimmy saves her life . . . and then falls in love. He has his difficulties, however, in protecting the gal against her gangster boyfriend, who stirs up plenty of trouble. But David Manners, a young doctor who has a personal grudge against the gangster, does a neat job of getting him out of the way. Jack LaRue, Vince Barnett and Shirley Grey are also in the cast. A lively pix with enough excitement to please the children.

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK (M-G-M)

Lee Tracy steps out in a picture which is, without a doubt, his best since "Blessed Event." As a shyster lawyer—the kind that chases ambulances—he's in a role that is right up his alley. The story moves along at a fast, breezy pace, with a titter every few seconds. A bouquet to Tracy, and another one almost as large to Frank Morgan who is grand as the gin-soaked Doc who does the examining of the accident cases and signs all the affidavits. Madge Evans (looking very lovely) almost upsets the applecart by doing a little detective work for the insurance company, but when she meets the lawyer in the case, she forgets duty and goes in big for love. Charles Butterworth, as Tracy's assistant, is responsible for a good many of the laughs, and John Miljan makes a good heavy.

It's a gem of a picture for everybody . . . including the kids.

THE SILVER CORD (RKO)

This story of a mother's selfish love and domination over the lives of her two sons is so well presented that it should satisfy the sophisticated as well as the not-so-sophisticated audience. Laura Hope Crewes, as the complexed mother, gives a brilliant performance. Through her selfish schemes she succeeds in breaking up the romance of her second son (Eric Linden) and his sweetheart (Frances Dee) . . . and keeping him for herself. But she has something stronger to cope with in the person of Irene Dunne, who is married to her first son (Joel McCrea). Irene gives a splendid portrayal of a wife fighting for her rights. She rises to dramatic heights in a scene where she denounces the evil influence of the mother. McCrea and Linden are both good and Frances Dee does her best work to date. We recommend this one. Not so good for children.

LILLY TURNER (Warner)

Ruth Chatterton in another tragic, self-sacrificing tale that is both uninteresting and unentertaining. As Lilly Turner, she marries a bum who turns out to be a bigamist, and in order to give her child a name, Frank McHugh, a big-hearted drunkard, consents to marry her. They travel in a cheap side-

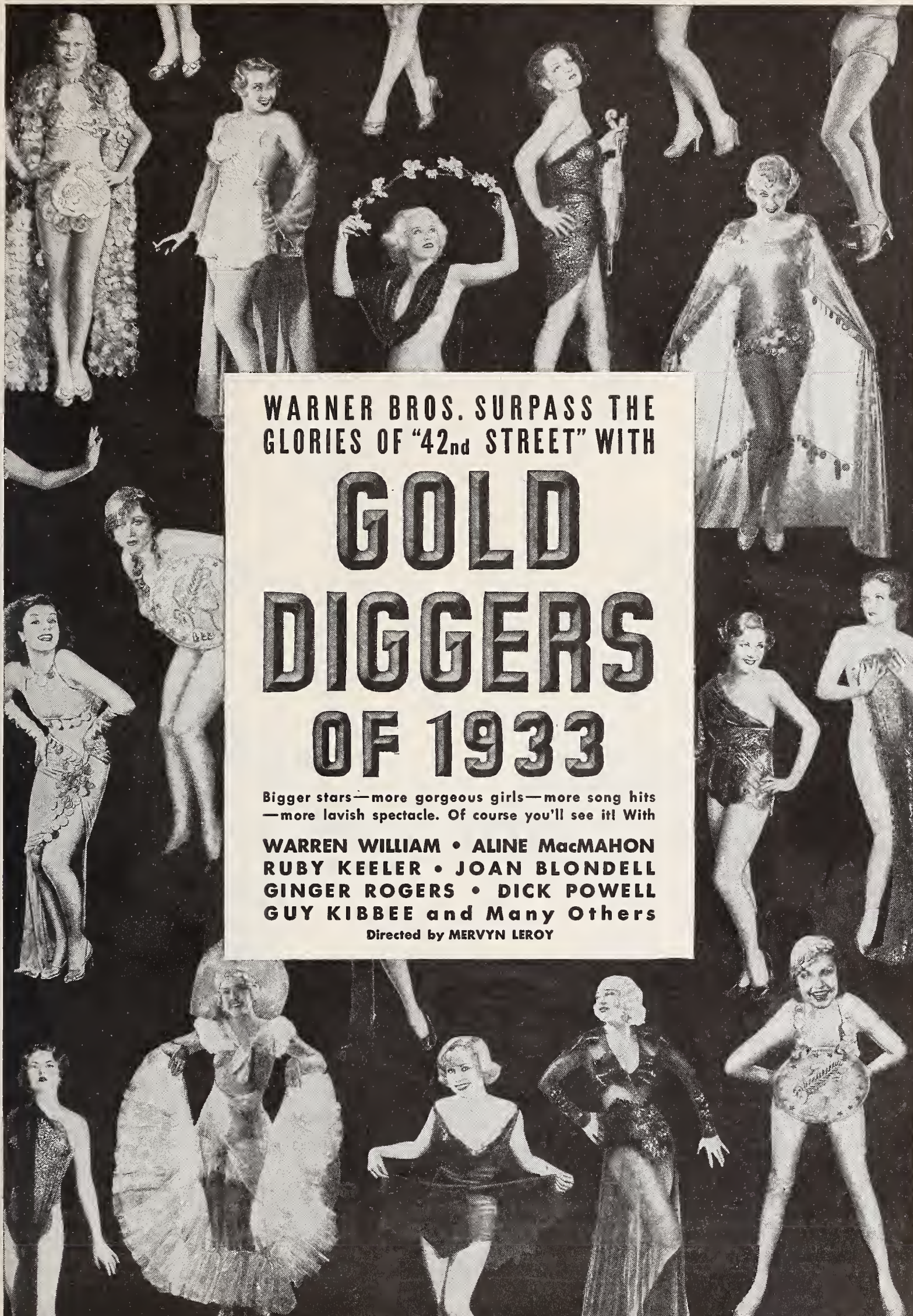
show, Frank as the barker and Ruth as an Oriental dancer. Real love comes to her in the form of a taxi driver (George Brent) who joins the show to be near her. But in the end we find Ruth sticking with her husband after he has been seriously hurt by a maniac who is in love with her. The entire cast, including Guy Kibbee, is very good, especially Frank McHugh, but the story is sordid and quite dull. Not for the kids.

REUNION IN VIENNA (M-G-M)

If you saw and enjoyed the stage play of "Reunion in Vienna," you will enjoy the picture as well. M-G-M has given it everything—a perfect cast, elaborate settings, beautiful photography and gobs of glamor. The story centers around the yearly reunion in Vienna of before-the-war society . . . including the exiled Hapsburg prince (John Barrymore) who makes his entrance via the butler's pantry dressed as a Swiss yodler. In a romantic, "profile" role, Barrymore wins again . . . with Diana Wynyard sharing the honors. She plays the wife of Frank Morgan, but her heart belongs to the handsome prince. The rest of the cast, including Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Henry Travers and May Robson, is swell. Children may find it a little beyond their reach.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT (United Artists)

If you want (Continued on page 77)



WARNER BROS. SURPASS THE
GLORIES OF "42nd STREET" WITH

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933

Bigger stars—more gorgeous girls—more song hits
—more lavish spectacle. Of course you'll see it! With

**WARREN WILLIAM • ALINE MacMAHON
RUBY KEELER • JOAN BLONDELL
GINGER ROGERS • DICK POWELL
GUY KIBBEE and Many Others**

Directed by MERVYN LEROY

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH

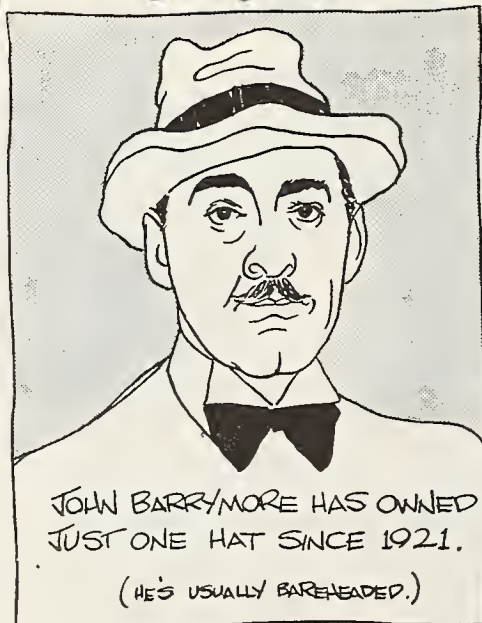


MUSSOLINI'S FAVORITE MOVIE ACTRESS IS ZASU PITTS.

MIRIAM JORDAN AFTER WINNING A BEAUTY CONTEST IN ENGLAND HAD TO SIT IN A GLASS CAGE FOR HOURS AT A TIME WHILE VISITORS PAID A SHILLING TO LOOK AT HER.



MICKEY MOUSE RECEIVES MORE FAN MAIL THAN ANY ACTOR OR ACTRESS IN HOLLYWOOD.



JOHN BARRYMORE HAS OWNED JUST ONE HAT SINCE 1921.
(HE'S USUALLY BAREHEADED.)



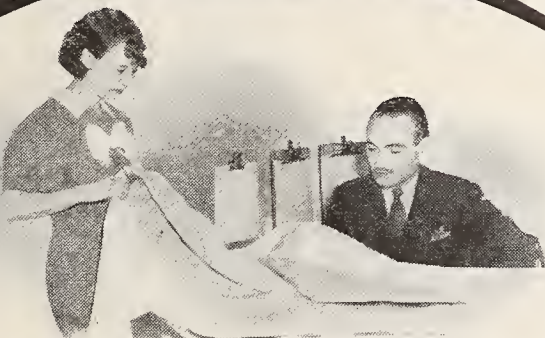
RAMON NOVARRO STILL SAVES TWO SEAT CHECKS FROM THE OLD MAJESTIC THEATER IN LOS ANGELES. THEY WERE HANDED TO HIM BY CHARLIE CHAPLIN WHEN RAMON WAS AN USHER THERE.

How Irene Dunne keeps her frocks Fresh and Smart as New

**"LIKE MOST EVERYONE
IN HOLLYWOOD"** she says
"I INSIST ON LUX"

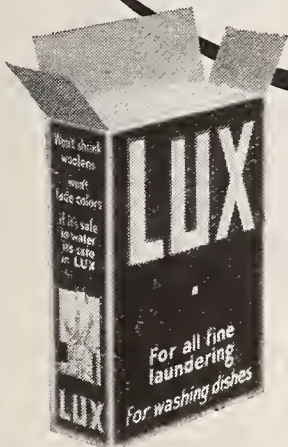
"Daintiness without extravagance—that's what Lux makes possible," says this exquisite young star. "Lux protects colors and fabrics, leaves my things like new. My maid washes my lingerie in Lux after *every* wearing. Also, stockings washed in Lux every night wear longer and fit better."

Protect *your* pretty things with Lux, just as Irene Dunne does. Keep them like new *twice* as long! Lux has none of the harmful alkali ordinary soaps often contain. Remember—anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



Official in all the big studios...

Wardrobe Director of the R. K. O.-Radio Studio, Walter Plunkett (shown with Gladys Baxter) says: "Some of our costumes have been used in many pictures—yet they look new. Lux saves us thousands in cleaning bills and cost of replacement, for stockings and fabrics stay new twice as long."



Hollywood says—don't trust to luck
— TRUST TO LUX

IRENE DUNNE—now appearing in R. K. O.-Radio's "The Silver Cord"—tells you how to have that out-of-the-bandbox look—always use Lux!

**“Now’s
the time
to fall
in love . . .”**

*Eddie Cantor of
the Chase & San-
born Coffee hour
and United Artists
Pictures.*

. . . with RADIO STARS, of course!

IF you get a kick out of radio—and who doesn’t?—you’re bound to fall in love with RADIO STARS, the most popular of all radio magazines.

Imagine the thrill of meeting your favorites of the air in real life! RADIO STARS walks you right up to them, shows you with scores of interesting pictures what they look like, tells you with absorbing interviews and articles what they’re like *inside*, and altogether, helps you get more fun out of your radio than ever before.

Just read these alluring titles in the July issue of RADIO STARS:

THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THE WALTER WINCHELL-BEN BERNIE FEUD . . . COME TO A PARTY WITH BURNS AND ALLEN . . . THROUGH THE YEARS WITH EDDIE CANTOR . . . THE REAL LIFE ROMANCE OF THE EASY ACES . . . FANNY BRICE AGAINST THE WORLD! . . . And many other features and items, bringing you the fascinating gossip and inside stories of the broadcasting studios.

Don’t say we didn’t warn you! RADIO STARS is habit-forming. Read one issue and you’ll never miss another.



10¢ ON SALE EVERYWHERE



DOUG, JR., GOES TO CONCERT WITH KATIE HEPBURN

She Becomes Vehement When Besieged by Autograph Hounds

At the Yehudi Menuhin concert, Katharine Hepburn was Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s companion. (They're to appear in "Morning Glory" together.) During the intermission Katharine, besieged by autograph hunters and photographers, protested so vehemently that Doug, it is said, blushed!

Before this evening, Doug appeared with Joan Crawford at Connie Bennett's farewell party for the Marquis—on the night of the very same day that Joan filed suit for divorce.

Sally Eilers, Chevalier and Other Stars Plan Pictures Abroad

Bebe Daniels set off for England to make a picture—Sally Eilers accompanied her, although with no idea of working. Then Sally got an offer from Gaumont (England) and decided she'd follow Bebe's example and work, too.

Buster Keaton is another who is going to make pictures in England. He has already sailed. His wife will follow him.

And now comes rumor that Chevalier will produce his own pictures in France when his present Paramount contract ends.

The Johnny Mack Browns Ex- pect the Stork in September

Hollywood is becoming more and more domestic every day, it seems.

Helen Twelvetrees became a mother. Robert Montgomery became a father. Jobyna Ralston, Dick Arlen's wife, is soon to have a child.

And now comes word that Johnny Mack Brown will soon be a proud—oh, very proud—pappa! Congratulations, all!

MANY ROMANCES HOT AND HEAVY IN HOLLYWOOD

Mary Brian, Dick Powell and George Raft, no less, Among Those Romancing

First, of course, there's the Alexander Kirkland-Ann Harding thing. Alex and Ann (with Ann's secretary) went off on a trip to Havana together—and, incidentally, almost got drowned (see story on page 35). Although they neither affirm nor deny any attachment, Hollywood is nodding its head wisely.

Second: According to Dick Powell, he and Mary Brian will marry in the near future! That's straight from Dick.

Third: George Raft has been going around with Margery King and is acting very much like a man in love.

Fourth: Johnny Weissmuller has made a number of flying trips to New York. In order to be near Lupe Velez, 'tis said.

Greta Garbo Still Mysterious. Wants Colman Opposite Her

Greta Garbo arrived with smiles, posed for pictures, talked to reporters.

But as soon as she started working, back Greta went to the old tricks. No interviews. No photographers. Same old story.

Incidentally, Garbo has expressed a wish to have Ronald Colman play opposite her. But he's in Europe and may never return to Hollywood.

Sidney Fox Lead in Big Film Made by New York Company

Sidney Fox, petite star who recently married Charles Beahan, Universal Pictures executive, will appear in a big production made in a New York studio, the Film Laboratories. It is to be called "Midnight," a play produced three years ago by the Theatre Guild, sponsor of this project.

The famous stage director, Chester Erskine, is directing and the cast includes Henry Hull and O. P. Heggie.

Flashes from Here and There

Douglas Fairbanks is back from China all hepped up. He plans to make a picture with a Chinese locale. Yes, he'll play a Chinese.

William Powell has signed a new contract with Warner Brothers which allows him to do one picture out of every three for another company.

Jackie Cooper's mother recently got married. Charles Bigelow is the name of the groom.

Wallace Beery and M-G-M after a great deal of talk and what-have-you have finally come to some agreement. Wallace will go on making pictures for them.

Gloria Swanson is in the market for a film offer, she says. She turned down the leading role in "Twentieth Century." Too comic.

Colleen Moore will be seen in Fox's "Power and Glory." She'll then make Faith Baldwin's "Beauty" for M-G-M, the company to which she's been under contract for a year without actually doing a picture. As soon as Fox used her, M-G-M woke up.



BILLIE DOVE MARRIES BOB KEN- ASTON, RANCHER

Former Wife of Irvin Willat Weds Wealthy Ranch Owner

The luscious Billie Dove has finally been captured . . . and it took a big he-man from the wide open spaces to do it. The lucky man is Robert Kenaston, wealthy owner of a large fruit ranch.

This is Billie's second dip in the matrimonial sea, Bob's first. Billie was formerly married to Irvin Willat, the director. The Kenastons will live in Hollywood.

Billie hasn't been seen in pictures recently but she's still considered one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood.

Thelma Todd Announces That She and Husband Will Divorce

It seems only yesterday that Thelma Todd and Pasquale de Cicco were courting. Then they married. And now, according to Thelma, they're divorcing! This divorce list gets longer every day.

Thelma is going to England to make a picture and while she is there, Pasquale will get the divorce. Incidentally, Thelma says she'll marry again as soon as she's free. We can't tell you his name at present. But when we find out we'll let you know first thing.

Mae West Denies Report That She Is Married to Manager

Mae West is good and mad. It seems that a magazine (oh, no, not Modern Screen) printed a story which said that Mae was married to her manager and that, furthermore, he has a wooden leg, of all things.

To all of which Mae says: "I am *not* married—nor have I even selected a victim as yet!" That's that.



J. B. Scott



Wide World

(Above) In this group you'll find Helen Mack, Patricia Ellis, Anita Louise, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell and William Janney. The occasion was Anita's farewell party. She's off to Vienna to study singing. (Right) A marvelous intimate shot of Katie Hepburn and Doug, Junior. (Left) The fascinating Wynne Gibson does a Dietrich—and well, too. (Below, left) Verna Hillie and Gail Patrick welcoming Dorothea Wieck (center) to Hollywood. (Below, right) Estelle Taylor and Sue Carol in court. Estelle is suing a gent for \$150,000.



Wide World

MARIE DRESSLER TO LEAVE SCREEN AFTER FILMING "TUGBOAT ANNIE"?

BARBARA BEBE DOESN'T THINK MUCH OF HER MOTHER'S CELEBRATED VOICE

SUE AND NICK ON THE VERGE?

AFTER what seems years of happiness—even after they just had a darling baby girl—and after Hollywood had come to know them as "the ideally happy married couple," Susie and Nick may decide to call it a day!

This report doesn't come from either of them but the source of our information would indicate that (much as we hate to tell you) a divorce may possibly be a matter of weeks! In fact, according to the underground story, "Sue may sue" after she and husband Nick have finished the last month of their personal appearance tour—which they are doing at this moment.

We hope this isn't so—and it may *not* be so. But it's our job to report rumors, even though those rumors make us feel very unhappy.

These last few months have spoiled a lot of our illusions concerning the "sweet girls" of the colony: first Janet Gaynor gave Lydell Peck his walking papers, then Marian Nixon found she could do without Eddie Hillman, and now our favorite married couple is starting rumors.

It must be something quite recent that caused the breach, otherwise—well, we can't understand their having a baby. Just what would happen to little Carol Lee Stuart is unknown as yet, but we have a hunch that Sue would take the cute little youngster with her if a separation took place.

If anyone had mentioned the possibility of this divorce a month ago, Hollywood would have laughed. "What? Susie and Nick . . . a *divorce*? Why, it can't be!" Matter of fact, they have always been one of the couples we could "point to with pride."

We hope they will decide to kiss and make up.

● The arrival of Dorothea Wieck in Hollywood has caused that town to sit up and take notice. (Dorothea is the little German gal that played the teacher in "Maedchen in Uniform.") Her enthusiasm and congeniality have brought her a flock of friends already, including some of the most "eligible" of Paramount's leading men. According to them, this girl has what Garbo and Dietrich are supposed to have, plus a lot more. She has a brand new husband back in Germany with whom she's veddy much in love.

● And now—Peggy Joyce and Jack Oakie aren't speaking . . . and no wonder. Peggy is nursing a sore jaw, and 'tis said Jack gave it to her.

● Although Cy Bartlett switched his affection to Boots Mallory for awhile, he couldn't conceal his delight with Alice White's super-swell performance in the stage play "Dinner at Eight." The opening night found him in the front row beaming with such pride that it wasn't surprising to hear of a reconciliation the very next day.

● Marie Dressler, whose health hasn't been any too good during the last year, may permanently retire from the screen after she makes "Tugboat Annie" with Wally Beery. We're going to miss our Marie.

—BUT NO PICTURES!

That famous "separated" couple, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, step out together almost nightly. However, last eve-

ning when a photographer was about to take a picture of them together as they were entering a theatre, Sally wanted to be snapped alone.

So what. . . ?

● There has been so much idle gossip going around regarding the possibility of Lilian Harvey having a husband back in England, that her manager has taken to sending a photo-static copies of her passport around, which lists her as "Miss Lilian Muriel Helen Harvey" . . . and that, says the little gal's manager, should be ample proof. Passports never lie.

● Dortuk (the Garbo of the Arctic) thinks Clark Gable is the swellest guy in Hollywood. And it's not because of his good looks, or dimples, or sex appeal. These Eskimo girls have different standards by which they judge their men. She found out that Clark was a great *hunter* . . . so up went his stock.

● Barbara Bebe Lyons isn't her mother's most enthusiastic audience by any means. Babs will sit quietly while Bebe sings two songs, but, according to Bebe, two is all she can stand. Time after time Bebe has begun a third song just to test her and always Babs protests loudly: "Don't do that, Mamma. Don't do that any more."

● Karen Morley and Charles Vidor, her fairly new director husband, wear wide gold wedding rings like those that were popular in grandmother's day.

"I wouldn't have any other kind," Karen says. "I think these rings are handsome. So does Charles."

It wasn't easy to find two wide gold wedding rings. Karen and Charles had to shop and shop for them. They found them finally in a humble little shop in Los Angeles' Mexican quarter. And even then their troubles weren't over. All the rings in the shop, of a size to fit strong Mexican fingers, were much, much too large for the slim Karen. At last they bought the smallest size the man had and took it to their own jeweler, who hadn't seen its like in years, to be cut down.

● Joan Bennett and her sister, Barbara (Mrs. Morton Downey), have been almost inseparable since Barbara's return. They were lunching together at the Brown Derby t'other noon, and Joan looked positively adorable in a jaunty lil hat that balanced precariously on one side of her blonde head, and a huge stiff bow tied under her chin. Those horn-rimmed glasses she's wearing (she's near-sighted, y'know) actually *add* to her cuteness!

Reports are that "From Arizona to Broadway" may be Joan's last picture with Fox. Her contract expires soon and from all indications there'll be no re-signing.

● There's a romance budding over in England that concerns Constance Cummings and Benn W. Levy, well known author. We're too far away to get all the details, but we do know that Connie has been a guest of Levy's mother and father on a trip to Italy . . . and that's always a sign of something "serious." Connie will be back soon, so we'll get the lowdown for you then.

● Although Claudette Colbert and hubby Norman Foster maintain separate establishments, Claudette takes her wifely duties as seriously as any one. When Norman moved into his new beach home, she supervised the buying and arranging of the furniture, and even took a few days off to teach the new cook some of Norman's favorite dishes.



J. B. Scott

Ben Lyon, Barbara Bebe and Bebe Daniels leaving the Coast for New York. After New York they'll make a jaunt through Europe. Be gone some months.



Wide World

Buster Crabbe, the "Lion Man" of the screen, ups and gets himself married. Virginia Held is the gal's name. She's a former Beverly Hills society girl.



Wide World

Well, well! If it isn't that Dvorak girl and her hubby, Leslie Fenton, back again! Yes, sir, Warners were only too glad to get Ann back. Everything's jake now.

NOW GIRLS!

THAT feud between Lilyan Tashman and Hedda Hopper had quite a fling. It started when Hedda's list of the three best-dressed women in Hollywood did not include Lil . . . and it reached the sizzling point when the hotel manager at Agua Caliente asked Lil and Hedda to be judges at a fashion show. Lil wired her regrets as follows:

"Sorry am giving a cocktail party that day so cannot be present. Miss Hopper qualified to judge anything passé."

Hedda's message read:

"Resign in favor of Miss Tashman who will fit the glamor and flamboyancy of your Casino to a dot." Is it a publicity gag?

P.S. Peggy Hopkins Joyce did the judging.

● Just what Chester Conklin (funny man) did on those "nights out" will probably never be known. His refusal to explain to his wife, plus his assertion that "he no longer loved her," was enough for that lady. She told it to the Judge . . . and now Chester can roam to his heart's content! In other words, they're getting a divorce.

● Edmund Lowe insists this really happened while he was recently visiting a pal's abode in Beverly Hills.

The phone rang and a negro maid answered. They heard her say: "Yas'm, she does" and then, "It sho is."

Five minutes later, the phone rang again and the same maid answered and the identical conversation ensued. This time the lady of the house called the maid and asked her to explain about the calls.

"Well," she began, "dis here lady calls up and says: 'Does Mrs. Stevens

live here?' I answered, 'Yes'm, she does.' Then the same lady says: 'Long distance from Washington.' And I just agreed with her, 'It sho is.'"

WHAT OF IT?

GLORIA SWANSON used to have a swell time playing a grand telephone game. She would pick a number in the directory at random, call it, announce that she was Gloria Swanson and hear the "oh's" and "ah's" at the other end of the wire as she chatted away.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., heard about this and thought it would be a fine way to spend those long winter evenings. So here's what happened to him—and the cute part is he tells the joke on himself.

He called a number and a child's voice came over the wire so Doug thought, "Ah, this dear little boy, how pleased he will be to hear my voice." Aloud he said, "Hello, this is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr."

He waited—there was no response. "He's overcome with joy," Doug thought and then said, "Didn't you hear me? I said this is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr."

"Sure I heard you," the kid snapped back. "But what am I supposed to do about it?"

And Doug hasn't played the game since.

● Ginger Rogers has been Lew Ayres' one and only female companion since his divorce from Lola Lane. And a cuter looking couple you couldn't ask for. They'll be seeing more than ever of each other if Universal succeeds in borrowing Ginger for the lead opposite Lew in his next flicker. They should be a good team on the screen as well as off!

● Tom Brown was the only person that didn't have a good time at the party the "Puppets" gave for Anita Louise prior to her departure for Europe. Tom, who is that way about Anita, is very blue over the fact that he won't see his sweetie for two years. She's going to study singing across the water during that time, and two years seems like an awfully long time to young Brown.

● Upon being introduced to Franchot Tone recently, a little blonde asked: "Any relation to Movie Tone?"

● When the bicycle craze hit Hollywood Joan Crawford telephoned Claudette Colbert and suggested they ride together. The girls live just down the road from each other and are good friends.

"Fine," Claudette said, "I'd love it. The next time I'm down-town I'll buy a wheel."

The next evening when Claudette returned from the studios, to her amazement she saw a new blue bicycle in her hall. A note dangled from the handle-bars.

"Dear Claudette," it read, "ask your Ma if you can come over and play. Love, Joan."

And the next Sunday the two girls, dressed in blue slacks, went cycling along the Brentwood roads.

ONE ON JOHN

HOLLYWOOD is smiling broadly about George Bernard Shaw's refusal to give John Barrymore an autograph for his young son. Autograph seekers of Hollywood might also smile broadly over it, remembering only too well that John has very often behaved just the same way!

Shaw was polite and genial to Barry-

Constance Cummings in romance...The Lilyan Tashman-Hedda Hopper feud is hot



Lilyan Tashman, Father George Fox, Edmund Lowe. Father George was Lowe's schoolteacher back in the old days and it was he who first suggested that Edmund had acting ability. And it was directly through this advice of the good Father that Ed went on the stage.



You've read and heard how that young Robert Young went and betook himself a bride—his school-days sweetheart, as a matter of fact. Well, here they are.

more, but decidedly firm about dashing off his signature.

"I'd give you one if it were for your grandfather," the wit declared with a grin.

● It's more fun to watch Lilyan Tashman in the audience at the theatre than to watch the show itself.

I'll wager that her eyes are not on the stage more than fifteen minutes of a two-hour show. What she does is to take out her mirror and lipstick and look at herself most of the time—patting her hair, applying the lip rouge, dabbing at her nose with powder.

One night the actors in a musical show got so tired of watching Lil watch herself that, in the finale, they all appeared with mirrors and lipsticks and, in a very bored fashion, all of them—men and women, too—looked at themselves.

But the gag was wasted. Lil didn't see it. She was looking at herself.

GRAND PERSON

RUTH CHATTERTON stands ace high with one of the boys who drives a Warner Brothers' car. He's the boy who, a month or two ago, closed a car door on her hand and broke two of her fingers.

After the accident this boy rushed Ruth to the dispensary. He waited while they set her fingers and bandaged her hand. Horrified at what he had done, he turned a little green around the gills.

Ruth noticed it. "I'm supposed to be the one in need of treatment," she told him, "but you look as if you were."

She realized, of course, how terribly he felt. All the way to the stage where her company was waiting (she worked all day, in terrific pain, hiding her bandaged hand in the pocket of her coat) she kept urging him not to take it so hard.

"They'll fire me for this all right," he blurted out at last.

"Oh no, they won't," she assured him. "My secretary's taking a note to the front office which explains everything. If they fire you I quit, too. So there . . ."

He didn't lose his job. Nevertheless the following day when Ruth saw him again he still looked forlorn.

"I thought," she scolded him, "that I told you to forget it!"

That afternoon her secretary brought the boy a note.

"What you need is a change of scene," Ruth had written. "I suggest you take it this week-end." And enclosed was a generous check!

● Miriam Hopkins really owes her career as an actress to a broken ankle . . . although that ankle has given her no end of trouble. The first time she broke it was when she was a young girl in High School. She broke it again a few years later just as she was about to fulfill a dancing engagement and after this second break the doctor told her she would never be able to continue dancing. So Miriam turned to the stage . . . and success. But the ankle continues to bother her. She sprained it again recently, which makes the fifth mishap to this particular ankle.

● Here's something we bet you Lilyan Tashman fans didn't know. She owns the only ounce of a certain perfume in the entire world, an ounce of scent that is supposed to represent the work of one man's lifetime. The story that surrounds Lilyan's "unnamed perfume" proves that truth is stranger than fiction. When she and Ed Lowe were visiting in London last year they entertained a Parisian perfume maker. For years this man had worked to achieve

a unique perfume. He had at last completed one ounce. When he met Lilyan he gave her the one ounce in existence of the precious perfume. His formula has been destroyed so she remains the sole owner.

Those fortunate enough to visit Miss Tashman's home have on a few occasions caught a faint whiff of that perfume. Naturally, she is very sparing in its use. She says that only the slightest suggestion of a drop is necessary and once she put it on a garment she never uses the perfume a second time as the odor lingers as long as there is anything left of the fabric!

● Jackie Cooper has a sweetie! She's called Georgiana and is Loretta Young's kid sister. The first time Jackie saw her, he exclaimed:

"Pipe the babe, how long has she been around here? Think I'll come often."

He's been buying her ice cream cones, taking her to matinees and now . . . the little scamp . . . he's teaching her to swim. He also put in a request at the studio for Georgiana to be his next leading lady, but that was politely turned down.

● Motion picture people often have to journey to Hollywood for recognition of their talents. Diana Wynyard, for instance. Her success over here has been astounding, but back in her own country she was dismissed with a "not so hot for pictures."

Herbert Mundin, making a name for himself on the Fox lot, is another example. Recently, however, he received a cablegram from a London agent asking his terms on an offer to make a picture in England. Imagine that agent's surprise when Mundin cabled back: "Why all the curiosity?"

Are Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres "that a'way"?...Tom Brown's sweetie leaves him

**Meet Alma Mammy
and
Her Hotcha Pappy!**

Here's dear old "Whoosis" set to
gay music!

Here's college... as a pink-kneed
rhapsody of kissable co-eds know
it... but dare not tell it!

Here's a picture with no long
underwear, but plenty of campus
life in the raw, raw, raw!

"College Humor"

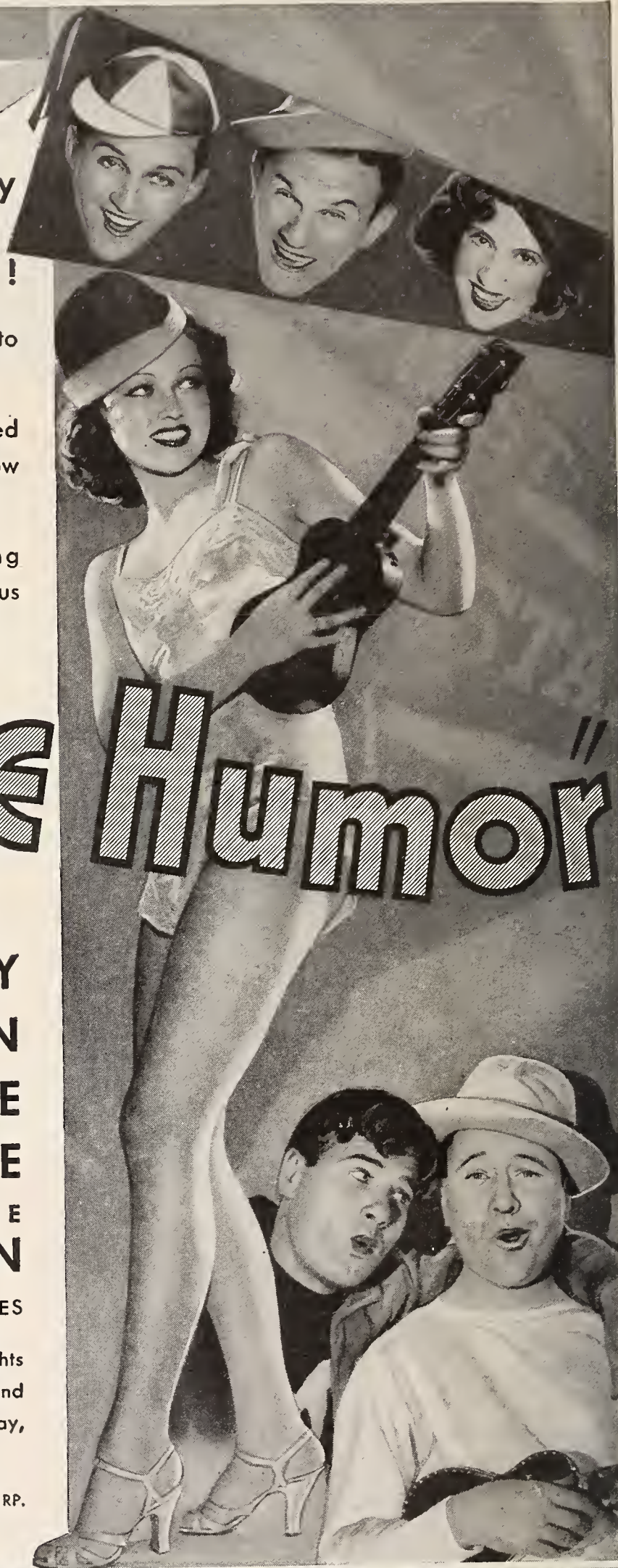
A Paramount Picture with

**BING CROSBY
RICHARD ARLEN
MARY CARLISLE
JACK OAKIE
GEORGE GRACIE
BURNS & ALLEN**

DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES

Here's college daze and Ox-road nights
... done by a cast of song-dance-and
laugh stars... borrowed from Broadway,
the Radio, and Hollywood!

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORP.
Paramount Building, N. Y. C.



"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE... IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN"

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



We honor Irene Dunne for her magnificent acting in "The Silver Cord."



We honor Edward G. Robinson for the power of his portrayal in "The Little Giant."



We honor Elissa Landi and David Manners for their acting in "The Warrior's Husband."



Winifred and Warner Baxter have proved it.



Bebe Daniels knows it.

YOU CAN GET ANYTHING YOU WANT

YOU can get anything you want!

This may seem a broad and extravagant statement. But if you will follow me carefully, I know you will be convinced of its truth.

I repeat: "*You can get anything you want. If you want it enough.*"

I was going to say you can have anything you want within reason. But actually no such qualification is necessary. You can have things apparently out of reason, too. What the motion picture people and what thousands of other people all over the world have done and continue to do every day, you can do, too.

If you don't want anything beyond that which you already have, if you have no dream, then this is not for you. Don't waste your time reading any further.

You can marry Prince Charming. You can become mistress of a beautiful home. You can have glamor. You can have success. You can have wealth. You can have fame.

How? Here is your answer. Simply:

1. By dreaming. Strongly. Vividly. Constantly. And true.
2. By not picking a dream out of the air but by concentrating on the dream which comes to you of its own accord.
3. By always seeing yourself in possession of your dream.
4. By never doubting your dream will come true.
5. By working and planning towards your dream's fulfillment because it so obsesses you that you can't do otherwise.

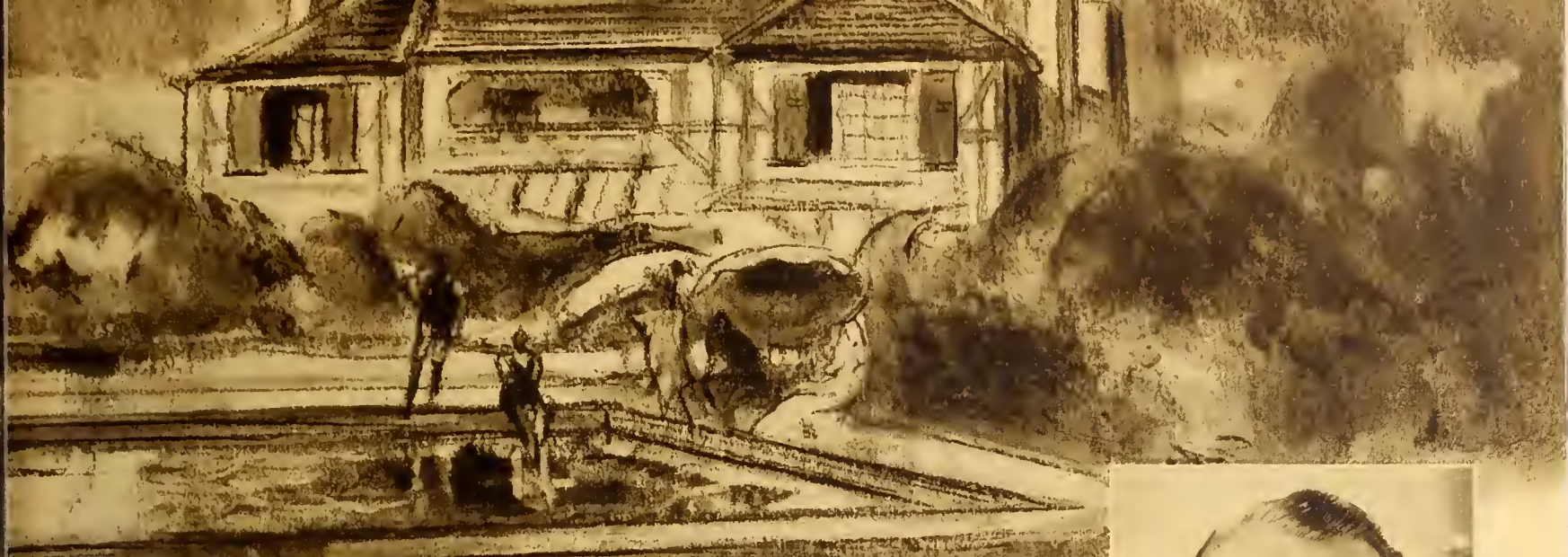
All of this is not the propaganda of any new cult or -ism although it is from this idea that many cults and -isms have sprung in the past and will continue to spring in the future. It is the practical application of discoveries dealing with autosuggestion made by a famous French school of psychology, founded and established in Nancy, France.

THE world is just beginning to realize the tremendous, far-reaching power which imagination can exercise. Scientists are just beginning to admit the truth that lies behind the old-fashioned saying, "Fear a thing and it will come to you." Fearing a thing, you can actually attract it to you. And, by the same token, wanting a thing, you can also attract it to you.

A day-dream is the first step towards achievement. For, according to the findings of this school of psychology, "He who imagines, can." And, to quote again, "Every idea tends to undergo transformation into reality."

There are some few exceptions to this theory. For instance, a man who has lost his legs in the War cannot have his legs back again. But apropos of this it is well to remember that, having lost one leg in the War, Herbert Marshall, never seeing himself as incapacitated, is today, with one wooden leg, as attractive and fit and able as any man!

By ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER



So does Bob Montgomery.

... You want something. You want it badly. You can get it! This truly amazing feature—based on a simple, authentic school of psychology—tells how

Illustrated by
CARL MUELLER



In 1918 Warner and Winnie Baxter, just married, were playing in road shows. Things didn't always go as they should. Indeed, they often went as they shouldn't. With the other members of their company, Warner and Winnie watched the callboard in the theatre apprehensively. People, poor because mills and factories were shut down, had no money for amusement.

At last the notice went up. The company, it announced, would disband after the Saturday night performance.

Warner was pressing his dinner clothes when Winnie returned to their hotel room with this news. A bureau drawer balanced over two chairs was his ironing board. There must be creases where creases belonged and nowhere else. In the play, Warner was a rich young blade, perfectly valeted.

Mechanically he kept on with his pressing.

Winnie threw herself on the dreary iron bed. The pink cabbage roses featured in the wallpaper of cheap hotels the world over swam before her eyes. Like any other

MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE



(Right) Frances Marion, famous writer and scenarist, dreamed of a lovely house.

bride, Winnie dreamed of a little white house with crisp dotted Swiss curtains criss-crossed at sunny windows. She loathed all the forlorn hotel rooms she and Warner had shared. And always the beds, with an inevitable sag in the center, wore daytime covers she could hardly endure.

Warner disconnected the iron to gather Winnie in his arms.

"Don't feel so badly," he begged her. "Don't feel so badly, please. I'll tell you what, Winnie, darling . . . I'm going to give you a million dollars!"

It was out at last.

It wasn't a youthful, impulsive gesture. It wasn't a young actor willing to promise the moon if his love would stop crying. Poor as Warner was then, he dreamed of being wealthy and successful. He *knew* that one day he would be able to make good this promise.

In any event, he so amazed Winnie that she stopped crying to sit up and stare at him unbelievably, incredulously.

"I don't know how you're going to make it in this business, Warner," she said.

Then she turned practical, the way wives will. He must turn out his pockets while she turned out her bag so they might count their money, so they might see if they would have two dollars and thirty cents left for the laundry after the hotel bill was paid.

THERE were plenty of bad times, years of bad times, after that. But always Warner held fast to his dream. Always Warner saw himself wealthy and successful, a man able to make his wife a present of one million dollars.

Even after he had earned a name for himself in motion



DREAM STRONG AND TRUE. CONCENTRATE ON THE DREAM WHICH COMES TO YOU OF ITS OWN ACCORD. SEE YOURSELF IN THE POSSESSION OF YOUR DREAM. NEVER DOUBT ITS FULFILLMENT. WORK AND PLAN TOWARD THAT FULFILLMENT.

Frances Marion's dream came true. This was only part of that dream, however. But the rest came true, too.

pictures there were serious set-backs. There was the time his Paramount contract expired. He was far from financial security and, in Hollywood as in any other town, it's much easier to get a job when you have a job.

It looked as if Warner's golden days were over. It looked this way to a lot of people. But not to Warner. He was discouraged, yes, but only over the delay this meant. Not for one second did he lose faith, not for one second did he doubt he would realize his dream.

There were rumors that Warner was going to quit pictures, get out and sell insurance.

"In fact," Warner says, "I have an idea I was about the only person in Hollywood who knew I was staying in pictures. I certainly was the only person in Hollywood convinced my greatest success still lay ahead of me. I saw myself always having things and doing things that it takes success to do and to have."

"You believe," I said, "that the dreams of those who dream strong enough come true?"

Warner nodded. Then suddenly, sophisticated as he is, he turned shy.

"I never expected to admit anything of the kind for publication," he told me. "But, then, frankly, I never expected to be approached on this kind of a story. I've always had a notion I was something of a nut be-

cause I believed in this sort of thing. In spite of the results it's accomplished for me."

He tapped his head. "We've got the greatest mechanical system in the world right upstairs here if we'll only use it. If we'll only take the trouble to get the right hook-up.

"When we think 'That's just my luck!' it's my opinion we'd better mean good luck is ours. Science accepts mental telepathy. Thinking 'That's just my luck' you send out thought waves. They land somewhere. And people like to be associated with someone they believe to be fortunate, not unfortunate.

"Furthermore, think of yourself as a failure and what happens? You begin to act like, talk like, and look like a failure. Your thought, your fear of failure turns into reality. It defeats you. Everybody you meet sees you as a failure. Think of yourself as a success and that thought turns into reality, too.

(Continued on page 96)



Clarence Sinclair Bull

As she appears in "Peg O' My Heart," her latest M-G-M movie. In the small picture below as she looked in the old days when she was on the stage.

WHAT HAPPENED TO CINDERELLA?

By GLADYS HALL

MARION (Cinderella) Davies, the Cinderelliest of all the movie Cinderellas, said to me, "I still wear the crystal slipper but I remember very well the hand-me-down shoes of my childhood—"

Famous authors tell you that if you will just put the Cinderella theme into your story or your play you are sure to be successful. There is something about the legend of Cinderella, poor little maid left alone next the ash heap in rags and tears, that grips the imagination and the heart.

There is something about the coming of the Prince, the fitting of the crystal slipper, the royal transformation that provides a touchstone for all hearts—all hearts left alone by the ashes. Something that makes the law of compensation seem real and possible. Something that makes life seem to balance properly and as it ought.

Cinderella wearing her crystal slipper, setting off in triumph with her Prince—this much we have always known of her—and no more. *What happened to Cinder-*



Culver Service

ella afterwards? This seems to me to be the really important thing. The heretofore unanswered thing. Did she remain the sweet and simple maiden berated by her stepmother and sisters and loved by the Prince? Or did the royal robes and glittering courts and jewels and panoplied power go to her golden head, harden her tender heart, spoil her, cause her to "go Hollywood" in her long-ago realm?

I spent a Sunday afternoon with Cinderella Davies in her glittering white palace on the shores of the turquoise sea at Santa Monica. A *palace* is the literal word for it, built of white clapboard though it is.

White and shining it stands on the rim of the sea, gemmed with swimming pool spanned with a white marble bridge, loggias and gardens to right and to left, laid out with tennis courts and patios and paved courts—of such stuff as dreams are made of.

Within, it is luxurious beyond, surely, the dreams of the little Cinderella of the Bronx who was once Marion Douras of a walk-up apartment, (*Continued on page 102*)

Read how a real-life Cinderella—Marion Davies—reacts to constant wealth

HOW JOEL ESCAPES SCANDAL

CONSIDER, for a moment, the strange case of Joel McCrea.

Here is a handsome, charming and thoroughly virile young man who takes Hollywood's most glamorous and exciting women (most of whom are married) to parties, premières and dances and yet no scandal has been attached to his name.

How does he get away with it? I'll bet it couldn't happen in your town!

Irate husbands do not vent their wrath upon him.

The women, whose escort he is, feel perfectly free to go out with him—whether their husbands are along or not—and are quite sure that the busy gossips won't chatter about them.

Hollywood itself accepts Joel as the official beau of its most beautiful ladies—and makes no comment.

He is immune to scandal, gossip, rumor.

Why is he thus immunized when another man, stepping out with a married woman, would cause every chatter columnist to make pertinent comments?

How does Joel escape?

I've wanted to know the answer for a long, long time, haven't you? And I've found it, but before I can tell you about it, we've got to get together on the causes for scandal and gossip. Here they are: the behavior of the parties involved—the wife, the husband, the other man. The community keeps the gossip going. But in some amazing way Joel has escaped all this. How? How? How?

I've known Joel for a long time, so it wasn't impertinence when I asked him, "How come that you aren't chased up and down Hollywood Boulevard by hordes of husbands with knives and revolvers? How come that you could take Gloria Swanson, Connie Bennett and Joan Crawford—before the separation—around and not have their husbands mind?"

He laughed. "I don't know. I've never had any trouble. Anyhow, the husbands like me."

"But why?" I persisted. "You're too handsome to be put in the 'safe and harmless' class."

(Left) Joel McCrea and Dorothy Jordan are going to make a series of romantic pictures together. Don't you think they will be a perfect movie team.

HE let the compliment pass. "It's because I don't have a guilty look when I walk into the house. I go right in as if stepping out with the wife were the most natural thing in the world to do. Anyhow, I like the husbands. They're swell fellows and



. . . Husbands don't mind if young McCrea beaus their wives to dances. Hollywood doesn't gossip when Joel is seen with a different girl every night. Why? How? Read this

By KATHERINE
A L B E R T

—nine times out of ten—I treat them a lot better than their wives do.

“I guess I'm just a country boy, but honestly I get a kick out of being seen with colorful and glamorous women. What man doesn't? I'll admit I do. It's a thrill to step into the Cocoanut Grove or the Beverly Wilshire with Joan Crawford. She always looks like a million dollars. She's a grand girl, too. And I'm human enough to be damn proud to be with her.

“Connie Bennett the same way. Any man who wouldn't admit that it's exciting to go to a first night with Connie (you know the way she carries herself and how smart she is) is either a liar or a fool.

“Okay, then. Now, suppose I behaved in a way to give husbands a cause to worry. The girls I take around wouldn't stand for it. Certainly the husbands wouldn't stand for it. And besides being a rat and not liking to live with myself, I'd miss the fun of the companionship of these grand girls.

“It's not that my whole life is spent being a Good Time Charlie. Nobody could stand a steady diet of dinner coats and caviar. There's another side of my life that's very important to me—camping in the mountains, riding the hills by myself. But I like to go around in Hollywood, too. I get a big kick out of it and, believe me, I'm not going to do anything to spoil the fun. Wouldn't I be a sap if I did? The husbands know that. They can tell by the way I act.”

AND there is the keynote to the whole situation. Folks can tell what sort of a lad Joel is by the way he acts. In his perfect behavior is the secret of his escape from scandal. For the Hollywood gossips are not such fools as they sometimes seem. There's something so dog-gone honest and above-board about Joel—something that radiates from his whole personality.

Besides, they figure that man with such perfect social taste as Joel possesses couldn't do anything underhanded.

And here's an example of what I mean:

One night at one of those small and intimate Hollywood parties—only about fifteen or twenty people there—I watched Joel handle a situation with that adroit good taste. Among the guests was a certain star who must be nameless (but you'd be amazed if I told you who she was) (Continued on page 88)

(Right, above) Joel has such a nice, honest personality! But that alone wouldn't account for his spotless reputation, would it? (Right) With Phyllis Cooper, society girl.





THE TELEVISION AGE

By LOWELL THOMAS

THAT enigmatical, problematical thing, the future, never ceases to beguile—especially in the realm of television. So near and yet so far. That is, so near in the logical probability of the science of the wireless wave. And so far, in the strangeness and the almost fantastic change in our daily lives that it promises.

If you will forgive me for using the phrase, television is just around the corner. And that corner may not be quite as far down the street as we think. The state of wireless technicality today is such that we can predict with a tremendous weight of logical probability the state of affairs that will come about in the era of television. Let us jump ahead into that epic when wireless will bring us, not only sounds to be heard, but sights to be seen.

We are sitting at home. We have an apparatus something like a radio set. On the wall is a motion picture screen. Of course, we have a vast range of entertainment for ear and eye. That is one of the common pleasures of television.

"A separate theatre for every home," is the way the future of entertainment is prophesied by David Sarnoff, who guides the destinies of the Radio Corporation of America. All we have to do is to turn the dial and take our choice of theatrical entertainment, prize fight, church

In 1940, say, we may sit at home and "dial in" Joan Crawford, bicycling on the Boulevard, a Hollywood dinner party—almost anything!



service, symphony concert, ball game or a horse race.

Don't think, however, that the regular theatre will disappear. Far from it. Many, many people will always have that "let's go somewhere tonight" feeling and would far rather see the show in a gorgeous theatre than see the identical performance from the fireside easy chair.

If present plans are carried out, the acquiring of a television set will be identical with acquiring a telephone today. The instrument will be rented by the month and will always belong to the corporation which does the renting—exactly as the telephone instrument belongs to the telephone company.

The sights and sounds of the world brought into your own home!



—WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE?

Illustrated by
JACK WELCH



IN this television era, the legitimate stage will expand to tremendous proportions. The theatrical spectacles will be broadcast by television. That gives them an enormous scope.

With the whole world for a possible audience, a drama, musical play or an opera will be immense, spectacular, gorgeous, beyond anything that is economically possible for the present-day theatre. In some ways this giant production would seem odd to a person in the present non-television state of barbarism.

In some cases an enterprising producer will broadcast his show to a whole string of theatres throughout the

country, and people will enjoy it all the more because they see it in a theatre with that fellow feeling and that mass emotion which a crowd gives.

The technique of broadcasting by television has already developed so far that it seems only a step away from practical use. There are two ways of transmitting pictures by air. The simplest is that

The Television Theatre—who knows? Where residents of Kansas City, maybe, can see and hear what's going on in the lives of the movie stars.

of transmitting a motion picture film. When it is made perfect the broadcasting of talking pictures will become a commonplace. Here is the way that Mr Sarnoff of R.C.A. looks at this angle of the new art: "Television," he declares, "will be harnessed to the motion picture screen. Important events may then be simultaneously re-

corded as motion pictures in a number of key cities throughout the nation. Then the films will be put on the air by television, so that important scenes may be witnessed on screens in homes and theatres soon after they occur."

The more difficult task of television is to broadcast sights and scenes directly, so that the television apparatus will pick up sights as they occur and broadcast them instantaneously. So far as the art has progressed at present, a televisior, as it is called, takes in and transmits things to be seen over about twenty feet of space. It does not take in a whole field (Continued on page 90)

This famous gentleman's story forecasts the thrilling possibilities

THE ORDEAL OF



(Above) Baby Helen Twelvetees. (Name was Jurgens, then.) Wasn't she wistful? (Above, right) As she looks today—after she has been through amazing tragedy and grief, to find real happiness at last.

By MARGARET REID

AS if Christmas did not afford enough excitement for the modest little Brooklyn street, Mrs. Jurgens on that day presented Mr. Jurgens with a daughter. Supervision of plum puddings and of children already querulous and a little dizzy from the ecstasy of stockings and trees was abandoned while the neighboring housewives spread and exchanged the news.

"Those young Jurgenses—they've had their baby!" in tones of half-veiled disapproval—as if the young Jurgenses were perhaps not married, or in tones of astonishment—as if the young Jurgenses had accomplished an unprecedented feat.

Unaware of all else, Mr. Jurgens—who was nineteen, and Mrs. Jurgens—who was seventeen, looked silently down at the small, unlikely face of their daughter. Outside, the snow fell as gently as a benediction. The quiet,

good day—birthday of the Prince of Peace. The boy and girl, snatched from adolescence into maturity by one touch of those tiny, uncertain hands, blessed the day. Surely it was a good omen for this fragment of humanity stirring in the blankets—surely it promised a life as gentle as this day quiet with snow and peace. . . .

The young Jurgenses, entering on parenthood with none of the trepidations felt for them by their neighbors, named their daughter Helen and studied diet charts with a view to maintaining the healthiest baby in their block. The boyish father's salary as a journeyman newspaper reporter on a New York daily did not provide much over the essential, which his wife's ingenuity converted into comforts. Between them they contrived a merry, cosy little home—a gay nest in which the ruler of the household rollicked and grew rounder and pinker and triumphant.

At fifteen Helen was married and looked forward to happiness

HELEN TWELVETREES



With Maurice Chevalier in "A Bed-time Story." Helen is now under contract to Paramount and it looks as if her cinema future is beautifully assured. (Left) With her mother (doesn't she look young?) and her husband, Frank Woody. Read how Helen and Frank met.

phantly cut her first tooth without a suggestion of colic.

In due time, she ceased to grow rounder and, instead, suddenly lengthened and wore a hair-ribbon and began to question spinach.

Her features emerged from the soft indetermination of babyhood—a delicate little elfin face topped by yellow hair as fine as silk. The young Jurgenses continued to be so enchanted by her that the neighbors could do no less than say she was being spoiled. But, if you will look closely, you will perceive that the "spoiled" children are not the gay, happy-tempered ones. And Helen Jurgens, whose dresses were always prettily embroidered, whose hair always shone with the loving skill of the maternal hairbrush, was a blissfully happy child.

After a few years, her father turned to the advertising business. There was a little more money—new chintz for the chairs, new dresses, more evenings at the theatre. Helen particularly loved the latter, because she was going to be an actress. Sitting safe between her father and her mother—small hands tightly clasped and eyes round and shining with wonder—she gazed enraptured at the magic beings moving in a magic world which she intended to enter as soon as she grew to a decent height and could do her hair up and wear ear-rings.

Schooldays—Berkeley School for Girls, then Brooklyn Heights Seminary—careless, happy time. She was fifteen, and still talking with conviction about going on the stage. Her parents conferred.

Mrs. Jurgens—who, herself, had often thought what a pleasant place the stage must be, but never mentioned it—was troubled mainly with the thought of Helen journeying away from home and no one to keep her clothes pretty and neat and see that she drank a glass of milk in the afternoon. Finally a decision was reached. She would enter the Art Students' League—for music, drama and painting, for which she had already proven a flair.

"Best to have two equipments," her mother said. "Something to fall back on in emergencies."

AFTER a year, it was still an actress she wanted to be. Very well then, her parents said, she should study, so as to be a good one. They entered her in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

When she had been there three months. . . . "Mother, there's a young man working in the play I'm in."

"Really? Well, that's customary, isn't it—that the men's parts should be played by men?"

"Yes, but this one—he's so nice-looking. His name is Clark Twelvetrees."

"An odd name. It's late, dear. You ought to be in bed."

A week later. . . .

"Mother, I'm going to marry Clark Twelvetrees."

Mrs. Jurgens stared at her, then smiled. It was such a childish mouth to be saying such grown-up things, the glowing blue eyes had exactly the same expression they had when contemplating a (Continued on page 104)

But she was doomed to go through several real hells first

BILL POWELL'S BEER PARTY



At the top of these two pages, Carole Lombard and Dick Barthelmess are toasting each other as two old friends should. (Left) Kay Francis, mine host Powell and director Wesley Ruggles. Kay doesn't care if beer is fattening. (Left, below) Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Mrs. Eddie Sutherland. This is the first picture we have seen of La Joyce without Jack Oakie for some time. (Immediately below) Say hello to Gloria Swanson. That's Joseph Schenck with her.





... In the Ambassador Hotel's exclusive Little Club, Herr Wilhelm Powell gifs der beer party. Eferybody vas dere. Come und haf vun on der house!

(Right) "William Powell's Hang Out. Happy Days Are Here Again," reads the sign over the bar. The bar is behind all those guests. (Right, below) Clark Gable and Arline Judge split a bottle, while keeping an eye on their respective mates. (Immediately below) Clive Brook and a friend, Mrs. Waterson. And the band. Don't forget the band. It was partly due to its umpas that the affair was such a success. No song dated later than 1909 was permitted.





(Start at the top left picture and go around the page to the right) 1. Pretty Helen Vinson and Al Hall. 2. Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnnie Farrow. He is one of Maureen's oldest beaux, you know. 3. Just a dish of pretzels—but, oh, how good they were with beer! 4. One pretzel reaches the ultimate consumer. 5. "Free Lunch." Help yourself. 6. Fill 'er up! 7. June Collyer. The other glass belongs to—whom d'you suppose? Husband Stu Erwin. 8. Bill's Hang Out was plastered with amusing signs. That's one of them. 9. Just a homely kitchen towel—for a touch of atmosphere.



AT THE MERCY OF SHARKS!



Alexander Kirkland and Ann Harding as they left Hollywood by plane for Havana.

...From Havana, Alexander Kirkland cabled Modern Screen this story of the almost disastrous adventure he experienced with Ann Harding and her secretary, Maria Lombard. By now the travelers are back in Hollywood where the probable romance between Ann and Alex has everyone excited.

Read this exclusive "scoop" story

By ALEXANDER KIRKLAND

AT noon Wednesday, May 3, Ann, Maria, myself and Alvarez, Cuban boatman, left the Biltmore Club in a fourteen-foot catboat for a short sail. I thought the boat seemed to be carrying too much canvas but as we were sailing in shallows inside the reefs I was not worried.

As we sailed along Ann said she would like to be dragged in the warm wake behind the boat in a baby harness. Maria said that if a shark showed up she would bite it.

Suddenly the boatman saw a fin in the water but it turned out to be the flipper of a big turtle. The boat by this time had gone out of the mouth of the reef into the open sea.

Soon a spanking wind caught us and we sped three and one-half miles out from Punta Santa Fe. The boatman tried to turn back but lost control of the sail and the boat tipped into a wave and filled with water in about thirty seconds. There was no panic. The boatman and I fastened the lines so that the boat would float on its side and we all could hang onto it. Maria cannot swim so she decided she would be extra cargo for us and should let go. But we convinced her not to be so foolish.

There was nothing on the horizon. No boats seemed to be out that day. There were some scattered houses on the promontory of Santa Fe, three and a half miles away. The boatman told us it was not more than a mile and decided to swim in for a rescue boat. We argued but he felt he could make it. He started swimming with his white cap on but finally threw it off. We could see his

head from time to time, then the waves would hide it. After watching him for about half an hour I saw his arm shoot up into the air. The girls did not see this and I convinced them that I could still see him making headway.

I did not know whether he had died of cramp or sharks but I grabbed an oar that was caught in the rigging and decided to try to bat out any sharks if they approached and if I had no luck with them then I'd knock the women unconscious if they were inevitably to meet death in a shark's jaws.

OF course I could not mention any danger of sharks so I told them I was going to use the oar as a signal pole in case a boat passed or someone on the shore could see us.

I tied my undershirt on the oar and waved. We had a little kidding about the merits of the army and navy—Ann's and my family having been in those two branches.

Then Maria asked me if I could remember a Mexican song that she and Ann liked. We all started singing. Not so well at first but better later. Ann and I have long legs so we could straddle the boat but Maria is very tiny and had to hold on with her hands and lie across it on her stomach.

Ann and I were submerged up to about our waists, Maria was up to her shoulders. After about an hour an offshore wind rose which made the sea rougher. We were getting pretty cold so we did some deep breathing. Then we saw a boat coming from the direction of Havana.

We waved and hailed it but it passed along the coast. It was then we realized how far out we were. I hated to ask Ann for her dress but I had nothing left but my flannels and I knew something colored was necessary for a signal. The dress was pink. My white shirt only looked like foam.

After another hour and a half (we were drifting four hours altogether) Maria saw a little wake by the shore and we finally saw it was a small sailless boat making speed—a motor boat.

I waved the pink dress but the boat passed on along the coast. It slowed down when it was a speck, turned and for a while we could not see it approaching. Finally we sighted it again and hailed it. It came alongside.

It was the fishing boat of Captain J. L. Waggett, an Englishman, and George Andrews, of the American Embassy.

They had gone out sword fishing, seen a strange bit of pink waving on the horizon and come on a chance.

What a good thing for us as nobody at the hotel knew our plans to sail, and so—though we had kidded each other that we would be searched for—it was not very likely.

We never mentioned sharks until after the rescue when I found that Ann and Maria had seen fins, too.

I don't think we shall ever again be as grateful to see anybody as we were to see Captain Waggett and Mr. Andrews.

As long as the accident had to happen I am glad it was in the company of three such gallant gentlemen as the boatman and Ann and Maria.



Whither is Doug, Jr., bound? . . . Will he marry again? . . . Will he continue his screen career or will he turn to the stage? Read what he told this famous author before and after the divorce announcement

WHAT ABOUT DOUG, JR., NOW?

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

WHEN I went to work Saturday morning I had no idea of what was to happen in the afternoon. My first information came from news boys crying 'extra.' That was what Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., said to me just a few days after the announcement of the divorce action filed by Joan Crawford. At the time of the separation both had assured their friends that no divorce was imminent. Doug had made dates with Joan like a lad "court-ing" a lass. They had dined and danced and laughed together.

"Each time Joan and I discussed divorce we agreed to abandon the idea. Our property settlement was made long ago, not with divorce in mind but merely to protect Joan's large earnings under California's unusual community property laws."

And I know that Doug spoke the truth, for I had talked to him a week or so before and he had outlined a design for living that he had thought would work. He had seriously considered a separate-establishment marriage, exactly like that of Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert. "We both feel so much freer this way," he had said to me. "I'm not making a joke; I mean it. All the petty annoyances which come from the over-intimacy of marriage are removed. We see each other at our very best. We are fast becoming the best of friends in spite of our being married!"

But that he said before the divorce was publicized. Now he says, "I think I shall leave Hollywood for a little privacy and rest, otherwise I shall make no change in my personal plan that I outlined to you not long ago."

WHAT were these plans? I am going to tell exactly what he said to me before this thing happened—when he was full of enthusiasm and hope for a reconciliation—when the idea of divorce seemed impossible:

"People who work at different studios," said young Doug, "who get up at different hours, to work on studio calls which more frequently than not conflict, are bound to run into a strained relationship which kills off their true feeling toward each other if carried too far. For example, if I have to go on location at six-thirty in the morning, Joan may be working at night and is asleep when I leave—gone when I return! Suppose we plan a little dinner party and one of us is called away ten minutes before the guests arrive—what then? Suppose also, that one of us has an important matter to discuss with the other and for a whole week we miss out meeting, even at meals and only see each other when we are both too



Today, Doug, Jr., faces many problems. When this was taken, twenty years ago, problems of divorce, career, suitable stories did not worry him.

tired to talk intelligently? Or, worse, meet when one is tired and the other full of vigor! The point is, people who love each other ought never to find themselves in such a position that their only time for personal relationship is when they are tired out. They *do* talk then! And often say the wrong thing." That's ruined many movie marriages.

"And quarrel?" I asked.

"Joan and I have never had a quarrel," said he. "I hope we are too intelligent for that. What we are doing will avoid all possibility of a quarrel—by removing the petty, unnecessary causes of domestic strain! We will only meet when we are both in the mood for it."

His comment was too important to take lightly. Wouldn't it perhaps be better, I thought, if people could stay happy, see each other when

they had time to enjoy each other's society and go on together, though apart—sweethearts, but married? I can't say it would solve the problems of marriage for the ordinary couple, but perhaps it would be a splendid solution for Hoolywoodites and even other professionals!

Doug is devoted to Joan—there is no doubt in the world of that—and when he talked to me before the divorce announcement, he was in a very happy frame of mind.

"I've got a new vigor," he told me, "a new impetus for my work—a new enthusiasm, since the 'separation.' I'm working on my book, I've signed an eighteen month contract with a magazine to write special articles, and I'm going to buy a house in England and live there three months a year. I see a lot of Joan, and while I go around a bit with other girls too, I'm not going to tell you any of their names, because I haven't the faintest intention of marrying any of them—and so it would not be fair to get them talked about."

When I asked him where he was living, he smiled contentedly.

"At my grandmother's house, Mrs. Sully's," he replied. "It's a darling little place—she has a most sympathetic personality and I adore living among her antiques and bright chintzes—for I am terribly sensitive to my physical surroundings."

DOUG, JR.'S, pals are Leslie Howard and Bob Montgomery. The three are inseparables and only one other man rivals Doug's friendship for these two—to wit, Noel Coward, the famous English playwright.

"Coward is my literary godfather," Fairbanks explained to me. "He checks over what (Continued on page 81)

WHY JEAN HARLOW ISN'T "ON HER OWN"



J. B. Scott

By CARTER
BRUCE

THE stationery was pale lavender, slightly scented, and the ink that penned the discontented words was purple. The little square envelope was post-marked Kansas City. It was addressed in a round, almost juvenile hand to Miss Jean Harlow and it read in part:

"Gosh, if I had your looks and your money and your opportunity to meet swell men in Hollywood I sure wouldn't be hanging around home like you do. I'd have me a snappy apartment and a good-looking roadster and I'd come and go just as I pleased. After all, Jean, why don't you cut loose and have your freedom while you are young and beautiful and can enjoy yourself?"

"And that," said Jean Harlow herself, reaching for the letter she had just handed me, "is the question most frequently asked me by young girls. It was also the predominating query put to me in person when I was recently touring about the country meeting girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. Boiled down to cold facts, whether we want to admit it or not, it merely amounts to this: Miss Modern America is straining at the home leashes . . . dying to get out and live in an apartment by herself or with another broadminded and equally 'free' girl friend . . . and this same Miss America can't understand why I'm still checking in under the same roof with my mother and stepfather when I have the means of



Wide World

whooping around on my own!" Thus spake Jean.

America's most famous platinum blonde was half-sitting, half-reclining against a divan corner in her own living room. Contrary to the popular idea that only one thing at a time can be done thoroughly, Jean was having plenty of success performing *three* important tasks. She was relaxing for the half hour prescribed by her doctor to follow her noon meal . . . she was reading over an assortment of fan mail . . . and granting me an interview . . . all at the same time, and doing a darn good job of

... Many young girls wonder why Jean Harlow—with her money and friends and necessities for enjoying freedom—still lives at home. Jean has unusual ideas about the business of going “on your own”



On the opposite page you will find Jean and Ivan Lebedeff at Lilyan Tashman's tea. Jean's mother has an interesting reason for knowing where and with whom Jean is. The other picture on that page is Jean with her mother. A miracle of understanding and tact—that mother.

all three. In fact, the entire angle of this story was Jean's own.

“I've often wondered,” she had said, “why interviewers don't take the trouble to find out the questions that are most frequently put to a star by the public . . . which means an answer to the query that is of the greatest general interest. I think I have been interviewed on every topic under the sun except this one important thing that almost all the girls who write to me ask about.” It was then that Jean had shown me the letter from Kansas City. She said: “It is typical. The same idea has been put to me thousands of times and I'd love to answer it.”

SHE continued: “I think the answer, at least as it is true in my case, might be important. I think it might help.

“I'm not going to preach. And heaven forbid that I should sound like a moralist. The simple reason I have

never gone “on my own” is that I am happier, more contented and *have more freedom of action* under my parents' roof than I would have if I moved away. If that were not true then I would most certainly be in one of those ducky little apartments so avidly recommended as the seat of all freedom.

“Every time I hear this ‘apartment’ question I feel like soundly shaking . . . not Miss Freedom Questing Eighteen . . . but her parents, who seem to believe that the way to protect a daughter is to lock the doors after ten o'clock, supervise girl and boy friendships, and lay down house rules after the manner of a corrective institution. How silly that is. I know from my own experience that the quickest and safest and sanest way to keep the four walls of Home Sweet Home about a darling daughter is to open those doors so wide it is impossible to be conscious of them.

“I think my mother is just (Continued on page 111)

HUNTED MEN



Roscoe Arbuckle

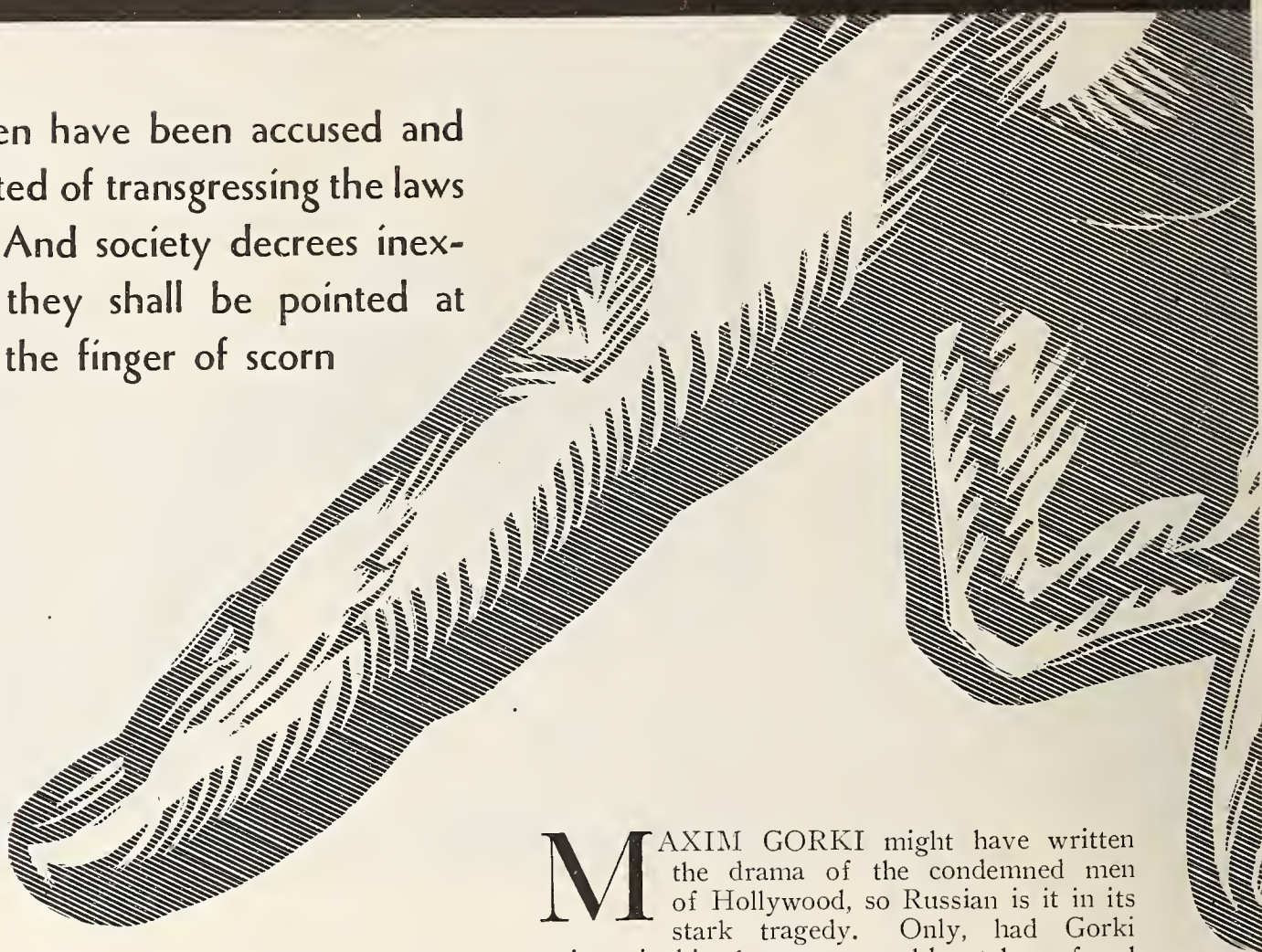


James Murray



Duncan Renaldo

...These men have been accused and some convicted of transgressing the laws of society. And society decrees inexorably that they shall be pointed at with the finger of scorn



By RAMON
ROMERO

Woodcut by
CARL HAUPTMANN

MAXIM GORKI might have written the drama of the condemned men of Hollywood, so Russian is it in its stark tragedy. Only, had Gorki written it, his characters would not have faced the grim situation as these hunted men of Hollywood have faced it. For what does Gorki know of humor? Or of the kind of courage that goes wisecracking to the gallows?

Eight men! Strangely like Gorki's outcast tramps roving aimlessly through a hostile country; scum, flotsam, unwanted it seems, even by death. Only Gorki's men did not seek another chance. Their resignation to an unkind fate was final and complete; their hopes for a future life a chaos of dead dreams. Hollywood's outcasts even in the abyss of darkest despair chain their souls to a tomorrow.

"We want another chance!" they cry.

One committed murder. Another, at the height of a

RARELY INDEED HAS SUCH A POWERFUL STORY COME OUT OF HOLLYWOOD

OF HOLLYWOOD



Paul Kelly



John Farrow



Al Hill



spectacular career, was charged with the death of a young actress. One was deported for entering the country illegally—another faces the same fate following a jail sentence. One has a criminal police record. Another could not refrain from breaking the sacred eighteenth amendment. One is charged with theft and escape from a road gang—and the last is continually hunted for faltering in the payment of alimony.

Their names? They have screamed at you from the front pages of every yellow journal in the country. And some have even forfeited the right to a name.

Let's take the case of Paul Kelly, who for twenty-four months was a numbered man within the gray walls of San Quentin. In five years his life spanned from the bright lights of Broadway, where his name once blazed in mazdas, to Hollywood and the electric chair, and back again; a living bridge of sighs. If it is true that

life is a circle, then Kelly has spun its mad distances at whirlwind speed, to return to his starting place, older, wiser, richer in feelings, endowed with a new sense of life's values.

Five years ago Paul Kelly was the most promising juvenile on Broadway. From a kid actor at the motion picture studios of Brooklyn he grew up into a handsome young devil with an Irish twinkle in his eyes; a young devil whose greed for life was so great that he could never get enough of it at once. Even Broadway and success did little to appease his enormous appetite. Then the croupiers of Hollywood gathered him in and tossed him upon its mad roulette wheel, where it seems that no matter how one plays, in the end one is still a loser.

HOLLYWOOD in its generosity gave him money, fame, success—and love; love that led him to the barred windows of San Quentin and plunged him into the depths of degradation. The love of Dorothy MacKaye.

Miss MacKaye was for a time one of the best known theatrical stars on the West Coast. She had played the Belasco, Hollywood's ace house, many times. Before the murder of her ex-husband, Jack Raymond, a musical comedy favorite, she had been going about with Kelly for several months without attracting any special attention. Many thought the romance purely the infatuation of a young boy for a fascinating, older woman. "It will pass," was the comment of those at all interested. Perhaps it might have passed, too. But fate intervened in the grim, horrible form of murder! And Kelly's life was linked with hers in a chain of dramatic events that forged their love into a romantic Gibraltar that nothing could break. Together they went through the hell of third degrees—together they stood trial—together they went to prison. Long months of separation. He in his gray cell. She in hers. He with his thoughts. She with hers. What are prison walls against thoughts like theirs? Tragedy nourished their love, and fertilized it, until it flowered in the wilderness of their desolation.

On the morning of the night that split Kelly's world asunder he had signed a long term contract for featured roles and eventual stardom with what is now the RKO studios. The next morning that contract was void, for the newspapers instead of announcing his good fortune proclaimed his doom. The (Continued on page 108)

READ HOW THESE ONCE HAPPY MEN HAVE SUFFERED A VERY HELL ON EARTH

... A "second Garbo"?
Or coldly intellectual?
Or warm and friendly?
Here's the truth



Above, you see Elissa in three poses, three moods. Perhaps you have conflicting ideas of what she's really like; here's your chance to find out. (Left) As the energetic Amazon in her latest, "The Warrior's Husband."

By CAROLINE
SOMERS HOYT



SUPPOSE we clear up this confusion about Elissa Landi once and for all.

You've heard that she was "a second Garbo"—moody and apart from the world.

You've heard that she was an intellectual—cold and brooding.

But you may also have heard that she likes people, that she has many friends and that nothing delights her so much as a good lusty argument.

So how can you reconcile all these things and get a good clear picture of this woman?

I think that the first thing you should know about her—and something that has not been written before—is what she did very recently when she was told that she

"didn't have the stuff of which stars are made" and that her contract was not to be renewed.

She had been in a very peculiar position at her studio. When she was signed nobody on the west coast had ever seen her. But she was foreign—Austrian, born in Italy and had an English husband—she had a trick name and the Garbo craze was at its height. So, entirely unbeknown to Elissa (and much to her amazement, she told me later) she discovered herself being hailed as "the new Garbo."

And as "the new Garbo" she found herself being tossed into roles that suited her not at all. But because she was being paid a large salary and thought that certainly the studio knew what it wanted, she took these roles and played them as well as she could.

But, at the box office, she was more or less a failure.

And the next thing she knew she heard that her contract was not to be renewed.

FOR a minute she was staggered. Then she began to make her plans. She liked Hollywood, but she could leave it. Of course, she had just bought and furnished a beautiful home which it would hurt her to give up—but if it were necessary she could leave that. Yes, she



DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ELISSA LANDI?

could write and compose music and get along.

Then, suddenly, the whole situation made her mad. Why should she leave just because she had not been given the right parts? Why should she be forced to give up her picture career simply because nobody at the studio seemed to know what she could do?

Elissa was mad—the cold, brooding (you supply the rest of the adjectives they've tacked on to her) Elissa had her dander up, so she found one of the studio head men and made him listen to her.

"Look here," she said, "however did this business start about my being a second Garbo?"

The studio official was a bit confused. He actually didn't know—and said so.

"Did anybody ever see me on the stage? Did anybody ever take the trouble to discover what I am really like and what I can really do before the camera? I'm anything but cold and distant. I'm anything but perpetually tragic. I'm anything but aloof.

"On the contrary I am vitally interested in all human relationships. I like people. I like laughing. I could never be silent and apart.

"I hope I'm not like anybody but myself—but certainly for screen purposes, if I must be like somebody, I'm much more Gaynor than Garbo.

"I won't keep on playing these aloof women—these creatures detached from life. Garbo can do them beautifully, but I can't. They're not right for me and certainly—as your box office receipts have shown you—they're not right for you."

She left the office in a burst of spirit. She left

the executive a little dizzy. Maybe Miss Landi was right!

And that's why Elissa Landi has not gone the way of all the other "like-Garbo" girls. That's why you saw her as the beautiful and virtuous Christian girl in "Sign of the Cross." That's why you saw her playing a straight leading lady role in "The Masquerader." And that's why you'll be seeing her as the energetic Amazon in "The Warrior's Husband."

And, more important, that's why she was kept on at the studio instead of dropped from the list of stars.

I KNOW Elissa well. The hours I have spent talking to her are hours that I treasure, but I find it very hard to analyze her.

Just for a minute I want you to look within yourself and tell me something. Can you possibly characterize yourself? Can you possibly say, "I am this" or "I am that"? Don't you find that as you say, "I have a quick temper" you discover that there were many times when you might—with just cause—have become angry and didn't?

I'm having just that sort of trouble characterizing Elissa. For the more intelligent you become the more complex you are and I'll wager that if you look into your own heart you will find conflicting emotions, varied ideas and warring ambitions.

So it is with Elissa.

But there's one thing that I do know about her—and that's definite.

She is essentially a feminine (*Continued on page 107*)



THE MOVIES SEARCH FOR BEAUTY . . . !

All these stars—Robert Young, Helen Hayes, Franchot Tone, Katharine Hepburn, Mary Pickford, Bruce Cabot, Garbo, John Boles, Joan Crawford—all of them are considered the best in masculine or feminine perfection of beauty. Yet, really, if you analyze their features, not all of them are truly beautiful or handsome in the classic acceptance of such things. What, then, is beauty? Can one define it?



... There's a big contest on for new faces in the movies—beautiful faces. But—what constitutes real beauty? It's something more than regular features. See what this famous author of the novel, "Beauty," says on this subject

By FAITH BALDWIN



WHEN I was a little girl, I loved very much those stories of Grimm and Andersen in which a benevolent genie figured prominently in the plot. You remember such a genie would appear out of thin air and ask this magic question: "Which would you rather have—great beauty, great brilliance, or great fame?" All of us read stories like those—and though many little girls may have piously stated (out loud) that they would prefer to be clever, they always made a secret wish to a secret good genie for great beauty.

Beauty! It rarely endures, it can as often be a curse as well as a blessing. Many of its rewards are empty. And yet—

In this era people talk about the importance and desirability of brains. And yet—

The relentless search for beauty goes on. And most women, if given a wish by some good genie, would choose beauty.

"That is all very well," you say. "A nice game for children to play. But there are no genies outside of Grimm and Andersen. I am not beautiful and wishing will not make me so. Don't be silly."

Wait. Listen.

I recently wrote a book which is to be transferred to the screen by M-G-M. The title is "Beauty" and the theme is beauty; women's beauty, and their relentless and restless quest for beauty. And just today I met with two gentlemen eminent in the arts in order to formulate some rules by which beauty may be recognized and regarded.

For now, Paramount is staging a beauty contest. It includes all the English speaking countries in its scope. From the contestants, the fifteen most beautiful young women and the fifteen handsomest young men will be chosen. When the thirty have been selected, they will go to Hollywood and receive motion picture contracts. Then, from these thirty, the loveliest girl and the handsomest man will be selected. They will be put under contract to Paramount and receive a money prize, besides. Then a picture will be made which will be called "In Search of Beauty."

But this is the important point:

The judges in this contest have decided that charm and poise, symmetry and grace, are to be rated just as high as classic perfection of feature.

I am glad of that. And most interested to see the outcome of this contest.

I think it will be a very unusual contest. A very sane one. And a great inspiration to girls and women everywhere. I will tell you why.

That it is different is obvious. Ordinarily, mere pretti-

ness wins the beauty contests oftener than true beauty. It is sane because, after all, the movies do not demand actual, conventional beauty as much as they do charm, originality, distinction. And it is an inspiration to us all because it will show us the superior merits of charm, originality and distinction (which can be acquired and cultivated) over conventional beauty, which one must be born with.

LET us consider the stars. They number pretty girls and good looking men galore. How many of them are truly beautiful? I cannot think of one who is, in the classic sense, beautiful.

We *think* a certain star is beautiful. Or handsome. For various reasons. Perhaps because that star reminds you of someone you have loved or admired. At this moment, I am free to confess that Franchot Tone attracts me because he reminds me very much of the first youngster to whom I gave my seventeen-year-old affections.

In point of excellent features and charm as well, I should nominate Ramon Novarro, Robert Young and John Boles for a place of honor. Yet—consider Gary Cooper. His rangy, poker-face good looks conform to no classic pattern. And we call him "handsome."

Bruce Cabot has a regularity of feature which should earn him a place in this particular galaxy. But so, when I come to think of it, in his own very peculiar fashion, has George Raft, yet I doubt if anyone would call him really handsome. And two men who exert really great charm on the screen are by no means actually good looking. One is Lee Tracy and the other is Pat O'Brien.

Among female stars there's Garbo. Those who adore her believe her the most beautiful woman of our generation. Those who dislike her point out that her cheekbones are too high. That her mouth is too wide . . . her expression is too remote, it lacks warmth. Yet in some strange fashion she impersonates that intangible thing—beauty. Her so-called doubles and imitators haven't it—they never will have.

Other stars give "the illusion of beauty," too, in widely different ways. Mary Pickford—genuine sweetness, and a gentle strength. Marion Davies—warmth. Joan Crawford, with her expressive, mobile features, has great power to move us. Katharine Hepburn—modern, yet exotic, too. Helen Hayes. I do not believe that any one can judge any of these stars by accepted standards. They are not "beautiful" but they *are* beauty.

I tell you the man or woman who can come out on the stage or screen and wring your heart and stir your imagination has something more important than beauty. And more inspiring. For it makes (Continued on page 79)

WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND

By WALTER RAMSEY

AFTER a very thorough check-up among husbands who have failed in Hollywood, I am no longer surprised that so many of their marriages end in the divorce court.

Actually, I am amazed that many of them last as long as they do. Nor do I mean to sound ungallant. From that very excellent source (the husbands themselves) it is learned that the lovely ladies of stardom are not to blame that their mates have been unable to click in that sub-glorified state: "Hollywood Husband." It is, apparently, not the fault of the stars . . . but of *stardom*!

Listen, all you red-blooded men out there:

How would *you* like to be the head of a household in which the servants never referred to your wife by any other than her maiden name?

How would *you* like to have \$85,000.00 in Liberty Bonds in your own right . . . and then have someone sneer because you spend the afternoon playing polo while your star-wife is working?

How would *you* like to pick up a newspaper only to find that the reporters *insist* that your wife is **STILL** rumored to be in love with her former leading man?

Would it just tickle you pink to take your lovely "Little Woman" on a European honeymoon . . . only to have the manager of a Paris hotel present *her* with the bill?

Wouldn't it be just ducky to be in the frame of mind to do a little steppin' out—get theater tickets, arrange for a romantic table at the Co-

conut Grove and then, perfectly delighted with the surprise in tow, return home to find that Mrs. Star was already in bed after a hard day at the studio?

The aforementioned trials and tribulations are but a few of the stumbling blocks we encountered in that large, and rapidly enlarging, field of gentlemen who have found that it takes considerable more than *they* have to remain the husband of a star! Strangely enough, no two of the mates agree on just *what* it takes. Edward Hillman (just recently relieved of the embarrassment of being merely the husband of Marian Nixon) was not tripped by the same hurdle that sprawled Lydell Peck (formerly of Gaynor-and-Peck). Doug Jr.'s, Ralph Forbes' and Harry Bannister's complaints are all different. If at times, the findings appear slightly contradictory . . . don't blame us or the husbands. It's the business!

TO all outward appearances, Edward Hillman has the popular attributes that go to make up a movie-star husband. Most of us have been laboring under the idea that it takes a rich man to be successfully married to a star. Eddie most certainly qualifies there. His income, from a trust fund, amounts to that of a Hollywood star. He is young . . . social and sociable . . . and quite pleasant to look upon even when judged by Hollywood standards. But Eddie says that the money, in itself, is about as important to a successful Hollywood Husband as an extra hand or foot. He says that what it took in his case



It wasn't his fault.



He couldn't see working.



It was too humiliating.



If only he hadn't been a star.

Why is it so many men cannot find happiness married to a movie star?



She tried her best.



She wanted him to work.



In no way to blame.



If only she hadn't been a star.

The Hollywood husbands whose marriages have failed tell you here the reasons for their failure. Talking recently with Ben Lyon, who has the distinction of being one of the few successful Hollywood husbands, he told me what he thought about the requirements for happy marriage in Hollywood, the requirements for a successful husband.

He gave me two rules, rather reluctantly, because he felt that they were so simple that perhaps they were "too easy." But they are sound. "*Never argue at the same time.*"

Both he and Bebe, he said, like most humans, are capable of irritability. But if one of them comes home from the studio, perplexed by a thousand problems, annoyed by some unfortunate inconvenience, ready for an argument, the other one will under no circumstances join in that argument. It's a rule that they stick to relentlessly—and it works.

"*Never do anything under any circumstances which might humiliate your partner.*"

Ben said: "I can depend on Bebe—and she on me. And now the rule includes never to do anything that at any time in the future would cause humiliation to our daughter."

Well, of course, it sounds easier than it is because neither rule is possible unless both parties are intelligent, controlled people, sincerely eager to work toward the common end: a permanent marriage.

—THE EDITOR.

were a couple of things he was minus: . . . plenty of grin-and-bear-it and (most of all) a *job!*

"Grin and bear it . . ." mused Eddie, "I'll never forget the funny feeling I had when, in Paris on our honeymoon, the clerk at the hotel made out our bill for two-weeks-stay and presented it to Marian! Believe me, it was the first time any such amazing experience had happened to me. At first I was furious. I wanted to tear up the bill and the clerk into little bits. But Marian was only amused. She pointed out that the poor fellow must have been led by previous experience to believe that this was the correct procedure with Movie Star and . . . husband. When my anger wore away I was humiliated and embarrassed. I put on such a scene that I honestly think Marian went out of her way after that to see that *I* got the bills."

EDDIE, clad in a lounging robe, was sitting in the large den of the home in Beverly Hills which he now occupies alone (after an arrangement to rent it from Marian for \$10,000 a year). The hour was eleven A. M. but I don't think Eddie had been long awake. Late morning sleeping is one of those delightful privileges of a millionaire—but from Eddie's rueful remarks, I gathered that this little habit is not at all conducive to ideal Hollywood marital relations.

From the beginning of their married life, Marian had wanted Eddie to go to work. "Marian once said that it didn't make any difference if

I started with a peanut stand . . . just so I *started*. But one thing was difficult for her to understand: the greatest incentive in the world for working is the remuneration received . . . that is, unless the work is of an artistic nature and done merely for the love of it. I'm not an artist. Nor do I know what the average peanut stand will bring in . . . but I don't think it is anything comparable to my present income. Therefore, robbed of the proper incentive, I kept putting off my advent into Big Business.

"This meant that I was at home a great many hours of the day that the regular husband spends in his office. I have heard," and here Eddie grinned, "that women do not like men around the house in the day time. Perhaps if Marian hadn't been an actress . . . had not been a salary earner . . . my leisure time might not have annoyed her so greatly. Marian was used to a world of people who are almost in a nervous breakdown of activity most of the time. Naturally, I can judge only by my brief experience as the husband of a movie star . . . but if I were to name any one requirement to that estate it would be: *the necessity of having a job.*"

But Lydell Peck, recently divorced by Janet Gaynor, had a job!

HE had been, before marrying petite Janet a well-known Coast lawyer. His social standing was impeccable. When his marriage brought him to Hollywood he stepped into an important (*Continued on page 93*)

Read what those men themselves have to say on this important subject

CONGRATULATIONS, BOB!

PICTURE

THEY'RE FRIENDS AGAIN



(Above) Robert Montgomery and John Meehan a few moments after Baby Elizabeth Montgomery was born. What, Bob, no cigars? (Below) When Rose Shattuck married Margaret Ettinger, Mary Pickford and Jetta Goudal were among the famous guests.

(Above) Alice White and Cy Bartlett just will have their little quarrels and—of course—their reconciliations. Just now they're together again. (Below) Ben Lyon entertaining Hedda Hopper. This was shot just before Ben and Bebe started on their European trip.

These pictures by J. B. Scott—

STARS AT BIG WEDDING



THIS ISN'T A ROMANCE



NEWS....!

TURNING TO OLD FLAME?



(Above) Winslow B. Felix, John Farrow, Maureen O'Sullivan, Lois Wilson and Gloria Swanson. Since Maureen and Jimmie Dunn busted up, Maureen has been going places with Farrow. (Below) Florence Rice and Phillips Holmes—did you hear rumors they're wed?

—MODERN SCREEN'S Exclusive Cameraman

SECRETLY MARRIED, MAYBE



ARE THEY THAT WAY?



Glenda Farrell and Gene Raymond at the races. Hollywood believes that the two are sort of romancing, as it were. (Below) Silent stars get together for a little reunion. Gloria Swanson, Monte Blue and Eileen Percy. The town is welcoming Gloria back heartily.

SILENT STARS REMINISCE



MORE PICTURE NEWS!

THEY'RE TOGETHER AGAIN



(Above) Weldon Heyburn and Greta Nissen have patched up their matrimonial quarrels. That's Billie Burke's young Gloria with them. (Below) Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres at the Beverly Wilshire. Only girl Lew's noticed since his divorce.

BILL GARGAN AND MRS. G.



(Above) Meet Mrs. Gargan, Boulevarding with her husband, William. They were shopping for baby clothes. (Below) Claudette Colbert and her part-time—but much adored—husband, Norman Foster, at their Malibu Beach house. Look happy, don't they?

WHAT! GINGER AND LEW?



SUCH A HAPPY COUPLE!



Portraits



Here is a picture of Janet Gaynor and Henry Garat, whom you will see together in "Adorable." We'll tell you about Garat first, since he's a newcomer. He is a Frenchman, and he was imported especially for the above named picture. (Perhaps you saw him previously in "Congress Dances" with Lilian Harvey.) He is married—to a dancer. He is an expert ice-skater—quite famous on the Continent. His weakness is a beautiful black Chrysler, the body of which he designed himself. Now, as for Janet—she's very quiet these days. She has a home in Honolulu and plans to vacation there with her mother after doing "Paddy," which follows "Adorable." She and Garat are great friends.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

With "The Adopted Father" playing around now, George Arliss has just completed his last picture for Warners. This is "Voltaire," a story—written by Mr. Arliss himself—based upon the life of the famous historical wit. Incidentally, this picture is one of the most lavish that Mr. Arliss ever appeared in. He has already left for England and he may possibly retire permanently from pictures. This is not definite, however. His favorite exercise is walking.



Miriam Hopkins' next picture will be "Stranger's Return"— she is being loaned to M-G-M for this. Also in it will be Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Lionel Barrymore. After that, Miriam will spend a vacation on her peaceful apple farm in Connecticut which she adores. The Hopkins lass leads a quiet life, devoting all her spare time to Michael, her adopted child. Her favorite sports are tennis and she also has a fondness for the bicycle. She invariably travels by airplane.



Photograph by William Grimes

Robert Montgomery's latest is "When Ladies Meet," the important M-G-M production taken from the stage play by Rachel Crothers—the production, incidentally, for which Ann Harding was loaned to M-G-M by RKO. The Robert Montgomerys are rejoicing over the advent of Baby Elizabeth. Bob's favorite hobbies are polo and photography. He is also a fiend for good music and has a large collection of fine European records. He's very economical these days.



If you saw Lionel Barrymore's "Sweepings," you must have noticed this pretty dark girl, whose name is Helen Mack. "Sweepings" was really her first break, even though she's been in pictures for four months. RKO has high hopes for her now. You'll see her in "Melody Cruise" next. She's an all-round little person. Knows everyone on the lot from the carpenters up. She lives with her family. Trots around with William Janney occasionally.



Photograph by Freulich

Zasu Pitts recently finished "Out All Night." She is now at work on "Salt Water," in which she appears once again opposite Slim Summerville. Zasu made the amazing amount of thirty-eight pictures in the past twelve months. Eric Von Stroheim considers her the greatest tragedienne on the screen. The producers, however, seem to differ on Eric's opinion. Although the Pitts lass lives next to Garbo she has never seen the Swedish secret. She has two children.



Photograph by Bert Longworth

You wouldn't know this red-headed Irishman, James Cagney, off-screen. So quiet. Low voice, nice manners. No pugnacious didoes such as he cuts up on the screen. He is very devoted to his family. All the Cagneys pool their earnings. Jimmie plays the piano quite well and his favorite books are biographies. He and the missus are very much in love. There's never a scandalous rumor about a Cagney. His most recent picture is "The Mayor of Hell."

Why this RICHARD was accused of suicide



Immediately to the right is a close-up of the ring which caused Richard Cromwell's name to be listed on the hospital records as "an attempted suicide" a while ago.



By ALICE
EDWARDS

FOR a moment Richard Cromwell's grave young face bent intently over the strange crested ring on his well-shaped hand. Then his gravity crinkled suddenly into his most engaging smile as he snapped it open and held it toward me.

"It happened when I was a student at Chouinard Art School. I was working terribly hard, not only on my painting, but every minute I was not studying and sketching I had to be earning something to keep me off the bread line.

"I was just crazy about a girl in my sketching class named Betty, the prettiest thing you ever saw. In India—during a round-the-world trip—she had bought a ring supposed to have been made for some old Maharajah or other, with a secret compartment containing a secret potion to deal instant death to any one on whom he wished to bestow it. I suppose it was usually handed to one of his unruly wives.

"Anyway, I thought the girl was so perfect and the ring so imposing that I borrowed it and had one made like it, with the same secret compartment. Only I thought mine should have a crest or a coat of arms, whatever you call it. I was just a kid and didn't know the difference. I drew a fancy one of my own, not having time to dig one up anywhere, and put a bar sinister across the face of it to make it more impressive and realistic.

"You never saw a prouder kid in your life. I showed

it to every one I met when it came back from the jeweler's. I always pointed out the bar as being something extra special in the design until some one called my attention to the fact that the bar sinister is put on a coat of arms only when it is worn by the illegitimate child of a king. Perhaps I wasn't quite so cocky after that!

I PERSUADED Betty to give me half the powder out of her ring and she told me I would have to stop opening and shutting the snap if I wanted to keep it in. It gave me a powerful feeling—as if I'd slipped back into the middle ages—that king's crest, and knowing that one little flip of that spring might bring instant death to any one it touched. Each time I thought of it, I'd finger the seal and think, 'Look what I could do if I wanted to.'

"It cheered me a lot when the boss at the fountain where I worked was cranky. I wondered if he'd boss me quite so hard if he knew I were a king's son. I fed it to him in my mind once or twice when he laid me out because his business was poor, or he'd had a bad breakfast, or a fight with his wife. I ate there, awful meals, gulped between errands for I was just a slavey around there. Cockroaches—dirt—. It was awful, but I was young—.

"After I'd gone back to school one day after lunch I had a sinking dizzy feeling, sudden blindness and terrible pains in my stomach. I was working on a painting for an exhibit. I wanted awfully to (Continued on page 88)



By ANGUS
FARRELL

THE company was excited with the sharp, suppressed excitement of impending death. It was always that way when Nomis was to do a stunt. Every time this greatest of his odd trade was to perform one of his astounding feats, everyone—from the lowliest prop boy to the star for whom Nomis perhaps was doubling—stood around trying to appear casual while a young man once more thumbed his broken nose defiantly at the gods.

His first name was Leo, and on this day, twelve years ago, one young fellow thought how appropriate that the Nomises should have labeled their son "The Lion." For Leo, garbed in a driver's outfit and seated behind the wheel of a racing car, was absolutely lion-like in the strong, poised manner in which he awaited the time for his hazardous stunt. He was, in fact, reading a book.

Our young man could like a guy like that—one who could sit quietly reading during the, perhaps, last few minutes he had in this life. It made him feel safer, settled the queasy sensation roiling the pit of his stomach. For our young man was to accompany the quiet Mr. Nomis on his, perhaps, death ride.

Not that the kid was scared. He'd been around. No one was making him get in that go-fast with the famed stunt man. He was doing so because, after kicking around a bit after leaving his home town of Minneapolis, he had drifted to Hollywood—and the movies. And this oppor-

Why this
RICHARD
won't go up
in an airplane



Immediately left is Leo Nomis, the stunt man with whom Richard Arlen—then Richard Van Mattimore—made his movie debut. Later Richard was there when Leo died—

tunity might be the golden one that would set him securely in the fascinating business of making pictures that move.

So young Dick Van Mattimore stood looking at Leo Nomis, thinking what the next few minutes might mean to him. If the stunt went awry—death. If it went well—perhaps other jobs with this great Paramount outfit. Perhaps to the point where he could show them that he wasn't just an athlete, but an actor as well—

Dick went over to the waiting Nomis. "Hi," he said. "I'm Van Mattimore—riding with you."

Nomis looked up from his book at the handsome youngster standing beside the car. Dick grinned that friendly grin which the world was to know well in the ten years that were to ensue. The stunt man smiled back and said: "Climb in, kid, and let's be about it."

Just before they skipped away from the front of a train that was going very, very fast—as the big thrill in this road race—Nomis said casually: "You've played games—this is a game. It's all a matter of timing, just like football. If you get the feeling, just before we get to the tracks, that we aren't going to make it—jump. I'll do the same."

"Right," said Dick, and respectfully.

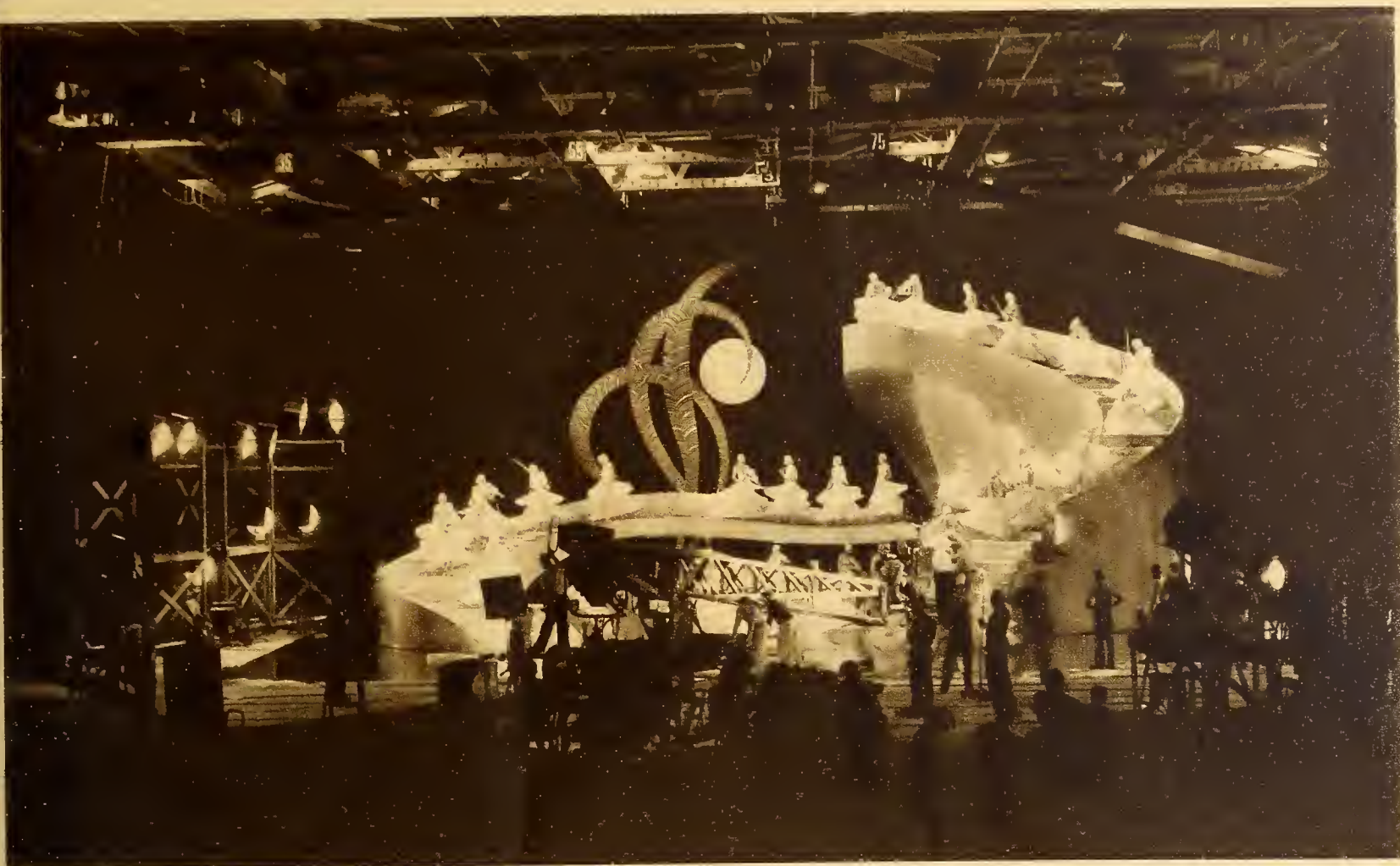
Leo's luck held and they made it. They missed the train by the required number of inches, and death didn't ride that day. But Nomis fatalistically knew that the dark fellow was to be a pas- (Continued on page 113)

Oh, it's a great show that Warner Brothers has made! The huge cast includes Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Warren William, Ginger Rogers, Dick Powell, Aline MacMahon and Glenda Farrell. (Immediately right) Joan Blondell, snapped on the set, in her coin costume. (Further right) Warren William and Ginger Rogers in a bit of byplay. (Below) Dance instructor Busby Berkeley gives Leslie Howard and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.,—visiting on the set—a violin lesson of a sort.



BACKSTAGE WITH THE





GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933



(Above) This just shows you how big those sound stages are. That is one of the most spectacular scenes of the show. The girls' costumes are very effective—three swirling tiers of wired white material. (Left) Ruby Keeler, in a white wig, Dick Powell and instructor Berkeley, rehearsing. (Further left) Ruby, Dick and Joan in a cute scene. The tremendous success of "Forty-Second Street"—and the success of Ruby and Dick in it—has been responsible for "Gold-diggers," you know.

BUCK JONES' RIDE



(Above) The Jones family—a picture taken several years ago of his daughter Maxine, Buck and Mrs. Buck. (Right) Buck's horse, Silver, is helping his master and mistress read their favorite fan magazine.

... His pre-movie and early movie days. The break that brought him fame and fortune. The venture that spelled disaster. And how he came out of it successfully

B y W A L T E R
R A M S E Y



J. B. Scott

THE small boy's favorite actor, Buck Jones, was born Charles Gebhart, the youngest of a quite distressingly poor Indiana farming family. That poverty never meant sordidness nor dullness for young Buck, however. His early years were crammed with all the outdoor fun youngsters adore. Except for school, which he despised, and which he left after the fourth grade, to "hire out" to a neighboring farmer. One year there, then the family moved to Oklahoma, to struggle with 1350 homestead acres. Buck "hired out" again—this time to the great 101 Ranch, as an honest-to-goodness cowboy. He was about fifteen at the time—and it was then that he saw a dollar bill for the first time in his life! (His folks had always done business "in kind.") For the first time, too, he heard tell of city life. And caught the urge to "see for himself." So he journeyed to Indianapolis—to the race track and worked as a test driver for a year. When trouble broke out with the Indians in North Dakota, Buck joined the Army and helped settle the row. Then he went to the Philippines, to punish one of the fierce island tribes. Out of the service once more, he returned to 101 Ranch—which shortly put out a traveling show. A very excited Buck landed in New York, saw Madison Square Garden for the first time, and discovered with wonder that the place was big enough to run two other shows simultaneously with his own! He dropped in on one of the other shows. There was a girl riding a horse in a ring. Sissy stuff! But Buck allowed she was right pretty. Then the girl began to *really* ride. Buck's jaw dropped a foot, his heart turned over a couple of times, and he left the Garden

head over heels in love with a blond circus performer named Odille Osborne.

THREE days later, he told her so. And she, too, it seems, had fallen a victim to love at first sight.

Buck married Odille Osborne in Lima, Ohio, a year later. The only reason for the delay was the fact that they were traveling with rival circuses. It was a year filled with long separations, while Dell (as Buck calls her) traveled with her circus, and Buck returned to the Miller Ranch after the 101 Circus had disbanded. (It was a Mr. Miller who owned the 101 Ranch.) But the place had lost a lot of its zest for Buck. His brief fling in New York, coupled with the fact that he was deeply in love for the first time in his life, made him restless with "the great open spaces." However, he worked and did manage to scrape together \$350. With this magnificent stake toward domestic happiness, he wired Dell he was meeting her in Lima. They were married in the

THROUGH LIFE

office of a Justice of the Peace a certain balmy morning in June.

Dell had deserted her show and there was apparently no place for the newlyweds to go except back to the Miller Ranch. Dell adored the ranch life. They rode morning, noon and night over the boundaries of Miller's properties. They had no money to speak of, but they were absurdly happy. "A ranch is a grand place to begin married life," grinned Buck. "Maybe that is the reason Dell and I have managed to stay married so long, even in spite of Hollywood. We got off to the right start."

They might have remained in their particular paradise forever and settled down to a life of ranching of their own, if a phenomenon in the person of a certain Mr. Guy Schultz had not returned to the ranch from Chicago in a blaze of glory and affluence. Mr. Schultz had previously been a "cowhand" on the Miller ranch. After a brief six weeks' visit to Chicago he returned "a bloated millionaire" with a \$2,000 bankroll to his credit, a diamond stick pin and, wonder of wonders, a *tuxedo*! Nor did Mr. Schultz take his triumphs calmly. He had, it seemed, been engaged in the lucrative business of "breaking in horses" for the French Government (then making purchases for the French Cavalry from the stockyards of Chicago) and it was Mr. Schultz's private opinion that any "cowhand" who didn't get up to Chicago and "cut in on the gravy" was a two-way combination of a sap and a boob.

This gave Buck an idea. Along with Dell and under the expert guidance of Mr. Schultz, he landed in Chicago to help himself to the "gravy."

MR. SCHULTZ had not over-estimated the racket. Riders who exhibited the horses to the French Government officials received as high as \$50 per day and oftentimes \$100. Naturally, only the most expert of riders were trusted for the job as it was necessary that the horse be mounted to the best advantage to show off his good points. Some of the horses were good . . . and some were merely old. When a rider could exhibit an "old"

J. B. Scott



(Left) The front of Buck's present home, just outside Hollywood. (Above) Looking scared to death of the camera. This was taken in his early picture days.





(Left) Outside the Jones stable. Mrs. Buck is on the left. And Maxine (quite a young lady now) on the right. (Below) Buck has played in one non-Western picture—"Child of Manhattan" with Nancy Carroll.



J. B. Scott

horse to look young . . . then is when he rated \$100 at the end of the day.

"When I think of some of the old nags we managed to sell to the French Government," Buck roared with laughter when he recalled this adventure of his life, "it makes me think that we are just about even with them . . . even if they didn't pay their war debt interest. I remember one old Dobbin they bought, which I rode, who could hardly get around the exhibition ring. But they purchased her at a very fancy price. The minute we unsaddled her she dropped dead of old age! That was just too bad for the French Government. She had been purchased . . . and she was their property!"

By the time the French Government had completed their cavalry purchases, Buck and Dell had a bank account sufficient to finance their newest idea—which was a riding exhibition circus of their own in which they would be the star performers. They invested a part of their capital in two very splendid "show horses" and one pack horse and started out over the country. Dell was a splendid trick rider and Buck was far famed for his roping.

Their life became one tank town after the other through the Dakotas and Montana. They would get a newspaper and see where there was going to be a County Fair . . . and then immediately hit for it. Their show consisted of exhibiting their own proud horses and then taking "dares" on any local bucking animal that the farmers could bring out. The money was collected by passing the hat . . . and the farmers were willing to pay quite generously for any rider that could remain on the back of their own particular spitfire. Once Buck was seriously hurt. Never had he encountered such an animal as came into his experience in a certain little town in Montana. Neither man nor devil could have ridden him. The neighboring farmers had promised him \$300 if he could stay on the animal for five minutes. Buck was going great and getting plenty of applause when his wild-cat suddenly collided with another horse in the ring and threw Buck between them. He was unconscious for several hours . . . but so pleased were the sportsmen at Buck's exhibition before the accident took place that they insisted he take the reward money.

So successful had their summer been that Buck and Dell planned to repeat the experience the following year. But a telegram from the Ringling Brothers Circus offering Buck a job with the Big Time was too tremendous

to turn down. The following Spring found them headed in the direction of Santa Barbara on the West Coast with the Big Show.

BUT Fate, and the expected advent of an heir in the family decreed that their circus experience should be very brief. Because it was no longer possible for his wife to travel, Buck left the Big Top in Los Angeles. They rented a small apartment on Lakeshore for \$12.00 per month, intending to stay there only until the heir was born. But both Buck and Dell reckoned without the leading industry of Los Angeles . . . the movies!

Most of the important climaxes of Buck's life have occurred because he "happened to meet a fellow he knew on the street." The start of his career in the movies was no exception to this rule. The street, in this case, was Sunset Boulevard, and the "fellow he happened to run into" was a gentleman by the name of Shorty . . . a former pal from the circus. Shorty said he was working out at Universal Studio, and invited Buck to come out with him the next day and "see how movies are made."

When Buck arrived at the Universal Studio his utter contempt for Shorty's new found profession knew no limit! Shorty, it seemed, was taking the part of a "shepherd" in a film, and shepherders are to cowboys just exactly what the dust is to the chariot wheel . . . only less. Buck grieved that Shorty should have sunk so low in the human scale. When the director of the picture, a man named Henry McCreary, asked Buck if he, too, would care to interpret the role of a shepherd in the name of Art, Buck was so insulted he strode off the set without answering. Shorty ran after him. "Don't be a fool," he yapped at Buck's stamping boots. "They pay you five dollars a day for this work. After all, it's only play acting. You don't have to really 'tend the sheep. Lots of artists out here do things they wouldn't think of doing in real life. It's acting," screamed Shorty.

There was only one part of Shorty's argument that impressed Buck. That was the reference to the five beautiful dollars paid daily to men who would debase their calling by even pretending to 'tend sheep. He figured that such a disgraceful job was worth not a cent less. He needed money—needed it for Dell and the little girl who arrived a month after Buck made his debut in the movies—as a shepherd.

For several months, under (Continued on page 99)

WHATEVER BECAME OF ANITA STEWART?

By
KATHERINE
ALBERT



WHEN I first started to write this series about the former favorites the editor of MODERN SCREEN said to me, "Where are you going to find all these people? They must be scattered all over the face of the world."

"I don't believe it," I said. "I'll wager that ninety percent of them are right in Hollywood, hoping and praying that they'll get back in pictures."

So far this has proven true. But in the case of Anita Stewart it's half right and half wrong. She's in Hollywood, but she's not hoping and praying that she'll get back in pictures. For Anita is doing fine, and—what's more—she's happy.

Most of them aren't. Most of them are sad and broke and gallantly pitiful as they tell their friends that they're going in a big picture "a week from Wednesday."

With Anita it's different.

True, she has had her heartaches but they're not the heartaches of a lost career—not now. Remember when Anita was the brightest star in the Louis B. Mayer sky? Remember when her salary was \$7,000 a week, at that time an unheard of sum? Remember her brilliant marriage to Rudy Cameron? And then the inevitable divorce? Then, suddenly, you stopped seeing Anita Stewart pictures and Louis B. Mayer, her producer, was concerned with the famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer merger and devoting his time to the building up of new stars.

What happened was the inevitable. Anita had served her usefulness on the screen. Her course was run. She had lasted longer than most and public interest waned. It's the same story. It happens every day in Hollywood.

But this waning in public interest, this persistent knowledge that perhaps the career game is up, devastates most stars. It did not devastate Anita because something more

... Remember her? As famous in her day as Greta Garbo is today. She is one of the few ex-stars who isn't yearning to come back. There's a reason for that

important and more heart-breaking than failing popularity came to occupy all her thought and take all her energy.

Her brother, whom she loves with a beautiful and tender devotion, became seriously ill. The state of his

health took all of Anita's time and attention. For awhile she tried to nurse him herself and then she saw that he needed expert care as much as he needed her sisterly devotion. She sent him to the best sanatorium that money could secure but she could not bear to send him too far away. He was—and is—close enough for her to visit him and cheer his days.

He has been ill for years. He still is, but never once during those years has Anita's devotion and loyalty waned. And, knowing how much of her heart is with him, the first question her friends ask her is, "And how is your brother?" And Anita's answer is always the same, "His health is not improved—but he, he is so cheerful and bright and so really wonderful."

So that was the cross Anita had to bear and that is why, with this to occupy her, her picture career was a small and puny worry. It is a tragic thing that her brother must be ill and yet that was the very thing that kept Anita from brooding over her career and becoming as pitiful as other stars, contemporaries of hers, who are no longer popular.

FOR, with the exception of the grief she feels over her brother, she is as happy as any prosperous youngish matron in any town in the world. Several years ago she married George Converse, a tall blond man with a powerful physique as well as charm and distinction of manner. His family are wealthy and cultured people and Converse, in his own right, is well-to-do. Their wedding was a simple and charming ceremony (Continued on page 90)



WHERE'S JEANNETTE?

She's in Europe, that's where. On a concert tour. But she'll be back—to do "The Cat and the Fiddle" and "The Merry Widow" on a new M-G-M contract. Above, you see her driving through an admiring crowd in Amsterdam.



(Left) Arriving in Amsterdam with fiancé Bob Richie. Some say they're married. (Further left) More crowd—the Hollanders were delighted to see this singing lady. (Above) "Look this way, please, Miss MacDonald." That's Bob again.



GLAMOR HOLLYWOOD'S AND YOURS



DIRECTED BY MISS MARGERY WELLS,
THESE DEPARTMENTS—WHICH MAKE
UP “A MAGAZINE WITHIN A MAGAZINE”
—BRING YOU EACH MONTH THE NEWEST
AND SMARTEST INFORMATION ABOUT
FASHION, BEAUTY AND THE HOME

Hats and gloves have formed an alliance. They match each other—in fabric and in style. Here, little Mary Carlisle has on a beret of crocheted silk and her gloves are of crocheted silk, too.

HOLLYWOOD CHARM GOSSIP

TRUST Joan Crawford to do the very new, the very exciting thing. Now it's her hair. She's given it a brand new twist. She's taken those shining locks she used to bring forward over her forehead slightly in a suggestion of a dip, and braided them, my dears! A sprightly schoolgirl braid. It goes down the side of her head, right through a wave, and is fluffed out at the ends. The perkier arrangement you ever saw—especially suited to these tantalizing top-o'-the-head hats!

● And have you heard about the Crawford coq feathers? Joan came into the Beverly-Wilshire the other evening with a shoulder cape and muff made of them and even the tops of her gloves were of the feathers. It was a dazzling ensemble. Franchot Tone, her escort, certainly thought so. . . .

The very next evening I saw her with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. (Why, certainly! Didn't you believe them when they said they intended to remain friends?) And he couldn't take his eyes off her! No wonder. She wore a white

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chiffon dress with a black printed design—a dress that was long and slinky through the middle and that burst out into huge ruffles over the shoulders and numerous ones at the bottom. *And every other ruffle was red.* Joan's gloves were of the chiffon, the same material as the dress.

● The latest word from the Hollywood fashion front: gloves of exactly the same fabric as the hat—or the costume. Clever? Extremely! Who should saunter into Sardi's for lunch the other day but Carole Lombard in her newest suit—one she designed herself—and you couldn't be sure where her sleeves ended and her gloves began. The coat is delightfully different. It's a typical Prince Albert; nipped in at the waist and swirling around the knees. If you're up on your Lombard history you'll know it's gray. A light pearl gray—that's the shade she simply dotes on. The skirt is straight as the proverbial bean-stalk and the hat is an amusing chechia shape in straw of a darker gray. Perfect with Carole's blond hair and gray eyes.

(Continued on page 85)

Frilly SUMMER STYLES

FOR THE HOT DAYS, PUT
AWAY TAILORED THINGS
AND GO FEMININE AND
ROMANTIC IN SUCH
ATTIRE AS YOU SEE HERE

On the left, Patricia Ellis is wearing an adorable frock of white organdie, with three graduated tucks at the flaring skirt, a wide belt of the organdie, and a flattering bow at the neckline. Now, on the opposite page—four perfect ducks of hats. (Top, left) Irene Ware, Fox player, has a wide white organdie hat, plain except for its simple bands of stitching. (Top, right) Irene also dotes on this flower hat of white violets. Flower hats are very smart. (Bottom, left) A perfect hat for summer daytime is Elizabeth Allan's. It's white panama with a navy band. (Bottom, right) Back come the flower garlands, as shown on Mary Carlisle's wide, shallow-crowned straw hat with its stiffened horsehair brim.



(Immediately right) Lillian Bond wears pajamas with a flair. Her green and white striped ones are backless and she wears a little bright green linen coat when she needs protection from the sun. Pajamas are good beach style for those with trim figures. They never grow tiresome. (Below) Irene Dunne knows her knitted style and has chosen a white corded bouclé suit this time. It is set off by contrasting bands of red in the cuffs and scarf and it is the sort of outfit that can be worn for sports or street all summer long.



(Above, right) Wynne Gibson shows us the shirtwaist frock in all of its best simplicity. Some girls are wearing nothing but this type of thing this summer. They should be made in pastel shades of silk, cotton or linen, with contrasting scarf necktie, either printed or plain. Wynne's shirtwaist dress is maize washable silk, with a brown-dotted maize silk tie and a wide brown suede belt.



2634—Patricia Ellis has modeled this frock and we have had a pattern of it made for you. Just the thing for really hot days in town. The cape can be buttoned to the dress or left to swing free. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 40.

2894—So easy to make! And it will cost next to nothing. White crêpe silk, cotton piqué, voile prints or linens are splendid. Sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17.

790—Isn't it smart? New square neckline and youthful bow-tied shoulders. Nice in any fairly firm cotton, linen weave or washing silk. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 40.



P A T T E R N S

IMPORTANT NOTICE

• Many of you have written for "our pattern book." Up to the present, there has been no MODERN SCREEN Pattern Book. But now there is (in response to your many requests)—and it's ready now and waiting for you. So, in addition to the star's pattern and the others we give you on this page each month, you may obtain a complete style book, too. Write to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Book, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Just send ten cents in stamps or coin—fifteen cents (coin only) if you live outside of the United States.

• Now, for the back views of these patterns and for instructions as to ordering them—please turn to page 110.

COOL AND CRISP AND CHIC ARE THESE FOUR FROCKS



BEAUTY ADVICE

By Mary Biddle

Above are two pictures of Ann Harding—the rather amazing one on the right was taken when she was starting her stage career. How much lovelier she looks today! (Below, on this and the opposite page) Ruth Chatterton, several years ago and today. See how her present off-the-face coiffure makes her large eyes even larger. (Above, opposite page) An old and new photo of Marian Nixon. Which coiffure is smarter?

THE merest glance at the pictures on these pages is enough to illustrate how much we have improved in recent years in our ideas of what is smart and what isn't in the way of hairdresses. Each one of these actresses looks younger today than she did when those older photos were taken. I think we have all learned the value of simplicity. Not only that—but many of us have advanced a great deal in our knowledge of hair health. We still have a long way to go, however, and that's why I'm writing this article.

I want you *all* to know how to take care of your own hair. Even if you can afford to have your shampooing and waving done at a good beauty shop, there are certain things that no beauty operator, no matter how expert, can do. She cannot give your hair the daily, careful attention that it needs, for one thing. And she can't understand your own hair problems and hair characteristics as you can if you'll take the trouble. I want to tell you a few things about the various types of hair this month—and how to deal with them.

Many girls don't even know what kind of hair they have. They try to make it do things that it just won't. They want their hair to look like their best girl friend's, when the girl friend may have fine, oily hair, and their own may be coarse and dry. There are certain kinds of



Globe Photo

IS YOUR HAIR UNMANAGEABLE, IN POOR HEALTH, UNATTRACTIVE?



Globe Photo



—Is your hair right . . . ?

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



hair which simply *won't* take a fingerwave. There are types on which the most artistic, expensive marcel is wasted. There are types—but let's stop generalizing.

Grab hold of a good sized wad of your own hair and squeeze it firmly. Then let go slightly. Does the hair resist your hand? Does it seem to want to spring back? Or does it meekly submit to the squeezing? The first type, if it is quite straight and fairly abundant, will *not* take a fingerwave. It will take a waterwave beautifully. It should not be marcelled. You see, there is decided *hidden* tendency to curl in this type of hair. But the hair is too strong for a fingerwave. The second type of hair is sometimes suited to fingerwaving. It probably has no natural curl whatever and none can be developed. It can be marcelled beautifully.

I HAVE just been walking around this office, pulling single hairs out of all the girls' heads. No, I haven't suddenly gone mad. I've just been trying to compare different types of fineness and coarseness in hair. I've found out some very interesting things. And I'll tell you about them.

One girl here has coarse, straight black hair. Usually, since the style is becoming to her, she wears it parted in the middle, smoothly brushed. (Continued on page 112)

DO YOU KNOW WHY? WELL, LEARN THE REMEDIES FROM THIS ARTICLE

OBJECT LESSON IN GOOD MANNERS



By Her Highness Princess Laure Murat

THE last time Claudette Colbert was in New York she asked me to tea. I'm delighted she did. I like to remember that late afternoon. Claudette has a graciousness and a sense of social responsibility encountered far too seldom in this hurried, selfish age.

And to my way of thinking graciousness and a sense of social responsibility are two of the most important things anyone can possess. They're the epitome of good manners.

What do I mean by social responsibility? Let me show you.

I arrived at Claudette's hotel suite to find her resting on a sofa that was drawn close to the fire. She was wearing tailored white flannel pajamas. She looked very chic. There were flowers everywhere.

"I'm apologizing," she said, extending her hand, "for not getting up. Doctor's orders. He insists I save all my energy for tomorrow when I leave for California. I'm so sorry. I thought surely I could be up today!"

"You should have telephoned us not to come," I protested.

"But I wanted you," she assured me warmly, "if you don't mind. . . . And when the doctor left less than an hour ago, really—it was too late to warn anyone."

An intimate friend presided over the tea-table.

"You see," Claudette joked, "I really planned this so I wouldn't have to pour, so I could lie back and have a beautiful time."

Tea was passed. There were paper thin strips of bread and butter. There was toast that was *hot* and jam and

marmalade. There was cream, lemon or orange slices, cloves or cherries for the tea. There were bowls of several popular brands of cigarettes. It was a pleasant party. *Not at all because of the cost.* Entirely because of the thought and consideration of varying tastes that had gone into its planning.

Claudette, by eager questions, started different guests talking about the things in which she knew them to be interested. I don't mean she forced enthusiasm upon us or that she jumped from one subject to another like a Jack-In-The-Box. I do mean, however, that she never monopolized the conversation herself but launched colorful, timely topics to turn them over to others. And that she did this adroitly.

Claudette, you see, is a wise enough young woman to know that people are likely to have the best time when they're doing the talking.

WE all stayed a considerable time. Which means, of course, that although Claudette received us from a sofa rather than telephone us not to come at the eleventh hour, that she did not allow us to feel we were taxing her strength by being there.

Looking back on that tea-party I'm sure it was when someone asked Claudette if she felt weary now that she was out of bed and dressed that she managed to reassure us on this score. She smiled, I remember, and shook her head.

"Not in the least," she said convincingly. "In fact I should have died if you all hadn't come. I was so bored and restless. My doctor's (Continued on page 101)

LEARN THE TRUE MEANING OF SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY FROM CLAUDETTE COLBERT

NO WASHDAY PROBLEM HERE! — by DALTON VALENTINE



"Rinso for whiter clothes — safely,"
say makers of these 40 famous washers

A B C	Cinderella	Haag	"1900"	Sunnysuds
American Beauty	Conlon	Horton	One Minute	Thor
Apex	Decker	Laundryette	Prima	Universal
Automatic	Dexter	Laundry Queen	Princess	Voss
Barton	Fairday	Magnetic	Rotarex	Westinghouse
Bee-Vac	Faultless	Meadows	Roto-Verso	Whirldry
Blackstone	Fedelco	Mengel	Savage	Woodrow
Boss	Gainaday	National	Speed Queen	Zenith

And for tub-washing — like magic!

Throw out your washboard. Say goodbye to scrubbing. Rinso's lively suds *soak* out dirt — clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Think how much money that saves!

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Rich, creamy suds — marvelous for dishes, too. Ask your grocer for Rinso — try it next washday.



The biggest-selling package soap in America



Royal Baking Powder

(Left) "A strawberry pie to please the eye"—and the palate, too, when it's made as the Modern Hostess tells you. (Right) The irrepressible Lee Tracy likes blackberry shortcake best. Made the old-fashioned way with a biscuit dough.



THE MODERN HOSTESS

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning

THE last hand of the rubber had been played, the scores added up and the three girls with whom we had been playing bridge were busy powdering, and applying lipstick, preparatory to going home.

"Oh, please don't go!" we implored. "The man of the house isn't coming home for dinner and I'm going to be alone."

"Come on home to dinner with me," said one of the girls. "That is, if you can get filled up on strawberry shortcake and coffee. My husband's idea of heaven is all the strawberry shortcake he can eat, and he asked me this morning not to have anything else for dinner! So that's all there's

going to be for our dinner tonight."

And that's all there was, too. We know, because we did go home with her and watched her husband put away twice as much shortcake as we did, though we did extremely well. And a man more delighted with his dinner we have never, never seen!

Now, don't go getting the idea we are recommending that you try this stunt on *your* husband—we mention it merely as an example of how much a man can like strawberry shortcake. Perhaps your particular men folks like other berry desserts better; Lee Tracy, for instance, prefers blackberry shortcake, made with good old-fashioned biscuit dough.

And while the blackberry shortcake you see Lee about to attack in the picture is an individual model, ornately embellished with whipped cream applied by the hand of a cook with an artistic temperament, Lee declared that in his opinion the ideal shortcake comes to the table in one big cake, swooning under great quantities of crushed berries, to be cut at the table into pie-shaped wedges. He thinks, too, that the whipped cream should be passed and each person allowed to help himself.

SOME people are against adding whipped cream to an already perfect shortcake," said Lee, "and I think people should be allowed to exercise their own judgment in such

weighty matters—let 'em have the freedom of the cream, if they want it!"

"Okay, Lee," we agreed, for we believe that people shouldn't be made to eat whipped cream on their shortcake any more than they are made to drink cream in their coffee. We are giving you a recipe in this month's folder for the kind of blackberry shortcake which Lee insists is the final word in shortcake excellence and we have a hunch that lots of people will prefer it without cream. Incidentally, while this recipe is for Lee's pet blackberry shortcake, we have on various occasions substituted raspberries, strawberries and sweetened fresh peaches and found it equally superb. And do the men like it? Well don't ask us, or Lee; just *try* it.

Next to blackberry shortcake Lee likes fresh strawberry pie. "None of your two-faced pies, either," stipulated Lee. "I want the nice open-faced kind that isn't ashamed to show the world what it's made of. The best strawberry pie I ever tasted," he went on with feeling, "had whole berries covered with a sort of shiny red something-or-other! You know what I mean?" he suggested hopefully.

Sure, we knew what he meant. He meant a strawberry tart, grown up to pie size, with the whole strawberries piled (Continued on page 94)

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 July, 1933, at no further cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

..... (City) (State)

DELICIOUS DESSERTS—INCLUDING LEE TRACY'S FAVORITE SHORTCAKE

Reviews

(Continued from page 8)

speed . . . slam-bang action . . . sex . . . plenty of laughs—we advise you to see this little opus by all means. Ben Lyon (reporter) starts out to cover a story about a woman bathing nude and the cash customers are treated to a few long shots of Claudette Colbert's torso! With that as a starter, we rapidly find how a reporter covers the waterfront . . . how Ernest Torrence smuggles in Chinese immigrants inside shark skins . . . and how tough a racket that is. Pile all these swell entertainment features on top of each other and you have a great little picture.

BONDAGE (Fox)

You're in for a surprise here. The cast sheet may not lure you, but the fine story plus Dorothy Jordan's swell performance makes this one worth seeing. As mistreated Judy Peters, she'll wring sympathy and tears from the most hard-hearted audience.

A very well directed and terrifically human story. See it, but leave the children at home.

LUCKY DOG (Universal)

Can you imagine Chic Sale minus his beard and specs? He appears "as is" in this flicker and you'll be surprised to see how young and nice looking he is.

This little heart-tugging drama deals with the strong friendship of a man and his dog. Chic does some good acting and Buster and his other dogs deserve the choicest bones in town for their swell performances.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warner)

William Powell steps out with a first-rate performance in this yarn that has a good idea behind it but somehow gets all hashed up. The fault lies with poor direction, poor production and bad cutting. The story concerns a chap (Powell) in the diplomatic service who gets arrested in France, who escapes and lands safely in America. He gets a job with a dwindling detective agency and upon the mere mention of a high-powered gambler, shifts to ultra-elaborate surroundings. (This is one of the jumps in the story that is unaccounted for.) His partner turns crook and joins forces with the gambler to frame a society girl who was a bit too lucky at the gambling table. But Powell, after meeting the gal and falling in love, out-smarts them at their game.

I LOVE THAT MAN (Paramount)

The title of this expresses Nancy Carroll's sentiment for her man, who in this case is fast-talking, devil-may-care Eddie Lowe. He breezes through this opus double-crossing his pals, gambling away his dough and doing all them thar things that's not respectable until Nancy finally gets him into a game that is respectable—that of sell-

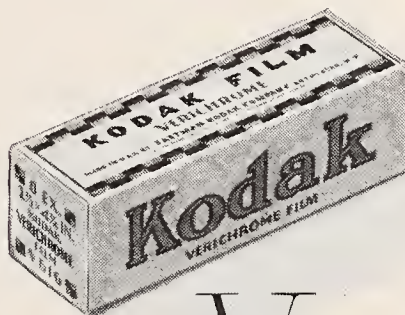
(Continued on page 79)

"We're Engaged"



What a world of pleasant talk can start from a snapshot! That's one of the reasons why you're in such a hurry to get the prints . . . "Oh, isn't *this* good!" "He called me up again last night." "Do you remember when we took this?"

Snapshot possibilities are immensely greater now because of a new kind of film. With Kodak VERICHROME Film you don't need to have bright light. Dull or sunny—even in shade—go right ahead. No more squinting, no more posing. Snap when people are relaxed and natural—you'll get the finest pictures you've ever made. Today, try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. 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, on bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshot success.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

BETWEEN YOU and ME

"This space specially reserved"—for readers who have something to say about talkie topics. If you haven't written yet—well it's about time!

Dear Friends:

Look what Warner Brothers started! In "Forty-second Street" that company proved how intelligently a musical can be produced. A fine cast, a compelling story, grand songs and dance numbers—and you proved by your rush to the theatres that you loved it.

Now here comes the parade: "Golddiggers of 1933," "The Hollywood Revue of 1933," "Adorable," "My Lips Betray," "International House," "Melody Cruise," "Bitter Sweet," "Cocktail Hour." And others.

As you see them, let me know which you liked best and whether you want more musicals. The producers are counting on you to express your preference. So write me.

And a word about Ruby Keeler, who did so nice a job in "Forty-second Street" and "Golddiggers of 1933." Fans all over the country are rooting for her. So next month you'll find her on the cover of MODERN SCREEN.

The Editor

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

Here's a new thought: can you have too much of a good actor?

C. S. W. of Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

I sympathize with Conway Tearle in his hard experience with the movies as recently related in your magazine. But I also remember vividly the period to which he refers, when he was in great demand for leading parts. It was very nice for Conway Tearle, but not so nice for people who went to the movies expecting now and then to see a different face when "our hero" walked on the screen. It was always Tearle when it was not Milton Sills. Mr. Tearle is a fine actor but if there is one thing likely to ruin any player it is to see too much of him. I for one couldn't bear to see my greatest favorites, male or female, every week in the year.

Don't you think this letter contains a good suggestion?

S. S. of Atlantic City, N. J., has a right to be annoyed:

Something ought to be done about it—the kids, I mean. I went to see "Strange Interlude" one Saturday. The theatre was packed with kids. Every time the word "baby" was mentioned in the picture, they roared; every time the "thoughts" were spoken aloud, they howled with glee. They thought it was so funny. They had a grand time. I was miserable. After fifteen minutes or so, I left. Couldn't the management have held

over the picture until the following Monday and given the kids, that Saturday afternoon, a picture capable of filtering through their juvenile minds?

Here are some boosts, for a change.
And very good ones, too

EILEEN MARKE of Chicago, Ill., praises four players:

To Clark Gable goes a swell bouquet for his vigorous sincerity which he gives to every role he portrays. Whatever would the box office do without him?

Next, to Jean Harlow, for proving to my own skeptical self that she is a marvelous actress. I'm for her now and believe she's about the loveliest person on the screen.

Next, one goes to Helen Hayes for the sympathetic innocence she gave to "The White Sister." (*Answering your request, we had Clark and Helen in our Honor Gallery in the June issue, Eileen. Did you see it?*)

And last, to Mae Clarke for her human acting. I sincerely hope she appears with Gable and Beery in "Soviet" as you stated. (*Plans for "Soviet" are somewhat indefinite.*)

Another boost (it's not a habit yet) for a consistently good player

JOHN G. WHIDDING of New York City, asks:

How about Neil Hamilton?

In more than ten years of screen work, he's never given a rotten show. With his life as private as that of any Hollywood goldfish, there's not been a word of scandal even remotely connected with him.

And as for your editorial remark about Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell—so they are wonderful. Why? Because they're young enough to be able to proceed slowly and wisely, giving honest interpretations of regular boys. Neither tries to be an overnight sensation and therefore both will continue to be successful for more than the usual day of movie greatness.

How about it—do you object to too much censoring as this reader does?

A FAN of Pennyman, N. Y., complains:

What can be done about local exhibitors who refuse to show a picture as it is filmed? I had the pleasure of seeing the "remains" of "No Man of Her Own" and "42nd Street." Just enough to tantalize me with the idea that I had paid to see two really good films and had really seen about two-thirds of each. My husband insisted that "42nd Street" hadn't any sense at all. So it hadn't, as we saw it, but I knew from reviews I'd read that we hadn't seen enough to get the sense of the whole. That is giving the black eye to many films that might be popular in small towns.

More inconsistency-noting. What mistakes have you observed?

C. L. (no address) writes, in reference to "Rasputin and the Empress":

The Russian Imperial Family and their subjects were very careless in the way they executed the sign of the cross. Sad to say, they made it backwards. And since the Russian family were Greek Catholics, they erred again. After the sign of the cross is completed, the back of the left hand should be touched by the fingers of the right hand.

In "The White Sister," a scene was shown wherein Helen Hayes was talking to Clark Gable in the convent garden. The garden was in full bloom and Miss Hayes was attired in her nun's habit and wore no cloak. Yet Clark Gable was dressed in his heavy flying jacket with a thick scarf tied about his neck. Don't you think he must have been a trifle warm?

A plea for "romantic realism." Or more true-to-life pictures

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITIC of Toronto, Canada, sends this interesting letter:

The talkie fan wants to find in his entertainment a change from the
(Continued on page 86)

Reviews

(Continued from page 77)

ing glass caskets. The business is thriving, money is flowing in and Eddie is walking the straight and narrow, when his partner turns double-crosser and walks off with the do-ray. A snappy, fast-moving story with lots of good twists and entertainment value. Eddie gives a swell performance and Nancy Carroll does well in a rôle that is secondary.

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY (Columbia)

This starts out with Jack Holt taking a spoiled society deb across his knee and spanking her. After this comes love and marriage. From the gay night-life of Paris, Jack takes his young bride to the jungles and settles down to some steady engineering . . . and less love-making. Enter the villain, Arthur Vinton, who almost succeeds in wrecking Holt's business and seducing his bride, but she comes to in time to save the situation. A few thrills for the kids in the last couple of reels.

Beauty Search

(Continued from page 45)

the least lovely of us think, "She is really not beautiful. Yet she appears so because she is charming—or expressive—or graceful."

That is perhaps what beauty was meant to be. It isn't a thing you can measure with a rule. It isn't even charm or glamor alone—though these may enter in. It is as if these treasureable and unique persons were mere shells of flesh and bone through which the spirit of beauty shines and is made manifest.

A woman who has had her face lifted half a dozen times, who presents flawless features and a perfect contour to the world has preserved the letter of physical beauty and thrown away the spirit. She has perfected the flesh and lost the soul.

Beauty is, after all, in the eye of the beholder. Those things are beautiful to us which move us, which touch us closely. Whether perfect beauty exists or not, I do not know. But the search for it has endured since the world began and will endure through our civilization and those which may come after.

As part of this search, we have our beauty contests. And it is encouraging to know that instead of an undistinguished parade of pretty figures in bathing suits, this Paramount contest will demand a truer, but less conventional beauty from its prize winners. Standardized good looks have dropped in value. Conventional beauty is rated below charm and poise and grace.



**"A life-saver
for your skin,
sister"**

**If you want a baby's smooth, clear
skin, use the baby's beauty treatment**

Quick! There's no time to lose if you're going to rival the babies in this matter of skin loveliness. Start right now to smooth up your skin—avoid drying soaps—just the way a baby does. Use pure gentle Ivory Soap.

Did you ever hear a doctor or nurse advise any fancy-smelling, colored soaps for a baby? Of course not. Only white odorless Ivory is safe enough for babies' delicate peach-bloom complexions.

So take a tip from the youngest generation . . . *It's smart to be a baby about your soap!*

Your skin needs Ivory's purity just as much as a baby's. So give your face pure Ivory cleansings to

keep it young and smooth. And take your Ivory bath tonight. Cover yourself all over with Ivory's creamy foam—splash, rinse—no taut "dried-out" feeling after an Ivory bath.

Be honest, now. Have you ever seen your skin so shining clean . . . so baby-smooth? That's what Ivory cleansings do to the sleepest grown-up skins. Be grateful, too, that an Ivory bath is an odorless bath. No soap smell lingers to cover up the fragrance of his favorite scent.

And be mum when he murmurs that you're growing lovelier every day. It's *your* secret that your Ivory beauty treatments cost only a few cents at any grocer's.

Ivory Soap
99 44/100 % pure • It floats

LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

MORE NEWS AND CHIT-CHAT ABOUT THE FILM CITY FOLKS

FROM LONDON TOWN

WHEN Boris Karloff was in London he made a picture called "The Ghoul" for Gaumont-British. While on the job who should visit the studio but the Prince of Wales. They met suddenly, face to face, in a corridor. You should have seen Karloff tremble!

Charles Laughton has been seen wandering around the grounds of Hampton Court Palace dressed as Henry the Eighth. But it's all for a picture he's been making. Does startle the natives, though.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn were entertained by the smart London crowd. They seem to know everybody.

ROLAND YOUNG had the darndest time trying to entertain a young four-year-old guest the other afternoon while her mother chatted with Mrs. Young. He stood on his head, wiggled his ears and even brayed like a donkey, but the young lady did nothing but look bored. Finally, in despair, Roland picked up a pencil and drew a picture of a cow. It was a beautiful looking cow . . . but when he started to color it a high green, a very unflattering giggle greeted him. "That's not right," his guest informed him. "I saw a cow once and it was brown." Obediently, and somewhat squelched, Roland began to change the color, when the child interrupted: "Oh, well, never mind. Maybe this cow isn't ripe yet!"

AS soon as Connie Bennett finishes her picture, "Bed of Roses," she's going to Honolulu for a short vacation. Connie says she never seems to get "caught up" on her rest. She'll be going alone this time as Hank is bound for the East Indies where he'll make a picture with a native cast, all in Technicolor. He is backed by Bennett Productions, Ltd., which is said to be exclusively Connie herself.

Mickey Mouse is about to make his debut as a feature star. Through his two-reel cartoon comedies, Mickey has rated the largest number of fan letters of any actress or actor in Hollywood, and now that he's a star, the Post Office Department is really worried. Mickey is going to co-star with Jimmy Durante . . . and is Schnozzle chagrined! He's wondering how he can explain to his wife how a mouse stole his stuff. . .

GLORIA SWANSON says never again is she going any place without taking her kiddies with her. She confided to a friend that she's so lonesome for them, and that her big house in Beverly Hills seems so empty and quiet that it's actually getting on her nerves. There's no doubt about Gloria being the ideal mother . . . although

she certainly doesn't look the type. She's more dazzlingly beautiful than ever.

Jean Harlow, who is always doing something nice for people she likes, arranged for a film test for a certain crooner chap to whom she had taken quite a fancy. She visited the studio front office, talked up the crooner, and even picked a certain little blonde girl (Harlow type) to "help out" in the test.

Here's the irony: The little blonde gal walked out with a contract tucked in her pocket, while the crooner walked out empty-handed.



Photo by "Scotty", Modern Screen's Exclusive Cameraman.

Jackie Cooper has fallen in love! Yes, sir, he and Georgiana Young—for that's the lady's name—are romancing. He met her at the swimming pool of the Beverly Hills Club. She's Loretta Young's sister.

MAE WEST is regusted with some of Hollywood's taking ways. "Diamond Lil" says she can't spring anything original but what it's copied all over town. She thought she had a cinch on that Mae West wiggle . . . but now all the youngsters over at Hollywood High are beginning to wiggle. She tried another trick . . . that of painting her nails with a platinum polish. She wore it once . . . next day everybody but Mae had platinum nails. So Mae gives up.

Leslie Howard has moved his kit

over to the Fox lot where he's starting on "Berkeley Square," the picture we've all been waiting to see him in. This is Les' first appearance on this particular lot, and they say all the wimmin's hearts are doing "flips."

CONNIE BENNETT claims the title to her new flicker "Bed of Roses" is wrong. The other day she and Joel McCrea had to push each other into a river for a certain scene . . . and the scene was repeated fifteen times. Connie wasn't wearing one of those new-fangled rubber bathing suits either.

IT looks as though Dick Arlen just won't get to use that new swimming pool of his. For three whole months he waited for it to be finished, but it rained and the cement wouldn't harden, or the man got sick, or somep'n. Finally, one swell sunny day it was proclaimed finished . . . and Dick went to bed whistling happily to himself as he thought of the grand swim he'd have in the morning.

But—things have been known to happen overnight. The next morning was the coldest Sunny Cal had ever known . . . and it's still cold.

Bing Crosby (how that boy can croon) receives over three hundred fan letters a day. No, that's not surprising . . . but would you believe it, over half of them are from men! Page that chap that said only women write fan letters.

LITTLE Buster Phelps and Dickie Moore live next door to each other and almost every night before retiring they have a lengthy telephone conversation . . . about their art. Last evening Dickie was going on about the trials and tribulations of an actor. "Why," he cried, "today I had to fall out of a window, take a dose of castor oil and sit in a bath tub full of water for almost an hour."

"That's nothing," answered Buster, "I had to die twenty times before I had my lunch today."

The latest news on Garbo, though very choice, is hardly believable. It is that under her new contract she will receive the tidy sum of \$800,000 for two pictures.

That hardly seems enough!

THIS month finds an increase in our population. The Hal Wallis' (Louise Fazenda) have a big bouncing baby boy and the Bob Montgomerys have a beautiful 8 pound girl. The Montgomerys are calling her Elizabeth, after her mother.

Other heirs are due soon at the homes of the Dick Arlens, the Bing Crosbys, the Bill Gargans, the Skeets Gallaghers and the Darryl Zanucks.

What of Doug.?

(Continued from page 37)

I write and it is chiefly because he thinks I have literary talent that I am encouraged to go on trying—but I am primarily an actor. I write because I believe any actor is the better for knowing something of the technique of the other arts."

Which remark was a splendid lead for my next question, which had to do with his plans for his immediate future.

"I expect to do a play in New York, next autumn," he replied instantly. "The play has already been chosen and its announcement will be made very soon. I don't particularly hanker for the stage, but I think the doing of an occasional play is an excellent added training for my screen work. Meanwhile, I'm going to run off to England and buy that house I mentioned before, where I hope to live part of each year." Doug has always been extremely fond of the idea of living in the English country.

DOUG JR. is very modern and is, moreover, an extremely well bred young man, with not only the good manners which come of being properly brought up, but the exquisite "manner" of the *haut monde*. It is absolutely natural to him.

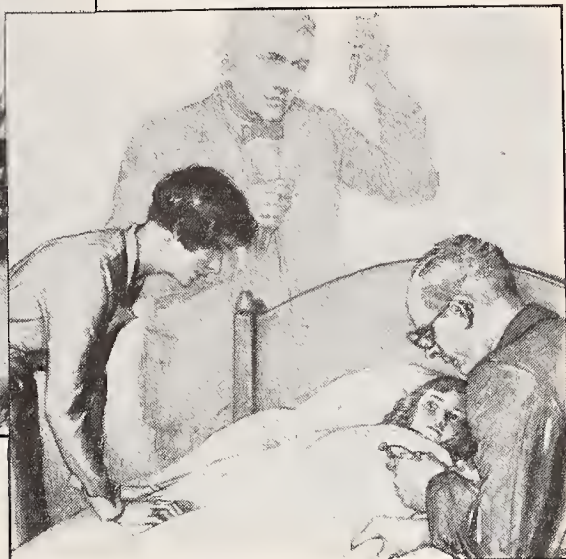
He has gained, too, a poise and a deep-seated interest in all of life which makes one realize that no matter what happens to young Doug, he will come through it with flying colors. Seldom have I met anyone with such obvious spiritual strength as he, or with such well-formulated ideals—ideals, mind you, which are real to him because he has taken the traditional ones and without changing their basic import, moulded them to the uses of practical modern life.

The general public attitude toward Doug Jr. since his separation from his colorful and successful wife has been rather a pitying one—perhaps because the young man has so often played "weak" parts; partially, too, because his face is not of the type which is generally characterized as a "strong face." Gable has a strong face, so has Bruce Cabot, and a dozen others, and yet, I doubt that any of them have the spiritual vitality of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for his is the strength which comes of intelligently struggling to make himself a soul he can scrutinize and not feel ashamed of. Doug is a more complex character—perhaps more sensitive—than those other chaps. But he is not weak.

There is no doubt of the fact that both Joan and Doug have suffered over the divorce. They tried valiantly to make a go of their marriage and the break has caused them unhappiness. Both of them are now attempting to work out their personal problems. Doug is depressed, of course, but is finishing his present picture, "Morning Glory," with Hepburn, like a real trouper.



3000 B. C. — Food — tough wild meat which was gnawed from the bones; roots, and coarse grains. They had perfect teeth then. And their health must have been remarkable for them to survive the rigors of uncivilized life.



TODAY — NEARLY 5000 YEARS

LATER Science has made great progress, but several troubles have never been conquered — tooth decay, mouth and gum disorders which bring a train of serious results.

A NEW HEALTH HABIT MAY CORRECT THESE MISTAKES OF CIVILIZATION

READ THIS REPORT

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

- 1** To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.
- 2** To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.
- 3** To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.
- 4** To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

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

CHEWING, doctors say, was the cause of primitive man's fine teeth. *Chewing* kept him healthy. It is because we no longer *chew* enough that many of the present day physical handicaps persist. *Exercising all the parts of the oral cavity is essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws, and mouth structure.*

Dentyne—a special chewing gum—helps overcome these conditions just as our ancestors were helped by chewing tough meats, coarse grains, and by gnawing roots. Because it has a special consistency—a *special chew*—it exercises the mouth. It causes the flow of saliva to return to normal, cleansing the mouth and teeth and increasing the flow of blood to all the mouth tissues.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE—Here is an aid to health for your family in the pleasantest form, for Dentyne is delicious. Here are healthy mouths and white, beautiful teeth. See to it that every member of your family chews Dentyne every day for five minutes. Be as regular about this as about other health habits. It is just as important.

Chew delicious
Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - KEEPS TEETH WHITE



DIRECTORY of PICTURES



Gene Raymond and Loretta Young provide the love interest in "Zoo in Budapest." But equally important in this picture are the animal sequences. They're thrilling. Clark Gable and Helen Hayes in "The White Sister" enact this charming love story with ineffable charm and delicacy. Barbara Stanwyck in "Baby Face" plays the part of a girl of the slums who, through her own tireless efforts, works her way to the top of the heap. George Brent plays opposite her.

... These brief, terse, pithy reviews of all the current movies playing around will help you in selecting those pictures you really will like

ANIMAL KINGDOM (Radio)—A sophisticated story of a man who married the wrong woman and how he finally realized that the woman he really loved was his former mistress. **Excellent—but children won't be interested.**

BABY FACE (Warner)—Barbara Stanwyck as the daughter of a small town beer parlor owner fights her way to better things by hooking the president of a bank. Barbara is very good in this role. **Very good—but not for children.**

THE BARBARIAN (M-G-M)—Ramon Novarro as a sheik in a story which very much resembles "The Sheik." Myrna Loy is the English girl with whom Ramon falls in love. **Very good romantic stuff—dull for children, though.**

BE MINE TONIGHT (Universal)—A foreign film (English speaking, however) in which there is a lot of excellent singing and a considerable portion of the first act of "La Boheme." **Very good if you like singing—children may like parts of it.**

A BILL OF DIVorcEMENT (RKO-Radio)—Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore and Billie Burke in a strong drama in which the principal theme is a daughter's fear of inheriting her father's streak of insanity. **Excellent—nothing in it for children, however.**

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck as a missionary girl with whom a Chinese General (Nils Asther) falls in love. **Good—but the children won't be interested.**

BONDAGE (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

BROADWAY BAD (Fox)—Nice little story of a girl who becomes a chorus girl in order to bring up her child. Pleasantly different from the usual chorus girl yarn. **Very good—but the children won't be interested.**

CAVALCADE (Fox)—The saga of an English family and their servants from the beginning of the century up to the present time. Even though the family and story is British it is so generally human that you will love it. **Excellent—okay for children.**

CENTRAL AIRPORT (First National)—Richard Barthelmess, Sally Eilers and Tom Brown in a yarn of commercial planes and their pilots. Not as good as some of the other air pictures. **Fair—children will be thrilled by the crack-ups.**

CENTRAL PARK (First National)—Melodramatic story of a couple who meet in a park and who experience a series of thrilling adventures—all of which take place within the limits of the park and its buildings. **Very good—parts of it will interest the children.**

CHILD OF MANHATTAN (Columbia)—Nancy Carroll, Buck Jones and John Boles in a story of the sophisticated set of New York. Pent houses, sugar daddies and that sort of thing. **Very good—but don't take the children.**

CHRISTOPHER STRONG (RKO-Radio)—The fight of a young girl flyer and a married man against the love which each has for the other. Colin Clive and Katharine Hepburn have the leading roles. **Very good—children will be bored, though.**

CITY HALL (Wm. Berke)—Political drama. Quiet but good—okay for kids.

CLEAR ALL WIRES (M-G-M)—The irrepressible and delightful Lee Tracy as a foreign newspaper correspondent who stirs up assassinations for news—and then finds his own machinations have landed him in a tough spot. **Good—okay for the kiddies.**

THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE (Universal)—The further adventures of these two families. Once again Charlie Murray and George Sidney are the respective fathers. Most of it has to do with alimony. **Very funny if you enjoy this series—the kids will find some laughs in it.**

CYNARA (United Artists)—Ronald Colman, Kay Francis and Phyllis Barry in rather different triangle story. **Very good—but it will bore the kids.**

DANGEROUSLY YOURS (Fox)—A crook falls in love with a girl who works for the insurance company which is trying to get the goods on the crook. **Good—not much in it for children, though.**

DESTINATION UNKNOWN (Universal)—All about a mysterious stranger who suddenly appears on a rum-runner which is lost at sea and who proceeds to guide the boat back. His presence has a curious effect on the twelve men and one woman who are on the boat. **Very good—but children will be bored.**

DINNER AT EIGHT (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

DIPLOMANIACS (RKO)—Wheeler and Woolsey. **Great for kids.**

THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

ELMER THE GREAT (Warner)—Baseball yarn with Joe E. Brown at his funniest. **Very good if you're a Joe E. Brown fan—perfect for the kids.**

EX-LADY (Warner)—Two young people—Bette Davis and Gene Raymond—trying to find the best way to achieve real romantic happiness. **Good—but not for children.**

FAST WORKERS (M-G-M)—All about a couple of riveters—John Gilbert and Robert Armstrong—and the inevitable fight over the girl. Mae Clarke. Mae Clarke is swell. **Poor—children won't think much of it, either.**

FAREWELL TO ARMS (Paramount)—Charming romantic story with Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes as the soldier and the nurse who fight against great odds to try and achieve happiness. **Excellent—but the children should be left at home.**

FORTY-SECOND STREET (Warners)—The first of the returning musicals—with Bebe Daniels, Warner Baxter, George Brent, Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers. **Excellent—okay for children.**

'FRISCO JENNY (Warners)—The story of a tough gal of the old days and her son who grew up to be the unknowing enemy of his mother. Ruth Chatterton is 'Frisco Jenny. **Very good—but send the children to a Western.**

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN (Paramount)—If you saw the famous "Grand Hotel" you will enjoy this kidding of that famous story. Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, David Manners and Adrienne Ames are in it. **Very good—okay for the kids.**

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE (M-G-M)—Timely story of a president who saves the country from near-disaster. Walter Huston plays—in his usual perfect manner—the president. Franchot Tone, the new leading man sensation, and Karen Morley provide the love interest very excellently. **Excellent—good for the young ones, too.**

THE GIRL IN 419 (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

HANDLE WITH CARE (Warners)—James Cagney as a fast talking press agent who is willing to "put over" anything. Mary Brian plays opposite him. **Very good—okay if a little rowdy for children.**

HELL BELOW (M-G-M)—Strong drama of the lives of the men who go down to the sea in submarines. Robert Montgomery, Walter Huston, Robert Young and Jimmie Durante are in it. **Excellent—kids will love it.**

HIGH GEAR (Columbia)—Race-track story with plenty of thrills and excitement. **Good—children will love it.**

HOT PEPPER (Fox)—Quirt and Flagg again—this time in civilian life. **Okay if you go for this rough and ruddy humor—better not take the youngsters, though.**

HUMANITY (Fox)—All about a country doctor whose heart breaks when his son goes in for the "profiteering" end of the profession. Ralph Morgan and Alexander Kirkland are in it. **Poor.**

I COVER THE WATERFRONT (United Artists)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

I LOVE THAT MAN (Paramount)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

INFERNAL MACHINE (Fox)—Chester Morris and Genevieve Tobin in the yarn of a chap who wins the girl by some real courage and also some trickery. **Very good "unusual" stuff—okay for the kiddies.**

THE KEYHOLE (Warners)—A wealthy husband's jealousy, a former husband's unexpected return, and a romance between the wife of the wealthy man with the detective her husband has hired comprise this story. Kay Francis and George Brent are in it. **Fair—not amusing for children.**

THE KID FROM SPAIN (United Artists)—Eddie Cantor gets himself comically mixed up with bull-fighting in this one. **Excellent—and great for children.**

KING OF THE JUNGLE (Paramount)—All about a boy who has been brought up in the jungle and what happens when he is thrown with civilized people. Buster Crabbe is the jungle boy. **Very good—fine for children.**

KING KONG (RKO-Radio)—How a motion picture company goes forth to a far-away island to get pictures of a fifty-foot ape and what happens when the ape captures the leading lady of the movie troupe. **Very good—children will be thrilled.**

THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR (Universal)—Unusual story of an attorney who—if he can acquire a friend for the murder of his wife—swears that he will murder his own wife who has been unfaithful to him. He does acquit the friend, and then—. **Fair—not for children.**

A LADY'S PROFESSION (Paramount)—A couple of English aristocrats get mixed up—without realizing it—with a bunch of American bootleggers. Alison Skipworth and Roland Young are in the cast. **Very good—some of it may amuse children.**

LILLY TURNER (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE LITTLE GIANT (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

LUCKY DEVILS (Radio)—Story of the movie stunt men and their adventures. Bill Boyd, Bruce Cabot, Joel McCrea and William Gargan are in it. **Very good thrilling stuff—okay for kids.**

LUCKY DOG (Universal)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

LUXURY LINER (Paramount)—A peek into the lives of a number of people all of whom are on board a liner bound from Europe for America. **Fair—children will be bored, though.**

THE MASQUERADER (United Artists)—Ronald Colman in a dual role story. Elissa Landi plays opposite him. **Very good—okay for children.**

MEN MUST FIGHT (M-G-M)—Diana Wynyard and Phillips Holmes in an excellent preachment against war. **Very good—dull for children, though.**

THE MIND READER (Warners)—All about the fortune telling racket—with Warren William and Constance Cummings. **Very good—some of it might amuse children.**

THE MUMMY (Universal)—Boris Karloff in another weird role—as the Egyptian mummy who comes to life through the exercise of a weird charm. **Very good if you go for weird stuff—and the same applies to the children.**

MURDERS IN THE ZOO (Paramount)—Lionel Atwill, Charlie Ruggles and Kathleen Burke in a horror story which centers about a zoo. **Very good—okay for children if you think it's not harmful for them to be scared.**

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

OUR BETTERS (RKO-Radio)—Decadence in post-war London with Constance Bennett as a sophisticated cast-off wife, Gilbert Roland as a gigolo, Charles Starrett and Anita Louise providing the young love interest. **Very good sophisticated stuff—not for children, though.**

OUT ALL NIGHT (Universal)—Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville as a couple of newlyweds trying to snatch a bit of honeymoon in Niagara Falls. Something always turns up to spoil their bliss. **Very funny—all right for children.**

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING (United Artists)—Gloria Swanson as a young wife whose marriage is based upon the arrangement of both husband and wife confessing indiscretions. **Not as good as some Swanson pictures, but worth seeing—not for children, however.**

PHANTOM BROADCAST (Monogram)—Ralph Forbes in a nice little story about a hunchback crooner. **Good—all right for children.**

PICTURE SNATCHER (Warners)—James Cagney as an ex-jailbird, gets a job on a newspaper and immediately finds himself plunged into a series of thrilling adventures. **Excellent Cagney stuff—children will like some of it.**

PICK-UP (Paramount)—Sylvia Sidney and George Raft in a little romance about a taxi-driver and a girl just out of jail. **Good—not especially for children.**

PLEASURE CRUISE (Fox)—A wife goes on a pleasure cruise to get away from her husband and have a few pleasant flirtations. Her plans, however, go wrong. Roland Young and Genevieve Tobin. **Poor.**

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

PRIVATE JONES (Universal)—Lee Tracy in something of a sobby story about a doughboy in the late war who didn't believe in fighting until—. **Weak in spots but worth seeing. Children may like some of it, too.**

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS (M-G-M)—John Barrymore, Ethel Barrymore and Lionel Barrymore in a stirring story of the famous Russian monk and his machinations. **Excellent—but hardly for children.**

REUNION IN VIENNA (M-G-M)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE ROME EXPRESS (Universal)—Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston in an exciting story all of which takes place on a Continental train. **Excellent melodrama—the kids will enjoy it very much indeed.**

SAMARANG (B. F. Ziedman)—Educational. **Good—splendid for children.**

SECRETS (United Artists)—Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard in a nicely done version of this famous story of old frontier days. **Excellent romantic stuff—kids will like the exciting parts.**

SHE DONE HIM WRONG (Paramount)—Mae West in a sizzling story of the good old days in New York. **Very good of its hot-stuff kind—but be sure to leave the kiddies at home.**

THE SILVER CORD (RKO)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

SISTER TO JUDAS (Mayfair)—A man saves a girl from suicide, marries her and then spends his life in an agony of jealousy. **Poor.**

THE SONG OF THE EAGLE (Paramount)—A beer story. A great cast, but the story isn't quite as good as it should be. **Fair—not much in it for children.**

STATE FAIR (Fox)—Will Rogers, Louise Dresser, Lew Ayres, Janet Gaynor, Norman Foster and Sally Eilers in a pleasant story which all takes place at the state fair. **Excellent—kids will like some of it.**

THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE (Paramount)—Miriam Hopkins as the daughter of a respectable Southern family gets mixed up with a gangster when she goes in search of romantic adventures. **Very good strong stuff—not for children.**

SWEEPINGS (RKO-Radio)—The owner of a department store tries to make his children take an interest in his life-long work, the store. **Slow, but good acting—children will be bored.**

TODAY WE LIVE (M-G-M)—An English girl's love story which takes place during the great war. Joan Crawford is a bit obscured by the action scenes acted by Gary Cooper, Robert Young and Franchot Tone. **Good—okay for children.**

TOPAZE (RKO-Radio)—John Barrymore as a down-trodden professor who finally turns and runs amok. **Very good—kids won't think much of it, though.**

TRICK FOR TRICK (Fox)—Two magicians get together to help the police solve the mystery of a girl's murder. And then things begin to happen! **Very good—okay for kids if you're not too fussy about their seeing exciting pictures.**

THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND (Fox)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY (Columbia)—Reviewed in section starting on page 6.

THE WHITE SISTER (M-G-M)—Beautiful love story with Helen Hayes and Clark Gable. **Excellent—but children will get fidgety during the romantic episodes.**

THE WORKING MAN (Warner)—If you like George Arliss when he goes about doing good turns here, there and everywhere, you'll like him in this. If, however, you only like the Mr. Arliss of "The Devil" and "Green Goddess" days—the suave, sophisticated gentleman, you won't like him in this. Bette Davis and Theodore Newton are fine. **Good—children won't sit very still through it, though.**

ZOO IN BUDAPEST (Fox)—Exciting story, all of which takes place in a large zoo. **Very good—children will be thrilled.**

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS at 10¢ give you \$1 to \$3 Quality!



Science proves this amazing fact
about Faoen Poudre, Lip Stick and Rouge

The statement of the costly quality of Faoen Beauty Aids astonishes women—until they try them! Then they realize it is a fact. So did the chemists of a famous Research Laboratory who reported:

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

Remember, the most expensive beauty aids cannot offer higher quality than Faoen gives you at 10¢!

10¢ each at
the better 5 & 10¢ Stores

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

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

Guard
your **DRESSES**
Spare
your **FRIENDS**

Perspiration can Cost
You Both



New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you can afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

**Odorono Protects your Charm
and Saves your Dresses**

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* for the sake of your dresses and your friends. And greasy creams, sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps cannot save you. But with Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.

**ODORONO
REGULAR**

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



**INSTANT
ODORONO**

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

ODO·RO·NO

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 "The Working Man," 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," and "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.

ANDRE, GWILL: Unmarried. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, February 4. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Secrets of the French Police," and "No Other Woman," Radio.

ARLEN, RICHARD: Married to Jobyna Ralston. Born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1st. Paramount player. Featured in "The Island of Lost Souls"; "The Song of the Eagle." Working in "College Humor."

ARLISS, GEORGE: Married to Florence Montgomery. Born in London, April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The King's Vacation"; "The Working Man," "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; "I Love That Man," Paramount. Working in "Jamboree," RKO.

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

ASTOR, MARY: Married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. Born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Little Giant," Warner Bros. Working in "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount. Next is "The Power and the Glory."

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

ATWILL, LIONEL: Married. Born in Croydon, England, March 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "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," Universal. Co-starred in "State Fair," Fox. Next is "In the Big Money."

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

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; "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M. Working in "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M. Next is "Night Flight," M-G-M and "Long Lost Father," RKO.

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; "Looking Forward," M-G-M. Working in "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M. Next is "Night Flight," M-G-M and "Stranger's Return."

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

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.; starred in "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," Working in "Dinner at Eight," and "Soviet." Next is "Tugboat Annie."

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

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

BENNETT, JOAN: Married to Gene Markey. Born in Palisades, N. Y., February 27. Fox player. Featured in "Wild Girl"; "Me and My Gal."

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 "No Other Woman," Radio; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount.

BLONDELL, JOAN: Married to George Barnes. Born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Broadway Bad"; "Blondie Johnson," Working in "Goldiggers of 1933" and "Goodbye Again."

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

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

BOYD, BILL: Married to Dorothy Sebastian. Born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at Radio. Featured in "Men of America"; "Lucky Devils," Working in "Emergency Call." Next is "The Fire Eater."

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.

BRENDEL, EL: Married to Flo Bert. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Working in "My Lips Betray," Fox.

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," First National.

(Continued on page 87)

Charm Gossip

(Continued from page 67)

● This is one for your book. And it comes from that kite-flying, bicycling bride, Joan Blondell. Joan—of all people to find a new way of mending hubby's coat! But it's really grand. All you have to do is ask for "mending tissue" in any large department store. Once you have it, place it in back of the spot where his suit (or your own, for that matter) is torn and follow the directions carefully.

● Maybe you've been wondering how to add a very feminine note to your very tailored suit. Wonder no more. Here's the answer—given by Sally Eilers: use a perfume that blends with the flower in your lapel. For instance, if you're wearing a gardenia, spray a gardenia scent on. If it's a sweet pea, then that is the kind of perfume to use.

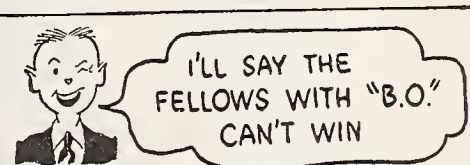
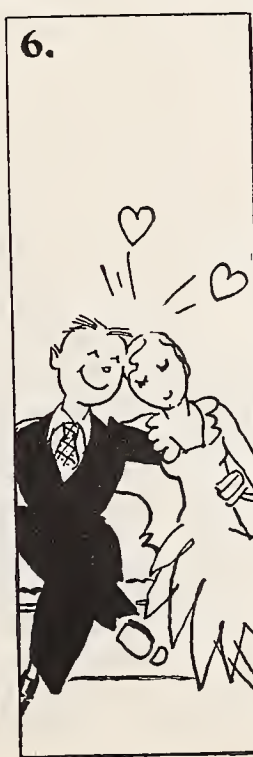
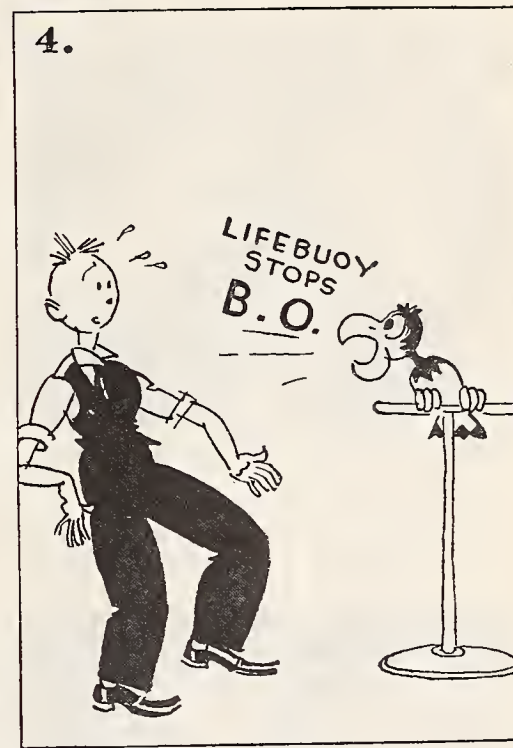
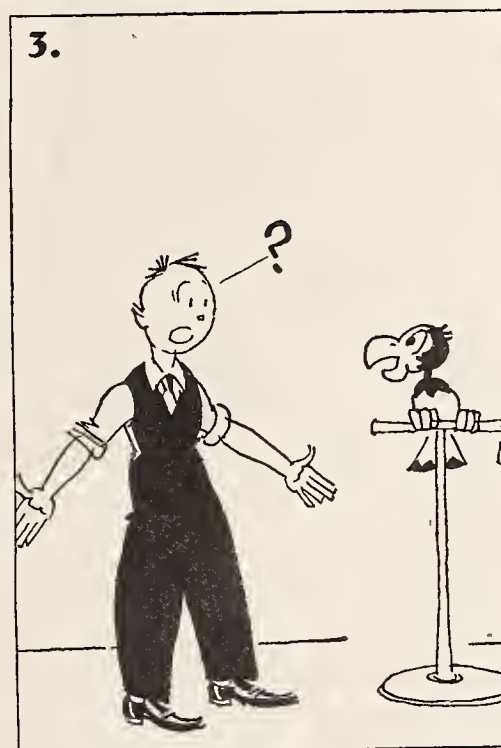
● Planning a summer wedding? In that case you'll want to take heed of the veil Travis Banton is designing for Claudette Colbert in her new picture. There has never been anything more youthful and dainty and utterly charming in the way of wedding veils. It falls softly over the face and a series of ruffles begins just below the head in back so that it stands out beautifully like a misty cloud around you. Only to the waist it comes—another chic note.

● And now we have the clasp watches. Constance Bennett has one that she clasps on her purse or anywhere she cares to. It's small and enameled. Another thing we've noticed is the wooden initials that top the smartest sport bags. Most of them are in natural color and quite large. And have you seen the doorkey pins? Yes, actually, they look like long door keys and they're extremely nobby pinned to a bright scarf.

● Marlene Dietrich started it—this fanciful, wholly feminine fad of setting your wave with a specially prepared lotion that has the scent of your favorite toilet water. And Marlene never started anything more devastating. All the leading cosmeticians put it up now so you can get it anywhere. It keeps your hair looking wonderfully trim.

● They were fitting by to the tunes of the Biltmore band and we heard Cary Grant say to Virginia Cherrill: "You're more fascinating than ever tonight!" So she was. And this is her secret—green powder. That is, powder with a pale green tint. It gives blondes the most becoming pallor in the evening and you use green eye shadow with it. Brunettes with fair skin and light eyes can employ it to great advantage also.

● The day of high hats is certainly back. Carole Lombard, no doubt, tops the high-hatters with a chapeau *eight* inches high! Yes, it's gray, too.

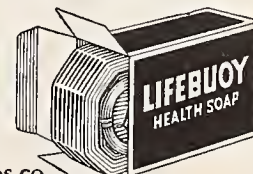


SOcially, in business, in love—they haven't a chance! No one can afford to be guilty of "B.O." (body odor). Yet how easy to offend and not know it these hot "perspiry" days. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection. Its creamy, abundant, hygienic lather purifies and deodorizes pores—effectively stops "B.O."

So good for the skin

Lifebuoy's bland, penetrating lather deep-cleanses dirt-clogged pores gently, yet thoroughly—freshens dull complexions to glowing health.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.



L'Onghex

MANICURE LIQUID POLISH



"What alluring nails!"

"It's the grandest new Polish"



"Sparkles like diamonds, but does it last?"

"A whole week, my dear. And it goes on so smoothly."



"You must have paid a lot for it"

"No—it costs less than a cent a manicure!"

ONLY

10¢



4 smart shades
At your favorite 10¢ Store

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 78)

humdrum reality of his own prosaic life. If his escape is to be complete and beneficial, he should have opportunity to see more pictures that portray the romance of the ordinary man's life. As pieces of artistry I can enjoy the most fantastic pictures, provided they are well and truly done. But the sense of satisfaction that comes from flawless technique without a gripping story is fleeting indeed. If it is true that "God must have loved the common people because he made so many of them," then someone ought to discover and reveal on the screen the loveliness that God finds in the common people. Show us that life is worth living for the many as well as for the few.

Some pet peeves and earnest wishes

SYLVIA S. of Atlantic City, N. J., wishes:

Actresses wouldn't experiment with platinum hair . . . Sulky Lillian Bond be given more sympathetic roles . . . Same for Vivienne Osborne . . . Kay Johnson, Phyllis Haver, Margaret Livingston, and Charles Ray would come back . . . Raymond Hatton and Wallace Beery would team up again . . . We would see more of Evelyn Brent . . . Boris Karloff would be given more straight roles. His charm is lost in horror parts . . . Dorothy Peterson wouldn't be typed in mother roles . . . More actresses would speak as distinctly as Tallulah Bankhead . . . Marlene Dietrich would not sing.

BITS OUT OF THE MAIL BOX

D. G. S., who happens to be an ardent Ruth Chatterton fan, writes, "I do hope there is no truth in the story that Ruth Chatterton will retire from the screen this year. Will you please tell me if this is really so?" ("Lilly Turner" is her last picture under the present contract. And the rumor is that she will retire on its completion. But you know how those rumors are. We hope not.) DIRT DIGGER (!) of Minneapolis, Minn., writes to George Raft, "For heavens' sake, George, don't let them put you in any social pictures. Stick to the kind you have been doing. You are a wonderful actor in your line." C. P. K. of Newburgh, N. Y., wants to know if he "may voice an opinion of a newcomer. Jack La Rue—he who played a small part in 'Night World' with Mae Clarke and Lew Ayres. It took the producers some time before they realized what a great find they have in him. Introduce him to your fans, Mr. Editor, will you?" (We already have, C. P. K. In the June issue

there was a very good story about him. It was called "Always in Hot Water." Have you read it?) MARIAN SMITH of Augusta, Maine, dotes on Shakespeare and wishes Shakespearian plays would be filmed. She would especially like to see Fredric March as Hamlet, with Sylvia Sidney playing Ophelia. There were countless raves for Diana Wynyard—in "Cavalcade" and "Men Must Fight"—although the general impression among the fans is that the latter picture was too similar to the first only not as good. "Do you suppose they will ever film Galsworthy's 'Forsyte Saga,'" asks L. M. B. of Birmingham, Alabama. "I would love to see Diana Wynyard as Irene, Lewis Stone as Soames and that new Franchot Tone as the young architect who loves Irene and is killed. Although that would be really too small a part to give such a splendid actor as Mr. Tone, I suppose." Speaking of Tone, opinion on him is certainly divided. It seems that you either like him or hate him. "I have seen him in only one picture—'Gabriel Over the White House,'" says KATY L. of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., "but I thought he was splendid—and in such an unspectacular role, too, and with Walter Huston to compete with." On the other hand—"Take him away!" cries DISAPPOINTED of Newark, N. J. "I thought he would be a real find. But I not only do not care for his acting. I also think he's very nondescript looking." Well—there. What do the rest of you think?

LISTEN EVERYBODY—

We have been scolded unmercifully for not printing enough letters; for not printing letters of fans who have written before; for printing too many letters about Garbo, Gable, Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford. For not printing enough letters about Garbo, Gable, Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford. What to do, what to do? Answering the first reproach: we are cramped for space—we want to give you lots of stories, good departments, pictures and lots of letters, too. We do the best we can. Two, if your first letter isn't printed, please *do* write again—and again. We'll eventually print one of those letters. Three and four—naturally, we give considerable mention to the popular stars just because they *are* so popular and so many fans adore them. But, we insist, we *do* not discuss them exclusively and—well, just look through the pages of this magazine and see how many newcomers, old favorites and lesser players are given an honest break. Now, are we forgiven? Well, write and tell us so—or, better still, write and tell us whatever you think on talkie subjects.

**WATCH MODERN SCREEN FOR A FASCINATING STORY
ON IRENE DUNNE—IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!**

Players Directory

(Continued from page 84)

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. "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount.

BROOK, CLIVE: Married to Faith Evelyn. Born in London, June 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Night of June 13th," Paramount; "Cavalcade," Fox.

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"; "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. Working in "Accidents Wanted," M-G-M.

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." Working in "Flying Circus." Next is "Hide in the Dark."

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 "Palmy Days" and "The Kid From Spain."

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; "I Love That Man," 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"; "Tarzan in the Wrongs."

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"; "A Bed-time 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; "Parole Girl," Columbia; "Fast Workers," M-G-M.

CODY, LEW: Widower of Mabel Normand. Born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Undercover Man"; "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"; "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists. Next is "Disgraced."

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 Gerhardt," Paramount.

COLMAN, RONALD: Divorced from Thelma Ray. Born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Cynara"; "The Masquerader."

COMPTON, JULIETTE: Married. Born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "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; "Tampico," Columbia. Working in "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

COOPER, GARY: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Co-starred in "If I Had a Million"; "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 "Limpy" and "Divorce in the Family."

CORTEZ, RICARDO: Widower of Alma Rubens. Born in New York City, July 7. Radio star. Featured in "Broadway Bad," Warner Bros. Working in "The Girl in 419."

CRAWFORD, JOAN: Separated from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Rain," United Artists; "Today We Live." Working in "A Dancing Lady."

CROMWELL, RICHARD: Unmarried. Born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "Brown of Culver," Universal; "Age of Consent," Radio; "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 "Girl in the Transom," Mack Sennett. Working in "College Humor," Paramount.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Unmarried. Born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "The Mind Reader," Warner Bros. Working in "Let's Live It," in England.

(Continued on page 92)



Why isn't this pretty girl dancing?

SHE'S pretty. She's a good dancer. She's lively company. She wears stunning clothes.

Yet there she is, alone. Why?

The answer is not hard to find. Because she does not understand that soap and water alone cannot protect her from the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration, she is cut off from so much pleasure.

What a pity it is! And so needless. For it's so easy to have complete protection, just by using Mum!

A light fingertipful of this snowy deodorant cream smoothed under each arm when you dress—and you're safe for the whole day or evening.

Mum is no trouble to use—takes only half a minute. And you can use it any time, even after you're dressed.

For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—even a sensitive skin. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Another thing women use Mum for—to remove strong, stubborn odors, such as onion and fish, from their hands. Keep a jar in the kitchen for this.

Remember, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration. It simply prevents ugly odor. Get the habit of using it daily. You can get Mum at any toilet counter, 35c and 60c. The Mum Mfg. Co., 75 West St., New York.



MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION**

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins is a guarantee of freedom from odor. You need no longer worry about this old, old feminine problem.

Accused of Suicide

(Continued from page 58)



FASCINATION

Your Hair
is your
Opportunity



YOU may not own a dozen evening gowns, but there's a dozen different ways of doing your hair... that's your opportunity! Nothing contributes so much to feminine fascination as a lovely hairdress. And nothing contributes so much to hairdress perfection as HOLD-BOBS. Screen stars and beautiful women everywhere have found HOLD-BOBS the key to feminine fascination... and use them exclusively.

The smooth, round points of HOLD-BOBS cannot scratch... and the small, round heads are invisible. The flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, keep your hair "perfect" whether it's bobbed, long or "in-between". You may get HOLD-BOBS, both the straight and curved shape style, in colors to match all types of beauty. Use HOLD-BOBS always for a perfect hairdress.

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The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
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where... made in all sizes
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LOCKS.



FREE SUPPLY
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sample card of
HOLD-BOBS
(specify color)
and booklet, "The
Quest for Beauty"
... FREE

Straight Style HOLD BOB



SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS



Curved Shape Style

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Dept. E-7, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free sample card of HOLD-BOBS
and the new booklet "The Quest for Beauty."

Name.....

Address.....

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

☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold

finish it—it seemed so important to me even when the pain came so I could hardly get my breath that I kept moaning and talking about the sketch when every one around thought I was crazy or dying or something. They probably thought I had swallowed the sketch.

"The ambulance came after I was unconscious—I had seemed to go out in a gray sort of fog with orange rings around it. I was rushed to the receiving hospital where they pumped out my stomach—don't let any one tell you that death could be worse than that! They asked all kinds of questions. Funny that everyone in a receiving hospital thinks you want to commit suicide. But they couldn't find out what had made me so sick though I did mention all the horrible stuff I'd been eating for the past two weeks and had been too rushed to try to digest.

SEVERAL days after that I opened my ring and found the powder had gone out of it. I remembered that I had snapped it shut once or twice when it had flapped open. Betty had told me I'd weaken the spring if I didn't quit playing with it. I don't think either of us had seriously thought it was anything

but fake poison, but I persuaded her to take the ring with me to the receiving hospital where we opened it up for one of the doctors who had worked on me. They had me all written up in file number 6897452—"possible suicide attempt."

"This old doctor didn't think either of us very smart to be carrying a thing like that about, but said it was undoubtedly what had made me so ill, and that it had not killed me because it was only part of a lethal dose. (I looked that word up when I got home. He would have said it was a deadly dose if he hadn't wanted to give me an extra scare.)

"He sailed into us plenty after that, too, talked about suicide pacts in this crazy generation, poison in the hands of babes! It made us realize that we had not only had an escape from very violent death but a lot of unsavory publicity, too.

"The girls at school were crazy about the ring. They thought it would be a grand receptacle for rouge. . . ."

Richard grinned reminiscently, started to open the flap again, then reconsidered.

"I've a girl's picture in there now. No, another girl. It's a more practical kind of poison to carry around."

How Joel Escapes Scandal

(Continued from page 27)

and that star's husband. She had had a little too much to drink and I saw her giving Joel a very large once-over.

I looked at the husband and saw that he saw. "It's going to be just too bad for Joel," I said to myself. "This will be a situation he can't get out of no matter what he does.

A second later the girl had thrown her arms around Joel and was begging him to kiss her. And then Joel did a clever piece of business. Without even so much as a glance at the husband he leaned over and brushed her hair with his lips, as if she had been a very small child, and then, in a sort of big-brotherly way, he led her over to a table and offered her a chair, sitting down opposite her.

It was the perfect gesture, for nobody's feelings were hurt. Had he, fearful of the husband's annoyance, told the girl to "go peddle her papers" she would have not only been embarrassed but, under the circumstances, she might have raised the devil of a row. As it was, the husband couldn't possibly object to what he had seen Joel do. He might have taken the wife to task later for so obviously making a play for Joel, but certainly McCrea's behavior was beyond reproach.

It was a tough spot for any man to be in. I wonder how many men could have gotten out of it as gracefully.

AND don't forget that not only the husband but the other guests as well saw what Joel did. It made them set him down in their mental notebooks as "a swell guy." And, honestly, you can't gossip about "a swell guy."

It was some years ago at Aileen Pringle's house—when that home was the Mecca for Hollywood's most brilliant social set—that I first met Joel. In spite of the fact that filmdom's swankiest stars were there, Joel stood out, somehow. He was so natural and regular—with the simplicity that comes from good breeding.

I asked Aileen who he was.

She told me his name and said, "He's one of the nicest men I know. And he knows how to behave. You see, he comes from a very fine family and in spite of the fact that he was brought up in Hollywood, he didn't learn manners from the movie crowd. When you ask Joel to a party you know perfectly well that he isn't going to get drunk and insult your guests, that he is always going to use the right fork and that he's not going to drop a lighted cigarette on your cherished antique table."

And there you have the reason for Joel's success as a Beau Brummell. Don't forget that Hollywood is a manless town. There's a shortage of leading men both on and off the screen.

All the nicest men get married. Charming, unattached, eligible bachelors are as scarce in Hollywood as natural blondes.

So Joel was taken up with a bang. Here was a guest that a hostess could trust and before you could say Edward G. Robinson he became the most popular man in town. Not only the married girls but the single ones as well were escorted by him, but it didn't matter either way—for the husbands didn't mind.

Didn't mind? Why, he and the Marquis go horseback-riding together and are the best of friends!

But gossip. How has he avoided gossip?

I'll tell you about that. There's an underground, grapevine route of information in Hollywood. Anything that is done today is reported tomorrow. This grapevine route carried the news that Joel was regular.

OF course, it makes him just that much more desirable to a lot of girls, but it doesn't affect his armor against that sort of thing—and *Hollywood knows it*.

And since he has established his precedent, since he is invariably the perfect guest and the perfect escort, since his own perfect behavior is so evident, I'll make a little wager that if ever there were any trouble, Hollywood would blame the girl in the case and not Joel.

So the reason Joel escapes scandal is partly because of his own very real niceness and partly because he is smart enough to know that if he became entangled, his fun—the fun of having the right to step out with glamorous women—would be denied him. Because he is as he is, Hollywood trusts him.

The point is that he is not that suave, oily type of Hollywood male whose every movement and look cries out, "See, I'm the sex appeal lad." He's a companionable fellow—no lines handed out; no studied, gallant gestures made.

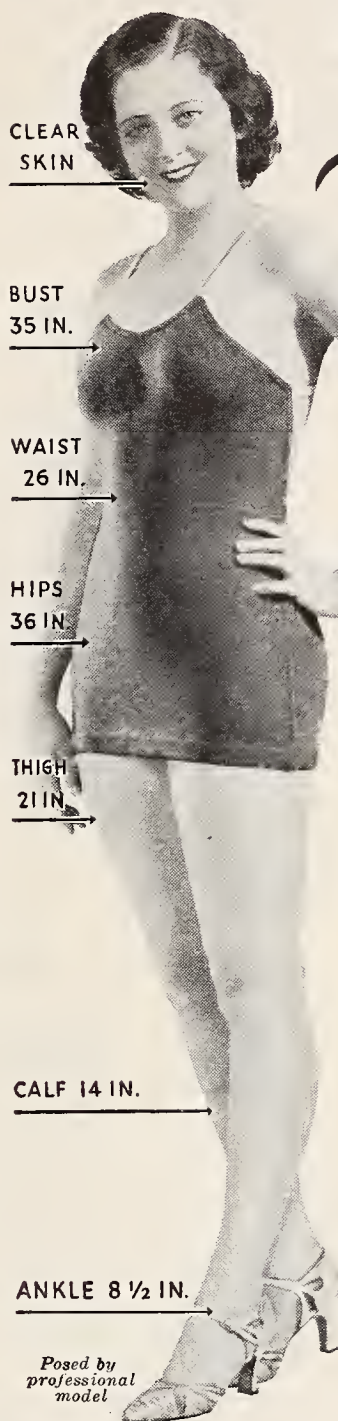
Of course, plenty of single girls have set their smart spring hats for Joel. Right now marriage doesn't enter into Joel's scheme of things, although he told me one day, "I'd marry if I found just the right girl. But honestly, what have most of these little Hollywood kids to offer? Just cuteness, that's all, and I'll bet cuteness would get pretty tiresome every morning at breakfast. I like women I can talk to. I'm no Great Intellect, but I can certainly stand some half-way intelligent conversation.

"But, honestly, I'm happy just as I am. I have a swell time. And I don't kid myself. I know I'm not a marvelous actor. I'll never be a big star, but I think I'm a pretty good leading man—and they're scarce. I like working in pictures, but acting is not so much in my blood that I can't retire. When I do retire I'm going to buy a ranch and live on it.

"And you've got to have something besides just a 'cute' girl to live on a ranch with you."

So now you know why Joel McCrea is as he is—and why he stays that way. And why it helps him escape scandal.

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Whatever Became of Anita?

(Continued from page 65)

performed in the lovely patio garden of the Chateau Elysee. And upon that day Anita looked more lovely than she had looked even when she was at the height of her picture career. That was because she was so happy and so very much in love.

From then on her life had flowed like a quiet smooth stream. She stays in Hollywood for two reasons—first to be near her brother and second because it is her home and all her friends are there. You will see her lunching with her friends—mostly the stars of her own movie era but often the newer players as well—in all of the smart restaurants of Hollywood. She is often in Sardi's, often in the Brown Derby at lunch time.

She and her husband live in a charming apartment and their small dinners are dignified, discreet and delightful. She likes the social side of life, enjoys bridge with her girl friends, and the theatre and concerts with her husband. She lives, in short, the average and nicely balanced life of a well-to-do society woman anywhere. If you did not recognize her and met her at some non-professional gathering you would not know that she had ever been an actress.

And I doubt very much, vivid as your memory of her may be, that you would recognize her. Instead of the black hair that distinguished her when she was a star, her hair is now a light auburn—and very becoming.

She dresses beautifully and is, I think, better looking than she has ever been. Besides her social duties she has, during the last year, been writing her memoirs.

Now I wouldn't say that if a screen role were offered Anita on a silver platter she would refuse it. The lure of greasepaint and spotlight is strong and when once the purr of the camera has been heard it is like a siren song, but, unless she had a sudden financial misfortune, I believe that Anita would not seek a job.

She is one of the lucky few. She is one of the stars who has retired gracefully—and that group is so pathetically small. She is living a nice, average life with a charming husband and among her old friends who, unlike her once ardent public, have not forgotten her.

Anita's story is different from the rest. There would not be so much heartache in Hollywood if more were as fortunate and as happily adjusted as she.

The Television Age

(Continued from page 29)

of broad action. At present it gives pictures as you might see them through a pair of binoculars. The next step will be to broaden the field of television, a task of enormous technical difficulties, which the wizards of television are sure they will surmount.

THUS it will be that in the television age the great events of the world and all the great sights for human eye to see will come flashing through the ether onto that screen in your room. Intrepid aviators fly over the mountains of Greenland and Tibet, broadcasting by television, sending you direct a sight of the awe-inspiring, unsurmountable summits, never before seen by human eyes, where the winds of the earth sweep. You will sit in your parlor and witness the coronation of some fabulous Maharajah of India, feasting your eyes on sights of undreamed luxury, hearing barbaric sounds. And then, with a flip of the dial, you may turn on the latest war and see the terrific sights and listen to the terrific sounds of modern battle. Everything that goes on all over the world will come as if by magic to your own quiet home. You can take your pick and be a witness to the great and historic things that occur in every land.

If televisions were to be used as the rambling microphones of today's radios

are, the stars who complain that they "don't have a private life" would set up a wail that could be heard to China, for their every move could be broadcast.

For instance, a televisor could take a trip down Hollywood Boulevard and pick up the interesting things it saw and you, sitting in your homes in any city of the world, would catch a glimpse of Sardi's Restaurant, let us say. There you would find the manager of Sardi's shaking hands with the stars as they draw up in their cars. You would see Marlene Dietrich striding along the street in her famous trouser suits. You would watch Jean Harlow as she went into a store to shop.

WITH the permission of the stars, it would penetrate into their homes and, just as now you see pictures of Mary Pickford's famous parties, so then you could sit in your homes and watch Mary and her guests move before you on the screen, actually at the moment the party occurred. It would be almost as if you were there yourself.

Perhaps Joan Crawford would allow the televisor to come to her house for dinner some night and then you would see exactly what happens in that beautiful Brentwood home from the time the butler takes the guests' hats at the



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door until they all sit down to watch a movie being run in the drawing room. You could see that movie, too, Joan's own choice, and it would be almost the same as if you were there in the same room with her.

When two important stars of the future get married, you can witness the ceremony. When a new cinema baby is born you can have a glimpse of it playing on the lawn. You can even go into the exclusive modistes shops in Hollywood and watch the showing of the new spring fashions. A turn of the dial would flash you to Palm Springs where you could watch Jean Harlow playing golf and see Joel McCrea, Dick and Jobyna Arlen and other friends together in the swimming pool.

In fact, not only will you be able to see the stars acting for you upon the screen. You can pick them up in intimate, real life moments.

When television comes, the artist's make-up will seem bizarre. Already the problem of make-up for television has been investigated. The present type of make-up is useless—red lips and rosy cheeks. Shades of black and white would do quite well, but it has been found that performers object to black lipstick and black "rouge." But brown does just as well, so brown it will be in the era of television. It has likewise been found that by way of face powder a roughly pulverized white is the best. It reflects more light than the fine white powder commonly in use. The actors in the play that is being performed for the magic eye of television will have on their faces a coarsely granulated glittering white stuff. And there will be a plethora of platinum blondes. Experiment has shown that so far as the human hair is concerned platinum blondes display best in the pictures that are flung over the ether waves.

In the era of television, of course, somebody will write an article concerning the next new wireless marvel of the future. It will be to television what television is to radio right now. It will be "just around the corner." Of what will that new marvel consist? Will it be the broadcasting of brain waves by wireless—or inter-planetary communication? Perhaps it will be the transmission over the ether waves, not only of beautiful sounds and of beautiful sights, but also of ravishing perfumes. Perhaps the etheric pulsation will serve the nose, as well as the ear and eye. Or they may find a way to broadcast savory tastes compounded by some great chef. But the supreme scientific triumph would be to transmit by short wave to the entire world the kisses and caresses of some famous beauty. After all, why shouldn't they put all five senses on the air?

I have just read a bit concerning an actual television studio that RKO is building in Hollywood. "Just around the corner," did I say? On the contrary, television is here! Merian C. Cooper will be boss of this studio. The entire motion picture industry is asked to aid in exploiting it to the utmost. So—you may expect to see "television shorts" almost any day now.



"Take me in your arms!" she commands.

"Orders are orders!" he replies.

OUR story opens with a gallant officer . . . and a beautiful girl . . . seated together in a rustic, music-filled beer garden. Their lips meet in a long, soulful kiss. And then, "Tell me," he asks, "what is your name?"

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Read these 12 Absorbing Screen Stories in the July SCREEN ROMANCES

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PEG O' MY HEART. Marion Davies.
THE LITTLE GIANT. Edward G. Robinson.
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I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY. Warner Baxter and Elissa Landi.
BABY FACE. Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent.
GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933. Warren William, Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell.
FIVE CENTS A GLASS. Marian Nixon and Charles Rogers.
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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 87)

- 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 "Cocktail Hour," Columbia.
- 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. Starred in "Ex-Lady." Featured in "The Working Man." Next is "Easy to Love."
- DEE, FRANCIS: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 26. Paramount player. Featured in "Crime of the Century"; "King of the Jungle." Working in "Silver Cord," Radio.
- 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 6. Universal player. Featured in "Cohens and Kellys in Trouble," Universal; "The Big Cage," Universal; "The Song of the Eagle," 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." Working in "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. Working in "Dinner at Eight." Next is "Tugboat Annie" and "The Late Christopher Bean."
- DUNN, JAMES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Handle With Care"; "Sailor's Luck." Working in "The Girl in 419," Paramount, and "Hold Me Tight," Fox. Next is "From Arizona to Broadway."
- 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. "The Silver Cord," Radio.
- DURANTE, JAMES: Married. Born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Phantom President," Paramount; "What, No Beer!" and "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; "Made on Broadway," M-G-M. Working in "Hold Me Tight," Fox.
- ERWIN, STUART: Married to June Collyer. Born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount player. Featured in "The Crime of the Century"; "Under the Tonto Rim"; "International House." Working in "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.; "Made on Broadway," M-G-M. Working in "Dinner at Eight" and "Accidents Wanted."
- FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: Separated from Joan Crawford. Born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "Narrow Corner." Working in "Captured," Warners, and "The Morning Glory," RKO.
- 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 "Wild Girl"; "Tess of the Storm Country," Fox.
- FARRELL, GLENDA: Married. Born in Enid, Okla., Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Wax Museum"; "Grand Slam"; "The Keyhole." Working in "Mary Stevens M.D."
- FORD, WALLACE: Married to Martha Halworth. Born in England. M-G-M player. Featured in "Central Park," Warner Bros.; "The Big Cage," Universal. Working in "He Lived to Kill," Columbia and "Goodbye Again," Warner Bros.
- 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."
- 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. Working in "Mary Stevens, M.D."
- GABLE, CLARK: Married to Ria Langham. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "No Man of Her Own," Paramount; "White Sister," M-G-M. Working in "Soviet." Next is "Night Flight" and "Stranger's Return."
- GARBO, GRETA: Unmarried. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "As You Desire Me." Next, probably "Christina."
- GARGAN, WILLIAM: Married. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. Radio player. Featured in "Animal Kingdom"; "Lucky Devils"; "Sweepings," Radio; "The Story of Temple Drake," Paramount. Working in "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 Takamah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Teec-Art Studio. Starred in "The Bolling Point"; "Cowboy Counsellor", "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 "Emergency Call", Radio. Next is "Her Bodyguard".
- 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 "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 "She Done Him Wrong"; "The Woman Accused"; "The Eagle and the Hawk." Working in "Gambling Ship."
- GREEN, MITZI: Child actress. Born in New York City, October 19. Radio player. Featured in "Little Orphan Annie."
- HAINES, WILLIAM: Unmarried. Born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Fast Life."
- 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; "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." Working in "When Ladies Meet," M-G-M. Next is "Double Harness."
- HARDY, OLIVER: Divorced. Born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Towed in a Hole"; "Twice Two"; "Fra Diavolo."
- HARLOW, JEAN: Widow of Paul Bern. Born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Working in "Dinner at Eight." Next is "Black Orange Blossoms."
- HARVEY, LILLIAN: Unmarried. Born in London, Eng., January 19. Fox player. Working in "My Lips Betray."
- 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" and "White Sister," M-G-M. Next is "Night Flight."
- HEPBURN, KATHARINE: Married to Ludlow Smith. Born in Hartford, Conn. Radio player. Featured in "Bill of Divorcement"; "Christopher Strong." Working in "The Morning Glory." Next is "Long Lost Father."
- HERSHOLT, JEAN: Married. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Flesh"; "Crime of the Century," Paramount; "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount. Working in "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M.
- HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Unmarried. Born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Secret of Madame Blanche" and "Men Must Fight," "Looking Forward."
- HOLT, JACK: Married. Born in Winchester, Pa., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "This Sporting Age"; "Man Against Woman"; "Fever"; "Tampico." Next is "The Wreckers."
- HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Divorced from Austin Parker. Born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise"; "The Story of Temple Drake." Working in "The Trumpet Blows." Next is "Stranger's Return," M-G-M.
- HOPTON, RUSSEL: Married. Born in New York City, February 18. Universal player. Featured in "The Little Giant."
- HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise"; "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.
- HOWARD, LESLIE: Married. Born in England, April 21. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Animal Kingdom," Radio; "Secrets," U. A. Working in "Captured," Warners.
- HUSTON, WALTER: Married to Nan Sunderland. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Starred in "Hell Below"; "Gabriel Over the White House."
- HYAMS, LEILA: 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.
- JONES, BUCK: Married to Odille Osborne. Born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia star. Starred in "Lovable Liar," "Grass Valley." Featured in "Child of Manhattan," Working in "Unknown Valley." Next is "The Open Road."
- JORDAN, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Strictly Personal," Paramount; "Bondage," Fox. Next is "Hide in the Dark" and "Three Came Unarmed."

(Continued on page 110)

Movie Husbands

(Continued from page 47)

executive position at Paramount Studios. His work, while not as fame-bearing as Janet's, earned him the very comfortable salary of \$1,000.00 weekly. He was *not* around the house during the day.

Yet, as the husband of a movie star, Lydell was as unsuccessful as Eddie.

Peck has steadfastly refused to talk about Janet's divorce action against him. Yet it is no secret among friends of the couple that what it took, in Lydell's case, was a complete deaf-dumb-and-blind state that would forever close his eyes and ears to the public insistence that the legend of "Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor" was still very alive. Not that Lydell was ever jealous of Charlie . . . the man. He knew, as well as all the insiders knew, that any flame that had ever existed between the screen sweethearts had long since simmered down to an ember of friendship. But, it is said, that it grew to annoy Lydell exceedingly that certain movie magazines were being kept out of his reach because Janet feared that articles they contained would only cause him *more* annoyance.

Imagine, too, the embarrassment of sitting at your office desk and reading a dispatch from San Francisco stating that Mr. Charles Farrell had just postponed his Honolulu vacation because at sailing time he found that *your* wife was aboard.

IMAGINE, also, reading in the papers that there were rumors of your impending divorce . . . and upon finishing the article realize that reporters had called Charles Farrell to ask what *he* thought about it. It was no one's fault that from the beginning Lydell's marriage was a "triangle." In his case, to be the husband of a movie star, it took a superhuman indifference to public opinion and gossip!

Ralph Forbes is another ex-husband who fought against Hollywood opinion during the time he was married to Ruth Chatterton. It was Hollywood's belief that Ralph Forbes was "broke." When Ruth signed her famous \$750,000 contract with Warners, Ralph was immediately relegated to the estate of "pauper." He *couldn't* have anything comparable with that. Well, quite frankly, he didn't! But he *did* have \$85,000 of his own iron men salted away in Liberty Bonds.

One afternoon during their marriage, and just following Ruth's contract signing, Ralph was enjoying a little game of polo . . . until a wisecracker remarked: "Nice game, polo. . . if your wife can afford it."

Ralph, as a Hollywood husband, needed a good right arm. He had it. They say that the smart aleck didn't "come to" for half an hour . . . which didn't do Ralph any good either. He

(Continued on page 95)

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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 76)

into a pastry shell and then glazed by having a hot strawberry syrup poured over them. We have the recipe for this pie, too—and you needn't let Mr. Tracy know if you prefer to make tarts instead of pie. Just go ahead and bake your pastry in muffin pans instead of in a pie plate and proceed as directed in the recipe.

Fruit and ice cream just naturally seem to go together and Lee proclaimed that his favorite combination of that kind is a Peach Melba.

"Don't know how they make the peaches taste the way they do in that dessert," declared Lee, "but they certainly are swell."

Well, we know how they make the peaches taste that way. Like this:

PEACH MELBA

- 12 peaches
- 3 cups water
- 2 cups sugar
- 6 cloves
- Vanilla ice cream

Peel the peaches, first dipping them into boiling water after which the skins will slip off easily. Cut each peach in half, removing stone. Boil together the sugar, water and cloves for 3 minutes. Poach the peaches in this syrup, a few at a time, cooking only long enough for the peaches to become tender but not soft. Chill.

At serving time place a peach-half in the bottom of a sherbet glass, fill cavity with vanilla ice cream, top with a second peach half and pour a little of the peach syrup over all. Garnish with a spoonful of crushed raspberries, or raspberry jam.

THIS is one of the dressiest of all ice cream dishes—and we think you will be surprised and delighted to find out how easy it is to make.

Lee likes a compôte of fruit with which to start his dinner or to end his luncheon—his favorite mixture consisting of white grapes, peaches, fresh pineapple and bananas, all cut up together. When you make this, be sure to squeeze a little lemon juice over the peaches and bananas to keep them from discoloring. And you will find the mixture decidedly improved by adding a quantity of syrup made by boiling together sugar and water for 5 minutes (in proportions of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar to $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of water) and pouring it over the fruit. Then let the fruit stand in the refrigerator to chill thoroughly before serving. You may vary this fruit combination to suit your own fancy or the assortment of fruit you happen to have on hand, but this sugar and water syrup idea will improve any fruit compôte you may make.

There were other fruit and berry desserts which came in for favorable mention from Mr. Tracy—particularly Blueberry Cake with Hot Lemon Sauce, Combination Fruit Gelatin, and popovers filled with berries and served with

whipped cream or a boiled custard sauce. We have the recipes for all of them. We are giving you the gelatin one here. The four others mentioned by Lee Tracy are included in this month's star recipe folder which you can get by mailing to us the coupon on page 76. Send a large, stamped, addressed envelope, please.

And now, rather than tell you anything more about these fruit and berry desserts—after all, they will speak for themselves once you've made them—we want to tell you about a brand new way of entertaining which will give you an opportunity to show off these elegant desserts to your friends—without entailing inviting them to dinner. You see, you invite them to come for dessert only. Yes, we mean that. You say to your prospective guests, "Get here around eight for dessert and coffee." By that time you will have finished the first part of your own dinner, and cleared up, the children will have been put to bed and the table will be freshly laid for the dessert course. Have everything on the table so that it won't be necessary for you to jump up at any time—cigarettes, matches, ash trays, dishes of candy and nuts, coffee, cream and sugar, the dessert itself and all the necessary paraphernalia for serving and eating it. There is something very cozy and companionable about lingering over this dessert and coffee course—nobody wants to hurry and you sit and talk and smoke and sip coffee long after the dessert itself has disappeared. After this dessertish beginning to the evening, there is no need for you to serve any refreshments later on.

And now here is the other recipe we promised you. Cut out both of the recipes in this article and save them to add to the other four contained in the special Lee Tracy folder—which you won't waste a single day writing for, if you are wise!

COMBINATION FRUIT GELATIN

- 1 package lemon flavored gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup orange juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white grapes
- 1 cup strawberries
- 2 tablespoons powdered sugar

Dissolve gelatin and granulated sugar in boiling water. Cool slightly and add orange juice. Pour $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of the gelatin mixture in mold which has been rinsed with cold water, reserving $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the liquid. Place mold in refrigerator. When the gelatin is beginning to get solid but is not quite set, add the grapes which have been washed and cut in half and the strawberries which have been washed, hulled and cut in half and sprinkled with the powdered sugar. Pour over them the remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of gelatin and return to refrigerator to set. Unmold and serve with sweetened whipped cream. A grand hot weather dessert.

Movie Husbands

(Continued from page 93)

couldn't go around smacking all the gossips. Nor could he carry around his \$85,000 in Liberty Bonds to assure the doubters that he was able and *did* purchase all his own polo ponies.

HARRY BANNISTER is another Hollywood husband who found that just a bit too much humiliation was involved in being married to even as charming a movie star as Ann Harding. At the time of their separation Harry said:

"I just couldn't stand to be referred to as *Mr. Ann Harding* any longer. I was a well-known player on the stage for years . . . and yet Hollywood continued to insist that my wife got me my job in the talkies. Every time the telephone rang it was for Ann. Every time anyone spoke it was to Ann. The people who built our house consulted Ann. God knows, *she* wasn't to blame. It's just this crazy business. Unless a man's personal achievements at least match those of his movie star wife . . . there isn't much chance for real happiness in Hollywood!"

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s contract equalled Joan Crawford's! His name, in electric lights was billed almost as high as hers! Doug had the job (which Eddie Hillman felt so important); he laughed at gossip and threw it off (which Lydell Peck was not quite able to do) and he was standing in the light of his *own* fame which was so importantly "wrong" with Harry Bannister's marriage! Yet even young Doug has been forced to admit defeat as the husband of a movie star.

S AID Doug: "Conditions are absolutely opposed to a happy marriage in this town! In the first place, happy marriages are *resented*! But gossip was not wholly responsible for our separation . . . as has been claimed so many times. It isn't true that the chatter writers pulled us apart . . . or that their whisperings could *ever* have caused our separation. There is another and much more dangerous element.

"It isn't easy to make concessions at home when you have spent the entire day having your own way at the studio."

"For a complete spoiling process, you can't beat a year or two of Hollywood stardom. There is no getting away from it . . . it is difficult to dove-tail opposite temperaments. I sometimes think that it takes a non-professional husband to be successfully married to a professional wife and vice versa. I know there are good arguments against that, too."

And Doug has more to say on the subject on Page 36.

Perhaps you'd say, "Get out of Hollywood and settle down in some quiet spot where love has no handicaps except the handicaps of love itself!"

But then, how about Ben Lyon—and those few others who've made good?



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You Can Get Anything You Want

(Continued from page 24)

"The day I dreamed I'd give Winnie a million dollars I made my first big step towards success."

It was by the merest chance, and by Raoul Walsh's misfortune, that Warner was given the lead in "In Old Arizona," the production that reestablished him in films.

Raoul Walsh was playing the lead in this picture as well as directing it. While he was driving through the country one night a Jack rabbit, confused by his headlights, jumped through his windshield. The next morning Walsh was in the hospital. He lost the sight of one eye. The picture had to go on. The studio telephoned Warner Baxter to come over and take a test. His work in "In Old Arizona" was one of the greatest triumphs any motion picture player ever has achieved.

WARNER BAXTER was set again.

As he never had doubted he would be. Contracts were offered him. He signed finally with Fox. His income no longer was the uncertain, hit or miss affair of a free-lance. Every week a handsome salary rolled in.

Three years passed. Last autumn Warner's contract with Fox was about to expire. Because of a run of inferior pictures he had lost ground. The old, surprisingly reliable grapevine system had it that Warner's contract was not to be renewed.

The stock market crash had set him back. In the picture business, suffering from the depression with every other business, prospects of free-lancing were even more precarious than they had been for the few months before Warner had won the security of his contract through "In Old Arizona."

What about that million dollars he was going to give Winnie now? A million dollars well may seem more difficult of attainment when you've taken years to accumulate part of it than when you have nothing and it is just a vague sum to be acquired in the distant future. What about his dreams?

Just this:

Warner did not allow himself to contemplate failure. He did not begin compromising. He did not say to himself, "Well, what if they don't sign me again? I can make a living as a free lance at least. And there is enough put by. If my dream of giving Winnie a million hasn't actually been realized it's brought us a long way from second-rate road shows and second-rate commercial hotels."

"42nd Street" was being cast. There was no one on the Warner lot to play the stage director. It wasn't a part for the average, romantic young man. But it was exactly the part for a troupier like Warner Baxter, for a troupier who could get his teeth into it. An emissary was sent to Fox: "Please could Warner Baxter take a test for a lead on the Warner lot?"

Warner Baxter could and did. Confident, not racked with fear, he was able

to give his test as a temperamental, highly strung stage director everything he had. He got the job.

And the Fox company, advised of the sensationally fine test this was, immediately signed Warner to the new contract what everybody, *except Warner himself*, had been certain he wasn't going to get.

For years now, Winnie has had her little white house at Malibu. It is here that crisp dotted Swiss curtains are criss-crossed at sunny windows. In Hollywood there is another house, bigger and more luxurious. And in the San Jacinto mountains there is a hunting lodge.

Warner hasn't given Winnie that million dollars he promised her fifteen years ago yet. But now no one, least of all Winnie herself doubts that she will get it.

WHEN Frances Marion was a little girl, she lived with her great-aunt. Her great-aunt insisted she wear her hair slicked back. So she would look "neat and tidy." The dresses the visiting seamstress made her were serviceable. And ugly. And always, with every dress, Frances had to wear a guimpe, a guimpe with a little standing collar. Not even her neck must be exposed.

It didn't surprise Frances that her nickname was "Guimpes." It didn't surprise her at all. She loathed the way she looked. And a good part of her childhood she spent envying the rich little girl who lived next door. We'll call this rich little girl, who today is one of San Francisco's social leaders, Helen Green.

Helen Green had everything. She lived in the most beautiful house. She had the prettiest clothes. She gave the most wonderful parties. And then, and this was more than Frances could bear, a new baby arrived at the Green house.

There was no chance of a new baby in Frances' family. Frances' mother and father were divorced. Frances could and did, however, pretend she had a baby brother. She used to make believe she had to hurry home from school so she would be there when he awakened from his nap. She used to dream about the soft, cuddly bunnies he would get at Easter. She imagined him crowing with delight when the weather turned warm and his nurse took him down to the sea. She knew perfectly well the kind of a little boy he was going to grow up to be. A sturdy, stocky, little fellow, one hundred per cent male.

Then one day Frances thought how terrible it would be if her little brother, more real to her now than actual things and people, should fall off the roof. She lived in a house with a flat, mansard roof that was easily reached by a ladder ascending from the top-floor storeroom.

The thought of her dear little brother falling off the roof was very vivid. And

suddenly, in school that afternoon, she burst into tears.

"Whatever is wrong?" asked her teacher. "What is the matter, Frances?"

"My little baby brother," Frances sobbed. "Oh, my poor little baby brother, he fell off the roof." So vivid is a child's imagination.

The teacher looked puzzled.

Up went Helen Green's hand.

"We live right next door to Frances," she announced importantly, "and she has no baby brother at all so how could he fall off the roof?"

A great fuss was made about this, of course. There was far less understanding of child psychology then. Frances' great-aunt was asked to come to school.

"You told a lie," the principal charged Frances. "You have no baby brother. You deliberately told a lie!"

The great-aunt looked grim.

"But I . . . I did have a baby brother," Frances whispered. "Really I did. He was only make-believe. But I did have him. And he did fall off the roof." Thus she floundered.

"Frances," said her aunt severely, "don't make the lie you've already told worse by adding another to it."

They didn't understand, any of them, how very real that make-believe baby brother had been.

"It was then," Frances Marion told me, "that I began to dream of a day when I'd make all of them understand how made-up people and made-up things really were real, quite as real as they themselves were. *More* real to me, sometimes."

"It was then, too, feeling inferior to the rich Helen Green, that I began to dream of the day when I'd have a beautiful house and lovely clothes, when I'd give wonderful parties and important people would come to see me."

"I dreamed I'd have children. I dreamed I'd have dogs and birds. I dreamed that I'd be important and not have to sit back and watch anyone else having all of the things I'd always wanted."

"I would, I dreamed, turn the imagination that had gotten me into all that trouble to my profit."

It was then Frances Marion began to dream . . .

"What are you thinking about?" her mother, coming to visit, used to ask. "What are you thinking about?"

"Of a white house on a hill," Frances would answer. "A beautiful white house. With horses grazing in the pasture. And dogs running around. And the most wonderful people in the world arriving for dinner."

ALWAYS that white house on a hill was part of Frances Marion's dream. Now, alas, it is behind her. It was part of the life she shared with Fred Thompson. When he died she couldn't bear to stay on alone. But that beautiful, gracious white house on a hill is something those who visited there will remember always.

"For years," Frances Marion told me, "I saw myself greater than I was. When I did my first interview, with Marie Dressler incidentally, for the San

Francisco *Examiner*, when I sold a little story, I saw myself as the person of my dream, as a famous, successful writer."

It was while Frances Marion was writing and selling short stories to magazines, making posters for various railway companies, and finally theatrical posters for Morosco, that she became interested in Mary Pickford. She didn't know her name. But she always bought her admission and went in when she saw Mary's picture outside a theatre.

"I'm going to write stories for the little girl with the curls," she told herself. It wasn't long after this had become part of her dream, too, that the motion picture rights of her story, "The Stranger," were purchased for Mary. And now fame and success, the white house on the hill and finally her present charming English house, the important friends and marvelous parties, the dogs and birds were all much nearer attainment.

"It's all so completely as I dreamed it would be years ago when I was an unhappy little girl nicknamed 'Guimpes' and dressed 'neat and clean,'" Frances Marion said, "that I marvel at the way my dream directed my life, at the vividness and constancy with which I always saw myself as I finally am today."

"Working hard, standing up to discouragements and set-backs, I used to be gratified because I was facing what the person I believed myself to be must face."

Walking through Frances' library, we were startled by her small son. He emerged, growling, on all fours, from beneath a sofa. He was, at that particular moment, a lion. A very ferocious lion.

Frances smiled comprehendingly. "Believe it or not," she said, "he is exactly the little boy I dreamed that imaginary brother of mine would grow up to be, in looks and temperament and action."

"I don't pretend to understand it at all but I know the miracles a dream will work if you dream constantly and strong and true enough. . . ."

THOUSANDS of boys and girls all over the country dream of becoming movie stars. They see themselves living in a house on a hilltop, riding around in a Rolls-Royce or a very sporty roadster. They visualize themselves with grand clothes. They see themselves in the studios, working on a set.

Whenever these boys and girls flunk an exam or whenever they aren't asked to some party, they retreat into their dream. Immediately they imagine themselves, because of one fluke or another, getting a bit to play in a picture. They see the president of the company or the director so impressed with them that they are signed to a five-year contract immediately, and groomed for stardom.

All of this is all right as far as it goes. But it doesn't go far enough. It isn't dreaming *true*. It isn't dreaming completely. These things are part of a star's life. True enough. But they're

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in your
hair
too!

**Discover it
tonight in one
shampooing!**



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No other shampoo like Golden Glint Shampoo. Does more than merely cleanse. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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far from being all of a star's life. This dream should go further. Those who dream it should visualize themselves working hard, studying, growing mentally, standing up to discouragements, making the most of every minute. For this, too, is part of being a star. The very foundation of stardom, in fact. Nowhere in the world is there a harder working group of people than in Hollywood. Hollywood is, literally, a gigantic beehive.

BOB MONTGOMERY'S dream of being an actor was born the day he saw Maude Adams. He was young, a schoolboy. The occasion was a theatre-party given for a friend on his birthday.

Immediately Bob forgot the elaborate plans and he and a group of boys made about organizing an airplane squadron. Something in Maude Adams' acting appealed to an instinct previously dormant within him. That instinct awakened, Bob's dream evolved.

The other boys Bob trailed around with went from one enthusiasm to another. They gave up the idea of forming an airplane squadron to become enthusiastic about wireless telegraphy. Outwardly Bob passed from one enthusiasm to another with the others. But not once did he forget his dream. Not once did he lose his picture of himself making his way on the stage, serving an apprenticeship, finding success.

He kept his dream to himself, however. He knew his family, comprised of merchant princes and the sons of merchant princes living comfortably on inherited incomes, would have no sympathy with any such notion.

No one could be further away from a theatrical background than Bob Montgomery. Every limb and twig of his family tree has been explored and nowhere could there be found an actor or any first cousin to an actor—like a politician or orator—of any kind.

Bob went to school at Pawling. English literature, languages, physical culture, the studies that would serve him best in the theatrical world were the studies to which he brought the greatest concentration and the keenest enthusiasm.

Then, financially, things smashed up for the Montgomerys. Bob had to get a job. He had to make money right off. He couldn't risk the uncertain fortunes the theatre offered a tyro like himself. He took jobs wherever he could find them. He worked with his hands. He shipped aboard an oil tanker bound for California.

Actually he seemed to be moving further and further away from any realization of his dream. But he did not lose faith. And always he saw himself as a successful actor.

At last Bob got back to New York. His family's financial crisis had past. He had saved a little money, a very little money. He went straight to the theatrical agents.

There were times when he went hungry. There was never a time when the various members of the Montgomery clan didn't point out the decent, dependable ways in which the Montgomerys, past and present, had made a living.

"All this well-meant effort did no good. In my mind I was already an actor even though I never set foot on any stage. I couldn't get a picture of myself working in a polite bank, selling securities on a golf links, or sitting in the coffee exchange all day, cabling orders for so many hundred bags of coffee. That dream which had come into existence the day I watched Maude Adams literally possessed me.

"I got an engagement at last. At thirty-five dollars a week. For two weeks. But it was enough."

I asked Bob if the theatre had seemed strange to him when he first worked in it. He shook his head.

"Not at all. In fact, I had been an actor in my own mind so long that when I went backstage for the first time it was exactly as if, at last, I had reached home."

Bob Montgomery thinks it is well to be careful what you dream.

"Because," he says, "if you hold on to your dream tenaciously enough and cater to it enough you cannot fail to realize it.

"Provided your dream comes to you of its own accord. Provided you don't make it up simply because your common sense tells you its realization would be desirable. Only rarely can such a desire become a dream, cease to be more than ambition.

"The dream that comes true must be for something for which you have a true instinct, for something you want even though your practical instincts may tell you it would be much better to have something else."

WHEN Bebe Daniels' Paramount contract expired and was not renewed Bebe was twenty-six years old. Twenty-six is young, except in Hollywood. But even in Hollywood it is not easy at twenty-six to accept the fact that you're a "has-been," that you're less than you were, on the downgrade so to speak.

"Was it very difficult for you at that time?" I asked Bebe one Sunday not long ago.

Bebe and Ben were giving a party to honor Dario Rappaport who had just completed a portrait of Bebe and little Babs. Everyone present was complimenting her on her work in "42nd Street." And only the day before a cable had arrived asking her to accept a flattering concert engagement in Europe.

"Strangely enough, it wasn't," Bebe answered me. "You see, I never saw myself in the predicament you imagine. During my last year at Paramount I had begun to dream of myself as a singer. Two months before my contract expired I had started to study. And even though I understand my voice sounded none too beautiful to the family I always heard myself singing charmingly.

"I never saw myself out of a job, relegated to the uncertain free lance ranks. Instead I saw myself as a singer. And when I actually left Paramount and could give all my time and thought and energy to singing it seemed more natural to me to be practising and tak-

ing lessons than it had seemed, at the end, to be working in the studios. Although I'd worked in studios for many years."

For two months more Bebe concentrated on her singing. Then, hearing "Rio Rita" was to be filmed she went to William LeBaron, executive producer at RKO and asked for the leading role.

After the year of bad pictures Bebe had suffered at Paramount she was not exactly good box-office. But because she never had thought of herself in this light, because she saw herself as a singer and a singer was needed for the lead in "Rio Rita" she was able to approach Bill LeBaron with a confidence that influenced him considerably.

They had considered bringing out a prima donna from the New York stage. Nevertheless, facing Bebe across his great desk, Bill LeBaron said:

"I guess if you want it that much you'll get it."

According to Bebe, it was as if he spoke against his better judgment, as if he were thinking out loud.

This was enough for Bebe. She went directly to a music store and bought the "Rio Rita" music. One of the songs had a high B flat in it. Bebe had not yet reached within several notes of that.

"How long will it take me to reach B flat?" she asked her music teacher.

"Two months at least," he said. "Maybe two years. Maybe never!"

"Oh, no," she said, "you're wrong. I'll have it within two weeks. I'll have to have it within that time. For in two weeks I start work in 'Rio Rita.'"

Not for one minute did Bebe picture herself unable to reach this note. Not for one minute did she wonder how she would feel if someone else was finally announced for the part. Instead she saw herself playing in "Rio Rita," singing all the prima donna songs and singing them well, reaching high B flat easily.

She and Ben were engaged. And Ben, concerned when he realized how she was counting on this part, went to see her one evening, determined to pre-

pare her for the possibility of someone else getting it. He left Bebe that night convinced himself that she would play it.

Within two weeks Bebe had reached her B flat. In spite of the fact that two months was the least time in which her teacher, a recognized authority, had agreed she could possibly expect to manage it.

You know, of course, that she got the job.

WARNER BAXTER . . . Frances Marion . . . Bob Montgomery . . . Bebe Daniels . . . We have seen how these four people achieved what they wanted, how the dreams they dreamed came true. Not because of any strange magic. But because:

1. They dreamed. Strong, Vividly. Constantly. And true.

2. They did not pick their dream out of thin air but concentrated on the dream that suggested itself to them.

3. They always saw themselves in possession of their dream.

4. They never doubted their dream would come true.

5. They worked and planned towards their dream's fulfillment because it so obsessed them that they couldn't do otherwise.

You too can have anything you want.

Do you, for instance, want to be mistress of a beautiful home? This was Colleen Moore's dream. When Colleen was a little girl she turned a copy book into a paper doll's house. Samples of wallpaper were pasted on a page to represent the walls and the carpet. Against this she would paste pictures of furniture she had cut from magazines and newspapers.

In the August issue of MODERN SCREEN there will be photographs of this original paper doll's house together with photographs of the beautiful home over which Colleen presides today. And there will be the story of how Colleen, as well as several other motion picture people, made her day-dream come true.

Buck Jones' Ride Through Life

(Continued from page 64)

the advice of Shorty, he did extra work. But he had little liking for the long hours of sitting around a "ballroom set" dressed up like a stuffed monkey in a tuxedo. He would have "blown" the movies for good, if he had not accidentally found out that "stunt men" (who perform the dangerous athletic feats for unathletic stars) made excellent money by merely riding bronchos, hopping off speeding trains, jumping out of windows and other "tame" outdoor activities. Many of the stunts Buck performed before the camera earned him as high as \$500. There were none less than \$100. So proficient did he become at risking his neck that

a casting director at the Fox studio sent for him and offered him the steady all-year-round job of doubling for Fox's then long list of he-men star athletes, at \$40.00 weekly. Naturally, Buck could not leave the movies after that. He was under contract!

This was at the stage of the movie game when Western pictures were unadulterated solid gold at the box office. The companies could not supply them to the exhibitors fast enough. They were made in record-breaking time and were, if the truth be known, the financial "angels" behind the dramatic films. In spite of many glamorous stars of the "drama" at that period, Tom Mix was



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"Here is the SECRET"

says
Mary Brian



of the

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and other nail requisites. Smooth, beautiful, LASTING. 5 shades: Nat., Med., Rose, Carmine, Platinum Pearl. Try a generous package of this POLISH OF THE STARS at your favorite 10c store, or mail coupon if they cannot supply.

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the highest paid star of the movies!

Quite unknown to far-from-movie-wise Buck, the Fox company was beginning to have salary and contract trouble with their chief money earner, Mr. Mix. Tom wanted some little sum like \$17,000 weekly. In fact, he had just about made up his mind that he wasn't going to make any more movies unless they were willing to part with this little bit of change. It was up to the Fox company to do something. Perhaps if they could frighten Mix into line with the threat of a potential "rival" on the same program. . . .

Buck had been under contract for a year and a half without ever having met a real studio official, when suddenly out of a clear sky he was summoned into the holy sanctum of Mr. Sol Wurtzel and Mr. Winfield Sheehan who wanted to know if Buck would like to make some starring pictures for them—"five reel Western comedies," they called them. The amazed Buck could only stand and stare at them. "We'll give you seventy-five dollars a week," said Mr. Wurtzel. Still Buck could only stand there, speechless. "Well, make it a hundred," said Mr. Sheehan. Buck was beginning to feel faint. "A hundred and a quarter," said Mr. Wurtzel crisply. "A hundred and fifty is absolutely top price," snapped Mr. Sheehan. Before he collapsed in a faint at their feet, Buck managed to scrawl his name across a dotted line that was pointed out to him. Had they only known it, the conscientious Buck would have made starring pictures for them for his old \$40 per week.

Buck Jones was a star of Fox pictures for eleven years. Next to Tom Mix he was the largest money-earner on the program.

THOUGH the pictures he made were never reviewed by George Jean Nathan and in no way rated as artistic triumphs, they nevertheless earned him an enormous following among children and the Saturday afternoon crowds at the smaller movie houses. The contract that had started so casually at \$150 weekly had swelled to the magnificent figure of \$3500 weekly by the time he entered his last three years with Fox.

When, at the end of his eleventh year with that organization, he decided to sever relations, Buck was a rich man. He and Dell had always lived well and comfortably in Hollywood. They owned a town house, a large ranch and a beach home, but they had never gone in for the swank of swimming pools and imported cars and diamonds and hordes of unnecessary servants. He had saved \$325,000 cash which was invested in Government bonds. He could easily have retired at this time and lived the life of a country gentleman but Buck had been "in harness" too long to relish the idea of idleness.

The movies had gone into something of a slump and he was wise enough to realize that he would be foolish to attempt to finance his own pictures. He had weathered one disastrous independent movie fling with a man named Garson, which had cost him about \$50,000. He was not in the least anxious to be

his own movie impresario after that painful experience.

Instead he decided to return to his first love—the circus. At the time of the height of his stardom in the movies Buck had organized "The Buck Jones Rangers," a group consisting of about five thousand kids who were his staunch and most sincere admirers. This club, that has grown to five million members since its inception, is one of the biggest organizations of its kind in the world. It is based upon a code of honor including honesty, fair dealing and loyalty. And every member is a Buck Jones booster!

After the club had grown to its present terrific size, Buck had a great desire to visit each one of the chapters. How better to do it than by bringing his circus to the towns where his Rangers were located?

With this in mind, Buck cashed in the Government bonds and financed a traveling circus for thirty days. At the end of that time he had not one nickel left!

\$300,000 gone in thirty days!

The kids had not failed him . . . but Buck had reckoned without the smart tricks of the trade which can be pulled in the circus business. For instance:

His "advance man" would arrive in a town, post the bills advertising Buck and his Wild West Show and then move on to the next place. The minute he was out of town the rival circus producers would tear down, or otherwise destroy his ads, and when Buck and his troupe arrived there would not be more than a handful of people who realized he was there. It was a disheartening and heartbreaking experience. The accumulated wealth of eleven years' savings went so fast it made him dizzy.

SO, one morning in June of 1931, Buck and Dell returned to Hollywood practically as broke as they had been twelve years before, when they first saw the city!

"If it hadn't been for Dell," said Buck, "I don't know what I would have done. But money has never meant much to her—that is, not much in comparison to adventure. She used to laugh and say we were never meant to be 'the bloated rich'. She insisted that as long as we had our health and a couple of good horses, nothing else mattered. Really, she was swell. We rented a small ranch house in Van Nuys, outside of Hollywood, and sat back to wait for something to happen."

Thanks to Buck's manager, Scotty Dunlap, the "something" was not long in showing up. Scotty arranged for Buck to make a picture for Sol Lesser at Tec-Art for a salary of \$300 weekly. There is a great deal of difference between \$3500 weekly (Buck's former movie salary at Fox) and \$300. "But \$300 a week is still a lot of money," Buck grinned. "Where else in the world could I have made so much?" The Western picture for Lesser was so successful that Columbia put in a bid for Buck's contract and "bought" him for \$500 per week. Under that new affiliation, Buck played his first "straight" part with Nancy Carroll and John Boles

in "Child of Manhattan." His performance was so good that a great many reviewers predicted that Buck Jones was entering a "new career," much more important dramatically than had been his old stardom in Western films.

But from the front porch of his "rented" ranch house, Buck looks on his new Hollywood career with philosophy rather than excitement.

"Sure, I liked doing the role in 'Child

of Manhattan.' I'd like to do such a part every now and then if the opportunity comes up. But the only movies I will ever *love* are those fast moving, galloping 'horse operas' with their old-fashioned hero, heroine and villain. I love them for their clean adventure and for the thrill they give the kids. And just between you and me, I have a little hunch I'll still be doing Westerns when your hair has turned to gray!"

Object Lesson in Good Manners

(Continued from page 74)

over-cautious, really. Anyone else would allow me to be up and about.

"I put up with him because he's so handsome."

The other day I was telling a good friend of Claudette's very much what I've written here.

"It sounds exactly like her, all of it," this friend said. "She'd never break an engagement at the last minute if she possibly could help it. And having asked you there she would see to it that everything was gay and pleasant."

"There was no further talk of her illness?"

"None," I said.

"There wouldn't be," this friend continued, "Claudette's sense of social responsibility never fails her. Sickness makes dreary and even alarming conversation. As a hostess or as a guest she would avoid it."

"She's quite as charming a guest as she is a hostess, incidentally."

"She's never one of those ghastly people who arrive at a party to sit back with an air that challenges you to entertain them. Neither is she ever guilty of that curious jealousy some people have lest your party be a success. She never says nor does anything calculated to start acrimonious discussions. She never confronts another guest with some erroneous statement he's made. Subtly or otherwise she never dampens any general enthusiasm for any game that may be suggested."

"And she always brings a nice spirit of gaiety to parties."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, I must explain here, is not one of those persistently gay people. Neither is she an enthusiastic play-girl nor an empty-headed Pollyanna. She takes serious things seriously. She's often inclined to be quiet and thoughtful. She has all the worries and concerns that any adult breadwinner or any star managing a career must have.

But arriving at a party Claudette would have consideration enough for her host or hostess not to bring one of her troubles with her. She is, furthermore, too sensitive a person to arrive at any social gathering in an antagonistic frame of mind, saying mentally or, worse still, by her attitude, "Amuse me, if you can!"

The more sensitive a person is the

more likely he is to feel a sense of responsibility socially. A sensitive person is quicker to appreciate his host's or hostess' desire for everyone to have a good time. She will realize how an unfortunate attitude on the part of even one guest can mar things generally. Besides, a sensitive person will be more sympathetic to the inevitable shy guest and, in a warm, casual way, make some effort to include him in whatever is going on.

It is not strange that anyone with Claudette's feeling of social responsibility should be as popular as Claudette is. Her friends like to have her at their parties even if they never analyze the exact reason why.

Talking of social responsibility reminds me of a flying visit I once made a friend who lives in southern France. This friend and I had attended the same convent at Versailles. She had married well. Her estate at Cannes was famous. The day I stopped off, unexpectedly, for a few hours with her on my way to Italy she was having a garden party. Ladies in chiffons and gentlemen in flannels swarmed everywhere. There was a caterer's tent on the lawn. My friend and I were both frightfully disappointed that we couldn't have a real visit together.

"And you won't be able to show me your old house or the gardens you've written me about!" I wailed.

"You must see them somehow," she protested. "The garden's at its best right now." But a little frown crept between her eyes. Obviously it would be impossible for her to leave her guests for the hour or more this tour of inspection would take.

A friend, standing close by, overheard her.

"Let me be a guide," she said. "I know all the nooks you're most proud of. And I'd love to show them. Really I would."

Here again was the same nice sense of social responsibility that marks Claudette Colbert. Undoubtedly this girl would have had a far better time where there was music and refreshment and beaux than she had guiding me, a perfect stranger, about gardens and rooms that were an old story to her. But not once during our excursion did she allow me to feel that she was doing me a favor, that I was a bother to her.

CORNS

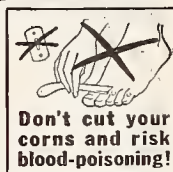


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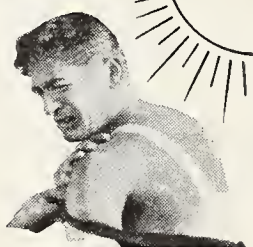
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I REMEMBER how she showed me about, planning our walk through the beautifully landscaped acres so we had little rest periods beside splashing fountains, getting me back to the marquee so I had time for an ice and a little rest before I had to leave for my train.

Many people strive for a sense of social responsibility. But not all those who strive for it achieve it. Some fall by the way to become what I call "fetchers and carriers." By fetchers and carriers I mean:

A. Those who burden you looking after you.

B. Those who hand you an ash-tray you could very well reach for yourself.

C. Those who insist, for no reason, upon your taking the more comfortable chair.

D. Those who in their enthusiasm often usurp their hosts' and hostesses' prerogatives.

It is as if fetchers and carriers had no part in the gaiety of a party but almost relegated themselves to the place of servants.

However, it is better to strive for a nicely balanced sense of social responsibility even at the risk of falling into the fetcher and carrier class than it is to make no effort in this admirable direction.

I can imagine nothing worse than to be like another motion picture star I know, a star who is the very antithesis of Claudette Colbert. This star has no feeling of social responsibility at all.

She is a charming hostess. But only because as a hostess she occupies the center of the stage, only because as a hostess she acts the gracious lady, a

role in which she fancies herself and enjoys.

But . . . when anyone else is having a party this girl manages somehow, somehow, to be destructive. Subtly sometimes. Sometimes obviously. She will talk when someone is singing. She will discourage suggestions of certain games. She will introduce, carelessly or deliberately, a conversation that has dynamite in it. Or she will appear so bored that she will make her hostess uncomfortable and keep her from giving her full attention to other guests and other things.

There are a dozen reasons why this girl should be popular. She is charming looking. (Rather she was charming looking before her selfish egotism began to mark her physically as well as socially.) She dances well. She plays bridge expertly and this is important these days, you'll admit. Nevertheless, lately she hasn't been invited to nearly as many parties as she was asked to even a year ago. And this, as far as I'm concerned, is quite as it should be.

In these parlous times a sense of social responsibility is more important than ever before. None of us has as many parties as we once had. It is, therefore, more important that the parties we do give be successful. And the surest way to have our parties successful is to omit asking people, like the star described above, people who are not willing to do their share towards keeping social surfaces pleasant.

Develop a sense of social responsibility. It will make you a more charming hostess and a more charming guest. It will, in fact, serve you well wherever you go, whatever you do.

What Happened to Cinderella?

(Continued from page 25)

You walk, inside this palace, on Oriental rugs of a priceless silkiness. You stroll through the spacious corridor hallway which resembles the famous Peacock Alley of the old Waldorf Astoria and the walls are lined with portraits of Marion, life-size, done in oils, in all of her picture roles.

YOU enter the Gold Room, the walls of which are crusted with 14 carat gold leaf—and in this Gold Room and adjacent, smaller salons are paintings done by Rembrandt, by Boucher, by Sargent.

One painting alone cost Marion \$150,000. Another one, close by, she bought for \$90,000. Each chair, each couch, each ornament in that room would support an average family in comfort for varying periods of years—for a lifetime.

In the dining-hall—you couldn't call it a room—there are five or six dining tables of softly polished wood—and along the entire side of the vast chamber is a table groaning under such mas-

sive Georgian silver as would have cost the Georgian-named English kings their kingdoms.

Uniformed flunkies, a special hairdresser, flounced maids are at your elbow when needed and invisible when not needed. Guests of all ages, sexes and description are here and there about the place—at a table in the library sits George K. Arthur and his wife, deep in a game of cards.

Mrs. Sam Goldwyn discourses gaily about the tea service Sam has promised to buy her in London—and should it be China or silver or what does anyone *think*?—Eileen Percy tells Marion that she is about to open a gown shop, she thinks—and her little son has just had his tonsils out—youths and maidens drift in and out for tennis or tea—and in the midst of all this friendly sumptuousness moves Cinderella herself, a friendly, freckled girl wearing dark blue slacks and shirt, a blue beret on her careless hair, white sneakers none too white, a pair of dark glasses pushed up over her tilted nose—kindly, simple,

eager—still the little Cinderella from the Bronx.

WE sat, when the others had drifted out, in the panelled library, surrounded by rich octavo volumes, rare first editions, looked down upon by the marble busts of the Very Great—and we talked—and Marion sat on the floor. Marion almost *always* sits on the floor—

She said, "People everywhere are so afraid. They talk about the sad state of the world today—of what may happen to it—of what may happen to them. I am not very optimistic about general conditions myself, to tell the truth. I think, too, that the old order is passing. I doubt that we will ever know again the luxury, the comfort, the vast sums of money we have known in the past. *But what of it?*"

"The only sad thing about it all, I think, is the *fear* it has brought into people's hearts. And fear of just what, after all? The only things we stand in danger of losing are the things that matter the very least of all—money and the luxuries that money buy. These are the things I could do without, for one. Poverty and hard work are two things I am not afraid of.

"I am most *certainly* not afraid to be poor again. People who have never been poor may feel differently about it. But I have been poor and I was darned happy, too.

"There are only two things in life that I am afraid of—one is sickness and the other is death. Sickness and death to those near and dear to you. These are the only two things about which nothing can be done, for which there is no remedy.

"To tell the truth, I am afraid of death for myself, too. I am afraid of *nothingness*. I think I could tackle any problem, any new work there might be to do—in any new world—but oblivion terrifies me, the *me* that is me. There is something about nothingness that is so unbearably cold and lonely. *I hate loneliness*. I always have—you can tell that by the people I have always around me.

"Compared to sickness, death and loneliness what is the loss of money, of things?"

"But—" I interrupted, casting a glazed eye at the exquisite costliness about me, "but you do love luxury and magnificent things or you wouldn't have bought them?"

OF course I love them," Marion said, "but I love *them*—not my possession of them. I haven't an interest in life, I haven't a thing around me *that I couldn't still have even if I didn't own them at all*. Do you realize that?"

"If I were to lose, tomorrow, every cent I have in the world—if all these things that surround me were to go—I still could have them in the only way they ever belong to anybody, really—in my appreciations. I mean, I love art.

"When I was eighteen or twenty, around that time, I studied art. I read all about the great painters and their work. I went to all the art galleries and museums of art and free art exhibits that I could find. I loved them

then just as much as I do now. I got just as much out of them. I could get just as much out of them tomorrow, in the same old way.

"The fact that I own them now—that they happen to be hanging in my house—is a difference but a very slight difference, intrinsically, when you come right down to it.

"I love books. I own some very valuable ones. Most of them are books I love to read as well as to handle and touch. Well, I used to haunt libraries and pore over first editions and take home, for a cent a day, the books I cared about reading.

"I love orchids. I've made a hobby. But even if I had no hot-houses of my own there would be nothing to stop me from going to other hot-houses and looking at orchids and talking about them and giving some free and probably uncalled for advice. Love of orchids need not stop at lost ownership of an orchid. You do not only love your friends when they happen to be in your house, under your roof. *My interests are my friends*.

CLOTHES are comparatively unimportant to me, too. At least, the labels they bear are unimportant. There was a time when I went a little crazy about clothes. I wanted to have a new dress every day. But there was also a time when I made my own clothes—after work at nights—because I had to. I still sew. I still make my own dresses sometimes. And I could be very happy wearing, all of the time, the sort of thing I have on now.

"I wouldn't be afraid of being one of the unemployed, either. This may sound absurdly optimistic—but I feel confident that I could get work. It might not be in a studio—even assuming that that world of mine was closed to me for some reason—I still feel that I could get some sort of work somewhere.

"A great part of the reason for my not being afraid as so many people are is because I have a deep and abiding faith in the kindness of human nature. I just don't *believe* that any human soul needs to go hungry, or cold, or unfriended. I am sure that no one would need to ask me twice for a meal or a place to sleep. I am sure no one would be turned away by you—or, really, by anyone I can think of. I don't believe I would be were I ever on that spot—actually hungry and shelterless."

Which brings to my mind a little story I must tell here about Marion. A story one of her guests told me that day. I asked about a young girl who was among the guests, yet seemed to live there. And the friend told me that, a year or so ago, Marion's studio cook was dying. Marion went to her.

The woman, very poor, told Marion that she had only one fear of dying—and that fear was for her young daughter who would be alone and unprovided for. Holding that poor woman's hand, Marion sent her on her last journey happy and at peace—she promised to take that little daughter and care for her. Well, she has. The young girl lives in Marion's house. Marion is sending her through college. Last sum-

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mer she sent her to Europe for the Grand Tour—and that fortunate lass will stay with Marion until she is fully equipped to meet the world on her own well shod feet.

Yes, Marion would believe that doors and hearts would be open to those who are cold and hungry—

"I think," Marion said, "that the two most important things in life are work you love to do—and friends. If you have worked all of your life you are not afraid of work. You have kept limber and hard and healthy. You can be unafraid, as I am, of doing without lux-

uries, cars and maids and imported models. If you have friends you are still more unafraid because you believe in the kindness of human nature and the goodness of people.

"If I had any message to give to the world it would be *don't be afraid!* Root fear right out of your hearts. You will never lose any of the things that really matter to you—because the things that *really matter can't be lost.*"

This is what happened to Cinderella. She walks with as kind and firm a tread in the crystal slipper as ever she did in the hand-me-down shoes of another day.

Ordeal of Helen Twelvetrees

(Continued from page 31)

Christmas tree. She shook her head, smiling as she used to just a few years ago when Helen said, "If I just knew how to breathe right, I could fly."

The next day, Helen was Mrs. Clark Twelvetrees.

It couldn't be. It just couldn't be. The young father and mother gazed, stunned, on the wreckage of the sweet, safe life they had built for their baby. She had had nothing but joy and content, because it wasn't time yet for her to have anything else. Now, with cataclysmic abruptness, the shelter was blown away. Grief-stricken, hurt, anguished, they looked at the boy whom they did not know. At Helen, by his side, tragically confident with the innocence of a happy childhood guarded from care. The boy was about twenty-one. Their girl, now his, was not yet sixteen. Two unthinking children caught in the sudden uprush of spring had done a grown-up thing—quickly, impatiently; not after the sweet, precious period of deliberation which had preceded the marriage of the young Jurgenses.

In sorrow and despair they turned away. Helen had set the pattern. There could be no unravelling now. The pattern would have to be worked out to its end, no matter how bitter. Helen and—and that young stranger walked out of the house and down the street, inexplicably together.

The spell was on them. They held hands and observed with amazement that the spring sunlight was of a quality never before known, obviously arranged for them. Not only were they married. They had jobs—real, professional jobs—in a stock company in Cincinnati.

"It will be our honeymoon!" They told each other.

And the two children, who should otherwise have gone to the movies and chattered over a soda-counter and gone dreaming vaguely to their separate homes, went instead to a dingy hotel-room in the grown-up actuality of marriage.

A few days later, they were in Cincinnati, members of the Stuart Walker stock company. Eager and happy.

THE spell, cruelly tenuous, snapped. The mysterious glow which had hung over them like an enchantment, casting an opalescent haze over wisdom and caution and all mundane rules, dimmed as abruptly as an electric light turned off. Helen, whose life had been a gentle dream, was plunged into a waking nightmare. Her dreaming, childish eyes opened wide in fright and bewilderment on a world gone wrong. The tempo of her tranquil life had speeded to a dizzy tempo—yet got nowhere.

Around and around in her head flew the thought "surely there must be some mistake, somewhere." Her smiling mouth tightened with panic. A little girl—lost, frightened. . .

Everything had been so *pretty* before. Now everything was ugly. The rooming-house, ghosts of myriad cabbage dinners haunting the halls. Their room, in which they were trapped together—two children, strangers to each other, was arid with the grey discomfort of cheap rooming-houses the world over.

What could they know about handling money—two youngsters fresh from the carefree status of childhood? Their modest salaries evaporated, they didn't know where. There wasn't enough money, somehow. The young husband appalled by the responsibility of maturity acquired too soon, turned in his confusion to liquor. It developed upon Helen to hold the threads of their life in her trembling fingers.

Clothes to be washed—shirts, socks, stockings to be mended—meals to be cooked over the odorous gas-ring, meals which would not turn out right no matter how she tried in her inexperience—the room to be kept tidy. And, at the theatre, rehearsals—hours standing on the draughty stage, head and back and feet aching, throat constricted with misery and hopelessness. The young Jurgenses baby, her face thin and white and tense. . .

THREE months. Did it always rain in Cincinnati? It seemed as though it did. Long hours, sitting at the slit of a window, her small, white face

pressed against the glass down which streamed the weeping rain. Too weary to sleep, too ill at heart to turn her head toward the chair where sat that boy trying to quench his own panic in cheap gin. Maybe, if she was very quiet, all this would fade, she would awake in her little room, the quiet sound of her parents' voices down the hall. Weary tears fell unchecked down her cheeks, like the weary tears falling outside the window.

After three months—New York. Another murky, grey room—in a dingy theatrical hotel in the Forties. This time, there was no job. Back room-rent loomed, mounted. A can of beans to heat over the radiator was good luck. Somehow, the supply of gin was maintained. Helen's pleas were of no avail. Thin, haggard, her feet bruised from run-down shoes, she tramped the tired miles from agent's office to agent's office.

At last, when she had gone beyond desperation into a numb daze, a chance. A reading for a small part—a contract! She hurried back to the hotel—now she could be free. They had talked about it before—both knew their marriage was hopeless—but there had been no money. When two have lived together, it costs money to part and go separate ways. Now she could at last.

She flung open the door.
"I got the job, Clark. We have a break at last. Now we can get out of all this misery."

HE looked at her dully, his desperate young face misted by liquor. She turned away, pulled a suitcase out of the closet, began to pack. He watched her in silence for a few moments, poured another drink from the already half-empty bottle at his side, then jumped up and ran crazily to the window.

"Clark!" she screamed.
He jerked the window open, jumped to the sill. In one rush she was at the window.
"Clark!" she screamed again and grabbed frantically at his coat-sleeves. With all her strength she pulled him back. Wriggling free of the coat—he jumped. The coat dangled limp in Helen's icy hands—her eyes were fixed stupidly on the sky—*this was the seventh floor!*

"Please—God——" she whispered. And knew no more until suddenly she found herself on the street below, the coat clasped tight to her breast. People crowded, shouted, pushed her back. Somehow, she fought through them. Saw him. Sank quietly to the pavement, unconscious.

An awning on the second floor had broken his fall, flung him to the top of an automobile, from which his poor, young body was bounced to the street. Badly injured—but alive.

WHEN Helen was revived she awoke to a new nightmare. Policeman snapped questions at her, people stared with the hungry curiosity of vultures, there were ambulances, police cars, reporters. She was in the police station. Men in uniform surrounded her, looked at her grimly,

would not let her go. She held her head in her hands—she could not understand—she felt ill, a little mad. Finally, she understood. . . .

They suspected her of pushing Clark out of the window.

The little girl, to whom the childhood axioms of truth and its omniscience were still catechism, found herself in the twisted adult world where truth is a frail flower buried under the debris of suspicion.

She looked about her in horror at the stoney faces of the officers. All they would say was "Explain why you were holding his coat afterwards." She explained again and again and again until she thought reason was leaving her. And they would not believe!

The evening papers blared with headlines—two young nobodies, out of their blundering misery, had made the headlines. Because Helen had in the last few months earned a few infrequent dollars posing for commercial artists she was referred to as an "artist's model." It made a better headline that way. All of the tabloids snatched at the story—it made a "snappy" one, with all the implications provided by their most inventive reporters.

Helen had just turned seventeen. . . . The hideous grotesquerie dwindled when Clark regained consciousness and could speak. He explained. Helen was released.

But what did release mean now? Her heart was dead and cold—amazing that it could still beat. She wished it would stop beating. She was so tired. Not frightened any more. Just numb and weary—weary.

There was the job, of course. She had that and she had to go on with it. Or starve. She worked—but surely it was another person moving about on that stage, speaking those lines. It couldn't be Helen. *She* was dead—but still aching and tired.

After a while, Clark's father came to her, pleading. She, he said, had caused the tragedy. She must take Clark back when he came out of the hospital. She must. Helen could not argue. How could she convince this middle-aged man how wrong he was? At seventeen, what weapons of logic are there with which to oppose the mandates of maturity? Besides, she was so tired. What did it matter anyway? It didn't. Nothing did. Wearily, without argument, she consented.

ONCE more they were living together. In the same discord, bewilderment, unhappiness as before. But this time it didn't matter. They were both not quite alive, not quite aware. Just bemused young things sitting dully in the trap.

Then Helen got her big chance. By a fluke. Accompanying a friend to the office of a producer, she was halted in the corridor by a man who peered sharply at her, asked what experience she had had, thrust a script into her hand, told her to study the part of Sondra and come back in an hour and read it for him.

The man was Horace Liveright. The play was—suitably, thought Helen bit-



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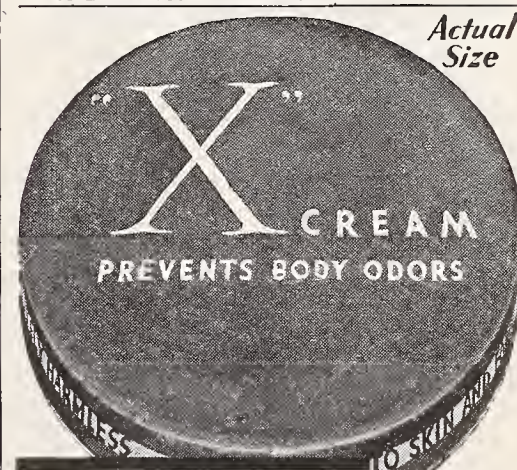
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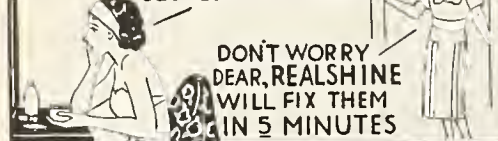
HOW MARY FOOLED JACK

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terly as she looked at the title—"An American Tragedy."

In the lobby of a hotel across the street from the theater, she looked over the part. Returned and read it for Mr. Liveright and Patrick Kearney, the adapter. Was signed to play it.

Her name was in lights on the front of the theatre. Critics devoted enthusiastic space to her performance. She was a success.

A success. As she drew breath after the opening night, trying to realize her new fortune, she studied the word. Success. People—people who knew—were referring to her as that. She had thought "success" meant a deep joy, an inward sense of achievement and peace. She felt none of that—yet. But maybe—maybe there was something to live for after all. Some reason for going on, some point in waking in the morning and facing the day.

Work. That was it. That was all there was—for her. Work—plans—accomplishment—career.

The old love of the theatre shone again—a light in the black fog. She worked, with a relish and an intelligence far beyond her years. But what are years? Mathematical measures not applicable to life, living, experience. Helen was mature, adult, at seventeen.

THERE were plays. Then pictures. She was rehearsing for "Elmer Gantry" when Fox asked her to make a test, signed her, whisked her to Hollywood for a movie. She was acquiescent. It was work—and she couldn't get enough of that—it was all she had to build on. And Hollywood meant momentary escape from the bitter absurdity of her marriage. Maybe not just momentary. They had drifted for so long, paralyzed by the uncertainty of their youth. Maybe now that she was hoisting sail and setting off toward an independent horizon they might be permanently freed of this misery in which they were bound almost hypnotically.

Three pictures for Fox. All bad. Termination of her contract when she refused to do a fourth which promised to be even worse.

Alone in the little bungalow she had rented in the Hollywood hills, she took stock. Even work had failed her. She had worked hard, carefully, intelligently. And now faced a blank wall. She was accustomed to those blank walls by now, but she looked at this one speculatively. Plans, she decided, were of little use. There was nothing, no firm base, on which to build. The only plan was a negative one—withdrawal from life, detachment, indifference. A friend interrupted her thoughts, suggested a drive to Pathé where the friend had business.

The friend parked her car outside the studio. Helen waited in the car, still absorbed in her sad reflections. An office boy came out, said a gentleman inside wished to see her. Absently, Helen followed the boy, to the office of a man who had observed her in the car. He was Edmund Goulding. Within an hour he had had her made up and tested for the lead in "Grand Parade." Next day, she was summoned to sign a contract with Pathé. Helen smiled—

a strangely old smile for a twenty-year-old. . . .

Now she was a star. Famous, flattered, on the way to wealth. A divorce had given her freedom at last. The pictures she did for Pathé were mostly dull, routine productions offering little challenge to her interest and talent. But they brought her fame and money—and she accepted these two gifts, all she had at which to warm her cold young hands.

Then, when she was making "Her Man" with Phillips Holmes, Phil got his dates mixed. He made simultaneous luncheon engagements with Helen and with a young real estate broker named Frank Woody. So all three lunched together in the studio restaurant. Helen and Mr. Woody sat opposite each other—liked each other.

A few nights later, they dined together. Quiet, intelligent young business man—tired, wistful young star. After a very short time, they dined together every night. And they knew they were in love.

Her tragedy and sweetness—his strength and understanding—blended into an emotion which was vital and deep, with no trace of hysteria or frenzy. When they were together, they were happy and at peace.

Helen marvelled—laughing, when she was alone, in a timid amazed tone. She had thought she was dead. And now her heart was alive with music, her youth throbbed with hope and dreams.

She waited a year—a year of rich, quiet romance, the kind of romance she had dreamed of years ago. Then she was sure. And they were married, without ostentation, two young people who loved wisely and thoughtfully rather than hectically and fitfully.

There were contract difficulties at Pathé. That part of Helen which is actress was troubled. But the essential Helen—Mrs. Woody—rested serene. Life was full and sweet. Presently it was significant with the mystery of life itself—under her heart began the heartbeats of her child.

Turning her back on all else, she went home. She and her husband. She had to. It symbolized so much. It was like a pilgrimage—back to the peace and security of her childhood, to the things she once thought she had lost. At home, with her parents and her husband at her side, she gave birth to her son. . . .

Now she is back in Hollywood, smiling wisely at the people who said she was a fool to waste valuable career-time in having a baby. Under contract to Paramount, she is a featured player, feels more hopeful of good pictures. The well-spring of talent in her needs the outlet of adequate manifestation. She still makes no arbitrary plans—but now it is not out of defensiveness.

When the community was in the throes of the financial panic and the earthquake, most of Hollywood went a little off its head. But Helen sat in the sunny gardens of the house to which only a few real friends have access, with her husband and her baby. The strained tension was gone from her delicate face—the fright and bitterness had disappeared from her eyes forever!

Want to Know Elissa?

(Continued from page 43)

person. You'll never catch her copying the Dietrich fashion of pants-wearing, nor will you find her in Garbo's mannish coats and slouch hats.

"Heaven knows," she said to me one day, "men look bad enough in trousers. Their modern suits are anything but beautiful. And women look even worse than men in men's clothes. Besides, wearing men's clothes doesn't prove anything. It doesn't show we are superior."

"We women have our own weapons. We don't need to borrow the weapons of men. We have a rich world in which to live—a world of home, children, music, the arts. Why should we want to make ourselves like men?"

Yet in a battle of wits Elissa can match hers against any man who ever lived.

DO you remember when Ann Harding wore the black wig to a theatre opening and Alexander Kirkland introduced her as a visitor from the south? Everybody who saw her was fooled—everybody but Elissa.

Kirkland told me that when he brought Ann up to Elissa and introduced the two of them, he saw Elissa give Ann one sharp, penetrating gaze and he knew she hadn't been fooled for one moment.

"It's a great make-up, Ann," Elissa whispered. And she was the only person at that opening who knew.

For her mind works fast—idea tumbling upon idea.

Right now she has very little physical energy, but her mental vitality is enormous. The lack of physical energy is accounted for by a bad case of flu, from which she got up too soon and three days later plunged into a tank of cold water for a scene in the picture. But nothing can stop that splendid mind.

Not so long ago she had to stay in because of an eye infection. She could neither read nor write nor work. So she composed a piano sonata—and wrote it down when her eyes were well.

I've told you she was complex—she is. She has great physical repose and appears always calm. It is her mind that is as active as Lupe Velez' eyebrows. And as you watch her you know that in that slight body is great strength.

When she first came to the studio, she had the reputation for having no temperament. This was because she was taught rigid obedience as a child and now disciplines herself as carefully as her governess once disciplined her. She did what she was told and was always on time. This startled the studio workers, who are used to the haphazard ways of the average actress. But what these workers failed to do was to look deeper into Elissa. Because she adhered to studio rules (which most people break) they thought she must be phlegmatic.

Instead, there flow within her deep rivers of fire. Deep and secret.

WHEN she writes (and of course you already know how many books she has had published) she often plays on the phonograph some very emotional piece of music. Music is a vital part of her existence. Without it she would be lost.

And her existence is very nice. Interested as she is in the arts, you might not know—or even believe—that she is domestic. But I assure you that she is. (I've already warned you that she is complex.) She furnished her house herself. She is constantly changing it and she'll stop whatever she is doing any time to look at a new chair or an unusual drapery. She even likes to cook!

She is the sort of person who would make an ideal wife and yet a peculiar relationship exists between her and her husband. He lives in England—his work is there—and the only time they are together is upon occasional visits. His name is very seldom in her conversation.

But Elissa Landi is the sort of person of whom one doesn't ask personal questions. And that's one of the reasons she is so difficult to know. You can ask a Lupe Velez anything—and you can know all about Lupe forty-five minutes after meeting her, but Elissa grows with acquaintance. Each time you see her a new facet of her personality is turned to the light. No, I'm wrong. It isn't a new facet—it is one that has been there all the time but you simply haven't discovered it.

You can't tag a girl like that—all you can say is that she is a combination of a large number of rare and interesting qualities. Quick tempered—but obedient. Artistic—but domestic. Intellectual—but feminine.

And, although she likes to walk in the rain, she is not moody in the accepted sense of that much used word.

She is, in short, a highly civilized woman—and the most delightful of all possible companions.

And to close, here is a little story which proves that she has, not only a sense of humor, but that rare quality—a sense of the ridiculous, which "intellectual" people are not supposed to have.

It happened on the set of Ronald Colman's "The Masquerader," in which Elissa played the feminine lead. Colman found himself called upon to speak a line which, no matter how he read it, still took on the annoying semblance of a bit of doggerel. The line was:

"The car's in the drive and your coat's in the car."

What completely disrupted the scene, however, was not the line itself, but the series of improvisations which immediately followed. For the words were hardly out of his mouth when Ronald added in exactly the same tone: "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world!"

As instantly from another part of the stage rang out Elissa Landi's voice:

"With a hey-nony-nony and a hotcha-cha!" Coldly intellectual? Never!

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Hollywood's Hunted Men

(Continued from page 41)

murder of his sweetheart's ex-husband occupied the headlines for weeks. An accident had turned into murder, threatening ruin to two people who were innocent. Raymond, under the influence of liquor, had come to Miss MacKaye's apartment uninvited and begun to abuse her. Kelly insisted that he leave. Angry words between them led to a fight. Kelly sent Raymond crashing to the floor from a blow of his fist. Raymond hit his head in the fall—and never got up again alive. Kelly had committed murder innocently enough. A jury sent him up for manslaughter—and Miss MacKaye suffered the same sentence, charged with being an accomplice to the murder.

Hollywood friends of power began to intercede for his release. In spite of Hollywood's seemingly cruel and hard way, in a time of crisis there are a few who remember. Out of the debris of lies and promises and deceit a tiny spark of loyalty projects its head above the dung heap. Winfield Sheehan and Thomas Meighan proved themselves staunch friends in Kelly's hour of darkness. For two years they pulled political strings to get the prisoner out on parole. They were free with money and time. Principally through their untiring efforts, Kelly and his condemned sweetheart were released and allowed to resume their lives in human society once more.

To Hollywood they became 'untouchables.' The moral code of Heartbreak Town ostracizes those who have worn the stripes of shame.

HOWEVER, the New York stage offered them another chance. She went into several unsuccessful plays but Kelly clicked in a big way as the boy opposite Sylvia Sidney in "Bad Girl." Sylvia got a contract and embarked for Hollywood. No one was anxious to sign Kelly in spite of his acting triumph, fearing a ban on any pictures in which he might appear. Lewis Milestone alone had faith in a comeback for him. He wanted Paul for the sergeant in "Rain," dared to sign him for the role. Again Kelly returned to Hollywood, this time with Dorothy MacKaye as his bride. Socially, Hollywood was nice enough.

The production of "Rain" did not get under way for some time. There were whispers that Kelly would never appear in the role for which he was signed. The curse was upon him. The whispers became a reality. Vague excuses were given, polite apologies—and he was released from his contract with United Artists; free to sign elsewhere if anyone would have him. Milestone was bitterly disappointed that his superiors would not allow him to use Kelly, leaving no stone unturned to place him elsewhere.

Universal in one of its most hectic moments signed him to a six months' contract with the inevitable options. Six months Kelly sat around and waited for his first assignment, but it never

came. Again excuses. Again apologies. The options were not exercised. And that was that.

On the verge of leaving Hollywood he received an offer from Monogram pictures, one of the larger independents, to play opposite Fifi Dorsay in "Girl From Calgary." He accepted for the money it offered and went through the motions of a newspaper reporter. But it was hardly an auspicious start and certainly it offered scant opportunity to demonstrate his ability.

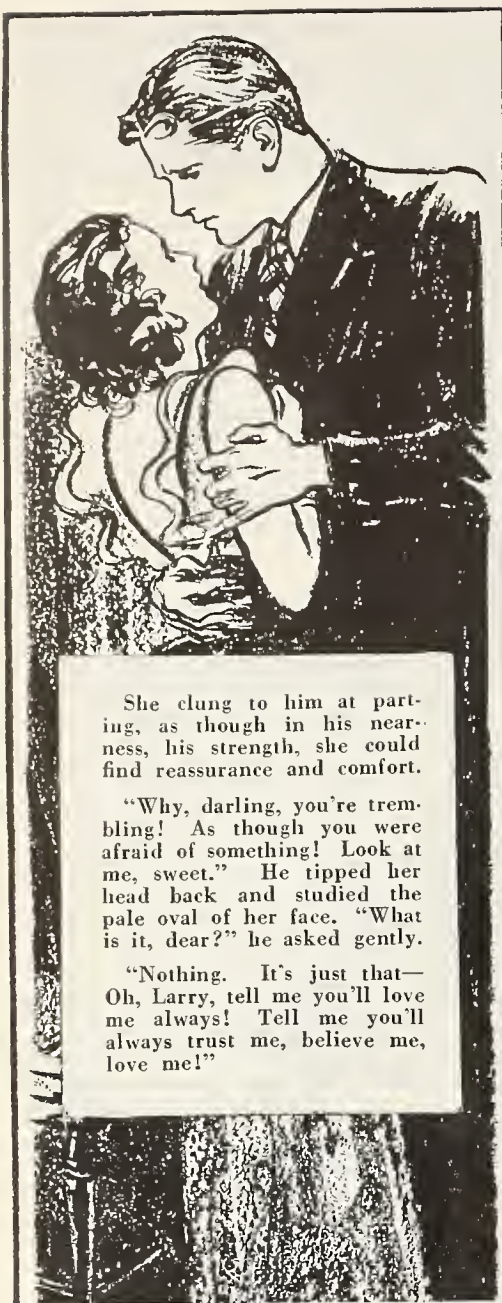
At the completion of the picture Kelly decided to return to Broadway, but not before his wife had disposed of her story of life in a women's prison to Warner Brothers. This story filmed as "Ladies They Talk About" had Barbara Stanwyck in the starring role, and in it, its author, Dorothy MacKaye, has revealed certain of her own experiences in the Big House for Women.

THERE is the case of Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle who recently resumed his interrupted career after an absence of many years. Arbuckle was at his height as a great screen star when beautiful Virginia Rappe died in his rooms in a San Francisco hotel. Merciless headlines declared his guilt. Women's clubs banned his pictures—and overnight his world crumbled into complete and hopeless ruins.

Some months ago he decided to take an act out on the road. He wanted to meet audiences face to face. His tour proved more than a financial success. It proved his liberation from the sordid scandal in which his name had been buried for so long. He showed them that he was just a jovial fat man who wanted to make them laugh, and not a murderer. Audiences began to clamor for his reappearance on the screen. So Warner Brothers signed him to make a series of two-reel talkie comedies, and he may be featured in a Broadway musical as well. It looks like the beloved fat man of the screen may come back.

JOHN FARROW may be a name entirely unknown to you—but in Hollywood it is recognized as belonging to one of its gayest and most daring adventurers. A vagabond, he came out of nowhere, and blossomed literally overnight into one of the highest salaried writers in the film colony. In addition he became a social light. Wherever there was an elite dinner, or a grand opening or a Blue Blood revel, he appeared, escorting some of Hollywood's most famous beauties. He was everywhere: The Mayfair, the Cocoanut Grove, the exclusive Academy dinners. A handsome young man of teutonic features, with light hair clipped short, steely gray eyes and something Prussian in his erect bearing. He always impressed one as being cruel. No one seemed to know much about him. No one does now; although there are vague rumors of a deep, dark past.

This much is known. That he came



She clung to him at parting, as though in his nearness, his strength, she could find reassurance and comfort.

"Why, darling, you're trembling! As though you were afraid of something! Look at me, sweet." He tipped her head back and studied the pale oval of her face. "What is it, dear?" he asked gently.

"Nothing. It's just that—Oh, Larry, tell me you'll love me always! Tell me you'll always trust me, believe me, love me!"

There's just a tiny sample of a very tender, a very engrossing, and a very enjoyable novelette which appears complete in the July issue of SWEETHEART STORIES.

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to California from Australia by way of the South Seas. Came unbidden—and without identification. No passport, no money, and no respect for the law of Governments. But it was almost four years before Uncle Sam began to ask questions. I believe it was the income tax that proved his Waterloo. Anyway they had caught up with him. Although powerful and influential friends pulled all the strings they possibly could in the national capital, Washington decided that the intruder must be deported back to Australia. Only a month or two ago was he permitted by the deportation officials to return. But his deportation broke up one of the most serious love affairs Hollywood has ever seen—that of Farrow and Lila Lee. It's over now. No one knows the full story of their break-up.

PARALLELING Farrow's case is Duncan Renaldo, who in the past two years has suffered more persecution than the most harassed of serial heroes. Besides being arrested numerous times, both in New York and California, he has been forced to go back and forth from one end of the continent to the other in search of evidence with which to defend his case. He has stood several trials—and in the bargain he has lost not only his contract with Metro-Goldwyn, but the woman he loves as well.

Renaldo came into Hollywood prominence when selected to play one of the leading roles in "Bridge of San Luis Rey." So promising was his work that he was tested for the leading romantic role in "Trader Horn." His test won him the part, and proved eventually to be his celluloid passport to hell.

For more than a year he was buried in the wildernesses of Africa where "Trader Horn" was being shot. In the languorous blood-warming tropics he fell in love with his leading lady, Edwina Booth, and there in the hothouse of the dark continent their romance grew into a beautiful idyl, only to be blasted into cesspool poetry upon their return to Hollywood. An irate wife confronted them with serious charges and proceeded to sue the White Goddess of the jungle for breaking up her home and taking her husband. Mrs. Renaldo neglected to mention that she hadn't lived with her husband for some time, but pressed her accusations with ruthless persistence, trying to win sympathy because of her child. No one could understand how she could profess love for a man she seemed only to want to hurt.

Her attacks broke up the romance between the lovely Edwina and the gallant Renaldo. Both were released from their contracts. To top his troubles Renaldo was suddenly informed by the immigration authorities that he was an illegal visitor in the United States. He was sentenced to two years for falsifying his passport and, upon the completion of the jail sentence, he will be deported to Roumania.

ON a road gang somewhere in Southern California, less than two years ago, were three men well known in

Hollywood circles. One, a young dramatic actor, another a noted comedian, and the third the brother of two screen stars. Like criminals, there they were in prison uniforms, roasting under a scorching sun, helping to build a State road; a road that for them seemed to lead nowhere, except perhaps to a worse hell.

Two of them have found their way back to the conventional crowd, dark memories behind them of nights that were starless and daybreaks that were pregnant with only more drudgery. One is still behind prison bars, groping in an impenetrable darkness for some sign of a way to freedom.

The young dramatic actor you know as James Murray. To me his case is the most tragic because he has the most to give, and because he has twice before ruined what promised to be a brilliant career and may yet again toss his future away to see the empty bottom of a cup. Yet, those six months on that road gang have taught Jimmy something—something not soon forgotten. He has learned that "he can take it standing up." The six months' sentence that he served for incurring the anger of a judge by appearing in his courtroom with strong spirits on his breath, is a thing of the past. Slowly but surely he is winning his way back to screen success. After months of idleness he was selected to play opposite Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jennie," and has also completed "The Air Hostess" at Columbia, in which he has the leading male role.

The comedian was Al St. John, whose ex-wife had him sent to jail for failing to pay his alimony. Now he's working with his old partner, "Fatty" Arbuckle.

The third member of that rock pile gang two years ago was Jack "Hutch" Noonan, who is finishing out a three-year robbery sentence which had been interrupted by a daring escape. Brother of Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day, Jack is said to be planning a moral comeback when he gets out.

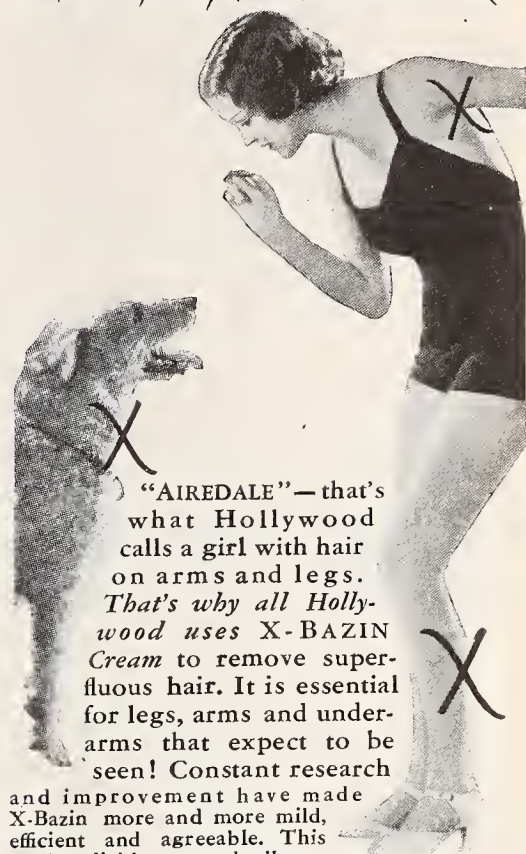
WHENEVER there is an underworld picture being cast in Hollywood a man by the name of Al Hill is always sure of a job.

There is no actor in Hollywood who can play a gangster or a racketeer with more realism. Al Hill plays his "underworld men" with a deliberate villainess, because he wants every man, woman and child to hate them. They're no good to humanity, he says, and if growing children learn to hate them they won't ever want to be like them.

His book "Easy Pickings," recently published, tells the stirring story of his life.

In a foreword to the book, one reads: "Hill comes red and dripping out of a maw of pain, the very survival of which is a miracle. By one of the ironic monstrosities of life he is now an actor in Hollywood. All his life he has been in the shadows; restless, unhappy, hounded by the police, menaced by ruthless enemies, betrayed by his associates. 'There's nothing in it,' he says, 'Crime doesn't pay!'"

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 92)



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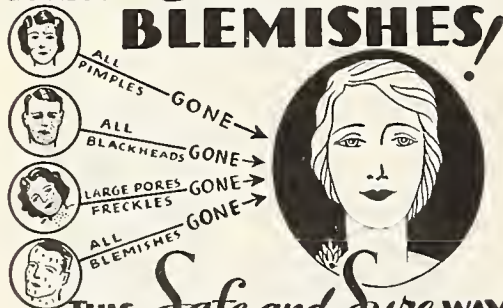
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NAME.....ADDRESS.....

JOYCE PEGGY HOPKINS: Divorced. Born in Norfolk, Va., May 26. Paramount player. Working in "International House."

JUDGE, ARLINE: Married to Wesley Ruggles. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Radio player. Featured in "Sweepings." Working in "Flying Circus."

KARLOFF, BORIS: Married. Born in Dulwich, Eng., November 23. Universal star. 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." Working in "Sunset Pass."

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 "Goldiggers of 1933."

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER: Unmarried. Born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Tess of the Storm Country"; "Call Her Savage"; "Bondage."

KNAPP, EVALYN: Unmarried. Born in New York City, June 17. Columbia player. Featured in "This Sporting Age"; "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," U. A.; "The Warrior's Husband," Fox.

LAUGHTON, CHARLES: Married to Elsa Lanchester. Born in Scarborough, Eng., 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" and "Fra Diavolo."

LEE, LILA: Divorced from James Kirkwood. Born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Night of June 13th," Paramount; "Face in the Sky," Fox.

LINDEN, ERIC: Unmarried. Born in New York City, July 12. Radio player. Featured in "The Past of Mary Holmes" and "Sweepings," Radio; "Afraid to Talk," Universal. Working in "The Silver Cord" and "The Flying Circus."

LLOYD, HAROLD: Married to Mildred Davis. Born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount 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"; "Supernatural." Working in "Gambling Ship." Next is "She Laughs Last."

LOUISE, ANITA: Unmarried. Born in Vienna, January 9. Radio player. Featured in "Our Bidders."

LOWE, EDMUND: Married to Lilyan Tashman. Born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Hot Pepper," Fox; "I Love That Man," Paramount. Next is "Her Bodyguard."

LOY, MYRNA: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Animal Kingdom," Radio; "Son Daughter," M-G-M; "To-paze," Radio; "The Barbarian," M-G-M. Working in "When Ladies Meet." Next is "Night Flight."

LUKAS, PAUL: Married. Born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Rock-a-bye," Radio; "Grand Slam," Warner Bros.; "A Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal. Working in "Captured," Warner Bros.

LYON, BEN: Married to Bebe Daniels. Born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6th. M-G-M player. Featured in "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warner Bros.; "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE: Unmarried. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight."

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., May 3. First National player. Featured in "Silver Dollar"; "The Life of Jimmy Dolan." Working in "Goldiggers 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; "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"; "The Eagle and the Hawk."

MARITZA, SARI: Unmarried. Born in China, March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Evenings for Sale"; "A Lady's Profession"; "International House."

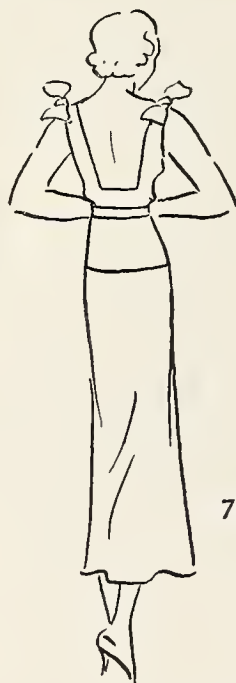
MARSHALL, HERBERT: Married to Edna Best. Born in London, Eng., May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Blonde Venus," "Trouble in Paradise" and "Evenings for Sale."

MAYNARD, KEN: Married to Mary Leiber. Born in Mission, Texas, July 21. Universal player. Featured in "Fargo Express," Tiffany. Working in "King of the Arena," Universal.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Married to Kathryn Carver. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Murder of the Circus Queen," Columbia; "Farewell to Arms," Paramount. Working in "The Morning Glory," Radio.

MERKEL, UNA: Married to Ronald Burla. Born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street," Warner Bros.; "Whistling in the Dark"; "Clear All Wires"; "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M. Working in "Menu," M-G-M.

(Continued on page 114)



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Why Jean Isn't "On Her Own"

(Continued from page 39)

about the smartest and cleverest and most interesting woman I have ever met in my life. But at the same time . . . like every other mother in the world . . . she wants to know where I am going, and with whom I am going when I leave her hearthstone at night. She not only finds out all that, but she also finds out what time I expect to return.

"But it is the way she trained me to volunteer this information on my own hook which is so smart!

MY mother has never made me feel that she was checking up on me because she was worried about my conduct, or my judgment in people, or the fact that I couldn't take care of myself. When I first started to go out with men, she merely made it clear that it was a matter of *my own* convenience that she should know where I was. Do you see what I mean? In case an important message should come for me, it was equally as important that she or my step-father should know where to reach me so that the message might be delivered. The hour I returned from my date had absolutely no bearing on Right and Wrong . . . but it *did* have a bearing on the hour breakfast was to be served in the morning.

"If I was planning to come in late, she invariably instructed the servants to grant me an hour's leeway. In other words, *where* I was going and *what* I was doing was made to be not only my own private affair . . . but my mother's as well. It had a definite bearing on her job which was the successful management of her household. Now I ask you," smiled Jean, "if that isn't a pretty cute idea? My mother knows where I have been almost every hour of my life. I have actually been checked in and out as rigidly as the most carefully guarded debutante, but never once have I been made to feel that my freedom was being cramped.

"My mother, bless her heart, once made the most generous statement ever made by a mother to her own daughter. She said: '*If what I advise you to do, Jean, is not perfectly clear to you . . . if it does not seem right to your own way of looking at the question . . . then I must advise you to use your own judgment!*' Never once has my mother given me advice I have not asked for. My mother has lived a free and interesting life. She is a sophisticated and charming matron. I think, as a girl, she was the same sort of person I am. Therefore I am more than anxious to seek her experience to help solve my own problems. If the mothers of America could only get it over to their daughters that they are not creatures apart . . . if they could only let them understand that they, too, have known the same thrills, the same temptations, the same joys and dangers and sorrows that their daughters regard as so *secret* unto themselves, what a great difference there would be in the homes of the girls who want to get away from

mother 'because she doesn't understand.'

"I smoked my first package of cigarettes when I was ten years old! Yes, mother caught me at it. I guess she was horrified but she didn't let me guess that. She merely put it up to me as a beauty tip . . . not a matter of slackened morals. She said: 'Baby, if you start smoking so young you will have awfully yellow nicotine fingers by the time you are grown. Why don't you wait until you are seventeen before you take up smoking seriously? If you find you still enjoy the habit, I won't say anything.' Well, I started smoking at seventeen. I've been smoking continuously ever since. My mother has never said a word. She made her bargain with me when I was ten years old . . . and she has kept her promise not to say anything.

"Of course it isn't possible for any three people in the world, no matter how broad their outlook, to agree on every subject. For instance, suppose I wish to spend a weekend at Caliente, or San Francisco. As a rule my mother and Bello are glad to accompany me. If there is some reason of theirs for our not going . . . they give in to me. As a rule it is a darn good reason and I will abide by it. But in one of those rare instances when we don't get together and my desire to go is so much stronger than their reasons for wanting to remain home . . . then we fall back on that agreement to 'use my own judgment.'

ISN'T it too bad that 'Freedom' to the average young girl has come to mean cocktail drinking, cigarette smoking, late hours, unchaperoned romances? Are they, then, so attractive?

"How can these things stack up against the authentic freedom which a well regulated home allows? If I lived alone I should be bothered with thousands of details I do not even know exist in my mother's home. After all, even the 'freest' cannot devote her entire time to smoking, drinking or love-making!

"I feel this way, too: If I lived alone I would not have the freedom of social life which I now enjoy. I should have to be careful of gossip wagging tongues about everything I did. A great many things would be denied me because I would have to be so careful of 'What People Will Say.'

"But all these reasons are unimportant as compared to the real true reason of why I make my home with my parents. I enjoy them . . . I like them . . . I can have more fun with them than with any other two people in the world. Twice in my lifetime I have been separated from mother, both times through marriage. Each time I have come back under her roof with a heart-felt thanksgiving that her love and her home is my refuge from heart-break and disappointment and sorrow which the world has invariably dealt me when I was 'on my own.'"

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Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 73)

It looked as if it were the straightest hair in the world. But recently, growing a bit tired of the style, she has been combing it back from her forehead and leaving off the brilliantine. The difference is amazing! Little black tendrils curl around her forehead in the most attractive way. The new coiffure is like a soft dark cloud, instead of the former slick, sophisticated arrangement. I looked closely at one individual hair. When I pulled it gently, it seemed to stretch. When I rubbed my finger along its length, I could feel tiny irregularities in it. If your own hair is like that, you have medium coarse hair, basically curly. The nicest, most manageable kind of hair to have. You may not be aware of its inherent curliness. In fact, you may believe that it is quite straight, as this girl did until she experimented.

Another girl here has very fine, straight blond hair. Although perfectly healthy and very well cared for, it doesn't "show up" much. It lies absolutely flat down on the head. A slick hairdress doesn't suit this girl. Her hair won't take a fingerwave. Marceling has to be done with so cool an iron that the wave is slight and not very lasting—too much heat breaks her hair. Yes, it will take a fingerwave, but her hair is really so straight that too much setting fluid has to be used. What to do? The answer for this particular girl is a permanent—a very careful, good one. And that's what she has done. But, remember, this kind of hair needs expert care before and after a permanent. Before she had her wave, this girl followed this scheme: she gave herself three shampoos at five day intervals. Before the shampoo, she rubbed into her scalp a blend of olive oil, mineral oil and castor oil. Honest. About a tablespoonful of each kind of oil is enough. Mix the oils and warm them. Dip the tips of the fingers into the mixture and massage the scalp. Also, rub the length of the hair with a swab of cotton dipped in the oil. Then shampoo.

THERE is another girl here with very frizzy hair. Dry. Very fine. Tangles dreadfully. This hair shouldn't be shampooed any oftener than once every three weeks. Unfortunately, it cannot be brushed too strenuously (which would make it shine and remove some of the kinks temporarily) because too strenuous brushing would break the hair. (Remember that, you girls with very fine hair. Brush gently and in moderation.) Too-curly hair should have plenty of hot oil rubbed into it before a shampoo. Soap shampoos should be alternated with soapless, hot oil shampoos. You all know, I'm sure, about the very grand soapless shampoos that are on the market now. You rub them, slightly heated, into your head and along the length of the hair until the oil emulsifies. Then you rinse in hot water. And repeat

the whole process. If you don't know the name of one of these, write to me. Returning to too-curly hair, it should always be dressed with a little brilliantine. And it should be set into larger waves with the fingers or combs and the ends turned up in ringlets.

Well, enough of the examples. I am now (with the usual Biddle round-about-ness) getting to the important part of my story. Listen, everybody: I have a little booklet on my desk. It has more information in it about the hair than you could shake a stick at—if you felt inclined to shake a stick. It takes up the subject of what to do about dry hair, oily hair, oiled hair (there's a difference) dandruff (the dry kind and the oily kind), thinning and falling hair, premature baldness (men, take notice—or girls, tell your men friends) and—oh, practically every hair ailment that man and woman is heir to. As a matter of fact, it is so sane and sensible and clearly written that it inspired me to try one of the products recommended.

There is a product made in this line for each and every hair trouble discussed in the booklet. I know they must all be good—naturally, I could not test them all, but the one I did test is splendid. It is a tonic for hair which has a tendency toward dryness and an occasional touch of dandruff. You know how most tonics make your hair so dark and greasy looking that you hate to use them regularly? Well, this doesn't. It isn't smelly and it leaves the hair nicely manageable.

I HAVE on hand a generous supply of these booklets—and I can get more when they are gone. The booklet will tell you—far better than I could—exactly what to do about your particular trouble. It gives you exact instructions for remedying that trouble. If you would like a copy, write and ask me for one. I might add that a large envelope would be a great help. The booklets are seven inches by five inches and a bit too bulky to fold.

One section of this booklet takes up the subject of treating dyed or bleached hair. And in this connection, I want to caution those of you who feel that a tint or rinse would improve your hair to be very careful what you use. There are so many injurious preparations on the market. On the other hand, there are also a few excellent ones. I wish, if you are in doubt or if you have become bewildered by the poetic advertising of quite worthless preparations, that you would write and ask me the name of a good hair rinse. A rinse you know, should be—simply and solely—a rinse. It should be easy to use and a brightener and "enhancer" of your own natural hair coloring rather than a dye. Dyes are hard to use. Rinses shouldn't be. So—don't go experimenting too much in that respect. You only have one head of

hair—you know. Ask me about a reliable product.

Now, finally, let's slide down from the hair as far as the eyebrows. I have something to tell you about eyebrow-tweezing. I have just the other day been to a big demonstration of a new painless method of tweezing eyebrows. There's no denying, it always has been an uncomfortable process to endure for the sake of beauty. One can stand it for a few stray hairs, maybe, but people with very heavy and unruly brows usually have a rather bad time. Well, all over the country in the better beauty shops, this new method is being installed. So, if you wish to try the new method and don't know where it is available, just write and ask me. That's all for today—

class is dismissed till next month.

In addition to the beauty aids mentioned above, 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, 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 new manicure-accessories—including a platinum finish for nail-tips, drop a note to Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. She'll willingly help you.

Why He Won't Fly

(Continued from page 59)

senger sooner or later. All the stunt men know that. The difference between them and you and me is that the fact doesn't worry them.

DICK was getting his voucher from the assistant director when Nomis strolled up. "You handled yourself pretty well in there today, kid. I could use you again if you want it."

Dick grinned, the first time he had done so in the past few hours. "Eating," he answered, "is one of my most pronounced habits."

"Yeah, the money's good," Nomis said. "But it's far from being as good as other parts of this racket. Why don't you go in for acting?"

"I was thinking about that," Dick admitted. "I'm going to take a crack at it."

"Fair enough . . . and maybe some day I'll be stunting in one of your pictures."

It was a good prophecy. Leo Nomis supplied the action thrills often in the films of the young man who was to grow up into being Richard Arlen. And always their friendship held.

When Richard became interested in aviation, he went to the most carefully prepared man he knew in order to learn how to fly. Nomis was a veteran pilot, having taken up flying during its earliest days. And though the ships he smashed up for pictures were numberless, he was perfectly grounded in fundamentals and never took silly risks in private flights.

UNDER Leo's tutelage Dick became an expert pilot. He was granted his license, and his hours in the air began to vie with those of the most ardent flyers in the colony. Leo's hours naturally were many times those of Dick, but with Nomis it was a business.

Then, last year, Warners decided to make a racing picture, and put "The Crowd Roars" into production. Every such opus demands a smash, and as usual Leo Nomis was hired to supply

the spill. He did. But he broke his back in doing so. And from this injury he never fully recovered.

Months later Leo took up his dangerous trade again. But his friends noticed that he was always a little white at the corners of his smile. Dick asked him if he were all right a number of times. Leo always laughed him off. He wouldn't admit anything.

During the making of Dick's "Sky Bride," however, he blurted out that he was never free from pain. The script called for a bit of trick flying, and Leo was to do it. Dick tried to get him to wait a day or so. "I'll be no better then," Leo answered. "Let's get it over with. This back is bothering the hell out of me."

They all watched him, the cameras trained on his swooping progress. Dick particularly, remembering the day twelve years before when this same feeling of impending death had hung over a company at work. How much water had gone under how many bridges since then! And then Leo went into the spin from which he never emerged alive . . .

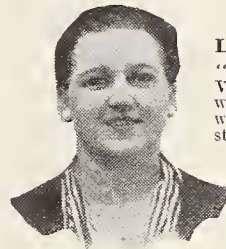
NOMIS' former partner in stunts became very thoughtful during the next few weeks. "I don't know what happened up there," he told me. "Maybe Leo fainted from the pain in his back. Anyway, I began to think that if a man who knew as much about planes as he did could get it—then what right did I have to go skipping around the clouds? I sold my plane. I haven't been up since. And I don't intend to."

There is another reason why Dick doesn't fly any more. Joby, his wife, is very soon to become a mother. He doesn't want to worry her now; and he doesn't want, either, to risk not meeting his (we hope!) Junior. That's the story behind the grounding of one of Hollywood's best known aviators. And I imagine that Leo Nomis, stunting in some celestial plane, waves down his approval of Dick's recent resolve!

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NEXT MONTH!

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 110)

MILLAN, JOHN: Married to former Mrs. Creighton Hale. Born in Leeds, So. Dakota, November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Kid From Spain," U. A.; "Flesh," "Whistling in the Dark"; "Made on Broadway," M-G-M. Working in "Accidents Wanted." Next is "Night Flight."

MIN, 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 "Hell Below"; "Made On Broadway." Working in "When Ladies Meet."

MOORE, DICKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Oliver Twist," Monogram; "Gabriel Over the White House," M-G-M.

MORAN, POLLY: Unmarried. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Passionate Plumber" and "Prosperity."

MORGAN, FRANK: Married. Born in New York City, June 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "Sailor's Luck," Fox; "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M. Working in "Accidents Wanted." Next is "Night Flight."

MORGAN, RALPH: Married to Grace Arnold. Born in New York City, July 6. Fox player. Featured in "Rasputin and the Empress," M-G-M; "Road to Heaven"; "Humanity," Fox. Working in "The Power and the Glory."

MORLEY, KAREN: Married to Charles Vidor. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Flesh"; "Gabriel Over the White House." Working in "Ad Man," Radio.

MORRIS, CHESTER: Married to Sue Kilbourne. Born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Breath of Promise," World Wide; "Blondie Johnson," Warner Bros.; "The Infernal Machine," Fox. Working in "The Black Ace," Radio.

MUNI, PAUL: Married to Bella Fineke. Born in Vienna, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," First National.

MCCREA, JOEL: Unmarried. Born in So. Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Radio star. Co-starred in "Bird of Paradise"; "Rockabye" and "The Silver Cord." Next is "Three Came Unarmed."

MCLAGLEN, VICTOR: Married to Enid Lamont. Born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Hot Pepper," Fox. Next is "I'll Be Hanged If I Do."

NAGEL, CONRAD: Married to Ruth Helms. Born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Fast Life," M-G-M; "Auction in Souls," Tiffany.

NISSEN, GRETA: Married to Weldon Heyburn. Born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Murder of the Circus Queen," Columbia.

NIXON, MARIAN: Divorced from Edward Hillman. Born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Face in the Sky"; "Pilgrimage." Working in "5 Cents a Glass."

NOVARRO, RAMON: Unmarried. Born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Son Daughter"; "The Barbarian."

OAKIE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Sailor Be Good," Radio; "From Hell to Heaven"; "The Eagle and the Hawk," Paramount. Working in "College Humor."

OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Divorced. Born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Radio player. Featured in "The Conquerors" and "The Great Jasper." Working in "It's Great to be Alive," Fox.

OSBORNE, VIVIANNE: Unmarried. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Sailor Be Good," Radio; "Supernatural," Paramount. Working in "The Black Ace," Radio.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "The Golden West"; "Robber's Roost"; "Canyon Walls." Working in "Life in the Raw." Next is "The Last Trail."

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 "Jungle Bride," Monogram; "The Big Cage," Universal. Working in "Soldiers of the Storm," Columbia.

PALLETTE, EUGENE: Divorced. Born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Half Naked Truth," Radio; "Hell Below," "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." Next is "Alice in Wonderland."

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" and "Out All Night," Universal. Next is "Careless," Radio.

POWELL, RICHARD: Divorced. Born in Mt. View, Arkansas. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Blessed Event"; "Forty-Second Street." Working in "Goldiggers of 1933."

POWELL, WILLIAM: Married to Carole Lombard. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "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 "Ex-Lady," Warner Bros.; "Zoo in Budapest," Warner. Working in "Rules For Wives," Columbia. Next is "The Big Brain."

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, CHARLES: Unmarried. Born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Fox player. Working in "5 Cents a Glass."

ROGERS, GINGER: Divorced from Jack Pepper. Born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Forty-Second Street"; "Broadway Bad." Working in "Goldiggers of 1933." Next is "Careless," Radio.

ROGERS, WILL: Married. Born in Olagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Down to Earth"; "Too Busy to Work"; "State Fair."

RUB, CHRISTIAN: Married. Born in Passau, Bavaria, April 13. Free lance. Played in "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "The Silver Dollar," Warner Bros.; "The Road to Heaven," Fox.

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR JUNE AND JULY—

Why Not Send Them a Birthday Greeting? Their Studios' Addresses are on Page 84.

Clive Brook	June 1
Evalyn Knapp	June 1
Frank Morgan	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
Madge Evans	July 1
Charles Laughton	July 1
Ricardo Cortez	July 7
Irene Dunne	July 14
James Cagney	July 17
Richard Dix	July 18
Ken Maynard	July 21
Phillips Holmes	July 22
Joe E. Brown	July 28
Clara Bow	July 29
William Powell	July 29

RUGGLES, CHARLES: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Madame Butterfly"; "Murder in the Zoo"; "Terror broad." Working in "Maiden Cruise," Radio.

SALE, CHIC: Married to Marie Bishop. Born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Stranger in Town," Warner Bros.

SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Unmarried. Born in Orange, Va., January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Hello Everybody"; "Murders in the Zoo"; "Supernatural." Working in "Sunset Pass." Next is "Stairs of Sand."

SHANNON, PEGGY: Separated from Allen Davis. Born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Society Girl"; "The Painted Woman" and "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."

SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Merrily We Go To Hell"; "Madame Butterfly"; "Pick Up." Working in "Jennie Gerhardt."

SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Unmarried. Born in London, Eng., July 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Tonight Is Ours"; "A Lady's Profession." Working in "Song of Songs."

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"; "Men Must Fight"; "White Sister"; "Looking Forward."

STUART, GLORIA: Married. Born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "Sweepings," Radio; "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal. Working in "Dead on Arrival," Paramount; and "It's Great to be Alive," Fox.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Married. Born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "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 "She Had to Say Yes"; "The Silk Express"; "Lilly Turner"; "How to Break Ninety." Working in "Mary Stevens, M.D."

TASHMAN, LILYAN: Married to Edmund Lowe. Born in New York City, October 25. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Those We Love," Tiffany; "Scarlet Dawn," First National; "Style," Reliance.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 29. Fox player. Featured in "Perfect Understanding," United Artists; "The Infernal Machine," Fox. Working in "Goodbye Again," Warner Bros.

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. Working in "Mary Stevens, M.D.," Warner Bros.

TONE, FRANCHOT: Unmarried. Born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., February 27. M-G-M player. Featured in "Today We Live"; "Gabriel Over the White House." Next is "Night Flight."

TRACY, LEE: Unmarried. Born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Phantom Fane," Radio; "Private Jones," Universal; "Clear All Wires," M-G-M. Working in "Accidents tom Fane," Radio; "Hot Pepper," Fox.

TRACY, SPENCER: Married to Louise Treadwell. Born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "Me and My Gal"; "Face in the Sky." Working in "The Power and the Glory." Next is "The American."

TWELVETREES, HELEN: Married to Frank Woody. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Unashamed," M-G-M and "A 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 Fane," Radio; "Hot Pepper," Fox.

WEST, MAE: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, August 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night" and "She Done Him Wrong." Next is "Don't Call Me Madame."

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNIE: Divorced from Bobbe Arnst. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan the Ape Man." Working in "Tarzan and His Mate."

WHEELER, BERT: Separated from Bernice Spear. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "In the Jungle"; "So This is Africa"; "Diplomaniacs."

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 "Goldiggers of 1933" and "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."

WOOLSEY, ROBERT: Married to Mignone Reed. Born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write to him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "In the Jungle," Columbia; "So This is Africa," Columbia; "Diplomaniacs."

WRAY, FAY: Married to John Monk Saunders. Born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Wax Museum," Warner Bros.; "King Kong," Radio; "Tampico," Columbia. Working in "Ann Carver's Profession," Columbia.

WYNWARD, DIANA: Unmarried. Born in London, Eng., January 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox; "Men Must Fight" and "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 "She Had to Say Yes"; "Life of Jimmy Dolan"; "Zoo in Budapest." Working in "Breadline." Next is "Midnight Lady," M-G-M.

YOUNG, ROBERT: Unmarried. Born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Kid From Spain," United Artists; "Today We Live" and "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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