

THE MODERN SCREEN

Magazine

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FEBRUARY

31

THE SCREEN'S
MOST
ATTRACTIVE
MAN

By Elinor Glyn

•

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MOTHERS OF
HOLLYWOOD

•

IS GARBO
THROUGH?

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BROKEN-
HEARTED
GLORIA

The Truth about Gloria
Swanson's Divorce



Constance
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produced by **JOHN GOLDEN**

FOX

17.5. 1931

THE MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE

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Ernest V. Heyn, Editor

K. Rowell Batten, Associate Editor

Walter Ramsey, Western Representative



He thought: "You're a nice girl—too bad you are not as dainty as you look."

Yet, to be polite,

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How a warm room and "B.O." (Body Odor) cost her another admirer

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Lifebuoy's gentle searching lather clears away all impurities from the pores—freshens dull skins—makes complexions glow with clear, healthy, radiant beauty. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy purifies. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor—

The MODERN SCREEN Directory (PICTURES)



"Hell's Angels" deserves all the publicity and praise which has been lavished on it. Ben Lyon and James Hall both turn in swell performances and the air scenes are amazing.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (*United Artists*)—D. W. Griffith's great picturization of the famous Emancipator's life. Don't fail to see it.

AFRICA SPEAKS (*Columbia*)—A feature length travelogue with camera and microphone. The lion scenes are magnificent.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (*Universal*)—A brilliant war picture, with some scenes that will horrify you—but cannot fail to impress you. A splendid anti-war film.

ANIMAL CRACKERS (*Paramount*)—The Marx Brothers' second talkie effort. If you like to laugh at cuckoo humor, better see it.

ANYBODY'S WAR (*Paramount*)—Moran and Mack in another talkie effort. Funny enough for a visit.

ANYBODY'S WOMAN (*Paramount*)—Again, you have further proof of the versatility in the art of Ruth Chatterton. Clive Brook is also in the cast.

ATLANTIC (*British International*)—A story built around the sinking of a liner at sea. Has some good moments.

THE BAD MAN (*First National*)—Walter Huston as a Mexican bandit.

THE BAT WHISPERS (*United Artists*)—Reviewed in this issue.

BIG BOY (*Warner*)—Al Jolson. Not his best but well worth seeing.

THE BIG HOUSE (*M-G-M*)—An occasionally impressive prison picture with Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris and Wallace Beery. The two latter do good work, but Montgomery is miscast.

THE BIG TRAIL (*Fox*)—Another "Covered Wagon." A splendid evening's entertainment if you care for the epic sort of thing.

BILLY THE KID (*M-G-M*)—Johnny Mack Brown as the famous bandit of bygone days. It's more of a man's picture, but women fans will get a thrill out of it, too.

CAUGHT SHORT (*M-G-M*)—Polly Moran and Marie Dressler in a screamingly funny comedy based on the late bull stock market's activities.

BROTHERS (*Columbia*)—Bert Lytell in the title rôle. Good dramatic fare.

THE CAT CREEPS (*Universal*)—Excellent talkie version of the play, "The Cat and the Canary." Good for plenty of thrills and plenty of laughs.

CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK (*RKO*)—Amos 'n' Andy. Enough said.

COMMON CLAY (*Fox*)—A story that you will love, with Constance Bennett and Lew Ayres doing splendid work.

THE DANCERS (*Fox*)—Lois Moran in a gripping emotional story. Phillips Holmes does good work.

DANCING SWEETIES (*Warner*)—Grant Withers and Sue Carol in a fair dance hall story.

THE DAWN PATROL (*First National*)—Still another air story—but a good one. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., almost steals the picture from Richard Barthelmess.

DERELICT (*Paramount*)—Reviewed in this issue.

DIXIANA (*RKO*)—Bebe Daniels, Robert Woolsey, and Bert Wheeler in a story of the old South.

DOORWAY TO HELL (*Warner*)—Lew Ayres as a gang leader does good work in this one. If you like gangster stuff don't fail to see this picture.

DOUGHBOYS (*M-G-M*)—Buster Keaton, like so many others, goes A. E. F. in this one. Parts of it are brilliant.

EAST IS WEST (*Universal*)—Lupe Velez is cute in this fairly competent version of the well known play.

EYES OF THE WORLD (*United Artists*)—Harold Bell Wright authored it. That ought to be sufficient guide for you.

FEET FIRST (*Paramount*)—Harold Lloyd's latest talkie. It's a winner.

FOR THE DEFENSE (*Paramount*)—Kay Francis and William Powell in a story which has its weaknesses, but those two players are worth any price of admission.

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST (*First National*)—The famous operatic story with Ann Harding in the title rôle.

GRUMPY (*Paramount*)—Cyril Maude in the famous English play. Despite its slowness it is well done and well worth seeing.

HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE (*RKO*)—Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler in a comedy of the A. E. F. (still another one). These two comedians certainly know how to put over gags.

HEADS UP (*Paramount*)—America's boy friend and Helen Kane in a talkie version of the famous musical comedy. Helen practically steals the picture, but Buddy has his moments, too.

HELL'S ANGELS (*Caddo*)—If you don't know what this is about, it's just too bad.

(Continued on page 8)

The Modern Screen Magazine

HELL'S ANGELS

"Finest Achievement Yet Shown On Any Screen!"

—LONDON POST



Giant Bomber and Some of the 87 Fighting Planes Seen in "HELL'S ANGELS"

UNIVERSALLY ACCLAIMED!

"SURPASSES ANYTHING ELSE THAT HAS BEEN DONE!"—New York Evening Post

"THE TALKIES' FIRST GREAT SPECTACLE!"—Motion Picture Magazine

"GREATEST SPECTACLE IN THE HISTORY OF THE SCREEN!"—Boston Post

"DWARFS THEM ALL!"—Seattle Post-Intelligencer

"HAS NO EQUAL ON THE SCREEN!"—London Times

"GREATEST AIR-DRAMA OF ALL TIME!"—New York Journal of Commerce

"THE THRILL OF YOUR MOVIE LIFE-TIME!"—Detroit News

"FOUR MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF THRILLS!"—Seattle Times

"A FILM THAT WILL BE TALKED ABOUT FOR YEARS!"—Hollywood News

"SHOULD NOT BE MISSED BY YOUNG OR OLD!"—Los Angeles Examiner

"YOU ARE DIZZY UNDER THE POWER OF 'HELL'S ANGELS!'"—Cincinnati Post

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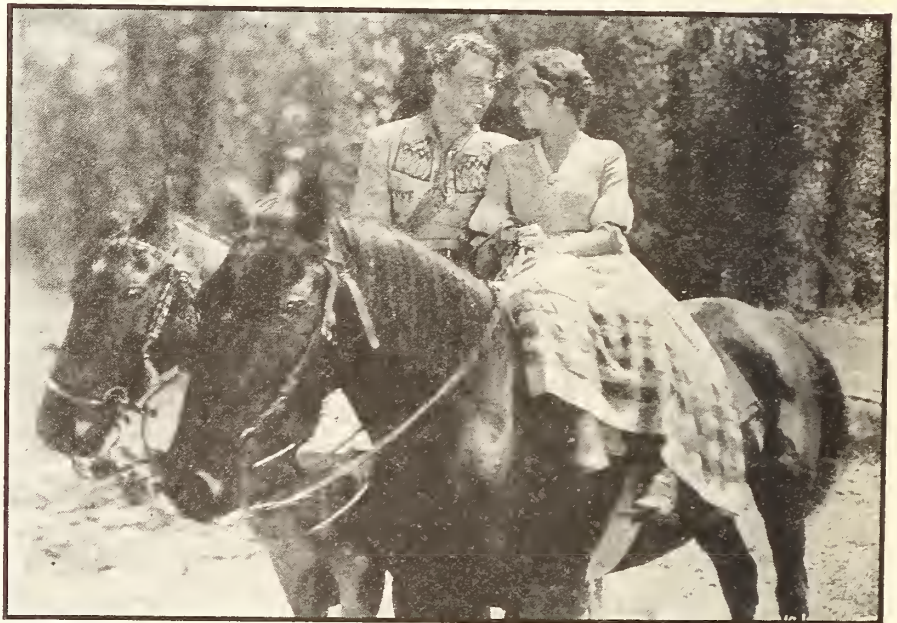
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The MODERN SCREEN Directory—(Pictures)



John Wayne and Marguerite Churchill provide the charming love interest in the superbly thrilling epic, "The Big Trail."

(Continued from page 6)

HER MAN (*Pathé*)—Helen Twelvetees in a story about a gal who loved a sailor. Will hold your interest.

HOLLYWOOD THEME SONG (*Educational*)—Reviewed in this issue.

HER WEDDING NIGHT (*Paramount*)—Clara Bow in a farce comedy. This time Charles Ruggles does some picture stealing.

HOLD EVERYTHING (*Warner*)—A prize-fighting story, with Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner offering plenty of laughs.

HOLIDAY (*Pathé*)—A charming story about a girl who preferred human qualities to money and luxury.

JOURNEY'S END (*Tiffany*)—A grim story showing how men react when facing the enemy in the trenches.

JUST IMAGINE (*Fox*)—Reviewed in this issue.

KISMET (*First National*)—Reviewed in this issue.

A LADY SURRENDERS (*Universal*)—A somewhat different triangle story. Rose Hobart, a new comer, gets laurels.

LAUGHTER (*Paramount*)—Nancy Carroll in a swell story about an ex-chorus girl married to a staid millionaire. Good emotional stuff here and exceptional dialogue.

LEATHERNECKING (*RKO*)—A comedy based on "Prescent Arms" of the musical stage.

THE LEGEND OF GOSTA BERLING (*Ernest Mattsson*)—The picture which made Greta Garbo. Very interesting for its historical value.

LET US BE GAY (*M-G-M*)—Another story based on the plot of the plain girl who suddenly becomes beautiful. Norma Shearer, Marie Dressler, and Rod LaRocque make this well worth your time.

LET'S GO NATIVE (*Paramount*)—If you like to laugh at crazy humor you will have the time of your life at this one. Jack Oakie, Jeanette MacDonald, Kay Francis, and William Austin all do swell work.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY (*Warner*)—Winnie Lightner will keep you laughing in this

cuckoo story of two gold-diggers. It's good stuff and don't forget to watch for Charlie Butterworth.

LIGHTNIN' (*Fox*)—Reviewed in this issue.

LILIOM (*Fox*)—Charlie Farrell in a story which will hold your interest except for the last part.

LITTLE ACCIDENT (*Universal*)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a yarn about the embarrassment of a man just going to be married who is confronted with an echo from his past. Good for a lot of laughs.

LOOSE ENDS (*British International*)—An English society film.

LOVE IN THE ROUGH (*M-G-M*)—Robert Montgomery in a golf story. The plot is not particularly good, but if you are a Montgomery fan—

MADAM SATAN (*M-G-M*)—Cecil DeMille is with us again with society people, with big parties, with zeppelins, and—oh well, go see it yourself.

A MAN FROM WYOMING (*Paramount*)—Still another war story and a pretty poor one, but Gary Cooper's individual personality makes this worth seeing.

MANSLAUGHTER (*Paramount*)—A talkie based on the famous silent film. Good stuff.

THE MATRIMONIAL BED (*Warner*)—A fairly entertaining story based on amnesia. Frank Fay is a riot.

MAYBE IT'S LOVE (*Warner*)—Joe E. Brown in a good football yarn.

MIN AND BILL (*M-G-M*)—Reviewed in this issue.

MOBY DICK (*Warner*)—The well known "Sea Beast" of silent days comes back in talkie form, with the same star doing even better than before. Barrymore is great. Joan Bennett is charming as the feminine love interest. The whale scenes are thrilling.

MONTE CARLO (*Paramount*)—An Ernst Lubitsch musical, with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan. Not as swell as "The Love Parade" but pretty darn good.

MOROCCO (*Paramount*)—Reviewed in this issue.

MURDER (*British International*)—A very interesting film, based on what its title implies.

THE OFFICE WIFE (*Warner*)—An interesting story of what the stenographer sometimes means to the employer. Dorothy Mackaill and Lewis Stone.

OLD ENGLISH (*Warner*)—Another splendidly directed George Arliss talkie. Mr. Arliss' superb acting will hold you spellbound, although the story itself is not very strong for movie purposes.

OUR BLUSHING BRIDES (*M-G-M*)—Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery in a story about a department store girl and the son of the employer. Much of it is hokum but in general it is well worth seeing and you will be assured of getting your value if you do.

OUTWARD BOUND (*Warner*)—A rather unusual play which deals with the theory of what happens after death. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives a fine performance as the young lover. Leslie Howard is excellent as the drunkard.

PASSION FLOWER (*M-G-M*)—Reviewed in this issue.

PLAYBOY OF PARIS (*Paramount*)—Maurice Chevalier in a story of his home town. They ought to have let him sing more songs. And better ones.

QUEEN HIGH (*Paramount*)—The well known musical comedy appears on the screen with Charles Ruggles playing the same role which he played on the stage. Pretty good stuff.

RAFFLES (*United Artists*)—A story about a sophisticated crook who comes out of every dangerous situation with flying colors. Ronald Colman as the crook is delightful. Kay Francis as the girl for whom he tries to give it all up makes her part ring true.

RAIN OR SHINE (*Columbia*)—The famous Joe Cook musical comedy in talkie form. If you like Joe Cook you will certainly like this, and who doesn't?

ROAD TO PARADISE (*First National*)—It is very seldom that feminine players play dual rôles, but here is one who does. Loretta Young is the lady in question and she does a very good job with both her characterizations.

ROMANCE (*M-G-M*)—The second Greta Garbo talkie. Garbo is a little more glamorous in this picture, but somehow the production as a whole is not quite as gripping as "Anna Christie." Don't fail to see it, however.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL (*Paramount*)—Not exactly convincing western stuff, with Richard Arlen in the leading role. Mitzi Green, as is her custom, steals the picture.

THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE (*Paramount*)—Here you have a splendid combination of star and story. Jack Oakie does his accustomed stuff with excellent trimmings, and the story will hold your interest until the very end.

SCOTLAND YARD (*Fox*)—Edmund Lowe in a dual rôle story which takes place in England. Although there have been better Lowe pictures, this one is well worth your time.

SEA LEGS (*Paramount*)—Jack Oakie again. Much custard pie comedy in this. Better take the kiddies and give them a treat.

THE SEA WOLF (*Fox*)—A thoroughgoing he-man picture, with the late Milton Sills in the leading rôle. This is his last film.

SHOOTING STRAIGHT (*RKO*)—Richard Dix in a fairly fast moving story about a New York gangster who finds himself stranded in a small country town. There is a gorgeous fight at the end of the picture.

THE SILVER HORDE (*RKO*)—An excellent picture based on the salmon fishing industry. This is exciting and interesting, and will give you an idea of how the salmon you take out of the can get in it. Well worth seeing.

SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY (*Pathé*)—Reviewed in this issue.

SO THIS IS LONDON (*Fox*)—Will Rogers in a talkie version of the stage play. Will's wisecracks will hold your interest in spite of a story that sags at times.

(Continued on page 122)



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THE MODERN SCREEN

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

ADOREE, RENEE; divorced; born in Lille, France. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Tide of Empire" and "The Call of the Flesh," M-G-M. Now recovering after long illness.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; unmarried; born in Fergus Falls, Minn. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Juvenile lead in "So This is London," RT-42 in "Just Imagine." Now playing lead in "Hot Numbers."

ALVARADO, DON; married to non - professional; born in Albuquerque, N. M. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Juan in "Captain Thunder," Warner Bros. Featured role in "For the Love o' Lil," Columbia. Ramon in "Beau Ideal," RKO.

AMES, ROBERT; divorced from Marion Oakes; born in Hartford, Conn. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Johnny Case in "Holiday," Pathe. Robin in "War Nurse," M-G-M. Morton in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in Charlottesville, Va. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. "Pink" Barker in "The Sea God," Stan Hollister in "Santa Fe Trail," Dan McMaster in "Stampede."

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. The Raja in "The Green Goddess." Disraeli in "Disraeli." Heythorp in "Old English." Will return from England in January to star in "The Devil."

ARMIDA; unmarried; born in Sonora, Mexico. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Lead opposite John Barrymore in "General Crack." Featured role in "Under a Texas Moon," Warner Bros. Now appearing on the stage.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; married to Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich. Write him at Pathe studio. Contract star. Larry Doyle in "Danger Lights," RKO. Ace Carter in "Big Money," Pathe.

ARTHUR, GEORGE K.; married to non-professional; born in Aberdeen, Scotland. Write him at Darmour studio, Hollywood, Cal. Free lance player. Featured in series of two-reelers for RKO release.

ARTHUR, JEAN; divorced; born in New York city. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Leading role in "The Silver Horde," Mary Ryan in "Danger Lights," RKO. Sylvia Martine in "Johnny On The Spot," Paramount.

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.

Pathe Studios, Culver City, California.

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.

Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ASTOR, MARY; widow; born in Quincy, Ill. Write her at RKO studio. Contract player. Julia Seaton in "Holiday," Pathe. Richard Barthelmess' sweetheart in "Adios," First National. Feminine lead in "The Steel Highway," Warner Bros. Kitty in "Sheep's Clothing," RKO. Lead in "The Queen's Husband," RKO.

AUSTIN, WILLIAM; married to non-professional; born in Georgetown, British Guiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Sylvester Wadsworth in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu." Basil Piston in "Let's Go Native." Lord Eustace Farrington in "Along Came Youth," Paramount.

AYRES, LEWIS; unmarried; born in Minneapolis, Minn. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Stellar role in "All Quiet on the Western Front," Universal. Gangster in "Doorway to Hell," Warner Bros. Billy Benson in "East is West." Now starring in "Fires of Youth," Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Jimmy in "On With the Show," Warner Bros. Carney in "Within the Law," M-G-M. Tom-

my Haverly in "Reducing," M-G-M.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Joe Forziati in "Ladies Love Brutes." Bill Rafferty in "Derelict." Now starring in "Unfit to Print."

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Warner Bros. Contract star. Title role in "General Crack." Lord Strathpeffer in "The Man from Blankley's." Capt. Ahab in "Moby Dick." Vacationing until January.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-director. Featured roles in "West of Zanzibar," "The Mysterious Island," M-G-M, and "Stark Mad," Warner Bros.

Now devoting time to directing talkies.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to former Mrs. Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Dick Courtney in "The Dawn Patrol." Star of "Adios." Vacationing until January.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Cisco Kid in "In Old Arizona." Title role in "The Cisco Kid." Deucalion in "Renegades." Now starring in "The Spider."

BEERY, NOAH; separated from Marguerite Lindsay; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Bolshevik leader in "Song of the Flame," First National. Mack-worth in "Renegades," Fox. Luke in "Tol'able David," Columbia.

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Mary Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Butch in "The Big House." Tripod in "Way For a Sailor." Bill in "Dark Star." Barnum in "A Lady's Morals." Now working in "The Secret Six."

DIRECTORY (PLAYERS)

BELL, REX; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Taking a Chance," and "They Had to See Paris." Ronald in "Lightnin'," all for Fox.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; divorced from Phil Plante; born in New York city. Write her at Pathe studio. Contract star. Spy in "Three Faces East," Warner Bros. Co-starred in "Common Clay," Fox. Sylvia in "Sin Takes a Holiday," Pathe.

BENNETT, JOAN; divorced; born in New York city. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Feminine lead with John Barrymore in "Moby Dick," Warner Bros. Lady Usher in "Scotland Yard," Fox. To be starred in "Smilin' Thru," United Artists.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Cambridge, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Matt in "Anna Christie." Reverend Sims in "The Sea Bat." Dan in "The Passion Flower."

BLACKMER, SYDNEY; married to Lenore Ulric; born in Salisbury, N. C. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Morgan Pell in "The Bad Man." Featured role in "Kismet." Big Boy in "Little Caesar." Hart in "Mother's Cry," all First National.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas. Write him at Universal Studio. Contract star. Featured role in "The King of Jazz," Universal. Count Mirko in "The Queen of Scandal," Samuel Goldwyn. Co-starred in "Resurrection," Universal.

BORDEN, OLIVE; unmarried; born in Richmond, Va. Write her at RKO studio. Free lance player. Gloria Staunton in "The Social Lion," Paramount. Eve Quinn in "Wedding Rings." Now in New York.

BOW, CLARA; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Pepper in "Love Among the Millionaires." Norma Martin in "Her Wedding Night." Bernice O'Day in "No Limit."

BOYD, BILL; divorced; born in Cambridge, Ohio. Write him at Pathe studio. Contract star. Bill O'Brien in "Officer O'Brien." Bill Thatcher in "Beyond Victory." Now starring in "The Painted Desert."

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Vurt; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Olesen in "The Cockeyed World." Comedy leads in "The Big Trail" and "Svenson's Wild Party." Single O in "Just Imagine."

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry

Edwards; born in Tampa, Fla. Write her at RKO studio. Contract star. Stellar role in "Framed," RKO. Cherry Malotte in "The Silver Horde," RKO. May in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Cynthia Brown in "The Social Lion." Barbara Tanner in "Only Saps Work." Featured role in "The Royal Family" (tentative title).

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn Frances McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Elmer Peters in "Top Speed," Rollo Smith in "Going Wild." Co-starred in "Sit Tight." Now on vaudeville tour.

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Gotham, Alabama. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Title role in "Billy the Kid." Berk in "The Great Meadow."

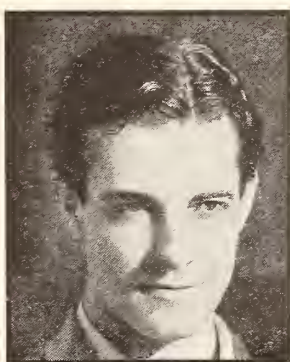
CANTOR, EDDIE; married; born in New York city. Write him at the Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Starred in "Kid Boots" and "Special Delivery," Paramount, (silents), "Whoopee," for Samuel Goldwyn (talkie).

(Continued on page 124)

Here are the stars' birthdays for the next few weeks. Why don't you drop them a line of congratulation?



Joan Bennett
February 27



Ramon Novarro
February 6



Bebe Daniels
January 14



Adolphe Menjou
February 18

William Haines	Jan. 1
Alexander Gray	Jan. 8
Chester Conklin	Jan. 11
Bebe Daniels	Jan. 14
Oliver Hardy	Jan. 18
Ralph Graves	Jan. 23

Charles Morton	Jan. 28
Russell Gleason	Feb. 6
Ben Lyon	Feb. 6
Ramon Novarro	Feb. 6
Eddie Nugent	Feb. 7
Ronald Colman	Feb. 9

William Collier, Jr.	Feb. 12
Kay Francis	Feb. 13
Mary Brian	Feb. 17
Adolphe Menjou	Feb. 18
Lew Cody	Feb. 22
Joan Bennett	Feb. 27

THE MODERN



JUST WHAT IS THIS ROW BETWEEN UNITED ARTISTS AND FOX WEST COAST THEATERS, ANYWAY?

Why, it's simply this. Fox West Coast Theaters own or control a great many important movie houses on the Pacific coast. The United Artists Corporation, as you know, is the distributing organization of various ace players who produce their own pictures. United Artists charge a flat rental to the theaters for the showing of their pictures. Now, Fox West Coast consider these rentals too high and they announced that they would only play United Artists pictures on a straight percentage basis. If the picture lost money, United Artists would not get as much rental as in the regular way; if the picture made a fortune, United Artists would share in this fortune.

Fox West Coast remain adamant and so do United Artists. Above, you see the United Artists stars and executives gathered for a protest meeting. There's Al Jolson, Mary Pickford (in Kiki make-up), Ronald Colman, Gloria Swanson, Douglas Fairbanks, Joseph Schenck, Charlie Chaplin, Samuel Goldwyn and Eddie Cantor. "We'll show our pictures in tents if necessary," this crowd of famous stars say. "It's okey with us," says Fox West Coast. So, there you are—and they are.

SCREEN MAGAZINE

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

HOLLYWOOD is expecting Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli to announce a wedding date any time now. This has been one of the colony's longest and most loyal romances, and it is said that before Charlie and Virginia made up their minds to take the fatal step they tested their real feeling for one another by separation.

Virginia went to New York with Colleen Moore.

Charlie remained behind to co-star with Janet Gaynor.

Now that Virginia is back in Hollywood, and she and the young Fox player seem as devoted as ever, the folks feel—it won't be long now.

BILLIE DOVE'S divorced husband, Irvin Willat, has been observed lately being very attentive to a pretty young fan magazine writer.

At a recent revel of the Wasps, Mr. Willat and his youthful literary partner attracted quite a good deal of attention.

HOLLYWOOD must have sensed the regal attitude of Irene Rich at the opening of "Women Who Take." This was, without doubt, the most respectful and highly respectable audience Hollywood has had at a premiere in many a day.

After the opening, we saw many of Hollywood's famous visiting backstage and congratulating Irene upon her splendid performance. Among those seen were William K. Howard, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon and Robert Ames.

Those who did not go backstage, but who were seen in the lobby, numbered such celebrities as Joseph Schenck, Cecil B. DeMille, Gloria Swanson and hosts of Miss Rich's admirers.

THE moment that Hollywood found out that Lawrence Tibbett was to start on a concert tour sans wife, the tongues began to wag. Was this a well developed separation, the symptoms of which Hollywood had failed to recognize?

No, Hollywood's mind is traveling in low gear as usual. Tibbett is under contract to make a concert tour, and his wife doesn't happen to like two-week jumps. In fact, she

much prefers Europe. So while the favorite M-G-M singer is jumping, Mrs. Tibbett will be doing Paris as a relief from Hollywood.

THEY tell this one on Jesse Lasky, vice-president of Paramount.

It seems that he had occasion late one night to visit the studio of which he is head. The office entrance was closed so he went to the actor's gate and gave his name.

"Jesse Lasky wants to come in," the new gate man shouted to the casting office. And then, surprisingly:

"Well, she can't go through!" came the response from the new night casting man, "There ain't no such girl by that name working here!"

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Bill Powell is being very attentive to Carol Lombard lately.

Clara Bow has signed a complaint charging several counts of grand theft against her former secretary, Daisy Devoe.

Barry Norton, who has been doing the Spanish versions of Paramount's talkies, won a popularity contest in South America, beating Ramon Novarro by one vote.

Mary Duncan is rumored engaged to a wealthy business man.

Charles Bickford has broken with M-G-M and will free lance in his own story, "Hard Guy."

Jack Oakie's next film will be "June Moon," with Frances Dee playing opposite him. Harry Green will be in it, too.

Marian Nixon has signed for three pictures with Liberty Productions following completion of her Warner contract.

Will Hays has married Mrs. Jessie Herron Stutesman, widow of the former Ambassador to Bolivia.

John McCormick will receive his divorce from Colleen Moore May 14. On the same day he will wed Mae Clarke.

Dolores del Rio is in the hospital and is not expected to work for six months at least.

and other hits which belong to the popular Mr. Jolson. Just as Sidney came out of the control room he was called to the telephone.

"Hello, young man! This is Al Jolson," came the familiar voice. "Sure enjoyed your imitations. I'm flattered to be imitated by such an artist."

Bet that's the first time Al ever voiced those sentiments.

JOHAN BARRYMORE doesn't care a bit if Dolores Costello gets fat!

Since the birth of their small daughter the spirituelle Dolores has gained considerable poundage for her type and

CHESTER MORRIS was offered the lead in "Millie" (rather, he was beseeched for it) at a reputed salary of \$65,000 for the production, or something like \$16,500 per week. The tough part of it is that United Artists had other plans and pictures for the very popular Chester and it was necessary for him to turn it down. Better luck next time, Chet!

AL JOLSON has at last found an imitator who meets with his admiration and approval.

An eleven-year-old boy, Sidney Miller, did imitations of the famous Mammy-man over the radio the night before Al sailed for Europe, singing "Sonny Boy"

News, bits of gossip, amusing anecdotes—direct from Hollywood



Charles Christobura, the sculptor who made this bronze bust of Louis Wolheim, certainly knew his business—or, rather, his art. Wolheim is now with RKO.

some friend started recommending diets to her. John would have none of it. "She never looked better in her life so far as I can see," he protested, "I like her this way."

PARAMOUNT executives have arrived at the astounding conclusion that Gary Cooper is getting too thin for sex appeal!

During the filming of "Morocco" with Marlene Dietrich, Gary lost seven pounds from the heat of the desert location scenes. And so it was decided that he must not make "Dishonored" with Marlene. And that was why Vic MacLaglen is pinch hitting for him.

As a matter of fact, it is really the fault of the production schedules that Gary got into this condition. He has rushed from one picture to another for so many months that it is a wonder he isn't completely wasted away. His personal physician has ordered that Gary make no more pictures until he entirely regains his health. We hope it won't be long—and so do more than half the picture public in the country.

DOROTHY LEE, that cute little youngster over at RKO, and Jimmy Fidler were quietly (but not secretly) married. This is really something new in marriages for Hollywood. In the past, Hollywood has either flung her weddings to the high heavens of publicity or made them deep, dark secrets. Thus, this quiet union without the tag of "This is confidential" was quite an innovation.

The happy couple explained that they were very quiet about the event for the reason that they believe it might hurt the career of Dorothy, who is, after all, a heart-palpitating little ingénue.

THE first day Janet Gaynor walked on the set of "The Man Who Came Back," Raoul Walsh took her aside and held a whispered conference with the little star. Walsh seemed to be apologizing for something, and when the

session was over, a friend asked Janet what the trouble was.

"He was just explaining," laughed Janet, "that he had directed so many rough-and-tumble stories like 'What Price Glory?' and 'The Cockeyed World' that he was afraid he'd forget himself and say something on the set that would shock me. Just by way of getting off on the right foot, he said, 'I'm not half as hard-boiled as I sound.'"

"And what did you say?"

"Oh, I just told him I wasn't half as faint-hearted as I look, either."

FOR many months, we've been hearing reports of the impending divorce of the Tom Mixes—and now it has come to a head at last. The rumors flew thick and fast around Hollywood a year ago when Victoria Mix remained in Paris for over ten months . . . but all were stopped when Mrs. Mix made her appearance in the Mix Mansion in the Hills of Beverly.

Now there has been another and seemingly a more definite split in the marital path upon which the once-famous cowboy and his wife have been treading. The latest break between the Mixes became known when Mrs. Mix was informed that her husband was at the Hollywood Hospital for treatment. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't even know he was in town!" Which we would certainly term the height of indifference. Wouldn't you?



Marjorie White admits to being guilty of puppy love. The cute little animiles are prize winning Schnauzers, if anyone should ask you.

Good-bye, Mr. Huston. Walter Huston has done a lot of work in the last year, so he decided to take a jaunt through Europe.



Jesse L. Lasky got a shock when he tried to get into his own studio

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., Joan Crawford, and her mother sneaked into the back row of a Santa Monica picture show to see Joan's first dramatic picture, "Within The Law," previewed. Joan turned in one swell performance.

Several weeks ago, none other than the glamorous Marlene Dietrich told us that, in her opinion, Joan Crawford was potentially the greatest actress of the talking screen. Joan's work in this film certainly makes those words come true.

Young Doug beamed and grinned with pride at his wife's success. But Joan was rather cool and collected. "I'm so frightened and happy at the same time," she explained. "I'm numb!"

After the show, the two famous kids celebrated with a soda at a nearby drug store.

MARY PICKFORD walked into the famous Silver Room of Greer's the other day and gave the most amazing order that the celebrated designer had ever received. "I want a negligée made up in the worst possible taste," Mary ordered. "All the fluffs and frills and brilliances you can crowd onto it. Make it as frightful as possible."

No, it isn't for Mary's personal use. "Kiki" calls for such a garment, so Mary got one of the best of Hollywood's gown designer's to do his worst.

THE current café rage right now is Stark's, a German dish em-



Norman Foster, one of Paramount's up and coming young players, makes friends with the bronze statue of Balto, the famous Alaskan dog, in Central Park, New York.

porium, far out on Wilshire Boulevard. The stars may be on various diets, but you'd never know it by the heavy and well-sauced dishes they go for at Stark's. Among the sauerkraut devotees spotted there recently were:

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. Norma wore a tailored fall suit of tan with a dark brown hat and accessories.

Natalie Moorhead and Alan Crosland. Miss Moorhead's gown was of brown lace with a small dinner hat of the same color.

Irene Rich, on her way to the theater, looked unusually smart in dark green, trimmed with a slight stripe of gold.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, dining alone (which is something rare for Mr. and Mrs. Lyon). Bebe wore a black-and-white tailored ensemble.

Far off in a quiet corner, quite lady-less, sat Ronald Colman and Bill Powell.

DROPPED over on a "Reaching For The Moon" set the other day and watched them filming a special musical number called "High Up and Low Down."

Music certainly has not slowed up Doug's athletic stunts to any noticeable degree. "This is a gymnastic love dance," somebody explained. And that wasn't hard to believe.

Doug and Bebe and two hundred dance extras were leaping over life boats, down hatchways, through port holes and risking their necks from the crow's nest to the steerage of a ship setting.

WHEN Cliff Edwards was handed the part of a hobo in Lawrence Tibbett's new picture, "The Southerner," he drawled:

"Well, I've played a cowboy, a soldier and a college boy in recent pictures, though I was never on a ranch, in the army or in college. Now here is the very first part I really know something about—I play a bum!"

Would that all bums could play the uke as Cliff can. We'd give a nickel for a cuppa cawffee to hear one.

Slim Summer-ville is one of those people who rise to fame overnight. A little more than a year ago he was almost unknown.

And here, ladies and gentlemen of the movie fan audience, is "Stymie," a comedian of the younger set. Mathew Beard is his real name.

John Barrymore is the kind of husband for the girl who hates dieting



Fire-lady save my cheild, yells the harrassed heroine. And Polly Moran rushes to the rescue with all the vim and vigor in her make-up—which is plenty.

VILMA BANKY is coming back to the screen *via* Europe. Vilma has just signed a contract to appear in a new picture to be written and produced by Al Rogell, and whatever stage plans she may have been contemplating are temporarily shelved.

Vilma sails with the Rogell troupe for Europe.

We hear that Rod remains in New York for a stage engagement.

JOHN GILBERT is becoming almost as much of a *récluse* as Ronald Colman. He has become very interested in the building and furnishing of his new beach house and spends most of his spare time there. No longer is Jack spotted at Hollywood parties where he used to shine as such a gay social light.

He enjoys a small circle of intimate friends including Marion Davies, Charles Chaplin, Harry Crocker, and Constance Bennett and once in a blue moon he accompanies them out in public. Recently we saw him at the Biltmore Hotel where he sat out every dance but one—and that he danced with his hostess, Constance.

STRANGE as it may seem, Ann Harding has never had a curling iron or a finger wave in her lovely blond hair. If it looks more curly at some times than at others, it is because when Ann gets overly warm, or excited her hair just curls up of its own accord. And that's the real test of naturally curly hair.

Here's an Englishman who enjoyed greeting the Statue of Liberty as he sailed up the harbor. George Arliss is back at work again after a gorgeous holiday in "the old country."



star seems to have put a damper on her spirits." Well, well, really.

HOLLYWOOD has talkies as perfect as they make them. "See the Films With the Stars," one advertises. No star wants her competitor heroines to hear her crack on a high C. The ritzy theaters out here have a man in the audience with a fader (which increases or diminishes the sound). If a plane flies low or grandpa has a coughing spell, he increases the sound. If the audience laughs too long he gives the shadow actors the voices of giants so they can be heard above the tittering.

WALTER HUSTON has entered into a working partnership with his son. John recently graduated from college. John has chosen a literary career so his Dad agreed to stake him to all expenses of a writing career, if John will come through with half of every check he receives. The first check has already been split, for John had a short story called "The Shameless Fool" in the *American Mercury*.

WHITE flannel trousers for women for informal sports wear promise to become Hollywood's newest style craze since their recent spectacular introduction by

Clara Bow, who always is giving the film city boulevardiers some new clothes thrill or other.

Clara's newest sport outfit consists of white beret, white sweater of combed wool with an interwoven design of jagged lines of red, white flannel trousers, smartly creased down the legs "man-fashion," and white shoes with red heels.

JACK OAKIE and Frances Dee were seen driving along Hollywood Boulevard in Jack's new roadster. The chauffeur was parked in the rumble seat.

LUPE VELEZ just gave John Boles a new autographed picture of herself to put with his collection, which numbers Geraldine Farrar, Jeanne Eagles, Gloria Swanson, and Hope Hampton.

The picture of Lupe in her "Resurrection" Russian costume is lovely; but it is made particularly valuable by the fact that it was autographed with the same fountain pen which Count Leo Tolstoy used in writing his famous love epic. When Ilya Tolstoy was in Los Angeles several years ago, he presented the pen to a friend, and it is one of the few remaining articles that played a part in the writings of Tolstoy.

THAT gentleman of the gambling establishment over in Nevada who boasted of the "swell publicity" in connection with Clara Bow's supposedly rubber checks has something to think over now that his wife has filed divorce proceedings.

The lady gave as her reason the notoriety involved in the Clara Bow case, and felt her husband's prominence in print to be most objectionable.

RITA LA ROY is taking a couple of weeks off from work at the RKO studio, and will spend it in a popular desert springs taking mud baths.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is planning another trip to Europe but this time he is going to insist that Mary accompany him.

The truth is that Doug was more than upset by the rumors and insinuations his solitary journey stirred up. He is down-right mad.

It used to be easy for newspaper and magazine people to get to Doug for a little chat, but since the avalanche of "separation" rumors were printed, he has refused to see anyone from the press.

THIS Hollywood idea of "no powder for the face" is gaining new practioners every day. Joan Crawford is supposed to have started the shiney-nose business, but several other of our most attractive girls are helping her popularize it.

It is quite becoming to Sue Carol, giving her the appearance of a mischievous little girl. Ditto might be said for Dorothy Lee.

Dorothy Mackaill is another who is exposing her face to the world in its own finish.

All of the girls, however, wear quite a heavy coating of lip stick.

SPEAKING of Hollywood fashions, Lilyan Tashman introduced that very

"It's no use, Oliver, you can't make it." So says Mr. Stan Laurel as he tries gamely to shoe-horn the svelte Mr. Hardy into a prop corset.

new wrinkle—evening pajamas—at a recent dinner party held in her home. Following all dictates of current fashion in every other way, the skirt is loosely copied after the trouser effect, but so full and rippling as to be deceiving at first.

KING VIDOR startled his legion of artistic admirers in Hollywood by two newspaper stories which were published recently. King has always been looked on as a director of the "realistic" school and all for truth.

Now he says he is done with such screen philosophy! From now on he is going out for box-office honors and turn out popular bonfires—never mind the art.

"'Billy The Kid' is my last attempt to tell the truth upon the screen," Mr. Vidor is quoted as having said. "From now on I shall go in for all the sugar-coating and Santa Claus themes the public seems to want."

BELIEVE it or not but Water Huston recently escorted Gilda Gray to a dinner-dance at the Embassy Club. Now you think of one funnier than Abraham Lincoln and Gilda Gray dining together.

EVERY now and then movie actors remind us of that motorman who spent his vacation riding street cars.

When Wallace Beery isn't working under the hot lights of the studio he spends hours in his own back yard waiting for the sun to hit the right angle for his amateur movie camera. With the patience of Job Wally photographs everything! Germanium pots, old tin cans—anything will do.

For the past several months he has been artistically recording the growth of a pet tree from a shrub up.

GIRLS, prepare for a new assortment of colors for your 1931 wardrobe!

Howard Greer and David Cow, noted designers, are, according to their own stories, "alarmed at the few colors being utilized in the current modes." Black, white, green, and red are being overdone.

Here are a few new colors (Continued on page 120)



KNOW THEM?

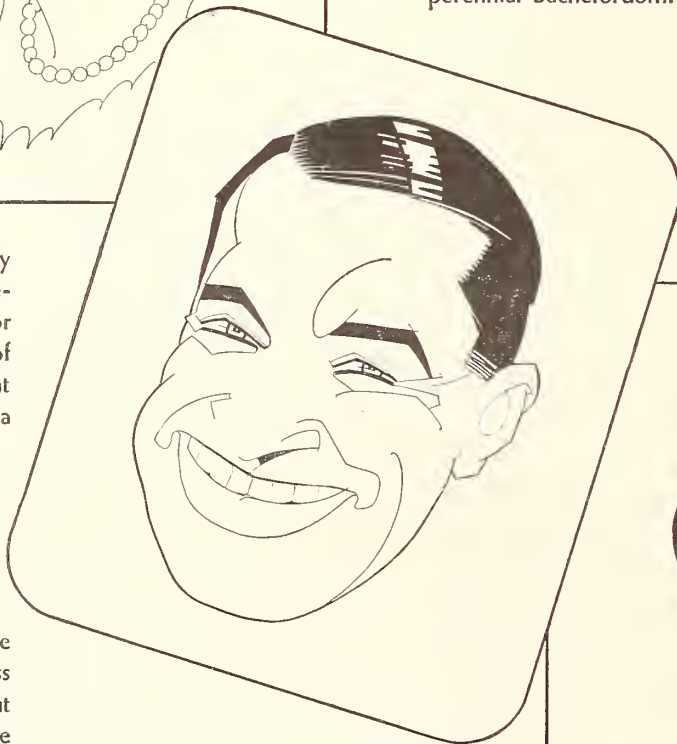
A page of amusing caricatures by Albert J. Carreno



The chap is appearing in a talkie version of a best-selling novel by a famous feminine author. He is noted for his perennial bachelordom.



Above, is a young lady famous for her comedy rôles and also for her impersonations of other stars. We might mention that she's a blonde.



At the right we have a fellow from across the water who can put over ze songs in ze great shape. 'E is 'appy to be weeth us. Do you know heem?

The young person at the right hit the front pages about a year ago when she eloped with a featured player whose initials are G. W. She is now appearing in "Kismet."



CARRENO
1934



Photograph by Hurrell

PORTRAITS

Trite as it is, "fascinating" is the one word which in any degree describes Kay Francis. This unusual portrait was taken during the filming of "Passion Flower."



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

Sue Carol's work in "Check and Double Check" brought her back with a rush to a position among the most popular leading women. Sue's next will be "Kept Husbands."



Quietly, in a way befitting the "silent he-man" that he is, George O'Brien goes about the business of increasing his number of fans. "Fair Warning" will be his next.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

David Manners is a much sought-after young man on the film lots. So much so that Paramount borrowed him from First National to play in "The Right to Love."



Photograph by Hurrell

Comedians come and comedians go, but William Haines never stops gathering in the laughs. They're writing a new one for him now—at present it has no title.



Photograph by Russell Ball

Ann Harding has a knack of appearing in one successful picture after another. She is now at work on "Rebound," and Pathe promises that it is going to be big.



Photograph by Otto Dyar

One of the fellows who was responsible for the big success of westerns in the talkies. Capable Dick Arlen's next will be "Stampede," from an Emerson Hough yarn.



BROKEN- HEARTED GLORIA

For many years Gloria Swanson worked and slaved to achieve her ambitions—and, now, have all her efforts been in vain?

By HARRIET PARSONS



Gloria and her Marquis as they appeared on the famous trans-continental journey which heralded the star's return to Hollywood from France.

WHEN you watch lovely Gloria Swanson at the Embassy or the Biltmore or the Cocoanut Grove . . . dancing . . . dancing with a new young man and a new dress, surrounded by a group of admiring young men, you are led to wonder: what is going on in her mind?

For she is dancing gaily—a little too gaily.

Fifteen years ago a kid with a turned up nose, a trick hat, a funny figure and a consuming desire to be somebody, turned up at the Essanay studios in Chicago. She came out of the obscurity of an army post where her father was a sergeant. Her name was Swanson.

She got a job as an extra. Other girls in her position went out with good-looking extra boys and had a grand time. But the girl named Swanson had an eye on something besides fun. She looked the studio over and picked out a homely mug called Wallace Beery. He wasn't much to look at—but he was both star and director of a series of comedies that were box office sellouts. She married him.

Then the movies moved Hollywoodward—and so did the Beerys. The girl named Swanson became a Keystone bathing "beauty." She wasn't beautiful—but she had a light in her eye that made people listen to her. A producer named Mack Sennett listened and made her a star.

Another producer named Cecil DeMille saw her in one of those pie-throwing comedies. Behind the turned up nose and awkward figure he recognized a dynamic force. In a picture titled "Don't Change Your Husband" he transformed the ugly duckling into an exotic and alluring woman, gorgeously gowned. She became identified with extravagance, splendor and fantastic luxury. Her name came to be a household word—a symbol for the allure of Eve in the trappings of Croesus. She became, in short, Gloria Swanson. But the insatiable fire of ambition still burned in her eyes.

THE path she had chosen led away from Wallace Beery. She divorced him and married Herbert Somborn. Somborn was said to be wealthy. As a matter of fact, he wasn't. Gloria left him.

At the height of her career in silent pictures she went to Paris to make "Madame Sans Gene." While there she found the means to ascend the final step in her indomitable climb to glory. Someone introduced her to Henri de Bailly de Falaise, Marquis de la Coudraye, scion of one of France's oldest families. He was the real thing—and besides that, young, good-looking and thoroughly presentable. Gloria married him.

And then came Gloria's Big Moment—the ultimate end for which she had fought and slaved and striven for ten years. She came back to New York to attend the opening of her most successful picture on the arm of a handsome groom who was also an honest to goodness aristocrat. Her triumphant return to America has never been surpassed in the history of stage or screen. When Gloria walked into the Rivoli Theater where "Sans Gene" had its sensational opening, the audience rose and cheered her to the echoes. Her welcome into Hollywood was blazened forth in the headlines of every daily paper. If a new world war had broken out on that day it would have been relegated to the inside columns. The whole country went Swanson. Gloria and her prince charming were the living embodiment of all the dusty thwarted dreams of the romance-hungry American public.

SEEMINGLY, Gloria Swanson had nothing more in the world to aspire to. She had molded an unprepossessing face and figure into striking beauty. She had won fame and unparalleled adulation. She had money. She had a distinguished husband. She had love.

But ambition by now had become part of the fiber of Gloria's being. She could no more cease being ambitious than she could cease breathing. Blind to everything but personal achievement, she began to make the series of mistakes that made her the unhappy woman she is today.

She turned down an offer of \$20,000 a week from Paramount because she wanted to have complete authority over the production of her pictures. And signed with United Artists under an arrangement which allowed her to head her own company—like Chaplin, Pickford and Fairbanks. Her first pictures under the new regime were

"The Loves of Sunya" and "Sadie Thompson"—financial successes. But they were hollow successes for its star. For Gloria, always prodigal with money and utterly devoid of business sense, was stony broke. So broke that when Joseph Schenck made her an offer for the rights to the pictures, she could not afford to refuse. There was some ill feeling over the deal and not long after Gloria transferred her production activities to Pathé—although continuing to release through United Artists. Joseph Kennedy, high mogul of Pathé, was a personal friend and she felt that she would have greater freedom there.

GIVEN her own unit and free rein at Pathé she embarked on the production of "Queen Kelly"—a venture that almost ended her career. After \$900,000 and many months had gone down the spout Gloria was forced to face the fact that "Queen Kelly" was a colossal and costly flop.

While she was engrossed with her work and its attendant worries Gloria found little time for her home. She sincerely loved her Marquis—quite apart from his titular trappings and prestige—but her career came first. The Marquis was there and she was sure of him. Her future in pictures was less certain—especially since the rumors and rumblings concerning a little piece of mechanism called the microphone had grown loud. So when Henri was offered a position in the French offices of Pathé, Gloria let him go without a murmur—without even a second thought, in fact. He would be back. They would be together again when her career was straightened out.

MEANWHILE the talkies came in with a mad rush, and Gloria, absent from the screen for many months, saw that she must bring out a hit picture in the new medium without further delay—or call her career ended. Desperate, she listened to counsel for the first time in nearly five years. "Queen Kelly" went into the ash can and Edmund Goulding, called in originally to doctor that million-dollar indiscretion, devised and directed in five weeks a picture that put Swanson back in the running. "The Trespasser" not only reestablished her on the screen, but made her a leader in the brand new field of the talkies.

Her career running smoothly once again, Gloria found time to cast an eye toward her home. And found that it was on the verge of disruption! For Henri de Bailly de la Falaise, Marquis de la Coudraye, had met Constance Bennett—and the tongues of two continents were wagging with talk of their romance.

Gloria refused to face the truth. Her unconquerable spirit rebelled against defeat in her private life as it had rebelled against it in her professional life. She denied the rumors of Henri's change of heart. She maintained steadfastly that there would be no divorce.

For deep down in her heart Gloria did not believe that she could lose Henri to anyone. There had been many men in her life and she had outgrown them and left them behind one by one—but not one had ever left her.

The rumors grew more persistent. Constance Bennett

came back to Hollywood with the light of victory in her eye. She refused to give out a story—but her silence was confirmation enough. The papers quoted the Marquis as saying in Paris that there would be a divorce.

BUT still Gloria did not give up. She held her head higher than ever. She gathered around herself a group of young men—some of them youngsters whose names were barely known even to Hollywood. Every night she was seen dancing at the Embassy or the Biltmore or the Cocoanut Grove with a new lad and a new dress. One night at the Embassy there were seven men at her table—and no other women. She was always gay—a little too gay to be convincing.

Then Henri came home—and for the first time Gloria drank the bitter draft of defeat—to the bottom of the cup. She planned to meet him, to adjust matters between them and silence the wagging tongues. But Constance Bennett met him first—and they left the train at Victorville together. Henri went to a hotel, and for many hours Gloria did not even know where he was. She sat alone in her Malibu cottage, reassuring herself—telling herself that she would hear from him at any moment—that he would come back.

And suddenly a bare, unadorned fact stared her in the face—a fact which the ambitious, shrewd little extra girl named Swanson had never reckoned on. A possibility which had never entered the calculations of the bathing beauty, the DeMille siren or the world-famous star of "Sans Gene" as she doggedly climbed to greater heights. The fact that she was in love with a man who no longer loved her. And that love had become more important than her career.

EVERY man who has ever been in love with Gloria Swanson still loves her. Every man except Henri, Marquis de la Coudraye. And Henri, ironically enough, is the one man for whom Gloria cares.

And what now? What will happen to Gloria, now that the ambition which was her ruling passion has turned to ashes?

Her Marquis is lost to her. And her latest picture, "What a Widow!" is reported to be not very successful at the box office. Many are saying that "The Trespasser" was a final flash in the pan. Ironical indeed if

Gloria should find that she has sacrificed everything else in life for a career which is ended.

Not so long ago there was a particularly swank party given at one of the very foremost clubs of the film capital. Marion Davies, Constance Bennett, William Haines, Ben Lyon, Gloria Swanson were just a few of the famous who were present.

Among the guests at Marion Davies' table were the Marquis and Constance Bennett. Not far away at another table Gloria Swanson sat with a crowd of her friends.

And Gloria Swanson's laugh could be heard amid the din. She danced with a handsome partner. Laughed at every word he whispered in her ear, witty or otherwise; laughed because she was dancing in front of the table which seated Constance Bennett and Henri de Bailly de Falaise, Marquis de la Coudraye!

But the Marquis and the famous woman with whom he conversed in low tones seemed sincerely unaware of the dancers before them.

So Gloria Swanson dances gaily, too gaily, with a new young man and a new dress. Dances with tears in her eyes.

Next month Harriet Parsons presents to the readers of MODERN SCREEN Magazine a brilliant feature—"What About Mary Pickford?"



When Henri came home from France, Gloria drank the cup of defeat to the last bitter drop. She sat alone in her Malibu beach house assuring herself that he would come back.

CLARA BOW REPLIES

Editor's Note:

In the first issue of The MODERN SCREEN Magazine, Adele Whitely Fletcher—who knew Clara Bow when the star was an unknown—wrote an open letter to her containing some friendly criticism. Among her comments to which Clara Bow now replies were these:

That Clara's behavior makes her "soft and stupid, a harem scarem, and something of a fool."
That Clara has allowed herself to become a prey to cheap sensationalism.

That Clara is really "a little country girl . . . too soft to rule fame."

That Clara was at her loveliest when she was a girl without loads of diamonds and without an Isotta-Fraschini car.



DEAR MISS FLETCHER:

Just yesterday one of the boys from the publicity department came into my dressing room and handed me a copy of MODERN SCREEN (that particular number in which you wrote an open letter to me) and said: "You'll probably get a kick out of this. It's a letter to you in print." When I saw the title of the story: *An Open Letter to Clara Bow*, a funny little thought passed through my mind. I thought, *even a letter comes to me in headlines*. But that cynical idea isn't quite fair as I realized after I had read your letter through. I am glad now that you let the world know what you thought and said to me, because I believe it was sincere.

Because I like frankness even when it is not sugar-coated, this answer is being attempted; not in defense, or explanation, but in appreciation.

IT has been many years, hasn't it, since you and I had a talk? There was a time when no one would have cared what we had to say to each other. There were no dictaphones to record those first conversations of ours when I first came into your editorial office with those "funny, cheap, little pictures" under my arm and offered myself as a candidate for the movie contest being conducted by your magazine. You say you think it was "lucky" I appeared in person with those pictures, otherwise I might not have been judged the winner and started on the road to movie stardom. I wonder if it was "lucky"?

I have often been forced to believe it was the "unluckiest" move of my life so far as happiness and peace of mind go! Fame is a funny thing. I cannot reckon with it. It is supposed to make people very, very happy—otherwise why do they strive so hard for it? It is supposed to mean money, and the power of doing what you want to do, and being admired and having things your own way. I used to think that, too. But it hasn't worked out that way. Not since the day they told me I had won the contest and Clara Bow became *Clara Bow* have I known what it means to do what I wanted to do with any peace of mind.

SO, perhaps it wasn't so "lucky" for me that I appeared with those dollar photographs. At least I might have

been permitted, in oblivion, to know people I liked, to do as I pleased and even fall in love without finding the most private and personal affairs of my life bandied through headlines.

You seem to feel I have been stupid in permitting such sensational usage of my name. I haven't meant to be stupid. I have only meant to be human—and I can't believe the things I have done have been so radically different from the things done by many other girls of my age and temperament who do not land in bold-faced type.

Perhaps all my friends have not been chosen as wisely as they might—but who hasn't been disappointed in friendships, both men and women? At least I have liked them for what they are and not because of what they could do toward advancing me in any material way.

So far as publicity goes, I look on myself as a very human, ordinary girl who likes very human, ordinary things and a person not at all important enough to cause sufficient rumpus to crowd far more interesting developments off the front pages.

IS it so vitally important that I have chosen a wrong friend, or that I am being used as an advertising medium for notoriety seekers? If I were editing a newspaper and one of the reporters came running to me saying "Clara Bow has a new boy-friend," I'd say, "What? Another one! That sort of thing is getting monotonous. We won't run a line on it." Or if I were a particularly sympathetic editor, I'd say, "Give the poor kid a chance to have a romance in the moonlight instead of in the spotlight, for a change. Besides, *who cares?*" In spite of all they tell me of the insatiable curiosity of the public, I can't help believing the public isn't nearly so interested in my very personal life as it is cracked up to be.

I hate publicity. I hate seeing my name in headlines. I have never courted publicity by doing the right things to do in Hollywood. "First nights" get along without me and a description of my newest dress. I do not own a yacht, or a mansion in Beverly Hills. I do not throw large parties in an attempt to crash the spotlight. But the spotlight pursues. It is the jinx of my life.

I believe the only way to escape notoriety in Hollywood is to conform to the set rules of what is considered "routine" conduct. If you stay (Continued on page 118)



WHO IS THE SCREEN'S
MOST ATTRACTIVE MAN?

I CHOOSE RONALD COLMAN

By
**ELINOR
GLYN**

TAKING the matter of the screen's greatest all-round male favorite, I should certainly select Ronald Colman—for the same reason, in a way, that I selected Greta Garbo. He seems to suggest strength of character and balance, and the possession of a dignity and reserve in private life.

As in the case of Greta Garbo, I have only seen him once off the screen—and I was struck by his repose. The only thing I did not like was his moustache! The cut of it spoiled—and still spoils—the shape of his mouth. But otherwise he seems to have gained in appearance, charm and force—until, in "Bulldog Drummond," and later in "Raffles," he was completely fascinating.

He holds all the female public because he suggests romance and romance coupled with dependability—which gives a glow of satisfaction to many disappointed, disillusioned women who have believed in, but never encountered, a faithful lover!

HIS personality suggests aloofness and distinction. In all his rôles he gives the impression of a man you could trust, even when he has to play characters which have been drawn with false psychology; for example, the rôle in which he was a convict who was not supposed to be an innocent man wrongly accused, but had been a rotten weakling and thief for years. He managed to make the far-fetched conversion of this character into a brave, and honest man seem possible while he was on the screen—and by his own personality got by a situation in the end which in reality was complete bathos. Had he not possessed this emanation of sincerity and stability, the public would never have accepted such a story.

In "Raffles" he is simply delightful. But he makes you feel he is so charming that you receive a jar when such a subtle polished gentleman commits the bad taste of giving the woman he loves a stolen bracelet!

These qualities of subtlety, polish and stability, when coupled with looks and charm, are what makes Ronald Colman continue on the upward grade—and he appears to achieve these qualities in a greater degree with each production.

He makes men in the audience feel that he is a good

fellow and really a man. He makes mothers feel that they would be proud to have such a son. He makes women of experience feel that it would be a difficult feat to attract such a person, and therefore arouses their hunting instinct. And he makes the modern young girl (thank heaven the flapper exists no more!) feel that she would gain a

delicious thrill could she have such a man for a husband and master!

For no man who does not give the subconscious mind of a woman the impression that he could be a master, did the occasion arise, can ever really cause her great emotion or hold her love.

MASTERFULNESS unallied with charm is no attraction and, indeed, is repellent—but when it is so allied, then no other type has a chance against the possessor!

Having selected Greta Garbo as the most attractive feminine screen player, Mrs. Glyn now picks the most attractive male player. Mystery and charm are some reasons she gives for this choice

Women are drawn to a master for several reasons. One that it makes his conquest so flattering to their vanity. Another because it relieves them from the bother of making decisions. Another that they feel he is strong enough to protect them. And, last of all, because strength of character makes for magnetism and draws them in spite of themselves.

Who has ever seen an attractive man with a strong will not adored by numbers of women?

But no amount of will alone makes a man attractive, it has got to be in alliance with looks or charm.

The manner in which people spend their lives creates an aura around them which penetrates to the public, and the vibrations they

put forth affect people's valuation of them. An aloof, well regulated life creates mysterious interest—and unconsciously arouses respect. Ronald Colman gives the impression on the screen of a man who selects his friends and does everything with a considered reason. He does not suggest erratic brilliancy—one week up, the next down; one night riotous, the next despairing. He looks as if he drank what was sufficient each day, and had no excess. He looks, in short, like a balanced human being.

Unfortunately, as soon as a screen star marries—especially if he is in love and happy—he loses some of his charm for the fans. His eyes no longer give forth an

adventurous keenness. And the subconscious mind of the female public does not receive a thrill. Unconsciously, women audiences weave a romance round their hero in which each one of them who watches him plays the heroine in imagination. So when they receive the knowledge that he has become satisfied and happy with an individual it destroys this romance for them, although they may never think about it or be aware of this reason for their lessening interest.

It is dangerous to destroy an illusion. Ronald Colman, I believe, is not married—or if he is, the public does not know it or think of him as a married man.

It all depends upon what you stand for. Douglas Fairbanks gained by his marriage because he had represented breezy abstract romance in feats and gallant happenings, not much concerned with love affairs—and in costumes of other days—and Mary Pickford represented the world's sweetest girl whom the fans delighted to visualize as domestically happy.

WHETHER or not Buster Keaton or Harold Lloyd were married would not matter. They are funny and make people laugh and not feel sentimental. And the Clive Brooks and the Conrad Nagels are leading men, not romantic star heroes, so they can indulge in domesticity without injuring their careers. But what other male star whom women idolized as the reality of their love dreams has risen since married bliss descended upon him? This is very tragic, but true, alas!

For a star to marry in his zenith of success is a very hazardous experiment because of the psychology of his female public.

The same does not apply to women. They become more attractive to man's subconscious mind when they are out of reach! It is only the poor male stars who have to pay the price for domestic happiness should they have become famous while they registered with the fans as free—either divorced or single—but free.

IN examining in the abstract the main reason why I select Ronald Colman as the most attractive screen hero, I feel it is because of this all-around balance in him. You sense that he takes his art seriously. In each character he plays he gives a finished, polished performance. You do not actually feel that he is the person, for the time—as you feel Greta Garbo is—but you feel that Ronald Colman is acting most beautifully and he himself is an interesting personality. Perhaps this is because he so seldom gets a psychologically true character to portray—and this gives him that deliciously whimsical smile in the eye, as though he knew an enlightened audience would understand this difficulty and feel with him. But when some day he happens upon a part of the calibre of the one I first saw him in—the lover in “The White Sister”—then indeed I am sure we shall hail a great artist. Greater, perhaps, than we imagine.

HE also is a still person, making very few gestures. But his eyes have a flash in them which announces that he would be no tame, biddable acquaintance or self-effacing, mushy lover. He stands out in type and manner as different from the hundreds of others—and like Greta Garbo, he suggests that his soul is experienced, he is no unsophisticated “sweet fellow.”

A girl star giving an unsophisticated innocent impression may be absolutely fascinating. She arouses a desire in the primitive male to be the initiator—and in the fine man to be the protector. But the suggestion of primitiveness and unsophistication in a man only attracts the females with strong mother instincts, or those too ignorant to sense anything but just that it is a handsome male.

Ronald Colman, like Greta Garbo, gives the impression of an experienced soul, experienced in sorrow and joy and the meaning of things. Hence he is mysterious—hence he is attractive.

THE whole art and tone of the screen seems to have risen since talkies came in. The stories are growing more credible and reality is more appreciated. New ideals have been created in the public mind since it could hear what the characters are saying. Before, in the small home towns, the audiences could translate what the hero and heroine were supposed to be talking about into the crude colloquial language they were accustomed to hear around them. But that unerring appreciation of truth which subconsciously all human beings possess—even though they may pronounce inelegantly and speak badly in their own homes—makes them now

realize the utter incongruity of coarse slang and raucous or peacock voices emerging from the mouths of dainty, beautiful heroines, and well-groomed heroes.

The screen has become a reality, not an illusion and I prophesy that every three months a new advance towards perfection will have been attained; and that gradually the English language wherever spoken will be spoken well. Ronald Colman's voice is one of his great assets. It is deep and pleasing and cannot at any time

Do you agree with Elinor Glyn's choice? Next month, Faith Baldwin, famous writer, tells who she thinks is the most attractive man on the screen. Be sure not to miss it.

have been a shock to any of his admirers. It has tones in it which thrill women when he is making love.

I LONG to see him in some great story where he has not to be an angel convict, or a noble burglar, but can show fine character, as well as fine acting. His public appeal seems to be increasing and it is based upon the qualities which will last. And he too—like Greta Garbo—is surrounded by the mystery and reserve which will always make him fascinating.





According to Elinor Glyn, Ronald Colman has become successful on the screen by giving the impression to his feminine audience of being an unmarried and, hence, thoroughly available man.



Gracing a ballet skirt with the proper amount of delicate charm is not as easy as it looks. Dorothy Jordan, however, does it with all the ease in the world. Dorothy is one star whose talkie success was not just a passing flash.

A HOLLYWOOD WHO'S WHO



"Best company."

"Best actress."



"Most spectacular personality."

"Best liked person."

By CHARLESON GRAY

PRETTIEST girl: *Loretta Young.*

Prettiest boy: *Phillips Holmes.*

Best-looking woman: *Jeannette MacDonald.*

Most poised woman: *Alice Joyce.*

Most poised man: *Ivan Lebedeff.*

Best Actress: *Ruth Chatterton.*

Best character actress:

Beryl Mercer.

Best actor (on): *Jean Hersholt.*

Best actor (off): *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*

Most charming woman: *Marie Dressler.*

Most charming man: *William Powell.*

Best host: *James Cruze.*

Funniest woman: *Polly Moran.*

Funniest man: *William Haines.*

Freshest guy: *Jack Oakie.*

Most disliked person: *Jim Tully.*

Best liked person: *Marion Davies.*

Best company (woman): *Lilyan Tashman.*

Best company (man): *Edmund Lowe.*

Most colorful man: *Erich von Stroheim.*

Most colorful woman: *Jetta Goudal.*

Cutest girl: *Sally Starr.*

Most promising boy: *Lev Ayres.*

Most discussed personality: *Greta Garbo.*

Most slighted: *Ian Keith.*

Most sophisticated woman: *Constance Bennett.*

Most spectacular personality (man): *John Barrymore.*

Most spectacular personality (woman): *Clara Bow.*

Most beautiful child: *Phillipe de Lacey.*

Most gifted child: *Mitsi Green.*

Most self-conscious actress: *Catherine Dale Owen.*

Most self-conscious actor: *Rudy Vallée.*

Most actory actress: *Hedda Hopper.*

Most actory actor: *Warner Baxter.*

Unluckiest person: *Anna Q. Nilsson.*

Best bridge player: *Louis Wolheim.*

Worst bridge player: *Sam Goldwyn.*

Best director, artistically: *Herbert Brenon.*

Best director, box-officially: *Cecil DeMille.*

Best director, all-around: *Lewis Milestone.*

Best art-director: *Cedric Gibbons.*

Best executive: *Irving Thalberg.*

Best screen writer, artistically: *Hans Kralley.*

Best screen writer, box-officially: *Jeanie McPherson.*

(Continued on page 111)

WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER TO THESE?

Who is Hollywood's prettiest girl?

What is Clara Bow most famous for?

Who is Hollywood's freshest guy?

What is Constance Bennett's Who's Who Title?

Who is Hollywood's best physical specimen (male)?

How does Greta Garbo rate?

Most sophisticated man: *Barry Norton.*

Pleasantest man: *Reginald Denny.*

Pleasantest woman: *Virginia Valli.*

Saddest case (man): *George Hackathorne.*

Saddest case (woman): *Rénée Adorée.*

This author knows Hollywood as well as he knows his own name. He has listed his own "Who's Who" of the famous film players

RUSSELL PATTERSON'S FOR JOAN



This is the well known artist and stylist, Russell Patterson, who has designed these creations especially for Joan Crawford—and her type.



Two in one. Charm and practicality—a daytime dress and an evening frock at one and the same time. At the left is the daytime version—a black chiffon velvet dress with a trim little bolero jacket, cut very straight and severe and buckled at the high waistline. The only decoration is the buckle, the cowl yoke of pure white organdie, and the extremely full godets which start at the knee line. There are seven of these godets in all—three in front, cut in one with the stitched panels, two at the sides, seamed in line with the side seams, and two at the back.



Our own popular “modern daughter”—Joan Crawford. She typifies to all of us the modern girl.

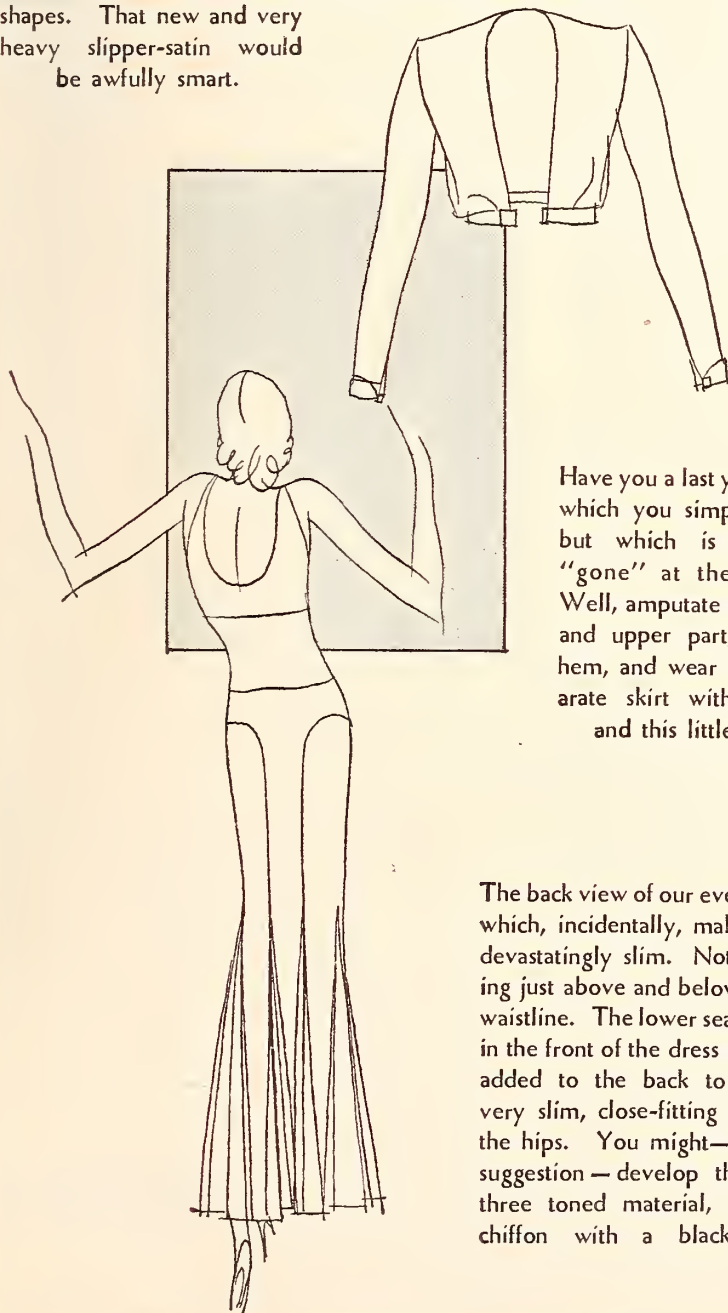
A perfect duck of a beret to wear with our velvet gown. It is adjustable to any bob or coiffure, because it ties on the side, you see. Mr. Patterson suggests white galyak, with black velvet ties. The ends of the ties are weighted with rhinestone tabs.



Do your friends often say that you resemble Joan Crawford?

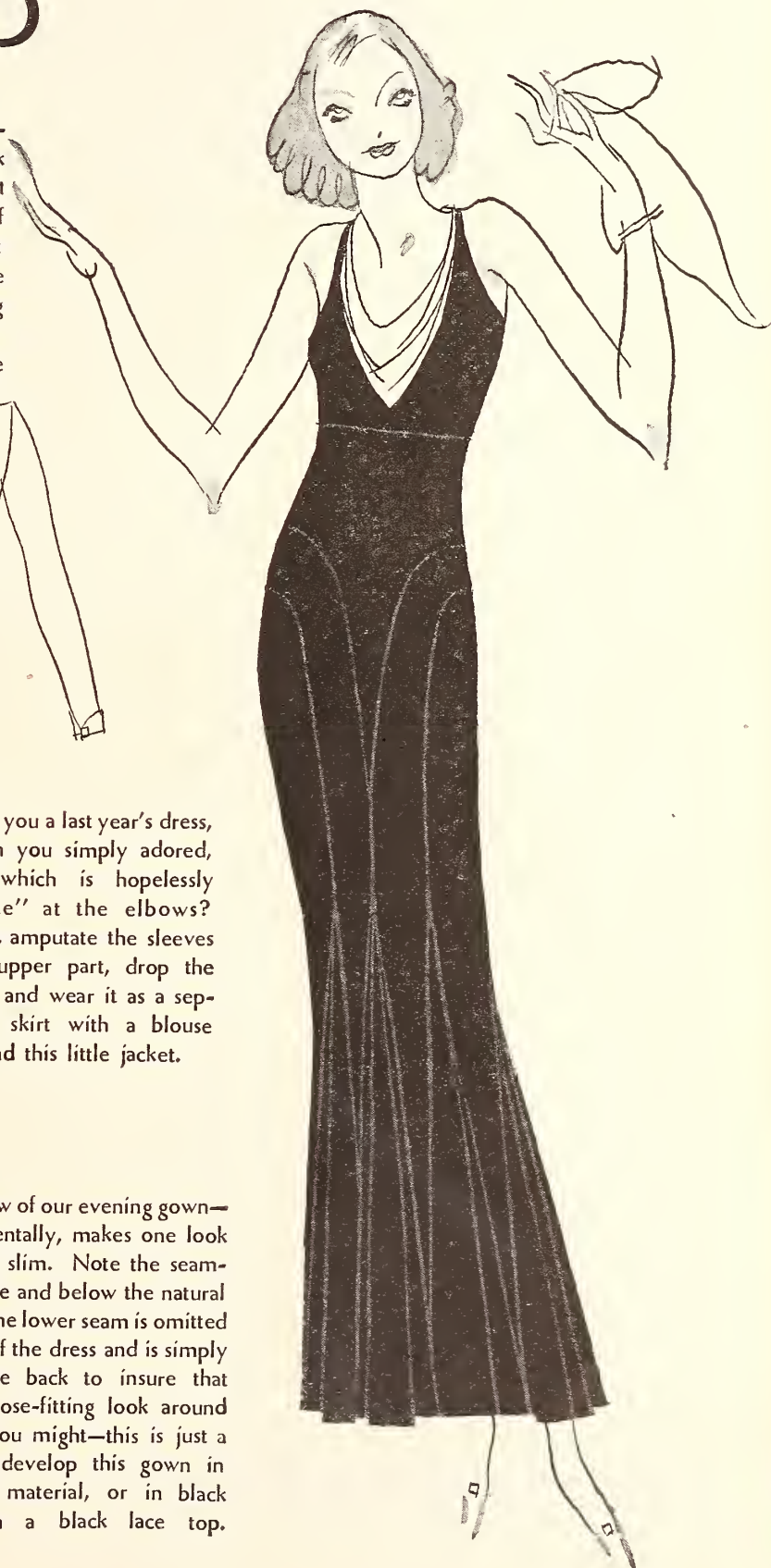
STYLE CREATIONS CRAWFORD

At the right, we take off the little bolero jacket and—presto!—we are correctly attired for evening. Black transparent velvet would be very effective in this design, but we might substitute lace for organdie for the yoke. If you want to make this as a separate evening gown, we suggest that you stick to solid colored materials, avoiding the figured lames and the brocades on account of the seaming in the skirt. Patterned materials are difficult to manage, you know, when you start to cut them up into intricate shapes. That new and very heavy slipper-satin would be awfully smart.

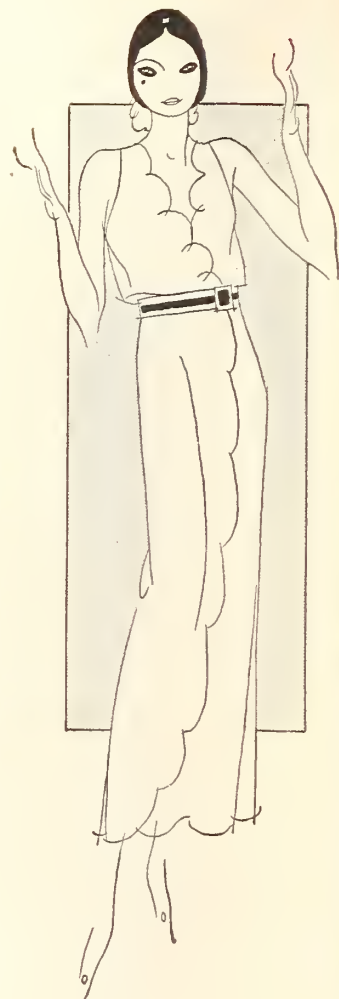
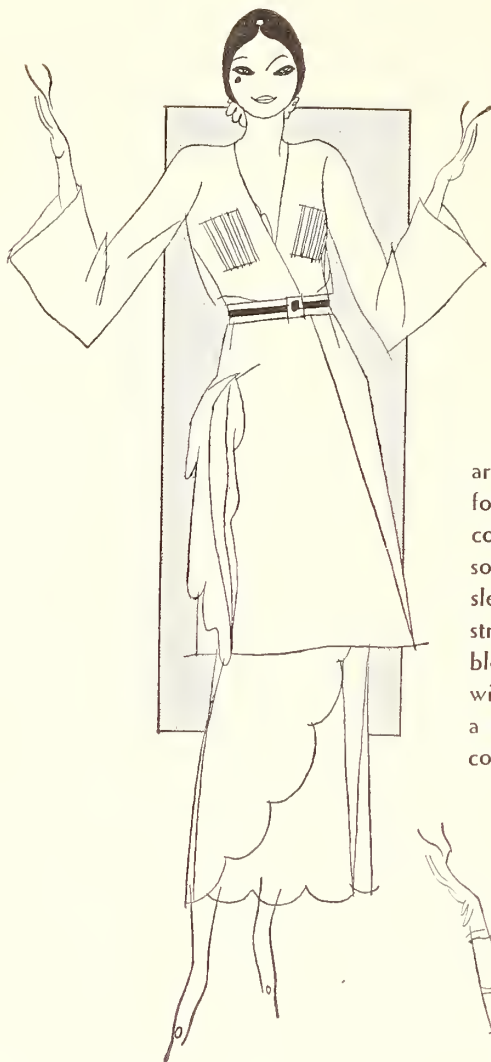


Have you a last year's dress, which you simply adored, but which is hopelessly "gone" at the elbows? Well, amputate the sleeves and upper part, drop the hem, and wear it as a separate skirt with a blouse and this little jacket.

The back view of our evening gown—which, incidentally, makes one look devastatingly slim. Note the seaming just above and below the natural waistline. The lower seam is omitted in the front of the dress and is simply added to the back to insure that very slim, close-fitting look around the hips. You might—this is just a suggestion—develop this gown in three toned material, or in black chiffon with a black lace top.

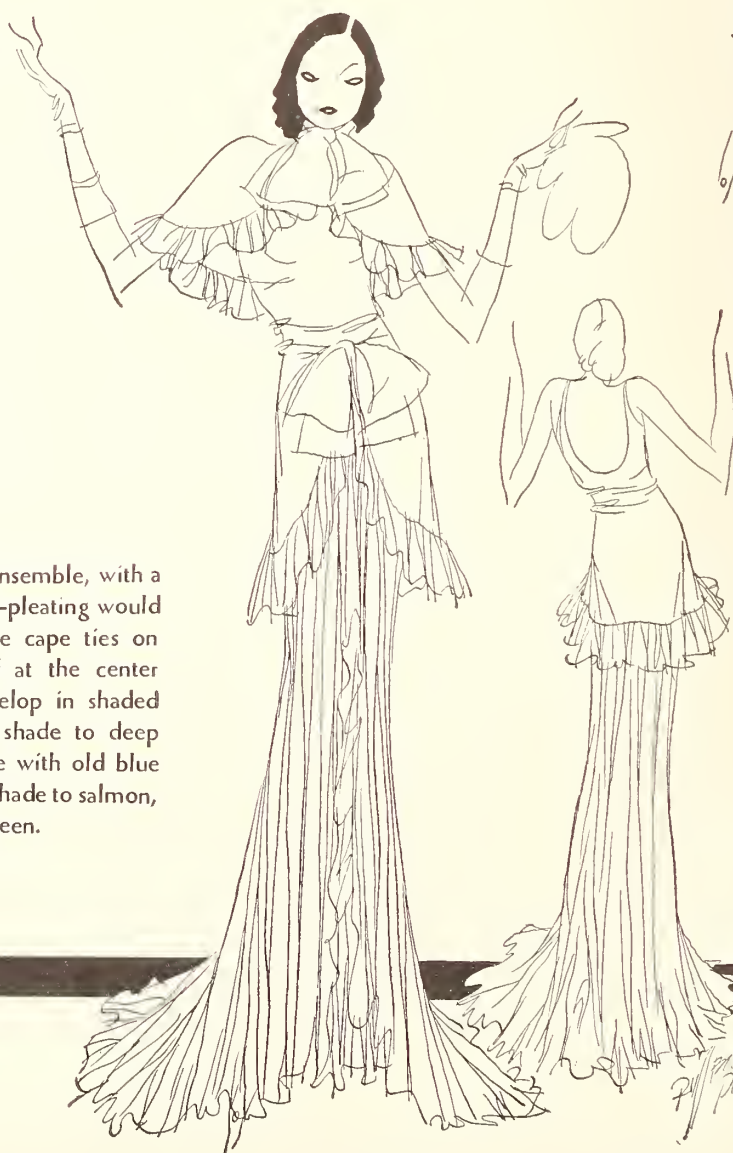


Then these original gowns, by Russell Patterson, are just your style



The Russian influence, in a street frock with a separate coat. On the left is the ensemble—on the right, the dress itself.

Except for the stripes on the coat—which are a detail borrowed from the dashing Cossack uniform—this model depends for its effectiveness on the color combination. Mr. Patterson suggests a tunic of soldier blue wool crepe with Chinese red patches and sleeve-linings and a blue belt with patent leather stripe. This is to be worn over a black skirt and red blouse. Or you might like a chocolate brown coat with tan skirt and blouse. Or a light grey coat, with a dark grey skirt and red blouse. Or even a yellow coat with a grey skirt and blouse, trimmed in black.



A really lovely and intricate evening ensemble, with a very full gathered skirt. French round-pleating would be effective, too. The frivolous little cape ties on with a bow, repeating the bow motif at the center front. This is just the gown to develop in shaded material: have the top of beige and shade to deep cocoa brown at the hem, or commence with old blue and shade to violet. Or pale pink and shade to salmon, or citron yellow to deep green.

The back view, showing the deep decolletage. The upper section (which is separate) may be adjusted in length to suit your own lines.

This famous star has often threatened to give it all up and return to her native land. You fans must make her discard this idea



No matter how successful her pictures may be, Garbo always expects failure. And, being a pessimist, she is ready to see failure where there is no such thing.

IS GARBO THROUGH?

THIS impudent, heretical question stares you in the face and makes you wonder, perhaps, how anyone could possibly consider its implications seriously. Garbo, the magnificent. Garbo, the woman more adored and admired than almost any other in America, if not in the whole world. Garbo, the indispensable—*through*? Out of the question! Ridiculous! I wonder.

And, unless you are the sort of person who, ostrich-like, prefers to close his mind to unpleasant facts until it is too late to do anything about them, you should wonder too.

You should wonder, as I do, because there are sound reasons for asking the question which heads this page.

Since the day when people scoffed at Columbus for his insane suspicion that the world is round—because, of course, it was perfectly obvious that the world is flat—almost every apparently impossible theory has been incredulously damned. Silent pictures give way to talkies? Insane! The great American stock market break? Impossible! Garbo go home now? Absurd!

NOT long ago Walter Winchell wrote at the end of his column: "La Garbo is actually going back to Sweden forevermore in spite of denials." I don't mean to say that Walter is always right. But there is a suspicion among wives that when he prophesies a blessed event, they'd better make sure before arguing. He has an amazing faculty for being right despite the seeming impossibility of some of his statements.

Furthermore, I happen to know that Walter's statement about Greta Garbo is based on an inside communication from one of the most important critics in the West.

More than this, Greta Garbo *wants* to go back to Sweden. One of the most pathetic stories I've heard is the one about her unexpected willingness to make a personal appearance in a certain Southern California town because she understood that her producers had said Stockholm! Imagine her joy when she knew she was going home. Imagine the heart-breaking disappointment when she realized that she had misunderstood.

YOU must consider that at the conclusion of each picture she plays in, Greta Garbo sincerely believes that she has made a bad job of it. This seems hard to believe when you consider the amazing perfection of each rôle she has played. But remember that genius is often weighed down with self-doubt and humility. Before the release of her newest effort so sure is she of its failure that Garbo makes up her mind never to appear in another picture. She will go home now. Then the

box office reports start coming in; the picture is another record-breaking success; Garbo, pleased but surprised, decides to make *just one more*.

Do you see the dangers of this state of affairs?

Let Garbo have the *very slightest* suspicion that her fame is waning (a badly advised story might bring this about); let her have the slightest fear that there are no more proper vehicles for her peculiarly individualistic voice and type; let some unforeseen disappointment in the returns of a picture assail her—and the step will be taken. And once Greta Garbo has definitely made up her mind that she is through with Hollywood, all the money in the world won't make her change her decision. She will return to her beloved home and her loyal, adoring fans will be left to dream of the days when the thrill of expectancy over a new Garbo film flowed in gigantic vibration across the whole country!

IT is understood that negotiations are under way for Greta Garbo to make "Grand Hotel," the marvelous German play which is so great a hit in New York—this to follow the completion of "Inspiration," in which Robert Montgomery appears with her.

After that—what?

And what is the true basis for Walter Winchell's announcement? Some of Garbo's friends laugh it to scorn—but the facts which I have stated should not be disregarded.

Whether you agree or not as to the probabilities of La Garbo returning forever to her native heath, *it is possible*. I, for one, hope it may not happen for many years. But I am a cautious person, and out of that caution I want to make a suggestion to every Garbo admirer in this country. And I want to offer a service. I suggest that each one of you write me a letter, a letter which puts into words your eagerness to have Greta Garbo discard permanently the thought of leaving Hollywood. I shall see that every letter reaches Greta Garbo.

MAY I start the plea?
Greta Garbo:

If any such thought as the one I have suggested in this article occurs to you now or in the future, remember that for each terrible moment of nostalgia and home-sickness you suffer, your many friends and admirers will repay you manifold in devotion, appreciation, and heartfelt support. Stay with us.

THE EDITOR

Address your letters to The Editor, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

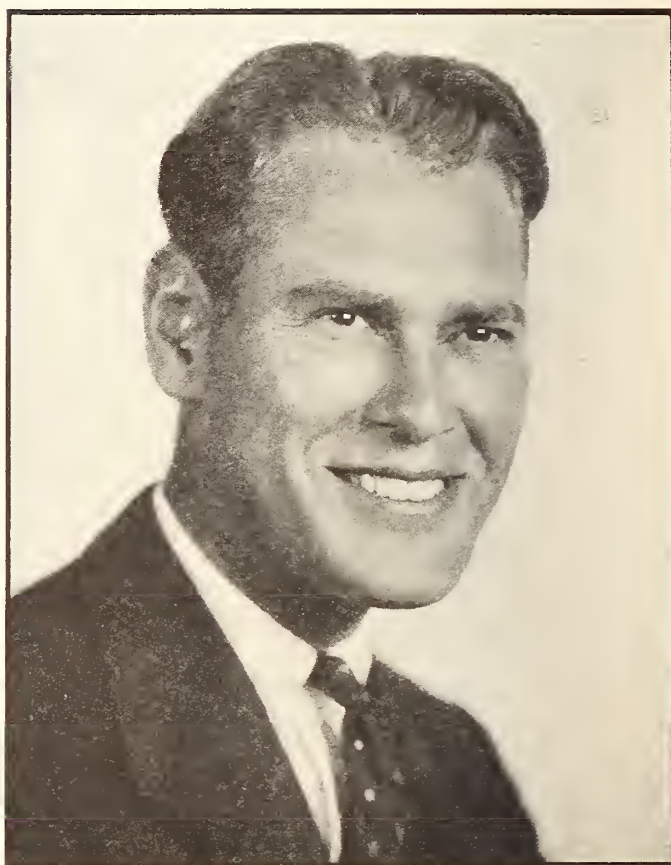
A truly frank and dispassionate document written in the best interests of this famous star

By ADELE
WHITELY FLETCHER

DEAR JANET:

If you play two ends against the middle you're very likely to be caught in the inevitable jam, you know. And it seems to me that, wittingly or unwittingly, that is exactly what you are doing. I know you've said repeatedly that you and Charlie Farrell weren't having a romance. But you're always more wistful than definite about it.

Is it, perhaps, that a subconscious bond has grown out of the memorable love idylls you two created together? Is it that Diane still cherishes Chico . . . that Molly Carr never will be quite dispassionate about Jack Cromwell . . . that Angela always will be a little sentimental about Gino? Is it, in other words, that Janet, the actress, feels a faint sense of possession for Charles, the actor, and vice versa, even while their man and woman emotions belong to others?



AN OPEN LETTER

All of this, of course, is something an outsider never can hope to know about. But I do know this, that somehow, in some way, it is up to you to correct a growing impression that your marriage was either an unfortunate youthful escapade or an act of pique—a marriage in spite of which a romantic attachment between you and Charles Farrell persists.

YOU'RE only twenty-three. Is that too young for a realization of the unhappiness that so easily can result from a general misunderstanding like this?

Let us consider the three human beings, besides yourself, most likely to be affected by the existing state of affairs.

We'll take Charlie Farrell first. For some chivalrous reason it never has been a gentleman's prerogative to deny an attachment or an engagement. And this completely ties Charlie's hands no matter how much he would like to announce, point blank, that he isn't in love with you although you're a grand person with whom he has worked successfully and happily. He can't say that he really wishes all this fiddle faddle about the two of you would end, and that if it comes right down to it, he's sincerely fond of someone else.

Then there's Virginia Valli. You probably know better than I just how serious the Valli-Farrell affair is. I know this, however, that when Virginia was in New York last autumn she and Charlie telephoned each other across the continent almost daily. In these times that sounds as if they might be pretty important to each other.

Surely it doesn't make Virginia any happier to see your name and Charlie's linked all the time.

Last, but by no means least, there's Lydell Peck, your





Lydell Peck, Janet Gaynor, Virginia Valli and Charles Farrell—four human beings whose emotions have caused many lines of type to be set. Miss Fletcher opines that Janet has not been fair to the other three because she has not made her emotional status clear to the public.

husband. He's in a frightful position, I should say. It's not easy for a man to be married to a motion picture star. Outside of swimming the Atlantic or becoming President of the United States there's practically nothing he can do to equal the little woman's importance or income. And men don't play second fiddle very successfully.

AS a matter of fact it is almost impossible for a star's husband to survive as anything but a barnacle on her imposing ship of state even though in other circumstances the same man might become an important and successful member of his community.

And if, in sheer desperation, a husband gives up his own business to manage some phase of his wife's starry existence, he's gone completely. He is blamed for all of the famous lady's mistakes but never, under any condition, does he receive any credit for her successful ventures.

(If I were quite convinced about reincarnation I most certainly would feel that when a man married a screen star he was doing penance for some frightful sin committed in a previous existence.)

There is no doubt about it, a movie queen's consort has a bad time of it. If there is a deep devotion and

TO JANET GAYNOR



perfect understanding—if, when their imposing front door shuts out the world they actually become plain Mr. and Mrs. — it might be endurable. But when practically every periodical a man picks up insists that dissension rules in his household and that a separation or divorce is expected any moment it must be entirely devastating.

YOUR private life is your own affair, of course, except as you have made it a subject of public discussion by permitting gossip to wax fat upon it. If you and Lydell Peck aren't making a go of things don't let him remain at your side for any professional reasons. Let him go, face the newspaper publicity, and have it over with. For if you two aren't going to get on the sooner he returns to his former professional and social haunts the better for him as an individual. It certainly can't be any help to a young man to live in the shadow of a brilliant, publicized personality like yourself, his achievements constantly obscured by your more sensational achievements. On the other hand if you two are happy together end the rumors once and for all no matter what drastic measures this may necessitate.

I don't mean to sound as if I were blaming you for the state of affairs that exists. I only go into details to impress on you how imperative it is that you do something to change things. Immediately!

You have just come through a particularly trying year. Life has hurried you and confused you. Running off to Honolulu as you did shows how frantic and worried you must have been. Viewed calmly, that was a frightful thing for you to do. It left your unit at the studios in a state of chaos. It threatened an investment



As soon as Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell were announced as both being in "The Man Who Came Back," the ever ready tongues started wagging again. Poor Janet! Poor Charlie!

of thousands of dollars. And it left your husband of a few months to face pointed fingers and sly smiles, not to mention the whispers of "friends" and the humiliating insinuations of the press.

NO one could blame you for rebelling against making another picture like "High Society Blues." But the way you rebelled! A star, after all, has definite responsibilities towards others. Suppose, for example, that Winfield Sheehan, general manager of the Fox studios, should work himself into a state because he felt his endeavors weren't being appreciated and dash off to some remote place without so much as a by-your-leave. Your activities and the activities of many others would be seriously hampered and without a doubt you would criticize him harshly for his unreasonable attitude and his thorough selfishness. By the very same token the people who depended upon your studio activities for their jobs and the furtherance of their lesser careers have good reason to consider that you acted selfishly, unreasonably. Surely you could have talked things over with the studio officials and come to exactly the same understanding that exists now without all those dramatics.

The great pity is that stardom invariably comes to people before they have had experience enough to be up to it. Girls in their late 'teens and early twenties, like yourself, suddenly find themselves faced with a diversity of problems any one of which would disconcert a seasoned

and lever-headed business man.

If only the next time you find yourself getting into a state (and being a highly strung, sensitive person you're likely to get into states) you would stop and realize that your best interests and the Fox company's best interests lie side by side. They have spent a fortune advertising you. They recognize you as one of their greatest assets. That which jeopardizes your career also jeopardizes their investment.

YOU are not the fluke so many are, Janet. There have been many who experienced a skyrocketing fame because, by some lucky chance, they typified the spirit of a moment. With you it is different. In a wide variety of rôles you've proven yourself an artist. Barring anything unforeseen you have many years of stardom ahead of you.

It is of these years and especially the years that will follow them when you will be a star no more that I am thinking as I write. If I could make one wish for you I would wish with all my heart that you might have the same clear perception Anna Christie had when she met the besotted old Marthy in the backroom of that saloon on the waterfront and said, "Sure, I know you. You're me twenty years from now." Remember? Possessed of such vision, you might look upon two stars now becoming passé and determine which one of them you will be like on that far distant day when you too must step down from your eminence.

One of these women leaves her pedestal possessed of enough resources within herself to face the future happily. She is secure because she always managed her career sanely, investing her savings conservatively. She is spiritually rich because of many sincere friendships. She is blessed because there are people who truly respect and love her. She is a happy wife and mother.

THE other woman's future is not an enviable one. She always has been so impressed with her stardom that she has quite neglected to be true to herself as a human being. Looking at her no one wonders that she retires begrudgingly, for it is all too evident that without her fame she will be utterly miserable. She was divorced. She has no children.

It would be altogether stupid for me to pretend that it isn't very important indeed for you to forge your career into the most substantial and satisfying form possible. Do that by all means. Fulfill to the utmost of your ability the rich promise you give as an actress. But do even more than this, Janet. Be true to yourself as a woman, as a friend, and as a wife.

Remember you will survive as an individual long after you have ceased to be a star. It is quite as important to be a success in the first capacity as it is in the second.

With best wishes for your success

Anne Whitney Fletcher

ALL JOKING ASIDE — By JACK WELCH



JOHN BOLES
RECEIVES \$5,000
FOR SINGING
TWO SONGS
OVER THE
RADIO



LAWRENCE TIBBETT'S
VOICE IS SO STRONG
IT BLEW OUT 24
FUSES THE FIRST
DAY HE TESTED ON
THE M.G.M. LOT



RUTH CHATTERTON
CAN SIT ON HER
OWN LAP.

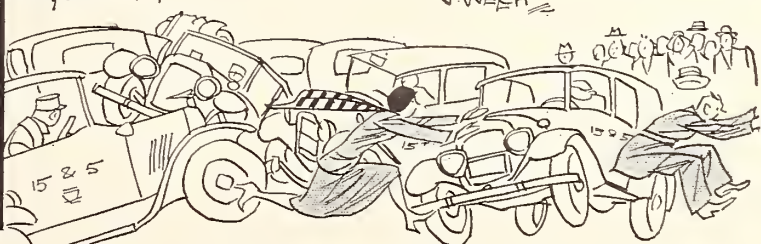
(SHE DOES SO IN "THE RIGHT TO LOVE"
BY MEANS OF THE NEW "TRANSPARENCY PROCESS")



NEIL HAMILTON WAS
THE ORIGINAL ARROW
COLLAR MAN.



ALICE WHITE, WHO WAS BORN WITHIN
SIGHT OF THE TOWERS OF MANHATTAN,
HAS NEVER SEEN BROADWAY — SHE MUST HAVE HEARD ABOUT THE TRAFFIC THERE!





The only time that Mrs. Young interfered with her daughter's career was when Loretta Young married Grant Withers. The Young family—Sally Blane, Mrs. Young, Loretta and Polly Ann.

MEDDLESOME MOTHERS OF HOLLYWOOD

By S. R. MOOK

RECURRING through the ages—persistent as a theme song in the first talkies—has been an old saying, "Mother knows best."

It's truth has been proven. Mother-love as the basic idea of a movie, play or song has seldom failed to put it over and wring tears from the eyes of the most hardened cynic or sinner. But the younger generation is not always convinced of this truth. They agree—rebelliously, perhaps—that mother knows different, but they question whether mother really knows best.

If mother hadn't made us put on rubbers when it rained, take castor oil when our stomachs were upset and go to school when we didn't want to, most of us would either be dead or ignorant—which is worse.

And yet, even mothers have been known to make mistakes. In pictures, for instance, as the notable exception that proves every rule, the mistakes of some fond parents have proven costly. Mother's advice, proffered with the best intentions in the world, has sometimes proved helpful at the start only to act as a boomerang later and destroy both herself and prodigy.

Marceline Day is an example of this latter. A few

Betty Bronson's mother is said to have hindered Betty's career by trying to be helpful. This is the lady herself, with Betty and two sons.



A superb lesson to all those mothers who—with the best intentions in the world—sometimes hinder rather than help their children's careers



Davey Lee had a movie career cut short for him by his mother. She and the Warner officials could not agree, it seems.



The mother of Mary Brian is one of the mothers who are sensible concerning their children's career. Mrs. Brian never interferes with any of Mary's cinematic plans.

years ago she was regarded as one of the most promising and up-and-coming young misses of the screen. She was under contract to M-G-M at the time but, being under age, the studio was forced to deal with her mother. The latter could not, or would not, realize that the studio hired Marceline to strengthen their pictures and were not interested in buying stories to strengthen Marceline. Mrs. Day refused to permit Marceline to play certain parts assigned her. She tried to dictate to the studio what stories should be bought for her daughter's use and otherwise interfered to such an extent that when option time came around they rid themselves of both Marceline and her mother.

She has worked intermittently since then but it has mostly been for small, independent companies and one hears little or nothing of her these days.

BETTY BRONSON was one of the sensations of all time after "Peter Pan," and everybody expected her to be one of the big stars of the cinema. Nothing was heard of her for a time after that, until she scored again in "A Kiss for Cinderella." Her work was highly commended and prophecies for a luminous future were renewed. Yet, since then, with the exception of her work in "The Singing Fool," with Al Jolson, she has hardly been heard of.

At her mother's instigation she changed agents and

publicity men almost as often as she changed stockings. One of the agents told me that of all the girls in pictures, past or present, Betty has been the most consistently ill-advised. She has looks and she has ability. It is generally conceded that here is one case where parental interference has wrecked what might have been a brilliant career.

MARY MILES MINTER'S mother—Mrs. Shelby—is another of the famous elite. She negotiated one of the costliest contracts for Mary ever known in screen circles. When Mary Pickford was leaving Paramount and they were casting about for someone to replace her on their program, Mrs. Shelby took Mary to New York, pointed out to the officials that Mary was almost of a build with la Pickford, had the same long yellow curls, the same winsome smile and both had been child actresses. She secured, if I remember correctly, a five-year contract without options, at a graduating salary that was paying them approximately \$10,000 a week at its end. It is doubtful whether many of the Minter pictures made money. Certainly the contract was not renewed.

Then the storm broke. Troubles were aired in court and what the world at large didn't learn of the relations between Ma Shelby and Mary was only the part that wasn't worth knowing.

Mrs. Shelby claimed—and, I believe, convinced the jury—that the size of the estate was largely due to her business acumen and that she was entitled to the bulk of it, if there was to be a split. I think Mary got \$100,000 or \$200,000 out of the millions she had earned and the mother got the rest.

OLIVE BORDEN is another whose mother has done her infinitely more harm than good. They both realize it now. While Olive has dutifully stood the brunt of the reputation she has achieved for being temperamental and high-hat, those close to her know that Mrs. Borden was largely responsible for the stunts pulled at the studio which earned Olive her unenviable reputation.

When the studio permitted their option on her services to lapse, largely due, I under- (Continued on page 107)

HELP WANTED—

By HAGAR WILDE

Illustrated by Harvé Stein

EVE CRESTON was big in pictures and small in person. Her Hollywood house was so big that if you shouted in the front hall, the echo came back three days later, lame.

If Eve had started on a serious tour of that house, she would have needed ten days' provisions and an itinerary.

The interviewers said that she was wedded to her work and that it made a good husband, but they knew very little about it.

In the pre-Hollywood days, Eve had been engaged to a young man back in Oklahoma. Now, at the peak of her career, Eve, without saying anything about it to the interviewers, decided that it would be nice to have something around the house to bring in sandwiches late at night when she was hungry and didn't want to get the cook out of bed.

She wrote to the young man, saying:

Dear Larry:

Now we can be married. I have a big house, and lots of servants, and I have never wanted to see anybody as much as I want to see you. Please come to Hollywood and marry me right away. I love you.

Eve.

The young man wrote back, saying:

Dear Eve:

I told you when you left for Hollywood that if you made a success, I would not marry you, but if you didn't I would. You have, and I won't. That is, I can't marry you until I am making as much money as you are. That, probably, will be never, so I don't see that it's much use your waiting around for me. I love you too, maybe more than you love me.

Larry.

Eve wrote him again, saying:

Larry:

It is not gentlemanly to jilt a lady who asks you to marry her. I couldn't marry a man who isn't a gentleman, anyway. I hate you and I never want to see you again. You have broken my heart.

Eve.

ONE morning, at twelve o'clock, Eve's maid tiptoed in and said mysteriously, "There's a man downstairs to see you."

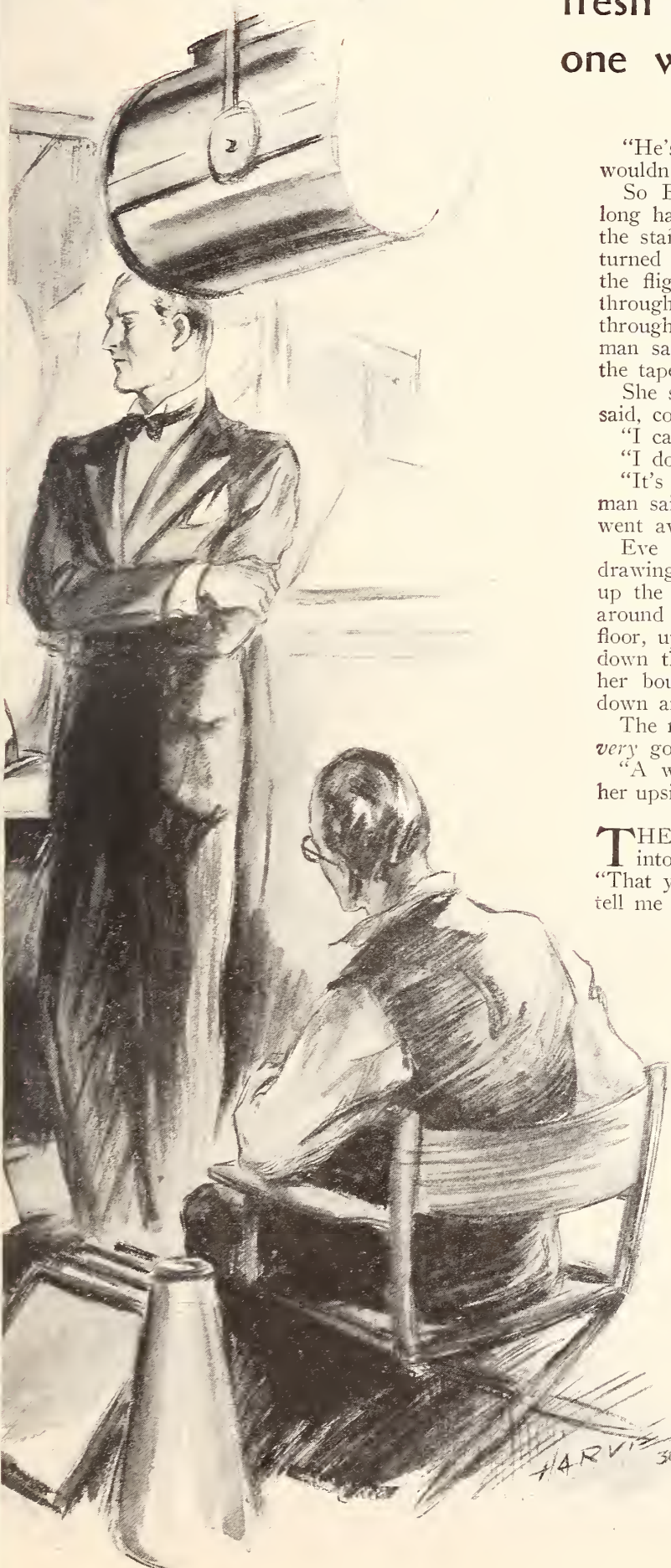
"What sort of man, and what does he want?"

Eve ripped the map in four pieces and threw the pieces on the floor. She created the general impression of a whirlwind let loose.



MALE

There were plenty of jobs for Eve's fresh paint salesman—but only one worth getting and holding



"He's tall, and blond, and he has gray eyes, and he wouldn't say. He said it was personal."

So Eve, being curious by nature, walked down the long hall on the second floor, turned and walked down the stairs, walked down the long hall on the first floor, turned on the balcony and walked around that, ran down the flight of stairs that led to the reception hall and through the drawing room into the library. She went through the library into the living room where the young man sat twiddling his hat and estimating the value of the tapestry on the far wall.

She stopped stock still in the center of the room and said, coldly, "What do you want?"

"I came to sell you some paint," the young man said.

"I don't want any paint," Eve said.

"It's nice of you not to waste my time," the young man said, and gathered up his hat and his samples and went away from there.

Eve walked back through the library, through the drawing room and into the reception hall. She walked up the flight of stairs that led to the balcony, walked around the balcony and down the long hall on the first floor, up the flight of steps that led to the second floor, down the long hall on the second floor and back into her boudoir. She didn't say anything at all, but sat down and tried to read a book upside down.

The maid sighed. "That young man," she said, "was very good-looking."

"A worm," Eve said severely, and went on reading her upside down book.

THE next morning at twelve-five, the maid tiptoed into Eve's boudoir again, bursting with excitement. "That young man is here again," she said. "He won't tell me what it's about, but he says it's not paint."

Eve made the trip once more and found the young man sitting in the same chair revising his estimate about the tapestry. "What do you want now?" she said.

"I came to sell you some insurance," the young man said. "I have here a policy which . . ."

"I have plenty of insurance," Eve said. "I couldn't use any more."

He picked up his hat and his brief case. "You're very considerate of a salesman's time," he said, and bowed himself out. This time, before starting on the long trek back, Eve stood and stared after him. She bit her lip and went back to the boudoir.

THE next morning, when the maid came bouncing in at twelve-three, Eve was dressed and ready to go downstairs.

He had started estimating the value of the Chinese vase beside him. Eve said, "Go away from here."

"It's not insurance," he said. "It's a vacuum cleaner. This vacuum cleaner has a special dingus you turn to . . ."

"Get white rabbits, I suppose," Eve said. "I don't need any white rabbits, and I've thousands of vacuum cleaners. Every place I look, there's a (Continued on page 117)

Faith Baldwin, famous author who wrote "The Office Wife," offers her revealing impressions of Dorothy Mackaill, the star of "The Office Wife."

Faith Baldwin describes Dorothy thus: "She is slender and of medium height and she has the fair skin and the blue eyes and the golden hair of her native country—England."



By
FAITH
BALDWIN

THE AUTHOR MEETS THE STAR

MY encounter with Dorothy Mackaill was not a formal one nor was it staged for interview purposes. It happened when the picture filmed by Warner Brothers from my novel, "The Office Wife," opened at the Winter Garden in New York. Miss Mackaill was in town and had promised a personal appearance. I was in town also and intended, with members of my family, to slide more or less gracefully into the theatre that evening and see the picture and, if possible, meet the star. Late that afternoon, however, I was informed that I would be wanted on the stage in the cele-

brated company of Miss Mackaill and the two columnists, Walter Winchell and Mark Hellinger.

So my meeting with Miss Mackaill took place in a small office back stage on one of those very hot, unseasonable fall nights, and I found her more or less limp in a large swivel chair waiting her time to go on. With her was her perfectly delightful mother.

Women will, of course, be interested to know what Miss Mackaill wore. Alas, unlike the majority of my sex, it is impossible for me to give chapter and verse. I only know that she wore a gown with a little moulded bodice and full

skirt of pale blue tulle, and a wrap of what was probably blue and gold lamé. But my first impression of her was all of a piece and unrelated to dress-making details.

SHE is slender and of medium height and she has the fair skin and the blue eyes and the golden hair of her native country—England. She speaks, however, without what we have come to term the English accent.

I talked to her in that hot back stage office, which was rapidly filling up with publicity men and masters of ceremony and what not. Later we all trailed out on Broadway and had our pictures flash-lighted in front of the theatre, faced by curious mobs held in check by amiable policemen. Then we went back stage once more and waited in the wings while the last part of the final showing of a Jolson picture was unreel'd before a huge audience which had come early and was determined to stay late. And during that wait we talked and Miss Mackaill's mother regarded with some trepidation the small, practically invisible tear in a blue tulle flounce. "I put my foot through it," said her daughter, with no concern whatever.

AFTER the stage experience, we separated and I departed to the press section in order to join my family and watch the picture. I have not seen Miss Mackaill since, but my impression of her is as vivid now as it was upon that stimulating, if slightly terrifying, evening.

The novelist, you know, is not as much occupied with

Dorothy Mackaill believes in herself and her fate. But she also believes in going after what she wants and not calmly waiting for it to come to her.



what people say as *why* they say what they do. The novelist, being a sort of Paul Pry by nature, is interested in motivation, in psychological reactions and in what makes the wheels go around. If I told you what Miss Mackaill said to me and what I said to her you might not find our repeated conversation as interesting as we—or, at least, I—found it. So I will tell you instead what sort of a person I think Dorothy Mackaill is—judging her by our brief encounter and deducing, like some female Sherlock Holmes, character from personality.

SHE is a hard worker. She believes in herself and in her fate. But she does not sit down and wait for fame and fortune to fall into her lap. She works for them both. She earns them. She, too, is interested in what makes the wheels go around and in any part she portrays upon the screen she makes a most intelligent effort to get under the skin of her character in order to make it live before the eyes of the audience. She doesn't want it to be just a two dimensional shadow drifting across a screen, repeating memorized lines, but a flesh and blood person, in conflict with life and emotion.

She is exceptionally frank. An essentially honest person, I think. She wears no high hat upon her small blonde head, neither does she put on the well known dog. As far as I can judge, she has not "gone Hollywood." She hasn't "gone" anything. She is simply herself. Charming to look upon, stimulating to talk to, a fine and gifted actress, a good business woman, and a regular person.

SHE has a very keen sense of humor, which is merely another way of saying that she has a talent for thinking clearly and without frills and that therefore she has a good sense of values.

She is courteous. The sort of courtesy she has is an innate thing, native to her and effortless. It springs from a vital interest in other people, other minds, other forms of work. It includes tact



Dorothy Mackaill and Lewis Stone in a scene from "The Office Wife." This has been recognized as one of the unusually successful pictures of the year. Which means a lot in these hard times.

"I could not imagine her planning anything for effect. She makes her effect simply by being herself."

and gay hearted enthusiasm and a pleasant gratitude. She does not take it for granted that people will fall on her neck and sing her praises. If they do, she is glad of it and says so; but she judges, I think, rather accurately the authenticity of the praise and the motives which prompted the display of enthusiasm.

She knows what she wants and I think she'll get it. She has will power and concentration and a very quick grasp of any subject presented to her. And being an entirely informal young woman she knows exactly how to put the other person at his or her ease.

WHEN we were together I wanted to talk about her. But Dorothy Mackaill knows how to lead a conversation into channels sure to interest her companion. She promptly talked about *me* and about the character of *Anne Murdock* in "The Office Wife" and what a grand time she had had coaxing that character to life upon the screen. I could not conceive of a more flattering reception.

I DO not believe she is afraid of anything. She has, I am sure, the courage of her convictions. She is not a "hard" person but at the same time there is nothing soft or vague about her. She is perfectly clear cut, in thought, in appearance and in reactions. Between her and her mother I sensed during our time together a fine comradeship uncolored by a lot of the usual sentimentality with which many screen and stage people surround—or try to surround—the relationship in the eyes of the outsider.

I would not call her temperamental; and I would never call her vain. She is, I am sure, neither of these things. She is a person who laughs a good deal and likes to laugh . . . real laughter, not the stage kind.

"I would not call her temperamental, and I would never call her vain." So says Miss Baldwin of Miss Mackaill. "She is a person who laughs a good deal and likes to laugh . . . real laughter, not the stage kind."

She has a very keen wit but I do not think she would employ it to wound anyone.

I HAD reason to communicate with her later; and received, in return, a very graceful and friendly and entertaining wire, signed by the name of the heroine in "The Office Wife." It was a spontaneous sort of communication and she is a spontaneous sort of a creature. I could not imagine her planning anything for effect. She makes her effect simply by being herself. And a young and lovely woman who dares to be herself in this standardized age has all my admiration. So many of our stage and screen people seem to feel that they must be some one other than themselves in order to feed the romantic public imagination. This is a pity, because sooner or later, the public—which is not as dumb as some of us think—is bound to find out. No one will ever find out Dorothy Mackaill. She is herself. Take her or leave her. I'd like to know her better. I have a very decided impression that she would be an awfully good friend . . . understanding and sympathetic and generous. Never sloppy or sentimental but just natural and kindly and decent. But plenty shrewd enough not to be "done in the eye" by the usual hangers-on and parasites posing as old friends in distress. When she reads this she may wire me again. She may wire me: "How do you get that way? You're all wrong." But I don't think I am wrong. I think I am right. I think she is charming and intelligent. I think she is shrewd and capable. I think she is a hard worker and a good friend. I doubt if she bears grudges and I doubt, too, if she permits anyone to put anything over on her. I like her a lot.

FAITH BALDWIN—AS WELL AS ELINOR GLYN—HAS AN OPINION AS TO WHO IS THE MOST ATTRACTIVE MAN ON THE SCREEN TODAY. AND SHE BACKS HER CHOICE WITH GOOD REASONS—IN OUR NEXT ISSUE. DON'T MISS THIS FEATURE—OUT FEBRUARY FIRST

HOLLYWOOD DREAM HOUSE

In every Hollywood home there is one room, one corner, or one feature which is outstanding. We have taken some of these outstanding perfections and built a dream house for your delight



(Right) This charming garden—so exactly suitable for our dream house—belongs to the Gleason family. Mr. and Mrs., of course, and Russell. The garden is English in form, but the riotous growth of flowers is strictly modern Californian.



Lift this bronze knocker and let it fall gently. You see, it will cause the two little cherubs to kiss each other—and the resounding osculation will bring to the door the tenant of our dream house—whoever that may be. The knocker belongs to the Fairbanks-Crawford home.

(Left) For the perfect garden gate we again are indebted to Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. What a fascinating spot for our young dream house wife to welcome home her young dream house husband—with a dream house kiss.





Dreams by the fire! Our dream house nook—one of the nicest nooks in all of Hollywood for a man to get away by himself and read his favorite book. Clive Brook owns this den where he can putter unmolested and be as untidy as he likes.

Every house—and certainly every dream house—must have a play room, where bridge, poker, billiards or just plain smoking and snoozing can be indulged in without mussing up my lady's cushions. Buster Keaton is the lucky possessor of this room devoted to entertainment.



If you are thinking of "doing over" that room of yours you may be able to take some tips from this "dream house."

Ah, a fireplace. How particular we must be about our fireplace. Dolores Del Rio's fireplace comes pretty near to perfection, we think. Those tall, wrought-iron fire dogs are Spanish and very old. We admit the black cat is not exactly furniture, but it certainly adds to the effect and we want it in our dream house.



The living room of our house must be so perfect that no matter how many days are spent there, the feeling of it will never pall. Marian Nixon provides us with this room. Let your eye dwell on its splendid length and please observe its beamed and raftered ceiling. And note that old chest, at the left, with its inlaid mother-of-pearl—an interesting touch. In spite of the plentiful furniture, the room has that glorious sense of space.

Our dream house must have at least four bedrooms—remember



And now for the bedrooms! And what bedrooms! The north corner of Lilyan Tashman's, shown at the left, is delightfully original and intriguing. The raised and tiled fireplace and the dainty little poudreuse will catch every woman's heart—and breath. Below is a view of the bed, the dresser and the decidedly efficient little desk—no doubt for figuring those dream house bills. And isn't that fur comfortable the most exquisite thing?

Naturally we simply must have a modernistic bedroom. For that we go to Senorita Lupe Velez. That lady designed this room all by herself. The drapery, bed cover and upholstery is black and silver satin and all, as you would expect in this room, ultra modernistic. The round wardrobe and the Neon lights in the frame of the mirror are decidedly the last word.



those week-end parties. Which room will you select, madam?

There should, of course, be a particularly special guest room. The sort of room you put your girl chum of school and college days—or that understanding aunt of yours. Ann Harding's bedroom is just the thing! The color scheme is apricot and mauve—the all-over carpet is in the latter shade and the drapes are heavy apricot taffeta. The glass curtains are ivory silk voile.



Sue Carol provides us with a dainty French bedroom, shown below—our dream house must have a Gallic touch somewhere. The low bed has a headboard of antique gold with inserts of tapestry in pastel shades. The satin spread is green, with appliquéd flowers, and the chaise longue is green also. The mirror frame above is gold—an antique. The walls are paneled in luscious green satin.





Our dining room must, as you'll agree, offer that feeling of luxurious hospitality. And for this room we have to thank William Haines. The candlesticks and cruet are heavy silver, as are the serving dishes in the rack at the rear. The woodwork is white and the walls are rich tapestried paper.



And now we come to that most important of all rooms—the kitchen. It must, of course, be equipped with all the very latest labor-saving devices. And it must be spotlessly neat and superbly shining. We turn to Skeets Gallagher, whose kitchen (shown left and above) is all-electric. Yes, even the orange squeezer is electric. And what amazing cupboards!

WEEK-ENDS WITH THE FAMOUS

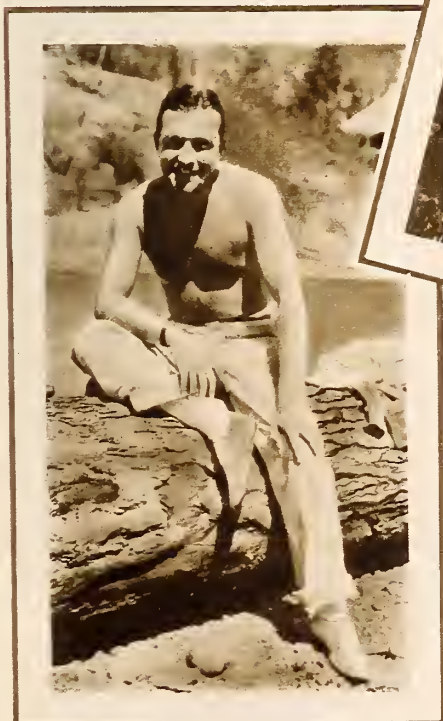


At the left we have Mr. Barthelmess and Mr. Brook on two of the neighborhood hosses. There's nothing like riding to get a breakfast appetite, you know.



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess looking as delightfully undressed-up as any of us do on a lazy sort of a vacation.

At the right we have the proof that Dick is just as proud of the fish he catches as you or I or any of us. And, by the way, how do you like the week's growth of vacation beard.



At the left we have Dick in informal get-up, and at the right the two of them again in lounging robes and pajamas—no doubt enjoying the morning air after a lazy breakfast. Don't miss the house slippers. By the way, the camp is located at Comox Bay, Vancouver Island, Canada.



These intimate pictures of Richard Barthelmess and Clive Brook are their own personal snapshots taken while vacationing at Dick's camp

NORMA SHEARER'S



FUTURE

By WYNN

With the position of the planets as a basis, this famous astrologer tells some interesting facts about this star's fortunes

IT has been said that Norma Shearer is lucky. But you can't pull that one on this old campaigner. Luck is just our name for wishing we were better prepared for taking advantage of our opportunities. It was out in Hollywood, a couple of years ago. I was talking to a former M-G-M star. She wanted me to interpret her horoscope, she said. After a half hour of discussion, she tipped the whole hand she was playing. "How much longer are they going to fall for this Shearer girl? She's getting all the good parts that I ought to have—" she complained.

She didn't want me to read her own horoscope; what she wanted was for me to give her a reading of her rival, for Miss Shearer at that time had her dainty foot on only the lower rungs of the ladder that leads to fame.

"If she," referring to Norma, "keeps this up, it won't be long before I'll be on the shelf and she'll be in the top spot," continued the now ex-star.

Quite a prediction and it came true.

Now, the question in the minds of some, including the ex-star mentioned, is how did Norma do it?

IT has been unkindly breathed in the byways of the film capital that she vamped Irving Thalberg, her present husband and a high official of M-G-M. The big trouble with that sort of tale is that Irving isn't the kind to be vamped. If such things as susceptibility were the matter with him, he wouldn't have arrived where he is. And, anyway, even if he had been, Norma's appearance on the scene would have been a little late. No, that wasn't it.

Let's look at Norma's horoscope and see what the outstanding traits of her character are.

She was born in Montreal on August 10, 1904, at pretty nearly exactly 10 a. m.

Let me here remark in parenthesis that a friend of mine, Tom O'Rourke, New York's dean of box-fight impresarios, has long been looking for a promising lad to be groomed for the heavyweight championship. I have been examining the charts of candidates from all over the world for the past two years, but I have not yet found the one I can guarantee as a sure fire bet for him. Oh, how I wish for Tom O'Rourke's sake that I could locate a boy who was born in Montreal on August 10, 1904, at 10 a. m.! There would be a scrapper with the necessary heart and spirit.

Yes, Norma is a fighter. Her record proves it. And her horoscope proves it, too.

The award which was presented to Norma Shearer by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for her work in "The Divorcée."



Look at that position of Mars up there at the highest point of the chart! Thousands of years ago, the wise boys of old mentioned the fact that Mars at the mid-heaven at the time of birth is the index to a career of many battles, in most of which the native will be returned the winner. Now look back over the struggles of Norma Shearer's early years. She plugged the booking offices of New York till her shoes and disposition were pretty well worn. All she was able to do was to pick up an assignment here and there. That went on for years.

She nearly gave it up in the early twenties. But that old Mars at the top of the horoscope wouldn't let her.



THOSE days from 1921 to 1924 must have been something Norma isn't yearning to meet again, for she was at that time laboring under distinctly uncomfortable rays from the planets—rays that teach a lot about emotion. Norma has been criticized as a girl who possesses less than enough of this quality in her character. It has also been mentioned that she will be able to express more of the deeper feelings now that she is a mother and knows more of the real experiences that all fully developed women should have to make life complete. I am not quarreling with this idea, for it is certainly true that her

big adventure as a parent is of great value to her in many ways, including those affecting her career as an artist.

But anyone who thinks Norma Shearer is a stranger to emotion is just dead wrong. She has had more true feeling churning around inside her soul during the recent past than most of us know in a lifetime. Any astrologer who reviews the aspects of the moving planets as they have been circulating through her horoscope since and during those days of 1921 will understand what I am talking about and what Norma was going through in actual bread and butter life. (Continued on page 110)

They are simply crazy on the screen. But what are they like at home? What sort of next door neighbors would they make? This article tells you

WHAT THEY ARE REALLY LIKE—THE MARX



ONE of the advantages of living in Great Neck, Long Island, is that you may meet socially one or two or three or four Marx Brothers. Which is a treat, if you think it is. And I think it is.

Great Neck, Long Island, is no different from a dozen other substantial, "smart" New York suburbs or from any small prosperous American town. It's business street is called, originally enough, neither Main Street nor Broadway but, instead, Middle Neck Road, and is full of the same branch grocery stores and gift shoppes and cleaning establishments and Italian fruit stands found in all other small towns. Great Neck, being near New York, is the home of those who must do business in the city but who, because of small town proclivities, prefer a small community. On its tree-lined streets are the homes of professional and business men, writers, theatrical people and, toward the end of the town are estates of millionaires. The Sam Hellmans live in Great Neck and the Whitney Boltons and the Gene Bucks and the George Cohans and the Arthur Hopkins'. And lots of other folks you've heard about.

ON one of the well-kept streets in a house that is in quiet good taste, large, but not nearly in the millionaire class and certainly lacking the ornamentation and ostentation which go with some screen stars' Hollywood homes, lives Groucho Marx, perhaps the most brilliant of the four Marx brothers. And in summer Harpo takes a



A close-up of that moustache which Groucho sports which isn't a moustache at all but merely a large daub of grease paint.

By THYRA
SAMTER
WINSLOW

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Marx, their son Arthur, and the baby. Julius Marx, of private life, is the Groucho Marx of stage and screen.





Ben Bernie, Zeppo Marx, Eddie Cantor, Groucho Marx, his wife, Chico Marx and Harpo Marx. The occasion being the tenth anniversary of Groucho's wedding.

BROTHERS

house near-by. And Chico and Zeppo live in the neighborhood or come out for visits. When the Marx brothers aren't working they live the life of very quiet and apparently very contented suburban folk, the type that have always had money and a nice home and the usual comforts of gracious living. Zeppo is likely to drive by in his Lincoln or Groucho in his new Packard—with a couple of his own or neighborhood children on the back seat. Which would all be natural enough, save that it happens to be the latest chapter in one of the always interesting folk stories of

America, land of opportunity—the rise of a family.

Of course you know the Marx Brothers. Perhaps you saw them in vaudeville or in one of their stage successes even before you saw them on the screen. On the screen they have starred in "The Cocoanuts" and "Animal Crackers" and are even now preparing for another show.

GROUCHO is the garrulous comic with the large painted false moustache and the innumerable wisecracks. He looks the oldest. As a matter of fact he is second to youngest of the quartette.

Harpo, whose family occasionally call him by his given name of Arthur, is the oldest. If he needs be identified to you he is the boy with the comical red wig and the sometimes evil and lascivious smile and the very talkative harp—though he, himself, says never a word. Harpo's silence didn't come, as you may have imagined, because of his great gift of pantomime. That gift developed *after* he didn't speak! When the act was new in vaudeville, Harpo was thrust unprepared into it—and he was too timid to say a word! And when the audience laughed at his antics it was thought wiser to let him remain silent.

The next brother is Leonard, much better known as Chico. Chico is the boy who gives the Italian impersonations. He, too, has a rather strange and weird gift for music, playing the piano in a way that it was perhaps never intended to be played and quite improving on the general run of playing.

THIRD, then, is Julius—Groucho himself. Groucho, I'm sure, was a born comedian. His repartee is so quick that when he is in the mood, off-stage, he can turn any casual conversation into gifted banter without showing off or making his hearers feel that he is hogging the stage. On the contrary, this very talented fellow has a way of making you think that you are part of the brilliancy of the evening. But look out for him! He has a way, in his humor, of taking you down, putting you nicely in your place, killing any attempt you may have for showing off.

One night at a party I wore carved silver earrings which



At the time of Zeppo's marriage. Left to right: Groucho, a relative, Harpo, Zeppo the bridegroom, Marian Bender the bride, and Chico.

I thought strangely effective and vastly becoming. "Where did you get them?" someone asked casually. Perhaps I had been waiting for just that very inquiry. "Oh, something I picked up in Algiers," I said. And before I had time to get away with anything, if indeed that had been my object, quick as a flash Groucho asked innocently: "Horatio Algiers?"

HIS cleverness doesn't interfere with his being excellent company. He is a thoughtful host. He likes good food and has such a hearty appetite he is a real delight to any hostess, especially if she feels that her cook is a good one. He took three helpings of fried chicken at the Sam Hellmans! It was awfully good chicken! And wouldn't I have felt bad if he had neglected a third helping of Edna's chicken when he dined here?

If Groucho doesn't write most of his own stuff—and he gives more than generous credit to his playwrights—I'm sure that he assists them mightily. I have seen too many comedians who were stupid, socially, without their authors.

The last of the quartette is Zeppo. Zeppo is the handsome boy who plays straight. The general opinion is that Zeppo doesn't amount to much on the stage or screen and is kept on because it is hard to get good looking straight men and because the boy ought to do something. I think that is a hundred per cent wrong diagnosis. Perhaps Zeppo isn't as good a comedian as Groucho nor as good a harpist as Harpo nor is his Italian accent and piano-playing equal to Chico's. But, personally, I think he is the second brightest in the family. Next to Groucho I think he has the keenest wit, the most analytical mind, the most understanding humor. More of the comic effects that the Marx brothers put across are due to Zeppo, I'm quite sure, than you may at first be willing to credit. And besides this, he is an awfully interesting fellow.

The home life of the Marx brothers? As I insinuated, it's far more normal and human than you'd believe—seeing them on the screen, or having read about comedians.

Three of the four brothers are married. Chico has a daughter, young Maxine. And Groucho has two children, Arthur, who is nine, now, and Miriam, three.

I don't know what method they use but the Marx brothers succeed in marrying beautiful women. And all three married girls they met on the stage. Chico's wife was Betty Karp. Zeppo's wife was the attractive Marian Bender. And she could make a fortune any day if she would sell the secrets—if there are secrets—of her flawless and glowing complexion. Groucho's wife was Ruth Johnson before her marriage, a dancer in one of the Marx

Brothers' earlier successes. She is charming and understanding—a lovely girl. Ruth admits to ten years of marriage—but when she stopped in to see me a day or two ago, clad in the gayest of red suits collared in badger, with a hat of the exact warm shade as the suit, and her blonde hair just disheveled enough from a drive in an open car to be fascinating, she looked a very young eighteen. There must be something about these Marx Brothers!

IN the winter, Zeppo and Chico live in town, Chico near the Ethical Culture School on account of Maxine, and Zeppo in quite an impressive duplex apartment in the East seventies, which, he pointed out to me, in spite of its smart location, was quite near a very good delicatessen store. Groucho lives all year in Great Neck in the very comfortable English style house with its gracious rooms and sense of hospitality.

Which is quite a rise, an understandable, American sort of rise, from small cramped dark rooms in an East Side tenement.

The boys were born on New York's East Side—but the love of the show business was born in them. Back in Germany, Herr Lafe Shonberg, their grandfather, was a traveling musician.

And their grandmother traveled with him in the wagon from town to town and helped out a bit in the show.

Herr Shonberg played a harp and that large, unwieldy instrument remained, somehow, in the family, though silent for years. Perhaps it was only natural, then, that Harpo...

Mr. Marx was a tailor and not a very good one. He mended clothes and pressed suits—and made new suits when there were opportunities, which were infrequent. But there were many mouths to feed and he lacked the business ability that led other East Side tailors to spread out, brilliantly, into "cloaks and suits." So the mother of the Marx boys, dreaming perhaps of the Shonbergs, and contrasting the lives of her parents and the wagon show in the old country to that East Side tenement, put it into the minds of her boys that perhaps the show business was the place for them. An uncle had gone into the show business. And hadn't their ancestors been show people? They were smart boys, weren't they? The family and the neighbors were always laughing at their humor.

CHICO started first, in a musical act. It went over in a way, on very small time. Then Mrs. Marx organized the family into a sort of entertainment. And got bookings for them! And they really were as funny as she had thought them! Here was one case where a fond mother hadn't overrated her boys' talents.

For years, though, they didn't have an easy time of it. Humor like theirs isn't recog- (Continued on page 105)



Here is Groucho's house which Miss Winslow describes as lacking the ornamentation and the ostentation which go with some screen stars' Hollywood homes.

When the delightfully funny
Marx brothers leave the
stage they doff their
make-up but their
wise-cracks go
right on
without
end



There were some wise-acres who, when Reginald Denny left Universal, said that he was through. Reginald, however, proved otherwise by doing big things on the M-G-M lot.

NOT-SO-HAUGHTY

This, the third of the series, "Little Impressions of Big People," will give you a most unusual slant on the famous Constance Bennett



During the course of this article Constance Bennett has something emphatic to say about the statement she was reported to have made; namely: that she spends \$250,000 a year on clothes.

hair washed . . . and waved . . . and that if I wasn't scared . . . of a beauty parlor . . . and if I promised not to laugh too loudly . . . when the soap got in her eyes . . . or when her hair was wet . . . and sort of straggly . . . that she would be glad to see me . . . and happy to talk with me.

I SUPPOSE my feelings . . . about Connie Bennett . . . and her "haughty air" . . . and her unsmiling lips . . . were about the same . . . as all the rest of yours . . . who've heard about her . . . and wondered . . . about her millionaire husband . . . and her divorce . . . and the huge settlement she got . . . and all the rest. But all the impressions . . . about the blonde lady . . . were formed before knowing her . . . and so . . . just in case you never get to know her . . . and study her . . . and find out about her . . . for yourself . . . I'm going to tell you . . . about the Connie Bennett . . . that I met one day . . . in a Beauty Parlor . . . out in Hollywood.

I had been told . . . to get a story on Constance . . . and get it that very afternoon . . . and not come back without it . . . so I called the "haughty lady" . . . and told her all about it . . . and how important it was . . . that I see her that day . . . and she said in a quiet voice . . . that she was very busy . . . and that she had two hours . . . in the afternoon . . . when she planned to have her

AND so I went . . . down to the beauty parlor . . . and stood outside . . . first on one foot . . . and then on the other . . . until I got up the courage . . . to walk in . . . and when I did . . . I opened the door quite bravely . . . and pranced down the aisle . . . of woman's earthly sanctuary . . . where men aren't supposed to go . . . or at least not be caught going.

And there sat Connie . . . in the last booth . . . taking off her hat . . . and making herself ready . . . for the ordeal of beauty . . . that was to follow. And the beauty of her hair . . . and the freshness of her face . . . were striking . . . and we said "Hello" to each other . . . and I sat down . . . on a little white stool . . . in the corner of the booth . . . where I could see her face . . . all the time I was there . . . and she said, with a laugh . . . that it wouldn't be long . . . 'til I'd wish I'd chosen . . . to sit behind her . . . where I couldn't see her face . . . and hair . . . after it got wet . . . and full of bubbling soap . . . but I said that I'd rather sit . . . where I could see a "haughty lady" . . . during an off moment . . . and Connie just laughed . . . and said "Okay" (Continued on page 122)

CONNIE

By WALTER RAMSEY



HIGH-HAT?

MARION DAVIES' GUIDE TO CHIC



"Hello!" smiles Marion. She's all dressed up for a lounge in her new lounging pajamas designed by Regny. They're very nearly the widest-trousered pajamas to date and they're made of transparent black velvet, trimmed with white satin collars and cuffs. The cuffs lend a mannish touch.



Molyneux created this jacket-and-dress suit of champagne colored silk. The jacket is richly furred with sable. The simplicity of the dress is charming; wide, shallow scalloping at the bottom of the skirt is the only note of trimming. In the little insert at the left you can see that the bottom of the jacket repeats the wide scallops. The hat is brown velvet.



Here are some Redfern, Molyneux, Jane Regny and Le Long creations—and a famous star who brought them from Paris wears them to perfection

THE PHOTOGRAPHS IN
THIS FEATURE ARE BY APEDA



This shows what Le Long can do with a few yards of brown broadcloth and some blue fox fur. On this daytime coat of Marion's the cuffs run the full length of the sleeve. There is a tie belt at the natural waistline. The whole effect is very slim and svelte, due to expert cutting. Marion wears a knitted turban hat with this.

Regny's version of the tight-bodiced and full-skirted evening gown. Orchid is the color and chiffon is the material. That girlish little belt around the natural waistline is cerise colored velvet. The ruffle around the neck is merely an excuse for a bertha. The little insert shows the evening wrap, of white silk, fox-trimmed, but without cuffs.

Paris speaking! "On these pages you ought to be able to find



And here, in our estimation, is the most charming ensemble of them all. A white satin evening gown—oh, very heavy, lustrous white satin!—simply cut, and a tricky little jacket of turquoise blue velvet. Notice the elbow-puff sleeves and the little peplum on the jacket. The skirt of the gown, although circular, looks almost straight in repose. (Again cutting is responsible.) From Redfern.



A costume that was made to be yearned for. And, in case you feel ambitious, we might add that it wouldn't be particularly hard to copy. It's of cardinal red transparent velvet, fits tight down to the knees and then acquires a flare, by means of godet inserts. The little bolero jacket has the proper tucking at the shoulders, is draped slightly where it closes at the center front, and ties with a bow.

some smart ideas to aid you in furbishing your wardrobe."



Another Redfern black velvet model—a charmingly girlish afternoon dress. It follows the popular trend of fitting to the knees and flaring from there down and is belted, of course, at the natural waistline. The dainty collar is white satin, frilled, and the cuffs are very cute—the velvet widens at the wrists and the white satin is sewn on underneath. A perfect dress for that bridge.

Redfern, always marvelous at coats and suits, adds a couple of very original touches to this heavy black velvet afternoon coat for Marion. The fur trimming at the elbow is one touch and the ruffled-up sleeves below the elbow is another. Kind of mediaeval, don't you think? The black velvet hat is from Agnès—a variation of her famous bonnets, and much easier to wear than most.

ADVENTURES IN GATE CRASHING

By JACK GRANT

SO you want to go into the movies! Believe it or not, there are not only fifty million Frenchmen but a hundred million Americans possessed of the same notion. And that's not counting the Argentines, the Portuguese and the Greeks. Nor including the Scandinavians.

Coming to Hollywood with the hope of being "discovered" is hardly new. In Hollywood, aspiring amateurs are an old, old story.

But we all know, the height of futility lies in advising anyone with the movie bug to stay out of Hollywood. Talk until you're hoarse, of the hosts who have failed to conquer the citadels of filmdom. Tell them it's a thousand to one chance of success. They will look at you quizzically and say, "Well, there's always that one." It's the spirit that makes hoss racing, suh.

AND speaking of horses, there are many among the prospective gate crashers who remember well what they learned in high school of the strategy of the Trojan horse. But unlike the army that laid siege to Troy for nine years before conceiving the wooden horse gag, modern invaders of Hollywood lead with their trump ace. The slogan is anything is worth trying if it might get you inside those gates.

Of course, if you must be literal minded, the nearest approach on record to the Trojan horse stunt is the case of Charles Loeb. He chose a packing box as a method of gate crashing and as it turned out, the horse was on him.

Loeb is a German comedian who, finding the ears of Hollywood casting directors unreceptive, returned to Chicago to have himself crated and shipped back as a "statue." A friend consigned the coffin-like box in which he lay to the Pathé studio. Loeb visualized studio officials opening the crate with delighted exclamations as he stepped out to sign a fat contract with no options.

Unfortunately for his ambitions, Loeb's box never reached the inside of the Pathé gates. He miscalculated the length of his confinement in transit and his water supply gave out three days previous to his arrival in Culver City. In a semi-conscious condition he made enough noise to arouse suspicions in the local express office as to the nature of the "statue." Police officers opened the box and after rendering first aid, jailed him for his violation of an interstate commerce act prohibiting the shipment of human beings by freight or express. When last heard of Loeb was driving a truck.

No less sensational was the attempt of a young lad to



When Frederick Lonsdale sailed from England to write a story for Ronald Colman, he found a high school girl in his cabin who informed him that she was willing to be the leading lady in the picture. Nice of her, wasn't it, don't you know?

ILLUSTRATED BY
SAKREN

It's amazing the things people do to
try to get past the studio door man



Gatekeepers are constantly on the look-out for outsiders trying to force their way onto the lots by sneaking in with a crowd of legitimate visitors. It's an old trick but a good one.

emulate Jonah by traveling to Hollywood as a stowaway in the mouth of an embalmed exhibition whale. Whether the pangs of hunger or the assault upon his olfactory nerves drove him from his hiding place is not a matter of record. In either case the proprietors of said whale discovered him and sent him home to his parents.

AND while we still have horses—Trojan and otherwise—in mind, let us hasten to recall the famous ride of the late Vonceil Viking. Paul Revere's exploit assumes the proportion of a short canter compared to Vonceil's coast to coast journey. Starting from New York, she accomplished the trip to Hollywood via horseback in one hundred and twenty days. As a reward for her stunt, she worked in a picture or two at Universal. Little more was heard of her until an obituary notice appeared a month or so ago.

Modernizing the ride of Lady Godiva, a young extra girl recently won considerable publicity as the result of being arrested driving her car when clad only in a bathrobe. Traffic policemen investigated the state of sobriety of the occupant of the auto they described as being driven "erratically" and found the lady. She was sober but our police hereabouts never heard of Godiva, so they booked her. Just how much good the resultant publicity did her

career is open to conjecture. It's easy to guess, though.

People have a habit of over-estimating the value of such newspaper stories. If a studio official never heard of you, he won't trouble to look through a voluminous press book to read your praises clipped from the home town papers. There is one casting director who tells with a great deal of amusement of an applicant he once interviewed who had had the contents of her press book privately printed. Her deception was discovered when the casting director by chance noticed the alleged newspaper clippings were printed on only one side.

THE number of prospective gate crashers using the leverage of acquaintanceship, powerful organization backing and other influential forces cause the most trouble. Bringing pressure to bear is seldom productive of results but the studios find it difficult to explain why they cannot grant special privileges to the backers of unqualified amateurs. Too often these people refuse to understand and prefer to take offense.

Women's clubs are constantly attempting to pull strings for favored daughters. Once, an executive of a large newspaper syndicate became interested in furthering the screen ambitions of a girl known to him only by name. He made many appointments for his protégé, none of

which led even to a film test. Threatening to make an issue of the matter he learned that the young lady was physically deformed.

Young girls come to Hollywood claiming to be criminals—one recently impersonated a famous hammer murderess—in the hope that a glamorous past will lead to a glorious screen future. Like as not they are fresh from a church choir and their only crime is reading too much romantic fiction.

Hundreds of people appear at the studios every year fraudulently representing themselves to be related to one or another famous film personality. Most of them seek employment but seldom do they succeed in perpetrating their hoax.

FOLLOWING in volume the number of pseudo relatives in the ranks of Hollywood's gate crashers are the fake newspaper correspondents. They over-ran the studios until the Wampus organized its credentials committee.

The practice of being Mr. So-and-so from Such-and-such a publication approximated a racket. Taxi drivers had cards printed which they sold for prices ranging from \$5 to \$25. A ready market was offered by tourists who had no objection to impersonating news gatherers if by doing so they might crash the gates for a little harmless sightseeing. More careful attention to credentials has now stopped all that. The publicity men's association took action after Barrett Kiesling, a leading Wampus member, recounted a personal experience.

Kiesling was attending a private party at a friend's house and during the course of the evening was introduced to a very pretty girl. She greeted him with "Oh, I know you!" Embarrassing, but Kiesling had to admit she had the advantage.

"Don't you remember me?" The young lady was coy. "I'm the girl who presented my card as a reporter on the *Manchester Guardian*. I had them printed myself and England seemed the safest place to hail from. You were very nice in spending three hours showing me over the lot. But I couldn't convince you that you should introduce me to your casting man."

THE Wampus agreed with Kiesling that something should be done about such abuses. They proceeded to appoint him chairman of the committee to do it. He has served in that capacity for the last three years.

Kiesling will tell you the worst offenders among the

correspondent-guised gate crashers are the amateurs from small towns. Before they entrain for the film capitol they drop into the local newspaper office. "If I see or hear anything interesting in Hollywood, shall I write you about it?" they ask the editor. Naturally, his reply gives consent.

With that as a background, they present themselves at the studio gates expecting every courtesy from more or less hard working publicity staffs. Often it is a foreign paper they claim to be representing.

Popularity and beauty contest winners are persistent in demanding their rights to screen opportunity. Hollywood is filled with them and still they come. Studios have banded together in drafting a form letter to editors hoping to discourage the practice of offering trips to Hollywood as contest prizes. But to little avail. No amount of advice will make these girls realize that they may be beauties in their home town but in Hollywood they're just so many more waitresses.

THE route to fame via attempted suicide is by now so common as to arouse only ribald laughter. Trying to kill herself when John Gilbert was married brought nothing but a round of kidding to one young lady. A Los Angeles paper prefaced its front page story of her attempt

with the observation, "Here she is where she wanted to be." The girl later admitted she and Gilbert were unacquainted and some reports claim she never took poison at all.

The fellow who slashed his wrists for announced love of Clara Bow did not even make the front page. He stated he became despondent after gazing at the auto-graphed picture of Clara he had purchased and realizing he might never meet her, decided to end it all. His idea of a fitting end was to allow his life blood to drain into receptacles he placed beneath the portrait of his idol. Anyway it made what he considered a good story.

A little extra girl threw acid on her legs believing her limbs so beautiful

she was unable to advance her "art." She said she had been unable to convince casting directors she was capable of playing a part in which she didn't wear a bathing suit.

Another hoped to draw attention to herself by encountering a mythical madman with a knife. She cut herself many times with a safety razor blade—but never severely—as evidence of the attack.

There was a male extra player who for three days running threw an epileptic fit in the casting office of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Each time he finally arose from his writhing on the floor to look (Continued on page 109)



One of the stunts used by aspiring movie heroines to gain attention is climbing into the bedroom of a famous star's home. Charlie Chaplin, John Gilbert and the late Rudolph Valentino were visited in this somewhat informal manner.

One girl even did a modern Lady Godiva to gain attention

The
MODERN
SCREEN
Magazine's

GALLERY
OF
HONOR



WILL ROGERS

—who, in spite of all the praises
heaped on him, has never tried to be
anything but his unassuming self.



Photograph by Ray Jones

JOHN BOLES

— whose superb voice has stood as a splendid example to all the other movie stars who try to sing. And—Mr. Boles can act, too.



RUTH CHATTERTON

—who, having made the superb quality of her acting a household word, continues to portray characters which demand still greater histrionic ability.



JOE E. BROWN

—whose rare brand of comedy has the amazing quality of being absolute slap-stick and yet being consistently funny. He is something of a genius!



Photograph by Harrell

KAY JOHNSON

—who possesses a personality which is remarkable in its quiet charm and entire lack of the show-off spirit. A lesson here for certain players.

HOLLYWOOD'S HIDDEN TREASURES



These two lamps which stand in H. B. Warner's library once adorned the Temple of Confucius. How Mr. Warner came into possession of them makes an interesting tale indeed.

Leatrice Joy's genuine Napoleonic plate has a fascinating history. It was one of a set which comprised part of the furnishings collected in a zealous scheme to restore the fallen Napoleon to his former glory.

The homes of the film players contain many rare and priceless relics of bygone days—priceless both in cash and in historic sentiment

By BOB MOAK



COLLECTORS of antiques and such might do well to visit the homes of Hollywood's talkie stars. They could glean some sidelights which would leave them gasping with delight and surprise.

For instance:

H. B. Warner would tell how the two floor lamps that now illuminate his library, and known to be more than a thousand years old, were slipped out of the Temple of Confucius, graced a Chinese home through generations and finally found their way to America.

In Bebe Daniels' collection of swords, they would find one that has served through the Crusades, and another that has dangled from the belt of one of Columbus' trusted aides on the voyage that resulted in the discovery of America.

Leatrice Joy owns a service plate that figured in the

fruitless attempt of a group of Napoleon loyalists to rescue their idol from St. Helena.

Dining in the home of Dolores del Río, they would find the table lighted by candles in silver sticks and their soup would be served from a huge tureen that once graced the dining table of Emperor Maximilian.

Gary Cooper would drag out a feather headpiece worn by Chief Sitting Bull in one of his last battles.

And Johnny Mack Brown would exhibit with pride the six-shooter with which Billy the Kid terrorized the Southwest.

IT was a visit to the home of Miss Joy that led me on this search for the hidden treasures of Hollywood. As we lingered in the dining room my curiosity caused me to ask the story behind a plate encased in a frame on the wall.

"When Napoleon was exiled to St. Helena," explained Leatrice, "a group of French loyalists, seeking refuge in New Orleans, planned his rescue. So certain of success were they that they purchased a mansion in that city and completely furnished it in a style befitting an emperor."

"Six months after the attempt to effect Napoleon's delivery to the United States had failed, the furnishings were auctioned off. There was an elaborate set of dishes composed of more than one hundred pieces. Some of these were sold for as high as \$8,000 a dish."

The plate in Miss Joy's home is one of the set purchased at the auction by one of her ancestors. It has been in the family ever since. Only recently a New York dealer sent an emissary to Hollywood to offer her \$10,000 for the relic.

A memento of the court reign of Napoleon's sister also has found its way to the cinema city. It is a perfume vial of gold and porcelain originally created for Princess Letitia Bonaparte. Several months ago it was purchased by Jeanette MacDonald.

LESS than two years after H. B. Warner came to America, the stage company in which he was playing was sent on the road. When San Francisco was reached, Warner was intrigued by that city's Chinatown—the real Oriental section that has long since passed out of existence.

Browsing through the narrow streets, he came upon a shop that held such interest for him that thereafter he paid almost daily visits to it, each time engaging the proprietor in conversation. Finally that worthy conducted Warner to his living quarters in the rear, where he proudly displayed a pair of candle floor lamps and explained in his pigeon English their history.

That perfume vial which Jeanette MacDonald is holding was originally created for Princess Letitia Bonaparte, sister of the little general himself. Below is some of the Dresden china which Betty Compson collects. The clock and the candlesticks were at one time the property of the King of Serbia.



Generations back, it seems, a member of the Oriental's family had stolen the lamps from the Temple of Confucius. They had been handed down throughout the years, finally becoming the property of the one who

had braved the Pacific and come to the land of freedom and riches. But they were not for sale.

It was many years later that Warner again appeared behind the Frisco footlights. He decided to look up the shop proprietor.

They chatted of the changes that had come over Chinatown in the interim, they lunched together, and, departing, Warner presented him with two tickets for his evening performance.

Next morning, Warner was awakened in his hotel by a visit from the aged Chinaman. To show his appreciation, he asked Warner to accept the Confucius lamps as a gift. Warner refused.

The shop-keeper insisted. After much debate, they compromised and the Chinaman, somewhat hurt, accepted \$95.

When Warner established a home in the movie colony he had the lamps rebuilt for modern electric use.

BEBE DANIELS points with pride to her sword collection, for it is an inheritance from her grandfather, Col. George Butler Griffin, U. S. A. In the rack that decorates the wall of her beach home at Santa Monica is one weapon more than a thousand years old which played a part in the Crusades.

Another crossed the Atlantic with Columbus on that gentleman's famous journey.

There are several French and Italian rapiers that date back more than three hundred years.

Bebe's most prized possession, however, is a ring in which is set a miniature compass and watch. It was made for Louis XIV and finally came into the possession of Lafayette. The famous French (Continued on page 112)



LOVES OF LEGEND AND HISTORY



Do you remember the famous fairy tale of Hansel and Gretel, the little brother and sister, who ran away from their cruel stepmother and found a house of gingerbread and sugar in the woods?

These pictures specially posed by Loretta Young and David Manners, First National Players, and photographed by Elmer Fryer.

Two famous players doff the clothes of 1931 and become, for a brief moment, characters of more picturesque days

If you've ever been to the opera you surely recall the charming love story of *Madame Butterfly* and the all-night vigil she kept, waiting and watching faithfully for the return of the American Lieutenant to whom she had given her heart.



And, of course, you know all about the charming legend of the beautiful princess who was put to sleep by a wicked spell. She became known as *Sleeping Beauty* and only one thing could awaken her—the tender kiss of the handsome Prince.



Who has not heard of the young Roman general, Marc Anthony, who was sent by Julius Caesar to command the Roman army of occupation in conquered Egypt, and who fell in love with the ravishing Cleopatra, Egypt's Queen?



(Left) And then there is the beautiful legend of the love of Elaine for the handsome knight, Lancelot. Lancelot, alas, had already pledged his heart to another "faire ladie," and the lovely Elaine died of a broken heart.



(Right) Dante's love for Beatrice lived on after her untimely death. To Dante she became the symbol of spiritual love and divine knowledge, and in his "Divine Comedy" she was the one who guided Virgil through Hell and Purgatory.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE



The days of the old stock companies were the days, according to Mr. Lowe. To use his own words: "We were the dashing blades, all right, and the life of an actor was glorious!" Edmund tells some amusing incidents of those days, too.

In this, the second installment of his life story, the famous star tells how the romances of his late 'teens and early twenties changed the course of his life.

By
EDMUND LOWE

WOMEN who have played an important part in the developments of my life have appeared with almost startling suddenness upon the scene. From the second row in the balcony I saw Lilyan Tashman walking across a Follies stage—just a momentary, long-distance glimpse—and I experienced the most electric thrill of my life. But more of that in the proper time.

And it was from a football field just as I lost consciousness from a very painful injury, that I saw the girl who was to be the cause of my shelving my legal ambitions in favor of a career on the stage. The injury laid me up in the hospital for a week, and just a day or so before I was to be dismissed, a very good pal of mine dropped down to see me, bringing none other than that lovely child of the fur coat and the violets of the football grandstand!

She smiled at me, and I was really seriously in love for the first time. A grown-up sort of love which began to inspire me with sentiments of vine covered cottages and cozy fireplaces. Before either one of us realized what had happened, I had taken my pal's girl away from him, and my time, my thoughts and my ambitions were centered about this small, dark lady—Gertrude.

WE were not long in reaching a definite "engagement" understanding. Sitting out dances at various fraternity hops, we talked constantly of our plans for marriage and the happiness in store for us. Such casual items as money, paternal objections, and other plans for our future were not discussed, or even acknowledged. There was only one fly in our perfect ointment—I was slated to leave very shortly for Harvard University to study law. It meant four years of separation from Gertrude. Neither of us could bear that. So, pronto—just like that—it was decided that I should not go away to law school but should remain near the lady of my heart and become an actor! It was as simple as that!

My amateur performances in school and a most naive confidence in my own ability lead me to believe that the stage offered a pleasurable and profitable means of



Lilyan Tashman as she appeared in the "Follies" when she attracted the attention of Edmund Lowe so suddenly. It took no time at all for Lowe to fall hard for Lilyan.

NEXT MONTH, EDMUND LOWE TELLS ABOUT LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD AND DESCRIBES HIS MARRIAGE TO MISS TASHMAN. HE ALSO DETAILS HIS REACTIONS TO THE VARIOUS BEAUTIFUL WOMEN HE HAS ACTED WITH.

livelihood. The quicker I earned some money, the sooner my marriage to Gertrude might be possible—and that was the desired state. I believe we eventually did come to some sort of financial plan. I was to get a job on the stage which presumably would net me \$15 weekly. She was to contribute \$10 from the family—making a total of \$25 as our stake to paradise.

THE only person I took into my confidence was that kindly old gentleman, Father Fox of Santa Clara. He smiled wisely—but made no attempt to hinder my plans. If the stage was the life I believed would make me happiest—then the stage it should be. That settled it!

I managed a letter of introduction to Fred J. Butler, stage manager of the popular Alcazar Theater in San Francisco, left Gertrude in a breathless state of excitement to wait for me, and stepped "backstage" for the first time.

That very illustrious stock company was in the act of rehearsal. Through the dim lights of the house I could make out Evelyn Vaughn, Bert Lytell, Bert Wesner, and Richard Bennett reading lines and going about "business." Ardent stage fan that I was, the very sight of these idols so near to me made me cold with fear one minute and flushed with excitement the next. Here were names

which, in electric lights, sparkled into the San Francisco nights. Here were the great of the local theater. Suddenly the boldness of my plan began to frighten me. If Bert Lytell hadn't spotted me standing there and asked me what I wanted, I am afraid I would have fled. I quaked something about wanting to see Mr. Butler, and the famous Bert very kindly escorted me personally to Butler's office. I never forgot that. I never shall. Bert Lytell is a prince both off and on the boards.

BUTLER, who was the stage director as well as manager, read the letter of my burning ambitions and received me with far more tolerance than I deserved. He wanted to know if I was sure I was choosing the right career and gave a bit of friendly advice about the trials and tribulations of an actor's life. But when I told him that nothing in the world would make me happier, he nearly bowled me over by asking if I cared to go to work immediately.

I hadn't counted on that. I had one more week of vacation, and I wanted to spend it with Gertrude. Very seriously, I put this proposition up to Butler, and told him I would prefer to postpone my debut a week if possible. "Sure," he laughed. "Don't let your work interfere with vacation and romance. We'll be seeing you when you have more time." And with that, he turned his

Believe it or not, this really is Edmund Lowe as he appeared during the days of stock at the Alcazar Theater. Could this have been the time the mustache fell in the soup?



"That first glimpse was electric! . . . I wanted to meet her

attention to someone else of more importance.

There! My goose was cooked. I had muffed my first opportunity and made myself a chump in my first interview encounter. What I took to be Butler's sarcasm just about sounded my death knell at that moment.

AT the end of a week, however, I summoned up enough courage to return, and found Butler most friendly and still sympathetic. He had not meant any sarcasm in his remark. He later told me he believed that life was filled with so few vacations and so little romance that it should be snatched as it came. "Youth is short, and age is a long time."

My first engagement at the Alcazar was a one-line speaking part. I never played "extra" . . . that is, I believed my one-line part removed me from the class of "spear carrier," and I was a full fledged "actor" from the start. The thing to do, I figured, was to make my presence felt from the very moment of my appearance and speak that one line with a dramatic fervor that would bring me to the attention of the audience and the critics immediately. The result was that I almost wrecked the show—which was not a comedy!

My "character" was a game-keeper and my "business" was to stand concealed behind a clump of bushes and overhear a clandestine meeting between my former "employer" and another man's wife. It took me two and a half



Long before hard-boiled rôles made him a by-word, Edmund Lowe was a competent leading man of the films. This picture is out of "The Silent Command," an old Fox film. Alma Tell is the girl.

Lowe's youthful romances were decidedly sudden. On the football field he fell in love with a girl he saw in the stands. Later, sitting in a theater, he fell in love with a girl walking across the stage.

hours before the curtain went up to get into my costume of false whiskers, old leather jacket, and gray hair. My part was of so little consequence and my presence *supposed* to be so hidden that it was not really necessary for me to make-up at all. But Lowe had not acquired "art" for nothing. Long before I was supposed to be seen on the stage, I had parted the "bushes" and was leering out upon the scene with the last leer in me. Boy, how I "characterized."

LYTELL heard the titterings, but as his back was turned to me, he could not imagine what the trouble was. The very serious scene between him and Evelyn Vaughn went "higher" than a kite. The trouble was Lowe, in his most emotional moment. To add to the (by now) highly ridiculous situation, he was supposed to turn to me and say: "How did you happen to be here?" The audience roared at that. I had been there for a half hour. With great deliberation, I crawled out of the bushes and (Continued on page 114)

as I had never wanted to meet another woman in my life."

WHEN THEY WERE



(Above) You can't help recognizing Bill Boyd holding those reins. He was eight at the time.



This cute little lady is none other than Gwen Lee, but you'd hardly guess it. Now, would you?

At the right is a young lady of ten summers. Janet is her first name and if you don't know the last you're no movie fan.



(Above) Hollywood's perennial bachelor, Richard Dix, at the age of two. Yes, he was unmarried in those days, too, they say.

VERY YOUNG

If you can recognize these pictures of the stars in their baby and childhood days you're a real movie fan

(Left) Those intelligent eyes ought to tell you immediately that this is Norma Shearer—three years old.

(Right) And this bonneted person is none other than the "It" girl, Clara, long before "It" was invented.



A cute little girl who grew up to be a movie star famous for her dancing. Marilyn Miller.

(Right) She wasn't known as Bessie Love then, but it's Bessie Love just the same. At eleven months.

Take a look at these family album pictures of the stars and give

"Aw, isn't he the cutest thing?" He certainly is. Although he's grown somewhat since those days. It's that typically American youth, Arthur Lake.



(Right) This girl grew up to be a famous flapper star—although you'd never think it from this. It's Alice White.



(Above) All babies are cute. But here's one who kept her cuteness when she grew up. Recognize Dorothy Lee?



(Above) You can easily identify this one. The likeness is remarkable. Maureen O'Sullivan when she was two years old.



(Right) Oh, boy, here's one child who grew up to be a godsend to pessimists. Meet baby Jack Oakie, movie fans.



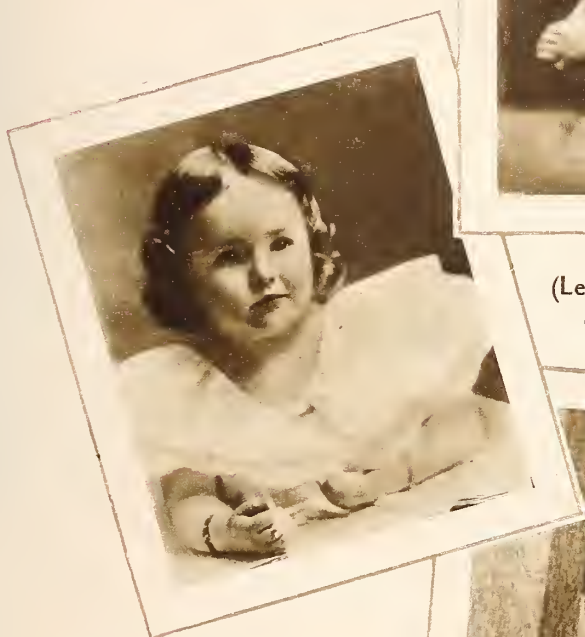
(Left) The sheer beauty of Marlene Dietrich was just as much a part of her at the age of five as it is now.

a sigh of delight for your favorites when they were tiny tots

(Right) When this was taken, Loretta Young meant nothing to this young man. But then, at eighteen months, you couldn't expect Grant Withers to take much interest in girls.



(Left) Betty Compson's delicate charm was in evidence even in the days of childhood frocks.



(Right) "When she was good, she was very very good—" but Mary Astor was always good. She was about twelve months old when the photographer snapped this.



(Left) A little Russian boy who really is a little Russian boy and not a movie make-up. Young Ivan Lebedeff greets you.

JACK OAKIE

The man with the famous grin gives away a secret or two as to just how he has made his talkie personality the success it is

By

CROSBY FRANK



I WAS to meet him in his hotel suite. As I neared the hotel I saw flames shooting up from about the fourth floor. Fearing for my interviewee—and my interview—I looked closely and then breathed a sigh of relief. It was only an awning gaily burning. My interviewee—and my interview—were safe.

His manager opened the door of the apartment. He stood behind his manager—Jack Oakie, himself, in person. No mistaking that wide grin, those twinkling gray-green eyes. The minute I had been introduced, Jack rushed over to the window and shouted wise-cracking encouragements to the intrepid fire-fighters who were dousing the overheated awning on the floor above.

Then he mockingly bowed low to the crowd on the opposite sidewalk who had gathered to watch the fire and who were quite unaware that Jack Oakie was saluting them.

"Might as well take a bow," he flung at me with an Oakie wink. "Even if they are watching the fire and not me."

A LITTLE later I said, "Tell me to what you owe your success in talkies. You're one of the few stars that have been developed by the talkies alone," I added.

"Sure I will," said "The Social Lion," just like that. "I guess you're right," he added. "The talkies have made me, absolutely. Do you know," he interrupted himself, "that I made as many as fourteen pictures in one year?"

I didn't know it and expressed appropriate astonishment. Fourteen pictures in one year, eh? Well!

"He has the happy faculty of making you like him immediately you meet him, and stay liking him. It's his nature. Can't help it. Good nature radiates from him without effort," says this writer.

"I tell you," Monsieur Oakie expanded, leaning forward confidentially, "there's one reason for my success in talkies, see? And that reason is that *I'm* not scared of mikes." He leaned back and took a deep puff of his cigarette. "How many actors do you know of that are perfectly at ease in front of a mike?" he shot at me.

"Well, there's Jack Oakie," I grinned.

"Okey, pal," said the sturdy Oakie. "There's Jack Oakie and a few others. But most of these here movie stars get petrified every time they think there's a mike within a hundred miles. And that's what's the trouble with 'em, see? Why, I've seen them *shake*." And here he rose and held out a shaking hand and started stutter-

"When they hand me the shooting script, I wait until the very last minute and then I read it through quick and go on the set."

CONFESSES

ing in a way that made me roar with laughter. "That's the way they act, see? And, believe me, they can't ever seem to get over it, either, see?"

HOW did you get over it?"

"Well," with shrugging shoulders, "I just made up my mind no mike could scare me and now they can't, see?"

I nodded and he leaned back in his chair and grinned. "Say," he kidded, "I'm good, I am." Then he turned with almost convincing earnestness to his manager and said with mock curtness, "Say, call up Mr. Lasky and tell him I want a thousand a week more."

He turned back to me, serious now.

"Don't think I wasn't scared when I first started," he confessed. "Why, in 'The Dummy,' one of my first pictures, I had to enter the stage through a door and make some remark. Well, do you know, when I came in that door I was shaking like the best of them. The old jello kid himself. And when I tried to speak I had some kind of a strange stage accent that was no more me than, well, George Arliss is."

"Another thing," he burst out, thoroughly interested in the subject, now. "Do you think I'm going to let a lot of electricians scare me? I should say not, see? When you're going to make a scene they come buzzing around with, 'Now turn this way when you say this,' and 'Turn that way when



Here's that Oakie fellow with his latest leading lady, Jean Arthur, who plays opposite him in "Johnny On The Spot." Miss Arthur's cute blonde beauty makes a good foil for the Oakie gags.

you say that.' Just so as their old mikes can pick up the lines. But do you think I listen to their orders? No, sir! I'm an actor. They're electricians. It's my job to act and get over to the audience what I have to get over in the funniest way. It's their job to set the mikes so that they can get what I say. Well, I've got to be absolutely natural when I'm doing my stuff. I'm not going to turn this way and that way if it doesn't go with the character. If I can't be natural I can't put my stuff across. So you see I'm not going to spoil my lines by jumping all over the place for a bunch of electricians. That's all there is to it, see?"

I SAW very well. This certainly accounted for Oakie's wonderful naturalness which is, perhaps, one of the outstanding reasons for his terrific popularity.

"Say, and another thing," he dashed on. "Do you think I take my script and study it with a wet hotel towel around my dome? I should say not. Say, I've seen some of the hams grab the script like it was a roll of bills and take it home with them. And next morning they come on the set looking half dead. Oh, sure, they've learnt their lines. Every darn one. That's the trouble. When they do their stuff they sound like a bunch of parrots, see? Natural? Boloney! Anybody can see they're just repeating lines someone else has written. And, believe me, that feeling gets across to the audience. And the audience wonders why the guy isn't a better actor, see? I know!" (Continued on page 116)

In his pictures, Jack Oakie's been ball-player, song and dance man, sailor and polo-player, among other things. In his latest he's a gangster. Here he is all set for a ride.



HOLLYWOOD



WARDROBES



III. LILYAN TASHMAN

Reading (just to be different) from right to left: Miss Tashman is wearing a dark brown velveteen Vionnet coat dress and a smart little brown chenille beret. The coat dress has a leather belt and one of those tricky scarves that wrap tightly about the throat. She is holding a black broadcloth afternoon coat trimmed in natural blue fox. Next, hanging nonchalantly on the latch of the French window, is a grey tweed suit—plain skirt and belted-in-back coat—which is worn with a linen and lace blouse and a grey tweed beret which has a linen and lace bow. Stretched out on the chaise lounge is a blue tweed dress, trimmed with white pique—a dress which boasts a costume coat in contrasting blue, trimmed with natural lynx. The coat is that popular three quarter length so smart with dresses of different material.

Lilyan Tashman knows clothes! Which isn't news, but simply admiring repetition. And we think it was very sweet of her to consent to pose for these pictures, exclusively made for the MODERN SCREEN Magazine. She even jotted little notes on the backs of the pictures, so that we would be able to tell you all about the colors and materials. The evening gown at the left is made of approximately one million turquoise blue paillettes. The design is ultra simple. There is a simulated peplum at the hipline, a widish belt at the normal waistline, and a slight flare from the kneeline.

The wrap is gold brocade.

The road to style is the way of simplicity, distinction and femininity, as Lilyan Tashman proves to you in these pictures



These pictures, especially posed for *The MODERN SCREEN Magazine*, were photographed by Gene Robert Richee

Ready to meet all challengers on the issue of correct evening attire! Miss Tashman is again wearing her favorite turquoise gown—and please note the very few jewels which she uses with it. On the bed at the left is a French blue lace dinner gown, the skirt composed entirely of tiny ruffles. (If you indulge in a colored lace gown, please—oh, please—let it be a really good one!) Hanging up there behind the bed and reading from left to right, a green and gold lame Sunday night dress, the upper part in bolero effect and the skirt long and tight; a red and gold lame fitted evening gown, with the popular wide, shallow decolletage; a bouffant black taffeta evening gown, embroidered in sequins, and a practically backless black lace gown—also evening. Moral: if you can afford to have two or more evening gowns, let them be either the ever-smart black or the very new jewel tones.

Coats—one, two, three, four, five, six—coats! A black Persian lamb coat, which Miss Tashman is wearing, is cut on Russian lines and is belted in the back. How do you like the saucy little nose veil on the black felt hat? Miss Tashman is holding a short ermine evening wrap. Hanging up, to the right, is a very sporty beaver coat, lined with kasha. Next to it is a short black caracul coat, lined with orange crepe de chine—and isn't that a stunning note? On the back of the chair is a three quarter length Russian ermine coat, lined with black velvet. It can be worn on either side. Thrown on the chair is a beige galyak afternoon coat, lined with beige.



Personally we don't think Miss Tashman is nearly as extravagant as this shoe cupboard would indicate. We think she's just a very smart person who always has the right shoe for the right costume and who, therefore, makes her shoes wear much longer than penny-wise mortals who never have more than two pair of shoes to their names. The negligee which Miss Tashman is wearing is of gold brocaded material, trimmed with white fox.



SCENES OF THE MONTH



Photograph from the Albert Davis collection.

Oh, boy, them were the days. Yes indeedy. This buxom lady dressed up as Cleopatra was known as the screen's first vamp. Her name is Theda Bara. My, how she rolls those eyes! The gentleman with the foliage on his head is Fritz Lieber as that famous fella called Julius Caesar.

When it comes to up-to-the-minute pictures you simply can't beat our busy reporter. Scoops, my dear!

And when it comes to gathering the very latest, the very newest, the very up-to-the-momentest style fashions from ze gay Paree, our beak-nosed reporter is first in his line. This decidedly snappy evening gown worn by Ina Claire will give you some hints on how not to plan your winter wardrobe. Please note the fur-trimmed peplum.



Photographs from the Harold Seton collection.



(Left) This is a little biographical picture and plainly shows you how Texas Guinan learned how to manage big guns. Later, of course, in her night club she managed them with wise cracks. In this picture she was "The Girl of Hell's Agony." Don't laugh, please. Or do, if you insist.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

By GORDON
R. SILVER



Fifi loves pretty clothes and has a fine sense of the psychology of dress. Costume jewelry is one of her pet weaknesses, and she has a set to fit almost all her ensembles.

A corner of Fifi's hill-side home. She lives in an apartment house up from Sunset Boulevard. The charming place looks more like a Spanish hacienda, however, doesn't it?

MY name is not Fifi Dorsay!
 "I do not come from gay Paree!
 "I have never been in France!
 "I am not Greta Garbo's best friend!
 "I am in love with nobody!"

Astonishing statements, but Fifi Dorsay, resplendent in shimmering cloth of gold gown and embroidered jacket, passionately jerked them out while her great, doll-like eyes grew wider and flashed out greater fire. The Dorsay in real life had turned out to look tremendously like her celluloid self, but she's human, boys, she's human!

"Several times in ze newspapers I am written about," she flashed, "but most times all ze things are wrong! They say I am from far 'way France, from the French Follies. Zey say I play tennis all ze day long with Greta Garbo and follow her around like leetle pup! Zey say I am lovesick and am planning on getting married! Zey say all kinds of things about me. Now, I will tell ze truth and nothing but ze truth!"

She spoke with an intriguing accent and her very white hands, with their long, pointed nails, fluttered gracefully as she talked. The black eyes snapped and sparkled.

MY name, it is really Yvonne Lussrer," she went on. "I am from Montreal, where I was born and go to school. First, in ze Sacred Heart convent, then in ze Elie Business College where I learn to speak English and do shorthand.

"When I was sixteen, I work as stenographer for a French lawyer. I take ze dictation, either French or English words. But I never work on ze stage in any place but America. It was in New York in ze 'Greenwich Follies' several years ago."

About her reported friendship with Garbo, Fifi was equally frank.

"I have to laugh when I read in ze papers zat I am ze inseparable friend of Greta Garbo," she giggled. "Why, I have only seen her three or four times in all my life. Don't misunderstand me, I like Greta on ze screen and in ze flesh. I think she is a fine actress, one of the greatest of all time. But I am not her oldest friend, her inseparable friend, no, not even if I would like very much to be that."

Fifi's mother and father are both dead. She is one of thirteen children, but only three are alive—herself, a seventeen-year-old brother who works in New York and a twenty-two-year-old sister who lives with her.

Fifi is a graceful, decidedly pleasant person to meet. And she stands out. If ever a girl was thrilled by the business of just being alive, it is she. It is true that she rolls her eyes suggestively—in fact, has frequently been referred to as "the eye-rolling Fifi of high-voltage mood and manner." But it's not all her fault. Seems, when she first came to the studio, executives told her to be sure to "roll your eyes for the camera." Clever men, they had recognized in that her big asset.

NOWADAYS she doesn't merely roll those eyes. She winks, blows kisses, laughs, shouts and waves her hands at everyone she passes on the studio lot—from prop boy to executive. She's queen of the lot and the life of anyone's party!

At a recent "stag" party at Fox's, given for film exhibitors, Fifi was the only girl "among those present." She admits she had lots of fun and is it necessary to add that she royally entertained them?

"They were all so nice!" she laughed, with a typical

Dorsay shrug of lovely shoulders. "Just like little boys grown up. One say to me, 'Fifi, you sing for us and make us happy, please?' And I say, 'Beeg boy, I not only sing for you but I dance for you, too—is it a bargain?' Then they all clap ze hands and I sing and dance for zem and blow little kisses to some. Zey all like zat. Zey say, 'Fifi, we all love you—you are one fine little girl!' So all those nice American men was made happy and I was happy. Yes, everyone was happy!

Fifi has been invited a number of times to the exclusive Hearst rancho up the coast for week-end parties and she is also a frequent visitor to Agua Caliente. And, always, she has those near her in gales of laughter—it might be from her jokes or her comical antics. Or it might be from her little French songs. She sings well and plays her own accompaniment.

SHE loved playing with Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris."

"But, he was so bashful!" (Came gales of Dorsay laughter.)

"How did you properly vamp him?" we asked.

"Oooh! It was hard. He was so shy. In one scene I had to throw my arms about his neck and hang zere! Poor dear, he blushed and stammered so that I really t'ought he wou'd collapse. And when it was time for him to kiss me—well, he nearly dropped t'rough ze floor!

"Come, beeg boy,' I urged, 'you mustn't treat (Continued on page 118)

Fifi Dorsay complains that many things which have been written about her have been untrue. Here are quite a number of things which are not



Fifi Dorsay is the life of the party on the lot, too. Not only does she roll her eyes, but she winks, blows kisses, laughs, shouts and waves to everyone—from directors to "grips."

THE MODERN SCREEN

LIGHTNIN' (Fox)

The genial and engrossing play which the late Frank Bacon wrote in collaboration and for many years kept alive, has now been put into talkies with Will Rogers as "Lightnin' " Bill Jones.

Perhaps you recall this story of the slow-moving but lovable old codger who helps his wife run the hotel which is on the border line of California and Nevada and hence has its advantages for divorce-seeking ladies. An unscrupulous pair of villains try to exchange Mrs. Jones' property for worthless stocks and, failing to brow-beat "Lightnin' " into signing the papers, prevail upon Mrs. Jones to sue him for divorce.

The scene in the divorce court is the high point of the story. Will is swell. Louise Dresser and Helen Cohan are in the large and competent cast.



TOL'ABLE DAVID (Columbia)

The main comment that this film brings forth is: is it as good as the silent version, and is Richard Cromwell as good as Richard Barthelmess was in the same part?

The answer to both these comments is yes and no.

In some ways, the talkie version is better than the silent. The big fight scene, for one thing, is somehow more convincing in the new version. Some of the other scenes, however, do not gain by the addition of sound and dialogue.

The main difference between Cromwell and Barthelmess is that Barthelmess seemed to be a little more imaginative than Cromwell. In the scenes where Barthelmess was grieving over life's injustice, for example, he was unbeatable. Cromwell, however, being less the idealist, seems better in some of the action sequences.



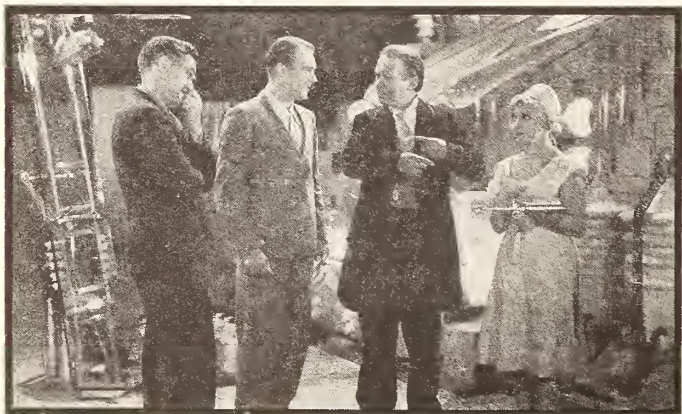
THE BAT WHISPERS (United Artists)



The trouble with writing about a picture like this is that the reviewer is forever on tenterhooks for fear that he'll inadvertently reveal the solution of the mystery. It's much better, in a case of this kind to say:

"Here's a mystery story. It's developed competently with the usual amount of gruesome moments and comic relief. There are sliding pictures, and hidden panels, and moving fireplaces, and what not. There's a murder and a scramble for the blueprints which reveal the secret room. There's a hero who's falsely accused of a robbery and a heroine who tries to find the stolen money to exonerate her boy friend. And there's a serious detective and a comic one. All in all, it holds your attention." So we've said it! Chester Morris and Una Merkel take acting honors.

JUST IMAGINE (Fox)



Take a look into the future, folks, and see how New York will be in 1980. This is a semi-musical, with music and lyrics by the famous De Silva, Brown and Henderson. The principal players are Marjorie White, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Albertson, John Garrick and El Brendel.

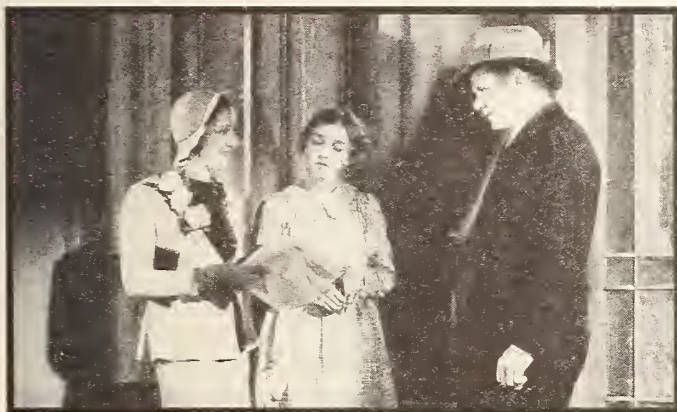
El Brendel is the man who goes to sleep in 1930 and wakes up along about fifty years later in 1980. Well, just imagine the fun and furore when he comes to in an entirely different world from the one in which he'd dozed off.

There are some wonderful sets of the future New York. And they are not too impossible, either.

"I'm the words, you are the melody," the song hit, is taken from this picture. It's well deserving of its success.

Magazine REVIEWS

PASSION FLOWER (M-G-M)



A thoroughly engrossing picture, this, based on the novel by Kathleen Norris. Rarely have we seen dialogue and situation so expertly and convincingly handled. A superlative cast composed by Kay Francis, Kay Johnson, Charles Bickford, Lewis Stone, Zasu Pitts, and last but by no means least, Dickie Moore (who can't be over four), contribute to the impressiveness of this presentation, but some responsibility cannot help but be shared by Director William DeMille.

The ancient story of an elderly millionaire's love-hungry wife who falls in love with and ensnares the poverty-stricken husband of her cousin is here handled with restraint and originality.

Once more, Zasu Pitts is very nearly the star. Someday she will be.

WITHIN THE LAW (M-G-M)



Here is a story which affords a chance for Joan Crawford to display the talent for dramatic power which she has been wanting to display for so long. And Joan comes through strong. She fulfills every provision that a good dramatic actress should have.

The story is, briefly, about a girl who goes to jail for a crime which she did not commit. There she meets two crooks and all three of them become partners in crime.

Later she gets a chance to wreak her vengeance on the man who had her put in jail. It is here that the depth of Miss Crawford's dramatic personality is felt.

Robert Armstrong does excellent work as one of Joan's crook associates. Marie Prevost makes an excellent come-back as the other crook. Kent Douglass makes a fine showing in the juvenile rôle opposite Miss Crawford.

KISMET (First National)

Here is unusual screen fare, a story of a beggar, his beautiful daughter, a caliph, and a wazir. It may sound too exotic to be appetizing but despite the moments of wearisome talking which seems to be part and parcel of the Arabian tale, this should prove worthwhile entertainment for most of you. If only for the splendid acting of Otis Skinner and the magnificence of many of the sets.

Hajj, the beggar, is brought before the wazir of police (Sidney Blackmer) for a theft. He is offered the chance for freedom if he will murder the young caliph (David Manners) who, unknown to everyone but the audience, is in love with Hajj's beautiful daughter (Loretta Young). Out of this situation grow others replete with murder, mistaken identity and romance. It's a fine spectacle.



SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY (Pathe)

This might very well have been a fine picture. Although there is enough here to keep you interested, we found some elements confused and uncertain. There is, for example, the ending. After you have been made to thoroughly detest the wealthy young man who marries our heroine in order to be protected against the gold rush of a certain divorcée, you are expected to believe that she prefers his permanent presence to that of a really charming young man of the world who has treated her simply swell.

Our dissatisfaction (and yours, we'll bet) could have been avoided if Mr. Kenneth MacKenna's rôle had been given to Mr. Basil Rathbone and vice versa.

Constance Bennett has a really difficult part which she handles rather well, we thought.



These reviews will tell you whether it's the sort of show you like

MOROCCO (Paramount)

A great deal has already been prophesied about Marlene Dietrich, the German actress, chiefly because, in certain poses, she resembles Greta Garbo.

It's too bad, in a way, for Miss Dietrich has such a very definite personality of her own, and such a very definite talent of her own that she simply shouldn't be compared to Garbo. Although they look somewhat similar, Marlene's face is more expressive than Garbo's. Somehow Miss Dietrich seems to be a generally warmer person. This is no discredit to Miss Garbo who, indeed, has won her popularity by her apparent coldness.

You'll like Marlene Dietrich. And like her for herself, we hope, and not for her resemblance to Miss Garbo. The story of "Morocco" is fair. Gary Cooper is excellent. Adolphe Menjou rather overdoes the man about town.



MIN AND BILL (M-G-M)

This is a picture which has both a lot of real drama and also some comedy—of the vulgar type.

Marie Dressler once more proves her tremendous ability to bring the tears to your eyes, both from laughing and crying. She plays the part of a shore-dive "madame" who brings up the child of a woman who was thoroughly bad. And in Marie's attempts to give the child a happy life lie both the comedy and drama of the story.

Wallace Beery is one of Marie's boarders and the lines that these two get off will give you plenty of corking laughs—if you like rather coarse humor.

Dorothy Jordan has the ingénue lead, and does well by it. Donald Dillaway, a newcomer, plays opposite her and does extremely well for a first effort.



DERELICT (Paramount)



George Bancroft comes back to the screen in a picture which is one of the best he has been in for a long, long time. It's essentially a sea picture—most of the action takes place on board ship.

Bancroft plays the part of a mate in the beginning of the picture. He takes pity on a cabaret girl and agrees to take her to another port where she has a chance of getting a better job. It's against the company's rules (they operate freight steamers) to take a woman on board. Bancroft, however, is willing to take a chance to help the kid.

In the meantime, though, he has been made a captain. He changes his mind about the plan—but, here the plot thickens rapidly. From there on the story goes to a splendid climax. William (Stage) Boyd is swell.

A HOLLYWOOD THEME SONG (Mack Sennett)



It's rare indeed that a short subject warrants one of twelve monthly reviews. But here's one that does. This clever comedy which burlesques Hollywood's arbitrary use of songs in early talkies has a clean-cut treatment which not only gets your laughs but also your most critical approval.

It's a war story. Harry Gribbon plays the leading rôle, that of the soldier who is sent out to spy on a spy, a French lassie (Yola D'Avril). At every opportunity Harry breaks into song. For this purpose he carries with him a trio of elderly gentlemen who lug their instruments about. So loyal are these musicians to our hero that they even follow him into No Man's Land so that he may sing a sob ballad and spur the soldiers on to a Tiller Girl routine. There's plenty of fun in this one.



AND Read how praise pours in for these lively suds!

WHEN even downright *dirty* clothes come snow-white from a Rinso soaking—do you blame women for giving up ordinary soaps?

From all over the country letters of praise are pouring in for Rinso's lavish, spirited suds . . . "suds that loosen dirt like magic!" says Mrs. J. W. Davidson of Wichita, Kansas, one of the *thousands* who have written.

"So economical!" says Mrs. Ralph E. Miller of Waterbury, Conn. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water.

Recommended by makers of washers

The makers of 39 washers recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter washes. Great for dishwashing, too—and for *all* cleaning. Get the BIG package.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

SAFE for your finest cottons and linens

Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine



2 SIZES most women buy the large package

Millions use Rinso for dishes, floors and all cleaning

BEAUTY ADVICE

Let's go shopping for beauty! Who wants to buy? Who wants to buy?

Kay Francis, in her studio dressing room, is putting on those final touches. It's a wise girl that uses a strong light!



By MARY BIDDLE

MY friend Sally Ann asked me to go shopping with her the other day. Sally Ann is the sort of girl who should always take someone shopping with her. You must know the type—they dash bravely forth to purchase a simple little black dress for the office and return with a pair of green and gold lamé pajamas and an empty pocketbook.

"Let's take a taxi," said Sally. "I have to go to a million places and—oh, yes—I'm taking you along because I'm all out of cosmetics and I want you to advise me."

"Delighted," I said. "Why the taxi, though, if you're going to a million places?"

"Oh, my dear, my feet hurt in the most fiendish manner!" replied Sally Ann. "I can't walk a block without disintegrating."

"Then, my young one," said I in my firmest manner, "we'll take the taxi—to a certain shoe shop, and buy you a pair of shoes."

"But I don't need a pair of shoes," said Sally Ann. "And shoes aren't cosmetics!"

No, shoes aren't cosmetics. They're only the very underpinning of beauty. How many women do you see with two mean, vertical lines between their eyes and tell-tale crowsfeet at the corners of those eyes? Loads and loads of them, and I'll wager that not all those wrinkles are caused by eye-trouble. They're caused by foot-trouble. When you walk, when you stand, when you dance, you should feel as comfortable as a barefoot Indian.

SALLY ANN protested mightily at paying what she thought was an outrageous price for a pair of very unassuming oxfords. (I found out that the foolish child had been buying the cheapest and flimsiest of footgear, just so's she could have a lot of shoes.) I tried to impress upon her the importance of paying a good deal for walk-

ing shoes—for the shoes which you must have on your feet most of the day, every day in the year.

"Buy inexpensive costume slippers or dancing shoes if you like," I told her. "I'll not scold you for that—but only the best for hard wear, please."

"Oh, all right," Sally Ann grumbled. "Heavens! Do look at my shiny nose! Why will noses get shiny?"

"How do you cleanse your face?" I asked.

"Cold cream," replied Sally, dabbing on powder at a furious rate.

"Have you ever heard me mention," I inquired coldly, "that people with oily skins should wash their faces with soap and water after using cold cream?"

Sally Ann said oh, yes, she'd forgotten and she'd do it that very night and what kind of eyebrow pencil did I use.

WHICH reminded me of a brand new trick that a barber taught me a short while ago. He's sort of a famous person around New York—a nice, elderly Frenchman who takes hours to do your hair and knows more beauty tricks than any woman you ever met. He told me I should thin out my eyebrows. I gasped, because my eyebrows are not heavy nor unruly.

"Why, Henri, I don't want to start that," I said. "Once you start, you have to keep it up, and my eyebrows really aren't bad."

"Not bad, not good," said Henri, reaching for the tweezers. "But of course you av' to keep eet up. You eat every day, *non*? You comb ze 'air and brush ze teeth, *non*? And yet you make a *beeg* fuss about plucking out one, two, t'ree leetle hair every now and then."

And Henri busily tweezed away until in no time I was altogether another person—so clear-eyed and smart-looking that I couldn't help thinking what a great idiot I had been not to thin out my (Continued on page 123)

The Marx Brothers

(Continued from page 62)

nized immediately unless some prophet, with a public press at his disposal, discovers them. And in those early days no one discovered the Marx Brothers. Their acts—for they changed their material whenever necessity and unkind theatrical managers demanded—were billed under half a dozen different names on half a dozen minor circuits. There were long jumps to get to towns where, seemingly, the audiences didn't even care if the four performers arrived.

But it was fun around the theater. Poker games. Gossip in the wings. Jokes to be played on the less suspecting. And there was the blood of the Shonbergs! Through a dozen years of tramping, the Marx Brothers kept their family pride and their ambition and their sense of humor.

I DON'T know whether they ever thought they'd be stars of a Broadway revue or on the screen. I doubt it. I believe the farthest they ever dreamed was that dream of every good vaudeville performer—a little farm some place and a week at the Palace. I think that now, sometimes, they have to pinch themselves to know that things are real—big cars and luxurious homes and friends who laugh appropriately at their jokes. Time for a leisurely family life. Pretty wives. Children growing up.

If you knew the Marx boys you'd like them. I'm sure of that. The same things that makes you laugh at them on the stage would make you howl at them in their homes. Ridiculous fun. Mad antics. Wholesome humor.

There are no Pagliaccis here, no clowns with hearts breaking beneath the motley. Oh, they have their troubles. When the stock market crashed last year—. But isn't that all a part of the American scene? After all, they were getting rich, had money to invest in stocks—

Strangely enough, Groucho, Zeppo, and Harpo are all great admirers of Charlie Chaplin.

"He makes me laugh most and he touches me the deepest," says Zeppo.

The four Marx Brothers, you see, are in no way unusual. Some consider them the best comedians in America. And others wonder what the racket is all about when they hear the huzzahs after a bit of peculiarly Marxian humor. Well dressed, well read, agreeable, humorous fellows, a bit amazed but pleased, too, because life has treated them so well, inclined to be philosophical over any small misfortunes that come to them and, to a large extent without the underlay of tragedy we sometimes like to find in our comedians. The Marx Brothers are typically American—typical, that is, of what the stage and screen has done for America. Another example of the development and rise of an American family. In a way a saga of America.

Gwen has "no time" for outdoor sports



YET HER SKIN HAS THE VIBRANT BEAUTY AND FRESHNESS OF A YOUNG ATHLETE

ON a tennis court Gwen's a flop but at a tea-dance she's a shining star. Bridging, partying... Gwen's a little hothouse flower... in everything but her skin! Everyone admires Gwen's complexion—so charmingly fresh, so gloriously smooth. Even under ball-room lights, it glows with radiant "outdoor" tones!

Smart little social butterflies and other city "shut-ins" have discovered in OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder a marvelous way of giving their complexions the priceless sparkle of youth. Thanks to this luxurious powder, wan faces assume a vibrant beauty. Its unique olive oil base (found in no other face powder) warms the skin to natural richness and protects against the ravages of winter winds and biting frost.

Active sportswomen have long sung the praises of OUTDOOR GIRL. Now, business girls and stay-at-homes are welcoming it eagerly, too. If you have not already used OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder, try it today. Its seven shades include *Lido*, a glorious "duo-tone" for all types of complexions, and *Boulevard*, a mellow evening tint. Generous "acquaintance packages" of this unusual powder are available at the 10c counters of S. S. Kresge and other prominent chain stores. Larger boxes at 35c and \$1.00 may be had at leading drug and department stores. Z. B. T. Products Co., 130 Willis Avenue, New York City.

Other Smart OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids in 10 cent Trial Packages (15 cents in Canada)

Lightex Face Powder, in 7 shades; Vanishing Cream; Olive Oil Cream; Cold Cream; Liquefying Cleansing Cream; Lipstick, in 4 shades; Dry Rouge with olive oil, in 7 shades; Lip and Cheek Rouge, in 4 shades; Nail Beautifiers and Cosmetique.



LIGHTEX for Oily Skins
in the Red Box... With
OLIVE OIL for Normal
Skins in the Purple Box

If You Can't Find What You Want...

If your local Kresge or other chain stores do not happen to have on hand the particular OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products you desire, send 10 cents for each one you want and we will forward them to you post-paid... Address Z. B. T. Products Co., 130 Willis Ave., New York City, mentioning product and shade desired.

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL Face Powder

BY THE MAKERS OF Z. B. T. BABY TALCUM. Fine for Baby's Body—Fine for Everybody!

PREVIEWPOINTS

A few quick glimpses at some of the pictures now in production

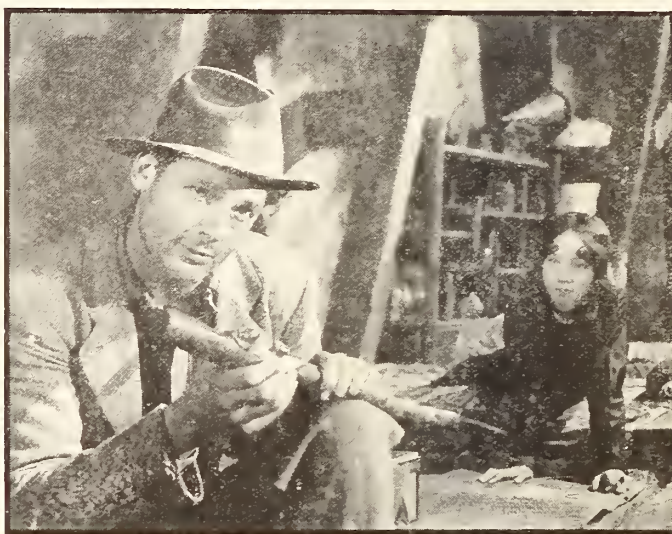


EX-MISTRESS (Warners)

IF you read the book you know the story. Judging from advance reports it seems to be a pretty sophisticated sort of thing. It's about an actress who falls in love with a married man. The married man and his wife are estranged but the story revolves around his attempt to do the right thing by the wife he doesn't love.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon play opposite each other as the married man and the actress.

Lewis Stone and Natalie Moorhead are also in the cast. No doubt you'll go for this if you like sophisticated stuff.



THE MAN WHO CAME BACK (Fox)

THIS famous old play promises to be as good on the screen as it ever was on the stage. If you don't know the theme, it's about a wealthy man's son who has never been given a chance to prove his worth.

The tale moves from New York to San Francisco and from there to an opium joint in Honolulu.

Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor are reunited on the screen again in this effort. And this time they are given a truly dramatic story which gives them something real to portray instead of just the singing of a few love songs.



THE GREAT MEADOW (M-G-M)

HERE is another story of early America. You all remember Daniel Boone—well, this has to do with his ambition to colonize what is now the State of Kentucky and what happened when they started to carry out his ambition. According to advance reports this film promises to be a thrilling one.

There are Indians in it, and consequently you may be sure there will be plenty of fights. It seems to be the same sort of picture that *Billy the Kid* is, and Johnny Mack Brown, the handsome ex-football player who did so well in *Billy the Kid*, plays a leading rôle in this.



THE RIGHT TO LOVE (Paramount)

FROM reading the advance synopsis, it seems as if this story is just made for Ruth Chatterton. In it she plays a dual rôle, that of mother and daughter.

The story, briefly, is that of a girl who by a cruel twist of circumstance finds herself robbed of a life of love through marriage to a man incapable of real feeling.

Then comes her struggle to see that her daughter does not, because of her father's influence, choose a life without love. There's real drama here.

With Miss Chatterton in these two powerful rôles this should be a sensation. David Manners plays in it, too.

Meddlesome Mothers of Hollywood

(Continued from page 45)

stand, to her mother's meddling, Olive began thinking things over. Particularly when, for a long stretch, none of the other companies seemed to have parts for her.

She and her mother get along splendidly now—since they have agreed that Olive is to handle her own affairs. And today Mrs. Borden is rarely seen around the studios. When she is permitted to be her natural self Olive is one of the most likeable girls in Hollywood and, as she is today, has the best wishes of everyone who knows her for the resumption of a long and highly successful career.

WHETHER Virginia Lee Corbin could ever have been a big star is a debatable point, but certainly her frequent arguments with her mother—both in and out of court—did not help matters much. Her mother told me once that even as a child Virginia had been difficult to handle. Maybe. And then again, maybe not.

And maybe, too, Virginia became tired of having someone tell her every time she turned around that she could not do this and must not do that. Be that as it may, her bickerings at home interfered with her work in the studio to such an extent that for the last two years she was in pictures she played mostly small parts and bits—and that after having been starred.

EVEN lovely Mary Brian was not always free of parental espionage. It is true that when she first entered picture she was only fifteen, but her mother sat on the set from early dawn till late eve and a word alone with Mary was rarer than that "day in June" of which Tennyson wrote. The studio officials were not highly pleased with the arrangement and Mrs. Dantzer (her mother) being as sensible as Mary is lovely, discontinued the practice before any great harm was done. Today, if she advises Mary, she does it in the privacy of their home and no one knows anything about it.

ANOTHER career which, to all outward appearances, has fallen by the wayside is that of little Davey Lee, the child who scored such a hit with Jolson in "Sonny Boy." He was placed under contract by Warner Bros., at a salary reputed to have been \$500 a week. For a child with no previous experience and no reputation beyond the one picture, that seemed a fair and equitable salary. But Mrs. Lee thought otherwise. She insisted upon a wage that caused the hairs on the joint heads of the amazed Warner Bros. to rise on end in holy horror.

Finding Mrs. Lee obdurate, the Warners got out a court injunction which prevented Davey from working

for anyone else in pictures until such time as his contract with them would have expired. By that time he will have reached the awkward age and there will probably be no demand at all for him.

Mrs. Lee put him in vaudeville at a reported salary of \$1,500 a week, but the tour lasted only a few months. And what is \$1,500 a week for ten or twelve weeks as compared to a graduating salary starting at \$500 a week for a period of five years?

LORETTA YOUNG'S mother cannot be said to have interfered with her career but she succeeded in making life pretty miserable for Loretta for a few days following her marriage to Grant Withers. Loretta was—and still is—under age and Mrs. Young promptly took steps to have the marriage annulled.

Intimates of the family say her greatest objection to the marriage was the fear that if Loretta left home the family's chief means of support would be withdrawn. Sally Blane (Loretta's sister) is said to be drawing \$150 a week under her contract to R-K-O. Polly Ann Young (another sister) works only occasionally and Loretta is, apparently, the breadwinner in a large way. If Loretta set up a home of her own, what would become of the rest of the brood?

THE latest development in the devoted parent-and-daughter situation is Laura Lee and her mother at First National. Laura has only recently arrived on the lot and her mother is intensely ambitious for her. Not long ago Laura made an appointment direct with the studio photographer instead of going through the regular channels. When she arrived, with her mother, they couldn't find the photographer. They appealed to the publicity department for help.

When that department could not unearth him, Laura decided to walk out and thus show him that she could not be trifled with. "Oh, no, dear," her mother interposed, smiling sweetly but with a dangerously icy glitter in her eyes, "we'll wait." And wait they did.

On this occasion the mother's interference militated to the advantage of the studio but, at the same time, it showed that Mrs. Lee is a woman of determination and convictions. Out at First National they are wondering apprehensively just how many pictures it will be before the blow-up comes.

AND there are also the mothers of Gertrude Olmstead, Madge Bellamy, Virginia Browne Faire and Nancy Drexel.

And, still speaking of mothers, everyone remembers how Lita Grey Chaplin's mother—

But what is the use of going on?



For a more beautiful complexion

A clear and youthful skin! Every woman knows that cleanliness is the secret. But how? Where to begin? Exactly what to do? Isn't that the big problem? Then send for our free booklet, *The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test*.



For highlights in your hair

Grime kills lustre. Keep your hair soft and smooth and beautiful. How? Frequent shampooing, done properly. Learn the fine art of shampooing by reading our booklet below.



For elbows that are dark and roughened

Just a little thing, but really quite important! Again the remedy is simple. Soap-scrub this unloveliness away. Three times a day at first and at least once daily thereafter.



For a new smart look to your clothes

Here's something that we wish you would try. Every day for a month. Put on *nothing* that isn't crisply clean. Just see the difference that it makes. (And read our booklet).



Send for FREE booklet

Here is a beauty booklet that is as simple and practical as it is helpful and inspiring. It's called *The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test*. Easy instructions . . . and a definite program to follow. Free for the asking; use coupon below.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE,	MM2-31
Dept. J2, 45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.	
Please send me free of all cost, "The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test."	
Name _____	
Street _____	
City _____	State _____



The exotic Myrna Loy wonders what a cat thinks about. Miss Loy has been taken up in a serious way by Fox and is the lucky owner of a long-term contract signed by the officials of that very excellent company.

Adventures in Gate Crashing

(Continued from page 72)

around and say, "See what a good actor I am."

QUITE a Hollywood character is an old man who goes about leading a huge police dog. Choosing a propitious moment when he can draw a crowd, he gives his dog the command to attack him. Man and dog roll on the ground as if in mortal combat. To the dog it's play. To the man a possibility of obtaining work.

An attractive young matron has trained her four-year-old son to help perpetrate another odd stunt. They loiter outside studio gates until some executive she recognizes approaches. The man is pointed out to the boy and the child runs over to him with tiny arms outstretched. Few people, even executives, can resist picking up an affectionate baby. The kid has learned a pretty speech which he prattles—all about how he loves "big, strong mans." Mama then comes over murmuring apologies for her child's display of affection. Of course, she mentions something about how she would like to get him into the movies.

CONRAD NAGEL was once party to helping an embryo author crash the gate to M-G-M's story editor. Nagel was glimpsed in his car on Hollywood Boulevard temporarily halted by a traffic signal. A nice appearing chap hailed him from the curb asking if Nagel was studio-bound. The actor replied in the affirmative.

"Mind if I ride out with you?" asked the fellow, getting into the car before Nagel could answer. "I work on the lot and I'm afraid I'm going to be late."

Nagel's car rode unchallenged through the gates and once inside, the self-invited passenger disembarked, thanking Nagel for the lift. Forty-five minutes later he was escorted off the lot after having unsuccessfully waylaid the story editor in his lair.

A couple of girls paid an even shorter visit to the land behind the gates despite their carefully laid and painstakingly prepared plans. Extras frequently leave the studios during the lunch hour to seek the cheaper neighborhood restaurants. Upon this custom the girls founded their idea.

Carefully observing a group of extras in costume one noon hour, they rushed home and probably sat up all night to fashion duplicate apparel. The following noon they mingled with the crowd and passed inside the forbidden portals. But their hopes went for naught when shortly afterwards they found that those they thought were merely extras were a part of the Albertina Rasch ballet. Unable to follow the complicated dance routines, the pretenders were quickly discovered and ejected.

GATEMEN are constantly on the lookout for outsiders trying to force their way onto the lots in crowds; by sneaking in with a crowd of legiti-

mate visitors. Day laborers—extras—visiting Elks, sightseeing bent—all crowds harbor two or three folks hoping their presence won't be noticed.

Every town in the world has its social climbers but they can't hold a candle to Hollywood's second story invaders. For a star to take an interest in an unknown is popularly supposed to remove the last obstacle in the royal road to screen success. To that end at least two girls have climbed through the window of Charlie Chaplin's bedroom and every romantic hero from Valentino to Gilbert has had similar experiences.

Frederic Lonsdale found a London high school girl awaiting him in his cabin when he sailed from England to Hollywood. He had told interviewers that the feminine lead had not been selected for the story he was writing for Ronald Colman. The girl in his cabin informed the playwright that his troubles were over. She, it seemed, would be glad to accommodate him by playing the part. The tug boat took her back to the English port.

But the greatest climber of all was the woman who spent a week on top of one of the stages at M-G-M. No one knows how she managed to get there or why. Studio officials first heard of her presence when they were told that an unclothed female had been glimpsed on the roof of Stage 14. Investigation proved the rumor well founded. But only after the lady drew so much attention it was feared employees were not keeping their minds on their work, the Culver City Fire Department was notified. The gallant crew of a ladder truck got her down. It seems firemen know how to do little things like that.

GATE crashers have been known to stoop to petty theft in order to attain their ends. They will get near enough to picture players in stores and restaurants to steal purses and gloves. Several days later they call at the studio and send in word they have found the "lost" article. The player generally desires to award or at least thank such an honest person. Admittance is thus gained.

Risking physical injury by throwing themselves in the path of an automobile is a stunt now so old that even movie plots use the scheme.

One movie-struck chap borrowed a rifle and shouldering it, paraded up and down in front of a studio casting office. All afternoon he marched, refusing to answer the questions of casual passers-by. He was gunning for bigger game.

Finally he flushed his quarry. The casting director's curiosity got the better of him. Sending for the gun-toter, he asked "Why the guard duty?" With a perfectly straight face the young fellow replied:

"Sir, no one is going to build a miniature golf course here if I can help it." He got the laugh he hoped for but so far it has not been productive of a job.

Such knowledge is too vital to be hushed



... and this one small booklet will tell you

GRADUALLY the fact dawns upon the young wife. Her married friends are showing reluctance to discuss one particular subject frankly. Surely they are her friends. She has always counted on them. And now they seem to be failing her when she has joined their ranks and needs the help of their experience.

Many women are so confused about feminine hygiene that they fear to advise others. But don't worry. The knowledge you seek is too vital to be hushed and an authoritative booklet has been prepared for your guidance.

The old-time fear of poisons

There was a time when caustics and poisons were the only antiseptics strong enough for feminine hygiene. Much as doctors approved of surgical cleanliness they did not approve of bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid. Women didn't like them either. And when they discover Zonite, when they realize the difference, all the old-fashioned fear leaves at once and forever!

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Zonite is not caustic. Zonite is not poisonous. It can never cause mercurial poisoning; nor produce areas of scar-tissue; nor interfere with normal secretions. It is actually soothing to membranes. Yet—Zonite is really far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body. And in addition Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant.

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This writer asserts that Norma Shearer did not attain her success by vamping her executive husband, Irving Thalberg.

Norma Shearer's Future

(Continued from page 59)

BUT those days had their uses. And such is always the case in all the experiences we have. The planets were evidently put in the heavens, and according to numerous philosophies this is the case, for the purpose of sending us rays that will affect our psychological states.

The emotional turmoil that raged in the inner nature of Norma Shearer during those trying days before she secured her success is a big part of the foundation on which she has consciously or subconsciously based her work.

Fortunately for her, something entered into the picture which made her hold back at the critical times. It probably is the same quality which makes her seem cold and unyielding to some of those about her. If she had given way to the emotions that were hers at those times there would be a totally different story to tell—probably none at all at this writing.

Neptune is the guardian planet of the movies. Under its influence I have known hundreds of people to go up or down in the picture game, according to the angle formed by this celestial body at the time. Among others, a man whom I know very well lost his entire life savings, plus all he could beg and borrow, by going into the production of movies when Neptune was in opposition to his natal position of the Sun. This is not an isolated case by any means.

OTHERS have come up rapidly in the films when under the direct or favorable ray from Neptune. Look at

James Cruze, Gloria Swanson, Warner Baxter, Victor Varconi, Wallace Beery, Agnes Ayres, Thomas Meighan, Marshall Neilan, Charlie Chaplin, Larry Gray, Bill Powell, Gilbert Roland, Victor McLaglen and many others. Some of these folks have been passed by the rapidly marching flicker parade. I know I have mentioned at least a couple of names you haven't thought of for a long time. But every one of them saw the top of his or her career when under the influence of the good ray from Neptune.

Neptune recently changed signs, moving from Leo into Virgo in 1928 and 1929, which has marked many changes in the names of those who sit around the Hollywood banquet table. This shifting of the signs on the part of Neptune has accounted astrologically for the advent of the talkies. Please pardon the interlude, but I predicted in *The Film Mercury*, back in 1926, that the change of Neptune into Virgo would bring the day of big opportunity for the writer in the movies. It didn't occur to me to think of the movies as going talkie, but the fact of it is that Mercury rules Virgo, and Mercury is the planet of both the writer and the speaker.

I SHOULD have included Norma Shearer in that list of those who were made by Neptune, for she is one of them. Neptune, however, was not the only planet that appeared on the program, for Jupiter was also a member of the cast that was helping her.

Back in 1924 there was a trine (120 degree angle) between Neptune and Jupiter—something that happens only once in thirteen years in anywhere near the same sector of the heavens, and it fell perfectly on the degree occupied by Norma's Sun position, the most important point in anybody's horoscope. When it is taken into consideration that her Sun is in the entertainment-loving Leo, that Neptune is the planet of the movies, that Jupiter is the planet of money and expansion, and that the trine is one of the best aspects anyone can ever have, it is not surprising that she came up quickly. Oh, yes, I forgot to add that this success of hers shows every prospect of lasting till the next trine of these same two planets, at least, and she is slated to entertain us until 1936 anyway.

BY the way, as an aside to the reader who may be interested in learning whether or not he or she can justify an attempt to crash the movies, let me give you a point on the moment of birth. This is not the only indication for success in pictures, but it is one of the strongest: If you were born shortly after sunrise, according to the following table, and feel that you have artistic and dramatic talent, the chances are in your favor that you could make it worth your while in a line connected with the movies or their operation in some way.

Look for your hour of birth in the following list—if you find it, and want to get into the movies, go to it. Even if you weren't born between the hours mentioned for your month of birth, there may still be some hope for you, for there are numerous other indications of the horoscope of birth that would favor your efforts before the camera.

Best Time of Birth For Picture Success

Month Born	Success
January	7:52 to 9:04 a. m.
February	7:37 to 8:57 a. m.
March	6:57 to 8:33 a. m.
April	6:01 to 7:55 a. m.
May	5:11 to 7:20 a. m.
June	4:39 to 7:05 a. m.
July	4:52 to 7:16 a. m.
August	5:23 to 7:32 a. m.
September	5:57 to 7:49 a. m.
October	6:34 to 8:06 a. m.
November	7:13 to 8:31 a. m.
December	7:42 to 8:56 a. m.

But don't fool yourself. You've got to have more than the favorable hour of birth and a desire to get into celluloid entertainment.

ACCORDING to the planetary motions and positions for the next ten years, the intelligent actor and actress are the only ones who need apply for public favor from now on. The doll type of woman who drifts through a picture or story solely as the object of man's desire is *out*. There are plenty of jobs in Hollywood for the winners of beauty contests, but they are jobs in restaurants and hotels—not in the casts of pictures that will be successful in the coming years.

Norma Shearer is one who has the necessary mentality to properly interpret the difficult rôles which actresses are

going to be called upon to master. That was what I meant when I said her position of Mercury was the key to her future progress. She certainly has the judgment and the insight to enable her to keep up with the procession.

But the next couple of years in her private life will bring much light and shadow into her affairs. Jupiter will transit her Sun position from September, 1931, to May, 1932, bringing her added laurels that will in many ways eclipse her past achievements, even though she has had conferred upon her the honor of giving us the most outstanding performance of 1930 in her portrayal of "The Divorcée."

But in her personal life, things do not look so rosy. All of it, however, as in the past, can be made grist for her mill, producing in her composite make-up a greater power than she has ever before had at her command. During the next two years, she is going to go through planetary vibrations that destroy most people, but I am hereby predicting that she will come through. Her very weakness is her strength in this particular case. What I mean by that remark is that the thing which threatens to get her into trouble—Mars at the mid-heaven—will be the source of the qualities that will enable her to pull herself out of it.

THE immediate future for Norma shows a radical departure of some sort in her professional work; a new type of vehicle for her talents; a new type of leading man to work with her; a much more mature sort of thing than she has ever before attempted. She will continue to have good stories, with some futuristic flavor to them. By the way, Miss Shearer, please let me give you a warning: If you are called upon to do any of that excellent swimming for which you are noted, have it done by a double, for you are not safe in the water. I know you can swim, but even the best of swimmers come to grief when cramps attack them. Please heed this advice.

Getting back to the immediate future and the departure she is apt to be making even now, it is quite possible that if the critics understand half of what she is doing in her ventures into untried paths she will again win the foremost place in the 1931 recognitions.

Who's Who

(Continued from page 35)

Best screen writer, all-around: *George Abbott.*

Most likeable man: *Charles Farrell.*

Most likeable girl: *Marceline Day.*

Most reserved man: *Ronald Colman.*

Most aloof woman: *Greta Garbo.*

Best actor-writer: *Elliot Nugent.*

Most unspoiled man: *Ramon Novarro.*

Most erratic man: *John Gilbert.*

Most unhappy man: *Lawrence Gray.*

Best wit: *Wilson Mizner.*

Most different from screen personality (man): *Richard Barthelmess.*

Most different from screen personality (woman): *Mary Pickford.*

(Continued on page 117)

● The new styles as worn by DOROTHY JORDAN, beautiful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. "To be feminine in a bathing costume wear a pastel shaded suit"—advises Dorothy Jordan. For an informal "supper"-hour engagement Miss Jordan wears a modernized pattern in chocolate-brown chiffon combined with a silk Chantilly lace yoke.

Photographs by HURRELL—M. G. M.



The New Styles are Alluring... BUT SO EXACTING

TODAY, we stand revealed in sun-tan bathing suits; in trim sports togs or backless gowns. Never has a good figure meant so much. Yet, for every girl who possesses the correct figure, there are thousands dieting to gain rounded slimness. And so many lose the very beauty they are trying to achieve! For most reducing diets lack sufficient roughage.

The result is improper elimination. Poisons clog up the system and take a terrible toll of youth and beauty.

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Hollywood's Hidden Treasures

(Continued from page 79)

general presented it to Miss Daniels' great-great-grandfather.

BARBARA KENT has an art collection which has been in the process of accumulation for at least four

hundred years.

Barbara's ancestors have been bishops and archbishops of the Church of England for centuries and among the numerous heirlooms handed down to the present generation are a necklace and

bracelet made of thirteen cameos.

The gems were first put into settings in Birmingham, England, in 1782, but at that time the collection consisted of only twelve stones. These were set by Alfred G. Frampton, well-known goldsmith of his period. One hundred years later, Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford, acquired the present centerpiece of the necklace from Phillipe Wolfer in Belgium, at which time the stones were reset in their present form as necklace and bracelet by Rene Lalique, noted French jeweler.

It would be impossible to give a complete history of each individual cameo in the collection. The center piece, it is known, was in the Castellani exhibition in 1867. English jewel experts believe it was carved by Encolpius or one of his pupils.

It required three centuries to carry out the original idea, namely, that each cameo have the same delicate shading, and all with the exception of the center one be identical in size and shape.

HISTORICAL weapons to be found in Hollywood homes, in addition to those belonging to Miss Daniels, are of varied types and periods.

Lon Chaney was the possessor of a set of Sixteenth century duelling pistols presented to him by a lifer in one of America's big penitentiaries. The donor was a Frenchman with a long line of ancestors. His great-great-grandfather had figured in a duel with the weapons—a duel that proved fatal to the grandparent.

Chaney met the convict, then a trusty, several years ago while inspecting prisons to obtain background for a film story.

Pretty fifteen-year-old Joan Marsh is a direct descendant of President Tyler. Her mother's family—the Tylers—have played a prominent part in American history.

Among her heirlooms is a sword which was carried by Joan's great-grandfather, Captain Jacob Hayes, of California, who served as a Union officer during the Civil War. It was presented to him by Abraham Lincoln with a letter commending him for distinguished service.

Cecil B. DeMille has an ancient Samurai sword, a gift to him from the Motion Picture Directors' association of Japan.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT informed me that his greatest treasure is the shotgun with which his uncle, Bert Tibbett, killed Jim McKinney, notorious bandit of an earlier generation, after the latter had slain Lawrence's father.

And while speaking of bandits, William S. Hart recently presented Johnny Mack Brown with the pistol used by Billy the Kid when that personage terrorized the Southwest many years ago. The occasion for Hart's gift to Johnny was the first day of filming on a story built around the life of the bandit—in which Johnny played the title rôle.



Louise Fazenda's home harbors a splendid collection of old California and Spanish guns, swords, daggers and other weapons of warfare. The gun which Louise is holding once belonged to Buffalo Bill.

Decorating a corner of the den of Robert Montgomery is a silver-mounted Colonial saddle and bridle, a gift to Bob's great-great-grandfather and which the latter used throughout the Revolutionary war in which he served as a colonel.

AMONG the many antiques in the home of Joseph Cawthorn is a tapestried sofa of the Louis XV period which was presented to him by Cyril Maude, the English actor. It is more than three hundred years old and was found in the boudoir of a French chateau.

In the home of Ruth Chatterton is a Boule cabinet. Not long ago she decided to have a radio installed in it. The time-worn bit of furniture crumbled under the load. She has since had it restored, but from now on will consider it a delicate ornament rather than a utility.

The furnishings in the living room at Pickfair, the Pickford-Fairbanks mansion, came from the ancient Barberini palace in Italy.

Anita Page prizes a pair of hampered silver candlesticks that have been in the Pomares family for years.

They were designed originally for one of her ancestors' palaces in charming old Spain.

Clive Brook is proud of a collection of crystal, some of it more than four hundred years old. He inherited it from his mother in England.

In the boudoir of Betty Compson are a pair of Dresden china candlesticks and a Dresden clock, once the property of the King of Serbia.

Ramón Novarro has the cassock worn by the first Spanish Priest to enter Mexico, while in his study is to be found an ancient Spanish candlestick used on the altar of the first church to be erected in Mexico.

MARIE DRESSLER displays with enthusiasm a lace mantilla presented to her by a member of the Spanish royal family. It has adorned the heads of royal ladies for centuries. The lace is cobwebby in its delicacy and yellowed with age but still intact.

Joan Crawford has a fan that dates back to the era of Napoleon. It was presented to Joan's great-great-grandmother on the LaSeuer side and was carried by her to all court functions at the height of Napoleon's glory.



This close-up will give you a fair idea of the beauty of Barbara Kent's cameo necklace. It took years to achieve its perfection.

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Beautiful Sono-Art Star
says:

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This cap, which is red and white, of Santa Clara University is a superstition of Eddie Lowe's. He never puts on his make-up without it.

The Story of My Life

(Continued from page 85)

prepared to deliver my "line." And how I prepared. I gestured. I waved my arms. I waited. The cast almost swooned, and my cue was thrown again and again until I finally spoke my "piece" and stalked off the stage. I ran into Butler in the wings. Never was a man so near collapse as he.

I returned to my dressing room thoroughly down-hearted. I figured it was not only the first, but the last appearance of Edmund Lowe, "actor"! It should have been . . . but by the grace of some kind of Providence, I was not fired. Six nights later I received my pay envelope. I did not open it until Gertrude and I were alone in her living room. We bent our heads close over that letter—and \$7.50 came tumbling out into our palms. Seven dollars and fifty cents, and we had counted on \$15. Not that Gertrude was mercenary, but I believe something matrimonial must have died in her right there. Eventually, we called off the impending marriage . . . and I went back to the stage.

THREE weeks after I started my "engagement" with the Alcazar stock company, David Butler, son of Fred Butler, came to work with us. (Right now Dave is riding the crest of the wave with his picture "Just Imagine." He directed it.) Dave and I had the same dressing room and became pals.

Those were the days of the Stock starring engagements. Such celebrities as Charlie Ruggles, Bert Lytell, Laurette Taylor, Will Walling, Louis Ben- nison, and many others would come from the New York stage to play a few weeks, and during such engagements, Dave and I were usually to be found in the supporting cast. Funny, but we were always playing old men, or middle-aged stock brokers, or Wall Street "big shots." Aluminum side-burns were a weekly feature along with the close-cropped mustache and the frock coats. We were usually in on some "deal" and Dave was my assistant. I would say, "Thus and so, thus and so, isn't that a fact, Judson?" And Dave would turn and say, "Ah, yes," and then we would act like "big business." Thankfully, I had improved somewhat in my stage presence, and only once after my "opening night" did I threaten to wreck a performance. That was when my "mustache" fell into a bowl of soup, and there stood the Wall Street "Bull," looking like a very scared calf with a smear of glue across his upper lip.

WE had great times in those days. To my mind, San Francisco is the most fascinating of all cities with her mysterious fogs, the insistent warnings of the fog horns sounding over the bay, and the twinkling lights of

Oakland and Berkeley as a backdrop. Dave and I, very content with our life as actors and "young men about town" frequented such places as The White Horse Tavern, where one dined like a king for 35c or the even more famous Luchetti's, where a meal was a feast and a poem. They featured a fifty-cent dinner consisting of muscles *bordelaise*, chicken or steak, spaghetti, salad, and of course, soup and dessert, not to forget a very fine bottle of wine that was not watered into "red ink." Oh, we were the dashing blades, all right, and the life of an actor was glorious! Out of our various experiences and escapades, I could relate a book full of incidents. But briefly, I should like to tell of one that was most typical:

WE had to furnish our own clothes for the stage, and Dave and I rented ours from a little Jewish clothing merchant by the name of Louis Skoll who had a small store on the corner of Kearney and Post Streets (incidentally, he is still there and occupying the same location). Skoll asked the very modest sum of \$4 weekly for the use of his clothes, but even so, Dave and I used to keep them over for social usage as long as four weeks at a time—maybe even longer.

We had met several very charming social buds of San Francisco, and it was on an occasion when we were escorting two ladies to a matinee performance of "Aida" and doing our best to make an impression, that Skoll spotted us and began an insistent tugging at our coat tails for payment on the pants we were wearing! We needed Murads then, all right.

DURING my juvenile days at the Alcazar, I met and courted a girl I was later to marry. We were very intrigued by the amount of paternal opposition to our romance. Her family was set against Esther marrying an actor . . . so much against it, in fact, that we were married!

Because she is one of the most charming and delightful women I have ever met, and because the memory of our marriage still rankles in her conservative family, I am going to dwell on our two years of matrimony very briefly. I believe it will suffice to say that we were never really meant for each other, that eventually we both realized it—and parted. It is a closed chapter—and a very private one. May we leave it that way?

As leading man at the Alcazar, I did such plays as "Pierre of the Plains," "The Deep Purple," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "Broadway Jones," "The Girl in Waiting," "The Seven Sisters," "The Gamblers," "The Witching Hour," and "Damaged Goods."

It was in the latter play, "Damaged Goods," that I started on the road. That very sensational drama brought me to Los Angeles and an engagement at the famous old Burbank Theater, the pride of the town at that time, now a burlesque house.

WHEN the new Morosco Theater opened in Los Angeles, I appeared in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," remaining

for "He Comes Up Smiling," "Inside the Lines," and "The Outcast." The last named I later played on the screen with Corinne Griffith. The movies were well under way out in Hollywood, but my real interest was centered in Broadway. My opportunity came following a nine-week run with Maude Fulton in her greatest stage hit, "The Brat." After several mishaps in casting, it was decided that I should open in my original part in New York with Miss Fulton. Douglas McLean, the juvenile, did not go to New York with us, but remained in Los Angeles for a brilliant movie career.

Broadway! Mecca of all actors! What hopes and fears that street spelled for me. Luckily, "The Brat," was as much of a hit in the Big Town as it had been on the Coast, and this one play established me modestly on that bright and gay street.

Lewis Stone was cast in "The Brat" for its New York run, and I was quite impressed at being in the same cast with this sterling actor. At first, I thought Stone might possibly resent "an upstart" from the West Coast playing the leading rôle—but I soon learned that this man was my fast friend. I learned it the opening night, as I stood in the wings, trembling and quaking in my boots. I may have been all right as a stock leading man, but what of Broadway with its traditions of acting and art. Could I make the grade? I was supposed to enter the scene laughing and jesting from "off side." I had always managed a very natural laugh—but this night, the muscles of my throat were contracted with fear. New York was outside to judge me! In my fright, I was convinced I had forgotten my lines.

SUDDENLY I felt someone standing beside me. I turned. It was Lewis Stone. He put his hand on my back and very casually, as though this might have been nothing but a rehearsal, made some jesting remark. I laughed—it was my cue—I went on laughing! I've got Lewis Stone to thank for that to my dying day.

It was a friendship which grew as time went on. Lew sponsored me for that holy of holies, the Lambs' Club, where I met the most charming and fascinating men of the New York stage.

I loved every moment of New York from the opening of "The Brat." The show ran for the better part of a year, under the production of Oliver Morosco, and as my salary was now at the splendid sum of \$125 weekly, I considered I had "clicked" on Broadway. Following the close of the highly successful "Brat," Adolphe Clauber, husband of Jane Cowl, and agent for Goldwyn, offered me a film engagement with Cowl. Jane and I had played together in Los Angeles, as you remember, and it was through the efforts of these two that I signed to do "The Spreading Dawn" for \$250 a week. I asked \$400—but I didn't get that sum until my next engagement with Irene Castle.

When "The Brat" left for a year's tour of the country, Eddie went with it. I couldn't quite forget my first love—the road, and in spite of several Broad-

way offers, I decided to travel with the Fulton play. That show had one of the longest and most successful "on the road" tours of theatrical history, and it was a year after leaving New York that we played a final performance in Los Angeles.

I was approached by Thomas Ince with a contract for a picture with Dorothy Dalton, "Vive La France," and accepted it. Ince very kindly offered me a five-year motion picture contract, and my old friend Douglas McLean, who was now one of the most successful of Ince stars, advised me to accept it. "This is the business, Eddie," Doug told me one day following a conference with Ince. "This is going to drive the theaters out of the game." Certainly there was more money and greater opportunity for fame, but for some reason or other, I was not particularly tempted by the moving picture offer and returned to New York.

IT was while I was playing in "The Walk-Offs" that I formed the habit of dropping over to see the matinee performances of "The Follies." Our matinee days were not the same—and after that first performance, which I mentioned seeing from the balcony, I had a very good reason for my subsequent returning.

"Follies" girls have come and "Follies" girls have gone, but I doubt if New York, or Ziegfeld ever saw a more glorious group of women than were featured that year. Marion Davies, Peggy Hopkins, Dolores, Yvonne Shelton, Dorothy Leets, Vera Maxwell, and a stunning creature whom I found to be, after consulting my program—Lilyan Tashman.

That first glimpse was electric! To me she stood out above all the others. I'll never forget that first number. Lilyan and Dolores and Vera Maxwell paraded across the stage in some sort of Chinese effect. And from my second row seat in the balcony, I couldn't take my eyes off Lilyan. "I wonder what it feels like," I asked myself, "to have enough money to ask a girl like that to go out with you?" I wanted to meet her as I had never wanted to meet another woman in my life. But I figured I had about as much chance as a heathen in heaven. I was sure she had a whole court of wealthy and enthusiastic admirers who probably lavished her with jewels and started the day off with two or three dozen American beauty roses outside her door. What chance was there for a struggling young actor?

ONE day following my matinee performance of "The Walk-Offs," Walter Catlett met me in the Lambs' Club and said: "Ed, I'd like you to meet a young lady who admires you very much. She's been coming up here to see your matinee performances on the average of twice a week. I think you'll like each other."

"Who is it?" I asked—but he didn't need to answer, I wouldn't have heard him anyway, for he had opened the door of his car and there sat the most stunning woman in New York, the world's best scout, and the great love of my life, my future wife—Lilyan Tashman.

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Over 100 Million Bottles Used

Jack Oakie Confesses

(Continued from page 91)

He paused to grin around at us. "When they hand me the script," he said with the expression of a little boy who has just stolen some jam, "I wait until the very last minute and then I read it through quick and go on the set. I get the drift of it and then put the lines into my own words, see? That's another reason why I seem natural on the screen," he added. "You know they have these writing birds come out to Hollywood and write dialogue for us. And," he laughed, "I wish you could see the sort of stuff they want me to spout. Supposing I'm having a scene with a pretty dame. 'You really are a beautiful creature (in a riot of an English accent),' they want me to say. Can you imagine? Well, I just gets up and says in my own way, 'Say, you're swell!' When I do that, my stuff goes over. If I didn't, it wouldn't."

WISH you could have heard that comic English accent. Maybe someday they'll put Jack in a comedy where he tries to go high-hat. It'll be a wow.

"From what you've just said it seems that you haven't much use for lessons

in diction and that sort of thing," I hazarded.

"Diction! Say! That's the thing that's ruined more stars than made 'em. Diction! That's what's wrong with half the old-timers. They started learning how to talk and they flounce around the sets with their 'cawnts' and 'Chewsdays' and all that stuff. Say, audiences don't want that sort of stuff, see? Audiences want to hear actors that sound natural, that speak like they do. And that's why they like me, see? I'm just a mug—and believe me, I'm going to stay a mug because that's what they want. Oh, say, I'm good."

He threw back his chest and turned to his manager with a laugh.

"Say, call up Mr. Lasky and tell him I want *two* thousand a week more." Then he turned back to me with that infectious grin.

ALL kidding aside, butch, I really do know my stuff when it comes to talkies, see? And one of the most important things I've learnt is that it isn't just enough to stand in front of the mike and spout. You've got to act, too. And that's what I do. You watch

me on the screen. I'm doing something all the time. I don't just stand there talking, ever. That's something the other stars have to learn. Stage stars who are in talkies, too. You can get away without much pantomime on the stage. But not in front of the camera. Your face shows up too big on the screen to keep it looking like an eskimo pie—unless you're Buster Keaton." He threw his arm wide in a sweeping gesture. "But some of them never learn. And never will!"

He turned to his manager once more with a dignity that couldn't be real.

"Say, my good man, call up Mr. Jesse L. Lasky and tell him I want *three* thousand a week more."

THEN he turned to us and winked solemnly—without a hint of a smile.

As to his personality and personal likes, here they are: He's about five feet ten; has brown hair and blue-green eyes. He's tremendously restless. Jumps up and walks around the room as he talks. Smokes all the time. And prefers the kind of cigarettes that a man is supposed to walk a mile for. Has very intelligent hands. Long, thin fingers. Sensitive. And he uses them to emphasize his points in serious moments. He runs to collegiate clothes, preferring gayly colored sweaters and striped suit material. The day I saw him, he had on a light green sweater over a darker green shirt, open at the throat, and white flannel trousers which had a thin dark stripe running through them. And white sport shoes.

As to his talkie career, his favorite picture so far is "Fast Company" and the picture he wants to make more than any other is "The Song and Dance Man." He thinks the part is made to order. It is. His next after "Johnny On The Spot" will be "June Moon."

His favorite director is Edward Sutherland. They made "The Social Lion" and "The Sap from Syracuse" together, among others. They understand each other perfectly.

HE hates retakes. Very seldom has any. Never rehearses. Most of his scenes are taken right off the reel, so to speak. Half of his lines he invents himself.

As a host he's charming and extremely considerate without effort and without seeming to be so. He has the heaven-sent ability of making strangers feel at home.

As to his nature, from what I've seen of him I'd hazard a guess that he's extremely sympathetic, quick to sense another person's needs and willing to help anybody who needs it. I'd also guess that if he doesn't get what he wants he might be liable to sulk.

He has the happy faculty of making you like him immediately you meet him and stay liking him. It's his nature. Can't help it. Good nature and confidence in things in general radiate from him without effort. He's a swell guy.



Jack Oakie is another one of those stars who hates retakes. In fact, he very seldom has any. He very seldom rehearses, either. Scenes taken without rehearsal do get that wonderfully natural effect.

Help Wanted—Male

(Continued from page 47)

vacuum cleaner. There are almost as many vacuum cleaners around here as there are you's. Go away, and don't come back. I don't need *anything!*"

"Oh," the young man said, and took his vacuum cleaner away with him. Eve saw him, a moment later, lugging it down the driveway. She stood at the window and watched him and when he was out of sight, she stamped her foot.

THE following day, Eve was on the set at 12:30. The director was in an ill humor. In the first place, it was ridiculous that Eve Creston, the girl with the smile and the simplicity, should have been cast as a wildcat. He thought that it would be more difficult to make a wildcat of Eve Creston than it would have been to make an Eve Creston out of a wildcat. Any wildcat at all. Even the stupidest wildcat.

That was his smallest cross. His largest was the fact that his male star, Arnold Granby, had gotten himself in an automobile accident the night before, with the picture scheduled to start shooting that day, and had broken his ankle.

The director said, profanely, that he was glad Granby had broken his ankle because it served him right for being a fool, that is, he would be glad if that hadn't held up the picture until they could get another leading man or Arnold Granby's ankle healed. Arnold Granby was a so-and-so, and if anybody wanted to contradict the director, he could, and get himself fired. Nobody contradicted him and Eve stirred restlessly. Now she could go home.

A boy tiptoed in and said, "Miss Creston, there's a man outside who insists upon seeing you. He won't go away."

"What does he want?"

"He says it's personal, and he won't tell."

Eve drew her brows together and began to suspect things.

"Bring him in here," she said.

HE came in and unrolled a large map. "I am working now for a travel agency," he said. "We can give you this

tour which takes you to . . ."

Eve reached down and took that map out of his hands. She ripped it in four pieces and threw them on the floor. She stamped on them with both feet and said a lot of things in answer to which the young man just raised his eyebrows and looked sorry. Eve created the general impression of a whirlwind let loose by mistake in the Monarch studio.

The director stood there with his mouth open and watched her. Presently he walked over to that young man and took him by the elbow. "Anybody," he said, "who can do that to Eve Creston is valuable to me. Come along."

They went away together. The young man did not so much as glance over his shoulder at Eve.

AT twelve o'clock sharp the next morning, the maid came in and said, "He's here again."

Eve walked down the long hall on the second floor, turned and walked down the stairs, walked down the long hall on the first floor, turned on the balcony and walked around that, ran down the flight of steps that led to the reception hall, went through the drawing room into the library and through the library into the living room where the young man was revising his estimate on the Chinese vase.

He stood up when she came in. "I have here a few marriage licenses," he said. "This one's bound in green, and this one, our special, is bound in black . . ."

Eve started to cry. The young man put his arms around her and fumbled in his other pocket. "I have here in my other pocket," he said, "a contract that says I am your leading man and that I make more money than you do. A dollar a month. I insisted upon that, and they didn't hesitate much about a dollar. Now we can be married, Eve. I love you."

"Oh, Larry, you fool!" Eve said, and nuzzled her head in his shoulder.

"I take it that it's all right, then," the young man said. "Let's go get married, darling, before I'm forced to start selling you the idea."

Who's Who

(Continued from page 111)

Best all-around man: *Douglas Fairbanks.*

Best all-around woman: *Ina Claire.*

Best master of ceremonies: *Frank Fay.*

Best physical specimen (male): *George O'Brien.*

Best physical specimen (female): *Dorothy Mackaill.*

Best wise-cracker (delivery): *Benny Rubin.*

Best wise-cracker (creative): *Arthur Caesar.*

Best athlete: *Hugh Trevor.*

Keenest sportsman: *Buster Keaton.*

Most vital star: *Al Jolson.*

Most un-movie star: *Richard Arlen.*

Easiest mark: *Lloyd Hamilton.*

Most frugal person: *Gareth Hughes.*

Purest person: *Conrad Nagel.*

Best evening's date (man): *Buddy Rogers.*

Best evening's date (woman): *Sally Eilers.*

Best voice (singing): *Lawrence Tibbett.*

Best voice (speaking): *Lionel Barrymore.*

Most authentic genius: *Charlie Chaplin.*

Most It: *Rex, the King of Wild Horses.*

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PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

Clara Bow Replies

(Continued from page 29)

close to the crowd there is a chance of being lost in it. To do what everyone else does is the only safe thing.

It just happens that I don't like to do the things Hollywood does.

I AM not happy hurrying into evening clothes after returning home from the studio each day and then spending the evening in some socially correct café with the "right" people—whatever they may be. I prefer rest and sleep. I do not enjoy all pictures or plays, so I do not find it necessary to see their "first nights" because it is the Hollywood thing to do.

Having known me mainly through headlines in these intervening years, you probably will not believe it when I say I lead just about the quietest and most unexciting life of any girl in Hollywood. That's the truth, honest! So far as I can remember I have attended only one Mayfair party since it was first begun three or four years ago. I have been to the Embassy Club and the Coconut Grove not a half-dozen times in my life. Funny, isn't it, that a girl who stays at home as many nights out of the week as I do can land in so many headlines?

Who was it who said something about it being foolish "To have the name without the game?" It makes me laugh to know that the famous "fun girl" of Hollywood has less fun than almost anyone of Hollywood.

Somehow or other I do not quite place the picture of myself you describe as "alighting from an Isotta-Fraschini in sparkling diamonds and flaming hair." The hair I recognize, but I can't place the diamonds or the car. I have one or two pieces of jewelry that are really valuable, but you'd have a hard time counting them up to more than that.

If you saw me in an Isotta-Fraschini I'm sure it must have belonged to someone else. I never owned one and was probably quite as impressed to be riding in it as you were at seeing me. Or

perhaps it was one of those occasions when it was thought "politic" for me to make an appearance in public as Clara Bow. That is another fond illusion of dear old Hollywood. It seems that the same public who is supposed to be so curious about my private life would not like to see me riding up in a Ford with a sweater and skirt ensemble as a costume. It makes for another one of those brain twisters I try to unravel lying awake at night. The public wants to see me. They do not want to see me as I am. They want to see me as they think I am, etc. All this is what is so unforgivably stupid to me. They have put me here because I am myself—but I must not be myself! I don't believe it.

THE things you said about my dear mother I appreciate, but somehow I cannot bring myself to discuss her memories in print. Surely there are a few things that must be left private even to Clara Bow.

This I sincerely regret, that during my last visit to New York, my "friends" stood between our meeting. Maybe the title "newspaper woman" kept them from passing your name on to me. Not knowing you to be a friend of the past they possibly reckoned it another publicity encounter in which Clara Bow always says the wrong thing.

I sincerely hope that when I am next again in New York on a vacation, we will meet and have a chance to talk over old times in a corner some place where no one will see us, or hear us, or print us!

With sincere regard,

Clara Bow

The Life of the Party

(Continued from page 99)

you—so give me a pretty kiss!

"This is awful," murmured Will, blushing like a house-a-fire—then, to ze director he pleaded: 'Gosh, must I?'

"You certainly must!" roared that gentleman, between bursts of laughter. So Mr. Rogers gave me my pretty kiss in a nice fatherly way, zereby paving ze way toward being properly vamped!" laughed Fifi.

We laughed, too. We always knew Will was bashful, but didn't know he was quite so much so!

When Fifi first arrived to brighten the world, her aunt, Blanche de la Sablonniere, at one time Canada's most be-

loved dramatic actress—she is still living in Montreal—said, "Ah, this little baby girl will some day be a famous actress!"

"She will not!" roared the baby's father. "my little baby will never set so much as one foot on the stage."

But "papa's little baby" fooled him good and plenty!

REACHING the merry old age of seventeen, Fifi decided to embark on a journey to another metropolis. She took her mother into her confidence and they told her father she was going to New York. At that, he stamped his

feet, stuck his thumbs in his vest and crackled, in French, words which meant: "Oh, yeah?" That should have stopped Fifi. But it didn't stop her and soon "dad" had to let her go to the big city.

So a little French-Canadian girl turned her shapely back on the home of her birth and snapped shell-pink fingers at Montreal business life for something different. And New York met Yvonne Lussrer, with the new name of Fifi Dorsay.

There she took to modeling in various department stores and women's shops. In her spare moments she posed for several artists and one of them finally suggested that she might make more money on the stage. Immediately, Fifi haunted the booking offices but it was two months before she got her first chance. She joined the chorus of a musical comedy and soon found herself a member of the "Greenwich Village Follies" with Gallagher and Shean.

Finally, on her suggestion, she was permitted to sing a little song in French. It went over big and this ended her career as a chorus girl. When the show closed on tour, Fifi returned to New York and soon went into vaudeville with a young man partner named Berrens. They toured the country for two years and a half in the same act. But that was plenty long enough for Fifi. She decided she would go crazy if she kept up the routine and so, back to New York once again. Here she found jobs more scarce than ever and was out of work for ten months. But Old Man Hard-luck couldn't beat Fifi—she turned her apartment into a rooming place and managed to keep the wolf on his own side of the door until she secured a job singing at a motion picture theater in Brooklyn. The unit went on tour and in Baltimore she was given her two weeks' notice. In Pittsburgh, the next week, however, she was a great sensation and the manager attempted to rescind the notice.

BUT Fifi had other plans laid out. She intended to marry the brother of her former vaudeville partner. The marriage did not take place, though, as Fifi was induced to go back to New York and take a test for a rôle in "They Had to See Paris."

Three weeks later she was in Hollywood assigned to the rôle in which she made screen history. The sensation she caused in that production *has not been surpassed* by any other feminine player, practically unknown at the time, in the history of filmdom. Her fan mail is now enormous. The fans are making her a star in her own right.

Meanwhile, the wedding bells wait and seem likely to wait a long time, too, for Fifi declares she does not intend to marry as long as she remains in talking pictures.

"No, I was never in love, I just maybe think I was!" she laughed. "I am in love with nobody and I think I will not marry for a long time—perhaps never. What good is a husband?" she grinned, and her hazel eyes sparkled with glee and her jet black hair bobbed up and down as she shook her head. "Maybe he would sleep all the day and I would

have to support him forever! That wouldn't be so good, would it?"

Following her rôle in "They Had to See Paris," she appeared in "Hot for Paris," and after that in "On the Level" and "Women Everywhere." She was loaned to M-G-M for "Those Three French Girls." She is now making "Charlie Chan Carries On" for Fox.

FIFI'S home is on a hillside—up from Sunset Boulevard—in a Spanish-type building called Villa Madrid. It is in reality an apartment house but looks like a Spanish hacienda. She lives there with a housekeeper who looks after her like a mother. Fifi's sister, Alice, lives there, too. Fifi says it is the first real home she has ever had and she is never so happy as when she is entertaining her friends there at a quiet dinner, with lots of music afterwards. She is really quite domestic at heart.

Her closest friends are Marjorie White and her husband, Eddie Tierney, Maureen O'Sullivan, El Brendel and his wife.

She is loyalty itself to her old-time friends of the lean days and for a straight ten minutes she talked, telling us why she thought a chap she knew in the old days (who was getting a small part in a picture) should be given a lot of good publicity to help him get a break—"because he is a good man and has a wife and baby and needs the work."

Although Fifi likes her serious rôles as well as her comedy ones, she really prefers to do musical comedy leads.

She reads little, and what she does read is mostly fiction, both French and English.

She rides, swims like an expert, dances and plays tennis.

"All the time," she declared, "I love it. And I love to dance. I guess I like to be always on the go—never still!"

Has Fifi a hobby? Yes, it is bridge and she says she plays only when there is something at stake.

She owns no pets, but loves dogs, particularly Airdales.

She loves pretty clothes but wears sport togs a lot, because she says they are so comfortable. She has a fine sense of the psychology of clothes and she believes in being properly costumed for the time and place. She effects costume jewelry to harmonize with a costume and also has gloves and hand bags and other accessories in keeping with her prevailing ensemble. She is really America's idea of the continental French girl—the French girl before the war—ultra smart and sophisticated, but always conservative in public.

Fifi used to send to Paris for gowns but doesn't anymore as she insists the styles and materials in this country are equal in every way to those of France—in fact even better.

She likes to smoke an occasional cigarette but doesn't overdo the habit.

She has taken out papers to become an American citizen, as she intends to make this her country always.

We think she has one nice big rosy future looking her squarely in the face—don't you agree with us?

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Film Gossip

(Continued from page 17)

Hollywood is expecting to see from the Greer salon; cloud white, seafoam white, mist gray, turf green, haze purple, marine blue, and mirage tan.

SEEN at the Embassy Club: One will almost always find Evelyn Brent at Hollywood's famous exclusive Club for luncheon. Invariably she is attired in a simple costume. On the other hand, another regular contributor to the cause is Joan Bennett, who is always dressed in the last gasp of fashion . . . at least. She will be found studying the menu through her lorgnette—not really hi-hat—just near-sighted.

The Embassy is also becoming quite a hangout for producers of all ages and weights. Youthful and feather-weight honors go of course, to Carl, Jr., who is often to be located by his "busy" secretary at the Club during the noon rush. Winnie Sheehan also calls.

Dick Arlen having a bite with a particular pal . . . Rupert Hughes, the famous author, doing more talking than eating, which doesn't help the overhead at all . . . Mrs. Jack Warner throwing quite a big party for the gals of some repute . . . Tashman (The Great Lil) having assorted pies with Eddie Lowe and William K. Howard. These three go about a lot together.

IT'S the little things that count in Hollywood. But, then, it might be said that the pride of movie magnates is anything but little. Take the case of a certain leading man who took it into his mind to put on the dog about two years ago.

This chap had never been in Europe, but he had an English accent that you could cut with a knife. He had always hankered to have an English butler, so on the occasion of his biggest party he hired one for the night. As it happened, the butler was a stranger in Hollywood, and knew nothing of movie names. During the evening a stranger dropped in to see the actor. But he wasn't dressed for the evening, so the butler turned him away.

And it wasn't until the next day that the actor learned the caller was not only one of the most important executives in the movie industry, but his own boss to boot. And he hasn't worked since except in an occasional "quickie."

WILLIAM (HOLIDAY) POWELL has received his new middle name for the reason that he is the nine hundred and forty-sixth man to play a part in a picture having this word in the title. His next: "Death Takes A Holiday."

EVERYONE in Hollywood is talking about the amazing come-back staged by that swell actress Marie Prevost. She did not return as a star, but

her characterizations are standing out in every picture in which she has a part. When she returned a few months ago, all we heard was "Marie's too fat." "Not a chance for her to come back." But the gal fooled 'em by playing parts that were made doubly outstanding for the very reason that she was a bit plump. Hats off.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S figure is becoming known about the hamlet as a "mirage." One minute, she looks "tall and skinny," and the next time one sees her, she looks "too fat for words!" The girls at the cat parties are unable to understand this discrepancy. Some of them are of the opinion that it is the type of clothes Marlene wears. Others think it is merely the color of the clothes. The rest of the colony has given the guessing contest up for lost. When interviewed at the studio, she positively appeared heavy . . . and that night at an opening she was mistaken for Garbo going down the aisle. And Garbo is certainly thin. What do you make of it, Watson?

MACK SENNETT offered Jack Dempsey \$7,500 for a week's work in which he would be called upon to portray a championship fighter in a two-reel comedy. The former champ read the story and turned the offer down. It was about a champion whose only fear was of his wife, before whom he cowed and became submissive.

"It isn't logical" explained Jack, having in mind his own domestic happiness. But the funny thing is that the situation actually happened in the life of a former fighter.

NOW comes an announcement from the United Artists studio that Edmund Goulding, director of "Reaching For The Moon," for one hour turned over the megaphone of that picture to Charlie Chaplin, who was visiting the set. Charlie put Bebe Daniels and Douglas Fairbanks through their paces for one entire scene.

The next day Harold Lloyd dropped over and Mr. Goulding again modestly relinquished his grip on the "meg."

Oh, well, it all makes nice publicity copy for the boys, anyway.

PROBABLY Hollywood's actors have no hand in the publicity yarns sent out about them by their studios. But occasionally you'd think that when these publicity blurbs are a trifle too obvious the actors would make some effort to correct things.

In his most recent biography, for example, Norman Kerry is quoted as having come to Hollywood "from the wilds of Utah, where he'd been chasing cattle and such." But the Broadway boys of, say twelve or thirteen years ago know different than that, especially since they can recall Norman's hoofing activities in the night life of the town.

He was Norman Kaiser then, but he changed his name during the war. These publicity agents!

THE Fox Studio pulled a smart one in connection with a "Charlie Chan" mystery story they recently filmed. The particular story had been widely read and there was little suspense involved in uncovering the identity of the murderer if the picture had been filmed as it was written by Earl Derr Biggers. But it won't be.

Some very smart fellow had the good idea of pinning the murder on another character—and now, even if you've read the story, you'll probably guess wrong. So you'd better not try to guess at all.

SUE CAROL has discarded her ingenuish clothes and is branching out in several smart and sophisticated garments from her personal wardrobe.

Even in her new found glory there is a little-girl-all-dressed-up-in-her-mother's clothes look about Sue.

TONGUES began wagging a short time ago when Richard Dix began to be seen places with Mary Lawlor, one of the most recent stage importations, particularly since Mary was believed to be affianced to Phillips Holmes.

It was even whispered that Richard and there was some surprise manifested over it. But there are some persons who will remember when Richard did some real pilfering. Richard, you know, was believed to be betrothed for years to Lois Wilson, but nothing ever came of it. One night, though, after they had broken off, Richard learned that Lois was down at a Long Island night place with a party which included James J. Walker, the mayor of a certain village. And just to show that Mayor Walker wasn't such a big guy he went down and took Lois away.

A PERSONAL TRIUMPH FOR LOIS MORAN

IT'S a real thrill for us supporters of the talkies, stepchildren of the stage that we are, to witness one of our own creations skyrocketing to success on the boards of our dignified foster mother.

Lois Moran appeared before a hard-boiled New York first night audience in Robert E. Sherwood's latest comedy drama, "This is New York" and scored what can only be called a personal triumph. Poised, beautiful, consistently competent in the interpretation of her rôle, the daughter of a Gotham-damning middle western senator, Lois Moran ran off with honors for the evening.

In the audience were Phillips Holmes, Al Smith, June Walker, Roland Young, and many others. Back stage, Lois Moran was breathlessly exuberant, modestly eager for the audience reaction. Which was unanimously approving.

Do not fail to read "Helpful Mothers of Hollywood" in our next issue. It's a follow-up to "Meddlesome Mothers of Hollywood" in this issue.

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Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried—Kissproof or any other kind.

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

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It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no



Eight hours later—lovely lips!

other lipstick does or has ever done . . . actually seems to last indefinitely.

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quicken loveliness—trust the French for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid \$2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

The NEW Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK

Lipstick—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c. Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c. Newest Parisian Shades: Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.

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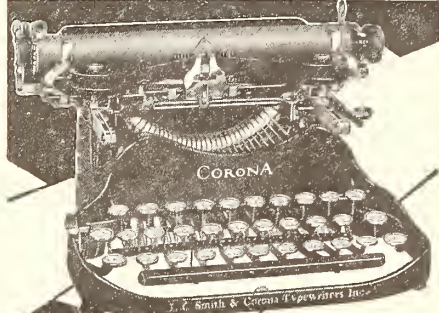
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Not-So-Haughty Connie

(Continued from page 65)

... and then the beauty doctor came ... all in starchy white ... and gave me a questioning glance ... and started to work.

SO it wasn't long ... until the sophisticated hair line ... that has made Connie famous ... was completely erased ... by the water spout ... and the starched lady's clever hands. And there sat Bennett ... with her ever-immaculate hair ... hanging in disjointed shreds ... and standing in funny little curlyques ... all over her head ... and the soapy water ran down her neck ... and down her forehead ... and once she cried out ... and asked for a towel ... that she might wipe her eyes ... where the soap had crept in.

And then the washing was over ... and the lady-of-the-apron ... was rubbing the "haughty head" ... with a huge turkish towel ... and when she had finished ... and Connie sat there ... without a wave in her hair ... I suddenly realized ... that a "haughty lady" ... wouldn't invite a man ... into a beauty parlor ... to see her hair washed ... and watch the soap ... as it trickled down her neck ... because a woman isn't very beautiful ... in a beauty parlor ... except at the door ... as she goes out!

Then the aproned-lady ... poured some brown goo on Constance's head ... and it looked all sticky ... and not at all nice ... and then clever hands ... began shaping the wave ... and as it took form ... I said to myself ... that it wasn't Connie who was "haughty" at all ... but it was the lady in white ... who was to blame ... for the sophisticated hair line ... that made Connie look so uppish ... or whatever you call it.

THEN they brought a machine ... and hung it over her head ... and hot air started rushing ... onto her

head ... so that the wave would dry ... and the attendant went away ... and we were alone. So I asked Connie ... if it were true ... that she always spent ... \$250,000.00 ... on clothes every year ... as a certain story had said she did ... and she opened her eyes very wide ... and said "no!" ... and I asked her about the story ... and how anyone could write that ... if Connie hadn't said it ... and she told me ... that a woman reporter had stopped her ... in a hotel lobby ... in New York one day ... and asked her point blank ... how much she spent for clothes ... and Connie didn't like the question ... and didn't think it was anybody's business ... so she had just answered, "Plenty" ... and then the reporter went away ... and wrote a story ... and instead of "Plenty" ... she had written, \$250,000.00 ... "And maybe," said Connie ... "Plenty meant \$250,000.00 to that person ... but it doesn't to me ... and I didn't like it ... and neither did my friends ... nor even my fans ... in fact, they resented it ... and I don't blame them ... because I resented it too!"

AND so if you thought ... when you saw "Common Clay" ... that Connie was miscast ... as the poor little girl ... and if all you could think of ... when you saw her acting ... were the beautiful clothes ... and the "haughty air" ... just think of what I've told you ... about Connie Bennett ... and how she's just like other women ... in that she isn't haughty ... or even beautiful ... in a beauty parlor.

And after all ... when the soap's running down one's neck ... one's real personality comes out ... because personality is one's only hope ... for the moment ... and Connie Bennett ... in that particular moment ... is very sweet ... and more than charming!

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 9)

SONG O' MY HEART (Fox)—The marvelous tenor, John McCormack, in his first talking picture. Need more be said?

Lawes of Sing Sing, plays a small part.

SUSPENSE (British International)—A superbly realistic picture of men under fire. This won't cheer you up, if you feel blue, but if you like truth, it's well worth your time.

THE VIRTUOUS SIN (Paramount)—A story about a weakling, his wife, and a hard-hearted general. The plot is old stuff but Kay Francis as the wife and Walter Huston as the general give splendid performances and you should see it.

THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS (M-G-M)—A story which some will find very funny and others will find dull. Fifi Dorsay, Reginald Denny, and Ukulele Ike help the fun along.

WAR NURSE (M-G-M)—A picture which is supposed to glorify the work of the nurses in the well known war.

THREE FACES EAST (Warner)—Constance Bennett and Eric von Stroheim in a continental spy story which is a good deal better than most of that ilk.

WHAT A WIDOW! (United Artists)—Gloria Swanson in her second talkie. Reverting to her first movie appearances, Gloria goes slapstick with a vengeance in this one—and gets away with it. Lew Cody and Owen Moore give the little lady splendid support.

TOL'ABLE DAVID (Columbia)—Reviewed in this issue.

WHOOPEE (United Artists)—Eddie Cantor in a talkie version of the Ziegfeld musical comedy. This picture is produced with a lavish touch and achieves a superb finish. Cantor's antics will give you many a laugh.

THE UNHOLY THREE (M-G-M) The final gesture of a great artist—Lon Chaney.

UP THE RIVER (Fox)—An unusual prison picture, the main ingredient of which is satirical humor. Cherie Lawes, the daughter of the well known Warden

WITHIN THE LAW (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 104)

eyebrows before.

And then—this is what I've been working up to—Henri picked up a tiny curved comb and a soft brown eyebrow pencil. With the comb he held the hairs of the eyebrows away from the skin and colored them over the teeth of the comb. I hope I make myself clear, but the idea—and it's one of the smartest ideas since the invention of the telephone—is to make up your eyebrows without getting that hard, artificial line on the skin itself.

I PASSED this little tip along to Sally Ann, whereupon she immediately proposed a visit to one of those wonderful stores where nothing costs more than a quarter, there to hunt a tiny, fine-toothed comb.

We had the most gorgeous time, really, and I found out, to my surprise, that not only the very well known cold creams and lotions are sold there in miniature quantities, but even your own pet and particular preferences in the way of cosmetics can be bought in these small sizes. And a few of the better perfumes. Simply indispensable for purses and week-end cases. Sally Ann bought enough to supply her for all the week-ends she could possibly be invited to for the next year.

"I need some liquid powder," she said, dropping packages all over.

"What for—and what kind?" I asked.

"Oh, any kind," said Sally Ann.

"You see, being red-headed, I freckle and when I was a small child I would sit on beaches in the sun and my arms are quite hopeless, really."

"Did you ever try grease paint?"

"Grease paint? No!" and Sally Ann giggled.

"It's not so preposterous," I said indignantly. "It's really much more natural looking and efficient than liquid powder. Liquid powder is fine on one's face, in the evening. But grease paint is easier to apply to one's arms."

"But doesn't it come off on everybody?" asked Sally Ann. "And isn't it terribly gooey?"

"You don't need very much," I told her. "Buy the kind that comes in a tube—not the stick kind. And just dot it on, in tiny dabs. Then rub it in well with the palm of your hand. And powder over it. Then rub the powder with a soft cloth and it forms a smooth even coating—a coating that doesn't come off on coats."

So Sally Ann and I went to buy a tube of grease paint and we walked through three departments trying to find it and they didn't have it, so we went to a shop that sells theatrical make-up and they had it. And after that we walked all the way home and Sally Ann didn't complain of her feet hurting once, because she was wearing her new oxfords. I left her at the door of her apartment, trying to think up a joke which sounded something like "All God's Chillun Got Sensible Shoes."

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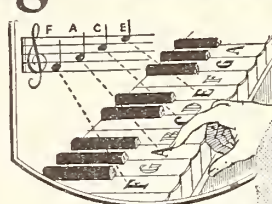
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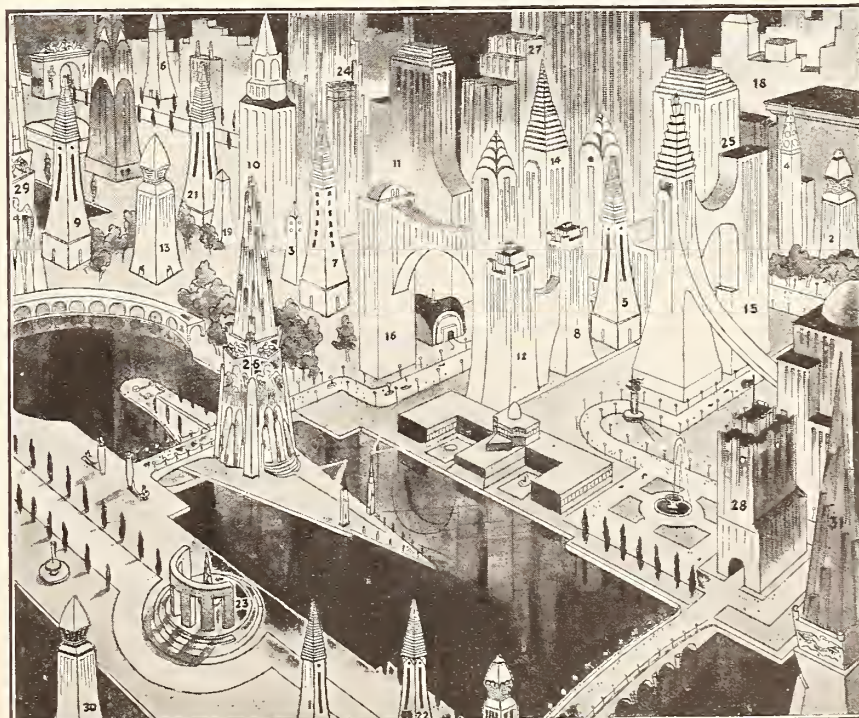
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made. If you can find the twin towers, send the numbers together with your name and address. Twenty-eight hundred, fifty dollars, or a brand new 90 h. p. airplane, and actual flying instruction to be paid as first prize, with an extra prize of \$850.00—you can win this by being prompt—making a total first prize of \$3700.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prize there are dozens of other well-chosen prizes which will be given to the winners in this unique "advertising-to-the-public" program. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago, or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today. M. J. MATHER, Room 59 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois.



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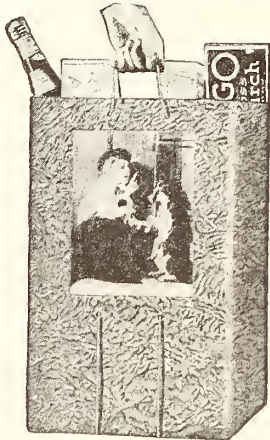
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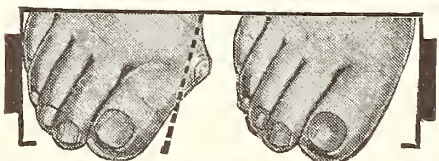
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The Directory of Players

(Continued from page 11)

CAROL, SUE; married to Nick Stuart; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO studio. Contract player. Molly O'Neal in "Dancing Sweeties." Marie Thurston in "She's My Weakness." Jean Blair in "Check and Double Check."

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Jack Kirkland; born in New York city. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Hallie Hobart in "The Devil's Holiday." Laura Moore in "Follow Thru." Peggy Gibson in "Laughter." Now at work on "Stolen Heaven."

CHANEY, LON; born in Colorado Springs, Colo. Died in August, 1930, after making his first talkie, "The Unholy Three."

CHAPLIN, CHARLES; divorced from Mildred Harris and Lita Grey; born in London, Eng. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio. Producer-star for United Artists. Stellar role in "The Circus." Just completed "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLES; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md. Write him at the Hal Roach studio, Hollywood, Cal. Contract star. Making two-reel comedies for Roach.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Sarah Storm in "Sarah and Son." Featured role in "Paramount on Parade." Pansy Gray in "Anybody's Woman." Stellar role in "The Right to Love."

CHIERILL, VIRGINIA; divorced; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at the Charles Chaplin studio. Contract player. Blind flower girl in "City Lights."

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Count Alred in "The Love Parade." Pierre in "The Big Pond." Albert in "Playboy of Paris."

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Diplomat," "The Valiant," and "The Big Trail." Now playing opposite Warner Baxter in "The Spider."

CLAIRE, BERNICE; unmarried; born in Oakland, Calif. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Mary Dane in "Numbered Men." Mlle. Fifi in "Kiss Me Again." Virginia Rollins in "Top Speed."

CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Berlin, New Hampshire. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "What a Widow!" United Artists. Comedy-heavy in "Divorce Among Friends." Warner Bros. Featured role in "Beyond Victory." Pathe.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Barbara Billings in "The Big Pond." Lydia Thorne in "Manslaughter." Feminine lead in "Strictly Business."

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "Lumox." United Artists. Tony in "Little Caesar." First National. Johnny Beasley in "Reducing." M-G-M.

COLLYER, JUNE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Patricia Hunter in "A Man From Wyoming." Paramount. Feminine lead in "Charley's Aunt." Christie-Columbia. Mrs. Garland in "Extravagance." Tiffany. Betty Thatcher in "Beyond Victory." Pathe.

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from English actress-wife; born in Surrey, Eng. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "Condemned." "Bulldog Drummond." and "Raffles." Now playing Willie in "The Devil To Pay."

COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah. Write her at RKO studio. Cherry Malotte in "The Spoilers." Paramount. Sally in "The Midnight Mystery." RKO. Helene in "The Boudoir Diplomat." Universal. Mahyna in "She Got What She Wanted." Tiffany.

CONKLIN, CHESTER; married to Minnie Goodwin; born in Oskaloosa, Iowa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player.

Comedy role in "The Virginian." Now making two-reel comedies for Paramount.

COOGAN, JACKIE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Title role in "Tom Sawyer." Paramount. Now attending school near Los Angeles.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Glenister in "The Spoilers." Tom Brown in "Morocco." Male lead in "Fighting Caravans." Now starring in "Dishonored."

COSTELLO, DOLORES; married to John Barrymore; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Stellar role in "Hearts in Exile." Temporarily retired.

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Jerry in "Our Blushing Brides." Mary Turner in "Within the Law."

DANE, KARL; divorced; born in Copenhagen. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Olsen in "The Big House." M-G-M. Svensen in "Billy the Kid." M-G-M.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at RKO studio. Contract star. Title roles in "Rio Rita" and "Dixiana." RKO. Co-starred in "Ex-Mistress." Warner Bros. Joyce Benton in "Reaching for the Moon." United Artists.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France. Write her at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Rescue." Sam Goldwyn. "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." M-G-M. and "The Cockeyed World." Fox. Now playing Felice in "Fighting Caravans." Paramount.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "Marianne." "The Floradora Girl" and "Rosalie." Now starring in "The Bachelor Father."

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance star. Title roles in "Ramona" and "Evangeline." Temporarily retired because of ill health.

DELL, CLAUDIA; unmarried; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at Warner Bros. Contract player. Annabel in "Big Boy." Sally in "Sit Tight." Romantic lead in "Fifty Million Frenchmen."

DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steifel; born in London, Eng. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Lead in "Madame Satan." M-G-M. Barney in "Stolen Thunder." Fox. Paul Brandt in "A Lady's Morals." M-G-M. Victor Randall in "Kiki." United Artists.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married; born in Berlin, Germany. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Amy Jolly in "Morocco." Feminine lead in "Dishonored."

DIX, RICHARD; unmarried; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at RKO studio. Contract star. Gangster in "Shooting Straight." Yancey Cravat in "Cimarron."

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. French vamp in "They Had to See Paris." Fox. Charmaine in "Those Three French Girls." M-G-M.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City. Write her at Metropolitan studio. Contract star. Caddo Productions. Starred in "The Night Watch." First National. Now taking a six months' vacation.

DOWLING, EDDIE; married to Ray Dooley; born in Providence, R. I. Write him at Metropolitan studio. Sono-Art contract star. Produced and starred in "The Rainbow Man" and "Blaze o' Glory."

DRESSER, LOUISE; married to Jack Gardner; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Not Quite Decent." Fox. "Madonna of Avenue A." Warner Bros. Mrs. Jones in "Lightnin'." Fox.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada. Write her at M-G-M. Contract player. Marthy in "Anna Christie." Marie in "Caught Short." Min in "Min and Bill," Marie in "Reducing," all M-G-M.

DUNCAN, ROSETTA; unmarried; born in Chicago. Write her at M-G-M studio. Freen lance player. Co-starred in "Topsy and Eva," (silent), United Artists, and "It's a Great Life," M-G-M. Now in New York.

DUNCAN, VIVIAN; married to Nils Asther; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "Topsy and Eva," (silent), United Artists, and "It's a Great Life," M-G-M. Now in New York.

DUNN, JOSEPHINE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. One of "Our Modern Maidens," M-G-M. Feminine leads in "Red Hot Rhythm," Pathe, and "Melody Lane," Universal. Marion in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia.

DURKIN, JUNIOR; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Huckleberry Finn in "Tom Sawyer." Old Timer in "The Sante Fe Trail."

EDWARDS, CLIFF; divorced; born in Hannibal, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Nescapook in "Dough Boys." Owly in "Those Three French Girls." Cosy in "The Southerner."

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Mary in "Dough Boys." Diane in "Let Us Be Gay." Joyce Truffle in "Reducing," all for M-G-M.

ELDRIDGE, FLORENCE; married to Fredric March; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "The Studio Murder Mystery," "Charming Sinners," and "The Green Murder Case," Paramount. "The Matrimonial Bed," Warner Bros.

ERWIN, STUART; unmarried; born in Squaw Valley, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Eustace Macy in "Dangerous Nan McGrew." Paul in "Playboy of Paris." Oscar in "Only Saps Work." Ambrose in "Along Came Youth." Ole Olsen in "No Limit."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Norman in "The Little Accident," Universal. Billy Bear in "The Way of All Men." Douglas Scott in "The Dawn Patrol," both for First National. Juvenile lead in "Outboard Bound," Warner Bros. Joe Mascarra in "Little Caesar," First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract producer-star. Co-starred with Mary Pickford in "The Taming of the Shrew." Larry Day in "Reaching for the Moon."

FARRELL, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Walpole, Mass. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Charlie Peters in "The Princess and the Plumber." Co-starred with Janet Gaynor in "The Man Who Came Back."

FAZENDA, LOUISE; married to Hal Wallis; born in LaFayette, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Hortense in "The Leathernecks," RKO. Aunt Kate in "The Main Street Princess."

FRANCIS, KAY; unmarried; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Gwen in "Raffles," Samuel Goldwyn. Irene Manners in "For the Defense," Paramount. Narya Lanskoi in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount. Dulcie in "The Passion Flower," M-G-M.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Anna in "Anna Christie." Madame Cavallini in "Romance." Now working as Yvonne in "Inspiration."

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "Seventh Heaven," "Two Girls Wanted," "Four Devils," and "Lucky Star." Now co-starring in "The Man Who Came Back," all for Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Tekamah, Neb. Write him at Universal



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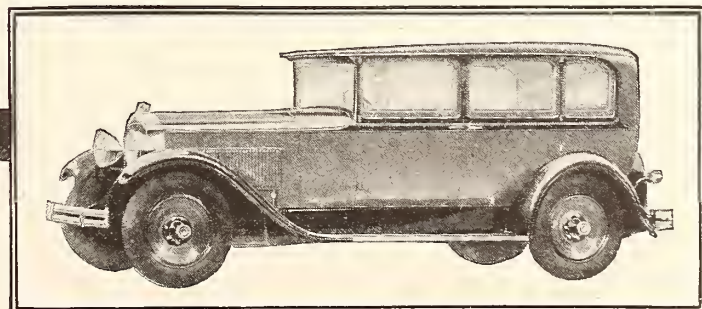
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IN what is perhaps the most unusual advertising offer ever presented to the public we are going to award dozens of bounteous prizes totaling over \$7,500.00 in value. The first prize is \$2,085.00 (or the Packard Sedan shown below) and there is an additional prize of \$415.00 to be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness.

As the qualification for the opportunity to win this \$2,500.00 we present this difficult test of observation. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

Here is the test. Pictured above is the Viking ship of two courageous brothers, Eric, the Fearless, and Olaf, the Stalwart. They are stationed among the crew, their shields showing plainly over the sides, the same as those of others of the fiery band. They can be distinguished from the others in that their shields are the only two exactly alike. In battle they would be at the head of their band fighting fiercely, but can you find them now just by their shields, which are identical in every detail? All of the shields look different at first glance, yet the shields of these two brothers are identical in design, in size and shape, in every line.

Look carefully. If you think you have found the twin shields, send the numbers of them on a post card or in a letter. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. JOHN W. GENZ, Dept. 179, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



(Continued on next page)

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TO BE
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ROMANCES



JOAN CRAWFORD

This versatile actress of the screen has finished her latest picture, "Within The Law." A complete thrilling story of it is presented in the February issue of **SCREEN ROMANCES** now on sale at all news stands.

Complete stories of the leading motion picture hits of the month that are also in the February number of **SCREEN ROMANCES** include—

"SUNNY" which stars the charming *Marilyn Miller* in the talking picture adaptation of her Ziegfeld success. *Lawrence Gray* is her leading man.

"EX-MISTRESS" presents *Bebe Daniels* opposite her husband, *Ben Lyon*, although in the picture Ben is married to *Natalie Moorhead*. However, *Lewis Stone* paves the way to a happy ending.

"NEW MOON" is a romantic tale of a beautiful princess who finds her prince. *Grace Moore* and *Lawrence Tibbett* are featured together in this romance.

"BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT" is an intriguing, daring story of a man under orders to make love to a woman for his country. *Ian Keith*, *Betty Compson*, *Jeanette Loff* and *Mary Duncan* are the principals.

"PAINTED DESERT" is a story of the rugged West in which *Bill Boyd* is starred. The heart interest is supplied by the lovely *Helen Twelvetrees*.

"PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER" is a delightful love story presenting *Charles Farrell* as the hero and *Maureen O'Sullivan* as the princess.

These stories are all COMPLETE and profusely illustrated in the February number. Special features include a lovely gift from Joan Crawford and another surprise from Constance Bennett. Get acquainted with **SCREEN ROMANCES** today. The February issue is now on sale at all news stands. GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

Screen Romances

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AT ALL
NEWS
STANDS

The Directory of Players

(Continued from the preceding page)

studio. Producer-star. Stellar roles in "Points West," "The Winged Horseman" and "Spurs."

GILBERT, JOHN; married to Ina Claire; born in Logan, Utah. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Featured role in "Redemption." Stellar roles in "One Glorious Night," and "Way For a Sailor."

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at Pathe studio. Contract player-writer. Steve in "Her Man." Jim in "Beyond Victory." Tom in "Big Money," all for Pathe.

GLEASON, RUSSELL; unmarried; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at Pathe studio. Contract player. Johnny Dale in "Officer O'Brien," Pathe. Featured role in "All Quiet on the Western Front," Universal. Russell in "Beyond Victory," Pathe.

GORDON, GAVIN; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. The Parson in "Romance." Muir in "The Great Meadow," both for M-G-M. "Heavy" in "The Silver Horde," RKO.

GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player-writer. Featured in "The Flying Fleet," M-G-M, and "Submarine" and "Flight," Columbia. Now playing Frisky Pierce in "Dirigible," Columbia.

GRAY, ALEXANDER; unmarried; born in Wrightsville, Pa. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Song of the Flame," First National.

GRAY, LAWRENCE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Cal. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Male lead opposite Marion Davies in "Marianne" and "The Floradora Girl," for M-G-M. Male lead in "Sunny," First National.

GREEN, HARRY; divorced from Mabel Hurst; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Herman in "The Spoilers," Gabriel Grabowski in "Sea Legs," Maxie Mindil in "No Limit," all for Paramount.

GREEN, MITZI; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Penelope in "Love Among the Millionaires," Emily in "The Santa Fe Trail," Becky Thatcher in "Tom Sawyer."

GRIFFITH, CORINNE; married to Walter Morosco; born in Texarkana, Texas. Write her at Malibu Beach, Calif. Free lance star. Stellar roles in "The Divine Lady," "Outcast," "Prisoners" and "Saturday's Children," all for First National.

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Windy in "Way Out West," William J. Brennan in "Remote Control."

HALL, JAMES; divorced; born in Dallas, Texas. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "Maybe It's Love," Warner Bros. Co-starred in "Hell's Angels," Caddo. Dan in "The Third Alarm," Tiffany.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Lynn, Mass. Write him at Malibu Beach, Calif. Free lance player, Major Brand in "The Dawn Patrol," First National. Charles Wilder in "The Cat Creeps," Universal. Starred in "Net Work," Fox. Ivan in "The Spy," Fox.

HARDING, ANN; married to Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Write her at Pathe studio. Contract star. Linda in "Holiday," Pathe. Starred in "The Girl of the Golden West," First National. The wife in "East Lynne," Fox. Now making "Rebound" for Pathe.

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at the Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "The Brat" and "The Rap."

HEGGIE, O. P.; unmarried; born in Angaston, South Australia. Write him at Para-

The Modern Screen Magazine

mount studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "Outward Bound," Warner Bros. Peters in "Sunny," First National. Philibert in "Playboy of Paris," Paramount.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Ernest Heron in "Grumpy," Paramount. Dan in "Her Man," Pathe. Tony in "Play Called Life," Fox. Robert Graham in "The Criminal Code," Columbia.

HOLT, JACK; married to non-professional; born in Virginia. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "Flight" and "Submarine." Now playing Brandon in "Dirigible," all for Columbia.

HUGHES, LLOYD; married to Gloria Hope; born in Bisbee, Arizona. Write him at RKO studio. Free lance player. Male lead in "When Love Comes Along," RKO. Featured role in "Moby Dick."

HUSTON, WALTER; separated from wife; born in Toronto, Canada. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Title role in "Abraham Lincoln," United Artists. Lopez in "The Bad Man," First National. The General in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount. Warden Brady in "The Criminal Code," Columbia.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Anne in "The Big House," Alma in "Sins of the Children," Joan in "Way for a Sailor," all for M-G-M. Mrs. Murdock in "The Shepper Newfounder," Fox.

JANIS, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Indian girl in "Kit Carson." Feminine leads in "The Pagan" and "The Overland Telegraph," all for M-G-M.

JANNEY, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at RKO studio. Free lance player. Young brother in "Coquette," United Artists. Gordon Scott in "The Dawn Patrol," First National. Tommy Powell in "Shooting Straight," RKO. Tommy Brown in "The Pay Off," RKO.

JOHNSON, KAY; married to John Cromwell; born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Helen Chester in "The Spoilers," Paramount. Title role in "Madame Satan," Claire in "Billy the Kid," M-G-M. Cassy in "The Passion Flower," M-G-M. Anna in "The Spy," Fox.

JOLSON, AL; married to Ruby Keeler; born in St. Petersburg, Russia. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "The Jazz Singer," "Say It With Songs," "Mammy," and "Big Boy," for Warner Bros. "Sons O' Guns" to be first vehicle for United Artists.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksville, Tenn. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Marilyn in "Love in the Rough," Feminine lead in "Devil May Care," Nancy in "Min and Bill," all for M-G-M.

KANE, HELEN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Nan McGrew in "Dangerous Nan McGrew," Featured role in "Heads Up."

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "Free and Easy," and "Dough Boys," for M-G-M.

KENT, BARBARA; unmarried; born in Gadsbury, Alberta, Canada. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Juvenile lead in "What Men Want," Universal. Feminine lead in "Feet First," Harold Lloyd. Now vacationing in Europe.

KING, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Sam Ferguson in "Remote Control," M-G-M. Skeets in "The Dawn Trail," Columbia.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES; divorced from Lila Lee; born in North Dakota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "The Time, the Place and the Girl," Warner Bros., and "Back Waters," World Wide. Speed Grogan in "Stampede," Paramount.

LAKE, ARTHUR; unmarried; born in Corbin, Ky. Write him at RKO studio. Contract player. Starred in "Dance Hall," "Tanned Legs" and "She's My Weakness," all for RKO.

LANE, LOLA; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at James Cruze studio. Contract star. Featured role in "Good

News," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "The Big Fight," James Cruze.

LANE, LUPINO; married to Violet Blythe; born in London, Eng. Write him at Educational studio. Featured comedian in "The Love Parade," Paramount. Now starring in a London stage revue.

LAUREL, STAN; married to non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "The Brat" and "The Rap."

LAPLANTE, LAURA; married to William Sieter; born in St. Louis, Mo. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance star. Stellar roles in "Show Boat," "Scandal" and "The Last Warning," Universal. Now vacationing at Malibu Beach.

LAROCQUE, ROD; married to Vilma Banky; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Free lance player. Title role in "Beau Bandit," RKO. Bob Brown in "Let Us Be Gay," M-G-M. Now in New York.

LEBEDEFF, IVAN; unmarried; born in Uspolai, Lithuania. Write him at RKO studio. Contract player. Butch Miller in "The Conspiracy," Mischa in "The Midnight Mystery," Now vacationing in Europe.

LEE, DOROTHY; married to non-professional; born in Los Angeles, Cal. Write her at RKO studio. Contract player. Juvenile lead in "Rio Rita," Featured role in "Dixiana," Annette in "Half Shot" at Sunrise," Feminine lead in "Hook, Line and Sinker."

LEE, GWEN; unmarried; born in Hastings, Neb. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Played in "Our Blushing Brides" and "Caught Short," Anna in "Within the Law," all for M-G-M.

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Princess Ellen in "The Queen of Main Street," Feminine lead in "The Gorilla," First National. Rosie in "The Unholy Three," M-G-M. Just recovered from long illness.

LEWIS, GEORGE; married to Mary Lou Lohman; born in Mexico City. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "College Love" and "King of the Campus," Universal.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greentop, L. I. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Toots in "Hold Everything," Flo in "The Life of the Party," Winnie in "Sit Tight."

LIVINGSTON, MARGARET; unmarried; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "For the Love o' Lil," Columbia. Mae in "Big Money," Pathe. Paulette Vaille in "Kiki," United Artists.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb. Write him at Metropolitan studio. Producer-star. Stellar roles in "Speedy" and "Feet First."

LOFF, JEANETTE; divorced; born in Orofino, Idaho. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured role in "The King of Jazz," Greta in "The Boudoir Diplomat."

LOMBARD, CAROL; unmarried; born in Fort Wayne, Ind. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "Racketeer," Pathe. Featured role in "Safety in Numbers," Paramount.

LOVE, BESSIE; married to a Los Angeles broker. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Good News" M-G-M, and "Conspiracy," RKO. Ellen in "See America Thirst," Universal.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. David Gresson in "Good Intentions," Sir John Usher and Dakin Barrolles in "Scotland Yard," Jim Murdock in "The Shepper Newfounder," Fox.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "The Great Divide" and "The Bride of the Regiment," First National. Eleanore in "Renegades," Fox. Mary in "The Devil to Pay," for Samuel Goldwyn.

LUKAS, PAUL; married to non-professional; born in Budapest, Hungary. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player.

(Continued on next page)

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Trial package shows how quick Sem-Pray brings new youth and beauty. Wonderful foundation cream too. Blends powder and rouge perfectly; prevents caking and spottiness. In new push-up container. Used easy as lipstick. No touching with fingers. Carry it with you. Use anywhere for renewing make-up or for increasing beauty. Guaranteed safe, pure. All stores 60c. Or mail coupon below. Act quick and we will include Sem-Pray Rouge and Powder FREE. Get new beauty quick.

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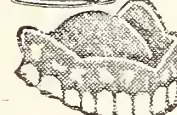


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The Directory of Players

(Continued from the preceding page)

Berci in "Grumpy." Gustave Saxton in "Anybody's Woman."

LYNN, SHARON; unmarried; born in Weatherford, Texas. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "The Vamp," Edith Laverne in "Up The River." Mrs. Lowe in "Lightnin'," all for Fox.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at Warner Bros. Contract star. Co-starred in "Hell's Angels," Caddo. Co-starred with Bebe Daniels in "Ex-Mistress," Warner Bros. Jimmy in "Aloha," Tiffany.

LYTELL, BERT; married to Grace Menken; born in Newark, N. J. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Title role in "The Lone Wolf" and dual starring role in "Brothers," Columbia. Now on the Los Angeles stage.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Joan Wood in "Let's Go Native," Paramount. Title role in "The Lottery Bride," United Artists. Helene Mara in "Monte Carlo," Paramount. Carlotta in "Stolen Thunder," Fox.

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; divorced; born in Hull, Eng. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Featured role in "The Love Racket," First National. Starred in "The Office Wife," Warner Brothers, Diana Barry in "Once a Sinner," Fox.

MANNERS, DAVID; married to Suzanne Bushnell; born in Halifax, N. S. Write him at the First National studio. Contract player. Richard Kane in "The Truth About Youth," Caliph Abdullah in "Kismet," Artie in "Mother's Cry," all for First National. Working on "The Right to Love" for Paramount.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Dan O'Bannon in "Manslaughter," Paul Lockridge in "Laughter," Male lead in "Strictly Business."

MARIS, MONA; unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Arizona Kid" and "The Sea Beneath," Fox.

MARSHALL, EVERETT; unmarried; born in Lawrence, Mass. Write him at RKO studio. Contract player. Carl Van Horn in "Dixiana," Now in New York.

MASON, SHIRLEY; married; born in New York City. Retired from the screen. Operating Hollywood beauty parlor.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Catherine Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. La Bissiere in "Morocco," Paramount. Featured role in "New Moon," M-G-M.

MERCER, BERYL; divorced from Holmes Herbert; born in Madrid, Spain. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Mother in "Common Clay," Fox. Mary Jones in "Outward Bound," Warner Bros. Martha in "Inspiration," M-G-M.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Prosecuting Attorney in "The Unholy Three," Prof. Kruger in "Remote Control," Inspector Burke in "Within the Law," all for M-G-M.

MILLER, MARILYN; divorced from Jack Pickford; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Sally in "Sally," Sunny in "Sunny," Now on New York stage.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to non-professional; born in Beacon, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Nick in "Sins of the Children," Wally in "War Nurse," Andre in "Inspiration," all for M-G-M.

MOORE, MATT; unmarried; born in County Meath, Ireland. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Coquette," United Artists, "Side Street," RKO, "Call of the West" and "The Squealer," both for Columbia.

MOORE, OWEN; divorced from Mary Pickford; born in County Meath, Ireland. Write him at United Artists' studio. Free

lance player. Featured roles in "Go Straight," "The Parasite" and "Married." Fingers O'Dell in "Outside the Law," Universal.

MOORE, TOM; unmarried; born in County Meath, Ireland. Write him at United Artists' studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Harbor Lights" and "Pretty Ladies."

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Stellar role in "True Heaven." Diana in "Play Called Life." Starred in "Blondes," all for Fox.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Polly in "Caught Short," Polly in "Way For a Sailor," Polly in "Remote Control," Polly in "Reducing," all for M-G-M.

MORENO, ANTONIO; married to Daisy Canfield. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player-director. Featured roles in "Synthetic Sin" and "Careers," First National. Now directing Spanish pictures for M-G-M.

MORTON, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Vallejo, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Christina," Fox, "Caught Short," M-G-M. Mert in "The Dawn Trail," Columbia.

MULHALL, JACK; married to Evelyn Winans; born in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. Write him at RKO studio. Free lance player. Johnny Quinlan in "The Fall Guy," RKO. Comedy role in "For the Love o' Lil," Columbia. Comedy lead in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists.

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "The Valiant" and "Seven Faces," for Fox. Now playing on New York stage.

MURRAY, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa," Universal.

MURRAY, J. HAROLD; married to non-professional; born in South Berwick, Maine. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Tonight and You" and "Women Everywhere."

McAVOY, MAY; married to a Los Angeles broker; born in Davenport, Iowa. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "No Defense," and "Stolen Kisses." Off the screen for several months.

McKENNA, KENNETH; unmarried; born in New York city. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured role in "Men Without Women," Fox. Gaylord Stanton in "Sin Takes a Holiday," Pathe, Cap. Traselau in "The Man Who Came Back," Fox. Victor in "The Virtuous Sin."

McLAGLEN VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "Hot For Paris," "Painted Women" and "Women of All Nations," all for Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms. Born in Keokuk, Iowa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured role in "The Divorcee," M-G-M. Winthrop Beavel in "A Lady Surrenders," Universal. Husband in "East Lynne," Fox. Male lead in "Half God," Universal.

NIXON, Marian; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis. Write her at Liberty studio. Contract star. Muriel in "Courage," Warner Bros. Feminine leads in "Adios," First National, and "Ex-Flame," Liberty. Annabelle in "The Pay Off," RKO.

NOLAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Louisville, Ky. Write her at Universal studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "Outside the Law," and "Young Desire," Universal.

NORTON, BARRY; unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Starred in Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case."

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "Devil May Care," "In Gay Madrid," and "Call of the Flesh," all M-G-M. Now directing Spanish versions of M-G-M pictures.

NUGENT, EDDIE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured role in "The Unholy Three." Frank in "War Nurse." Radio engineer in "Remote Control," all for M-G-M.

NUGENT, ELLIOT; married to Norma Lee; born in Dover, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player-writer. Featured in "The Unholy Three," and "Sins of the Children," for M-G-M. Sandy in "For the Love o' Lil," Columbia.

NUGENT, J. C.; widower; born in Niles, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-writer. Featured roles in "Sins of the Children," and "Those Three French Girls." Smedley in "Remote Control," all for M-G-M.

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Littleton Looney in "The Sap From Syracuse." Searchlight Doyle O'Brien in "Sea Legs." Buzz Bedell in "On The Spot," all for Paramount.

OLAND, WARNER; married to Edith Shearn; born in Umea, Sweden. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu," "The Studio Murder Case," and "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu." Now playing in "Dishonored," all for Paramount.

OWEN, CATHERINE DALE; unmarried; born in Louisville, Ky. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "The Forbidden Woman," "His Glorious Night," "The Rogue Song," and "Strictly Unconventional," all for M-G-M.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "Rough Romance," "Fair Warning" and "The Sea Beneath."

O'NEIL, SALLY; unmarried; born in Bayonne, N. J. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Co-starred with Molly O'Day in "Sisters," for Columbia.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Juvenile leads in "Song O' My Heart" and "So This is London." Princess Louise in "The Princess and the Plumber." LN-18 in "Just Imagine."

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Isabelle in "The Little Accident." Universal. Joy in "War Nurse." M-G-M. Vivian in "Reducing," M-G-M.

PAGE, PAUL; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Alan Ward in "The Naughty Flirt," First National.

PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced; born in Winfield, Kan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Doc Brady in "The Santa Fe Trail." Hyacinth Ntouche in "Sea Legs." Seth in "Fighting Caravans."

PHILBIN, MARY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Fifth Avenue Models," "The Man Who Laughs," "The Port of Dreams" and "Girl Overboard," all for Universal.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Canada. Write her at United Artists' studio. Contract producer-star. Title role in "Coquette." Co-starred in "The Taming of The Shrew." Now starring in "Kiki."

PICKFORD, JACK; married to Mary Mulhern; born in Toronto, Canada. Write him at United Artists' studio. Free lance player. Ill health has kept him off the screen for months.

POWELL, WILLIAM; divorced from non-professional; born in Kent City, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Jim Nelson in "Shadow of the Law." William Foster in "For the Defense." Now starring in "Alias Mrs. Wallace."

PRINGLE, AILEEN; married to non-professional; born in San Francisco. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player.

Featured role in "Dream of Love." Now on the Los Angeles stage.

QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Pathe studio. Contract star. Joe Collins in "The Sophomore." Stellar role in "Up and At 'Em." Will Musher in "Night Work." Eddie Martin in "Big Money."

REVIER, DOROTHY; married; born in San Francisco. Write her at Columbia studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Flight," "Submarine," "Ladies of Leisure" and "Dirigible," all for Columbia.

RICH, IRENE; married to David Blankenhorn; born in Buffalo, N. Y. Write her at RKO studio. Free lance player. Mother in "Check and Double Check," RKO. Featured role in "Lightnin'," Fox. Mother in "Beau Ideal," RKO.

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. "Jerry Downs in 'Follow Thru.' Stellar role in 'Heads Up.' Larry Brooks in 'Along Came Youth.'

ROGERS, GINGER; unmarried; born in Independence, Kan. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Puff Randolph in "Young Man of Manhattan." Polly Rockwell in "Queen High." Ellen Saunders in "A Sap From Syracuse." Mary in "Manhattan Mary." Now on the New York stage in "Girl Crazy."

ROGERS, WILL; married to non-professional; born in Olagah, Okla. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "They Had to See Paris" and "So This is London." Lightnin' Bill in "Lightnin'."

ROLAND, GILBERT; unmarried; born in Chihuahua, Mexico. Write him at United Artists' studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "The Dove," (silent), and "New York Nights," United Artists. Louis in "Men of the North," M-G-M.

ROLLINS, DAVID; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Juvenile leads in "The Black Watch," "Love, Live and Laugh." Featured roles in "The Big Trail" and "The Sea Beneath."

ROTH, LILLIAN; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Cora Faulkner in "Honey," Arabella Rittenhouse in "Animal Crackers." Adrienne in "Sea Legs."

SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH; divorced from Elise Bartlett; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. The gambler in "Show Boat," Universal. Lead in "Cock o' the Walk," Sono.

SCOTT, FRED; unmarried; born in Fresno, Calif. Write him at Pathe studio. Contract player. Gerry in "Swing High." Featured role in "Beyond Victory," both for Pathe.

SEBASTIAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Birmingham, Ala. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Our Blushing Brides," M-G-M. "Officer O'Brien," Pathe. "Girls Together," M-G-M. Jenny in "The Utah Kid," Tiffany.

SEGAL, VIVIENNE; unmarried; born in White Plains, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Prima donna role in "The Song of the West." Featured roles in "The Golden Dawn," and "Bride of the Regiment," First National. Featured role in "Viennese Nights," Warner Bros.

SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Co-starred with Charlie Murray in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa."

SILLS, MILTON; died September, 1930. His last pictures were "Man Trouble" and "The Sea Wolf," Fox.

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Betty in "The Divorcee." Temporarily retired from screen following birth of her first child.

SMITH, STANLEY; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Jerry Hamilton in "Love Among the Millionaires." Dick Jones in "Queen High."

SKINNER, OTIS; married to non-professional. Write him at First National

(Continued on next page)

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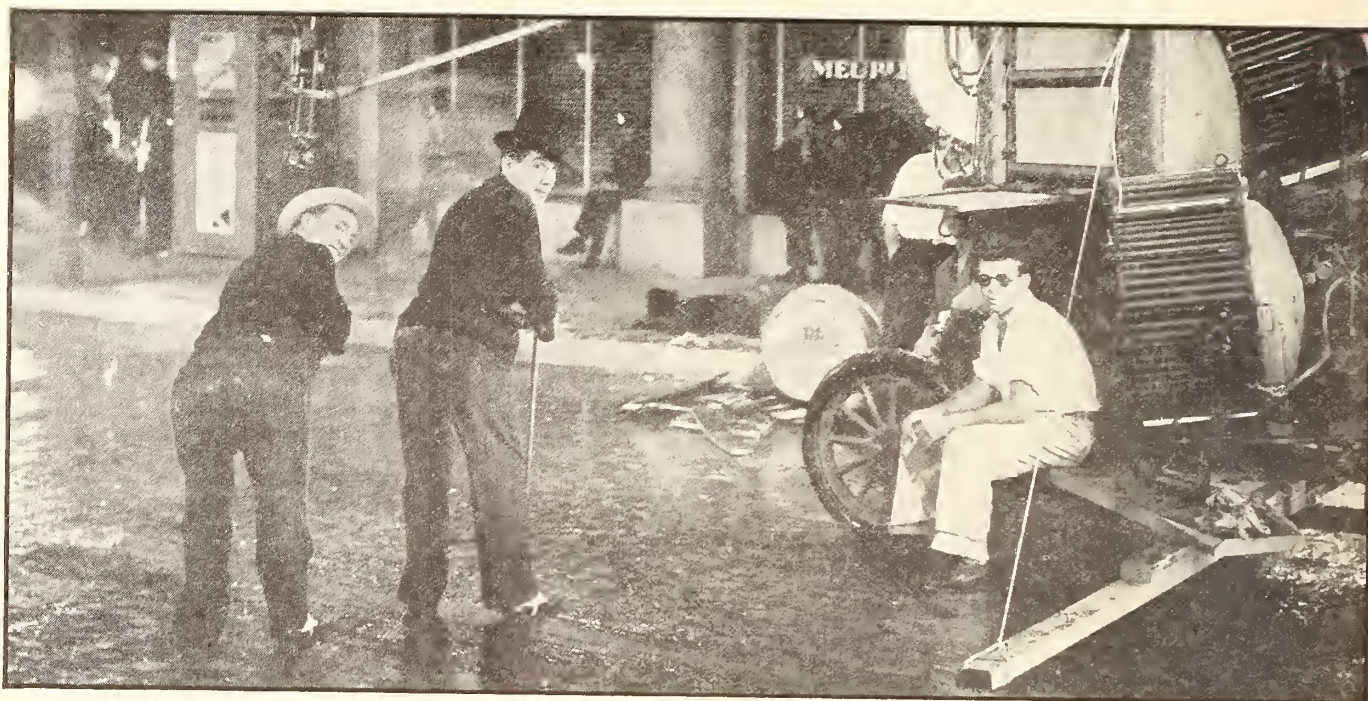
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The Directory of Players

(Continued from the preceding page)

- studio. Contract star. Stellar role in "Kismet."
- STONE, LEWIS**; married to Hazel Woolf; born in Worcester, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Morado in "The Passion Flower," M-G-M. Male lead in "The Office Wife," Warner Bros. Delval in "Inspiration," M-G-M.
- STUART, NICK**; married to Sue Carol; born in Roumania. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Free lance player. Juvenile leads in "Joy Street," Fox, and "Grandma's Girl" and "Television," Mack Sennett.
- SWANSON, GLORIA**; separated from Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. Born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Pathe studio. Contract star, United Artists. Stellar roles in "The Trespasser" and "What a Widow!"
- SWEET, BLANCHE**; divorced from Marshall Neilan; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Donna Harris in "Show Girl in Hollywood," First National. Queenie in "The Silver Horde," RKO. Now in vaudeville.
- TALMADGE, NORMA**; married to Joseph Schenck; born in Niagara Falls, N. Y. Write her at United Artists' studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "The Woman Disputed," "New York Nights" and "Du Barry."
- TASHMAN, LILYAN**; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Cicily in "The Cat Creeps," Universal. Fritzie in "Queen of Scandal," Sam Goldwyn.
- TAYLOR, ESTELLE**; married to Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del. Write her at RKO studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "Where East is East," M-G-M. Played in "Liliom," Fox. Dixie Lee in "Cimarron," RKO.
- TEARLE, CONWAY**; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Evidence" and "Gold Diggers of Broadway," Warner Bros.
- TIBBETT, LAWRENCE**; married to non-professional; born in Bakersfield, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Yegor in "The Rogue Song," Lieutenant in "The New Moon," Jeffery Farraday in "The Southerner." Now making concert tour.
- TOOMEY, REGIS**; married to non-professional; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Bob Drexel in "The Light of Western Stars," Tom in "Shadow of the Law," Paramount. Featured role in "The Steel Highway," Warner Bros.
- TORRENCE, ERNEST**; married to non-professional; born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "The Circle" and "Call of the Flesh," M-G-M. Bill Johnson in "Fighting Caravans," Paramount.
- TREVOR, HUGH**; unmarried; born in Yonkers, N. Y. Write him at RKO studio. Contract player. Gregory Sloan in "The Midnight Mystery," Lieut. Jim Reed in "Half Shot at Sunrise," Rocky in "The Pay Off," all for RKO.
- TWELVETREES, HELEN**; divorced from Clark Twelvrees; born in New York City. Write her at Pathe studio. Contract star. Annabelle West in "The Cat Creeps," Universal. Mary Ellen in "The Painted Desert," Pathe. Starred in "Cross Your Fingers," Pathe.
- VALLI, VIRGINIA**; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "The Isle of Lost Ships" and "Mr. Antonio." Starred in "Guilty," Columbia. Now in New York.
- VARCONI, VICTOR**; married to non-professional; born in Kisvard, Hungary. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Title role in "Captain Thunder," Warner Bros.
- VELEZ, LUPE**; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Write her at Universal studio. Contract star. Starred in "Hell Harbor," United Artists, "The Storm," and "East is West," Universal, and now co-starring with John Boles in "Resurrection," for Universal.
- WHEELER, BERT**; married to non-professional; born in Paterson, N. J. Write him at RKO studio. Contract star. Sparrow in "The Cuckoos," Peewee in "Dixiana," Tommy in "Half Shot at Sunrise," Co-starred in "Hook, Line and Sinker."
- WHITE, ALICE**; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J. Write her at First National studio. Free lance star. Stellar roles in "Show Girl of Hollywood," "The Widow From Chicago," First National.
- WHITE, MARJORIE**; married to Eddie Tierney; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Svenson's Wild Party" and "Happy Days," Totsy in "Stolen Thunder," D-6 in "Just Imagine," all for Fox.
- WILSON, LOIS**; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Conquest" and "Kid Gloves," Warner Bros., "Once a Gentleman," James Cruze, and "Temptation," Columbia.
- WITHERS, GRANT**; married to Loretta Young; born in Pueblo, Colo. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Angel in "Penny Arcade," Bob Lawrence in "Scarlet Pages," Bill in "The Steel Highway," all for Warner Bros.
- WOLHEIM, LOUIS**; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at RKO studio. Contract player-director. Starred in "Danger Lights," McVeagh in "Sheep's Clothing," Comedian in "The Silver Horde," all for RKO.
- WOOLSEY, ROBERT**; married to non-professional; born in Oakland, Calif. Write him at RKO studio. Contract star. Prof. Bird in "The Cuckoos," Ginger in "Dixiana," Gilbert in "Half Shot at Sunrise," Co-starred in "Hook, Line and Sinker," all for RKO.
- WRAY, FAY**; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Daisy in "The Sea God," Paramount. Feminine lead in "Captain Thunder," Warner Bros. Helen Pierce in "Dirigible," Columbia. Anastasia in "Stampede," Paramount.
- YOUNG, LORETTA**; married to Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National. Contract star. Featured role in "Kismet," First National. Dorothy in "The Devil to Pay," for Samuel Goldwyn. Feminine lead in "Beau Ideal," RKO.



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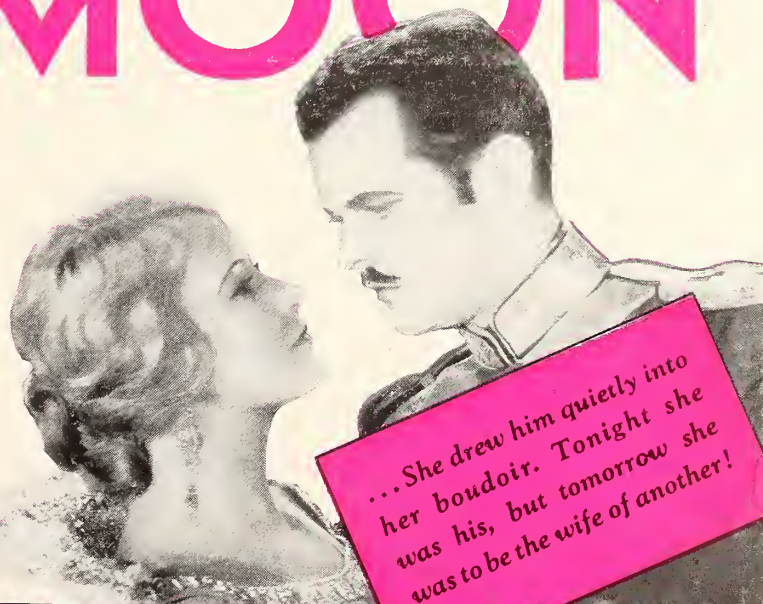
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Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited Mr. L. J. Horowitz to review the reports of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of Mr. Horowitz appears on this page.

