Silver Screen

Edited by

Why Chaplin Won't Talk

Hollywood Society

By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

The Truth About the Gaynor-Fox Peace Pact

By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

November

10¢
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Your favorite entertainment  FOX MOVIETONE PICTURES
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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYFAIR

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

with

Harry Carey
Duncan Renaldo
Edwina Booth
GETTING DOWN TO FACES

Exquisite Mary Brian is a star wise enough to master the skin game. She knows a perfect complexion is the basis of beauty for every girl.

ways beauty isn't more than skin deep. You may have a lovely figure, be graceful and sweet-voiced but if your skin is greasy, sallow, dry or full of blemishes, nobody will notice your good points.

Preparing for this first issue of Silver Screen I've been out in Hollywood, learning all the things the girls of the movies can teach us about beauty.

And most of them do know all about beauty. They understand just how to wear their hair, just how to dress, how to walk and to stand—all those necessary, delightful things. (I wonder if all of us realize what the stars are doing for us—doing what preachers, and reformers and moralists have tried to do for ages—that is, making us improve ourselves and be better, more charming people.) Yet while some of them had more of that subtle sparkle, that indefinable quality, that made people seek them out and watch them; while some of them were less scintillating but more loving, each and every one of them had perfect skin.

No movie girl can last who has skin all spotted with black-heads or coarse pores or dry as the reading of the minutes of a club meeting. And certainly if a young star, with all her fame and glamour, can't get away with such carelessness, no girl in private life can.

So—let's get down to faces! The first big thing to realize is that your face isn't just something pasted on the outside of your head and that you can occasionally give it a dash of lotion or cold cream, or a bit of genuine care, and expect it to remain flawless.

Your face—your complexion—is a part of your body. So many girls seem to overlook the fact that the food we eat, the sleep we take, the exercise and the weariness, the joys and the unhappiness, all affect the quality of our skin.

Decide, first, what your skin type is. Some of us have very oily skin, given to blackheads and coarse pores. Others have very dry skin, sensitive to weather, wrinkling distressingly, chapping. Others have basically dry skin with oil spots—around the nose, chin and forehead. Some oily skins have little patches of dryness around the eyes. This month let's consider oily skins.

For very oily skins, cleansing and a non-fatty diet are especially important. Good soap and water are indispensable. Take at least one tub bath a day, if possible, with warm water and a good pure soap. Treat your skin gently. Don't use harsh washclothes but use soft ones firmly.

Dry the face and the whole body vigorously.

When an oily skin is clean, thoroughly clean, use an astringent or skin freshener. There are many very excellent ones on sale, or you may create one for yourself at home, by wiping your face lightly with fresh pads of cotton, dipped in witch hazel. For your daytime cleansing stick to liquid cleansers.

When it comes to diet, don't overindulge in pastries, oily foods, candy, cream or butter. You may eat some of these things, of course, but be moderate. Drink water—at least four glasses a day. And consume all the green things you can, salad, vegetables and such.

Simple, isn't it? Yet except in cases of extreme blackheads or large pores, you will find this regime sufficient to give you skin loveliness.

Finally—don't go half way in your skin care, the daytime half. Remember the hours you sleep. Sleep is a restorative, of the skin as well as of body and nerves. So, pull-leze, go to bed with a clean face.

If you want personal advice on skin care, blackheads and such ills, write me, won't you?

Good-bye. See you next month.
One way to spend that $3 you save

Costume jewelry is merely one suggestion for spending that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50c class.

Women, sternest judges of tooth paste acclaim this modern one at 25c

Listerine Tooth Paste has passed the greatest test that can be put to a dentifrice. Tried by more than 2,000,000 American women, the most critical buyers in the world when beauty and health are involved, it has won their enthusiastic acceptance. Old favorites at a high price have been discarded in favor of the new one at 25c.

In order to win such approval, Listerine Tooth Paste had to establish gentleness and absolute safety in actual use. It did so—on millions of teeth of varying degrees of hardness—and never was precious enamel harmed.

It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but between them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely natural lustre of sound beautiful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste sells for 25c the large tube, effecting an average saving of $3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50c class, is another point worth remembering.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Use it a month. Judge it by results only. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.
Dr. Shirley W. Wynne
Commissioner of Health of New York City

says:

"Colgate's is most efficient cleanser"

RESPONSIBLE for the health of six million Americans, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, examined reports of laboratory tests comparing Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices—and of all those examined, he singles out Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream as "the most effective cleanser." His approval is undeniably impressive. Interested as he is in all branches of public health, Dr. Wynne recently made a careful study of the difference in dentifrices. He examined tests made by some of America's greatest analytical chemists.

Dr. Wynne's conclusion is based on the recent research of such eminent authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.; Dr. Philip B. Hawk, M.S., Yale, Ph.D., Columbia; Jerome Alexander, B.S., M.S., internationally famous among consulting chemists and chemical engineers; Dr. H. H. Bunzell, Ph.D., University of Chicago, and others, retained to make analytical tests and report their findings.

All agree that Colgate's is supreme because of its penetrating foam. This active agent flushes out the decaying food particles which lodge between the teeth. Colgate's thus cleanses completely—in a way impossible with sluggish tooth pastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Dr. Wynne says:

"The sole function of a dentifrice is to thoroughly cleanse the teeth and gums. To be an effective cleanser a dentifrice must have low surface tension in solution. Low surface tension is, therefore, the true scientific indication of cleansing power on the part of a dentifrice in actual use.

"I have examined the reports of laboratory tests made by eminent chemists who have compared Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices and I find that Colgate's shows the lowest surface tension. This means that Colgate's is the most efficient cleanser of those examined because it gets into the crevices between the teeth, thus removing and flooding away decaying foods."

SHIRLEY W. WYNNE, M.D., Dr. P.H.
Commissioner of Health, New York City; M.D., Columbia University; Member American Medical Association; Prof. Preventive Medicine, N. Y. Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital; Prof. Public Health, Fordham School of Sociology and Social Service; Recognized internationally as an authority on matters of Public Health.

The price is important—but the quality—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.
YOUNG Suzanne Vidor must be in quite a quandary.
For, not only has she two half sisters at Daddy King Vidor’s establishment, but now she has another half-sister at her mother’s and Jascha Heifetz’s house. On September eighth, Florence Vidor Heifetz’s newest daughter arrived and only a few months ago, the second daughter of Eleanor Boardman Vidor was born.

OLD Man Stork has been flying overtime in Hollywood lately, anyhow.
Among the recent arrivals are young Irving Thalberg, Jr., whose fond maternal parent is Norma Shearer; and there’s a new baby at the home of “Skeet” and Pauline Mason Gallagher, and of Olga Baclanova and Nicholas Soussanin.

DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE, who arrived several months ago, had her birthmark removed. It was only a small circular spot on her scalp, but Barrymores must be perfect!

AS TO the expected visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris and Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn are all anxiously waiting.

ONE of Hollywood’s swiftest, suddenest romances was culminated in early September when Margaret De Mille and Bernard Fineman were married at Tucson, Arizona, where both were visiting and cooing.
Margaret De Mille is the daughter of William De Mille, and a niece of Cecil (Bathtub) De Mille. Bernie Fineman, an associate producer for M-G-M, was once husband to Evelyn Brent and for a while was rumored engaged to Greta Nissen.

NOT an imperious motion picture queen, but a rather frightened young girl was the Dolores Del Rio who became the bride of Cedric Gibbons, art director.
Their marriage came as a distinct surprise to their many friends, and was culmination of a whirlwind romance.
Since the death of her first husband, Jaime Del Rio, Dolores has been reported engaged on several occasions. And Mr. Gibbons’ name has been linked with that of more than one prominent actress, since his divorce several years ago.
The ceremony was performed in the old Mission at Santa Barbara, in the presence of only a few close friends and the mother of the bride.
Aftewards, the couple drove up the coast for a short honeymoon before returning to Hollywood and work.

TO Hollywood, land of a thousand wonders, nothing is impossible.
An assistant director rushed into a coffee shop and ordered “a cup of coffee and a piece of apple pie.”
“I’m sorry, but we’re all out of apple pie,” said the waitress.
“Then fake it,” shot back the assistant director.

THE Brown Derby Cafe—where the cinema famous, infamous and near-famous hang out for lunch and dinner—is owned and operated by Herbert Somborn, second husband of Gloria Swanson, and father of Baby Gloria, Wallace Beery, Gloria’s first husband, is one of his best customers. Quite often they engage in gay conversation. But they do not talk of Glorious Gloria.

GENE MARKEY, scenarist, who is handsome enough to be a movie actor, causes many heart flutterings in Hollywood.
He was the big shot with Ina Claire until she suddenly married John Gilbert.
Then he kept Irene Delroy from getting lonely, but cut that out. (Maybe Miss Delroy’s New York boy friend has something to do with that.)
And now Gene has been showing a fondness for Gloria Swanson’s society.
Hollywood’s a great town for a gallant man.

THERE’S another Mary Pickford now!
In August, Jack Pickford was married to Mary Mulhern, Follies beauty, now trying her luck in pictures.
Jack has been married twice before. His first wife was the exquisite Olive Thomas, who committed suicide in Paris ten years ago. Later, he married Marilyn Miller, from whom he was divorced in 1927.
Since that time, he has been rumored engaged to several prominent young actresses, among them Bebe Daniels. It was also thought that he might re-wed Marilyn.
The new Mary Pickford is a blue-eyed brunette, twenty-two years old, slim and a little taller than Jack.

[Continued on page 35]
HOLLYWOOD

Why the son of America's oldest aristocracy prefers the new aristocracy of Cinemaland.

Born to the most exclusive set of New York's Four Hundred, young Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., prefers the society of those who work and dream.

HOLLYWOOD! Hollywood!

Funny how ideas are formed—how symbols stick.

Years ago, when I believed everything I heard, I conceived the idea that Hollywood, that mushroom growth on the West Coast, was a modern Babylon.

Then I went to Hollywood!

And found quiet, tree-shaded streets lined with cozy bungalows and gracious homes, exuding an air of charm and hospitality—and culture. A rather sleepy, prosaic small town, more concerned with the baby next door than the price of gin.

Instead of a jazz-mad crowd of thrill-seekers, I found a populace of interesting workers, intent on their careers, with little time for play. And the time they did have for recreation was devoted to simple amusements, to small, congenial gatherings of friends who were drawn together by mutual interests rather than by a forced grouping resulting from the accident of birth. As is the case in the society to which I was born.

Naturally, as Hollywood has grown and its wealth increased, society has lost some of that earlier spontaneity. It has assumed an aspect of formality. And in a most remarkable way. It is in its first generation, yet it has the grace and poise of an old-world civilization.

We can easily compare the social structure of Hollywood to that of the first aristocracy of this country. The founders of our present mythical "four hundred" were a hardy and heterogeneous lot. Some had come from homes of culture and wealth, driven to a new land by ambition or unjust persecution. Some were miscreants, seeking a new chance among strangers, while still others had braved the perils of a wild country in quest of forgetfulness.

All were workers. There were no idle hands among the empire builders.

So with Hollywood.

Gathered from every part of the world have come men and women of talent, of industry, of genius.

And as with those first colonists, there were those whose conspicuous ability designated them the natural leaders, whose personalities set them apart from all others.

I know that many books have been written and sold on the bad manners of Hollywood. Their general inference has been that all parties are orgies and that no dinner of more than three courses is ever served for fear that the guests wouldn't know what to do with the silver.

Well, both of these implications are equally absurd. The orgy report has been circulated just as much of Newport and of what the yellow newspapers call Fifth Avenue "mansions." But, just as I've never seen an "orgy" at the homes of the friends of my childhood, so I've never seen an orgy in the homes of Hollywood. And as for the silver—well, the ads that portray the party as laughing loudly at the gentleman who dropped the fish fork are in worse taste than the gentleman involved.

You can violate many so-called "manners" and be a most amusing person none the less. And you can be utterly correct, yet so dull you can't even hire people to come to your parties. For years the social leader of New York society was a terrible, old dragon who insulted people right and left. But she was a power and a personality and so she got away with it.

So it is in Hollywood and only a first-generation snob would overlook genius to note from which side of the spoon the soup was sipped.

And as to the state of mind of the movie capital! Some years ago while publishing newspapers in California, I learned that my largest, steadiest, home-delivered circulation lay in the heart of Hollywood. And while my circulation tables elsewhere rose and fell, they remained nearly stationary there. I tried to publish clean newspapers; that is to say, organs that deleted sensationalism, printing facts as they occurred and not thoughts of others who knew as little of the unhappiness market as they did of the stock exchange. Hollywood appreciated those digested facts and for nearly three years I kept there the largest home delivered circulation west of Chicago.

Which defines more clearly than argument the general social attitude of Hollywood, and reflects the personality of its leaders.
By her innate dignity and unassuming bearing Mary Pickford has long held her position as the supreme arbiter of things social in Hollywood. Her outlook on life is certainly a good deal more advanced than that of many a fashionable matron on Fifth Avenue, who can criticize extensively at the expense of all others.

And Miss Pickford’s husband, Douglas Fairbanks, is a goodly king, combining as he does a lusty love of life with a disciplined intelligence. These two are the guiding spirits in an exclusive circle which includes Charles Chaplin (when he is not figuring too prominently in the public print), Bebe Daniels, Dolores Del Rio, the Harold Lloyds and a few other select souls.

Entrée to this group is the ambition of every newcomer to the cinema capital, for it is the real royalty of the picture colony. When Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, relatives of the Prince of Wales, visited Hollywood, it was at Pickfair that they made their home. And a cousin of King Alfonso of Spain was a distinguished guest there at another time. Such personages may choose their companions at will. The fact that they go again and again to visit Mary and Doug proves how genuine is their admiration.

And you may rest assured that no more gracious, well-directed hospitality was ever extended to visiting royalty than that of Pickfair, whose lord and lady are of the self-made aristocracy of one generation.

I have attended receptions given by New York’s most rock-ribbed inner circles, for the Prince of Wales, functions honoring Charles and Anne Morrow Lindbergh, parties for ambassadors and debutantes—yet never have I seen a healthier, less constrained spirit of welcome than that prevailing in Hollywood.

I particularly like the spacious home of Pauline Frederick which is the rendezvous for people of note from all over the world, who find stimulation and inspiration in the conversation of Miss Frederick’s guests.

For among the screen stars there is an unconscious atmosphere of doing the right thing because it is the natural, inherent thing to do. Which, after all, is the essence of breeding, rather than the stilted following of a code because one was told to do so.

Another delightful home is that of Conrad and Ruth Helms Nagel, where a feeling of simplicity and informality reigned. And what more charming hostess can you imagine than Loretta Young, who as Mrs. Grant Withers presides over her bride’s home with a strangely mature dignity?

Of course, in Hollywood as in New York, San Francisco, Chicago and almost every large city, there is the gayer or “circus set” whose fun is a little livelier, who entertain more lavishly and are interested in sports. In this group are such people as Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Jack Dempsey, Joseph M. Schenck and Constance Bennett. They are among the “regulars,” who journey to Agua Caliente for the races and to Santa Barbara for the polo games, just as devotees of these sports in the East convene at Saratoga, Belmont and Meadowbrook.

Then, too, Holly...
FIFTY Million Frenchmen can't be wrong.
Which explains Claudette Colbert.

I hate people who boast BUT—Claudette is a personal friend of mine and if you don't think I'm boasting you're cub-razy! I have broken bread with her (it really was filet de sole Marguery) over the luncheon table at the Ritz. I have visited her so often at her apartment in the west Seventies that the doorman thinks I'm a bill collector. I have walked down the Avenue with her while men stared their approval, women glared at their envy and little children cried, "Daddy buy me that!"

Now at the risk of losing such friendship, I am writing an interview with her. Claudette hates gushing interviews even more than she does pungent smells, bland jazz and indigence.

This interview is going to gush worse than "Old Faithful."

When I first met Claudette (she was playing in "Tin Pan Alley" at the Republic Theatre at the time) my first reaction was to regret all the superlatives I had squandered on other actresses in the past. Words set down in black and white to the effect that Greta Garbo is the ONLY actress utterly without pose... that Janet Gaynor is the ONLY actress minus an inflated ego... that Lois Moran is the ONLY actress entirely unaffected.

Only a fool puts his thoughts on paper. I know now that Claudette Colbert is the ONLY actress completely devoid of pose, conceit and affectation.

She never tries to impress people. She is far too clever to know how. Consequently everyone who meets her becomes her press agent—free of charge. She doesn't know a single dramatic reviewer and has never received anything but "rave notices." She has never thrown a party for the press or "played politics" in anyway. Read some of her interviews if you want to know what the magazine chatterers think of her.

Her figure is the answer to the modern maiden's prayer. It's the only thing I hold against her. While I stare a grapefruit and five slices of cucumber woefully in the face, Claudette can gorge on potatoes au gratin and marron glace without massacring a single calory. Claudette, however, isn't half as much interested in her figure (103 lbs. including the potatoes) as she is in the one she receives from Paramount—Publix each week as compensation for being such a swell actress. She has made only four pictures to date and has already struck enough gold to treat herself to a six month's trip around the world with a brand new apartment waiting for her upon her return. Who was it said, "Heaven will protect the working girl?"

It wasn't until this year that Claudette began to consider the screen at all, although ever since she made her first picture, "For the Love of Mike" with Ben Lyon several years ago (I'll NEVER be forgiven for reviving that memory!) producers have been hot on her tail. It was Monta Bell who finally won her over to playing the feminine lead in "The Hole in the Wall" last Spring. She was doing a stage play at the time and tried it out merely as a talkie experiment. She loathed herself in it, but was unanimously alone in her opinion. Paramount thought so well of her that she was wanted immediately for "Gentlemen of the Press." She turned it down in favor of Eugene O'Neill and the Theatre Guild.

Last autumn when she was the only excuse for "See Naples and Die," she was again approached by Paramount. This time she was asked to play the lead in "Th. Lady Lies." Her play was closing—there wasn't a new one that she liked in sight... so she accepted.

If Claudette weren't already so famous, this would be a swell place to insert the subtitle, "And so overnight, Fame."

With the release of "The Lady Lies," fans all over the country took one look at Claudette and said, "And where have YOU been all our lives?" Critics took their superlatives out of mothballs. Clau- [Continued on page 59]
America's Boy Friend Describes his Ideal Girl Friend.

BY ALMA TALLEY

Romeo Rogers on his balcony. All those girls want Buddy — which one does Buddy want?

Buddy's Feminine Fancy

The best gag of the month is the one about the press agent who wanted to bill Griffith's forthcoming Lincoln picture as Abraham "Buddy" Lincoln. That, said the press agent, would get the flappers into the house if anything ever would.

Which gives you a fair idea of how the movie world feels about Buddy Rogers.

In Hollywood they call Buddy "America's Boy Friend." They call him, "The Darling of the Debs." They call him up but they never call him down for he's the big boy blessing of the box-office, the Peter Panic of pictures.

Wherever Buddy goes, there the girls go after him. They go in mobs to see Buddy in a picture, any picture. When he makes a personal appearance, the flappers flap on their faces before the theatre where he is playing. They faint. They stop traffic. They stand, in the sun, in the rain. They gather under his dressing room window and around the stage door, shouting, "We want Buddy."

Hundreds of thousands of girls all over the world, all of them wanting Buddy.

All of them wanting Buddy, but whom does Buddy want? He's still a bachelor. What girlish visions haunt his boyish day-dreams? What kind of a miss would he like to be his Missus?

I made up my mind to be a girl scout and find out. I've known Buddy forever—or at least since he graduated from the Paramount School in 1926 and first faced a skeptical public in "Fascinating Youth."

I've seen all his pictures since, "Wings," "My Best Girl," "Young Eagles," "Safety in Numbers," "Heads Up" and many others, and we're still friends. So I put the question to Buddy.

[Continued on page 64]
WHY CHAPLIN WON'T

Would any other actor gamble a million for an ideal?

It IS a little over four years since an iconoclastic little gadget called the microphone first made its appearance on a motion picture set. Up to that time the screen had produced one authentic genius, Charlie Chaplin.

Other personalities have captured and enthralled the imagination of the world, Rudy of the blessed memory and the current, glamorous Garbo. Yet Chaplin's fame was and still is greater than theirs. Only Chaplin has been proclaimed alike by intellectual and moron, by little children and their elders. Only Chaplin pictures have been equally good in Tokio or Topeka. Only Chaplin comedies have been deathless, reissue after reissue of films ten and fifteen years old, playing week after week around the world, knowing no boundaries.

Ever since the first time he paddled across the screen in his flat shoes and ludicrous pants, Chaplin alone has been able to make any person anywhere, laugh or weep at his will; make experience, in the moment of observing, the emotions Charlie had known at the moment of creating.

And that is art, whether the medium be oils or marble or music or acting—the ability to create in the observer the deep emotion of the creator.

His career has been absolutely unique.

Today in Hollywood he is still being absolutely unique since he is the only star who is determinedly holding out against the otherwise complete abdication to the talkies.

I went down to talk to Charlie about his silence on a day in late summer when the afternoon light slanted low over the sets where he was finishing his million-dollar silent production of "City Lights."

"The sets lay strangely quiet in the sun. There were no demon batteries of light, no demon batteries of microphones. The whole production belonged to the older, more spacious days of movies before supervisors and Wall Street backers."

"The making of a successful silent picture is an art," said Charlie, "I refuse to classify the making of a talkie."

Now no one save Chaplin could talk about his art in Hollywood and get away with it. It is not done. Movie acting today is something generally jested about, a flippan gesture, an amused grin—no matter what the inner feelings may be.

But Charlie is entirely sincere in his present attitude and he isn't ashamed of his own sincerity. His feeling is that silent movies were an art and that dialogue in pictures threatens that art. And for that reason—and that only—he is prepared to fight. Nor is his fight one of non-resistance. Charlie is backing it actively with "City Lights" on which he stands either to win greatly or to lose heavily.
TALK!

By staying silent is Charlie the wisest guy in Hollywood or the most foolish?

If "City Lights" fails, I think it will hit Chaplin harder than anything in his life has ever hit him.

"I've watched the talking picture situation since it began," Charlie said. "Talkies have had a tremendous vogue but I believe their popularity is waning. The box-office statements sustain me in this. Only one out of every fifteen productions has been accepted by the public.

"Since talkies began I've made it a rule to go, nearly every night, to a theatre that was wired for sound, and study the film shown and the way the audience reacted to it. And from that study I firmly believe that in a short time sixty percent of the producers will revert to non-dialogue pictures.

"Even before talkies, the public was becoming more and more critical. Surfeited with the average program, they had begun shopping for their entertainment.

"Then along came the talkie. It was a novelty—something new. It saved the day for the producers. People swarmed into the theatres charmed with this new toy. But the old game of follow the leader started up among the producers again. Because one firm had made a successful screen revue, everybody started making screen revues—and most of them weren't successful. Somebody made a good Broadway picture. The copyists immediately made more Broadway pictures. Came 'Alibi' a hit of the underworld type. Followed more carbon copies of 'Alibi.' It was all new and strange and different. [Continued on page 57]
MORE years ago than either of us likes to remember
Joseph Santley was playing in the second of the
Music Box Revues. After the theatre one evening
we dropped into a night club together.
It was a dump of a place. Heavy silk hangings hung
limply against the walls. The air reeked of stale cigarettes
and cheap liquor. People with tired eyes were determinedly
making whoopee. The atmosphere was one of unreality
and tawdriness.

Suddenly the lights dimmed. A spotlight threw its glare
on the postage-stamp clearance in the centre of the floor. A
girl attired mostly in feathers came out and began to dance.
She wasn't beautiful in the accepted sense of the word but
there was something haunting about her. She looked as
though she belonged in a moonlit garden.

"What becomes of girls like that?" I demanded of Joe.
"After they get through at these places—where do they go?"

"Somebody'll give this girl a chance," Joe said. "She's
got something."

She came out and danced once more after that and we
called it a night and forgot about her.

Time passed and I came to California. So did Joe, evolving
from a musical comedy star into one of Pathé's ace
directors.

"Lunch?" he suggested one day as we sat in his office.

"Afraid I can't," I answered. "I've got to interview a
new girl at Fox's—Claire Luce—and I haven't an idea who
she is. Did you ever hear of her?"

"That's the girl we saw dancing at the night club that
night on Broadway," Joe said. "Shortly after we saw her
she got a chance in 'Dear Me' doing a specialty number
with Oscar Shaw. The next I heard of her she did a
specialty dance with Charles King in 'The Palm Beach Girl.'
Ziegfeld produced the show and I staged a couple of the
numbers. She also did an impersonation of Lenore Ulric
in 'Lulu Belle' in the show. That was the first time she
really showed promise of anything out of the ordinary. She's
gone straight up from there. She's a swell yarn."

And she is, for behind the usual recital of a girl's
theatrical start, there is, in Claire Luce's history, one of the
most poignant stories of a struggle upward I have ever
heard.

Claire Luce was born in Syracuse, New York, but shortly
thereafter her family moved to Rochester. Her parents
were not congenial. She grew up in an atmosphere of
discord and squalor—an atmosphere which for people who have
not been through that particular hell is difficult to understand.
Her environment made her shy and retiring—unsure of
herself and inhibited with dreams.
She never associated with girls. [Continued on page 62]
First screen glimpse of lovely Evelyn Laye who set Broadway all a-flutter last winter in "Bitter Sweet". Her initial film "Lilli", written by Louis Bromfield with music by Nacio Herb Brown is soon to be released with John Boles the lucky guy who plays opposite her.
The latest fashions from Hollywood."

That's what we're going to give you each month in Silver Screen. Exclusive ones, too, that won't be in other magazines, and the kind that real girls can wear to work and to play and for heavy dates.

Hollywood fashions have a definite meaning in the life of regular American girls, Silver Screen believes. Paris is still Paris and probably always will be.

The little touches, the oh-so-chic note will continue to come from Paris but for that gay note of youth, vitality and freshness, we're looking toward Hollywood.

The trouble with most Hollywood fashions published is that they are the extravagant, wild kind, created for an extravagant scene and not intended to be taken seriously as smart costumes.

Silver Screen won't publish these fashions. Silver Screen Hollywood fashions will be really smart yet really practical—and here's the real low-down—they will be the kind you can buy on a budget income.
Soft-knitted brown and beige tweed is used for the sports dress selected by Leila Hyams for every day wear. The brown velvet bow around the neck matches her vagabond hat, and brown suede and kid slippers and beige pull-on gloves complete the ensemble. With it she wears a lapin coat made on the newest winter lines. Suitable for all weathers and occasions, the entire outfit can be duplicated for not over two hundred dollars, including accessories.

On the opposite page Miss Hyams chooses a dark blue flat crepe gown, made on the new fitted lines. Similar pumps of a matching shade and a closely fitted turban complete a costume correct for any hour of the day or evening. Fifty dollars will do it all. Next month — exclusive Christmas clothes posed by Mary Brian.
Edwina Booth, more beautiful than ever, has entirely recovered from her African sojourn with the “Trader Horn” and is ready to resume work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
OVERCOMING the handicap of stupid advertising that labeled her a second Gish, Helen Twelvetrees is rising to stardom at Pathe through the sheer force of her beauty and talent.
I lka Chase has brought a new kind of smartness to the screen. She is so much the sophisticated lady that she can even be a trifle risque at times—only in pictures, of course—and get away with it. She's under contract to Fox, but was loaned to be one of "The Best People".
Big Boy Bancroft has decided to be good! After months of idleness because of contract disagreements, George has returned to work and all is serene on the Paramount lot. His latest picture is "Typhoon Bill", after which he will begin a newspaper yarn, playing a hard-boiled city editor.
FROM STARVATION TO STARDOM

A Close-up—on the opposite page—of a gentleman and an actor—Robert Montgomery.
S C O T L A N D, I r e l a n d and England got together to produce Robert Montgomery. Belfast was the abode of his immediate forefathers. Bob himself came from Brooklyn, New York. Skeptics may take train there and give a look at Montgomery Place.

In the days before movies and aeroplanes and chocolate sodas, Bob's grandfather was the most respected and hated gentleman in Brooklyn. He was, according to popular ideas, a heathen and a madman. He was, according to Bob, a grand guy. He feared neither God nor man and loved life. On Christmas and Thanksgiving he brought his horses into the dining-room and fed them there with gusty ceremony.

Robert (M-G-M) Montgomery claims, with honest pride, to be descended from a long line of Montgomeries who were horse-thieves or who did nothing, but both with infinite grace. One of his ancestors bumped off a King of France in a tourney. They all lived with energy, aplomb and great relish. If Bob runs true to Montgomery form, he will have amassed a fortune at forty—and at fifty be poor again. And still blithe.

His parents, he says, were swell. His childhood, happy. He was never spanked in his life, which he construes as a warning to parents to smack their children lest they grow up to be movie actors.

Ten years ago, Robert's effervescence spirits sickened of the limitations of school. A song of high hope in his skinny, adolescent bosom and his brow knit with the profundity of his purpose, Bob settled down to write the great American novel. He wrote a good deal. The great American novel never quite reached conclusion, but several short stories did. When they were duly returned by editors, Bob retired from literature.

It then being important for him to earn his living, he cast about for an entertaining means. With sure Montgomery instinct for the precarious, he decided on the stage.

For three years, he starved. Gracefully, one is sure, and with an air. For he wasn't good at getting jobs. Well-mannered and rather shy, his formality gave managers named Moskowitz the sensation of being high-hatted. Thus, roles that fell his way were few and far between. When they did come, they were almost certain to be in shows that bloomed quickly and died.

When an occasional dinner invitation provided the first food he had glimpsed in a couple of days, Robert would feign surfeit from a heavy tea and wave the viands aside. This, in case his hosts might sense that if he ate, it was because he was famished and a failure. Which wouldn't have been gross misunderstanding all around, since Robert himself knew that he wasn't.

During this time when hope served, more than once, as of faith. Thus Mr. Montgomery. Such an ideal sounds very young—but p.s., he got the goal; didn't he? And his faith moved managers, didn't it? Well?

Bob commenced to get his breaks, after the final discomfort of having, due to economic depression, to work as an extra in a Grace George show a few months after he had risen to her juvenile lead in a previous play that failed before reaching Broadway. Fast on the heels of this last test of a sturdy spirit, a silver lining spread itself for Bob. Roles came with increasing rapidity—good notices—rising salary.

In a play called "Possession," he was so good that the movies reached out a hand—Louis B. Mayer's—and grabbed him off.

Arriving in Hollywood with the first contingent of stage importations, Bob was received with cold shoulders, lifted eyebrows and the cut direct. Our Western inhospitality to players from the New York theatre was then at its height. Bob, for several weeks, found the studio gatekeeper the nicest person in California because he would at least say "good-morning" to a fellow.

The only confere to be civil to him was Eddie Nugent, a fellow actor on the same lot. Eddie, himself too intelligent to share the hysterical prejudice, took Bob under his wing and helped him over the toughest spots of adjustment to the strange, new medium. Result, they are still close friends and sing each other's praises.

When Bob's first option reared its head, he was joyous—and as good as on an eastbound train. He was lousy on the screen; it was obvious that socially he was offensive on the lot—what could that mean but that his presence was no longer required? In his elation he was already, mentally, throwing his arms around Grand Central Station, N. Y. Then M-G-M exercised their option and retained him.

He is a corks good actor. Genuine talent always wins and Bob's co-workers soon began speaking of him and to him. So, Bob likes Hollywood better now, but will always be prey to a chronic nostalgia for New York.

He doesn't like movies as they are. Except for the money, he prefers the stage to the screen. Working on the stage, is, he says, like an expert game of tennis; working in pictures, like barring a tennis ball. [Continued on page 55]
The Story Signing of Fox Pact
Janet Gaynor's back at work. Here's the low-down on what caused all the rumpus.

I AM very happy over my new picture, 'The Man Who Came Back.' It affords me a great dramatic opportunity. And I am also enthusiastic over plans for my future stories."

In a thrilled but chastened voice, Janet Gaynor thus confirms the settlement of her feud with the Fox Company. A feud fraught with misunderstanding and heartbreak on both sides—and which has been the principal topic of discussion in Hollywood for the past six months. In fact, the movie colony had come to resemble somewhat an armed camp as celebrities ranged themselves with either the Gaynor or Fox-Sheehan factions.

For when a girl who has never evidenced any symptoms of the well-known artistic temperament, suddenly walks away from her feud with the Fox Company and refuses to work, like ads for a certain breakfast-food, "there's a reason."

There were those who felt that Janet was justified in her strike—that she had been forced to do stories unsuited to her talents, that she had been overworked, and that her salary was comparatively one of the lowest in Hollywood. And there were others who saw in her behavior only rank ingratitude to her company and responsible for her eminence.

As it happens, though, no one recognized the factor which really caused all the controversy. Perhaps even those most concerned never saw the situation in its true light—the battle of a lone man against a giant machine. The hopeless struggle of Lydell Peck, a loyal and devoted husband, to take his place alongside his wife, to aid her and guide her.

And Lydell, quite unintentionally, was the cause of all the trouble. In any other walk of life, a husband can help his wife. In fact, it is expected of him. But not in the motion picture industry, where husbands are just so much excess baggage.

Lydell Peck did not know that.

When he married Janet Gaynor, he was a prosperous young attorney of Oakland, Calif. He gave up his remunerative law practice without a murmur and came to Hollywood to take his place beside his wife. He felt that her career was more creative than his, that she had more to give to the world. He determined to make his life part of hers. He loved her so!

Finding his niche in the scenario department of another studio, he watched his beautiful girl-wife's work with a newly-awakened perception of pictures and their values. And he began to wish to lend to her the knowledge he had absorbed, to strengthen and support her. A labor of love.

The last picture Janet had made before her marriage was "Sunny Side Up," a musical comedy scarce worthy of the sympathetic dramatic talent of the little actress. But it was a box-office wow all over the country. So the studio decided to repeat.

Immediately upon her return from

The most influential threat of all—the possible co-starring of Charlie Farrell and Maureen O'Sullivan. Janet didn't like this picture a bit.

Young Lydell Peck, who thought a low career small price to pay for marrying Janet Gaynor. He wanted to help her in her work, to protect her. But husbands don't do such things in Hollywood.
Behind the
Gaynor-Of Peace

By
KAY WILSON

Charlie and Janet, the team who found fame and fortune together, before husbands and contracts began to complicate matters. They're reunited in "The Man Who Came Back."

her honeymoon, she began another musical comedy, "High Society Blues." She hated it.

"When I read the script of 'High Society Blues,' I knew it wasn't for me," Janet says. "And if Mr. Sheehan, who has always been my confidante and advisor, had been in Hollywood, I never would have made it. But he was in New York at the time—and so against my better judgment, I played it.

"I can't begin to tell you how unhappy I was all during the making of that picture. I kept losing weight every day until finally I went down to ninety pounds. Then I saw the 'rushes.' I left for Honolulu the next day and felt as if I never wanted to make another picture again as long as I lived!"

Of course, Lydell was her advisor during this troublous time. What more natural than that he should wish to step in and protect his wife from all unpleasantness, all worry? I think any man would have felt the same under the circumstances.

So the two youngers evolved a plan to save the whole situation. They would suggest to the studio that Lydell be allowed to supervise Janet's pictures! Thus, she would be saved all responsibility, while assured that her interests would never suffer! And he would be near her all the time, able to advise and help her!

But they failed to consider that the motion picture industry is a business—and like all businesses, a coolly calculating machine. Then the machine began to work.

It's possible that Janet and Lydell blundered in presenting their well-meaning plan. It's probable that they went about it too hot-headedly. The Fox studio says they did. The studio declares Lydell demanded he supervise all Janet's pictures, pick the stories and select the cast. Which is quite a demand as well as quite a job.

At any rate, the studio didn't like it—and the machinery was set in motion—at its task of changing a star's mind.

Now, remember, the studio had nothing against young Mr. Peck. In fact, they liked him. He was a most presentable, satisfactory prince consort. But, and here is the point, prince consort he must remain, doomed always to play the rôle allotted stars' husbands in Hollywood.

For, despite their admiration for him, they could not overlook the fact that he was comparatively inexperienced in picture-making. They could not afford to gamble on the productions of their biggest star, for both her sake and their own. Not even to please a husband!

Besides, you can readily see that it would never do for them to set such a precedent as to allow the husband of one of their women stars to take full charge of her productions, be he ever so capable. For from that time on, every married woman on the lot would demand the same privilege before signing on the dotted line.

While Janet was in Honolulu, the studio went ahead with its plans for "Liliom." It's true that they sent for her, and that she refused to return in time to do the part—but it's also true that she was a sick girl. Losing a pound a day can't go on forever—another month of such a strain and a nervous breakdown would have resulted.

So, Rose Hobart was assigned the rôle originally intended for Janet.

Finally, Janet had stayed away as long as possible. She returned to Hollywood, a little older, a little browner, with a puzzled, hurt look in the depths of her dark eyes, and went down to the sea. She and Lydell took a house at Playa del Rey and for the first time in her life, she relaxed. Ever since she started working, from the days as a clerk in a San Francisco shoe store, to the days of her stardom, she had had few moments of leisure. She needed a rest.

But while Janet relaxed, the studio stayed very much on the job. "Liliom" went forward rapidly. The part opposite Charlie Farrell was a great one—and, refusing it was the one mistake in little Gaynor's campaign. She really shouldn't have walked out on a rôle like that!

The studio took Janet off the payroll. They sent out judicious statements. Miss Gaynor's contract had three years to run. If she didn't work for them, she couldn't work for anyone. They announced eighteen pictures planned—with no mention of Miss Gaynor in them. They talked, loud enough to be overheard, about co-starring Charlie Farrell and Maureen O'Sullivan. And the deadlock continued, with Winnie Sheehan in far away New York smiling quietly in his wise Irish way.

And Janet continued to spend long, indolent hours beneath the almost tropic sun—lan- [Continued on page 56]
The KID
Even GENIUS CAN'T SPOIL
By MARGARET REID

Jackie Coogan's coming back as "Tom Sawyer." At fifteen Jackie's a millionaire, a trouper, and a regular guy.

The profoundest of platitudes is that time really does fly. Jackie Coogan, the beloved baby of the "Kid," is now fifteen.

"It feels sort of funny," he observed thoughtfully. "I call boys that are twelve and thirteen 'kids.' But at the same time I'm not grown-up myself. It feels—it feels funny," he concluded helplessly.

Jackie returned to his chocolate malted milk and took a hearty draught that left a slight moustache of foam on his upper lip. Deftly removing it with his tongue, he continued.

"Do you like dog races? Do you know that a greyhound's stride is twenty-six feet? I have one. A Catholic priest gave him to me and he races him for me down at Agua Caliente."

It was Jackie's first luncheon in the Paramount commissary. He was the cynosure of attention. It was the first time in several years that he had been glimpsed by many of those present. Obviously, they were curious, staring at him in search of the heartbreakingly wistful baby whom Chaplin had discovered.

Jackie was completely unaware of their interest. With disclosing new teeth of a size that need some growing up to. He is as brown as a berry from daily swimming and so sturdy as to escape the angles of adolescence.

The waitress brought his sandwich. With marked distaste, Jackie opened it and removed the lettuce.

"I like a sandwich—not a salad," he remarked largely.

A gentleman waved to him across the room.


Levee it was who produced Jackie's pictures when he became a star after "The Kid." And to Levee is due the credit for Jackie's present return to the screen.

Jackie's retirement from work when his parents decided that nothing must interfere with his schooling, took him away from studio circles. It was several years after Mr. Levee had last seen the little boy who was his favorite star, that, a few weeks ago, his secretary announced a Jack Coogan who wished to see him about advertising space in the Loyola College paper. And in walked a boy in long trousers, the earnest advertising manager of his school paper. There was a demonstrative reunion, [Continued on page 60]
At the moment the thing to do is to knock Clara Bow. Let's admit she has been making an idiot of herself in the papers. That's beyond argument. Let's admit her bad taste in letting the report get out of her settlement with a doctor's wife over the doctor's affections. Let's admit her worse taste in following this immediately by going to New York to visit Harry Richman to the tune of a thousand cameras.

It's all true, but I think Clara should be sobbed over rather than scolded. For she's not bold nor brazen. The wildness, the boldness in her comes not from hardness but hunger—from the hunger that is the hardest of all to bear—heart hunger.

On the screen Clara Bow is the epitomization of sex run wild—a girl upon whose entrance into a room every woman present clutches her husband more tightly or suddenly decides it's time to go home.

Off the screen Clara has reigned in the hearts of many men. She has been engaged and engaged. She has admitted her hungering for a home and family. Yet no man has led her to the altar.

Why has her every real-life romance flared but for a moment, then sputtered and died, leaving her with a broken heart, puzzled and wounded, hiding her hurt with a new burst of seeming abandon?

Why can't the "It" girl get her man?

Of course, Clara has sent many suitors away, as has every girl. To every woman, at some time or other, there come men whom she likes, whom she admires, whom she nearly loves—but who fail to kindle the divine spark.

So with Clara. All those who loved her have not found their way to her heart. Though it probably hurt her more than it did them, to tell them so.

But several men have moved her deeply. On more than one occasion in her life, Clara has teetered perilously on the brink of matrimony. Why has she always drawn back?

What greedy fate has wrested from her heart, eager fingers the love she was so close to realizing?

Coursing across her path have been Gilbert Roland, Victor Fleming, Gary Cooper, Dr. Earl Pearson and Harry Richman. All but one, single at the time of her attachment—all but one, "eligible." Yet one by one, they have passed out of her life.

"Why did he stop loving me?" little "Miss Broken-Hearted" writes to the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column of her hometown paper. And just as surely, Clara Bow can question the fate which has given her everything but love.

From her earliest babyhood, Clara's life has been a groaning for understanding and sympathy, an upward struggle fraught with hardship and adversity. She has had to contend with every conceivable obstacle, from a half-maniacal mother who oft-times threatened her life, to a shiftless father who, rumor has it, is paid seventy-five dollars a week by the studio merely to keep away. [Continued on page 58]
WHEN it was announced that Jeremy Tyler was leaving Kate Conway, all Hollywood was interested but scarcely surprised. Jeremy Tyler was one of the town's handsomest boys, a pet and a darling, with a marvelous contract on the Mercedes lot and a handsome future.

Kate Conway Hollywood knew nothing—or practically nothing—and cared less. She didn't belong in the first place. She was out from Broadway and wasn't on the screen. By no stretch of avocado trees could she be called beautiful. Nor was she young. And a wife like that in Hollywood rates about as much attention and sympathy as a horse around a busy filling station.

A little later Jeremy did leave home and proceeded to run around with some of the town's mostfatal and expensive blondes. He made a couple of pictures for Mercedes, which weren't quite as good as they had been expected to be, but which got by, and people accepted him as one of the many lads on the Gold Coast, married but not working at it, pleasantly on the make, good on parties and generally charming.

Then the talkie bomb broke changing the whole map of Hollywood. Jerry's contract held because he had stage experience and knew how to handle his voice. He was perfectly safe professionally but what got Hollywood whispering was that in the time when everybody was being upset and acting wild, Jerry went back to his wife.

It wasn't a phoney reconciliation. The Hays office hadn't gotten after him and there weren't any old-home photographs of Jerry and Kate in the papers.

But you could tell the reconciliation was real. Something came back into both their faces which had been absent for a year. Something showed in Jerry's work that had been lacking before—a certain depth, a certain sensitiveness—that indefinable asset that the camera catches and which transforms a player from just an actor to an integral personality.

And Kate?
November 1930

LOVE STORIES OF HOLLYWOOD

Illustrations
by
R. F. Schabelitz.

walked into his bachelor apart-
there. “Hello, Jerry,” said Kate, take you home.

INSIDER

The story of Kate Conway who
learned what actors love.

Well, for the first time Hollywood became aware of Kate. It began wondering what she had. Jerry was a popular boy and the girls didn’t particularly want to give him up. In a spot packed with the strangest love stories in the world, they tried to understand this one. They sought whys and wherefores but being Hollywood, they naturally overlooked the simplest reason, which was the answer to it all.

To tell you about it, I have to go back to the story of Kate Conway from the beginning.

I knew Kate better than any one in Hollywood and like all men and no women who knew her, I was terrifically fond of her. If she had ever given me a tumble I would have been in love with her, but from the day when she first hit the Broadway show of which I was the press agent, I was a kind of favorite dog with her. You know—she occasionally patted me as I passed. When she was tired or blue she liked me around. She trusted me for errands and she accepted my devotion. And I was just about as important to

her life as the Society for the Preservation of Local Wildflowers is to Herbert Hoover.

But one man was important to her and she was important to him. He was Douglas Vachell, by far the most important actor-manager on Broadway.

One day at a try-out he discovered Kate. The rest of us hadn’t noticed her for there was nothing particularly outstanding about her. A girl of average height and slim, the only things you observed in her, on second glance, were unusually large grey eyes and a mop of yellow brown hair which she wore pinned in a heavy knot on the back of her neck. That set off her head, which was round and lovely. Otherwise we would have all passed her up except for Vachell.

We respected Vachell’s opinions and we had a reason. For Vachell had picked up three or four equally unknowns—Myrna Thomas, Betty Peterson, Gloribel Lee, and made personalities of them, and if he were to pick up this
unknown Conway girl and turn her into stellar material, it didn't seem impossible to us.

Vachell picked Kate Conway and he taught her. And he knew she had been a young actress and experienced and he should have known better but he loved Kate Conway with a madness that was at once both touching and pathetic to see.

She didn't love him. That was just as plain. She liked him. She respected him. In rehearsals she was very definitely, very sincerely, the pupil at the feet of the master. She accepted his advice and returned to the stage when she had to, but she was visibly as untouched by him, and as exquisitely, as crystal untouched by the warmth of the woman that was his pupil. But, by implication, that attitude should have driven Vachell to an infatuation that was practically insanity. I don't pretend to understand the workings of the human heart. Love is a cruel, dark beast at best and this love was twisting and torturing Vachell as nothing had ever tortured him before. Perhaps it was that women usually love things that are weak, forceful as an animal. Perhaps it was Kate's very imper turbability—I don't know. Whatever it was, it practically killed Vachell, and all the time Kate went on as though Vachell were a particularly nice bottle of wine which she desired only to sip and not to drink.

But maybe because I was fond of her, or perhaps because she occasionally gave me her confidence, I saw a little behind the magnificent mask she wore for the public. I saw what the others overlooked—that she wanted to be an actress, a great actress, and that nothing outside of that mattered to her.

Artists are like that—real artists. It's a thing hard to make the world understand. They actually have no real selves, in the sense of you and you and me. When the bright flame hits them—the bright flame of ambition and dreams—their real selves die. Only their dream selves are important to them—the selves they search for and occasionally find in music, or paint, or as in the case of Kate Conway, in acting.

As they are safe, those artists, until something in real life, so much bigger than dreams that it can not be ignored, hits them. Then they become human, and as ordinary, if you like, as the rest of us, and feel as we feel and get a sense of right and wrong. But it's harder on them than on us when it strikes them, because we've been prepared for it all our lives and expect it. But they haven't been so, and in order to gain they must also lose, and the struggle of it all lays them low.

It struck Kate the fourth season she was playing as Vachell's leading woman. And the form it took was Jeremy Tyler.

Their show that year was very simply titled "Devotion" and the story concerned a young girl, the elderly man who had loved her for years without benefit of clergy, and the two acts,科学 and till ir a match with. Vachell, of course, was to play the older lover and Kate the girl.

The only problem was to find the proper juvenile.

Then Jeremy Tyler was sent up to Vachell's apartment to read the part and one look and Kate Conway turned from being an actress into being a living, breathing woman.

Love may be blind but jealousy isn't. Vachell heard the change in her voice the first time she read it. He saw the difference in her face and felt the difference in her embrace, which changed from being merely passive to definitely impatient. He was too enamored to let her go, and he was too vain not to gamble on his own ability to hold her. He hired Jeremy for the rôle.

The rehearsals were, for an on-looker like me, perfectly swell. The air was as tense as midnight in a haunted house. Vachell quarreled constantly with Jerry, with Kate. Neither of them could read a line to suit him. He went over their performances again and again, in his jealousy consciously changing and refining their work till it glittered brilliantly.

Those two behaved marvelously. They were both in love and they both knew it but they hadn't said a word to each other. Vachell was always present, watching them. But when they played their one long love scene together, they weren't acting. All the dammed-up love they had for one another came out as they read those speeches. True to the rehearsal tradition, they didn't put in the kisses and the caresses the roles called for. But, inevitably, their heads came close even in the most formal rehearsal, and a strand of Kate's hair would occasionally brush against Jerry's cheek or she would feel the warmth of his breath on her throat. And at those moments the printed scripts they held would tremble in their hands and from somewhere out in the auditorium Vachell would bellow at them for a vowel they had swallowed or an "ing" they had elided.

The house was packed the opening night. A few whispers had leaked out, of course, and the critics sat ready. The stage story was close enough to the real story to fascinate them. It's always that possibility of human accident that holds an audience tense.

The first act went beautifully. The applause was just right, neither too little, which would mean a frost, nor too much, which would mean the critics were trying to make up in sympathy what they lacked in enthusiasm. The first scene of the love act, which was Kate's and Vachell's, went smoothly. The air smoldered a little between them but I doubt if that could be noticed from the front. Then came the second scene, which was Kate's and Jeremy's, the love scene which Vachell had to come in and discover. Kate and Jeremy went into it, playing it to the hilt. Jerry was playing the idealistic boy, suffering the pangs of first love. Kate was the girl, slowly awakening to the things she had lost. They went into the scene and their voices fairly sang the words. For they were not two actors in a scene. They were man and woman talking to each other. Jerry was making his own avowals to the girl who was Kate Conway. And Kate was pleading with him, pleading with him to understand.

The audience as a person leaned forward to catch every word, every gesture. It was weird how an audience gets things like that but that whole house knew, instantly, that this wasn't acting. Out in the wings Vachell stood, waiting his cue, his face set and bitter. Then Kate held out her arms to Jeremy, from the chaise longue where she was lying. He threw his long, slim, boy's body beside her. Their mouths met and the whole theatre was still as they went to heaven against one another's lips.

The kiss held for a minute, for two, for three. That kiss was Vachell's cue but he stood in the wings as though riveted there forever, staring, staring at those two on that stage before him. From the auditorium rose that laugh that means the hysterical snapping of nerves. Answering laughs rose and Vachell turned fiercely on the stage manager, standing beside him.

"Ring down," he commanded.

"But, Mr. Vachell," stammered the man. "Ring down, you fool," Vachell growled.

"Ring down or I'll knock you down." He strode in on them then and he was merciless.

Outside, on the opposite side of the curtain, we could hear the audience depart. There was laughter and there was grumbling, for the taxicabs and the limousines hadn't arrived yet. I should have beat it for the news papers, but I knew the story would be all around town in a half hour and I wouldn't have left the theatre for a fortune.
PATHE once had Ina Claire (Mrs. John Gilbert) under contract as a star, but they finally agreed to disagree and the agreement was torn up.

Ina appeared in "Rebound" on the stage in Los Angeles, hoping that some picture company would buy it for the talkies. One of them did—it was Pathé, but Ann Harding is to be starred.

A lot of actors didn't buy Austin cars because they can't get their heads in.

Which reminds us that Charlie Judels has promised to open a hat store in Hollywood exclusively for actors—carrying only sizes from 14 to 18.

Like most home-towns, Sedalia, Missouri, just won't take its favorite son, Jack Oakie, seriously.

On a recent visit there, according to "Variety" Jack greeted his old friends and enemies in his usual energetic fashion. The town loafer made a few cracks about Jack's freckles. "You look like a speckled hen," he said.

"Say, listen," retorted Jack, "These freckles are simply rust from my iron will!"

Al Christie takes a great pride in the small patio directly outside of his office at the Metropolitan studios.

He recently became a miniature golf fiend so one morning his scenario staff presented him with a golf course.

It was all laid out in his pet patio!

He let out one yell and disappeared into his office.

Currently, cornered by Cupid: Above, Jack and the new Mary Pickford; at right Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons (Dolores Del Rio) and left, Mr. and Mrs. Nils (Vivian Duncan) Asther.

Mrs. Wallace Beery, née Mary Gillman, former extra of her child from Harry Warner, brother of her first husband.

And now Peverell Marley, the young husband for whom she gave up her baby, has just divorced her.

Just when Hollywood was getting all excited over the "romance" of Josef von Sternberg, lately divorced, and his provocative foreign discovery, Marlene Dietrich, word leaks out that the lady has a husband back in Germany.

Of course, a few months in Hollywood may remedy that. It does do things to foreign gals.

Maria Corda divorced Alexander Korda after a short residence in the cinema capital.
Camilla Horn and her ball-and-chain came to a parting of their ways. So who knows what the future will bring Marlene!

They all come back! Natalie Kingston, who was beginning to make quite a name for herself in pictures when she succumbed to the lure of domesticity, has returned to her first love. She has one of the featured roles in "Her Wedding Night," which is Clara "IT" Bow's latest.

Staggering into a Hollywood cafe a drunk demanded aspirin for a size ten headache.

Betty Boyd, voluptuous vamp and one-time Wampas baby-star, is "that way" about Lane Chandler. But what's a poor actor to do when a big producer like Mack Sennett tries to cut him out? With Rolls-Royce and gardenias as inducement? At present, Betty is dividing her favors.

Just an old Hollywood custom! There's a hamburger stand near every cat and dog hospital! One can have a bite to eat while the favoriteoodle is having his fleas removed.

Trunks have a special significance to Frank Fay, stage star, and Hollywood's favorite master-of-ceremonies. For if an array of packed trunks greets him when he arrives home in the evening, he knows he has some explaining to do.

Mrs. Fay, better known as Barbara Stanwyck, has more than her share of the artistic temper—amen. And whenever she gets mad at Frank, she packs her trunks and threatens to leave. She never does, however—Frank always manages to fix things up.

Yola D'Avril, snappy Parisian actress, and Eddie Ward, song writer, have been making eyes at each other.

Eddie Cantor is one person who has profited from the recent stock market crash. He has just sold a screen idea, based on the comic side of stock market plunging, to Universal, for $25,000. And he received $10,000 from M-G-M for "Caught Short."

Rudy Vallee may have a million feminine fans, but Lupe Velez isn't one of them. The other night at the Roosevelt Hotel, Lupe was introduced to Joe Friscoe, well-known vaudeville performer. Joe was delighted at meeting the little Mexican cyclone and proceeded to try to make a good impression by asking solicitously about the welfare of her "brother Rudy."

He is still trying to find someone who can translate into English what Lupe said. His impression is that she doesn't care for Mr. Vallee.

Another unfinished story of Heartbreak Town—For months pretty Ruth Boyd, a tiny blonde from 'way down South, had struggled for a foothold in movieland. Finally one day while "making the rounds" of the independent studios she was picked for her first part. It was her big chance!

She was the first person to arrive at the studio next morning. Eagerly she waited the director's signal. The cameras started.
Ruth fell to the floor!
She was rushed to the hospital, and while she was operated on for appendicitis, another girl was playing her part.

A certain prominent motion picture producer invited a famous author to a preview of his latest epic, held in one of the suburban picture houses.
At the conclusion, the producer asked his guest what he thought of it.
"I think it's very good," replied the author. "The thing I liked best about it were those expansive mountain scenes on the new wide film."
"Listen to you," said the producer, "I sent a $10 cameraman up to the mountains for those scenes. They weren't expansive at all."

We just can't keep track of Phillips Holmes' romances. First it was Mary Brian.
Then Helen Twelvetrees seemed to occupy his heart.
Next Mary Lawlor took the centre of the stage.
And now it's Mary Brian again.

The Fates of Filmland sometimes play strange tricks...
Six years ago when "The Dressmaker From Paris," starring Leatrice Joy, was shown upon the screens of the country, movie fans and critics alike predicted a great future for Dorothy Seastrom who appeared in a small part.
Last March Dorothy died... no press notices in the papers that once heralded her... just a funeral notice in a small paper in Dallas, Texas where she died.
Hollywood didn't even know Dorothy had passed away.
The Paramount picture won Dorothy a contract with First National.
Her whole life centered around the one ambition—to be a star. She worked day and night.
And then, she found herself in a very weakened condition and was forced to ask studio executives for a leave of absence. The leave was granted. On a doctor's examination it was found that Dorothy had weak lungs.
Several months in the Potterton sanitarium seemed to improve her health. Then back to the studio—but all in vain. She broke down again...

Mary Nolan met an old actor friend recently.

"Oh," she said, after greetings had been exchanged, "I want you to play a part in my next picture!"
"I'm afraid I can't, Mary," said the friend, "I've retired."
"Aw, come on!" urged Miss Nolan, "Be a support!"

Tom Mix is right back where he started over fifteen years ago—in the circus.
Only, instead of the $11 per week he drew down in those days, his salary now is somewhere in the neighborhood of $11,000 weekly.
And while Tom is hitting the sawdust ring, his popular wife, Victoria, is being squired to Hollywood festivities by Ernie Pegano, erstwhile gageman and scenario writer.

And they can't blame it on Hollywood!
After many years of marital happiness, Charles and Clara Grant Ray have come to the parting of the ways.
And it didn't happen in movieland.
During the years of the Rays' residence in the cinema capital, when Ray was one of the most popular juveniles in pictures, the god of love perched serenely over their door-
way. Even when they plunged into adversity, when all their savings were swept away through unwise investments, Clara and Charlie managed to weather the storm together.
But lately things haven't been going so well.
Charles has tried unsuccessfully to stage a comeback on Broadway and though they deny rumors of an impending divorce, Charles and Clara are living in different apartments, and admit that they have separated for good.

Who says position doesn't count?
During the three or four years that she was an extra girl, Jean Harlow was just another blonde in Hollywood.
Then, Howard Hughes gave her the lead in "Hell's Angels," and she was skyrocketed to fame.
Now, Jean Harlow is the most popular girl in the movie colony, the last word in sex appeal.

Hollywood—where the first hundred yea are the hardest.

A girl just can't be sure—
A certain prominent movie director, whose engagement to a beautiful red-headed actress had just been announced, was called to New York suddenly.
About a week later feeling lonely, she decided to call him.
The hotel clerk in New York informed the actress politely that Mr. So-and-So wasn't in but that his wife was.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN—United Artists

With tenderness and strength yet a moving restraint, D. W. Griffith brings Abraham Lincoln to living, breathing reality. Not for a moment does he falter. Rarely gripping are the scenes of Lincoln's early romance. The Civil War scenes are handled as only Griffith could and are exciting and thrilling, both pictorially and emotionally.

Walter Huston touches perfection in the title rôle, while Una Merkel as Ann and Kay Hammond as Mary Todd give splendid performances. It's very great.

PLAYBOY OF PARIS—Paramount

Chevalier, that devastating boy of the boulevard, is his most magnetic self as a gay writer with whom all the girls fall in love. In fact they fight over him. The fun is fast and furious and French. Frances Dee, the latest discovery, is clever and Stuart Erwin puts over some grand comedy. A beautiful way to spend the evening.

MONTE CARLO—Paramount

Again that master of subtlety, Lubitsch, takes a slender story and makes it interesting. It's one of those themes about a wilful countess who runs away from a marriage-of-state only to fall in love with a hairdresser. When she finds that he isn't a hairdresser—well, see for yourself. Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan are the leads.

MADAME SATAN—M-G-M

Cecil De Mille, M-G-M's prime impresario of bathrooms, has gone slapstick! His latest epic, "Madame Satan," contains everything but a custard pie. It's the old story about the cold wife, Kay Johnson, the jazz baby, Lillian Roth, and the stepping spouse, Reginald Denny. You'll enjoy this especially the spectacular ball on a Zeppelin.

SILVER SCREEN'S

LOVE IN THE ROUGH—M-G-M

For lovers who golf and golfers who love! An amusing little musical yarn of romance on the links. Robert Montgomery is ingratiating as the poor boy and Dorothy Jordan is adorable as the heiress. Benny Rubin furnishes lots of comedy, a little too conspicuously, but you'll laugh every minute. And there are some catchy tunes.

ANYBODY'S WOMAN—Paramount

An old theme redeemed by the acting of Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook. The story of a burlesque queen who marries an aristocrat while he is in his cups. Paul Lukas plays—and plays well, the man who would take Ruthie out of it all—honorably, of course. But true love triumphs. Slow-moving but effective. Miss Chatterton is beautiful.
LILIOM—Fox

Charlie Farrell, doing his best talkie work to date, plays a Hungarian carnival Barker who is loved by two women, a sinner and a saint. He marries the saint, beats her, dies, goes to heaven and is redeemed. This strange and daring story is beautifully handled by Director Frank Borzage. Much too good to miss.

REVIEWING STAND

WHOOPEE—United Artists

A carbon copy of a Ziegfeld show, with all the girls, the color, the lights and the pageantry, plus Eddie Cantor and lively tunes. It would cost you five dollars in the flesh on Broadway. You'll get it for much less, but you'll miss the glow of reality—and it isn't talkie stuff really. A good musical that should have been great.

ANIMAL CRACKERS—Paramount

Goofy and crazy and mad and marvelous, the four Marx Brothers return to the screen in "Animal Crackers." The title doesn't mean a thing. Neither does the plot. Lillian Roth is in it, some good tunes and most hilarious dialogue but the Marx boys are the whole show. If you like absolutely insane humor—and we do—see this.

THE RAP—M-G-M

Good two-reel comedians, when they make full length features often flop, but not so Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy in their first feature length production, "The Rap." It's a burlesque on "The Big House," and if you don't believe that can be funny, go and see what a mistake you've made. The children will fall for this hard. It's a scream.

CALL OF THE FLESH—M-G-M

By personality and a truly magnificent voice Ramon Novarro saves a trite story from mediocrity. He plays a light-hearted troubadour who finds his soul through love for the little convent-bred girl, Dorothy Jordan. You'll enjoy the love scenes between these two, which have a rare poetic charm. Miss Jordan improves with every performance.

HER MAN—Pathé

Based on the tawdry old ballad of "Frankie and Johnnie," "Her Man," has been made into one of the finest talkies ever. What a cast it has and what performances they give—Helen Twelvetrees as Frankie and Ricardo Cortez, staging a great come-back as Johnnie, the man who done her wrong; Philips Holmes, just a heart-breaker as the man who leads Frankie to better things. Add one of the greatest fight sequences ever screened. Go yourself, but don't take the children.
DOUGHBOYS—M-G-M

It's too bad for the Army when Buster Keaton enlists by mistake—his own. He almost wins the war, singlehanded, for Germany. In fact, the only reason he and Cliff Edwards survive is because they're too dumb to kill. Sally Eilers furnishes sex-appeal, and how! If you like unsubtle comedy, you'll go for this!

MOBY DICK—Warner Brothers

Moby Dick," which was made as a silent several years ago and called "The Sea Beast," comes to talkies with John Barrymore again playing the leading rôle. It's the same stirring tale of old whaling days made even more graphic with sound and vastly superior. Barrymore is grand and Joan Bennett, in the part Dolores Costello did originally, is beautifully quaint. The whole film is swell.

OLD ENGLISH—Warner Brothers

As THE lovable, cantankerous old rascal, George Arliss gives a flawless performance. He has led a life of impeccable honesty until his eightieth year. Then misfortune augurs ill for his grandchildren. So, he pulls his first shady transaction, and as a result, pays the supreme penalty. A great production. Put this on your "must see" list.

BILLY THE KID—M-G-M

A rough and ready epic of the west is this saga of the life of Billy, the Kid, youthful desperado who terrorized the pioneer Oklahoma country. Johnny Mack Brown plays Billy, and though some liberties have been taken with real history, the picture is convincing. Kay Johnson is the girl-friend and Wallace Beery almost steals the picture.

VIENNESE NIGHTS—Warner Brothers

Laid in romantic old Vienna, this has much of the lilting spirit of "Maytime." Alexander Gray is a gallant Captain of the Guard, Vivienne Segal is the sweet young lass, and Walter Pidgeon the handsome band-master. There you have the eternal triangle, even in those picturesque days. Charming music by Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein II place this above the average.

THE SPOILERS—Paramount

The Spoilers," epic of the silent days, has been re-born to a new triumph. This time Gary Cooper and William Boyd are the combatants, and Betty Compson and Kay Johnson furnish the love interest. The spirit of the Alaska gold rush has been thrillingly captured by Director Carewe. You'll get a thrill.
REVIEWING STAND

REMOTE CONTROL—M-G-M

A MYSTERY yarn with a radio background, this has everything from jewel robberies to weird murders to amuse and frighten you. William Haines is his usual smart-aleck self, and right good he is, too. Mary Doran is the heroine, while Charlie King and Polly Moran furnish excellent bits of comedy. There are lots of big laughs.

THREE FRENCH GIRLS—

CHARMAINE, Diane and Madelon, fatal mademoiselles, make hectic havoc of an Englishman and two visitors from the land of the spree. The setting is an ultra modiste shop where love flies in on wings of mirth. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls, Reginald Denny is the Englishman. It's elegant fun.

DIXIANA—RKO

DESPITE its lavish presentation, "Dixiana" misses being a good picture. In a setting of 1848 New Orleans, Bebe Daniels plays a circus performer who falls in love with a wealthy landowner, only to be rejected by his family. Her voice is delightful while Everett Marshall, as her lover, sings nobly. Still, there's little to recommend.

THE SEA GOD—Paramount

HERE'S a rip-roaring adventure story, laid under the sea. Richard Arlen is a deep-sea diver whom the natives of one of those far off islands believe a god, and Fay Wray is his lady fair. A wild yarn, but so entertainingly handled that you'll eat it up. Watch Robert Gleckler. He's good.

EAST IS WEST—Universal

EAST IS WEST" comes to the sound screen—this time with Lupe Velez in the Ming Toy rôle originally played by Constance Talmadge. It's all about a little Chinese girl who falls in love with an American boy, played by Lew Ayres. Lupe isn't very Chinese but elaborate settings and expert direction make it pleasing entertainment.

GOOD NEWS—M-G-M

THE latest argument in favor of higher education, "Good News," is a fast, collegiate farce. Bessie Love is a zippy jazz baby, while Stanley Smith and Mary Lawlor furnish the romance. Mary's charming. The musical numbers are good even if you've heard them all. "The Varsity Drag" is done snappily by its originator, Zelma O'Neal.
Hollywood's Most Beautiful Extra Girl

SILVER SCREEN set out to find Hollywood's most beautiful extra girl—and here she is! Jane Arden is her name and when we found her, we also found the answer to why most girls go back home.

Her career is explanation enough, and is typical of the lives and careers of the hundreds of girls who have come from all over the world to Hollywood, responding to its lure, like moths to the flame.

For not only is Jane Hollywood's most beautiful extra girl—she is Hollywood's most successful. She worked more days last year than any other extra girl in pictures. Yet her earnings totalled only $2,429, or an average of $40.80 a week.

To earn this, Jane had to possess more than beauty. She had to have youth, talent, education, and the willingness to work untiringly, uncomplainingly. She had to be an expert swimmer, a graceful dancer, a proficient horsewoman, apt at tennis and golf—and she had to maintain a $3,000 wardrobe!

Jane worked two hundred and twenty-five days last year—and such work! Difficult days on outdoor locations. Tedious hours on stuffy sound-stages, with nerves stretched taut over endless delays. Indigestible meals eaten hastily from paste-board boxes. Taking chances, dangerous, risky chances with a smile. All for forty dollars a week.

Just what a good stenographer could command anywhere. Forty a week for always looking her best, always being game, never being tired, always ready to work, anywhere anytime, and each night facing the problem of where the next day's pay check is coming from, an eternal cycle of hope, fear and struggle.

That's the life of Hollywood's most beautiful extra. Now do you wonder why most girls go back home?

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Above, exquisite Jane Arden as she appears on the set, ready for the day’s shooting. Below, the front and back of Jane's card, as listed with Central Casting. These coldly statistical cards are what kill the dreams of most extras. Personal charm, the soft flattery of pretty eyes—these no longer can be brought to the director's attention. The little card goes instead. The things that count are talent and youth, the things that win are merit and courage.
MARILYN MILLER

"Sunny" days are almost here! Marilyn Miller, who adorns both stage and screen, brings her loveliest character to talkies before turning her "Smiles" on Broadway.
JAMES RENNIE

James Rennie as Sabatini’s “Captain Blood” is on the lookout for a big box-office hit for First National. In private life handsome Jim is Mr. Dorothy Gish.
Anita Page

The arresting Anita Page, one of those intriguing Spanish blondes, discovered by M-G-M. You'll see more of her in "War Nurse".
Gary Cooper

The answer to why girls go west! Gary Cooper, the gaunt young gentleman from Montana, whose performances improve with every picture. His latest is "Morocco" for Paramount.
JUNE COLLYER

Oh what is so rare as a girl like June! Decorative Miss Collyer is the First Lady of Hollywood's younger generation. She belongs to Paramount.
We'll bet Joan Crawford was thinking of Doug, Jr., when this scene from "Great Day" was taken. And no doubt Johnny Mack Brown's mind was dwelling on his pretty wife Cornelia. Such are love scenes in the movies!
You will be fascinated by this luxurious, inexpensive Beauty Bath that gives INSTANT results

MERELY dissolve half a package of LIMIT in the tub, bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then note the remarkable effect on your skin.

After a LIMIT Beauty Bath, there is left on the skin an even, invisible "coating" of LIMIT which takes the place of dusting with talcum by making the skin smooth and soft immediately after drying off. This light LIMIT powder is absolutely harmless—does not clog the pores but absorbs perspiration and has a most soothing effect on irritated parts of the skin.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of LIMIT. Being a pure vegetable product, it contains none of the mineral properties found in many cosmetics today. Doctors and dermatologists who realize the purity and soothing qualities of Starch from corn generally recommend it for the tender and super-sensitive skin of young babies.

LIMIT is sold by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin
An interview with Marguerite Hoare, of London
on the relation of soap to beauty

Why soap is essential—and which soap to choose... answered
by adviser to women of exclusive social and diplomatic circles.

When women of importance choose a beauty expert in a
strange city, they make their choice with
some care. During the Naval Confer-
ence in London, the wives of the dele-
gates consulted women in diplomatic
circles. Who took care of the wives of ambassa-
dors and ladies of distin-
guished British fami-
lies?... they asked.
"Marguerite Hoare, of
Mayfair," was the
answer.

Miss Hoare’s salon at
19 South Wolton Street
is one of the world’s im-
portant beauty shops.
Here, Miss Hoare re-
cently gave an interview
on home beauty methods that will be
of genuine interest to every woman.

"When not enough soap and water is
used," said this prominent expert, "one
risks oiliness, blackheads and similar
disfigurations. When the wrong soap
is used, one suffers dryness, rough-
ness, irritation, injured skin texture.

"My solution to the problem of
cleansing without irritation is—Palmolive
Soap. Palmolive is a delightful
soap to use—bland, soothing and gentle.
Yet its soft lather has wonderful cleansing
properties. It softens and carries away all
impurities from the pores.

"I feel especially safe
in using and recom-
mending Palmolive,
because I know that no
oils are used in it
except vegetable oils."

The Palmolive method of home
cleansing is so easy to follow. Here it
is, as outlined by the leading beauty
specialists all over the world:

First, massage a rich lather of
Palmolive Soap and warm water tenderly
into the skin.

Now, rinse off the soap with plenty of
warm water, then colder and colder, until
your skin actually tingle.

This Palmolive cleansing is the method
advised by Marguerite Hoare of London,
who advocates and uses Palmolive Soap in
all her beauty treatments. The same
method is recommended today by 23,723 beauty
experts all over the world, who in all their
experience have found
no better, safer method.
WHEN three years ago Lon Chaney was first prevailed upon to break his long silence regarding the story of his life, I was the fortunate interviewer to whom he gave his history. I had the privilege of many long interviews with him and through those meetings I came to know Lon for the gallant and generous person he was. His was one of the strangest figures in a town where the unusual is the rule.

Born the son of deaf and dumb parents, his life was one long struggle over environment and handicaps.

He reached the fifth grade in school. After that he had to leave and start the task of wage earning. He did anything and everything. He was a guide up Pike's Peak. He was, impossible as it seems, an interior decorator. He was a stage hand, a prop boy, an actor in the days when barnstorming meant murky opera houses in sleepy villages, impossible overnight jumps on cold, draughty trains, and near starvation.

A fortunate engagement with a Los Angeles stock company turned his mind toward movies.

He played all kinds of bits—cowboys, policemen, thugs, anything to get a day’s check for three dollars and the hope that the check wouldn’t bounce back when he tried to cash it. It wasn’t until William S. Hart gave him a rôle in “Riddle Dwain” that anybody noticed him. Eventually, “The Miracle Man” clinched him as a star.

Stardom did not affect him. The plaudits of the crowd reached him too late in life to disturb him. To praise of his acting he had one invariable answer, “Aw, g’wan, it wasn’t anything.”

He had four loves. His art, his vacation home in the high Sierras, his son and his devoted wife. Those were his life. He asked nothing more and repulsed anything else.

His work he loved with a consuming passion. What he suffered for it is unbelievable. I watched him once don a make-up where he had to put rings made of invisible hairs under the lids of his eyes to secure the eerie effect he wanted. It was agonizing, but Lon endured it to give careless audiences a passing thrill.

He was called the mystery man of the movies but there was no mystery about him save that of a noble and truly simple soul in a town dedicated to glitter and bombast.

He died as he had lived, quietly and without whimpering. A fatally incurable disease had threatened him for years. It was only a matter of time, but the end came, mercifully, a little sooner than had been expected.

The Man of a Thousand Faces has donned the Mask of Death, but his work lives on. Lon Chaney was a great artist and a greater man.

—R. W.
anyway. I thought Kate might need me.

"You know, I suppose," Vachell was saying, "what Jeremy, "what this woman has been to me?"

The boy went white but he stood on his ground. "I know Broadway," he said, "so I know what you can do and you've tried to get it.""You know she knows nothing but what I've taught her, has nothing but what I've given her? Do you know that I can keep you in the only business you ever have?"

"I don't know that," said Jeremy, "but it doesn't matter. I'm asking her right now to marry me—tonight, if she will."

Vachell swung around on Kate, who was standing upstage, speechless, her eyes wide and the make-up standing off her white face as dreadfully as blood on snow.

"And you," said Vachell. "May I tell you what you can do?"

He proceeded to tell her and Vachell was an educated man. He knew every word in the English language that could be supposed to have meaning, and he didn't completely. He used several of them and she took them, with her head up and her eyes closed, but they struck her as visibly as though they had been thongs bearing against her skin.

Then Jeremy spoke quietly. "I'm sorry, Kate," he said. "He's an old man but I shall have to do this" and then he shut out his fist, connected it perfectly with Vachell's jaw and laid him out cold.

I went out with them and acted as witness for the little Connecticut town where we finally found a justice of the peace who was still up, and willing to perform a marriage ceremony.

Now though the things that happen on Hollywood Boulevard are new news on Broadway, the truth doesn't hold in the other direction. All Broadway might murder itself and Hollywood wouldn't care.

When I left Broadway, the clamer of that Vachell first night was still ringing in my ears. The wretched lovers had retired to bliss somewhere in New Hampshire and I decided to go west and proposition Ike—Leven, President of Mercedes films, for a job. Ike was a little old friend and I ought to get some job with him. Kate had solemnly promised to write but nearly a year went by before I heard from her. It was a very short note.

"Do you suppose you could get anything for Jerry in the movies?" Kate wrote. "Well, my boy, I have worked. We neither of us get anything. Our money is nearly gone. I've nothing for pictures but you know how handsome Jerry is. I'm sure he'd make a hit."

Of course, Kate had always used less words than an Indian but I knew from the shortness of that note that things weren't quite perfect. So I unexhusted a profile of Jerry and took it down to Ike.

"Here's a new juvenile come straight from Broadway to glorify Mercedes productions," I told him.

Now I'd never taken Jerry seriously. He was the guy Kate was in love with, as far as I was concerned. But I marked the gleam in her eye.

"Yess," said Ike. "He is good. He's got woman power. Tell him to come. I'll give him seventy-five dollars.

"Don't break his heart," I said. "He's got a wife. Besides that guy can act."

"Whether he can or can't make no difference with a face like that," Ike said.

"Make it a hundred. I'll go no higher. He'll come for that. They all do."

I knew when Ike couldn't be pushed so I went out and wired Jerry. Five days later I was down in Los Angeles waiting for the Overland Limited to come in.

Jerry bounded off fine. He tear a handsome lad. Country life had agreed with him, too. He was bronzed and straight shouldered and just enough heavier, and watching him, with Ike Leven's sentiment in mind, I noticed that passing feminines did light on him and having lighted, stuck.

"That, said Jerry, "is what is called sex appeal" but just then I stopped thinking about anything because Kate had come off the train.

She had on a home-made dress. Does that tell you? If it doesn't, my words will have to dry up right here, for nothing shouled at me so plainly what had happened to Kate in that year. Kate Conway, a Broadway leading woman, gowned in a blue and white printed silk that she had visibly run up by ear on a sewing machine in an old farm-house.

I came forward to grab a couple of their bags. Jerry got to me first. I pumped his hand. Then I stopped to get a close-up of Kate. She didn't have on a shade of make-up.

"Train came in so fast you didn't have time to powder the old nose?" I kidded her thinking of the 65 hours from Chicago.

She didn't come back at me. Instead she looked up at the male profile beside us. "Jerry hates make-up," she said.

I went weak in the knees. Kate had lost her sense of humor. So this was what love did.

I steered them out. "This battered chariot will sore you to your future home," I said. "You'll like it, Kate. It's a little house up in one of the Canyons, all by itself in a grove of eucalyptus while outside the door some skin planted acacia bushes that get you drunk on perfume in March and April."

"I hope it's a good kitchen," Kate said. "I can cook now. It's swell."

Jerry began talking then so I put my mind on my driving. He said things about Broadway, about her art, about what he thought of movies, more about his art. We got at the little house finally and I cleared out fast. I was to take him to meet Ike the next day.

About a week later when I knew they were running off his screen tests, I went up to visit Kate. She was busy sweeping.

"Listen," I said. "That husband of yours is going to be a star. Have it straight from the front office. He's going to be a hit and this town is full of wicked women who take candy from children, money from millionaires, and husbands from wives."

"Do tell," said Kate. "Do think blue hangings would be nices against that north light over there."

"I wouldn't know a blue hanging from a green one," I said, "and I wouldn't be interested if I did. I am here merely as an ambassador of fidelity trying to warn you to keep the home fires burning."

"Love makes a pretty good fuel," said Kate.

"Love mixed with something else," I said. "Love and lipsuck, love and leisure, love and—"

"Lyricism," said Kate. "But I suppose you never heard of that."

"You call those fragment lyrics," I demanded, "or that high light on your nose?"

"I call them being honest," said Kate. "Getting back to fundamentals. Women seldom have the chance to love completely. And I know now what Vachell went through. He loved me. I didn't love him. I was just something artificial. Now I want to be real, real, real. No pretense. No acting. I just want to serve Jerry and live for him. I want to make him a great actor. That's my career now."

"We are all of us acting, all the time. You're a personality, Kate Conway. You aren't meant to keep that blue dress sweeping your husband's kitchen. He's going to be a hit, which means he's going to be flattered beyond all male endurance. He'll see his face in the papers of the world and his head will grow to match the size of his close-ups and the first thing you'll all be doing is sweeping up the pieces. Let me help you, Kitty. Tell me what I can do."

"You can get in that battered car of yours," Kate said, "and you can ride down the hill and not ride up again.

"I'll wait for you tonight until the first night of Marcia Charleton's picture, "The Customary Sin." Jerry was in the featured billing and as such was the lion of the occasion, after Maricio. So Ike gave me a Carthay Circle opening with all the sunlight arc, megaphone introduction, and roped off crowds of fans stuff. And Jerry brought Kate to the opening."

It was her first appearance at such a thing and, standing carefully hidden, I watched; to see what it would do to her.

I knew she had come out with the typical Broadway attitude to Hollywood. She thought of Hollywood as a funny place and of the movies as the step-children of the older art of the theatre. She came to the opening as she would have come to a Broadway opening, expecting to be inconspicuous in the crowd. She wore a gold onyx, black satin, straight and slim, and a wrap of silver cloth with a silver fox collar. It was an outfit that would have been very correct on Broadway but beside the fireworks of a picture in the midst of the ermine, the diamonds, the orchids and the peroxide of the Camera Coast, it made Kate look merely dull and unimaginative.

They started up the path to the theatre entrance, she and Jerry. Jerry stopped to [Continued on page 54]
Screen stars must captivate millions when the revealing close-up is flashed on the screen. YOU must pass Critical Eyes, CLOSE TO YOU.

AN EXQUISITE complexion spells romance! A skin so alluringly lovely that it can pass the cruel test of any star, 45 important Hollywood directors will tell you.

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So well do the radiant screen stars who hold the world breathless with their charm know this,

that 511 of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood use Lux Toilet Soap for their skin. It has been made the official soap for all studio dressing rooms.

On Broadway, too, the lovely stage stars are just as enthusiastic about the exquisite care this fragrant, white soap gives their skin, and it is in the dressing rooms of 71 of New York's 74 legitimate theaters.

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How people love the close-up! How beautiful smooth skin closely revealed in a flood of light draws them irresistibly! Under searching light is YOUR skin lovely to close, eager eyes? That is YOUR close-up test.

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen and the radiant skin of lovely girls everywhere are kept exquisite with LUX Toilet Soap. 10¢
Footnotes on the future or the sandals a girl will wear in 1980 according to “Just Imagine.” But you can wear them now and be smart.

There are the daily rushers and after the first flush shooting Kate Conway was the most-talked-about woman on the Coast. But she kept to herself.

She asked her questions until she said, “Well, Jerry go to the movies?”

“All Hollywood will go,” I said.

“Jerry’s all I’m interested in,” Kate said.

“She’ll be there,” I said. “His own pictures but so Kate you know. He’ll be keen to see yours.”

“Will the preview tell if I’m good?”

“The studio knows you’re a wow now.”

“But I want everybody to know,” said Kate.

“They will,” I said.

There was a pause.

“Now the night after the preview I want you to get me a key to Jerry’s apartment,” Kate demanded.

“I suppose you think I’d rob a bank for you if you asked me to,” said Kate.

“Well, you wouldn’t? you?” asked Kate.

“Yes,” I said.

“All right,” said Kate. “Get me that key.”

The night after the preview Kate came in on me. She looked exquisite. Her eyes were still and her color was high.

“I’m scared,” she said. “Come with me.”

Twin conspirators, we stealthily let ourselves into Jerry’s bachelor apartment.

“You go into the other room,” commanded Kate. “I’m going to wait here for him if it takes all night.”

Midnight came and went, and one and two o’clock before I heard the scraping of a key in the lock. Then I heard Jerry’s amazing, “Kate’s” and heard Kate’s cool lovely voice answering, “Hello, Jerry.”

“Why are you here,” Jerry demanded but his voice was soft.

“You’re my husband,” said Kate. I nearly lost you because I was a fool. I was so in love with you I forgot to be charming. And Jerry, I forgot how completely I was—how completely I am—an actress.”

“You are an actress,” said Jerry. “I’ve just learned the pictures. You were glorious.”

“Yes,” said Kate simply, “but it was really just revenge stuff. I had to prove to you that I’m a better trourer than your Marcia Long. Kate came to me, her name is not an actress—oh, Jerry, I have to play parts all the time. And all I was doing, when I went around sweeping and dusting and bed and kitchen, was playing a part—the young housewife. And you’re an actor, Jerry, and when you began to be a hit out here, you had to play the part of the young practical housewife. But I think you may have been too hasty. You come back to me and we’ll both be good, really we will.”

“Oh, Kate, Kate,” said Jerry. “Don’t you know you’re going to be the biggest star in pictures, and I’ve been such a tramp? I am mad about you when you’re like this and I hated the sight of you in gingham and rubber shoes. But, darling, I should love you no matter what and you shouldn’t love me no matter what.”

“I do, though,” said Kate. “I’d rather have a kiss with you.”

There was a very, very long pause and then I heard their voices once more. I looked out of Jerry’s bedroom and saw them huddling together in a big white chair. “Oh, darling,” he said, looking deep into her eyes, “we’re not acting now, are we?”

Kate sighed happily. “We probably are,” said Kate, “but we’re acting together again and isn’t it swell?”

Kate Conway dear little Mrs. Tyler. I could have broken Marcia’s beautiful young jaw. I waited for Jerry to do it for me, but instead I saw him look at Kate and flush. In the same sickening moment I realized that Jerry was ashamed of Kate Conway as his wife, ashamed of her in her simple town. And by the answering flush that suddenly colored Kate’s face, I saw that she had sensed his humiliation and was dying within her own soul.

Are men more shallow than women? Some bird once pointed out that no woman is really happy with a man she can’t be proud of. Well, that same bird might just as well have pointed out that you can’t keep a man, too. Yet why is it that when a man marries a superior woman like Kate Conway he will rarely be content until he has broken her. Kate had fallen in love with Jerry Tyler. She wanted to please him and so when that dumb cluck had talked to her about abandoning make-up and making him happy with her, she did it. So Jerry, and I, and Vicki, got embarrassed when a dizzy blonde like Marcia came along and patronized her.

I puzzled about it and inadvertently, I stumbled into Kate and Jerry at the back of the house during the last half of the final reel. Jerry’s brows were knit and they were leaving and he said, “It’s a filthy break, but Kate developed a terrific headache”

when a few weeks later I met Jerry at Marcia Charlan’s having tea all alone; when I bumped into him at Catalina with Eldery, I knew the Hollywood virus was working.

I was heavy at heart thinking of Kate and I probably would have done something actively if the first reports of the Jolson talkies hadn’t begun coming back to the Camer Coast, thereby upsetting everything.

In the midst of this I heard Jeremy Tyler had left Kate and set up a bachelor apartment. It was delightfully referred to as a matinal vacation. I wanted to talk to Kate but the memory of how she had dismissed me I almost burst into tears. Besides in my mind. Besides in some strange way I trusted Kate to look out for herself. So I let things drift until one day in the midst of our hectic attempt to find a woman to play the lead in “A Sailor’s Wife,” Miss Conway was announced wanting to see me.

I rushed across the lot and out to the front gate and there was Kate smiling at me, a very New York Kate in a slim golden beige dress and a right little toque, in sables, and with her lovely mouth generously coated with scarlet lip rouge.

“Oh, Kate,” I said, very brilliantly.

“Have you got a private office?” asked Kate.

“I want to talk to you there.”

“I walked her back across the lot to my little coop.

“Cigarette, please,” said Kate carefully environed on the only chair.

“For once you’ll have to do the talking,” I said.

“Okay,” said Kate. “I’ve come for that part in ‘A Sailor’s Wife.’ I want you to introduce me to your Mr. Ike Luven or Levin or whatever his name is.”

“But you’re acting!” I cried. “It’s wonderful. It’s a great part—but why—why now?”

“Love,” said Kate.

“Love?” I queried.

Kate smiled. I think I have never seen such a beautiful expression on any woman’s face. There was everything in that smile of hers, tenderness and compassion and hope and resignation. She said other Kate favored and put her little hands in mine, beautifully gloved little hands.

“Dear friend,” said Kate.

“Quiz,” I said. “I’ll do whatever you want.”

“Yes,” said Kate, “I know you will but I mean that I treat you very badly but I know I don’t care if you have broken your heart and perhaps that’s what friendship really means. Anyway, listen. I love Jeremy Tyler. I never knew before what love could be— all giving and no demands. I have changed so deeply inside since loving Jerry that I wanted to show it externally. I’ve never known such happiness as just working for Jerry, of doing silly things like making his bed and picking up his funny old socks and ties. But that was stupid of me. You see, my dear, Jerry married an actress. He was very wonderful and so an actress I shall be, not that rather pathetic person who wanted to be all real and sincere—and horribly dour.

“But—Jerry’s been gone from you two months—why have you waited this long?”

You need the breaks in love as much as in a career,” Kate said. This role in Sailor’s Wife is a fat one and I’m too show-business wise not to know there’s nobody out here now who can play it unless I can.

“But Kate,” I said, “Suppose Ike does give you a test for it, and suppose you get it. She’s an old part. She’s got grown children. You’ll have to look like a hag.”

And then Kate gave me the answer to this role in Sailor’s Wife is a fat one and I’m too show-business wise not to know there’s nobody out here now who can play it unless I can.

“Don’t you know you’re going to be the biggest star in pictures, and I’ve been such a tramp? I am mad about you when you’re like this and I hated the sight of you in gingham and rubber shoes. But, darling, I should love you no matter what and you shouldn’t love me no matter what.”

“I do, though,” said Kate. “I’d rather have a kiss with you.”

There was a very, very long pause and then I heard their voices once more. I looked out of Jerry’s bedroom and saw them huddling together in a big white chair. “Oh, darling,” he said, looking deep into her eyes, “we’re not acting now, are we?”

Kate sighed happily. “We probably are,” said Kate, “but we’re acting together again and isn’t it swell?”

[Continued from page 52]
FROM STARVATION TO STARDOM
[Continued from page 27]
against a wall. He would rather do high comedy than any other type of work, for which reason his favorite role thus far is his brief contribution to 'The Divorcee.' This, despite his conspicuous success as the tragic young coward in 'The Big House.'
He is one of our best-looking young men, but doesn't throw his personality around. Even people who don't like actors, like Bob. He has a keen intelligence and a sharp wit.
He knows how to live. Acting, being his trade rather than his art, doesn't weigh unduly upon him. He would rather make good pictures than bad ones, but his life doesn't hinge upon it. He plays excellent tennis, fast golf and crafty bridge. He is a licensed pilot as to flying and is a promising polo player. He is also learning to rope steers, no one knows exactly why.
He is the life of a party because he always has such a good time. His humor is the cagey sort that doesn't lean on wise-cracks. He is at once subtle and bumptious. Apparentlly candid, he has the instinctive reserve of the well-bred about his actual self. Particularly for publication does he guard his privacy. His marriage, his home, his personal life are his own and will become public property only over the dead body of his inherent good taste, which will probably die only when Bob does.
He likes Don Byrne above all authors and 'Messer Marco Polo' is his bible. For years he has carried page 69 of it in his wallet—the Pope's advice to young Marco Polo being Bob's own creed.
His pet hate is bad acting and he hopes that, if he ever does much of it, some one will shun him—and not with a camera. He doesn't see how stars can give out more than five interviews, having by then told five life-stories—one their own and four they have heard about. He does charming, thoughtful things for people, using underhand methods to avoid being thanked. He is given to fairly infrequent moods and is hot-tempered on occasion. He's a swell guy and a credit to the clan Montgomery.

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Kotex now has rounded, tapered corners which eliminate awkward bulges and assure a snug, firm fit.

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HOLLYWOOD SOCIETY

[Continued from page 13] wood has its quota of bachelors and maidens—and June Collyer is to the younger crowd what Mary Pickford is to the older—its leader. When Prince George of England, third son of the King, visited the Gold Coast last winter, June was his dining-and-dancing partner. Mary Brian is another popular member of this crowd.

Of the men, Ronald Colman to me is a thoroughbred if there ever were one; a gentleman of fine culture, whose romance is his active being. I have especially like Gary Cooper, who epitomizes the gallantry of western America in its earliest days. At home on his ranch, Gary is the same silent, strength-and-tenderness sort of chap we find in his pictures. And don’t think for one moment that William Haines is the wise-cracking smart-aleck in real life that he is on the screen. Instead, he is a scion of an old Southern family, with a brilliant mind and manners above reproach.

All in all, I think Hollywood society is the most delightful in the world and the most basically sound. Because position in Hollywood is dependent upon the individual, and that individual’s ability—not on the wealth amassed by a preceding generation.

For background in society, that is, the number of generations from such to such, is certainly not always indicative of breeding.

I have never yet been to a representative gathering of prominent motion picture people where there was anything like the amount of drinking, fliting and risque conversation, that takes place in the so-called smart sets of every large and small town throughout America.

Oh, I know that when some of my friends read this they are going to accuse me of being prejudiced, of glossing over the foibles of movieland, because of my personal liking for its people. But that is not the case.

I am absolutely sincere in what I say. I happened to be born of one of the oldest families in America. And because of that, I have been thrown with the so-called society families of New York and every other city in which I have lived. I have known intimately social leaders of this country and Europe. And I repeat, emphatically, that Hollywood Society is equal, if not a shade superior, to any other in the world!

THE STORY BEHIND THE SIGNING OF THE GAYNOR-FOX PACT OF PEACE

[Continued from page 29] glorious, carefree hours. And as her little body grew more tanned, her mind acquired a new maturity. She got a better slant on the whole situation. Lying there in the warm sand, she learned tolerance—and compromise. Granted that she still wanted Lydell to supervise her pictures—he would be able to make her path so much easier. But Janet began to realize that regardless of whether or not she could have her own way, there was a job of work to be done. She came to know that an artist cannot pick up a career and set it down at will—it is too closely a part of herself.

About that time, Winfield Sheehan returned from New York. He and Janet met. They were still friends. The quarrel had never been one of personalities—just a star and the machine. So negotiations with the studio were soon under way. The sun began to poke his head through the storm-clouds.

Several conferences followed, with the result that Janet is going back to work. While it is known that she didn’t gain all her points, those who know Hollywood’s “little rebel” say she didn’t lose all of them. And though she won’t talk about her new arrangement with the studio, she’s a mighty happy little girl right now.

“T’m just like a race-horse, straining at the bit to get onto the track again,” she shrewly admitted. “T’m so glad everything’s all settled—though I knew it would come out all right from the start. We’re bound to have a few disagreements, my studio and I. The course of true love does run smooth, you know!”

And Fox?

“Janet’s superb!” says Fox proudly.

As for Lydell Peck—he doesn’t say anything.

Here’s Amos ’n Andy in their first movie for Radio. New make-ups, friends, but the same old taxicab and that same Madame Queen.
WHY CHAPLIN WON'T TALK

[Continued from page 17]

To hear a shadow that you had watched for years suddenly speak was sufficient thrill, but now all that is passed. The newness has worn off. Talking pictures must prove themselves worth entirely on the strength of their using dialogue and on that basis, I claim they have not succeeded. The net result has been to make audiences shop more than ever for entertainment.

"In contrast, is 'City Lights.' I am exceedingly enthusiastic about it. It is truly a motion picture, as motion pictures should be, which means motion and no talk. I confidently believe that after it is seen, sixty percent of the productions thereafter will revert to non-dialogue.

"By that I don't mean pictures without sound and synchronization. Sound effects, and music synchronization are good. Neither retards action. It is only dialogue that does that.

"Besides, if producers would speak frankly, they would confess that through the adoption of one-hundred percent talkies they have placed themselves in an exceedingly limited market. To face the world market for pictures that used to exist, a producer must invest almost more than he can get back on his pictures.

"I don't quite understand that," I said.

Chaplin gazed at me for a moment. "It's like this," he explained. "Talkies mean the bringing to Hollywood of entire companies of players from foreign lands to make foreign versions that entail great added expense. An entirely new version must be made for the French, another for the German, still another for the Italian and so on around the world. In silent pictures the majority, if not all, of the scenes shot for the American version were good everywhere.

"Besides, talkies mean, or have meant to date, adaptations of stage plays to movie technique. To my mind a good talking picture made from a good stage play is inferior to the original, while a good silent picture with all its permissible elaboration of the same stage success is superior."

Chaplin smiled. "I hope I'm not prejudiced," he said, "but having seen so many talkies I still maintain it would be the most foolish move of my life to depart from pantomime to talk since between the two there is no comparison whatsoever. I must repeat that I think the one an art and the other something so formless you can't name it.

"The new vogue is good for just one thing and that is the news reel.

"The news reel idea is marvelous. Anything that is a record, if a true one, is very dramatic indeed and new events, being facts, are the most dramatic things on the screen. It gives every one an opportunity to see what is going on in the world, even though it may transpire in a foreign land and news of it come in a foreign tongue. Even though every audience can not understand the language, it knows, at least, it is seeing something real, something that is not fictitious. And to make people accept reality is, as we all know, the greatest art in the world."

YOUNG MAN ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

You'll meet him in SILVER SCREEN next month in the person of Jimmy Starr, our roving reporter. What Jimmy doesn't know isn't worth telling, but all that he tells is, And does he tell hotcha-cha! Watch for him!
Moments that Matter:

... when you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock—and your dress is sleeveless... When the tiny lamp on a "table for two" shines full on your bare fore-arm... when you cross your knees and realize suddenly that your sheer hose are so transparent...

You can meet such moments with non-chalance if your skin shows no trace of ugly superfluous hair.

The most pleasant modern way to keep your under-arms, fore-arms and legs free of fuzzy growth is to use

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LIFE and MAIL TODAY

Silver Screen

WHY CAN'T THE IT GIRL KEEP HER MEN

[Continued from page 31]

And through all the terrific struggle, one small girl pitted against a giant industry, she had to fight alone. There has been no one to whom Clara Bow could turn in the evening for sympathy and encouragement. Many a girl would have been content with a half-portion love even though it fell far short of her ideal. But not Clara Bow.

She thought she had found true love when she met Gilbert Roland. It was during the making of "Mantrap," in which she began to taste the sweets of first success. Roland, too, had just made his first step toward fame. For a while the two youngsters shared each other's hopes and dreams. They became engaged. Then, Clara was sent to San Antonio with the "Wings" company.

Twenty miles away Victor Fleming was directing "The Rough Riders." So a zealous publicity department conceived the idea of announcing the "IT" girl's engagement to Fleming.

Nothing loath to garner some harmless headlines, Clara consented. The wires carried the story, and next morning Roland's breakfast was ruined by the news.

He deluged her with wires—broken-hearted wires, infuriated wires.

Clara did what she could to explain matters, but they were developed.

Soon afterward, Gilbert Roland was signed to play the lead opposite Norma Talmadge. He has never again come into Clara's life.

During this time there was one friend who stood by her—Victor Fleming, the innocent cause of her unhappiness. He was a tender man, of deep compassion. Who knows but that Clara felt she might find love in his tender understanding? But neither was that to be. Suddenly, Clara saw no means of Fleming. Neither would discuss it, but Clara became a little gayer, a little noisier.

About this time, she was cast in "Children of Divorce," an Oppenheimer picture directed by Cooper. Their meeting was a blinding, dazz-ling conflagration which soon burned itself out. Then Gary met sullen, mнимous-eyed Evelyn Brent.

Clara, once more alone, dyed her hair a brighter red, drove her car a little faster. And went down to the beach where she could watch the eternal sea—wondering.

Much has been said about Clara's child-like romance with Earl Pearson—much has been written. In reality, it is a tragic little episode, such as might happen to any of us. But Clara had her heart set on Fleming and had developed into a real friendship, But Dr. Pearson was married. Despite their very real affection to each other, they realized the futility of their case. They decided never to see each other again. Pearson went to Germany for further study. And Clara Bow married Harry Richman.

There is little doubt that Harry, a shrewd business man fully realized the publicity value of an engagement to Clara Bow. But there is also little doubt that he felt for her a genuine affection. Richman, more than any other, gave Clara the tangible evidences of love. He showered upon her the many attentions which all women love and about which Hollywood men know so little. He was the perfect fiancé. His was none of the good-na-tured, careless camaraderie to which she was accustomed.

This very facility in the art of making love bespoke long training—and easy heartfulness. Even before Richman left Hol-lywood whispers hinted that all was not well with Clara's romance and after his return to New York, the murmurs increased.

Lastly, much has happened to Clara Bow.

She has seen Pearson and Richman again.

Dr. Pearson Clara saw in Dallas. Under guise of a rest, she recently visited the Texas city, and those who know her best insist that it was not love which drew her. That it was merely to reassure herself that her feeling for him was dead. That when she sent him away, she closed that chapter.

After leaving Dallas, Clara went to New York. What transpired between there and Harry Richman, no one knows. But when she had been in the city only a few days, Harry went to Buffalo to a prize-fight. Which would seem to write finals to that.

Bringing us to Rex Bell.

He is the young Westerner who played opposite the "IT" girl in "True to the Nation." Simple and youthful, he is a little awed by Clara's interest in him. And mixed with his very human ardor is a quality of worship and reverence for her which is bound to soothe her tired spirit. Maybe he will be the one to bring fulfillment to the hungry heart of the little girl to whom life has given everything but love.
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have learned music this easy way

You, too, Can Learn to
Play Your Favorite Instrument
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Easy as A-B-C

YES, over half a million delighted men and women all over the world have learned music, this quick, easy way.

Half a million—500,000—what a gigantic orchestra they would make! Some are playing on the stage, others in orchestras, and many thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

Surely this is convincing proof of the success of the new modern method perfected by the U. S. School of Music! And what these people have done, YOU, too, can do!

Many of this half million didn’t know one note from another—didn’t have the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all they found learning music amazingly easy. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

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Just a little of your spare time each day is needed—and you enjoy every minute of it. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember, you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.

Don’t miss any more good times! Learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends. Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Music is the best thing to offer at a party—musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Get your share of the musician’s pleasure and profit! Start now!

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Have you... instr.?

Name

Address

City

State

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Just a little of your spare time each day is needed—and you enjoy every minute of it. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember, you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.

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Name

Address

City

State
she became engaged to the first boy she ever kissed because she thought Emily Post expected it of her.

It was always her ambition to become an artist. She has already accomplished it on the stage and screen but not on canvas as yet. Her visit to the Island of Bali this summer will be for the purpose of devoting all her leisure to her oils. It is still her ambition to specialize in that white work someday.

Strangely enough, she had never entertained any thought of a stage career. She was precipitated into it by the happy expedient of meeting Anne Morrison at tea. Miss Morrison was about to produce her play, "The Wild Westcoats" and offered Claudette three lines in it, "just as a lark." So Claudette accepted them—"just for sport." But from the very first smidgeon of success, she knew that she had ALWAYS wanted to be an actress.

Because her father so heartily disapproved of this sudden turn of events, Claudette promised him if she didn’t establish a name for herself within five years, she would withdraw from the stage career. It was the easiest promise she ever had to keep. Within three years she had scored an overnight sensation in The Barker. It is a measure of record that she has been giving repeat performances ever since.

although Levee was busy with work on the pending production of "Tom Sawyer," Then, like a bolt, the idea struck him. It was one of the best opportunities ever gratifying to fanatics. Here was the only and logical "Tom Sawyer." He persuaded Coogan père and mère to let Jackie do the picture during the summer holidays. He also bought advertising space in the Loyola paper.

It is Jackie’s idea of the perfect vacation. He adores the studio and is customarily fascinated by all the new mechanics of picture-making. And he has the whole-souled devotion of the born actor to his profession. "Will I play anything else, Dad, when you grow up, Jackie?"

"No," replied almost reverently, "I just want to act."

In this fleeting moment, was revealed the spark of jealousy ageless even when he was little more than a baby—the divine spark that glowed in his wise, gentle baby eyes and convinced Chaplin that here was the rare jewel, pristine genius. It is the flame of pure artistry in him, artistry far surpassing the acquired varnish of "talents that distinguishes him from "prodigies." He has no tricks, no consciousness of self. He is a normal, very likeable boy with good manners and an inherently sweet and affectionate disposition—and all the absolutely mad and ridiculous qualities of really old-fashioned adolescence.

For all his native intelligence and quick, charming mind, he is just an average boy. Except that he is a very special place luck among the chosen. Perhaps some day he may take on the so-called eccentricities which are granted to geniuses by an indulgent world. But in the meantime, he has presented to the portrait the wisdom of his parents, who have seen to it that, primarily, he was happy, well-instructed and superhealthy.

Of course," Jackie was a usual boy again in his earnestness, "I want to travel, too. I’d like to make maybe three pictures a year and travel in between. I’d like to see every country in the world. What I’d do," he continued in a worldly, practical tone—the quick transitions of the very young, "is make some money and then travel in different directions from there."

"I’m not the domestic sort," he added unexpectedly, "but I don’t believe in this marrying when you’re young and settling down. I won’t get married until I’m thirty. I’ve made up my mind."

And in the next breath—

"Have you read The Mother Boys? They’re keen books. My tutor never let me read them because they were ‘trash’—nothing to smug and to spend the night in bed. Now I read them all the time." he finished, proud to have discarded at least one of the shackles of childhood.

"What other books do you like, Jackie?"

Only below sixteen can one find a consistent procession of surprises, as—

"I think Alice-in-Wonderland is a swell book. I read it over again all the time."

It’s funny—when I read it first I thought it was just a fairy-tale, but every time I read it I find something new. Why there’s all kinds of things that can do two things—about government and people and everything. It’s sure wonderful!"

Also, Howard Pyle’s Book of Pirates is on the table by his bed, "But I don’t know what he means by "Kimmie."

"It’s nice to know where words come from," he explains. "Of course, it’s not a language and the average boy speaks any more. It’s just a base language. But, challengingly, ‘you give me any English word and I’ll tell you where it comes from in Latin. It
would probably help you with your writing," he added with polite and grave solicitude, "to know where words come from in Latin.

When he and his father toured Europe about a year ago with a singing, talking and dancing act, they played the sketch in three languages. Jackie likes Europe.

"In Frankfurt they have the biggest airport in the world. The landing field is two hundred acres and there's a runway a quarter of a mile long and every fifteen minutes there are great big Junkers planes coming in and going out. Zoom!"—he illustrated with a hand that held a piece of sandwich and his eyes sparkled in ecstatic memory of that fine "zoom!"

As to music, he likes a good band and he likes records of organ music. But one gathers that, at present, he considers "classical music" a trifle sissy.

"I took the piano for a while," he said, adding after a slight pause, "and then some one found out and made me take it back." He laughed delightedly and slapped his knee with relish.

He had just returned from a week-end at Aquila Caliente. How did he like it?

"It isn't much fun for me around the hotel. You see I don't drink or gamble," he explained modestly. "But down at the tracks where they race the dogs it's great. And there are swell trails in the hills, so I rode a lot. And swimming in the pool is fun. But I guess I like the dog races best. You can have your horse races—give me a dog race any time. That's clean racing. You can't 'fix' those.

There followed a long, eager and really illuminating dissertation on dog races. Which switched suddenly to the astonishing and marvelous fine points of tennis as played by his pal, Bill Tilden. One of Jackie's dearest treasures is the ball autographed, with which Tilden won the Davis Cup in 1926. And, as abruptly returning to business, Jackie remarked that "Tom Sawyer" should be a very good picture.

"Junior Durkin is 'Huck Finn.' He's a fine actor. And little Mitzi Green is wonderful. She's in it too. And John Cromwell's our director and it's such a keen story—" the words tumbled out and lost themselves in enthusiasm.

Jackie's prime idol is still Chaplin, whom he worships. His arm affectionately around Pat, his solemn little brother who had joined us, Jackie tried to express his devotion to Chaplin.

"He—he's so—there's nobody like him," he finished lamely, his eyes eloquent with the great feeling he couldn't voice. And again in those eyes was a glimpse of that mysterious thing which makes this particular adolescent very special.

ASK HER ANOTHER

If you've a pet wonder about your favorite movie star, shoot it to Sally Forth. Sally gets around a lot, knows all the answers to everything about pictures and picture people, and tells all she knows. She'll give you the lowdown on anything. Simply address your questions to Sally Forth, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th St., New York City. If you want a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
CINDERELLA UP TO DATE

(Continued from page 18)

at school. Most of them had gorgeous hair-ribbons and lovely clothes. Claire dressed mostly in boy's trousers. The girls spoke casually of trips to Paris and London. Right there, Claire's first ambition was born. She made up her mind that some day she, too, would go to Paris and have lovely clothes.

Probably it was learning at that age just how needlessly cruel girls can be that has given her the sweetness and tolerance that enfolds her like a benediction today.

When she was thirteen her parents were divorced. Claire was adopted by a friend of her mother's—Florence Colebrook Powers.

Mrs. Powers was the head of the Deni- shaw School of Dancing in Rochester and she began teaching the youthful Claire the rhythm of motion. That fired Claire with the ambition of one increasing purpose: an ambition to become a great dancer—so great that she would see her name on Broadway in electric lights as tall as herself.

A few lessons and she started to work. A Rochester café owner saw her, engaged her, had a special costume made that revealed her young child's figure and started her out as a sort of utility employee. She sold cigarettes, checked hats, passed rolls—and that thing came her way. What a life for a thirteen year old!

Suddenly Claire sickened of it. She left the restaurant and went to work in the film laboratories of the Eastman Kodak Company. She worked in the dark rooms. It was still dark in the morning when she went into them—it was dark in the evening when she came out.

She couldn't stand it. What dreaming kid could have stood it? She went back to the restaurant. While she was working for the Kodak Company she continued her dancing at night. When working in the restaurant she studied during the day. But always—no matter where she worked, no matter how late, nor how tired she was, she forced herself to practice her dancing.

When she was fifteen a Russian Opea troupe came to Rochester. When they left town Claire ran away and joined them as a ballerina.

Her eyes, which are extraordinarily large and blue, widened as she told me of it. "I suppose it was a terrible thing to do but why should I have stayed there? Mrs. Powers was wonderful to me but I had no real home. I had no childhood—no clothes—no friends. I realized that my dancing was my only chance of ever getting away and the only way I could ever hope to capitalize on my dancing was by getting behind the footlights—I stayed with the opera company a short time and then people in Rochester traced me and had me brought back."

Well-meaning, those people, undoubtedly, but they brought her back to the restaurant and the revealing costume. Back went the fixed smile on lips that must have ached sometimes with the effort of keeping it there. She thought it must have been the years of constant smiling at things she loathed that gives her such a wistful look today and makes you think, when she smiles, of heartbreak.

A few months more of the restaurant and Claire departed again—this time for New York—the savings of her vivid life-time—thirty dollars in round iron men—tucked away in a belt. She had read in a theatrical trade paper that Ed Wynne was casting the road company of "The Perfect Fool."
LOVE AND HISSES

SILVER SCARF is your magazine—we want to voice your opinions as well as our own.

So, we're offering prizes for the three best letters every month on plays and pictures.

Letters will be judged purely on merit. So, tell us what you think about pictures, the stars you love and the stars you hate. Keep the letters short—not more than 200 words, please, and sign your real name and address.

First Prize....$15.00 Second Prize....$10.00 Third Prize....$5.00

THE VACATIONERS

She sat up all night in a day coach, afraid to sleep. In New York she found the theatre—even before she looked for a place to sleep. The director noticed her—who wouldn't?—gave her a chance to do a few kicks and pirouettes and engaged her.

Three weeks of endless rehearsals during which time she died out an existence on what was left of her twenty dollar and the company left town on a tour. Most of the booking consisted of split weeks. Five days later she and her room-mate were fired. They had missed the train on which the company left town and although they caught the next train and arrived in ample time for the first appearance, they found their places had been filled.

The girls wept copiously on each other's shoulders and the management of the "Perfect Pool" was forced to pay their transportation back to New York.

Claire hit town in the morning, heard of an opening in the chorus of "Little Jesse James," applied for it and faced her first New York audience that same night.

A chorus girl's salary isn't luxurious, no matter what the story books say. Claire needed more money. So she started working in night clubs—the Casa Lopez—Texas Guinan's. At one time she was working simultaneously in three night clubs after her evening performance at the theatre.

"I don't know now how I did it," she said quite simply, "At the time it seemed the most difficult of things because I knew I had to. Often it was four o'clock in the morning before I had a chance to go on and do my number. I'd get home as soon as I could and go to bed, but I had to be up around noon again so I could get my dancing lesson in before the night performance. The matinée days were the worst for them, since they meant two performances in the theatre and three at the night clubs and dancing lesson besides."

About this time John Murray Anderson saw her, sent for her and offered her a part in the last of the Music Box Revues. She did a specialty dance. But when the show closed its New York run and went on tour, Claire was missing. She had achieved the first of her three ambitions. She was Paris bound.

A French theatrical agent had arranged a number for her in one of the big revues in Paris. Claire was engaged to dance in "La Grande Mistinguette". She was ill. Claire went on in her place. She was a riot and her star began to ascend in the theatrical sky. Instead of sitting back and relaxing, she worked and worked and worked even harder—not only dancing but languages—anything that might be of help to her. She had perfected her dancing. She now started perfecting herself.

It was while she was playing in Paris that Ziegfeld saw her. Claire came home with a three-year contract as prima donna of the Folies. And that was when the second of her Cinderella dreams was realized for she met the Prince. This time it was a Prince. He didn't have a kingdom—he didn't even have a title—but he had everything that really mattered in Claire's life and he was a prince among men. For the first time someone really loved her. His name was Clifford Warren Smith and he came from one of the Back Bay families of Boston—an aristocracy more impregnable than any royalty abroad.

He had never had to work in his life and he wanted to take Claire away with him to make up for all the years of sordid drudgery she had put in before she met him. But Claire still had that third ambition to achieve. So she went on dancing.

Arthur Hopkins saw her and asked if she would like to play the feminine lead in the London production of "Burlesque"—the part that Barbara Stanwyck played in New York and that Nancy Carroll played in the movies. Would she?

So presently Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Warren Smith departed for London and Mrs. Smith played Bonnie for six months while Mr. Smith applauded and beamed with pride.

But there was still that sign on Broadway that she had set herself to earn. So when "Burlesque" closed, Claire and Clifford came back. Al Woods sent for her and offered her a part in "Scarlet Pages."

"Is there any singing or dancing in it?" demanded Claire. She now had a desire to show people that could act as well as dance.

"Not a single kick, sweetheart," Al answered and for the next few months she appeared six nights and two matinées a week as the girl on trial for patricide.

The engagement ended with a nervous breakdown for Claire. She had been on the stage for years but she had spent most of the time in the dressing room. When she got a dramatic part she didn't know how to act—it she could only live it. And night after night she went to actual hysterics on the stage.

When she recovered Fox signed her for pictures and she is making her début in their sensational film of prison life—"Up The River."

"The things that have happened to me don't seem real any more," she said dreamily, "When I go home at night and my husband meets me and we sit there together, it seems as though all the old honors must have happened to someone else. Yet I suppose they have left their marks on me—in my character. I don't regret anything I've ever gone through. Everything is for the mill and if hardships don't teach you anything else, they teach you tolerance and forbearance. And how to take the bitter with the sweet."

"Are you happy now?" I asked suddenly. There was no particular reason for the question except that once you come to know her, nothing on earth is as important as that Claire should be happy.

"Happy?" she echoed with her eyes misted, "happier than I ever dreamed I could be. We've been married two years and more in love today than we've ever been. I've met my prince, I've been to Paris and I've at last got a start towards that electric sign—only now with the movies, I suppose it will have to be a twenty-four sheet poster instead."

The sign and the twenty-four sheet poster with her name in letters as high as herself must be copied. But always I'll remember her as the girl who danced languidly in a night club with feathers waving about—she looked as though she belonged in moon gardens and who later married the prince and lived happily ever after.

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BUDDY'S FEMININE FANCY

[Continued from page 15]

"What kind of girl would you like to be, Mrs. Buddy?" I asked.

Buddy was in his dressing room at the Brooklyn, New York, Paramount, relaxing between numbers, wearing a dark blue dressing gown and the famous Rogers smile, drinking a lemonade and listening to that chorus outside the window, shouting, "We want Buddy!"

"I don't know what kind of girl I like," Buddy said, which was certainly a nice, safe answer.

"Blonde or brunette?" I prodded.

"When I'm going with a blonde," said Buddy, "I think I like light hair best. But when I'm rushing a brunette, I think I prefer brunettes.

Buddy should have gone into the diplomatic service. He'd have been a hit there, too.

I checked back on Buddy's girls. There was Claire Windsor. When Buddy was a lad in Olathe, Kansas, Claire Windsor was the girl of his dreams. When he went to Hollywood, surrounded by publicity and a new high yellow top coat, girls had only two ambitions. One was to meet success. The other was to meet Claire Windsor. He met both.

Buddy and Claire went everywhere. Claire got out of her marriage with Bert Lyell. Would she get into another with Buddy Rogers? Nobody knew till Buddy began going with Mary Plain.

Mary is sweet, soft, shy, appealing. Mary is the college boy's favorite. And Buddy was once a college boy himself. That was on for quite some time but when spring and Maytime came around, Buddy began thinking of June—June Collyer. There Buddy has stopped for the moment with a blonde and two brunettes. But then—"I don't think coloring matters much," said Buddy. "It's the personality. I like a girl who is lively—perhaps because I'm rather quiet myself. I like a girl who can make me laugh."

"Like Mary Brian," I said, trying to fancy Mary shaking hands with a joke.

From below, Buddy's voice: "We want Buddy." Not knowing, those girls as they stood there, which of them Buddy wanted.

"I'd want the one who is interested in music," said Buddy. "It would be terrible if she didn't share my greatest enthusiasm. Besides, how else could she stand my practicing the saxophone?"

Buddy is still learning the saxophone. He plays the trombone, the trumpet, and drums quite well, and something called a baritone. (I was so impressed by this thought baritone was a tone of voice, but it seems you not only sing in it, but play on it. It's used in small town bands.)

"I'd like her to be a musician," said Buddy. "I'd like her to play in pictures. I'd certainly want her to have a career of her own. Girls who work are usually more interesting. I'd want her to be intelligent. But not too intelligent. After all, I have to food her a little."

Pointing to his hand, he grinned that famous grin which makes brunettes as dizzy as blondes.

"We want Buddy," came the chorus of girls down below. Buddy wanted a girl of which we worked. And the girls who worked wouldn't be there, in mid aftermoon, shouting, "We want Buddy."

"I'd like her to be fond of reading," said Buddy. "I haven't much time for books, but I like to hear about them."

Speaking of Girls—

Flo Ziegfeld

whose "glorification of the American girl" has received international recognition, says:

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often 2 to 4 inches in 10 days

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Name
Address
City...State

— ingredient for books? “I said.
“Current style, I ought to like the classics, but I don’t,” I said.
“Should you want Her to have domestic tastes? I said.
“Not important,” said Buddy. “I’d enjoy being able to have the housework done for Her.”
He could do that, of course, but Buddy is not rich. His Paramout School contract does not expire until December, and then there’s a three year option. Buddy, the gold mine for the box-office, is only mining silver for himself.
“I’d like Her to be sympathetic. Understanding. Only a little jealous,” he said. “I’m not really jealous, myself—just enough. And I don’t see why, after marriage, she shouldn’t go out with another man if she wanted to, while I went with another girl.”
The modern girl seemed Buddy’s ideal. The girl with intelligence. The girl who works. The girl who has other dates after marriage.

“How about smoking?” I said.
Buddy looked at the cigarette I was lighting. Buddy is very, very polite.
“Don’t mind me,” I said. “I’m not trying to marry you.”
Buddy gulped down his politeness.
“I wouldn’t want her to smoke. Nor drink. I don’t do myself.”
“No smoking. No drinking,” I said, thinking of Party Girls I have known.
“Should she be a good dancer?” Back in his Paramout School days, Buddy had taught me to Charleston. Buddy dances very well.
“I don’t care much about dancing,” said Buddy. “I suppose that’s because I had my own orchestra and used to play for college dances instead of dancing myself.”
“Do you like girls to be tall, or little?”
“Little,” said Buddy. “And slim. But I like them athletic. I love to play golf. If she didn’t golf, how could I make her believe I was really on the links all that time?
“And I think girls look better in sports clothes. Trim, tailored, chic. I don’t like fussy, clothes, nor big hats.
But I like bright colors. Reds, greens—” he glanced politely to see what color I was wearing.
“Brown.”
“Who would be boss in your marriage?” I said.
“I hope I would,” said Buddy.
The theatre door-man came in. Deferential, shy. Bearing a large bundle wrapped in newspaper.
“This is not from the management,” he said over and over. “This is from me and the man who drives the ice-cream wagon.”
It was an ice-cream wagon. It isn’t only the girls who like Buddy.
From outside, the chorus rose. “We want Buddy.”
Buddy went to the window and waved, giggling in his excitement. He adores it. All that adulation, all that milling con- fusion. “It’s wonderful,” he said, like a small boy with a new steam engine.
“We want Buddy,” came the chorus. How many girls of all that crowd were like the girl Buddy wanted?
And if he finds her?
“If I find her,” said Buddy, “even then, I don’t want to get married.

Stirring's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The fact proves its magic worth. If you use Bleach Cream you need no other product than Stirring's Freckle Cream. The science of Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores.

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47 Beauty Dept. Send Certificate—Tell why you have freckles—how to remove them.

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Address __________________________
City __________________________ State __________________________
The Final Fling

This being the very first number of Silver Screen, we probably should go solemn and talk about the Future of the Cinema and What is Art and such.

But we can't do it now and we doubt if we ever will be able to. If you never see anything about Art in Silver Screen, it wouldn't surprise us a bit.

The only platform Silver Screen has is to come out in favor of light lines and cheers.

Somebody is always trying to slay us by asking if the movie fan is intelligent. We—and by that "we" is meant all the people who went into the making of this magazine—wouldn't know, since we are all such movie fans ourselves. And even if we did know, we wouldn't care.

The movies seem to us the most fascinating things on earth and the people engaged in making them the most fascinating humans ever born. Even as we write this, news comes fluttering down on our desk...

Adolphe Menjou has refused an offer to direct at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer... tempting, says Adolphe, but right now he'd rather act... Emmett Flynn, who fell for that ole davil bottle, is returning to Fox as a scenario writer... he promises to be drier than a blotter... Patsy Ruth Miller is trying to get a foothold in talkies by appearing on the stage in "Rebound..." and the divine Garbo's next is to be called "Inspiration..."

Grant Withers is to be starred in "God's Gift to Women" at Warner Brothers... sounds like hot stuff for cool evenings... "Luxury" which was to have featured H. B. Warner has been postponed at Fox's... E. B. Derr, president of Pathé claims pie-throwing tactics in comedies will stage a come-back... Fox and a smaller company both plan to make "East Lynne" though Liberty has the best title... Ex-Flame... Winnie Sheehan alone knows what Fox will call theirs... it will probably be like "Liliom"... they had title trouble with that one... They called it "A Devil With Women"... "Carnival Love"... and several others until they decided to call it "Liliom" which has been its title all along...

They're having trouble with the "New Moon" at M-G-M... seems to be a half moon despite Lawrence Tibbett's being the man in it... Somebody has suggested that Howard Hughes, the big bankroll boy of "Hell's Angels" buy out Paramount, M-G-M, Universal and a couple of others to be sure of getting the original cast of the book "Queer People"... James Murray has been sentenced to county jail in Los Angeles for six months... wet stuff... just a swell guy with no sense...

There's a rumor that Bill Hart will return to Westerns for M-G-M... George Bancroft is the lucky man who next rates Kay Francis as a leading woman... They've postponed Dolores Del Rio's "Dove" at United Artists... Dolores had promise poisoning... Eddie Quillan, with brother John and sister Marie is going to make a vaudeville tour... Ricardo Cortez is playing the Barrymore rôle in Moby Dick in the German version... no, he doesn't play Moby... that's the whole...

Such news items as these seem to us infinitely more colorful than anything an editor thinks about. To us there is nothing more interesting than a fact and no fact so thrilling as a fact about Hollywood.

Colorful, romantic, fascinating news about the most interesting people on earth... the people of the movies... of such news will Silver Screen be made—and we hope you like it.
Women who command all eyes

In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage.

Pose, grace, charm—only such words as these describe the lithe slimness of the modern, outdoor girl.

Eyes sparkling and clear—skin that glows with natural color—a figure gracefully rounded—such attractiveness is desired by millions—and is possible to most!

Proper diet is of first importance. For nothing steals health and beauty more surely than sluggish digestion and poor elimination.

Starving is not the way to win an attractive figure! Eat well-balanced foods—and be certain to include enough “bulk” to keep the system clean. Most diets today lack this “bulk.”

That is why millions of girls are eating Kellogg’s All-Bran daily. It is not fattening. But it does insure regular elimination, sweeping out the poisons that so often cause illness and loss of health and beauty.

Eat this delicious cereal instead of taking pills and drugs that are often habit-forming and dangerous.

Kellogg’s All-Bran also helps protect against dietary anemia by providing iron, the blood-builder. Iron is nature’s rouge for ruddy cheeks and cherry lips.

Kellogg’s All-Bran can be served in many tempting ways, without adding many calories to the diet. Soaked in fruit juices, with milk, in clear soups, on salads. Cook it in bran muffins, breads, omelets. Endorsed by doctors. Always ask for the original All-Bran—in the red and green package—made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

“Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce”

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

Kellogg Company
Dept. SC-12, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me a free copy of your booklet, “Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce.”

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Send for Free Booklet

“Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce”

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In the long run, favorites are favorites because they’re a better horse, or a better cigarette. You can’t win purses with plow-horses... nor experienced smokers with anything short of the best. That’s why Camels are made of the choicest, mellowest tobaccos money can buy.... That’s why, wherever you go, Camels are odds-on favorites.
$500 PRIZE
FOR FIVE WORDS
(see Page 18)

HOW TO MAKE MEN FALL IN LOVE

HOLLYWOOD'S SUPREMACY THREATENED
Corn Products Refining Company,
New York City

Gentlemen:

As a salad oil, Mazola is certainly without an equal. For several years I had used olive oil for salad dressings—with no particularly unusual results.

One day I was in a fruit store and was amazed to see some cans of Mazola on their shelves. Knowing that the men were all Italians in this store, I said to the manager—"How is it you have cans of Mazola on your shelves and no olive oil? I know very well that all good Italians never would use anything but the best olive oil!"

"Why, we use Mazola all the time," said the fruitman, waving his hands to aid his explanation and to add to his enthusiasm. "No more olive oil—this Mazola is very, very fine. You try it sometime!"

So I did. I tried it then—for if an Italian recommended it—and with such whole-hearted enthusiasm, I knew that I could ask for nothing better—and I can! It is far more economical, more time-saving and more space-saving—by no means small items of importance. Perhaps it is laughable, but it is very true, that I do not like salad dressing made with olive oil any more!

Here is our favorite French Dressing and I believe that a French Dressing is the best test of oil:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{\frac{1}{2} teaspoon} & \quad \text{1 teaspoon} \\
\text{paprika} & \quad \text{salt} \\
4 \text{ tablespoons} & \quad 8 \text{ tablespoons} \\
\text{vinegar} & \quad \text{Mazola}
\end{align*}
\]

This is delicious on either lettuce and tomato salad, water-cress or cole slaw.

Very sincerely,
Mrs. Walter S. Fox
370 Chestnut Hill Avenue
Brookline, Mass.

Mrs. Fox is one of the many progressive women who have discovered that Mazola equals the finest imported oils in every respect—yet costs about half as much. For purity, quality and flavor—the world affords no finer oil for salads than Mazola.

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New York City

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin). Kindly send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

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From a Broadway music store to the swankiest hotel in Havana ... Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy as amateur gold diggers ... leaving a trail of roaring laughs behind them.

With the most gorgeous gowns ever seen in one picture, the funniest horse race ever run on any turf, and FULL COLOR to add zest and sparkle to this greatest of all laugh pictures, THE LIFE OF THE PARTY hits the high spot record for all time entertainment.

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Silver Screen
Edited by Ruth Waterbury

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AMOUS FUNMAKERS from the footlights

Many of the stage’s most popular stars join veteran screen comics to make this a greater year of laughs through...

Educational’s Talking Comedies

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD...TOM PATRICOLA...
BUSTER and JOHN WEST...stage favorites who have made millions laugh...these and many more are now bringing their fun to the screen for you to enjoy. For now that the talking screen makes the spoken word as well as action a source of fun, Educational is picking from the best stageland has to offer.

And these stars, added to Educational’s famous company of veteran screen comics such as LLOYD HAMILTON, ANDY CLYDE, JOHNNY HINES and DAPHNE POLLARD, are making picture programs funnier and more amusing wherever Educational’s Talking Comedies are shown—and that includes most of the country’s leading theatres.

For the best laughs you have had in months see
Charlotte Greenwood in
“LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR”
A TUXEDO COMEDY

Buster West and John West in
“DON’T GIVE UP”
A VANITY COMEDY

Tom Patricola in
“SI, SI, SENOR”
AN IDEAL COMEDY
A moment of reflection before a good mirror will give you many
an idea for clever Christmas shopping. What girl doesn’t love new
compacts, lipsticks and other glorifiers?

MEANT to write about make-up this month, but
just as I got ready to pour forth a poem about lip
rouge and eye shadow, it struck me that this is the
month you’ll be planning your Christmas presents. So
being nothing if not a girl who likes to be helpful I’d
like to suggest—how about giving gifts of beauty for
Christmas?

There are so many simply swell things on the beauty
market that you can give for the price of the usual
pair of stockings. I don’t pretend to have sampled
all the powders, rouges, perfumes and such, but here
are just a few things I’ve come across lately that I think
delightful.

Houbigant has a new compact—simply a lamb—in the
most charming gold case in modern design filled with
their swell compact powder and rouge, and a very neat
lipstick. The trick of their powder, you know, is that
it hasn’t got starch in it as most compact powders have.
It’s compressed in shape and result is that when you put
it on it doesn’t cake. You can get this compact for $2.50,
or you can get a smart gift box containing Houbigant’s
perfume and Bois Dormant (Enchanted Woodland) with
face powder and triple compact in the same fragrance
for $8.00. Or, a smaller box with perfume and a single
compact for $3.50, which ought to scratch a few feminine
relatives off your shopping list.

Coty, as always, has a grand line of Christmas stuff.
They have a little velvet lined box containing two of their
very nicest perfumes in quarter ounce sizes
and a metal case for $3.00. Also, a per-
fectly grand Coty set for a man consisting
of shaving cream, talcum powder, shaving
lotion and hair lotion in a perfectly luscious blue box
for only $2.50.

Boy friends, who have used this set-up, tell me these
preparations are scented and perfumed in a way that
doesn’t offend the delicate male nose.

Coty’s also have a triple compact, trim and square in a
little suede case that’s a pet. $3.50 for this.

The nicest perfume line I’ve come across lately is the
Gabilla Perfumes. This nose has done a lot of experiment-
ing in its day, but if it has ever struck anything more
lovely than Gabilla Perfume odors it doesn’t know it. They
have got one called “Mimosa” that knocked me for a row
of handlechefs. It is sweet and lasting and, believe it
or not, you can get it in a half ounce size for $2.50. They’ve
also got a “Sweet Pea” at the same price, that’s very
subtle. You can spend more, of course, or, if you don’t
like being a subtle darling, try some of their blends—the
ones I like best are “Mon Cheri” and the “Foolish Vir-
gin.” This latter is just as sassy as its name and is made
for order for blondes.

Of course, all the larger cosmetic houses such as the
famous Madame Rubenstein, Elizabeth Arden and Dorothy
Gray are putting out the most doggy packages of their
various preparations and you can spend anything from
$5 to $100 on these and if you have got a male pal who
feels indulgent, you might lead him by a counter display-
ing these. I don’t have to recommend those. Everybody
knows they’re excellent. [Continued on page 64]
Cranky Women
They are the principal users of this great 25¢ dentifrice. Two million acclaim the way it beautifies teeth—protects precious enamel

When it comes to the matter of teeth, and keeping them sound and beautiful, a woman’s a crank—the worst kind of a crank, as any dentist will tell you.

It is a remarkable tribute to the quality and results of Listerine Tooth Paste that women—cranky women—are its principal users. More than 2 million of them have rejected other dentifrices in favor of this one made by the makers of Listerine.

They like its gentle but thorough action. They like the way it gets around and in between teeth and sweeps out decay. They like the way it erases tartar and discoloration. They say it protects precious enamel. The brilliance and luster it imparts to the teeth. The fresh feeling of exhilaration it leaves in the mouth—like Listerine itself.

Incidentally, that $3 they save by using it instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, may be—and is—applied to buying a couple of pairs of silk hose.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Buy a tube today. Compare it with any paste at any price. Be guided by results alone. We’ll wager that you will immediately be won to this up-to-date dentifrice, which has delighted more than 4,000,000 people. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

Buy silk hose with that $3 you save
Silk stockings. Merely one suggestion for spending that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class.

Listerine Tooth Paste 25¢
Brown Eyes: Yes, Gary Cooper was born in Montana. He's six feet two inches tall, and has blue eyes and dark brown hair. From all indications he likes brunettes, as his girls have been Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, and the hot tamale, Lupe Velez. And Lupe seems bound to stay, as their romance is one of the warmest in Hollywood.

Hokey-Topsy: So you're another one of those jazz babies! Don't you know that long skirts changed all that? Now it's the thing to do to be dignified. I'm sure Buddy would like you that way! The Rogers lad is six feet tall, has dark brown curly hair and a cunning smile. His last picture was "Heads Up." He's single and lives in Beverly Hills with his family.

Just a Dreamer: No, I don't think Ronald Colman is too reserved. In this day and time, it's a relief to meet a man who is quiet and conservative. His first picture was "The White Sister," opposite Lillian Gish.

Sonnet Sue: Janet Gaynor has made up her quarrel with Fox and is hard at work on "The Man Who Came Back," opposite Charlie Farrell. Charlie and Virginia Valli are good friends.

Ann Agram: Whatta life! You girls are never satisfied. If Kay's a vamp, you want her to be good—and if she's good, you want her to be passion's little flower. The delectable Miss Francis is a stunning brunette, five feet, five inches tall, and has dark brown hair and seductive grey eyes.

Priscilla: And do I sally? Of course, I spend all my time running from New York to Hollywood, just to find out the answers to your questions. At the present writing, Janet is still happily married to Lydeard Peck, and says she intends to remain so. And Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe are still one of Hollywood's happiest couples. So, all is quiet on the Western Front.

Hairbreadth Harry: Ruth Chatterton wore a blonde wig, and did not have her hair dyed for her role in "Anybody's Woman." The unfaithful wife was played by Juliette Compton, and very grand, too, since you bring that up.

Popularity Plus: Mary Brian and June Collyer are two of the most engaged girls in Hollywood. Both for pictures and for dates—and several of the gallant boys wish they could engage them for matrimony.

The chatterer of Hollywood, Sally Forth, will be glad to answer any questions you have about movies or stars or both. Write Sally at Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.
A CERTAIN Hollywood director, after grinding out just ordinary program fare, finally came through with a fine picture, and was immediately sent for by a leading star to direct her next film.

Greatly elated, the director went to the head of his studio to ask permission to do the star’s picture. His request was flatly refused.

"But why?" pleaded the persistant director.

"Why? I’ll tell you why," the producer retorted.

"Because I wouldn’t do that star any favors. She gives the swellest parties in Hollywood and has she ever once invited my daughter, Annabelle?"

THE romance between Dorothy Gish and James Rennie seems definitely off, despite denials of the rift.

Jim has just signed a new five-year contract with First National, while Dorothy is preparing for a new play on Broadway. Which in itself is an ironical thing.

When they were married, Dorothy was in pictures, while Jim was to the theatre born and bred. Now, via talkies, Jim is sitting pretty in films and Dot is struggling for a foothold behind the footlights.

MARIAN SPITZER and Harlan Thompson, scenario writers extraordinary, have a wire-haired terrier named "Option." Asked why the pup was thus christened, Marian explained, "Because he is never exercised."

GOOD fortune hovers close about the curly head of Charles Buddy Rogers. The lad who three years ago was getting $60 a week, and glad of it, from Paramount, has recently been given a new contract which calls for $1500 a week, with a fat raise every option time.

America’s Boy-Friend is costing Paramount plenty, but he’s worth it. He packs ’em in at the box-office.

THANK goodness, we’ve got the Boyds in hand at last! The long-drawn-out controversy between William (Stage) Boyd and William (Screen) Boyd, both rightful owners of their respective names, has been settled.

From now on, William of the incandescents will be called Bill Boyd, while William of the footlights retains the dignified moniker, William Boyd.

THE domestication of Lorelei is complete! Ruth Taylor, the blonde that gentlemen prefer, is awaiting a visit from that old bird Stork. Ruth was married about a year ago to Paul Zuckerman, millionaire New York broker, after a whirlwind romance.

THERE is no chance of a reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sutherland, according to their own statements.

Mrs. Sutherland, nee Ethel Kenyon, has gone back to the New York stage, while Eddie is back in the romantic free-lancing business.

Eddie was once sweet on May McAvoy, later married Margery Daw, and much later married Louise Brooks.

NO one has any respect for royalty these days! Ernst Lubitsch and Hans Kraley chose a party given by Mary and Doug for the scene of their adventure in fisticuffs, and at the exclusive Embassy Club, too.

It seems that Kraley is now the big moment in the former Mrs. Lubitsch’s life, and at the party, he went so far as to taunt the former spouse of the beautiful German frau. According to all observers, Ernst contained himself as befits a director and a gentleman for quite some, but even his patience had its limits.

Round one was fought in the ball-room, after which the combatants retired to an outer hall and continued the fracas, until Douglas, himself, lent a restraining hand.

Oh, well, boys will be boys!

LILA LEE has found the silver lining in the clouds that have surrounded her so long. She is to marry John Farrow, writer, as soon as her divorce decree from James Kirkwood becomes final. This culminates a long romance which threatened to break when Lila was sent to Arizona for her health. However, all’s well that ends well, and Lila’s well.

(Continued on page 32)
YOU Can MANUFACTURE

Stars are not born but made in Hollywood and you can increase your own voltage by following in their courses

to see that her coiffure was never at all disarranged.
So, we learn rule one, which is: Find the most becoming shade for your hair, get a good make-up and always be well-groomed.

When Miss Banky returned from her honeymoon trip to Hungary, she was fat. Across her shoulders, she was undeniably what is referred to as a “fine, big girl.” The minor lords of the Goldwyn cabbage patch exchanged glances for several weeks while production on her forthcoming picture, “The Awakening” was held up. Who was going to tell her?
Then they saw Miss Banky coming down the hallway to Goldwyn’s inner office, her head held high in the noblest Ethel Barrymore manner.
There was harsh words they had that afternoon, for Miss Banky was seen to leave the Goldwyn office with red eyelids and a manner that off-stage or on, could easily be identified as downcast.
But it worked, whatever Goldwyn told her. Two weeks later when the picture began, Vilma was down to weight.
In “The Awakening” she was ethereally beautiful.
So, lesson two seems to be: Stay slim!
Only the last lesson Goldwyn tried to teach Banky failed.
When sound roared in, foreign accents became a liability. For weeks language teachers, piloted by Sidney Howard, hovered between the Banky-La Rocque household and the Goldwyn paymaster’s window. But the accent remained and the pay checks left.

Which means that voices count!
Most successful of any of the Goldwyn “finds” to date is Ronald Colman.
Goldwyn had never seen him in person when Colman was first signed, six years ago. The engagement was engineered by cable through Jack Crosby. After Crosby put over the Colman deal, he felt he had done enough for the good of the world so he became a broker’s clerk—a “customer’s man,” that is.
Goldwyn wanted to make Colman a “romantic personality.” He wasn’t allowed to smile. Actually he has a nice, quiet sense of humor.
Colman always felt that the prohibited smile also prohibited something important in his inner nature, but in the silent era there was never a still of Colman that wasn’t solemn.
He wasn’t allowed to talk in “The Rescue.” Satisfactory tests had been completed, talking sequences had been prepared with Director Herbert Brenon. But just when they were about to begin shooting on the picture, Goldwyn called a halt. “Let it wait for Bulldog Drummond.”

It did, and when Ronnie found his voice, he also proved that he was right in wishing to be more human.

To get herself a public was Evelyn Laye’s “Bitter Sweet” job. Now—boy, where are those bitters?

WOULD you like to be a personality—tender, deep and subtle or flashing, beautiful and devastating? There’s no experience necessary. Just go to Hollywood—or if you can’t go to Hollywood, go to the movies.
There, either in Hollywood or at the movies, personalities are manufactured before your eyes. For if you think that the stars you see are the stars as they started, you’re as inaccurate as was the Republican Party when it talked about prosperity.
Take the case of a Columbus like Samuel Goldwyn. Sam is one of the best astronomers in Hollywood and he picks winners almost all the time. Sam picked Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Lily Damita, Evelyn Laye, Eleanor Hunt and Walter Byron all while they were unknown and except for Byron, each pick has succeeded.
Yet he changed every one of them, too, and you can learn your personality lessons from him.
Consider Vilma Banky.
When Vilma came to America, her hair was a flat brown. The silky brightness of gold came at the suggestion of Goldwyn, who also initiated his Hungarian rhapsody into the new and strange mysteries of the manicure. And during her screen career, Miss Banky was attended constantly by one of the Westmore brothers, hair-dressers de luxe, who followed her from set to set
He rose to new heights of popularity and regained the ground he was slowly losing in the old silents. The warmer, living, breathing Colman has proven another point in the cultivation of personality. It is, Be yourself. Which brings us to Lily Damita.

Goldwyn engaged—or tried to engage—her the first time he saw Lily, in a Paris restaurant. Lily thought Sam was kidding so she laughed at him. She broke three dates and kept him waiting hours. Sam nearly went crazy.

When she arrived in New York, a stranger, she found the papers already in receipt of statements and opinions of and from Lily. Arthur Brisbane commented on what she thought of American men; the New York Times editorialized on her clothes. Peggy Hopkins Joyce had a great newspaper quarrel all primed for her. Thirty-eight photographers went down the bay to meet her.

Did Sam's tumultuous reception stop Lily?

No. She expected it. And the succeeding one in Hollywood.

Lily has a definite, sharply defined personality. Her speech, her carriage, her manner, her clothes—there is nothing about her that is not peculiar and personal to Lily. She is not of a type—she is a type of her own.

Yet a lesson may be gleaned from Lily.

In her first picture, the natural thing would have been to cast her in a part that exactly matched her brilliant, exotic personality. Sam did the opposite. He made the hoydenish, hell-raising Lily the staid and statuesque Mrs. Travers of "The Rescue."

Thus Lily became established as an actress. Later, in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and "The Cock-Eyed World," she let herself go—she was Lily. But it was by doing the unexpected and casting her as a lady that Sam established his new "find" with American audiences. Which gives us Rule Five: Do the unexpected.

Another Goldwyn protege was Walter Byron, only ill-fated one of the lot.

Byron was engaged on recommendation of Ronald Colman, who snubbed him ever after.

Byron came to Hollywood to play in "The Awakening." He did very well in that and (Continued on page 52)
HOW to Make MEN

By

MARQUIS BUSBY

When little Lottie Wart-on-the-face, the belle of the stone age, looked out of her cave on the bulging biceps of Harry-axe-in-hand, the village strong man, she wondered how in Sam Hill she could make him fall in love with her.

Women have been wanting men to fall in love with them ever since Adam lost that rib. People now live in duplex apartments instead of caves, and all you have to do to get ice is turn on the electricity, but women are still looking for the love secret.

Lucrezia Borgia scared her men into capitulating; and George Sand worked on the old mother complex. With Bernhardt it was the magic fire in her soul, and Lorelei just had to sing to them. All the great enchantresses of legend and history had their recipes.

Now that Hollywood is turning out romances for all the world, it is high time that the cinematic village turned out a reliable love formula, guaranteed to leave the boys lashed to the mast, and yelling for help.

The feminine screen stars, ninety percent more efficient at getting their man than the Canadian Mounted Police, are willing to help out by contributing their secrets. But they guarantee nothing. Anyway it's good, clean fun. And if one campaign doesn't work, just help yourself to another.

I started with Betty Compson. Betty has been enchanting screen heroes for some time, and just to prove that she can do it in real life she had Hugh Trevor looking hearts and flowers. But Betty corrected me when I asked her to break down and confess her secret.

"It isn't a question of making men fall in love with you, but more a question of doing all possible to keep them NOT falling in love with you.

"If a woman is naturally attractive, men are going to fall in love with her. She need do nothing about it; in fact, there is nothing she can do about it.

"Certain men will always be attracted to certain women. This is the law of nature. If a woman dons a mask of frivolity, drinks, smokes and is daring with her person, she will attract a type of man entirely different from those she would draw to her if she remained modest and charming. So the question of making men fall in love with a woman depends entirely on the kind of men that women want to have fall in love with them.

"My advice to a girl who is trying to interest a man in herself is to study his likes and dislikes and cater to them. Most men like to be flattered, not necessarily by words of praise but by feeling that the woman is trying to do things to please him. Be sweet, modest, unselfish and thoughtful. It may take longer to interest a man this way but once he is interested, he will remain interested."

Now take Kay Francis.

"You're going to ask Kay that?" he asked, amazed. "She just freezes up when you want to know something like that."

Well, Kay didn't actually do the freezing number, but she did laugh.

"How can there be any rules about love?" she wanted to know. "It is a matter of different personalities, environment, lots of things. There is one thing, though, as long as a woman is really in love with a man she should try to be what he wants her to be. If she's in love with him that will be easy. If she isn't it won't make any difference. In that case he'll probably care, regardless!"

"How about clothes?" I asked. Kay is one of the best dressed women in Hollywood.

"Men don't know much about clothes," she replied
Fall in Love

The Love Secrets of Hollywood’s Sirens

promptly. “They know if you look well. That is all. Women don’t take such pains with clothes merely to appeal to men. They do it partly from personal pride, and partly to make other women go home and send for the modiste.”

While we are in the department of best dressed women a call on Lilyan Tashman is in order. Lilyan is the other official “best dressed woman” in Hollywood. Lilyan, in a pair of sumptuous lounge pajamas, had some sound advice on this love business.

“Be a good listener when you are with the man you want to attract. Let him talk about himself. Men love to talk about themselves. Laugh heartily at his jokes, even if you can tell them better than he, and if you’ve heard them a dozen times. Make him think he’s a great fellow. Be a clinging vine where he is concerned. Ask his advice.

“The real trick isn’t making a man fall in love with you. The important thing is keeping a man in love with you after you get him. That takes brains. You’ve got to make yourself indispensable. Do little things for him that other people won’t do. Sympathize with him. And, above all, keep him guessing. Men don’t like to be too sure of a woman.”

Since Lilyan and Edmund Lowe are the happiest of married people her advice should carry weight. Incidentally, Lilyan won’t do pictures that will keep her away from Eddie for too long.

“I always say,” she philosophizes, “that absence makes the heart grow fonder—for somebody else.”

If you’re looking for some positive information it won’t do you much good to talk to Marlene Dietrich, either. Marlene is the exotic star from Berlin, now under long term contract to Paramount. You’ll see her with Gary Cooper in “Morocco.”

“How to make men fall in love with you is a destiny that cannot be achieved by formula,” beautiful Marlene said. “To attract a man is one thing; to make him what you call ‘fall in love with you’ is quite another. If attraction of the heart rather than of the mind were a routine matter then love making, all over the world, would be bleak and uninspiring. A physical conquest can be planned. To induce reciprocal love is not a matter for premeditation.

“Any woman can attract a man, just as any man can attract a woman, by being considerate, as charming as possible, attentive, pleasant, unobtrusive, sympathetic and understanding. But love? That passion must come from the objective side; it cannot be controlled subjectively.”

La Dietrich’s advice is erudite enough to do credit to any university president. Personally, I’m all mixed up in that objective and subjective business.

It takes a southern girl to know the love game. According to those books you read southern girls have nothing to do but sit on columned verandas, smell the magnolia blossoms, and flirt with hot-bloode Dixie swains. Dorothy Sebas-
TWO FIRST-
who REFUSE TO
By ALLAN

In many ways she is a great deal like Garbo. That is a Hollywood way of labeling a new discovery. This strange, kaleidoscopic movie town is distrustful of people who give promise of being definite personalities. If it can only say "she's another Garbo," or, "she's another Clara Bow" there is a general sigh of relief. "There," Hollywood breathes, triumphantly, "we've got her catalogued."

Marlene Dietrich is that amazing thing, a Hollywood sensation, and, as yet, she hasn't had a picture released. No one, save for a few executives, has seen her first film. Rumors have leaked through the Paramount studio gates that this German girl is destined for the crown of greatness. Perhaps no first picture in several years is being awaited as eagerly as "Morocco," in which Marlene appears opposite Gary Cooper. So much has been said of her. So much has been promised.

Already the word has been noisea about that she is a second Garbo. Her brow and eyes suggest the Swedish star. The eyes are heavy-lidded, a trifle slumbrous. If you are looking for other resemblances in her face you will also see a startling likeness to the late Jeanne Eagels. Yet, Marlene Dietrich does not deserve the odium of comparison. As Marlene Dietrich, herself, she is one of the most interesting girls to come to Hollywood in many a day. About her is the glamorous aura of genius.

Not long ago the edict was issued from the studio that Marlene could no longer be interviewed. "Uh-huh," snorted the brothers and sisters of the press, "they're trying to steal Garbo's thunder." Garbo will not be interviewed either. But Marlene is sincere in her wishes.

"Why should people wish to interview me?" she asks. "Every star has the same story. They struggle for success. They sacrifice. Sometimes they suffer, and then perhaps the goal is achieved. That is my story, too. When I first came to America I was interviewed. What more can be said of me now?" "I have been criticized for talking of my little daughter in Berlin. If I cannot talk about her I have nothing to tell of my life. I began to live when she came. She is my life. If I must not talk of her I would rather not talk at all."

She has the power of winning friends. Her sweetness, her graciousness, and her complete lack of temperament are amazing. It must seem so to Paramount, the studio which has seen Pola Negri sweep in with the airs of an empress, and has known the almost childish pride of Emil Jannings. "Morocco," filmed largely in the California desert, gave Marlene her first taste of American picture experience. As it sometimes happens on the desert, there was a spell of biting, cold weather. During one scene she had to walk away from the camera for a distance of half a mile, stumbling bare-footed through the cold sand. For some reason the whistle did not sound for her to turn back. She kept trudging on and on, shivering with the cold. Finally she fell unconscious. Never once did she turn back to see if she had missed the call. That might have spoiled the scene.

She is humble, and humility is usually lacking in a person who has already tasted the elixir of fame. This spirit deference may be accounted for by the fact that she is a woman and a German. Girls of her birth are taught that man is lord and master. A woman is meant to bear sons, and obey the word of man.

During the location trip she dressed in a rude tent. It had no floor, and only the roughest of furnishings. There wasn't a mirror. Marlene, herself, sought out a property man. It never occurred to her to make a scene, or send her maid on the errand.

"I know I am nobody," she told the man, "and I don't wish to trouble you, but couldn't I please have a mirror in my tent?"

At another time she was detained and was late for the lunch call. When she finally (Continued on page 63)
RATE GIRLS BE SECONDS

JORDAN

It may be rude to point, but if the exotic Marlene Dietrich, over there on the opposite page, looks like Garbo and the late Jeanne Eagels, little Sally Starr resembles at least four people. Hollywood has discovered that she looks like Clara Bow, Janet Gaynor, Nancy Carroll and Vera Reynolds. That’s quite a bit to accomplish in such a small parcel of femininity.

She may look like them, but Sally is as distinct a personality as you would find in a thousand mile walk—if you ever feel up to it, and haven’t much to do before breakfast anyway.

Sally is one of the cutest little numbers to kick her way out of a Scandals chorus into a movie contract. She is pretty and as pert as a proverbial armless man with the hives. She has the Bow personality with a soft pedal on it, and anyone with a Bow personality is going to get some place, even if it is only the newspaper bannerlines. Sally has ambition. She’s always had it. Ambition with talent and chorus girl shrewdness is a go-get-em combination. Look what it accomplished for Ruth Chatterton, Ina Claire, Marion Davies and Dorothy Mackaill. They all started by kicking, one-two-three. You’re going to hear more of Sally. She’s the original Miss Personality of 1930.

Good, old Pittsburgh, hard by the Baltimore and Ohio, and Pennsylvania railroads, is Sally’s natal city.

“And if you ask me if I come ‘clean’ from Pittsburgh I’ll throw something at you, s’help me,” she admonished.

At fourteen, after one year of high school, she went on the stage. Her schooling since then has been largely confined to backstage classrooms. You learn a lot there, too.

“I’ve always been stage-struck,” she admitted, as she reached for a Lucky. I had a girl friend in New York who wrote and said she thought she could get me a job. I traveled from Pittsburgh to New York on a half fare ticket. You see, I wasn’t quite fourteen and very small. I wore my hair in curls down to my waist. Whenever the conductor came through I looked scared to death, and I didn’t say a word on the whole trip. I clutched my ticket in my hand and by the time it was collected he couldn’t tell whether I was going to New York or Oklahoma City. The printing was all worn off. Every once in a while I went into the ladies’ room and talked to myself; just to see if I still had a voice.

“I grew up overnight in New York. I put up my hair, wore high heels and bought long dresses. When they tried me out for the chorus they could hardly keep me from going through all the dances I knew. That was a case where ignorance was bliss. I’d be scared pink now.”

Her first show was with Ted Lewis. From there she went into the Scandals, which she helped olivene for three years. There was another long engagement in “Lemaire’s Affairs” and then she signed with a Paramount-Publix act which toured to the coast.

It was Gus Edwards who first saw screen possibilities in Sally. She was given a test and considerable encouragement. The encouragement was so strong that she quit her job in the show. Her hopes were dashed to the ground when Harry Rapf, an executive at M-G-M, said she showed promise, but there was nothing in sight for her at the present.

She was ready to go “back home and broke,” when Metro sent for her and gave her the leading feminine role in “So This Is College.” She signed a five year contract with options. The rub came in on those options. For the first three months she watched her step. When the next nine months option was taken up she “went Hollywood.”

“I thought Sally Starr was set from then on,” she admitted. “I went to a lot of parties, and I allowed myself to put on weight. The option wasn’t renewed at the end of the year. Then I took stock of myself. I was trying to be the life of every party. I tried to sell myself to everyone I met, thinking that was the way you got along in pictures. I went to parties where I was bored stiff just because I thought I had to go.”

A kind, but perhaps not too tactful friend, told Sally that people must have said she was cute, and that she was working too hard to live up to it.

Sally did an about-face. She sent for her father and mother, and her brother and sister. She took a house and began retrieving her vanishing career. She quit running around. She started to take off the pounds. She is nine pounds lighter than when she was under contract to M-G-M.

“I have a good reducing system, too,” she laughed. “I have a husky sixteen year old (Continued on page 64)
Conrad Nagel and Silver Screen’s Girl-Friend Go Tripping in a Big City

C ONRAD NAGEL hadn’t been to New York for seven years. It had been all of five since I last visited Broadway. So, two hicks from Hollywood, we set out to see the big town together! To go places and do things!

"Where shall we go first?" I queried, with pleasant visions of the expensive Central Park Casino and the Ritz crossing my mind. After all, I was going sightseeing with a movie star!

But Conrad answered that we would start at the Aquarium.

"I’ve never been to the Aquarium," he admitted.

"And I’ve always wanted to. Since living in Hollywood, I’ve made quite a study of fish and I’d like nothing better than to see a horse-fish of which I’ve read lately."

Well, after all, how many girls have seen a horse-fish? It was an opportunity!

We rattled down among the skyscrapers in one of those typical New York taxicabs and drew up finally where Manhattan meets the sea. There was a circular building there.

"This must be the place," I remarked brilliantly.

It was. And Conrad told me some history. The Aquarium originally was an opera house and as such was the scene of Jenny Lind’s first concert in this country. And believe it or not, my little cabbages, tickets to that concert cost exactly ten hard, round iron men each! But you can get in free now.

However, getting down to fish, Conrad and I entered the “big pond” to the plaudits of two little boys, who pointing, asked their mother, “Mama, is that lady Polly Moran?”

After this recognition, we sauntered toward the circular cases which line the walls and contain every known kind and form of marine life, from caviar to Moby Dick.

"Just tell me how the evolutionists can explain this!" Conrad murmured over and over.

Eventually we arrived at the case containing the elusive sea-horse, a fish about two inches long, with the head of a horse, the epidermis of an alligator and the tail of a scorpion. Conrad was delighted to find that stuffed sea-horses could be purchased at the manager’s office and made great haste to acquire several varieties to take to his little girl. He offered to buy me one. I am a little girl, too, but somehow or other, I didn’t have a yen for a sea-horse.

After wandering about the corridors for several hours, we came out. I thought of Sherry’s or Pierre’s. But instead, we hailed a taxi and went to visit the new Chrysler Building, to get a nice view of New York.

The Chrysler Building is, while I write this, the tallest building in the world. But as the Empire State will be completed any moment now and Eiffel Tower is adding a steel spire, don’t take this too seriously.

We looked down at all New York. What a sight! But Conrad, loyal son-of-Hollywood, brought me down to earth (figuratively, and not over the side of the building) by saying, “Oh, New York’s all right, but I certainly do miss Malibu beach!”

We came down and went to lunch at the Ambassador on Park Avenue. That was grand. And while we were eating, an orchestra played soft melodies which reminded Conrad of the perfect harmony of his life.

"I have many interests," he vouchsafed.

"One of my principal pleasures is organizing. I like to form committees—or even just be on committees. Of course, that takes up a great deal of my time but I find it well worth while."

"Aside from that, I have few hobbies. I like tennis and swimming and lately have become interested in fitting up a workshop like Rod LaRocque’s.

"You know, Rod has a perfectly equipped tool-shop," he went on.

"And he is working on an invention which may make him many times a millionaire. It’s a little gadget for answering the telephone and taking messages when no one is at home.

"I’ve watched him do so much of that kind of work that I’ve become interested in it myself."
Conrad paused here and looked thoughtful. After a
moment he went on.

"But there's one big regret in my life. That is that I
don't know how to play the piano. Why, my
father taught in a conservatory and could have
given me every musical advantage. But, because
like most boys I complained about practicing, I was allowed to
abandon it after a few lessons.

"Now, I'd give any-
things to be able to play.
And I'm going to see to
it that my daughter is an
accomplished musician.

"For when she is
grown and goes either
on the stage or in pic-
tures, if she comes home
in the evening tired and
weary, she can sit down
at her piano, let her fingers wander idly over the keys,
and give herself a spiritual bath!"

Conrad takes the rearing of his little daughter seriously.
And matrimony scientifically.

"Just lately Mrs. Nagel and I have settled a couple
of questions that have been irritating us for years.

"She had a habit that got on my nerves and I had one
that drove her nearly mad. So, we compromised.

"Her habit was never to be able to decide what she
wanted to order in a restaurant. And mine was the
absolute refusal to eat spinach.

"Now, you know if you're trying to bring up a child
successfully, it doesn't do to allow her to turn down any
good, healthful food. But how could you expect to force
a child to eat something which her father rejected?

"So, Ruth and I agreed to reform." From now on, she
is to order within five minutes after entering a restaurant.
And I'm to eat anything that is on my plate.

"And that's the secret of a successful marriage. The
willingness to adopt a thought-
ful, sensible attitude
and to make compromises.

"Why, marriage is just like
any other expensive, intricate
machine. How many men would
expect an automobile to run
without gasoline or oil? Well,
no man should expect marriage
to endure without the same
amount of attention and pouring
of the troubled waters that he
would readily accord any
other mechanism.

"Both Mrs. Nagel and myself have tried always to
bring a sense of fair-play and compromise into our rela-
tions—and that's why I feel that our marriage can really
be called successful."

Having thus delivered himself, Conrad decided that it
was time for us to be on our way. Our next stop was a
draw between Grant's Tomb and the Museum of Natural
History. The Museum won—which was probably just
as well as I had planned to give a Rebel yell while in
Grant's Tomb.

"I'm especially interested in the African exhibits
brought back by Roy Chapman Andrews," Mr. Nagel in-
formed me. "Let's look for them first."

Making our way through the labyrinth of hallways,
we finally came to the mammoth elephants bagged
(does one bag elephants?) by Mr. Andrews. Conrad
explained how the animals were reconstructed for pres-
ervation—to the enjoyment of two spinster ladies, who
recognized the movie star and hung on his every word.

From the elephants we went to see the big whale.
It occupied an entire room. Conrad knew all about
whales, too.

"Do you know that one of the most valuable parts of a
whale is the dissected intestine? That's what is used in
making fine perfumes. In fact, it's the base of all good
perfume and it's very hard to get. Whenever ships come
upon dead whales, the first thing they go after is the
disintegrating intestine, which is worth a great deal."

Having learned about whales from Conrad, we went to
visit the gorillas. I was a little upset by the resemblance
of one of them to our office boy. So I suggested our
departure.

Mr. Nagel was no loath to leave, because he was tired,
too—but not downhearted. We paused to look at some
marine exhibits and then scampered out.

"I love the ocean," Conrad explained. "I was in the
Navy during the War. I was attached to the staff of one
of the Commanders here in New York but I always hoped
to go to sea."

We had expected to bring the day to a triumphant
conclusion by going to a movie. But there weren't any
movies we liked—and anyway, I've been to a movie. So
we parted.

Well, sightseeing's a great life if your feet don't weaken!
Silver Screen wants a slogan, something that expresses what these chorus kids express, youth, pep and beauty—the very spirit of Hollywood.

$500 FOR FIVE WORDS
A Contest for Everybody

FIVE hundred dollars for five words!
That’s what SILVER SCREEN is going to pay for a slogan that will stand for everything we are and everything we hope to be!
Five little words—or even less.
SCREENLAND is “America’s Smart Screen Magazine.” That’s four words.
Photoplay needs six. It calls itself “The National Guide to Motion Pictures.”

We want an equally descriptive slogan for SILVER SCREEN.
We want it to stand for youth, for gaiety, for chic. We want it to stand for fun and entertainment. And we want it to stand for information, accurate information, about pictures and picture people. In short, we want it to stand for Hollywood and all the romance that Hollywood typifies.

Use your brains. Stimulate your imagination. $500 for five words. Or $500 for four, or even three words, if they can express the youthful, peppy personality of SILVER SCREEN.

RULES OF CONTEST
1. There will be a prize of $500 for the slogan selected.
2. In case the winning slogan has been submitted by more than one contestant, the full award will be given to each person.
3. Slogan must not be over five words, but can be less.
4. The judges will be a committee of members of SILVER SCREEN’s staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit slogans. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.
5. Contest closes on midnight of January 10th. SILVER SCREEN assumes no responsibility for manuscripts submitted, but the editors will be very glad to answer any questions regarding the contest.
6. Send your slogans to “Slogan Editor,” SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th St., New York City.
Until we saw this picture, we never cared for a Green Christmas, but with Mitzi on the lookout for the big toy and reindeer man we know it will be a merry one. We wish you the same, Mitzi, and plenty more good pictures in your sock from old Papa Paramount.
Glad rags for the gladdest day in the year! That's what Silver Screen brings to you this month. We've promised you exclusive, last-word fashions from Hollywood and New York—the regular sort that regular girls can afford.

So this month we got lovely Mary Brian to give us the lowdown on what she's going to wear for the holiday season. She selected these things while in New York recently, because they have all the youthfulness of typical Hollywood modes.

With this wardrobe a girl could go around the world and always be well-dressed. Nothing extreme, nothing extravagant, but smart, wearable outfits of distinction and charm.

Next month, Silver Screen will show a wardrobe for a business girl.

Of dull-surfaced flat crepe in a warm tomato tone, Mary's peplum frock is suitable for afternoon or informal restaurant wear. With it she wears a black velvet hat and carries a black bag and beige suede gloves. The frock costs only $20.50. Courtesy Stern Bros.

Mary's brown lace party frock is made on soft, dressmaker lines. The tiny puff sleeves and long, voluminous skirt are features of the new season. This frock which Mary had made, can be duplicated for around $40.50.
The 1930 version of the indispensable coat-suit is more charming and practical than ever. With its jacket of fur, Mary's choice is a black caracul jacket with a black wool skirt. With it she wears a blouse of wool lace and a cushion-brimmed hat of black felt. The entire outfit may be obtained for around $12.50. Courtesy Stern Bros.

For delivering Christmas presents, or for school or business, this black sheer wool frock can supplement the fur jacket and felt hat of Mary's other outfit. Its touches of white and the short bolero jacket mark it as distinctly this year's. $20.50. Courtesy Stern Bros.
All the contrast of Hollywood is in these two pages. Here, Dorothy Jordan of the gentle dove's eyes and the Southern voice—so flatteringly subtle it could break a heart at twenty paces, is looking toward a great future with M.G.M. She's the love interest in "The Dark Star."
And here, the most dramatic portrait we've ever seen, Marie Dressler, climbing the stairs to commit murder in "The Dark Star." No youth here, no beauty, but sheer acting genius of a grand old trouper, mistress of tears as well as laughter, and the best picture stealer in the business.
The latest cause of acute fan heart trouble, Robert Montgomery, murmuring sweet nothings to June Walker, a lovely lady from Broadway gone Hollywood for “War Nurse.” This production promises to be one of the biggest pictures of the year but would any picture be less with Romeo Robert in it?
Another kind of love—love amidst evening gowns and uniforms and high society with a very slender Irene Delroy playing the only woman in the world and Bramwell Fletcher, playing the suave gentleman who understands in "Men of the Sky" for First National.
Proving there are Bow legs that poets rave about. The "It" girl has adopted a new personality and lighter hair for "Her Wedding Night" and very becoming they both are, too. Now, if Clara will only learn to confine her capers to pictures all will be forgiven.
got brains, sweetheart. What do you want to get into this racket for?"

"Because I can act," said Nevada. "I know I can. I can ride, too, and swim, but I wouldn't say much about my dancing, on account of I've lived in the country most all my life. And I'm only seventeen, too, even if I do look a little older because I'm kinda tall and thin. You give me a break, brother, and I'll keep you in homemade pies for the rest of your life."

"You win," said Tim, "but how you knew that I'm a bachelor and live in a bum boarding house is beyond me.""

"You just told me I had brains, didn't you?" said Nevada, and after that she was in the movies with a bang.

Well, maybe it's because Hollywood is so full of cheap boudoirs, of purchased kisses and passion covered with dollar signs—of kids with hungry hearts and hungrier stomachs, giving the only thing they've got for a day's work. But somehow this goofy stunt of Nevada Dolan's stood out. She wouldn't give what the other kids gave—she was as straight and regular as her name. But she had her own way of paying. She would feed any guy on the lot—and what a cook that girl was! It got to be a habit of all the grips and props and electricians and assistant directors to drift up to her place nights. She had a tiny shack up in Laurel Canyon, where rents were cheap, and in her small dining room a heterogeneous crowd set their teeth into meat stews, chocolate cake and fried chicken, such as they hadn't tasted since they left home and mother. And in return they gave Nevada work. Lots of work. She got the work that other girls begged for with tears in their eyes, and paid for with their youth and beauty.

But it was not all generosity, either. The kid could troupe. She wasn't setting the world on fire, but she was getting somewhere—and she was happy. She was somebody, she was Nevada Dolan. And every once in a while they gave her a bit, letting her ride far into the sunset or some such thing—and occasionally she got a closeup with the star.

Then she met Jimmy MacCray. That's the chance that every woman takes in life—a chance of meeting a Jimmy MacCray. Well, Nevada met Jimmy, and took upon herself the burden of his life, as well as her own.

Now Jimmy wasn't the handsomest man in Hollywood—but he had something more than looks. This was before the days of Elinor Glyn and "It," but the quality he had was pure sex-appeal, nevertheless. And he had no more feeling than a set of false teeth.

He had drifted into Hollywood at the wheel of an expensive foreign car, and when he decided to stay, his employers were forced to engage another chauffeur for their return trip to Chicago.

Then began his career as itinerant actor, prop man, assistant director. Those were the things he did for a living, but the thing he really (Continued on page 34)
HOWDY, folks—so this is Hollywood, where one eats in Brown Derby cafes, buys coffee cakes in Windmill bakeries, plays miniature golf in backgrounds of Alaska and Japan, rides on sidewalks in Bantam cars and often takes the host's wife home, or vice versa.

Hollywood was laid out by the early settlers, but they forgot to bury it.

A telephone operator at the Paramount studio got a radio with gum coupons.

She's now chewing on an automobile.

Jack Warner is raising a mustache. The trouble is you can't tell whether he looks just as funny, or funnier.

One of the bright young things around cinemaland brought her car into a garage and said something was the matter—it put-putted.

Probably parked it in front of a miniature golf course.

"Sin Takes a Holiday" is not a story about Hollywood.

Polly Moran called the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio the other day to say she would be a few hours late.

"Where are you?" asked a studio executive.

"Down at the Los Angeles Tent and Awning Company," replied Polly, "having a brassiere fitted."

Kay Francis says: Cecil B. DeMille's stage at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is known as "The Land of Nod."

Business men base success on co-operation; musical producers on the fact that the chorus is always kicking.

Sign on the corner of Western Avenue and Beverly Boulevard:

This lot will positively not be used as a miniature golf course. A first class cafe will be erected immediately.

Laugh that one off.

The trouble with the college kids of Hollywood is: they get eighty behind a steering wheel, but never on an examination paper.

Ladies of the cinema have started on another fad of reducing. Funny thing, but most women with truck bodies have runabout ideas.

New Hollywood slogan:

It makes a whale of a difference when you try to show-off on a sardine income.

The question and answer department:

"I'm sorry to inform you, Agnes, but Rin-Tin-Tin has retired from the movies to run an exclusive flea circus."

There's a Scotch actor in the talkies who speaks through his nose to save the wear and tear on his false teeth.

Carl Laemmle, Sr., has a very large chicken ranch on the outskirts of Hollywood. This is the old man's hobby and it is now on a paying basis.

In case Universal makes a couple of bad pictures, maybe the supervisors can start peddling eggs from house to house.
NANCY CARROLL seems to have everything—beauty, youth, charm, acting ability and luck. Three years ago, totally unknown, she was selected to play the Irish Rose of the famous Abie. She clicked. She did several unimportant pictures. Came talkies. She clicked again. More unimportant pictures and then "The Devil's Holiday," a small production that Nancy made great by her performance. Now she's created the miracle again in "Laughter." Watch this girl. She's showing more promise than any girl on the screen.

CLARENCE BROWN, director, ex-husband of Ona Wilson and recently fiancé of Dorothy Sebastian, has been doing the romantic free-lancing business—meaning that his heart is twittering from dame to dame.

The latest flame is Sally Blane, sister of Loretta Young and Polly Ann Young. * * *

P. G. Wodehouse, inimitable British humorist, is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to the tune of $2500 per week.

P. G. simply adores a garden to work in. He must have a garden with flowers. He simply must! Really. He doesn’t like working in a studio. Really. It’s a lot of bally rot and all that sort of thing. Really.

Studio executives fixed P. G. up with a garden in the film plant. It was an old set on the back lot. The first day, P. G. sat in this studio-constructed garden and worked. He had his rocking-chair. He always works in a rocking chair. And he had his typewriter. He was happy in his garden.

After P. G. completed work the first day, a strolling prop man found the typewriter and took it back to the prop room. P. G. came to work the next day, but said nothing about the typewriter being gone. He just sat in the garden.

On the second night the rocking chair disappeared, probably by the same means. On the third day, P. G. had nothing left but the garden—so he went home to work, and there he works in his own garden. P. G. is happy—with $2500 a week from Hollywood.

* * *

Guinn “Big Boy” Williams, who is said to have had a slight romance with Fannie Brice before she married song-writer Billy Rose, is having heart failure over Mary Philbin, ex-Universal star.

Big Boy is of the bashful class, and when he holds Mary’s hand under the dinner table, it’s a large evening for him.

Mary Doran, pretty M-G-M actress, is causing the pulse to jump for Edwin Gelsey, story chief of the Universal studio.

Edwin is red-headed, but quite calm of nature. It looks like a heavy romance.

* * *

Alyce McCormick, crimson-haired actress, former love-bird in the heart of Billy Joy, Leatrice’s brother and movie agent, has joined the Joy company as a peddler of players.

Alyce found jobs were few and far between, so she is now selling other actors to the studios.

Martha Mattox, character actress, tried this and got herself a job. Maybe Alyce can do the same.

* * *

Cupid and the stork are two of the busiest birds in Cinemaland.

Ruth Clifford, wife of James Cornelius, Beverly Hills real estate man, is the mother of a son—a future real estate salesman.

By the time he grows up, Los Angeles will probably be ready for another boom.

* * *

Bobby Agnew, one of the few really promising juveniles of the silent picture days, can’t connect in the talkies at all. It’s really a shame. Bobby is an awfully clever lad.

Recently he has been appearing on the stage in the prologue of “Hell’s Angels” at Grauman’s Chinese theatre in Hollywood.

* * *

Arthur Rankin is another chap who is having a run of very tough luck. He’s worked about two weeks since last January.

A charming daughter who models after her mother is Frances Rich. That’s Irene’s head in her hands, while Irene herself and daughter Jane are watching.
His last big part was in "Submarine." He enacted one of the most convincing death scenes ever put on the screen.

James Horne, director at the Hal Roach studio, opened a miniature golf course in Glendale in a rather ultra fashion.

He had "Our Gang" and Laurel and Hardy in person. Charley Chase was master of ceremonies. Police reserves were called to take care of the crowd. He's doing a great business since.

LeRoy Mason is one of the best looking chaps in Hollywood, but he can't get a break. It's just one of those things that even the wise-babies can't explain.

LeRoy is married to Rita Carewe, daughter of Edwin Carewe, the director and producer.

During the recent slump in Heart Break Town, LeRoy took to selling radios for autos. He made good and has been promoted to assistant sales manager.

Danny Dowling, handsome extra man and professional dancer, got his big chance as a partner to Julianne Johnson, former screen leading woman, who has gone back to the stage.

The pair were being featured at a big San Francisco hotel and were becoming the social rage as perfect ballroom dancers. They were engaged to open at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood, but Danny fell one day during rehearsal.

An X-ray examination disclosed that Danny will not be able to dance again.

That's what you call a tough break.

Charlotte Merriam, former wife of Rex Lease, Tiffany star, was engaged by the studio the other day to play a small part in "The Third Alarm."

Some years ago, Charlotte was a star, and Rex was only a struggling extra man trying to get a break. Once they were very much in love, and it seems strange to see them working on the same lot and not speaking.

Francis X. Bushman, one of the early film stars, made his stage comeback recently in Hollywood in a play called "Thin Ice."

Aileen Pringle, former M-G-M star, who is having difficulty getting started in the talkies, is co-starred with Bushman.

Judging from the local press notices, the play is well named.

Joseph M. Schenck, boss of the United Artists studio, has granted a permit to drill for oil on his Santa Monica beach property. Oils well that ends well.

Charles Francis Cae, fiction and scenario writer, was fishing for sword-fish near Catalina Island recently, when an unusually large denizen of the deep almost pulled him overboard.

The battle resulted in Charley getting bad bruises and a fractured knee. Dick Arlen, who was yachting with friend wifey, Jobyna Ralston, came to the rescue and rushed Charley to shore and medical aid.

Just our Dick, a hero in real as well as reel life.

Years ago, when Ruth Roland was the feminine daredevil of the Pathé serials, Andrew Waldron was a fairly well known player. He appeared in many of the chapter-plays, including "Reckless Chances" and "The Hills of Missing Men."

Since then, Andy has had bad luck. He is a poor man while Ruth is rich—one of the wealthiest women in pictures. But Ruth hasn't forgotten the old days, or Andy. Ruth is as big-hearted as she is happy. She gave Andy tenancy in a bungalow court which she owns, and she never fails to visit the old man to cheer him up.

There's a real girl for you.

Hollywood's most temeramental actress, Jetta Goudal, is going to be married soon, so rumor says. The brave and daring gentleman is Harold Grieve, well-known interior decorator.

Miss Goudal's screen career has been nothing if not hectic. Sets on which she worked were always electrically charged and tense. And the climax of her tempestuous career came when she won a judgment against Pathé for $31,000, following which she retired.

Since that time, she has dabbled more or less in interior decorating and it was through that mutual interest that she met Grieve.

The matrimonial bark of Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez, which weathered the storms of adversity, has gone down in smooth waters.

During all the months of Alma's valiant battle with drugs, Ricardo stood staunchly by, a bulwark of strength. But now, with the battle won, Alma is suing for divorce. However, it is understood to be by mutual agreement.

Jim Cruze is nothing if not broad-minded. He signed Betty Compson, who recently divorced him, for the lead in his latest picture "Discontent." And he smiles approval on Hugh Trevor, Betty's current consolation, when the handsome young leading man visits the set to escort the erstwhile Mrs. Cruze home.

Silver Screen’s favorite actor, Oscar, the laugh leader of "All Quiet on the canine front."

Personally we'd gladly lead a dog’s life if we got Oscar’s pay check.
Is Hollywood’s Supremacy Threatened?

By Dorothy Herzog

Is Hollywood’s supremacy threatened? It is sad to report, but I can’t dodge it. Our Hollywood-ites no longer rule the silver screen. Al Jolson’s “Jazz Singer,” the pioneer outloud, clanged a menace to the international dominance of American films that is growing to alarming thunder.

The sway of Hollywood personalities appears to be limited now to the United States and its colonies and, to a lesser extent, to England and the British colonies.

I got this with a thud when I visited Paramount’s Joinville studio. Here, they make originals and re-make the stories produced in Paramount’s Hollywood studio. They shoot talkies in fourteen languages: French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Hungarian, Czech, Swedish, Polish, Italian, Roumanian, Croat, (for the Serbs, Croats, and Jugo-Slavs) and Dutch.

What Hollywood is to Los Angeles, the slumbrous village of Joinville-on-the-Seine is to Paris. The similarity, however, ends with the geographical attachment. Paris is indifferent to the cinema, to those engaged in it, and to the millions of dollars invested in it. To them, the motion picture is a plump, vulgarly rich industry, precipitated into international prominence and controlled by American enterprise.

The French as a whole tolerated silent pictures. Likewise, as a whole, they will have none of the American talkies. It would be easier to sell ice-cream at the North or South Pole than American talkies on the Continent. One little theatre in Paris, alone, is the exception. The Pantheon, on the left Bank, offers a talkie haven to homesick tourists.

Indeed, with the advent of talkies, the latent jealousy inspired by Hollywood’s film rule has boiled to the surface. Hollywood personalities mean nothing to foreign screens unless they speak the native languages. And how many do? I’ll name, for the French contingent, Maurice Chevalier, Adolphe Menjou, Claudette Colbert, Jette Goudal, Elise Bartlett, and you name the rest. There aren’t many Germans left on the Coast. Joseph Schildkraut, I think, stands alone. Antonio Moreno, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, Dolores Del Rio, Lupe Velez, speak Spanish. Victor Varconi and Paul Lukas speak Hungarian. But there are few who remain who have duo-talkie value to producers.

More than once, since coming to Paris, I have recalled the early talkie days when Hollywood table chatter speculated how the outlouds would affect the American careers of Greta Garbo, Nils Asther, Emil Jannings, Conrad Veidt, Lya de Putti, Lily Damita, Paul Lukas, and the rest of the foreign colony. I wager you that regardless what the talkies did to them, what foreign countries have done to U. S. talkies has been more than drastic retaliation.

Even vivacious Italians have their quiet moments. “La Voce del Cuore” company (“Sarah and Son” in English) pauses between shots to give us an inside slant on how Italians make talkies in France.

Yes, they have studio parties in France, too. But look how much simpler than our old Hollywood custom is this sylvan luncheon at the Paramount Joinville Studio given for members of the French press.
Why, the studio is a modern tower of Babel. One's ears ring with a glibber of noises. I listened, aghast. It was very interesting, but all I could visualize was a large crepe band singing like black fate upon the autocratic capital of American picture making.

Recently I listened to a well known film executive confess that he would give his right arm and half his fortune if he could kick the talkies into the ash-can. He meant what he said, for one hand rested on his pocket-book! A veteran stage producer like David Belasco is quoted in an interview as saying he would invest his money and his time in silent pictures were he a younger man. He is pessimistic about the future of the talkies and the survival of talkie personalities. He bases his opinion not on the international financial havoc caused by each country demanding films in their native tongue but on the quality (or lack of it) of the current talkies.

There was more to wonder about in Joinville. Months ago, Ruth Chatterton started in "Sarah and Son." Paramount's Joinville studio has remade this same story in French, Polish, Italian, German, and Spanish. In each instance, native directors megaphoned the film. They selected their casts from their own country. Ruth Chatterton won't be seen in these countries. Local actors will.

What is the significance of this? Devastating, simply devastating. Ruth's popularity has been automatically halved. So has her box-office field. Her pictures still cost as much to produce but their earning capacity can never be the same under existing conditions. You can figure what this will ultimately mean to Miss Chatterton and her $5000 or so weekly salary.

I speak of Ruth only because her picture, "Sarah and Son," was running the production gamut at the Joinville-League-of-Nations' lot. What is true of her is true of the entire roster of Hollywood players.

Producers have battled high salaries since the days Mary Pickford set the pace. They have always lost. The public elevated unknowns to stardom and producers found themselves paying for the promotion. Now, it looks as though they will win the high salary battle. Picture salaries will eventually revert to normalcy, $1500 and $2500 being top. In winning, however, producers lose, for insofar as the American player's box-office range is limited, just so far is the producer's income depleted.

You hear these thoughts expressed with trembling fear in Hollywood, New York, and Paris. You hear them from English film men, too. The English resent the American accent on the screen. Ronald Colman, Evelyn Brent, Clive Brook, William Austin, and a few other names, perhaps, are very popular in England, but our rank and file of stars receive no smiles in Great Britain.

But let's get back to Joinville.

The studio sits atop a hill overlooking the peace and beauty of the winding Seine. There is the inevitable gateman, of course. Strange as it may seem, he was pleasant and agreeable.

Once inside, we see familiar sights: stages, carpenter shops, laboratories, dressing-rooms, laborers digging, electricians shoving lights from one stage to another, players walking to a set carrying make-up cases, etc. We look for star bungalows on the order of Ramon Novarro's, Norma Shearer's, Norma Talmadge's. There are none. Players dress in rooms and like it.

The stages are smaller than those in Hollywood. They rise to no impressive heights, but they are built similarly, being of brick over steel and lined with rock wool to make them sound proof. When Paramount purchased this property three months ago, there were two stages. Now, there are six.

The electrical and sound equipment was brought from New York at tremendous expense. We see the familiar sunlight arcs and "boxed" cameras. A camera costs approximately $8000 in America. After duty is paid to the customs officials here, the same camera in France costs $10,000. That is 250,000 francs and when you stop to consider that 250,000 francs in this country is a sizeable fortune that enables a Frenchman to realize his fondest dream—to retire to a small farm and wile away his days as he chooses—you know what that amount of money means in France. Think of it. The price of one movie camera would whirl a Frenchman to Utopia! At that, it would start me well on the way, too.

I lunched with Dimitri Buchowetski in the studio cafe. You must recall his name. He megaphoned "Midnight Sun" and sundry Hollywood pictures in the silent days. Later, he transferred his efforts to Wall Street, amassed a fortune, and cleared out. (Continued on page 37)
LEADING  
LADY  
AGED  
NINETEEN

By  
MARGARET REID

She's Marguerite Churchill, 
A Starlet of Genuine Charm

"I'm afraid this is going to be awfully hard for you. Normal people make pretty dull reading. What can you possibly say about me?"

The speaker was Marguerite Churchill.

"On these occasions," said Marguerite, "I'd give anything to be picturesque. But I'm just painfully average."

"Well," said Marguerite's mother, "It may make her less dashing copy, but it does make her a lot pleasantable to live with. I'm sure I don't know what I'd do with one of those human fireworks in the house."

"As a matter of fact, normalcy doesn't necessarily make dull copy—just awfully different," I said.

The cast of this interview thus introduced sat at luncheon in the sunny dining-room of the sunny, comfortable little Churchill house, which is just like all the other sunny, comfortable little houses on this pleasant street in Beverly Hills. The street is on the other side of Wilshire Boulevard from the "show places". Just as Marguerite is on the other side of the road from the show-offs of her trade.

Marguerite is pretty—with a fresh, wholesome beauty. Her long hair is a rich auburn, as are her eyebrows and lashes. Gentle brown eyes, a delicate nose and

mouth, absurdly white teeth—all the accoutrements of what schoolgirls should look like and seldom do.

It is only accidental that she isn't a schoolgirl. Only nineteen, she might very well be. Except for a fate that made her an actress instead.

That happened when Marguerite was eleven.

"No one had ever been on the stage in our family," she said; "but my father owned and operated theatres and I had always wanted to act. When I was eleven, father died. And it was necessary that I decide to do something some day—prepare myself for some definite means of earning a living."

"So we—mother and I—decided on the stage."

After that, Marguerite could hold her ambition for only two years. She went to the Professional Children's School in New York and into a production, "Why Not", and no one suspected that the leading ingenue was only thirteen years of age. It was Marguerite's first appearance, but she gave a good performance.

Beginning in leading roles, Marguerite's inevitable apprenticeship was not accomplished among the "walk-on" sector. This period occurred, not in obscurity, but in the celebrated Theatre (Continued on page 58)
THE SINGING JEWEL

By
KAY WILSON

Stanley Smith is the newest type of movie hero

PARADEMOUNT has such nice boys! The kind that look safe but are the real menace to feminine hearts. Who typify every mother’s son and every girl’s sweetheart—but whose eyes hint that with a little encouragement they could be the third side in anybody’s triangle.

Like Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Neil Hamilton, Phillips Holmes. And now there’s Stanley Smith, newest member of the dashing group. And one of the busiest. In fact, he is a leading candidate for the transcontinental commutation record, so often has he trekked back and forth between the eastern and western Paramount studios.

At present, he just completed the lead opposite Clara Bow in “Love Among the Millionaires” and is in the East to play Romeo to Ginger Rogers in “Manhattan Mary.” Tall, with curly blond hair and opaque blue eyes, Stanley Smith might well be the cream in any girl’s coffee. But instead of a weakness for the dangerous sex, Stanley confesses that his career is the lodestar of his life.

And he has another claim to distinction—he made good in his own home town!

For though he was born in Kansas City, he was reared in the film capital and it was in the Hollywood High School that he received his first dramatic training. And it is in the same town that he has made every one of his steps to success.

When I saw Stanley he was in his usual high spirits. He had just arrived in New York and was all excited about playing in the East.

“I’ve always loved the stage and pictures,” he began. “When I was just a kid going to school in Kansas, other kids in the neighborhood and myself rigged up a marionette theater in which we put on all kinds of shows. Our mothers dressed little dolls for us to use for actors and we finally got so we were pretty good at manipulating them.

“Then, when I finished grammar school, mother and I decided to move to Hollywood. My father still lives in the East. It was the climate which attracted mother (Chamber of Commerce, please take note,) but the movies were my suppressed desire. You see, I had already determined that somehow or other I was going to be an actor.

“So when I entered high school I joined all the dramatic societies and glee clubs—and spent as much time and money as I could in going to shows and movies.

“During summer vacations I got any kind of studio work I could—office boy, ‘prop man’, anything just to get inside the sacred gates. Why, one of the biggest moments of my life was when I landed the job to handle Elliot Dexter’s fan mail!”

Stanley chuckled as he recalled those not so far distant days when the desire to play opposite such stars as Clara Bow and Nancy Carroll seemed an almost fantastic dream.

He has an engaging, boisterous laugh which belies his stern efforts to appear the very earnest man of the world. For the first impression he creates is one of slightly-blasié worldliness. The real Stanley Smith, a delightfully simple, straightforward lad, is buried beneath (Continued on page 60)
WHAT A WIDOW—United Artists

WHAT a surprise! Gloria Swanson goes slapstick in a big way in this odyssey of a young widow who sets out to see the world. Owen Moore is her attorney who has her interests at heart—his own, while Lew Cody plays an amiable inebriate. Complications ensue, but gorgeous Gloria, with her nightie trailing, manages to straighten thing out in her naive way. RATING: Good.

WAY FOR A SAILOR—M-G-M

JOHN GILBERT answers his critics—and how! In "Way for a Sailor" Gilbert's voice and acting are great. He plays a tough tar constantly "on the make" for a hard-hearted Hannah, played by Lelia Hyams. But, he's a glutton for punishment. Wally Beery is great in a featured role but Jim Tully, the writer, is terrible and should stick to his pen. RATING: Excellent.

THE OFFICE WIFE—Warner Brothers

ALL pretty secretaries will probably be out of jobs the day after the boss' wife sees "The Office Wife." It's that kind of a picture. Dorothy Mackaill is Lewis Stone's secretary, who wins his love from a frivolous wife played by Natalie Moorhead. Honest and accurate and grandly acted. So be sure to see this one. RATING: Excellent.

THE BIG TRAIL—Fox

MAJESTIC in quality, epic in scope, "The Big Trail" is a vast and gripping monument to the early Empire Builders. The story is completely simple, but every American will thrill to this great document of the conquest of a new land. The terrific struggle with the elements and the Indians is simply and sincerely told, with an all-compelling humanness dominating the entire production. John Wayne, a newcomer, and Marguerite Churchill, give splendid performances as the pioneer lovers, and the rest of the cast contribute flawless characterizations. RATING: Excellent.

CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK—Radio

HERE is the laughingest hit of the season—the long-waited comedy of Amos 'n Andy. Heretofore, radio and stage stars have been disappointing to movie fans—but not Amos 'n Andy. They've clicked—and then some! The story, merely a background for gags, brings in all the famous characters used on the air. There is never a dull moment. Amos 'n Andy are wows and the cast headed by Irene Rich and Sue Carol is expert. The Duke Ellington Band provides knockout musical numbers. "Check and Double Check" is a hit—and a big one. RATING: Excellent.
Reviewing Stand

MOBOCCO—Paramount

MARLENE DIETRICH, newest of foreign importations, justifies all advance promises and rises to superb histrionic heights in "Morocco," a story of the Foreign Legion. She plays a beautiful lady in distress, marooned in Morocco, who marries Adolph Menjou, a millionaire, and then falls in love with Gary Cooper—who can blame her for that? Gary himself does the best work of his career as the romantic Legionnaire, and Menjou is suave and sophisticated. Settings of rare beauty and interesting treatment distinguish this film, which you can't afford to miss.

RATING: Excellent

MOTHER'S CRY—First National

THIS is the first real mother love story of the talkies.

"Mother's Cry" is a fine, intelligent, dramatic story of the mother of four children—one a genius, one quite romantic, one domestic and of course one a black sheep. And just as you expect, she loves the black sheep best.

The acting is often superlative and the direction is deserving of much praise.

Dorothy Peterson, a newcomer, wins her right to stardom through a magnificent performance. Edward Woods, Helen Chandler, Evelyn Knapp, Sidney Blackmer and Pat O'Malley complete a perfect cast.

"Mother's Cry" is a sob stuff sanely done.

RATING: Excellent

ILLICIT—Warner Brothers

HERE is an ultra-modern society drama done very sophisticatedly and daringly.

Everything about the production has been expertly done—cast, direction and treatment. Barbara Stanwyck rises to new dramatic heights as the girl dead set against marriage, while James Rennie as the man who desires wedlock is great. The lines of the picture are grand. RATING: Excellent.

KISMET—First National

A CLEVER script, good direction, a lavish production and a grand characterization by Otis Skinner make this a picture worth seeing. As Hajj, the Beggar of Bagdad, he commits all sorts of gay rascalities. He's the whole show.

Incidental love interest is supplied nicely by Loretta Young and David Manners and the supporting cast is great. You'll enjoy "Kismet"—it's different. RATING: Good.

HER WEDDING NIGHT—Paramount

GET out your adjectives and use them once more on Clara Bow. In "Her Wedding Night" Clara is the slim, smouldering gal of her early pictures. She plays an actress who gets married by mistake—to two men, Ralph Forbes and Skeet Gallagher, and falls in love with one of them. Charles Ruggles is a swell comic. RATING: Excellent.
JUST IMAGINE—Fox

JUST imagine yourself fifty years from now. Just imagine being on Mars. That's the locale of this unusual talkie. You peer into the future of thrill and laughter—and how!

El Brendel plays a stowaway to Mars, and Maureen O'Sullivan and John Garrick are the lovers in this goofy picture, which will make you shiver with excitement and giggle with joy. Different, but you'll enjoy it. RATING: Good.

THE GORILLA—First National

ANOTHER repeater. Our old friend "The Gorilla" has finally emerged from the sound studios. It has become a burlesque on the usual run of mystery plays, and is hilariously funny.

Joe Friscoe (of vaudeville fame) and Harry Gribbon play the dumb detectives. Lila Lee is charming as the girl and Walter Pidgeon is her young man. RATING: Good.

THE HOT HEIRESS—First National

ANOTHER musical comedy, yes—but don't turn away—this one is good. "The Hot Heiress" is a funny and romantic mixture about a society bad and an iron riveter.

Ona Munson, a newcomer, is great and Ben Lyon, giving an excellent performance, displays considerable vocal talent. Good gags and fun. You'll like this. RATING: Good.

THE LADY SURRENDERS—Universal

A BIT of heavy drama splendidly done. A dissatisfied wife writes a novel about her husband's faults. Under a nom de plume, of course. The trouble begins when he reads the book and insists on an audience with the author to present the husband's point of view. Two newcomers, Genevieve Tobin and Rose Hobart, play the women with Conrad Nagel playing the husband. RATING: Good.

SCOTLAND YARD—Fox

DESPITE a hackneyed plot, this is fairly entertaining. It's the old gag about the injured crook, who by means of plastic surgery, is given a new face, that of a banker. He assumes his new role with one eye on the banker's money and the other on his pretty wife. And the wife, Joan Bennett, finds the game deceiver fascinating! RATING: Fair.

HEADS UP—Paramount

BUT the title is all that's on the up about this! Buddy Rogers plays a young naval officer, trying to elude the matchmaking mother of Margaret Breen. Helen Kane is a boopsy-doop sweetie, and Victor Moore does a nut comedian well, but the story is just too ancient. Buddy is his usual ebullient self, however. RATING: Fair.
DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS—First National
This rings the martial, pardon us, martial doorbell. If you're married you'll squirm in your seat—and laugh heartily. And if you're not married, you'll learn a few real things about wedlock—and laugh heartily.
It's clever, satirical comedy about a discontented husband and wife, played by James Hall and Irene Delroy, with Natalie Moorhead as the menace. RATING: Good.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL—Paramount
A Western as is a Western, with all the thrilling ingredients of a swell picture. The locale is Spanish Acres, a grazing land for cattle, and there is much intrigue, a villain, a beautiful senorita and the gallant hero. Richard Arlen is excellent while the heroine is a newcomer, Rosila Moreno. Mitzi Green and Eugene Palette provide real comedy. RATING: Good.

THE THOROUGHBRED—Tiffany
This marks the return of Wesley Barry, famous freckle-faced kid of the silent days. It's one of those racing stories of a young jockey who wins the stable owner's daughter, situation Number Two from the old hokum bucket.
Nancy Dover tries hard to be a heroine. Young Barry is all right. It's very mild entertainment. RATING: Fair.

THE DOORWAY TO HELL—Warner's
If you can stand another gangster story, you may go for this. It's all about a young racketeer, played by Lew Ayres, who tries to quit the game. Lew seems miscast, while Dorothy Mathews, a newcomer, is too inexperienced for a leading role. Robert Elliot and James Cagney give the best performances in the film. You can take it or leave it—it won't make much difference. Rating: Poor.

THE SILEVER HORDE—Radio
Radio Pictures spent much money and time in an effort to secure an epic of the great outdoors, intermingled raw drama, and salmon fisheries. The result is too bad. A terribly mediocre story which, despite some good acting, proves to be a sad affair. Evelyn Brent tries hard to save it but it was too tough a job. RATING: Poor.

THE BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT—Universal
It is too bad that such a charming play as "The Command to Love" should be turned into a crude farce with bright lines butchered beyond recognition. A young diplomat whose escapades are decidedly risque, strives to reform and can't. That was the idea, but the picture muddles it all.
Mary Duncan tries hard, but in vain. RATING: Poor.
FIRST PRIZE


I BELIEVE I must be like hundreds of other American girls. I have two eyes, a nose and a mouth—but that's all they are. They don't comprise a face, one of those fatal faces that launch a thousand ships. I've a figure, but beautiful clothes neither help it nor hinder it. Just an average girl, that's all. Now I'm twenty-and some day I hope to meet the right boy, and that we fall in love and marry and live happily ever after.

But I can go to the movies! I go and see the divine Garbo, the flashing Joan Crawford, the cunning, dramatic Nancy Carroll, the smart, vivid Norma Shearer. I go every evening and every evening I'm another movie girl, having a marvelous dramatic time against marvelous backgrounds. And because I can be all those girls, I think life's wonderful.

Lillian Arnold

THIS GARBO GIRL

Duluth, Minn.

The Garbo picture on your first cover was wonderful! I'm glad to see you're starting your magazine right. I think Greta is the greatest actress the screen has ever known and when she walks across the room—oh, boy! I don't think I'll ever marry, because I know I'll never be able to find a girl as wonderful as my idol. Come on, you Garbo fans, let's get together and give three cheers for Greta!

Joe Watson

A HISS FOR GRETA

Lansing, Mich.

Why all the raving about Garbo? To me she's just a tall, awkward girl who wouldn't attract a second glance in this town. But just because she wouldn't talk to anybody, people think she's grand! Personally, I'm for the sweet, simple type of screen heroine, like June Collyer, Fay Wray and Mary Brian. Those are the girls who make going to pictures worth while. They stand for goodness and purity and the world would be better off if it paid less attention to the other kind of women, the vamps like Garbo.

James White

THIRD PRIZE

Alberta, Canada

HAVE you ever gone into a movie picture theatre tired and discouraged, with all the worries in the world weighing on your shoulders? And there in the darkness as a tender love story unfolded before your eyes, suddenly you felt rested and your troubles appeared in their true, trivial light? That's what the movies mean to me.

For I live way out on a farm and can only drive into town once a week. But that one night on which I see a movie gives me the courage to carry on every other day.

Thank heaven for the magic carpet of pictures.

Mrs. Alton Johnson

HE-MAN COOPER

Boise, Idaho

I WANT to put in a word for the good old Westerns, and especially for Gary Cooper. What is an English Society drama full of Ronald Colman and Clive Brooks compared to real men in real American drama? That tall young gentleman is a typical example of the romance and daring of the old West, and he's a swell guy. I like to see Fay Wray play opposite him, too.

Donald Westcott

ROUGH ON ROGERS

Wilmington, Del.

WHAT can anyone see in Budy Rogers? He's nothing but a cellow kid who happens to have nice curly hair. He isn't a man, like George Bancroft, my favorite. And I don't think he is a very good musician. He should stick to acting, and Rudy Vallee should stick to his music!

Mary Dunn

NOT OKAY FOR OAKIE

Omaha, Neb.

TELL me, how can anyone like that guy, Jack Oakie, to laugh at? If you'll watch him closely, you'll see that he never plays any part but that of Jack Oakie. He's always the same. I hate him.

Gladys Adams
GRETA GARBO

Oh to be a poet, now that Garbo's here! But mere adjectives wither before the Glory That is Greta! The latest offering of the Viking Venus will be called—and quite rightly, too—"Inspiration"
Three star Fairbanks, young Doug, a star's son, a star's husband, and a First National star himself.
Glad to dye for her art, blonde Thelma Todd turns brunette for "The Hot Heiress." Becoming? Ah, yes.
'In girl who gave audiences a new trill: Jeannette MacDonald, the singing starlet, now knocking them for hurrahs in "Monte Carlo." Maybe it's because fair Jeanette not only has lyric tones but such lovely lyric legs.
Helena Rubinstein sets the fashion in Vanities for 1931...

Here is the newest, smartest Cosmetic Jewelry — created by the world's foremost beauty specialist. All that constitutes the perfect accessory and the ideal gift, are harmonized in these most exquisite masterpieces. . . .

DISTINCTION... UTILITY... BEAUTY.

In these, her newest cosmetic creations, the genius of Helena Rubinstein attains new heights. She has perfected powders, rouges and lipsticks which mirror nature itself — their coloring becomes your very own. And she sends them forth in containers so smart that they are fashion prophecies!

Soon you will see these irresistible vanities flashing out at Palm Beach and on the Riviera... Indeed it is no exaggeration to predict that they will be as chic in 1933 as they are in 1931!

Choose these fascinating bijoux. As accessories they complement each costume. As gifts, they compliment both giver and recipient. Beauty deserves these creations of beauty!

1931 Double Compact
Unusually chic is this square black and gold striped vanity, containing compact rouge and compact powder in the fashionable and inimitable Helena Rubinstein tones and quality. An accessory which adapts itself smartly to all costumes. 2.50

1931 Loose Powder—Lipstick Vanity
Elegance and originality mark this vanity in 24 karat gold finish. Contains loose powder (Natural and Rachel) in a patented leak-proof compartment, and a Red Geranium or Red Raspberry indelible lipstick. The ideal accessory for afternoon or evening. 3.50

1931 Triple Vanity
Compelling charm and astonishing value await you in this modish vanity in 24 karat striped gold finish with touches of vermillion and black. Holds compact powder and rouge. And there's a lipstick hidden in the hinge! An irresistible piece of cosmetic jewelry. 3.50

The New Enchanté Vanities
Striking examples of modern design, in black, silver and vermillion, containing loose powder and compact or cream rouge. The leak-proof powder compartment holds a generous quantity of powder in Natural and Rachel. Rouge in Red Geranium or Red Raspberry. 3.00

Valaze Nail Groom in Three New Tints
Chic, exotic Red Geranium and Red Raspberry; conservative Shell Pink. Three gleaming, lasting nail enamels. 1.00 each (with a remover 1.75)

Persian Eye Black
—the super-Mascara. It stays on! 1.00, 1.50

Modernistic Powder or Rouge Compact
This tiny square modernistic vanity holds a generous quantity of powder or rouge in the inimitable Helena Rubinstein quality and tones. 1.25

The New Red-Tangerine Lipstick
Brilliant in tone, soft in texture—the lipstick of youth. Indelible! 1.25, 1.50

The New Red-Tangerine Rouge
This clear, vivid tone enkindles the whole face. Creme only. 1.00 to 5.00

Helena Rubinstein's cosmetic creations are obtainable at the better shops. Qualified assistants will guide you in choosing resultful preparations for your home beauty care.
Warm, friendly, colorful leather ... making the ideal, sincere gift for Christmas and the New Year. Beautiful color-toned leathers made into smartly designed and tailored handbags and underarms for women, and durable billfolds, cigarette cases and lighters, key cases, humidors, toilet sets, etc., for men ... with the Meeker-Made trade-mark, prove gifts to inspire pride. You'll find this fine leather merchandise at your Jeweler's, the better Department and Drug Stores, and at the Leather Gift Shop.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC., JOPLIN, MO.
LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF STEERHIDE PRODUCTS IN THE UNITED STATES
He may be the only genuine star made by the talkies, but Jack Oakie refuses to rely on beauty alone. He depends on laughs, or sometimes as here, on a real good cry. His next mirthquake for Paramount is "Sea Legs."
A Perfume... 

taught me the secret of Youth"... 

says

LILA LEE

"YOUTH—what is it? An age?... a number of years? No—I thought that once... before I knew... about Seventeen. Seventeen—you've seen it? Worn it? Oh, you must! A glorious fragrance, like nothing else... except perhaps... those rose-colored dreams, those gossamer fancies... one has at Seventeen! It took Seventeen to teach me that Youth's a mood... to be re-captured... triumphantly worn... forever, if I like!"

Eight Toiletries bear the fragrance of Seventeen

The Perfume... in a French-cut fluteon, so smart... A Compact (single or double) which may be changed into a loose-powder compact. A Face Powder in subtle youthful shades. A Dusting Powder... that makes your bath luxurious. A Toilet, A Toilet Water... so refreshing. Two Brillantines... solid or liquid. A Sachet... the correct way to scent one's clothing and lingerie.

Pictured at the left are Seventeen Perfume, Seventeen Sachet, and Seventeen Face Powder.
No, we don’t mean roasting a ham—just a preview of the romantic, laughing comedy based on the Barrymore legend of “The Royal Family.” Ina Claire, Mary Brian, Frederic March and Henrietta Crosman play the four. (That’s all there are, there aren’t any more.)

When the prodigal son returns to the Royal Family a big scene is had by all.

Julie (below) tries to persuade herself that a good match won’t kill the divine spark.

The actress-mother (Ina Claire) pleads with her daughter (Mary Brian) to choose the royal road to romance instead of the rough road to fame.

Julie tries to act for the best—which her manager says is Broadway, and in her heart, Julie thinks it the best for Broadway, too.
seemed about to live up to the expectations held for him.

But talking pictures were beginning to come in and Goldwyn loaned Byron to von Stroheim for the lead opposite Greta Garbo in "Queen Kelly".

Byron, still a stranger and a newcomer, with only "The Awakening" to his credit, spent months on that masterpiece. He drew his salary every week but a year later the picture was scrapped. Byron was still a silent screen actor as far as casting directors were concerned.

Which shows that keeping in the spotlight counts. Don't let things place you in the wrong position. Keep your head, and keep the center of the stage. Thus lesson six.

One of the newest of Goldwyn's discoveries is Evelyn Laye, blonde and beautiful.

Goldwyn first saw her five years ago in "Madam Pompadour" in London. He discussed a contract with her. Nothing came of it, but with the advent of singing pictures, she was the first person of whom Sam thought. Following "Bulldog Drummond", Goldwyn visited London and saw her again, this time in "New Moon". They signed a contract for her first American picture.

With Miss Laye, Goldwyn was dealing with another problem. She was a trained artist and he was sure of her ability. But the problem was to put her over with American movie audiences.

So, he suggested that she do a stage show here first.

In "Bitter Sweet", Evelyn knocked Broadway for the well-known loop, and then was ready for her picture debut.

She has just completed "Escapade" and those who have seen parts of it say it is a wow.

Praying that even if you've got something, you have to put it over. Which is rule seven.

Finally, there's Eleanor Hunt, who made her movie debut in "Whoopee".

Hundreds of girls were being interviewed in both New York and Hollywood for the part. There was a constant procession of nondescript young ladies into the Goldwyn New York office—which proved disrupting to the work of the entire company. In particular, the arrival of several of the young ladies interrupted a convivial conference and conversation tea going on in the office of the casting director. He disengaged himself, came out to look at the applicants and without even a second glance, dismissed them all.

Two days later one of the young ladies, Eleanor Hunt, was engaged for the part. She was one of those who had been dismissed without even a second mention.

But Goldwyn himself selected her, sight unseen, on recommendation of Eddie Cantor and John Harkrider, two personal friends.

Thus, rule eight is: Make friends and keep them—they help in any career, even one of charm.

Finally, all of Goldwyn's stars, excepting Banky, have been very close friends of Mrs. Goldwyn (Frances Howard), Evelyn Laye, Lily Damita, Colman—all of them have been the warmest kind of intimates.

So, our unfailing rule is: Keep in right with the host's wife.

The Most Permanent Star in Hollywood

He's been before the public for thirteen years. He's had productions good, bad and fairish. Talkies came—and left him triumphant. Who? Richard Barthelmess. Read the secret of Dick's success in next month's SILVER SCREEN. It's one you can use for your own career.
A Screen Test for MAKE-UP Color Harmony
BERNICE CLAIRE and WALTER PIDGEON, in a preview of the National's Technicolor production, "The Toast of the Legion," photographed in projection room at Technicolor Studios, Hollywood. Max Factor and Technicolor's Color Control Staff, studying and approving the ravishing beauty of Bernice Claire as emphasized by Max Factor with make-up in correct color harmony to blend with her own individual complexion colorings. The effect is like an artist's masterpiece...no other make-up in the world is created in this amazing way. Now you may have the secret.

LILA LEE, First National star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using eyeshadow to emphasize the depth and beauty of her eyes.

MAKE-UP in Color Harmony

THE MAGIC BEAUTIFIER...Created to Living Screen Star Types by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius...NOW RELEASED TO YOU

No other cosmetics in the world created in this amazing way...and no other make-up will bring you such amazing beauty. Mail coupon for priceless beauty gift.

WHAT color face powder? What color rouge? What color lipstick? And what color eye-shadow...and how will they look together in the make-up ensemble? Will they clash in color or will they harmonize? Will they blend with my complexion colorings or will they not? Will they be of such exquisite fineness and softness as to become a very part of skin tone and texture? Will they detract from my natural beauty or will they add the glamour and allure of a new charm? Why trust such questions so important to beauty to chance or guess?...when make-up can really be a magic beautifier.

Within your reach...just for the asking...you may have the personal advice of Max Factor, Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, creator of cosmetics for the screen stars and studios.

Just as though you were a screen star...Max Factor will chart your color harmony in make-up...create for you an ensemble in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and the daily requisites of Society Make-Up which will bring out the hidden fascination of your natural beauty...and emphasize the alluring magnetism of your personality.

Each cosmetic produced by Max Factor...each glorious color tone...is like the masterpiece of an artist. Created to some living screen star type of unrivaled beauty, you can well imagine the magic power it holds. And the complete make-up ensemble is perfect in color harmony balance...for Max Factor's discovery of cosmic color harmony revolutionized make-up in Hollywood.

So whatever your complexion colorings, whatever your variation of type in blonde, brunette, redhead or brunette...discover the one way to double your beauty, discover Hollywood's make-up secret.

And remember that no other make-up will bring you such amazing beauty...for only Max Factor's is used exclusively in all the big motion picture studios, by Technicolor, and by Hollywood's stars. Mail the coupon immediately.

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor-Max Factor Studio, Hollywood, Calif. 17-42-32
Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 62-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up," personal complexion analysis and make-up in color harmony chart. I enclose ten (10) cents or stamps to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name
Address
City
State
Age
Color

LILA LEE, says: "Whether for screen or street wear, I always find greater satisfaction in Max Factor's Make-Up."

BERNICE CLAIRE, writes: "Make-Up today is an art, and your Society Make-Up in color harmony proves that you are a master of the art."

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP
"Cosmetics of the Stars"...Hollywood

"Of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios in Max Factor's..." (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Bulletin) © 1930 Max Factor
NEVADA

Nevada knew there was something amiss as soon as she saw Jimmy that morning. In fact, she had a fairly good idea of what was coming—she'd been waiting for it. She had made up her mind that if Jimmy started something that day, she would shoot off the fireworks herself. For she had heard about that little black-headed Mexican girl who had been making such a play for him for the past month, and she also knew Jimmy had been receptive.

Such liberties didn't enter into Nevada's scheme of love, but she had decided to wait a reasonable length of time for Jimmy to bring the subject up. She was prepared for him, and bow!

Well, after they had finished their breakfast, a strangely silent meal, fraught with suspense and tenseness, Jimmy innocently suggested: "Let's drive up past Malibu this afternoon, and then come home by way of Darnton Cafe. We can stop there for dinner and drive home by moonlight." His Irish good humor demanded that he put a flashing touch to what he intended to be the end of a delightful romance.

Nevada considered for a moment. Then, "All right," she said, and went to get her coat.

When she came back, she had on her heaviest coat, and clutched a bag tightly in her hands.

Without another word, they went out to the car, a low long racing model which Nevada had bought and which Jimmy used.

Regardless of the frame of mind, the drive through Beverly Boulevard to the beach, and up along the strand to Malibu is calculated to create romance in any one. Even Jimmy must have had a twinge of regret as he contemplated ending this pleasant alliance. But he remained firm in his resolve.

After the pleasantly indolent drive, they reached Darnton Cafe perched high on a hilltop, with all the world and sea and sky spread out to view.

They had a leisurely meal and then Jimmy got down to business.

"Nevada, I hate to tell you this," he began. "You're a beautiful girl and I'm mad about you. You're going to be a big star some day while I shall never amount to anything. So, I think we should break off our beautiful friendship. I'm vain enough to believe if I asked you to marry me that you'd do it, but, darling, I'm not the marrying kind. I don't want to get married to you or anybody else. I had a dose of that once and it cramped my technique."

He waited a minute, watching Nevada, but she went calmly on eating salad, saying nothing. "I know this isn't a nice thing to tell a beautiful girl and I love her heart and soul but—"

"I'm the only man in her life," Jimmy continued after a bit. "You've been a marvelous girl, but that's the way I feel about marriage and I can't help it."

He looked at Nevada again but she still said nothing.

"I'm not the marrying kind," he repeated lamely.

Nevada finished her salad. She carefully laid down her fork, very correctly, on the side of her plate. She touched the napkin to her lovely lips and then sat back smiling.

"So, you think you want to leave," Nevada said finally.

"Yes," said Jimmy.

"And you think you're going to?" asked Nevada.

"Yes," said Jimmy.

"You're not," said Nevada.

Jimmy bridled a little. She'd been taking it nicely till then, much more quietly than he had dreamed, and he was willing to be nice, too. But he hated being dictated to by women. That wasn't his role.

"How are you going to stop me?" demanded Jimmy.

Nevada moved swiftly. In an instant she opened the bag she had been carrying, and then something flashed in her hand. There was a spurt of flame and Jimmy's startled cry as he toppled to the floor with a bullet through his shoulder.

It threw the place in a panic but Nevada stayed calm. Waiters rushed up, diners rushed up, and a tall Irishman, who did the publicity at Nevada's studio, rushed up. He was the only person who could get at her.


"Get a doctor and a minister," said Nevada. "It's only a flesh wound and he'll snap out of it all right. That faint he's in now is from sheer fright. The minister is what we fix the papers with."

Then she knelt down by Jimmy's side and took his head in her lap, carefully splashed some water in his face and turned to the rest of the room.

"Go on back to your dinner," dictated Nevada calmly. "It was just a lover's quarrel and there'll be no more fireworks."

Well, they were all Hollywood people in the room and used to anything, so they left swiftly if apprehensively and in a couple of minutes Dick returned, with the doctor and the minister as directed.

While the doctor attended Jimmy's wound Jimmy returned to consciousness to see Nevada and the gentleman of the cloth standing over him.

"Who's that?" asked Jimmy weakly.

"That's the minister come to marry us," said Nevada.

"But my divorce," murmured Jimmy. "I looked that up," said Nevada. "It's all right. It was final."

"But I don't want to get married," persisted Jimmy.

"I don't want to get rough, either," said Nevada, "but..." Her hand moved in the direction of her handbag.

"Wait," said Jimmy. "You win." He looked up suddenly and grinned at her and they both fell laughing. That made women fall for him suddenly came into his face. "Nevada, you win. I'm just beginning to realize what a swell girl you are. Start your parson reading his lines. I'll marry you and maybe my life will be monotonous but it won't be monotonous. You're really swell, darling."

"Sure I am," said Nevada, "and I'm a damned good shot, too."
HOLLYWOOD'S SUPREMACY
[Continued from page 35]

Before last year's crash. He's here, now, directing a German version of "The Letter." It has already been made as a French talkie, an actress from the Comedie Francaise enacting the late Jeanne Eagels' role.

I was introduced to the German actress portraying this role. She knew no English, I, no German. The interview was a sustained giggle. You've got to be a linguistic expert to get along on a Joinville set. Buchowetski juggles three languages to get results. He speaks English to his American technical staff, French to the electricians and props, German to the players.

"How do your ears stand the confusion?" he chuckled.

"They're buzzing with static," I admitted.

After which we strolled from the set, down a gravelled walk, and to the cafe. Three Turkish actresses sat at the table in front of us. To my right sat two Spanish actors. Across the way, a group of Hungarians and French.

The food was darn good, far superior to the studio cafes I dared in Hollywood from time to time. The chief difference, though, was the liquor. Name your own and order. Anything from beer to champagne. I compromised with red wine. Anyway, that's my story.

I asked Buchowetski about picture production at Joinville. He was enthusiastic. He went to Germany to select his cast. In other cases, players can be selected through agents located in the capitals of Europe. His production schedule is three weeks. He has everything he wants. Beautiful cooperation.

Film salaries, here, compare unfavorably with those of Hollywood leading men and women, but you don't hear of any approaching the weekly stipend of Richard Barthelmess or Joan Crawford or Harold Lloyd. The edition receive a hundred francs ($4) a day. If they wear evening clothes, they receive double this. It stands to reason, though, that with the Joinville pictures costing several hundred thousand dollars and released in only ONE country and its colonies, salaries must be held to a minimum.

During the autumn and winter, they are higher, for the majority of the actors appear on the stage. If they dawdle a play they must be remunerated accordingly. Salaries drop during the spring and summer, there being little competition with the stage.

[Continued on next page]

A COOK'S TOUR OF HOLLYWOOD

What do they eat and where and how? Next month SILVER SCREEN will not only tell you your star's favorite dish, but will give you the recipe for it. Watch for this!

TreJur announces
A STUNNING NEW COMPACT
designed in Paris

IT'S NEW. It's smart. It's altogether different. You'll adore its striking color combination—brilliant enamel set off by a broad black band. You'll be fascinated by the clever way it opens.

Already this new Paris compact has been adopted by the smartest women. At exclusive restaurants—at teas, bridge parties, matinees—its colorful beauty adds RED, GREEN OR YELLOW—all with black band

the final touch to many a chic ensemble.

And the beautiful outside is only half the story. Push back the hinged top. LOOK! The whole front opens to disclose the finest quality powder and rouge. Lipstick, too, if you wish—the famous TreJur Indelible. Large mirror, puffs—everything complete! And the price is amazingly low.

Double only $1.00
(Powder and rouge or powder and lipstick)

Triple only $1.25

If your favorite store cannot supply you, order direct, enclosing price. State color of case and shade of powder wanted (flesh or rosy). In ordering the Double, specify rouge or lipstick. Address House of TreJur, Inc., 14 West 29th St., New York City or 329 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
I was amazed to discover that the fashion department here cannot compare with those in Hollywood. Clothes in American pictures are a distinct feature. Here, however, in the heart of a city hailed as the Mecca of fashion, Paramount's studio has a very modest style department. The players dress nicely, but they lack the smartness and ultra-ness of our players.

Curious, isn't it?

The interest of Paris writers in the Joinville venture is so slight that it almost isn't. The fact that employment is given to more than 300 French men and women means nothing. There is no unemployment in France.

The Paris Herald, however, evincing genial interest in film people—if they hail from Hollywood. Dorothy Mackaill received a story and a picture page. Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland avoided interviews. Norma was here to rest. She spent most of her time with Ruby de Remer at Ruby's chateau in Antibes. Later, she toured Spain in her Rolls Royce roadster shipped from Hollywood. Lily Damita's return to her home town was rewarded in print. Marion Davies crossed from a sojourn at her castle in England en route to Vichy where she took the cure. Irene Bordoni got a paragaphical hand upon her arrival and departure.

Hollywood still has its glamour, despite the talkie menace to its world wide prominence. Joinville has its studio. Yet there are a few personalities at Joinville reminiscent of Hollywood. The vivacious and darkly beautiful Marcelle Chantal, for instance, has appeared in several French Paramount outвидs. She is married to a wealthy Englishman. Greta Garbo's brother was brought from Stockholm to play a second lead in a Swedish talkie. Those who remember him say he reminded them of his famous sister. He has the same, wise, sleepy eyes, the same facial contour, and is slim and tall.

One sees many handsome Latins strolling around the lot. The feminine faction, for the most part, is a bit too buxom for American films. But the men flash the same look. The technique of a Rudolph Valentino, a young Antonio Moreno, even a Maurice Chevalier. Most of them, I was intrigued to learn, aspire to get to Hollywood. The Golden Capitol, where romance, fame, and fortune go hand in hand (what they got!) is the realization of their dreams. But the talkies have put it beyond their reach—perhaps, forever.

GROW—
Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow. Now if you want, long, curling, sinless lashes, you can have them—beautiful, wonderful eyelashes.

Lately you to plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness. You can grow a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intensely, strong sinless lines! Read what a few of them say.

I have made oath before a notary public that those letters are voluntary and genuine. From Yvonne, Hefldinger, 240 W. "13th" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted ... I notice the greatest difference ... people come to contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Norma Ouster, 6417 Westman Ave., W. Philly, Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyelashes and eyebrows have increased. From Frances vegetable, R. D. No. 3, Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Prov, 5904 Taylor St., N. E., Minne-

spool, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beauti-

ful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a life-
time—know that you can have eyelashes and eye-
brows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I must say that—no quibbles, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $3.00.

Lucille Young

Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postages will be prepaid.

LEADING LADY—AGED NINETEEN

(Continued from page 36)

[讥讽] Guild School—when she was fourteen and she and her mother had determined that she would have the finest training available.

"This was not," she proclaimed decisively, "a dramatic school in the usual sense. I always resent it a bit when people think it's one of those places where amateurs are taught how to act. It is for professionals only, people who have been on the stage a year or so and whom the Guild board consider worth polishing up."

Marguerite, it developed, was especially worth her home town's efforts. The first year she won the Winthrop Ames scholarship of a thousand dollars tuition. The next year she walked off with the Otto Kahn scholarship of two thousand. Thus, at sixteen, honor pupil of the aristocratic Guild, Marguerite's apprenticeship was concluded with flying colors and Broadway saluted its youngest leading lady.

"House of Shadows," "The Smaller Time," "The Almouros," "Skinning," "Night Hostess" and "The Wild Man of Borneo," came before Winfield Sheehan's attention was called to Miss Churchill. A few weeks later, Marguerite, her mother and her grandmother were settled in Holly

wood—and Marguerite's future settled by means of a long-term contract with Fox. Yet after this mean, wise, the most remarkable thing about her is that she is still unaffected as a person.

"I haven't been brought up by my mother for nothing," she cast an affectionate smile at the pretty head-of-the-table. "I was taught that it's vulgar and stupid to lose your self-control—so I've never felt inclined toward orgies of temperament. I was taught the value of simplicity and balance and dignity—and I've never lost my peace for worrying about the same, women—any of them. It may be more exciting to develop a lot of eccentricities and tempers, but it would only bore me—or I don't."

"No eccentricities, Marguerite?" her mother interposed. "I'm afraid you're concealing something!"

Marguerite laughed sheepishly.

"I throw knives in the back-yard. That's what mother means," she admitted and then explained hastily.

"When we were up in Wyoming, making 'The Big Trail,' they had an Indian to teach the boys in the picture how to throw knives—at targets, you know. And when I got back I was—well, I was homesick for the great outdoors, so I put up a target

WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE STAR?

Each month Silver Screen will publish a "request interview." So name your favorites, tell us what you'd like to know about them and a story on the star who gets the most votes will appear in the next issue. Address your vote to Sally Forth, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th St., N. Y. C.
Now... try Kleenex for Handkerchiefs

It is softer, more hygienic. Ideal for colds, hay fever.

YOU know what Kleenex Tissues are... those soft, dainty tissues that smart and beautiful women are using to remove cold cream.

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Kleenex is the size of a handkerchief. It's very soft. Each tissue comes from the box immaculately clean and fresh.

You can buy Kleenex in a large or small size package at any drug, dry goods or department store.

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MOTHERS have discovered that Kleenex makes perfect handkerchiefs for children. What if it's lost?... the cost is not worth figuring. And think—no more washing of grimy little handkerchiefs.

FOR COLDs AND HAY FEVER. Other people appreciate your use of Kleenex during colds instead of the germ-filled handkerchief, which is a menace to those about you.

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often 2 to 4 inches in 10 days

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Makes you look slimmer
the instant you put it on. 
Exerts a constant gentle
pull throughout your
bust and waist—hugs
—often from 2 to 4 inches
in 10 days. Made of finest
quality, fresh, live, pure
Plasticine Rubber by the
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as little as 1916 pounds, requires
less time to put on, and it is
easy to breathe.

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Silver Screen

THE SINGING JEWEL

(Continued from page 37)

a shell of superficial sophistication. Which, I
think, he has dommed because he has been
hurt. Somewhere along the trail to success,
he has been made to suffer. Youth is easily
wounded and Stanley is very young. So, he
now protects his inner feelings with a not
pleasant savoir-faire—which, however,
fails to deceive anyone.

"Our High School Dramatic Club staged
several operetas like 'The Chimes of Nor-
mandy' and 'Pirate of Panama,' in which I
managed to sing the leading roles," he went
on. "Then, we got ambitious.

"We gave the first performance of any
kind ever held in the Hollywood Bowl! It
was Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' and in it
I played the Jester. As there is no music
in that play we dug up some old English
folk-tunes for me to sing.

"At that time there were no seats in the
Bowl and everyone had to bring his own
camp-stool. You can imagine how proud
we were to sell seven thousand tickets—at
twenty-fives apiece!"

After he graduated from high school
Stanley went into business—not because he
abandoned his ambition, but because he
became an actor, but because he was faced with
the necessity of earning a living. And he
couldn't do that in pictures then.

"I tried to get work as an extra," he
explained. "I was lucking with very little luck. Though
Elliot Dexter had allowed me to work in
several of his pictures when I was taking
care of his fan mail, I hadn't had much
experience.

"I went from casting office to casting office.
And that does something to one—it is the
most depressing thing in the world.
You meet so many old people looking for
work! Why, you almost wish they could
have the very job you are trying to land,
even though you know you need it badly
yourself!"

So, Stanley went into business. He got
a job as assistant to the designer of custom-
made bodies for the Los Angeles Cadillac
Agency and was well on his way toward
becoming a capitalist when he crashed back
into the work he loved.

The graduating class of Hollywood High
School was putting on its Commencement
parade—"The House of Hoods"—and Robin
Hood himself got sick. So, for the first
time in the history of the school, an "old grad"
was called back to take part in a show.

They sent for Stanley Smith, who had
always been the school's favorite actor,
anyway. And he covered himself with
glory and applause.

So much glory, in fact, that Lenore Ulric
who was in the audience, suggested to
David Belasco that he offer such a person-
able, nice young man, the juvenile lead in
"Kiki," in which she was just planning an
appearance.

"Of course, my mother was very much
upset at the idea of my giving up what
looked like a promising future—but then
the uncertainties of an actor's life. She
did all she could to dissuade me and it is only
lately that she has come to feel that it was
a wise move.

"After I finished in 'Kiki' I went into
stock in Omaha and Houston, finally
coming back to Los Angeles to play in 'The
Royal Family,' with Fredric March.

"Just about the time that Stanely came
back to Hollywood, motion picture pro-
ducers became "voice-conscious."
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which has thrilled thousands with even the first application. Thousands who suffered through Sagging Contours, Lines, Flabby Muscles, Acne, Large Pores, Coarse Skin and Ageing Appearance of Face and Neck in general.

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Famous European Scientist

known for years at her charming Institute, 62 W. 57th St., to a chosen group of the most fastidious women of Society and the Stage who gladly have paid thousands of dollars for her extraordinary method of Face muscle firming without Surgery or Injection.

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Silver Screen

SALLY OF THE SCANDALS

(Continued from page 15)

Sally, the English lavender firm, always remember old people at Christmas time. A grandmother package of Yardley's lavender smelling salts, sachet and soaps would be dainty if grandmother is traditional.

Thrifty buying at a good cosmetic department will accomplish miracles. There is an Armand Symphonie powder that has an underlying tone that actually does become all skins and is only $1.00 the box. And do you know that you can get little cotton pads already cut and put up in cute organzine holders for a nickle? Girls who use liquid cleansers will be crazy about that. Or, do you ever think about what a thrill a large hunk of imported soap can give? Another fifty cents will cover this. A little shopping in your local drug store will surprise you.

Christmas is a simply grand time for beauty. It does something to all of us. We all begin to glow just from sheer excitement and think a little bit more than usual about the happiness of the other fellow.

These are very casual suggestions. If you want any personal advice on the things I have seen about the shops do write in to me—I'll be only too glad to help you and I really will write that piece on 'Make-Up' next month.

MERRY CHRISTMAS to every one of you and may you look ravishing enough under the mistletoe to wreck several homes.
HOW TO MAKE MEN FALL IN LOVE

[Continued from page 13]

philosopher of ancient Greece or Rome.

"How to make men fall in love with you—"

"By never attempting to understand them but making them believe you do."

"Getting a quick impression of them

"Their buoyancy as for such a strenuous life you'd better skip Dorothy Lee's advice. Dorothy is perhaps the youngest of the girls who have contributed their wisdom, but then this is the day of youth, legitimate or otherwise."

"I'm still very young, and I can't speak from the standpoint of long experience but I have learned that a spirit of companionship develops rapidly into mutual admiration. If I meet a man who is a lover of outdoors and we constantly play together, it is only a question of time until we are very close friends. Close friendship can easily develop into something greater."

Dorothy keeps her popularity by meeting her boy friends on an equal basis. She plays a fast game of tennis, a swell game of golf, and swims like a fish. In fact, it takes a pretty good man to keep up with her, although Dorothy is no longer than a minute. You can't say her plan doesn't work.

Dorothy's engagements.

There are some hardened, old cynics who will tell you that any stenographer has a movie star licked forty ways from Sunday when it comes to knowledge of men. I wouldn't be surprised, for when they get their men, they keep them which is more than can be said of many a star.

And, if you've noticed not one star said anything about a cozy fire-lit room, semi-

Following in dad's footsteps, Ruth Mix will appear in "Red Fork Range," a rip-roaring Western.

and then catering to their whims, though still remaining independent.

"By always being as natural as possible and never whining or complaining. Some men may like clinging vines, but never the whiner."

"Men love having you discuss business problems with them and like your placing confidence in them... I always go to them for business advice.

Lila believes that clothes do play an important part. She tries to look as smart as possible—always with the idea foremost that the garment must be becoming and feminine. She is convinced that men detect the wrong accent in apparel instantly, although they could never tell just what or where the wrong key is.

"All in all," she says, "it is not so much what we do to attract men; it is doing the things that you instinctively feel and like."

Now, after all these beautiful screen girls have been pretty well agreed that a woman's best bet is to be charming, agreeable and sympathetic with the male prey, along comes wild Mary Duncan, one of filmland's arch sourpusses, to upset the apple-cart.

"Men like to be seen with striking women," she said, "it pleases their vanity. And don't be too unsylish and sacrificing. Think of yourself, too. A man

really likes it better than having a woman muddle her life to his."

There's a viewpoint as modern as the spigots on a De Mille bathtub.

If you're not the type for such a strenuous life you'd better skip Dorothy Lee's advice. Dorothy is perhaps the youngest of the girls who have contributed their wisdom, but then this is the day of youth, legitimate or otherwise.

"I'm still very young, and I can't speak from the standpoint of long experience but I have learned that a spirit of companionship develops rapidly into mutual admiration. If I meet a man who is a lover of outdoors and we constantly play together, it is only a question of time until we are very close friends. Close friendship can easily develop into something greater."

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mental music on the radio and a good
diva, snuggle-up-style. Men

New worlds to conquer! Dorothy

Adele Millar

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Adele Millar
A fellow editor looked over the first issue of Silver Screen. "What no trends?" he asked as he laid it down. "No 'Whither is the Movie Going?' no 'What is Happening to the New Geniuses of the Cinema?'—no 'Trend toward Mystery Productions' or 'The Non-Starring System,' no trends at all?" "Not a trend," we said. "Last month we declared ourselves off Art in the Motion Picture as a bothersome subject for Silver Screen and herewith we announce ourselves as off trends."

The truth is we really don't care where the movies are going, or how fast they get there, as long as they continue to amuse us. Just as long as movies can give us beautiful girls like Joan Bennett, seemingly too fragile for ordinary existence, who stuns us by being a divorcée and the mother of a young daughter and announcing herself at twenty as 'being through with this love business'... just as long as they present us with drama like Jack Gilbert's long struggle for recognition, then his stardom, his success, and finally all he's worked for threatened through a funny little dinkus called the microphone... as long as movies provide visions like the utterly feminine Garbo with her baritone voice, or the child-like appearing Nancy Carroll with her emotional acting genius... well, as long as that keeps up with all its fairy story quality, its romance, its tragedy and its laughter, the movies get our support.

Stuffy people can worry about trends and go needle hunting in movie haystacks for highbrow impulses, but all we ask is amusement.

* * *

Currently on Broadway there is a smash hit called "Once In a Lifetime." It is satiric comedy on Hollywood and it pans the life out of Movietown. It portrays the producers as morons and the stars as incompetents and ends with a stirring plea for more intelligence out where the films begin.

It's rather lowbrow show and packed with laughs. Movie people in New York for a holiday go to it and eat it up. The New York papers praise them for being broadminded.

Well, why not?

Out of seventy-eight legitimate theatres in New York, only thirty are open now at the height of the season. On Broadway proper not a theatre remains that isn't playing movies. The dramas are housed on the side streets, since they can't afford the rent a real Broadway theatre demands. A house like the Hudson, which used to be fought over, has now been dark for five months. Nobody wants it. The great Broadway stars are absent acting before the camera.

Why shouldn't the Hollywood folk be broadminded over Broadway knocks?

The joke's not on them.

* * *

Comes a letter from a reader: "I hope you won't devote all your pages to the younger Hollywood group, charming as they are. Do dwell a little on those artists both men and women who have left the glowing twenties and by doing so have gained an experience both in life and art that makes their work compelling."

We shall.

Silver Screen is keen for youth. Youth is always news. But news is not always youth. Ruth Chatterton, Marie Dressler, Irene Rich, Will Rogers, George Arliss, Oris Skinner—none of them is very young, but they bring us the artistry of experience, the agelessness of constantly developing personalities.

We may be wrong but we think that's wonderful and very worth writing about.
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Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, $1.00. Day Cream, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1.00.

Cosmetic, a new “mascara,” will not smart, $1.00

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- **Bride of the Regiment**, with Vivienne Segal (First National);
- **Bright Lights**, with Dorothy Mackall (First National);
- **Dixiana**, with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures);
- **Follow Thru**, with Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount);
- **Golden Dawn**, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.);
- **Hell's Angels**, all-star cast (Caddo), Technicolor Sequences;
- **Hold Everything**, with Winnie Lightner, Georges Carpentier and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.);
- **King of Jazz**, starring Paul Whiteman (Universal);
- **The Toast of the Legion**, with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National);
- **Song of the Flame**, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Grey (First National);
- **Sweet Kitty Bellairs**, all-star cast (Warner Bros.);
- **The Floradora Girl**, starring Marion Davies (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences;
- **The March of Time**, all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences;
- **Woman Hungry**, with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National).
What the Stars Forecast for the Stars

24 Hours With Garbo

What the Stars Forecast for the Stars

24 Hours With Garbo
In an amazing way, Tangee changes color as you put it on... and blends perfectly with your individual complexion—whether blonde, brunette or titian. For Tangee brings out Nature's own color.

Lips of Tangee... no trace of grease or pigment... nothing except a lovely glow—so beautiful, so natural that it seems a part of your own lips. For Tangee is waterproof and permanent.

New!... Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick, for professional and evening use, $1.

Tangee Lipstick, $1. Also the same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75c... Crème Rouge, $1. Face Powder, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. Day Cream, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

SEND 20c FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
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**DIRIGIBLE**
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HOWARD HAWKS for

**THE CRIMINAL CODE**

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JOHN BLYSTONE for

**TOL’ABLE DAVID**

Your demands bring Joseph Hergesheimer’s immortal screen classic to the motion picture theatre as a talking picture. Mr. Blystone is the director of “So This is London” and many other hits.

VICTOR FLEMING for

**ARIZONA**

Written for the screen by Jules Furthman from Augustus Thomas’ greatest outdoor play. To be produced on an epic scale. Mr. Fleming directed “The Virginian,” “Common Clay” and others.

JOHN ROBERTSON for

**MADONNA OF THE STREETS**
With EVELYN BRENT

An adaptation of W. B. Maxwell’s wonderful novel, “The Ragged Messenger.” Mr. Robertson directed Mary Pickford and Richard Barthelmess in many of their outstanding successes.

LIONEL BARRYMORE for

**A GREAT PICTURE**
With BARBARA STANWYCK

(Watch for announcement of title.) The greatest star find of years in a smashing drama made from a tremendous story. Mr. Barrymore directed “The Rogue Song,” “Madame X” and many others.

Meet Miss Columbia

LESLEY BETH STOREY of Brooklyn, N. Y., winner in Columbia’s great nation-wide search for “Miss Columbia.” She has been awarded a week’s contract at $250.00 and a free trip to Hollywood. She was the selection of the New Movie and allied magazines.

Runners-up for honors as Miss Columbia, all of whom have been awarded Majestic Radios, were: Dorothy Dawes, Brooklyn, N. Y., nominated by Film Fun; Dorothy Brown, Des Moines, Iowa, Screen Romances; Jean Eckler, West Palm Beach, Fla., Motion Picture Magazine; Bernice Maiwald, Locustia, N. H., Motion Picture Stories; Meta Diane Neuburg, Tuckahoe, N. Y., Photoplay; Mercedes Janet Rice, Bonning, Ga., Screenland.

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Ask your favorite theatre when these pictures will be shown.
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She Uses Her Head
Brains Have Made Lilyan Tashman a Star

Hell's Smartest Angel
Jean Harlow, the Beautiful and Blonde

The March Lamb
Fredric is a Lion With His Fans

What the Stars Forecast for the Stars
A Famous Astrologist Tells All

Young-Man-About-Hollywood
Have a Laugh With This Lad

The Greatest Star in Hollywood
Dick Barthelmes Has Lasted Longer Than Any Other

Looks, Lyrics and Legs
Who's Got All Three But Jeanette MacDonald?

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The Heroes of Hollywood Are the Unknown Extras

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SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

The Art of Make-Up
Mary Lee

Love and Hisses

Movietown Topics

Silver Screen's Reviewing Stand

Ask Me Another

Sally Forth

ART

A Calendar for Movie Fans for 1931
Glorified by Twelve Great Stars

Kissed by Luck, Richard Cromwell

The Flower of France, Lily Damita

A Dark and Lovely Lady, Evelyn Brent

A Blonde and Lovely Lady, Miriam Hopkins

Life's Big Moment Interpreted by
Constance Bennett and Kenneth McKenna

Cover Portrait of Constance Bennett Painted by John Clarke
Making Up for Beauty

Your Face Makes Your Fortune and Make-up Makes Your Face

By Mary Lee

There's nothing quite so marvelous in the whole modern world as make-up. A good make-up can make the plainest girl lovely and make a lovely girl simply ravishing. And it's really so very, very easy to have a good make-up once you have learned the rules.

I see them everywhere—the charming girls who are wall-flowers just because they neglect this final touch of beauty. I see girls who should be the big hit at the college prom, who should be deluged with tea and dinner dates, who should be dancing to gay music every night of their charming young lives, but who aren't, just because they lack the finishing touch of personality. And to such girls I always want to say—"But, my dear, haven't you a mirror and a good strong light, two clever hands and a few extra dollars?" For that's all any girl needs to make herself look beautiful. A few dollars invested in the right cosmetics, a little care in application, a bit of impersonal study of the face—and cheers, the battle's won.

Truly I know what I'm talking about for I've seen many a girl change the whole course of her life by the selection of the right shade of powder.

That's one of the important things of make-up—getting yourself the right shades of powder, rouge, eyeshadow and lipstick. The second important one is good skin—not necessarily perfect but at least not blotchy and full of ugly pores and blackheads.

If you remember, I wrote you a few months ago about the care of the skin. (If you've forgotten, just write me personally and I'll advise you direct.) Of course, most modern girls do have fair, clear skins since we are all getting so sensible about diet, exercise and real cleanliness. So, just assuming that your skin is good, I'll leap right into explaining how to get yourself the right cosmetic colors.

There are now about eight different shades of powder and six shades of rouge in most beauty lines. So it is quite simple to get exactly what you want. To determine your powder tint, try the shades out on the skin of the inner arm, just below the elbow, or on your chest just below your average neckline. Here the skin retains its truest shades and if your powder matches so exactly that it doesn't show, it will prove delightfully flattering.

Eyeshadow is pretty generally chosen incorrectly. Here is the rule for that: Don't match the shade of your eyes. Match the shade of the shadows under your eyes.

Then liprouge—that most important of all make-up aids. Have it one shade lighter—not darker—than the natural color of your lips. If you've naturally very, very pale lips don't make the mistake of tinting them dark red. Make them pink, the lovely, soft pink of a young tea rose.

Cheek rouge—and paste rouge is really much the best, lasting longer, coming in better shades and better on the skin—should be very close to the shade of the liprouge, a little brighter rather than darker.

Now isn't that simple, really? There are the individual problems of girls who are ash-blondes, of dark brunettes, of red-heads. But those are problems of how to put the make-up on. Space forbids my writing of that this month, but I will tell you how next month. But the choice of colors remains the same for all types. You must match your basic skin, lips and under-eye shades.

Your face may make your fortune but your Make-up makes your face. Select your right colors and write me if I can help you with them. Or be darlings and read this column next month when I'll tell you how to apply them.

FREE BEAUTY

Just write Mary Lee. She will be glad to advise you on any beauty problem—skin, hair, eyes, the best colors to wear, the little tricks of personality. Send her a stamped, addressed envelope for personal replies. Miss Lee's address is in care of Silver Screen, 45 West 45th St., New York.
THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD!
Old Vienna—gay, charming—capital of glorious romance; the inspiration of artists and the home of love and youth!
Through its eventful years echoes the story of a great love that enriches each generation with its enduring beauty.
Old times, rich with remembrance... mirrored again in the new life of today. Beauty that never dies; love that lives on forever, each growing more beautiful as the long years pass.

"Viennese Nights" is the original creation of Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein II. It was written especially for the Vitaphone and is filmed entirely in Technicolor.
First Prize
All Quiet on the Western Front

Washington, D. C.

What a picture! Not of happiness and glory, but of misery and injustice and malice! If the horror and shame of war are to be banished, we must declare ourselves superior to physical combat. Mothers must cease permitting their sons to play with toy soldiers, pistols and the like. It is the mothers who are primarily to blame for this pestilence that has parasied the earth, leaving in its tracks the blighted blood of young manhood. It is not merely to fight and defy war. For the sake of humanity, let us, Mothers and all, defend our inalienable privilege to worship the right, thereby abolishing the dark wasteland of sin and war.

A lesson has been taught us millions through a picture like "All Quiet". Let us remember that right, when it is understood, supported and demonstrated, is a stepping-stone to progress—and permanent peace.

Mrs. Dorothy Caton

MORE CHAPLIN

Los Angeles, Calif.

Chaplin's stand to continue producing silent pictures is quite laudable in his case, since he is essentially a pantomimist, but most of the other players' talents do not run along that line. Charlie stands alone as our one great pantomimist. The talkies have brought us a fine array of acting talent and a new and intelligent technique, and I for one hope that the producers will not, as Chaplin predicts in the November Screen Guild, return to the old-fashioned silents.

Chaplin asserts that speech interrupts the action. In the first talks when speech was a novelty it was permitted to interfere with the unfolding of the plot, but this fault is a thing of the past. Subtitles now would come as a break in the continuity. The talkies have developed the art of many of our former silent stars and have brought us several talented stage players, whose presence on the screen guarantees intelligent performances.

Imagine silencing the charming Chevalier! I'm for the talkies 99:44:100 per cent. (The remaining fraction is for Charlie's "City Lights")

D. H. Chapman

Prize Winners

First Prize
All Quiet on the Western Front

Washington, D. C.

Believe it or not, I want to thank the producers for putting all those violent and unholy noises in sound pictures. Many a mother has to take her young brood to the pictures or stay home. (I have five youngsters, and don't I know it?) And you know how children do on Indian warhoops, dynamite explosions, train whistles and screaming sirens.

Sound effects have captured the child's interest and imagination to such an extent he will sit through a whole picture without asking more than half a dozen questions and there are no subtitles to be read aloud to him.

Screen noise is just another headache to grown-ups, but the children love them.

We mothers suggest that one matinee daily be devoted exclusively to the younger generation. A sign might be hung out reading: "Children's Hour, with Bigger and Better Noises for the Kiddies. Put on your earmuffs, Mother, bring the youngsters, and enjoy yourself!"

Mrs. Anna Rhoad

What, Not a Widow?

I went to see Gloria Swanson in "What a Widow!" Paderewski playing jazz. John Singer Sargent drawing cartoons, that was what it seemed like to me. Gloria Swanson has passed the stage of playing face—she has grown up.

What must she be trying to prove to herself? That she can be funny? Granted. That it will make box-office returns? Yes, indeed. But why? Surely she could have gotten a story to fit her talents. What a pity—such wasted talent—all that money spent on such drivel. Even her voice reflected the lightness and insincerity of the part. She could do a lady from any of Edith Wharton's books. Why does she stick to modern stuff?

And now for a little love. Ramon Novarro—of course! What a delightful, witty picture his latest is! But such a title! Surely no one needs to be lured in to hear Ramon sing. He is not a jazz type, so why a jazz title? For real, genuine comedy he is unequalled and also for good looks, charm and something just a little finer in him that seeps through in every picture he makes.

Lorraine Benedict

Second Prize
Whoops!

Ludlow, Ky.

Why don't the producers wake up and give Joan Crawford, Clara Bow, Buddy Rogers and some other favorites a good story once in a while? Jeanette MacDonald gets "Let's Go Native" and some other smash hits, while they give Clara Bow "Love Among the Millionaires," a story too old that it should have retired long ago. Then Miss Bow's popularity wanes and after a few more rotten pictures we never hear of her again.

Joan Crawford has the most loyal set of fans. Whether the picture is good or bad, the theatre is packed when a Crawford picture is shown. I suppose that's what the producers count on, but such things won't last forever. We may go to see a picture because our favorite star is in it, but we just won't sit through any picture whose plot is just worn threadbare.

Evelyn Kaminski

Third Prize
Dimming Stars

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Why do the producers insist on Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll singing? Both of them are cute, but Buddy is too much of a mama's boy. They certainly can't sing.

Now when John Boles or Lawrence Tibbett sings that's a different story—why not let them do the singing and the rest just talk?

Beatrix I. McKenney

Is This a Fan?

Oakland, Calif.

Good! I love the movies. Now why do the producers insist on Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll singing? Both of them are cute, but Buddy is too much of a mama's boy. They certainly can't sing.

Now when John Boles or Lawrence Tibbett sings that's a different story—why not let them do the singing and the rest just talk?

Beatrix I. McKenney

Silver Screen

The movies are grand. How nice! We can hear Herbert Hoover's real voice in the new reel! The movies always make people patient when they are discontented, especially the comedies. I've been to the theatre at two P.M. We usually come out at four o'clock. It would be a good thing if we could go to the theatre at twelve M. (noon) and come out at eight o'clock in the evening. During all those hours we could laugh, be thrilled, entertained and hear the real voices of our favorites and other famous persons.

Steven Scherner
Helplessly MOTHERS CRY—

"Why are my children so different?—All different from each other—all different from ME!"

A mother dreams about her children. She plans... but destiny disposes. Four children, four lives—one a builder—one a destroyer—one a wife—one an unwed mother. Hers the pain—and the joy. Yours the opportunity to see the most daring, true-to-life story of the talking screen. It might be the life story of your neighbor, your dearest friend, your mother... or perhaps—even your own!

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.
For the first time! The frank, daring, adventurous story of our girls at the front! The wonder and beauty of love that blossoms even in the carnage of war! Here is Drama, stark, gripping, spectacular. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "The Big Parade," have again pioneered into a hitherto untouched phase of human relationship in the World War. Based on the famous anonymous novel of that name.

with

ROBERT MONTGOMERY  ROBERT AMES  JUNE WALKER
ANITA PAGE  MARIE PREVOST  ZASU PITTS

Directed by Edgar Selwyn  Becky Gardiner and Joe Farnham
Continuity by Becky Gardiner
Dialogue by

METRO-GOLDYN-MAYER
"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
ARThUR GREVille COLLINS, producer of "Death Takes A Holiday" on Los Angeles stage, sought Milton Sills for the title role shortly before the actor's sudden death.

Just one of the ironical things of Hollywood.

A CERTAIN movie mama, parent of a star known for her various amours, was complaining about her darling offspring.

"Why, even when she was a little girl, she was always running away from the convent," she bewailed.

"Of course," retorted a Bright Young Thing. "She was running to a monastery!"

CHARLES "Buddy" Rogers has gone vacationing to Europe with his Ma—and they're going first class, too.

It's really quite an event in Buddy's life. The last time he went to Europe, during his school days, he traveled somewhat exclusively—he played valet to a bunch of not so nice cows on a cattle boat.

What a difference a few years make.

NEWS went to gossip round Hollywood recently that June Marlowe, ingenue, had a husband—secretly wed and all that sort of thing.

But it was all a fooler. June was being sued for something and the local reporters thought her brother, Amor, was the hubby.

June isn't married—and hasn't any ideas on the subject.

DORIS KENYON, wife of the late Milton Sills, was so grief-stricken over the star's death that it was impossible for her to keep her engagement at a local theatre for a vocal concert.

Hollywood's elite had expected to turn out en masse for Doris' debut, but the engagement was definitely cancelled.

SOMEbody got Harold Lloyd's Great Dane, Leo, a prize-winning dog, for the small sum of two dollars—the price of a dog license.

Some months ago, Harold was forced to give Leo to a friend in Pasadena because neighbors in Beverly Hills complained about Leo's howling at night. The friend eventually turned the canine over to the city pound.

Finally, Leo—his pride and confidence gone—was offered to anybody who would pay the two dollar fee.

JACK OAKIE isn't the only actor who has been hit by Chicago racketeers for "charity" benefits. Jack was lucky, however, and got away without any damage to his bank account.

Charlie Murray was hit pretty strong, but is said to have angled out. Harry Richman and several others have contributed, however.

WILLIAM BAKEWELL and Mary Pickford danced together at the Embassy Club many times the other night. Doug Fairbanks was busy with a dark-haired siren, quite unknown to the picture colony.

GENE MARKEY, handsome scenario writer, took Gloria Swanson out dancing the other night.

JOHN ROCHE had Julia Faye at the opera—but Marie Dressler came along as chaperon.

HEDDA HOPPER, clever actress, went places to see things with John Charles Thomas, opera star, while he visited Los Angeles. [Continued on page 34]
24 Hours with

By

HARRIET PARSONS

GARBO!

To the public she is a glamorous figure shrouded in mystery. To the press she is a framework on which to hang wild flights of journalistic fancy.

Garbo! If all the stories written about her were laid end to end they would reach from Hollywood back to her native Stockholm with enough stray adjectives left over to fill the Grand Canyon.

Yet no two stories are alike. Why? Because Garbo keeps her own counsel and much of the time her own company.

Now I, in common with some twenty million other movie fans, had thought about Garbo, dreamed about her, wondered about the hidden facts of her life. And also I, like some hundred other writers, was dying to get a story on her that might reveal some of the facts about her—show the world the real Greta.

I was in Hollywood. Garbo was in Hollywood. If I was human—and I certainly am—so was Greta. She existed and had her being. She could be seen. When these bright ideas hit me, I got the big brain wave. Somehow, some way, I would stick by Garbo's side for a whole day—all twenty-four hours of it—all twenty-four hours when I was observing her but she didn't know she was being observed—and find out how she spent just one typical day of her lovely, glamorous life.

It wasn't an easy stunt—but oh, what a thrill!

I chose a Saturday night and a Sunday. I thought Greta would be free then, away from the studio and her art, most thoroughly herself. And by a lucky chance I found out one salient fact—that Greta goes often to a little theatre in the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles, a theatre run by the Yale Puppeteers. I learned that on my particular Saturday there was to be an act burlesqueing Hollywood and Garbo and I gambled that Garbo might go to witness it—gambled and won.

The theatre is on Olvera Street, a colorful segment of the angelic city, only a block long and barred to vehicles. It is more like a marketplace in the heart of old Mexico than a thoroughfare in the center of one of America's largest cities.

Next door to the theatre is a subterranean cafe—the Casa de la Golondrina. The menu is entirely Mexican and the people who dine there are interested in their food, not in sight-seeing. It seemed to me just the type of place where Garbo might choose to eat before attending the puppet show. So I started my quest there.
GARBO

A Marvelous—and Exclusive—Piece of Reporting that Reveals—Through a Typical Day in Her Life—the Simple Pleasure Loving Girl Who is the Real Garbo

I took no chances. The show didn’t start till nine but at seven I was in the little cafe, seated alone with my hat pulled down over my eyes, at a table that overlooked every corner of the room. I stalled over my dinner, lingered over my coffee. Seven-thirty came, eight o’clock, eight-fifteen. I was just deciding this was my unlucky day when the door opened and a man and a girl entered quietly.

I caught my breath in excitement. It was Garbo! I sat breathless while she and her escort selected a table. It was the one next to mine, not four feet away. Garbo was dressed as no other girl in Hollywood would have been dressed—a grey suit, severely tailored, a man’s grey shirt, a navy blue tie with white dots, a heavy grey topcoat and a dark blue beret with no hair showing from beneath it. Her pale, lovely face had a luminous quality and she was quietly very gay.

I dragged my fascinated eyes away from her to her escort—a tall man and slim, with an ironical mouth. Garbo was speaking to him in German but I decided that he wasn’t German. Suddenly I recognized him—Jacques Feyder, the French director, who made “The Kiss,” Garbo’s last silent picture.

They began to eat. Greta had enchilada de la tapiata, a kind of Mexican pancake, dry and served with salad. She finished it and ordered a second dish—this time enchilada with a highly flavored chili sauce. Afterward she drank black coffee and smoked a denicotinized cigarette. A flower woman came by the table with her little tray of blossoms. Feyder purchased a gardenia and with a gallant gesture

Greta’s no more built her house on sand than she has her career. It’s solidly entrenched on a high cliff with a heavy railing all around

A lonely driveway on a lonely road, a mail box painted sombre dark blue and bearing no name—but I discovered, nevertheless, that here lay the entrance to Garbo’s home

for JANUARY 1931
Star, exotic, sophisticate, siren—
Garbo is also a careful Swedish housewife, who walks to the
grocery and inspects the food she’s
going to eat. This is the store

handed it to Garbo. She smiled
at him and pinned it to the
lapel of her coat.

At nine sharp she and Feyder left
as quietly as they had come
and walked next door to the Teatro
Torrito. They sat down in the third
row from the back of the tiny house
and I slipped into the row just
behind them. I pinched myself to
be sure I am awake and sitting so
close to my idol.

During the first sketch Garbo
is quietly amused. I study her face
and am amazed by two things—
first, that she is even more beau-
tiful off the screen than on,
and younger—and second, that
she wears a light make-up,
mascara and lip rouge. Where is the colorless, drab,
homely girl the fan writers have talked so much
about? This off-screen Garbo is a lovely woman, wearing
just enough make-up to accentuate her beauty.

The Hollywood sketch comes on. A puppet of George
Arliss and one of Aimee Semple MacPherson make their
appearance. Then the Garbo puppet, dressed as Anna
Christie. A hush falls on the small audience—by now
every one in the house knows that Garbo is present.
They glance at her surreptitiously to see how she will
react to the puppet of herself. But Garbo has seen it
many times before. She chuckles throatily at the verse
spoken by the little figure—particularly at the last lines:

Dat old devil sea is a devil maybe
but he was an angel to me.
With photography misty I did Anna Christie
and see what O’Neill did for me!
If I should decide to go back home
I could buy a half interest in Stockholm;
I live life as I please with the world at my knees
Singing “Skoll!” to dat old devil sea!

At the line about Stockholm Garbo laughs out loud—
a good, hearty laugh—and looks up at Feyder, smiling.
They are plainly very good, understanding friends.

At ten o’clock the curtain goes down on the final
sketch. Garbo and Feyder slip through a side door into

Adrian’s shop, next door. Adrian is the
costume designer at M-G-M and I begin to
feel scared—scared that my prey will slip
away from me through some underground
passage sacred to ladies of mystery.

But I go around in front of the shop
and paste my nose against the glass of the door.
Inside I see Garbo going from one object to
another in the small shop, animatedly. She
is gay and interested. Suddenly she spies a
huge, fantastic monkey with a body of white
fur and a comic red corduroy face. She
stands delighted and while Adrian shows her
how the arms and legs move. She is as
pleased as a child.

Meantime, a crowd has collected outside
the patio. With that genius peculiar to
crowds, they have sensed a celebrity near-by
—their greatest celebrity. But Garbo
lingers in the shop until they have all gone
except me. It is eleven when
suddenly, much to my relief,
Adrian, Garbo and Feyder come
out and stroll up and down the
street. Adrian is showing her
the sights of the miniature
village.

At eleven-twenty-five Garbo
and Feyder enter Garbo’s Lin-
coln limousine and the colored
chauffeur starts off. Garbo in a
Lincoln and me in a Ford!
I pray my poor Lizzie will be
equal to the task and set out
in hot pursuit. I follow the
big car so closely that I almost
bump into it at several inter-
sections. West, toward Holly-
wood, through Hollywood and
Beverly Hills on out to the
sea. As we approach Santa Monica,
the chase grows exciting.
Garbo lives somewhere in
Santa Monica—but where?

Greta’s garden where she plays with her kittens,
hidden from prying eyes (not mine) by thick
trees. Note the medicine ball which she tosses
after I discover where, what am I going to do about it?

Suddenly the big car slows down and turns sharply into a driveway thickly surrounded by trees. I make a note of the address and hastily survey the place. It is entirely surrounded by tall spruce trees, standing black in the blue of a California night. Not a glimpse of the house can be seen from the street. It is just the sort of place Garbo would choose. A fortress as impenetrable and hidden as she is herself. She disappears—Feyder departs alone—midnight arrives—

I settle down for a nocturnal vigil.

Only a little after daybreak, I begin to investigate my surroundings. I am in the vicinity of Brentwood, an exclusive community halfway between Santa Monica and Sawtelle. I wander about a bit and learn things. About five blocks from the Garbo menage is the small, open market where Garbo herself comes after the fresh fruit and vegetables she loves, and the black Concord grapes for which she has a weakness. Here, too, is the drugstore to which she walks often, in the late afternoon. On such occasions she is always alone, clad in top-coat, beret and dark glasses. The proprietor tells me that she always goes straight to the magazine rack and buys all the new fan magazines—but that the clerks never speak to her unless she addresses them first. Her purchases in the drugstore seldom come to more than a dollar or two and she always pays cash, refusing to open an account.

By this time, the morning is advanced enough for me to return to my post outside the Garbo residence. The place is just as mysterious in the daytime as at night. There is no name on the mailbox. The thick wall of trees veils the house completely. On the east side a vacant lot, on the west another house, completely shut off by the same closely-planted trees. West of that, another vacant lot. I cross the lot on the east side of the house, hoping to get a view from the back—but a sheer cliff faces me. Garbo's garden ends at the cliff's edge and an iron railing runs along the brink. But, just between the last tree in the impenetrable wall of foliage, and the beginning of the railing is a tiny clear space, not more than two feet square. With a sudden burst of courage, I gain a precarious foothold somewhere between earth and heaven, and, standing on this spot at peril to life and limb, I can see over a waist-high hedge—at last, a clear view of Garbo's house.

A two-story white Spanish house, with red-tiled roof. Rambling and larger than I had expected, but not pretentious. Typical of Garbo, who not only has a simple home, but runs it economically, keeping only three servants, a cook, a gardener and a chauffeur. Her bills for food average only sixty dollars a month, although both the cook and gardener live in. Besides buying in Brentwood, Garbo also goes into Los Angeles to get meat at Wreden's, a wholesale market. [Continued on page 58]
The Highball Hamlet

Charles Ruggles, the Screen's Best Drunk, is turning into a Perfect Lady

By Marquis Busby

Perhaps a lot of people will just lay it to the evils of drink, and say it was good enough for him, for after being one of the funniest drunks who ever hiccuped his way to fame, Charles Ruggles has turned into a female impersonator. The next time you see him he will be the sweetest old lady who ever trotted across the screen, none other than "Charley's Aunt."

It's a relief to Ruggles. For a while it looked for all the world as if he would go through life with a gin bottle in his hand, and a permanent "bun" on his shoulders. In "Charley's Aunt," which the Christies are reviving for 1931 consumption, he does try to take a drink but he never quite downs it. There's many a slip, you know. He's glad to climb on the wagon and train with Volstead for a while.

"There's peril in monotony," he said, patting the gray curls he wears in his role. "People laughed at me in 'Gentlemen of the Press' when I had too much to drink. They also laughed at me in 'The Lady Lies.' There is always danger in trying to make people laugh at the same thing over and over again.

'I sort of had twinges of fear when I saw the manuscripts of 'Roadhouse Nights' and 'Young Man of Manhattan.' You know, I could smell gin before I turned a page. I bid fair to become the most consistent drunk in the history of the screen. It wasn't that I thought for a moment that I was giving Young America bad ideas, and luring them up to the cocktail shaker. I was just afraid that the public would quit laughing at Charlie Ruggles if he didn't sober up. It's pretty tough when people don't laugh at a comedian. It upsets him no end.

So there are no hangovers in "Charley's Aunt."

The role gives the good natured Ruggles a chance to pioneer in talking pictures. He will be the first female impersonator to try a falsetto on the screen. Of course, Lon Chaney appeared as an old lady in "The Unholy Three," but only for a few scenes. Ruggles wears skirts, and at least tries to be a perfect lady through most of the picture. He does forget once in a while and lifts his skirts a bit higher than any nice old lady would consider proper. But in that wig, the smug black, rustly silk dress, and the perky little bonnet, you'd never suspect his heinous past. It isn't an easy role. It was all very well for Julian Eltinge to be a dashing femme in the silent regime, but it is something else when a healthy bass has to sound and look soprano.

If you're old enough to remember, and if you'll admit it if you do, you haven't forgotten Syd Chaplin as Charley's Aunt in the days when you could sleep through a picture if you didn't like it. "Charley's Aunt," for that matter, has been a theatrical standby for two or three generations. Even Ruggles has essayed the role once before, several years ago when he was playing in stock.

"Do you know," he said, "there is even a Charley's Aunt' Club in England? There are several thousand members, all of them having played the show professionally at one time or another. [Continued on page 63]
She Uses Her Head

Which is the real reason why Lilyan Tashman has evolved from being just a chorus girl to the most distinguished woman in the movies

LILYAN TASHMAN has been married five years, does not contemplate either separation or divorce, and loves her husband. And what's more to the point, he loves her.

She isn't impressed by great names, but finds satisfaction in personalities. It isn't who you are but what, that counts with Lilyan.

She doesn't diet.

She discusses neither clothes nor people who wear them.

She spends twenty-five thousand dollars a year being "the best dressed woman in Hollywood," and employs a Parisian representative to see that her personality is fitted as well as her person.

She dines in her garden each night.

She won't sign a contract because she wants to pick her plays and her parts.

She writes much of her own dialogue.

She often "speaks out of turn" to those in high places, employing pithy truths.

In other words, she says what she wants when she wants, and makes 'em like it.

She has the largest collection of first editions in the film colony, her favorite being "Vanity Fair" by Thackeray.

She goes where she wants to go, does what she wants to do and, in short, acts herself.

These are just a few of the reasons why Lilyan, who has fascinated Edmund Lowe, her husband, for half a decade, and motion picture audiences for a longer time than that, is regarded as "different".

She admits being responsible for bringing many innovations to Filmdom and fostering them. She confesses being a step ahead in clothes, in styles, in trends and in ideas. But she also claims that she can't help herself.

This woman, who has uncovered a melodious talking and singing voice for the speaking film, has built an amazing success on her unconscious, unassuming "difference" from other players. She, as a free-lance, is so in demand that she is doing two pictures at a time on different lots.

Ever since she was graduated from Girls' High, in Brooklyn, and dodged the teachers' training at Hunter College, overlooking the broad Hudson, "Tash" has been lugging that "different" label and it's never been excess baggage.

In 1920, when she burgeoned as one of the fairest of the Flo Ziegfeld blooms, she was already established as "that unusual Tashman girl".

And now, with a standardized Hollywood looking askance, she is "different" because she was the first to wear pajamas for anything beside sleeping; because she designed her own home; because she put an all-white bedroom in it to make her wake up feeling cheerful, because her taste runs to black automobiles when most players want lots of color and brass and "gingerbread" on them, because she thinks, contrary to accepted Beverly Hills standards, that flowers are better home surroundings than swimming pools and

[Continued on page 63]
EITHER Jean Harlow has been grievously misunderstood or she has
done an about-face and decided
to be human. For when the
platinum blonde star of "Hell's Angels" first blazed a
sexy trail across the cinema sky, she was frequently inter-
viewed and quoted—to her invariable disadvantage.
According to most of the articles about her, she was just
another dizzy blonde, to put it kindly.

So, I delayed going to see her as long as I could—I
dreaded a long session devoted to "I live only for my
Art"—with a capital "A", and stuff such as that. But,
finally, after Howard Hughes, the millionaire producer
of "Hell's Angels" took over part of United Artists and
the plans that were being made for Jean with that outfit,
convinced me that the girl must have something, I
decided to see for myself—but, even so, I expected to find
at best a polite nit-wit, with perhaps a dash of scarlet.

Instead, I found one of the most beautiful girls in the
world, breathtakingly lovely, startlingly young. A
charming, cultured girl with a sane, sincere outlook on
life—and a sense of humor for good measure. No affecta-
tion, no pose—no trace of the superficial sophistication I
had expected, but an unaware, babyish quality. It was
almost as if she had played the torrid love scenes of "Hell's
Angels" without realizing their import. At least, that's
the way she impressed me—and I think it was real.

Stardom in one single picture has meant little to Jean
Harlow. To most picture players screen success means
not only glory and adulation, but having things. The
rewards of film fame are pretty clothes, a pleasant home,
expensive motors. But to wide-eyed Jean, a picture career
meant at first sacrificing these things. She was born to
wealth—and to work in pictures has given up an inheri-
tance far greater than anything she can ever hope to earn.
That's why she can't get excited about it all.

"When I first went to Hollywood I had never even
thought of going in pictures," she told me. "You see,
I had run away from school and married Bud McGrew,
and we moved to Hollywood to live and play."

One look at Jean and you'd know that what followed
was inevitable. A girl of her distinctive beauty had no
more chance of staying out of camera range than a turkey
has of living at Thanksgiving. Her looks are of the kind
that poems are made of—once you have seen her, you
cannot forget her.

"But though we lived near the studios, we had no
contact with them—my life was centered around my
home and my husband," she continued. "We had a few
friends connected with the industry, though, and we naturally
heard a lot about pictures and picture people.

"Then, suddenly I woke up one day and found myself
in pictures, too!"

"What kind of hangover was that?" I asked.
"Not the kind you think," Jean responded. "What
I meant was that I was in pictures before I realized it.
"It happened like this. One
JANUARY is the month when everything is new and fresh, so naturally a movie calendar must start with William Haines, the freshest guy who ever faced a camera. But just as January settles down after New Year's and Bill's birthday, so Bill settles down after working hours, a quiet gentleman of cultured tastes.
FEBRUARY and Ronald Colman—cold February which broods under the cloak of winter yet flashes an occasional smiling day hinting of the warmth of spring—like Ronnie, its star, born on the ninth, cool, reserved Ronnie with his unexpected, devastating charm.

TEMPESTUOUS March, the month of the maddest moods, of clear, wind-swept beauty, of storm and triumph. What personality in the whole galaxy of stars could suit it so well as that gloriously changeable, vivid girl, Joan Crawford? The twenty-third is Joan’s birthday.
APRIL and May—Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—as close on the calendar as in private life. Mary of the laughter and the tears was born on April 8th, Doug on May 23rd.
June, the first month of summer, when all out-of-doors calls, when it's good just to be alive and greet the sun. Who better to stand for June than the blond and bonny Bill Boyd? Bill's first grin was registered on June fifth.

July — midsummer — sparkle and fireworks — hot days, languorous nights — a definite, individual month, July. William Powell takes its bows, Bill that very definite gentleman and very individual and fine actor. The twenty-ninth is the date for the pride of the Powell clan.
AUGUST, passionate, glowing, promising, dotted with vacation days, with unusual, exciting moments. August, as sophisticated in its charm as Norma Shearer, its tenth-day star, brilliant Norma, the woman of the world, beautiful, poised and intelligent.
SEPTEMBER, when a new subtlety comes into the air, when one is transported beyond the commonplace even while the heart is saddened a bit with the weight of its own wisdom. Whose month could this be but the mysterious Garbo’s?

The Greta day? The eighteenth.
OCTOBER, the month of Hallowe’en and witches, October dancing over the hills, dressing sedate green trees in leaves of red, turning old pumpkins into glowing Jack-o-Lanterns. On October sixth came Janet Gaynor, child of genius, to bewitch the world.

NOVEMBER, wise, quiet November, a month of mellowness and the full richness of harvest, touched with a golden glow of romance that never leaves the imagination quite free again. On the fifteenth, Lewis Stone of the courtly manners, suavely represents it.
DECEMBER isn't a month but a mood—December dominated by Christmas day—holly and mistletoe, packages in red wrappings, gifts and the laughter of little children. December is all things to all hearts like versatile, lovely, Ruth Chatterton, born on Christmas Eve.
Fredric is a Lion with the Public but among His Admiring Friends He’s Affectionately Called

The March Lamb

By Radie Harris

Fredric March is the easiest actor I have ever interviewed. I had to have luncheon with him six times before I could get a story. And is that easy, I ask you?

A painstaking exactness for the truth makes me admit that I am not always so earnest about my interviews—but Freddie, you see, happens to be my ten favorite actors.

If I liked nothing else about Fredric March, his grand sense of humor would be sufficient. It isn’t Rabelaisian or even the least bit “Jack Oakie” but ranges from the gentle subtlety of P. G. Wodehouse to the sublime madness of the Four Marx Bros. He would have made a swell gag man for Louis the XIV. Instead, he regales his wife with four good laughs every morning before breakfast.

He never makes a noise like an actor. And certainly doesn’t look like one. Were you to meet him, strolling up the Avenue, you might mistake him for a member of the Racquet and Tennis Club, but hardly for a “Lamb.” He started his career as banker and still looks the part.

A biographical check-up of Freddie’s “early life” reveals the following facts.

He was born in Racine, Wisconsin, August 31, 1897. He doesn’t look a day older than 33.

His real name is Frederick Bickel, which, for obvious reasons he immediately changed to the family name of Marcher. Later, he abbreviated it to Fredric March to conserve on electrical bill expenses and because 12 is his lucky number. Everyone calls him Freddie except his wife . . . she calls him “Lambie.”

Although he had always had a hankering for the stage, he never confessed it to anyone—not even his diary. Instead, he specialized in banking at the University of Wisconsin and won a scholarship to the National City Bank of New York. A few months’ work assured him that he would much rather starve as an actor than grow fat as a bank president, so he resigned. No one tendered him a snappy farewell dinner.

Freddie claims it was swell experience. He knows the difference between real money and movie money now.

Registering at a casting agency, he was immediately sent to David Belasco in response to a call for extras in the stage production “Deburau.” In the prologue, he “doubled” for Victor Hugo. In the second act, he was an old man with one line to speak, “the rope gave way.” To this day, whenever Belasco meets him anywhere, he always calls him as “Old Rope Gave Way!”

Following a stock engagement at the Elitch Gardens in Denver—a red letter event in his life, for it was there he met lovely Florence Eldridge, the present Mrs. March—he went to Los Angeles to play the role of “Tony Cavendish” in the road company of “The Royal Family.” Jesse Lasky was just one of the many producers who saw his performance and put in a bid for his services. Which explains why he is now a gentleman of “ Paramount” importance.

Coincidentally enough, Freddie has just completed a talkie version of “The Royal Family” at the Paramount New York studios. Having witnessed a great many of the scenes, I don’t have to be a stage gazer to predict that when the picture is released, he will not only wrap it up and take it home but also clinch his rights to stardom.

Although he has been on the screen only a comparatively short time, he has had more leading ladies than Henry the VIII. . . Bow, Brian, Moore, Chatterton, Harding, Astor, Colbert, Carroll, and Claire—blondes, brunettes and titans—beautiful, temperamental, charming, his personality is attune to them all. It is this ability to “get along” with people that has been such an asset to him in his professional life and has won for him the reputation of being a “swell guy!”

Just at present, Freddie is playing opposite Claudette Colbert again in a comedy-drama [Continued on page 65]
WHAT the

A Famous Astrologist Surveys the 1931 Sky and Tells What Lies in Store for the Seven Great Stars whose Futures are Most in Doubt

This past year has been a good one for movie fans who like variety, but it certainly has played merry mide with the motion picture stars! Where once a galaxy of old favorites twinkled serenely, we have a Milky Way of luminaries that doesn’t look the same from one month to the next. What does 1931 hold for them?

Seven stars in particular have been affected by the events of the last year—seven stars now great, yet whose fate hangs in the balance.

Which seven?

Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, John Gilbert, Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Will Mary Pickford’s stubborn efforts to retrieve her public be successful?

Is Gloria Swanson going to win through to the happiness she deserves?

Is Clara Bow going to be able to hold the admiration of her fans in the face of the present adverse criticism?

What about John Gilbert, that gallant gentleman, to whom the microphone has been so unkind? Has he a chance to come back?

The fate of these four is pretty much in the balance just now.

As for Greta Garbo, she comes into everything, anyway. I wanted to know whether she has swept into the Movie Heavens to stay. Or is she just a comet . . . a brilliant visitor that bursts into vision clad in mysterious beauty . . . and departs as abruptly into obscurity?

And, finally, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Norma Shearer. Norma is off the screen just now playing mother to her young son, but she will return. Both she and Young Doug seem to have everything. Can such fortune possibly last? These were the things I wanted to know.

In New York there is a young astrologist, Mrs. Charles R. Wells, a beloved pupil of the internationally famous Evangeline Adams. Mrs. Wells makes the casting of a horoscope no spooky magic in a dimly-lit room reeking with incense. She approaches her profession with the same typically modern clear-sightedness and intelligent comprehension that has given us our successful movie stars. So I felt that she was particularly well fitted to give a sympathetic reading of them.

During the new year, water, women and words threaten Clara Bow-do-deo-do, the Brooklyn bonfire, born on the 29th of July

Saturn is unfriendly and there’s a strange forecast for the men in Mary Pickford’s life
Now, Mrs. Wells is not especially a movie fan. To her, the great names I gave her were just names. She read their horoscopes with the same detachment that she would read my horoscope, or yours. I was curious to see what she would find, because I knew it would be a personal reading... a valuation of those actors and actresses as people... not as the famous folk they have become.

We first discussed John Gilbert. Jack's date is July 10th. I wondered why she chose him first, but when she had finished, I knew. His chart had shown her a strong personality, a man of courage and boundless endurance, a man born with great potentialities. But a man strangely dogged by Fate. The interesting thing about his horoscope, to an astrologist, is the way the man has risen above...
Perhaps You can Learn Your Own Future through the Forecast for these Stars

Venus in Scorpio, the most intense of all signs for Garbo, the most intense of all stars. Read what it promises for her

the discouragements which would have given a weaker character every excuse to say ... "I give up."

While I listened, I began to have a better understanding of why the Gilbert public has remained loyal to him. Fine artist that he is ... he has had the worst possible luck in pictures this last year. One or two bad pictures with most actors and it's all over. But not for the Gilbert admirers. They seem to have sensed that quality of courage, of refusal to accept defeat ... and they love him for it. When you meet a Gilbert fan, you meet a genuine enthusiast.

Jack's handsome, sensitive face came before me as Mrs. Wells spoke:

"John Gilbert certainly is not through. But he's going to need every bit of courage he's got, to get through this next year. He is in the darkest period of his whole career right now. Both of those hard-luck planets, Saturn and Uranus, are adverse to his whole chart and that means trouble, plenty of it. He should watch his financial affairs, contracts especially must have careful attention.

"He has his Venus in Mercury, which makes him critical towards affairs of the heart. He does not love lightly, and when he does love, it is with the passionate depths of his intense nature. Such men know love as it is not given to many men to know. But it also makes them peculiarly vulnerable to unhappiness. Jack must expect emotional upsets this year."

"In fact, this is just an all-around dismal time for him. Yet, from it, he will draw the experience, the hardening which is to take him on to bigger things later on. He is a real artist, wrapped up in his work. He has much to give pictures, we will hope they continue to hold him. He has a 'lucky chart,' with the potentialities which may well bring him back in a big way ... whether in pictures or outside them. This hard phase is only temporary. Jack is too much Captain of his soul to bow under the 'bludgeonings of fate.' This man through? ... Most certainly he is not!"

From Jack we turned to Gloria Swanson. Gloria was born March 27th. It looked to me as if Gloria had definitely emerged from her recent slump. Her film "The Trespasser" was not only a fine bit of work, but it was a box-office riot as well. And "What a Widow" pleased most of the fans.

Mrs. Wells confirmed this:

"That same mischief-making planet, Uranus, got in a little dirty work on Gloria, too, but it has moved on to better aspects now. Gloria's Sun and her Mercury are in Aries. That means that she has both the persistency and courage to dig herself out of unfavorable situations. Gloria uses her head. It's that mental quality [Continued on page 60]

Young Doug Fairbanks, a December ninth lad, under the happy, lucky sign of Sagittarius — yet there's danger ahead

Norma Shearer, child of the Sun, has everything, and will have still more since the very stars are fighting for her

Silver Screen
Young-Man-About-Hollywood

HELLO, folks—well, here we are in the land of watered-milk and honeys.

* * *

Arthur Caesar, Hollywood's homeliest scenario writer, spent several days on the Y-Lightning Ranch in Arizona. The real western cowboys are still trying to figure out Arthur's whoopee yell in Jewish dialect. Arthur also tried to lasso a steer, but lost the rope. The steer ate it.

* * *

Some intoxicated cinema youths drove their car through one of the miniature golf courses the other night, causing considerable damage. Ab, a hole in one.

* * *

Al Boasberg, a big funny man of Heart Break Town, says one studio features the double credit system in the scenario department—one writer and one relative.

* * *

I'm sorry I said Lew Cody's fox terrier had chow puppies. They were collies.

* * *

No wonder the producers had to turn to the wide film. So many actors have the big-head.

* * *

Efe Asher, associate producer at Universal, recently broke his ankle. He probably kicked a supervisor in the heart.

* * *

This month's funniest gesture: Alice White attending the opera.

* * *

The Mayfair Club, cinemaland's most exclusive social center, will probably be a flop this year. Not one fight between a director and writer—such as the Embassy, rival social club, had between Ernst Lubitsch and Hans Kraly on opening night.

* * *

One of my readers writes in and asks why Al Jolson makes pictures like "Big Boy."

All right, I'll bite—why?

* * *

No doubt "Farewell to Arms" as a motion picture will have a scene of Venus de Milo.

* * *

A new picture was previewed, and immediately after the showing the director became quite hysterical. The operator had neglected to show the fifth reel—but no one noticed the difference, so the studio officials decided to leave it out. That's great direction!

* * *

Business is so bad in Hollywood the stores are not allowed to sell more than four feet of rope to any one person.

* * *

Hedda Hopper was being shown a new home in Beverly Hills. The boudoir was the pride and joy of the owner, who pointed out the unusually large bed. "How do you like the Bed?" inquired the host. "Bed?" questioned Hedda, noting the size. "That's not a bed—it's a battleground!"

* * *

Any man who actually enjoys himself in a Tuxedo is more than eligible for society.

* * *

Cinema bootleggers are now running on a par with Wall Street brokers. With every drink they give you a seat on the curb.

* * *

The Hollywood banks are thinking of printing checks on hard rubber so they won't bounce so high.

for January 1931
The Greatest Star in Hollywood
Richard Barthelmess’ Best Friend Explains Dick’s Extraordinary Thirteen-year Success

By Joseph Henry Steele

Thirteen years ago a young actor of twenty-two turned down an offer of $4,000 a week and accepted a job at $500. He was not a famous star. He was on the threshold of his life and career. He needed money. Yet he declined a salary that would even today fever the brains of old-line stars.

That young man was Richard Semler Barthelmess, familiar throughout the world for unfathomable eyes and a crooked smile. At twenty-two he decided that it meant more to his future—and he took that future very, very seriously—to get a two-year contract with David Wark Griffith and get the invaluable training that maestro could give him, than to take the immediate though short-lived, big salary of $4,000 a week as Hope Hampton’s leading man.

The fact that Barthelmess stands today at the height of his career indicates that his decision thirteen years ago might have had some sense to it. And that attitude has dictated his career ever since.

Now Dick proves, as conclusively as anyone in the world, that success really is no secret. When you examine it closely you begin to find the reason.

Mighty few are the actors—and when I say actors I use it inclusively, taking in actresses—who, having achieved some eminence, manage to maintain their position. Mighty few are the actors who achieve any eminence by their own plan or aim.

An actor is an idol and a symbol, partly created by his public, but chiefly wrought by the actor himself. Even a decent profile doesn’t mean anything any more. For proof there are Jannings, Bancroft and the like.

They strut their meagre hours upon the stage and then are heard no more. Like the wind they come and like the wind they go!

But Dick has withstood the blinding glare of the spotlight for thirteen years and lost not one figurative candlepower. Thirteen years ago he made “Broken Blossoms,” ten years ago “Tol’able David,” four years ago “The Patent-Leather Kid” and recently “The Dawn Patrol.” And his star has steadily brightened rather than diminished.

That first job he took at $500 a week was in competition, too. Against him he had the sanctified Rodolpho with the real prize the rôle of the dreaming Chinaman in “Broken Blossoms.” What might have happened to screen history if Valentino had got that part no one can possibly say.

Thirteen years of success—and today this Barthelmess has his feet set squarely at the top of a business that rates as the most precarious in the world. While he has been at the top, fortunes have been made and lost; reputations have dazzled and faded; companies have changed names and personalities; stars (Continued on page 59)
JEANETTE MACDONALD ordered a vegetable plate luncheon.

"Not a vegetarian, however," she said. "Just the proud possessor of a stomach with nerves. That's certainly a romantic little item for My Public."

The delectable queen of "The Love Parade" and the countess of "Monte Carlo" was the prettiest woman in the Hotel Ambassador's Spanish Room—a very pretty woman with a determined chin.

"Yes, I do like my own way," she explained, "but I seldom get it—at the studio, anyhow. So when I get it at home, I take advantage of it."

"Monte Carlo" is, quite logically, her favorite picture to date. Yet she wants to do drama.

"Just for a couple of pictures, I'd like to give up subtlety and wring some hearts. I'm ever so slightly tired of playing parts starting on top of the world—with a title and a bad disposition. I'm human enough to want a part where I struggle and struggle, so people will sympathize with me."

Such a rash departure for a lady already proven a comedienne is difficult. Jeanette is quite aware of this, but not worried.

"I've been marvellously lucky. The right things have happened at just the right time. Some indulgent fate, or whatever you want to call it, seems to have looked after my interests from the very first."

The "very first" was in Philadelphia, her birthplace. Her ancestry covers thoroughly the British Isles, producing in her a mixture of English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh.

"With just enough Dutch blood in me to explain my murder of the King's English when I get excited," Jeanette said. "There's a little bit of Dutch in almost every good Philadelphian, and you never can be sure that an 'already yet' won't escape you in moments of stress."

Of good, sturdy Presbyterian stock, it was the church that brought Jeanette into the theatre.

"When I was three, I sang the 'Glory Song' at the Sunday School Bazaar. That was my debut."

When she was three and a half, her sister was taking dancing lessons. On one afternoon, there was no one with whom to leave Jeanette, the baby. So Mrs. MacDonald took her along when she accompanied Blossom to dancing school.

Jeanette, who must have been one of those taffy-haired, blue-eyed, pink-and-white confections [Continued on page 62]
The answer to what's become of Sally. The cute Miss Phipps is now on Broadway playing a baby star in the burlesque on Hollywood called "Once in a Lifetime". Sally had no stage experience but the managers after one look hired her regardless. And Sally wowed them.

MARSHALL NEILAN is being sued by Pat Powers, former partner of the director, for $11,881 on a personal note.

Mickey hasn't worked much during the past year, and it's rather doubtful if he has assets to that amount.

Anything can happen in cinemaland. Studios often report small losses—lamps and other articles are stolen from sets—but the officials of the Tec-Art Studios really became quite excited when they learned a piano had been taken from the lot. The burglars probably had an ear for music.

ALL the racket men aren't in Chicago.

A lad, posing as a famous jockey, took plenty of dough away from some of the wise film folk by pulling the oldest race-track racket in the world.

Alberca Vaughn went for plenty of jack, while Jack Oakie was tipped off in time and is still off the sucker list. The phoney jockey claimed to have certain races fixed and let his clients win the first time, but always got them on the comeback.

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon, Hollywood's newest newlyweds, have just about given up the thought of ever having any pets. At least, they're terribly disgusted with the idea. A pet pooch developed rabies and had to be killed, and Bebe's maid was bitten by a kitten. The whole household was in an uproar for a week.

PETER the Hermit, one of Hollywood's strange characters who wander around the boulevard, played the star rôle in "What The Well Dressed Hermit Shouldn't Wear" the other day.

A couple of cops spied Peter in his scanty, health wardrobe and ran him in. Peter has promised not to shock the modest denizens of the film village in the future.
Gloria Swanson appeared at the Mayfair Club dance on the arm of a Mr. J. R. T. Ryan, whose other name is not the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. But lookit the look Gloria's giving this Ryan gent and remember she's just filed suit for divorce. Now do you suppose . . .

JESSE WILLARD, former world's heavyweight champion, who has been quite successful in Hollywood real estate, has opened one of the most elaborate meat markets on the Coast.

His patrons include many of the screen luminaries. It's quite fancy.

OSCAR STRAUSS, famous composer, has a big mad on at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

It seems the studio failed to make a full payment on Oscar's contract. Thus a law suit for $7000.

FRANK ALBERTSON'S heart is all a-flutter over pretty Virginia Shelley, baby-voiced dancer at the United Artists Studio.

for January 1931

Welcome, stranger. After two years abroad Anna May Wong comes back—but only to America, not Hollywood. Anna May, playing on the London stage, made such a hit Broadway cabled her and she's come back to supply the seductive, Oriental note in a big New York production

Social notes from the exclusive Mayfair dances . . .

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, who usually occupy the royal chairs of King and Queen of the occasion, were not present. . . . Madame le Marquis de Coudray (Gloria Swanson) reigned instead. . . . Glorious Gloria's hubby, Monsieur le Marquis Henri, frolicked about with lovely Constance Bennett . . . be smothered her with orchids and attentions. . . . Charlie Chaplin bad Marion Davies . . . who was quite nonchalant the whole evening. . . . Winnie Sheehan planted Lois Moran on his arm for the royal affair. . . . Bill Haines did funny dances with Bebe Daniels. . . .

GILDA GREY, who started a feminine movement all her own, and divorced wife of Gil Boag, producer, is in Hollywood on a vacation—and she's having a couple of romances on the side.

One is H. H. Van Loan, scenarist and playwright, who is having marital difficulties. He's a onetime pal of Marjorie Rambeau.

Number Two is Arthur Letts, Jr., department store owner with a very large bank account. [Continued on page 56]
DEATH! Grim, icy-fingered, relentless.

To some it comes on the field of battle—a hero’s farewell. For others the final chapter is written in the annals of progress—the march of industry. A mine caves in and takes its toll of human life—a railroad spans an empire and exacts its tribute in broken lives. Heroes all! And a nation pays them homage.

Yet there are others, gallant, unsung heroes, who write the story of their heroism in their life’s blood. The valorous men and women who risk their lives for the shadowy seconds which bring you thrills—daredevils of the silver screen.

 Almost every picture of more than average scope has its tale of bravery and daring on the part of those who helped in its creation. The producers do not wish this and do all they can to guard against it. They are not to be blamed. Epics of the war and of the air, of the cattle country, of the frozen north—to film them requires hundreds of extras, droves of horses and cattle, tons of dynamite, thousands of blank cartridges, squadrons of airplanes. It is inevitable that human lives are sacrificed in the mammoth achievements.

The story has been told of the lives lost during the making of “Noah’s Ark”—of the frightful plane crash that sent ten men plunging to oblivion during the filming of “Such Men Are Dangerous” (it was in this accident that Kenneth Hawks, husband of Mary Astor, lost his life). Everyone knows by now that $4,000,000 was not the sole cost of “Hell’s Angels.” Several of Mr. Hughes’ airplanes were piloted by Death!

The explosions in “The Painted Desert” were carefully planned and every care was taken by the producers to remove the element of danger. Yet, things went wrong—two men lost their lives.
Despite precautions of producers, the unknown Hero-Extras of Hollywood gamble with danger—and lose!

By Allan Jordan

During the last few months three new epics of the screen have made this fatal accounting: seven men killed and over a hundred hurt in accidents or stricken by illness in the course of their work before the cameras. Remember, this covers only three pictures, out of the dozens that were being made during that period. There may have been—and undoubtedly were—other casualties.

Two of the deaths mentioned above occurred during the production of "The Painted Desert," a mining story recently screened by Pathé. The director, Howard Higgin, the star, Bill Boyd, and a troupe of extras, cameramen, prop boys and technicians were sent into the magnificent Painted Desert country to get authentic backgrounds. The big scene of the entire picture was the blowing-up of a mine. Two tons of dynamite were planted in the top of a hill and it was planned to set off the dangerous explosive in five charges.

But only three of those charges went off—for with the third charge, all hell broke loose on the Painted Desert. Someone had underestimated the force of the charge—an entire hilltop went crashing through space—and two men, a sound technician and a truck driver were blown into eternity. A third, the operator of the controls, was badly injured. Forty others, among them the director, suffered injuries ranging from slight cuts and bruises to severe wounds.

In the midst of the chaos that followed, it was discovered that there was no doctor near. One had been brought from Hollywood with the company, but, in true motion picture fashion, had departed before the day of the hazardous scene.

"Fighting Caravans" had its death-list, too. Five lives on the red side of the ledger. A unit including Gary Cooper, Lily Damita, and three hundred extras was sent into the mountains above Sonora Pass. The troupe pitched camp at a "jumping-off" place called Dardanelles, an altitude of six thousand feet. There were a few shacks for the stars and featured players, but most of the company was quartered in tents. It was only October and no snow was anticipated.

But a freak blizzard [Continued on page 62]
ALONG CAME YOUTH  
Paramount  
Rating: GOOD

Once again Stuart Erwin, dumb-looking comic, proves himself a star, stealing "Along Came Youth" from such a favorite as Buddy Rogers. Stuart, as a near-sighted horse-trainer, lands in Europe with his penniless master, Buddy. Buddy, as an ordinary chef, is taken to be the owner of a large estate. Along comes a swell girl—Frances Dee—and you know the rest. Good fun.

FATHER’S SON  
First National  
Rating: GOOD

"Father’s Son" is a decidedly different picture—and it has been done intelligently; with much understanding on the part of the director and players. A small boy is misunderstood by his father, and eventually causes a breach between his father and mother. But it is through the same little boy’s reasoning-out of the situation that they are reunited. Lewis Stone and Irene Rich are the parents, Leon Janney, the boy.

SEE AMERICA THIRST  
Universal  
Rating: GOOD

Baby-Faced Harry Langdon and Sad-Faced Slim Summerville put on their best burlesque manner and make fun of the Chicago racketeers and their gang wars. The picture is without an ounce of reason, but it’s continuously funny. Goofy gags, wise-cracks—all crazy, but hilarious, nevertheless. Bessie Love, Mitchell Lewis, Matthew Berz, Stanley Fields, make up the excellent supporting cast.

MIN and BILL  
M.-G.-M.  
Rating: SPLENDID

"Min and Bill" is a dramatic yarn of a self-sacrificing wharf rat’s mother-love for a nameless waif whom she loves enough to kill for—and also the love of another derelict for her. Into this heavy stuff come many moments of grand comedy supplied by those grand performers, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery. Marie Dressler is marvelous. So is Beery and the whole cast. See this.

TOM SAWYER  
Paramount  
Rating: EXCELLENT

Oh, what a swell picture this is! For the kids and all the grown-ups. "Tom Sawyer" is so human, so natural. All the humor of Mark Twain’s book is present—whimsical ideas and all those lovely, thrilling things that happen to kids, living adventure with their own ideas on romance. Jackie Coogan is better than ever. Junior Durkin, Mitzi Green and the whole cast contribute splendid performances.
A LADY'S MORALS
M.-G.-M.
Rating: EXCELLENT
There have been few really worthwhile musical films. This is one. It is a beautiful piece of work. Charming romance, combined with the lovely voice of Grace Moore, opera star, who really can act as well as sing magnificently. The story concerns the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, her world fame, and her simple love for a poor composer. Wallace Beery and Reginald Denny supply the comedy.

LIGHTNIN'
Fox
Rating: EXCELLENT
Mark up another hit for Will Rogers. America's supreme humorist. "Lightnin" easily wins its right to be called excellent. All the whimsical charm that Frank Bacon gave the stage show has been preserved, added to by Will Rogers. He makes you laugh and weep at the story of the lovable 'ne'er-do-well', Lightnin' Bill, who saves his own marriage as well as several others. The whole cast is grand, too.

for JANUARY 1931

INDISCRETION
United Artists
Rating: GOOD
Movie fans will have a new star to rave over after they see "Indiscretion". Evelyn Laye, English musical comedy luminary, who here makes her American debut. A trite plot—that of the little flower girl in the rough cabaret who is purer than suspected—is redeemed by the bright dialogue and refreshing performances of Leon Errol, John Boles and the lovely Miss Laye. There are some catchy tunes for you to hum.

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY
First National
Rating: GOOD
An amusing, homely little story about a hen-pecked father, who fosters his little daughter's romance so that she may have the happiness he has lost. It is done with laughter and a wealth of sympathy and beautifully played. Loretta Young and Grant Withers (Mr. and Mrs. in real life) are the lovers, while O. P. Heggie is outstanding as the father. Quiet entertainment but worth-while.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY
Warner's
Rating: GOOD
Winnie Lightner is a grand clown. Anything goes with her, and that's just the kind of a story she has here in this wild yarn about two little gold diggers and how they work. She works hard and puts over her special brand of personality in grand fashion. All Technicolor this. A new clown, Charles Butterworth, is extremely funny and Irene Delroy makes a pretty heroine.
Harold Lloyd is still a funny man in talkies, but he is not the consistent comic of the silents. "Feet First", the story of a struggling shoe clerk, who takes a personality course and gets in complications, including love, is largely an audible version of "Safety Last" with the exciting thrills pepped up, yet on the whole, the picture is pretty mild fun. Barbara Kent makes a charming heroine. Wise-cracks aren't right for Harold.

This might have been just another picture but fine acting, brilliant dialogue and clever direction have turned it into one of those lovely, romantic films you can't forget. Nancy Carroll plays a chorus girl who marries for money and then finds she can't do without laughter. Fredric March is the young lover and he almost steals the production despite Nancy's vivid performance.

With a great story showing the woman's side of the war and a great cast headed by Robert Montgomery, Anita Page, Robert Ames and June Walker, something glorious should have emerged from "War Nurse." Instead there is too much plot and too much movie suffering which can probably be blamed on bad direction. What value this has comes from the sincere acting of the cast.

You'll probably like "Derelict" because it's terribly thrilling in a different locale. There are some marvelous ship scenes and an exciting collision. And, of course, there are villains sneering revenge on a sweet young thing who must be saved by the hero. George Bancroft gives a different performance, that of a man who displays great moral courage, and Jessie Royce Landis, a new leading lady, is clever.

As the little milliner who became a monarch's mistress, but lost her life for love, Norma Talmadge gives us a vivid DuBarry. But she lacks the subtle wickedness one has come to associate with the role. William Farnum is handsome as Louis XV, but Conrad Nagel's portrayal of DuBarry's lover is too stolid. Settings of glamorous beauty help to make this interesting.

A dull role in the talkies is still a novelty, but there is no legitimate excuse for slowness and lack of spontaneity. That's what is wrong with "Brothers." The story shows the effect of environment on two brothers—one brought up in wealth, the other in poverty—the one good, the other bad, who fall in love with the same girl. Bert Lytell does his best to put it over.
THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST
First National
Rating: GOOD
You can’t stop a fine actress. Ann Harding, usually the sensitive sophisticate, here turns in a fine performance of a primitive girl of early America. The story is wildest melodrama—the tale of the girl saloon-keeper who falls in love with a highwayman, fights with the sheriff over his life, and eventually wins. But Ann and James Rennie make it worth seeing especially for “Western” fans.

ADIOS
First National
Rating: FAIR.
This is the same old Spanish-California story—the bandit-hero robs the rich to give to the poor. Richard Barthelmess, however, does add some glamour to such a role because he is a sincere and earnest actor. There happens to be a very thrilling cattle stampede which provides the exciting moments and Mary Astor adds another good performance to her already long list. But Dick Barthelmess deserves better material.

VIRTUOUS SIN
Paramount
Rating: GOOD
The story of a young wife’s struggle to win over a stern Russian general, who has commanded that her husband be shot, by vampimg him. Fate plays against her and she falls in love with her intended victim. These are the splendid situations of “The Virtuous Sin” weakened by inferior handling, but Kay Francis plays the wife, and Walter Huston, the general, which helps.

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EXTRAVAGANCE
Tiffany
Rating: GOOD
One of those domestic things, definitely feminine with many moments which will hit home at young wives and husbands. The theme is ancient—a woman’s love for clothes and the husband who doesn’t earn enough money. Ah, don’t forget the wealthy villain-about-town. He’s there, yes sir! Jameson Thomas, English actor, makes his debut and June Collyer and Lloyd Hughes do nicely.
LAST month SILVER SCREEN started its big Slogan Contest.

Five hundred dollars for five little words, or four, or less.

The slogans are pouring in. What about yours?

What does SILVER SCREEN mean to you? How would you describe it? What slogan would you use?

SCREENLAND'S slogan is "America's Smart Screen Magazine."

We need something like that to describe us.

What's the slogan for SILVER SCREEN?

We want a slogan that will express the spirit of our magazine, which is the spirit of Hollywood, too. Words that will epitomize the gay impudence, scintillating brilliance, real intelligence and youthful romance that is the motion picture industry. That's what we want to express.

This is your magazine and it's up to you to choose a subtitle for it. Make it short, snappy and different.

Remember, five hundred dollars for five words or less!

RULES OF CONTEST

1. There will be a prize of $500 for the slogan selected.

2. In case the winning slogan has been submitted by more than one contestant, the full award will be given to each person.

3. Slogan must not be over five words, but can be less.

4. The judges will be a committee of members of SILVER SCREEN'S staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit slogans. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

5. Contest closes on midnight of January 10th. SILVER SCREEN assumes no responsibility for manuscripts submitted, but the editors will be very glad to answer any questions regarding the contest.

6. Send your slogans to "Slogan Editor," SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th St., New York City.
Laura La Plante Presents

An Ideal Winter Wardrobe for the Smart and Thrifty Girl

Laura selects for her very dressed-up dates, this darling black velvet suit, a bit expensive but good for ages. In three pieces, it has a white wool lace blouse and is trimmed with pure white, shaved lapin, with a cute beret and scarf to match. Complete, $135.00.
Would You Like Copies of Laura's:

Just write Louise Bonney, SILVER SCREEN'S Fashion Editor, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

If a dash of wickedness is news in sports clothes, this deserves a front page. Chanel jersey in black, green, red or blue, the two-piece dress has a Peter Pan-nish air in its pique collar and cuffs. The pert hat with dashing feather comes in the same shades. Dress, $55.00. Hat, $17.50.

Now that the mode is to be devastatingly feminine again, Laura wears this romantic white satin evening gown with its coy little cap sleeves and very long skirt. Or you can have it in pastel shades, $39.50.

A demure coat in a dashing color, hunter's green, with stunning nutria collar and cuffs and very chic belt. The beret is of striped soliel, very smart for all seasons. Coat $98.50. Hat $15.00.
Costumes as Shown on These Pages?

Or, if you merely want advice on how to dress more smartly, what colors to wear, or any other fashion problem, Miss Bonney will be glad to help you.

Oh, what a difference between this and most black and white dinner dresses! You may wear it late afternoons or evenings, if you like. Of soft black ninon with flattering white yoke and white fur trimming. $75.00.

If you want to be nonchalant, don this nubby tweed coat in brown, yellow and white mixture with its gay, wrap-around collar and very trick cuffs. Good for several winters, price $79.50. All costumes courtesy Best & Co.

Oh, what a difference between this and most black and white dinner dresses! You may wear it late afternoons or evenings, if you like. Of soft black ninon with flattering white yoke and white fur trimming. $75.00.

Just a front view of the hat on the opposite page and a cute view of charming Laura.
CINDERELLA story, male version. Roy Radabaugh, a talented but obscure young art student, wandered unknown into Hollywood. Columbia, hunting a "Tol'able David," saw him, changed his name to Richard Cromwell and handed him the leading role.
THE only thing Paramount could discover that could say "neigh" to Lily Damita was a horse, so they cast the flower of France in "Fighting Caravans," a Western full of four-footed stars and one six-foot one, Gary Cooper. They expect a real box-office stampede.
As slumbrous and mysterious as the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, the brunette Evelyn Brent pursues her independent way, playing only parts that please her. You'll see her next as "The Madonna of the Streets" for Columbia Pictures.
A LASS of a different coloring, the platinum blonde Miriam Hopkins leapt from Broadway to Astoria to be the best of "The Best People" for Paramount. She's a different young thing, this Hopkins gal, and her debut is worth the watching.
"SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY" and there seems to be quite a celebration when beautiful Constance Bennett and debonair Kenneth McKenna fall deep in the arms of love and Pathe.
Is HE the SECOND CHANEY?

His NAME is Bela Lugosi. Like the beloved Lon, he is a man of mystery and a master of make-up.

He is working in movies at Universal, where Lon Chaney worked, being directed by Tod Browning, the man who directed nearly all of Lon's greatest pictures. His great rôle, "Dracula," is that of an "undead" vampire who lives on the blood of humans, a part, that had he lived, would inevitably have gone to Chaney.

Lugosi, when first approached to make a picture of "Dracula"—he had played it on the stage—refused. Tests of other players were made. No one could be discovered who could effectively portray this supernatural character. Finally Lugosi signed for four weeks.

Before the cameras, he completed his work in one day. Again like Lon—an artist who knows his job and does it quietly and quickly.

Only in appearance does he differ. He is six feet one in height, with the dreamy, strange face of a mystic. His deep-set eyes have a peculiar fascinating quality.

Lon is gone but his art lives after him. May Lugosi be worthy of following in the path he made so thoroughly his own.
HELL'S

"Outstrips anything that has
"The talkies' first great spectacle!"—Motion Picture Magazine
"Deserves to be witnessed and applauded in

NEW YORK TELEGRAM:
"Howard Hughes has produced an aviation spectacle the like of which has not previously been seen on the screen...breath-taking and thrilling beyond description."

BOSTON POST: "It is a masterly achievement, the greatest spectacle the screen has yet seen. All other air-films would be anti-climaxes. You will be enthralled by the magnificent photography and held spell-bound by the sensational stunts of the flying circus."

LOS ANGELES EXPRESS: "An achievement in picture drama that will stand for a long time to come as a model to aim at in the realm of spectacle."
ANGELS come before!" —Detroit Times

"Surpasses anything else that has been done!"—New York Evening Post
every picture-house in the world"—Theatre Magazine

CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL-TRIBUNE: "Iron nerves went to smash and strong hearts become of no use at all during the Cincinnati screening of 'Hell's Angels'. More power to Howard Hughes, who directed the picture and who spent millions of dollars in making this amazing epic of the air."

DETROIT NEWS: "All aerial accomplishments of past movies fade away by comparison with 'Hell's Angels'. Everyone who sat and stood three deep in the rear of the house got the thrill of his and her movie life-time."

SEATTLE STAR: "A production which can never be duplicated. Stands alone as the greatest of air pictures."

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC: "The most stupendous thing of its kind ever filmed. Tops them all."

Actual scene from "Hell's Angels" showing giant Zeppelin featured in the picture
Sally Forth

The chatterer of Hollywood, Sally Forth, will be glad to answer any questions you have about movies or stars or both. Write Sally at Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

ELLEN: Another Lew Ayres booster! The lad certainly gets the girls. He is twenty-two years old and is five feet nine inches tall. You can see him now in "East Is West" and "The Doorway to Hell", neither of which is so hot, or you can wait until his next picture, which will be "Mississippi!"

As for girl friends, Lew plays the field. Now aren't you curious, wanting to know all of Nancy Carroll's beauty secrets? Her hair isn't really curly but it has a soft wave which lends itself to finger waving. At present she's letting it grow and it's just shoulder length. That's the most popular length nowadays.

SERAFINA NERVA: Why, I think your writing's swell, Serafina. And the only thing about your questions is that I promised Nancy Carroll I wouldn't tell all the things I know. However, Nancy's real name is Nancy La Hiff, and before and she's Irish, mum. She's been married about seven years and has a darling little girl five years old named Patricia. The Catholic Church finds Nancy at mass regularly, but as to her age, why Serafina, don't you know you must never ask a lady how old she is?

Nancy's pictures with Buddy Rogers have been "Abie's Irish Rose", "Close Harmony", "Illustration", and "Fourth Thrill". As to Buddy, he's American and proud of it and he's twenty-five years old.

Getting down to little Janet Gaynor, her real name is Laura Gaynor and she was born in Philadelphia—which makes her American, too, doesn't it?

And you know how girls are about printing the size of their shoes. Both Nancy and Janet made me promise not to tell, but I'll guess at their wearing about threes. But I won't even guess publicly about the size I wear.

PANSY: I'm so glad you like our new magazine. I like it, too!

To obtain a picture of Lowell Sherman, just write to RKO Studios, 780 Governor St., Hollywood, and enclose a quarter.

MARIAN WEIGEL: Yes, the Montgomery Ward played opposite Joan Crawford in "Untamed". And he was swell, wasn't he? Every woman in Hollywood is twittering over him—me included.

Joan Crawford, Sue Carol, Anita Page and Mary Brian have secretaries, but I don't know them. I'm that important I just talk to the players themselves.

As to the glamorous Garbo, she's still heart-whole and keeping quiet.

Marvyn 'Sunny' Miller has had two flings at matrimony. First with Frank Carter, a dancer, 'way back in the dim, dark ages, and second with Jack Pickford, who recently married Mary Mulhern. Marilyn, though, has gotten no further than the engagement stage with anyone else. At present she's appearing on Broadway in "Smiles", Ziegfeld's new show. And she's knocking New York for the well-known loop.

NELL AND EV: And why do you want to know if Buddy Rogers typeswites? Were you thinking of hiring him for your secretary? Well, Buddy has a little portable typewriter which he operates on the hunt-and-peck system. But don't offer him a job—he's got a good one.

His next picture, "Along Came Youth", is being made on the West Coast. Too bad, too bad, the East doesn't get a break. I'm sorry I can't give you his home address—

I'm not allowed!

FRIEND ANTHONY: Whotta question, whotta question?

So you want to get in pictures. You and fifty million others. Well, here's the first bit of advice—graduate from High School, then go on to college if you can, and by that time you'll probably be so wise you'll laugh at acting as a career. Then, write me again and I'll tell you how to crash the gates—that is, the outer gates at the Santa Fe Station.

JULIET: Don't believe all you hear about love in Hollywood. Lots and lots of couples have found a very real happiness there. Look at...

INTERVIEWER: "And this, I suppose is your Roman plunge?"

STAR: "Dear me no—that's just the horse trough."

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe. Look at—oh, well, name them yourself.

Grace Moore's first picture is "A Lady's Morale", based on the life of Jenny Lind, the famous songstress.

Betty Compton and Kay Johnson played opposite Gary Cooper in "The Spoilers", the lucky girls.

MARTIE PORTER C: Of course, you know Joan Crawford's a mighty busy young lady, what with starring in " Within the Law", and keeping house for Doug, Jr., so she probably hasn't gotten around to answering your letter yet, or sending you a picture. But I think you'll get it eventually. Just don't lose hope.

As to becoming an intimate with Norma Shearer, that is quite a problem. And I fear nothing can be done about it. For no matter how much a movie star might like to meet and know her admirers personally, her time is so limited that she has to divide it as best she can among the many.

LITTLE EVA: Yes, Gloria and her Marquis have finally split. The divorce suit was filed in October. Just another case of a career and marriage not mixing. Which proves that the movie stars don't find happiness often, for all their fame and money. Take Gloria, she's been married three times, and yet she is one of the loneliest women in the world.

FAST COMPANY: Lupe Velez is under contract to Universal—in a business way. But Gary Cooper has a long-term option on her time after studio hours. That's really one of the big romances of Hollywood. Lupe has become lots quieter since going with the silent Cooper gentleman, while Gary has gone Mexican, and how! He eats Mexican food, drinks Mexican beverages, and puts chili sauce on his beans. That's what love does to one!

ALICE: You'll get a chance to see Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco" opposite Gary Cooper. That will be her first American picture.

Despite all their denials, I rather think she and Josef von Sternberg like each other. It may be only friendship, though, Marlene claims to be devoted to her husband in Germany—but where have we heard that before?

SURE-FIRE: June Collyer is about five feet five inches tall, and very slim. Her hair isn't naturally curly—but what's a permanent wave between friends? And you can rest assured that she creates quite a commotion among the weaker (meaning male) sex, whenever she enters a room.

The biggest vamps aren't always the hot-syrupotics in real life, anyway.

DESPERATE DESMOND: Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque are appearing on Broadway at present, so you won't be able to see them soon in a movie.

Vilma has never stood alone—her only very successful pictures were those with Ronald Colman. And after all, Ronald is Ronald. Need we say more? He's my weakness, for one.
THE NEW STYLES ARE A TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN BEAUTY

The American girl developed today's standards of beauty: the rounded slimmness of glowing health. And the new styles—from trim, revealing sports togs to clinging evening gowns—are a tribute to that beauty!

Yet even the most active girl of today must count calories at times to keep the slenderness so necessary to look well.

But unwise dieting may do far more harm than good. Diets which lack roughage (and most reducing diets do) frequently cause improper elimination. Poisons accumulate in the system—causing pimples, wrinkles, sallow skins, headaches, dizziness and even serious illness.

This Danger may be avoided by simply including Kellogg's All-Bran in an adequate reducing diet. All-Bran isn't fattening. It provides the roughage your system must have to keep clean, regular and healthy. It also adds iron, which brings color to the cheeks and helps prevent dietary anemia.

Try this pleasant ready-to-eat cereal instead of dangerous pills and drugs. You'll enjoy the many ways you can serve it: as a cereal, sprinkled over salads, cooked into muffins and breads.

Ask for Kellogg's—the original All-Bran. Recommended by dietitians. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

The New Styles as worn by LAURA LA PLANTE
Beautiful Universal Star

"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

contains helpful counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free.
FRANK MAYO was arrested the other night for sleeping on somebody’s lawn in Hollywood.
Frank Mayo, the actor, was embarrassed considerably when his friends called up, offering him beds to sleep in.
The Frank Mayo in jail was not the actor.

* * *

Arthur Caesar’s idea of a press agent is the guy who cackles when somebody lays on an egg.

* * *

RAMON NOVARRO plays rough with his women.
While kidding around at Lawrence Tibbett’s house one Sunday afternoon, Ramon and Elsie Janis got to pushing and wrestling with each other.
Finally, Elsie got Ramon down on the floor and sat on his chest. Ramon, still kidding, gave a sudden lurch and threw Elsie to the floor, putting her shoulder out of place.
She didn’t know about the slight injury until the next morning when her shoulder pained her.
Yes, they’re still friends—but not on wrestling terms.

* * *

RENEE ADOREE has returned to the sanitarium at Prescott, Arizona, for a complete rest and care of her delicate lungs. She is there under the name of Mrs. Gill. 
Ela Lee is at the same place, registered under the name of Mrs. Appel, endeavoring to regain her health also.

* * *

GLORIA SWANSON’S titled hubby, the Marquis Henri, blames Hollywood for causing their divorce, claiming that the cinema village is no place to be married.

* * *

Credit Herbert Rawlinson with this one.
Clara Bow was swimming this summer in front of her Malibu Beach bungalow. As she came out of the water, her wet bathing suit revealing her Is, That, These and Those, she saw an old man standing in front of her cottage.
“Hello, Grandpa,” pipped up Clara.
“How old are you?”
“Grandpa took one look at Clara and answered, ‘Eighty—dammnit’”

* * *

RUMORS are going the rounds that Mack Sennett, confirmed bachelor, would listen to the wedding bells peal and walk down that well known aisle with Marjorie Beene, his favorite star.

* * *

BEFORE Maurice Chevalier departed for a vacation in Paris he was tendered a dinner at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel.

In his speech of thanks for the honor shown him, the French star gave special mention of gratitude to B. P. Schulberg and Jesse Lasky.
When asked why he hadn’t included M. C. Levee, studio business manager, Maurice replied simply: “I did not thank him because he has done nothing for me to thank him for.”
And that’s that.

LEROY MASON, Rita Carfew’s hubby, who is in the business (besides acting now and then on the screen) of selling radios and automobiles, got himself in jail trying to do a favor for Gary Cooper.
It seems that Gary, interested in one of the radios for his car, had parked said machine in a no-parking zone near LeRoy’s shop. Upon seeing a cop writing out a ticket while they were in the store, LeRoy rushed out and started to give well known deacon of the law an argument which eventually was resented.
One word led to another—and LeRoy was finally led to the Beverly Hills jail for talking back and getting fresh.
After twenty-four hours, LeRoy learned he had only saved Gary from getting a ticket.

* * *

Bryant Washburn is passing out the cigars.
He’s the proud papa of a seven-pound baby girl.
Carver Marris and Robert Montgomery are acting likewise.
They are baby girls’ fathers, also.

* * *

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT was sued by a local film publication for payment on advertising space. He lost.
May McAvoy, sued by the same publication, won because said magazine failed to publish the correct picture.

* * *

MILDRED VAN DORN, cunning little newcomer to the talkies, is getting along right nicely in a romantic way.
She’s been dining with Lloyd Corrigan, Paramount director, on one night—and with Edwin Justus Mayer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer writer and director, on the next evening.

* * *

ADRIENNE DORE, beauty contest winner and leading lady in Christie comedies, is getting all hot and bothered about Vernon Rickard, local musical comedy and radio tenor.

* * *

Viola Dana, Hollywood’s unluckiest girl in love, is now married to Jimmy Thompson, professional golfer.
Gunsmoke looks on and wonders. Vi is thirty-six and Jimmy is quite a bit younger.
Vi is called unlucky because her first hubby, John Collins, director, died of the “flu.” She was engaged to marry Omar Locklear, aviator, when he was killed—
on the eve of their announcement. Her second husband, Maurice “Lefty” Flynn, football star, was much too fond of liquid refreshments. Vi, herself, is a good little scout. Here’s luck this time, Viola, and lots of it.

JEANETTE LOFF, pretty light-haired actress, got her liberty bond at a local court and is now free to marry again.
Her current heart, Walter O’Keefe, song writer, is now doing ditties in New York.

* * *

Hayden Talbot, Fox writer, is being sued for divorce.
Wife, no actress was mentioned as correspondent.
Something unusual in Hollywood.
Test Your Skill

Qualify For the Opportunity To Win $650.00

The hunt is about to start. The hounds have been unleashed and are impatient to pick up the scent. Somewhere in the pack are two dogs exactly alike—identical to the eye in size, pose, markings on the legs, bodies, heads and tails. How well developed are your powers of observation? How quick is your eye? Can you find the twin dogs? It will cost you nothing to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

If you can find the twin dogs send the numbers together with your name and address. Six thousand dollars to be paid in 10 equal first prizes. Each one $600.00 or a brand new Chevrolet, 2-door sedan, the model pictured above, with many extra prizes of $50.00 each—you can win one by being prompt—making a total first prize of $650.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prizes 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, Illinois, or outside of the U.S.A. Mail your answer today.

J. F. LARSON,
Room 290, 54 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois
On closer inspection, the atmosphere of her surroundings takes on a different aspect—one of dignity and reserve—but not necessarily of mystery.

A wide lawn surrounds the house, but at this early morning hour it is deserted and silent. A heavy medicine ball lies on the grass. And an empty parrot cage. There is a rustle. I jump. A black and white cat strolls leisurely into view, followed by a small coal-black kitten. Hastily I snap some pictures and clamber down from my dangerous perch.

Garbo is nowhere to be seen so I decide to go and see the neighbors. Their house is only a few feet from Garbo’s, but completely screened by foliage. My visit reveals only one thing—Garbo’s neighbors have never met her nor exchanged a single word with her. I seem to know more about her after one evening of research than the people who had lived beside her for months.

I returned to my vantage point. This time through a small gap in the tree-wall I can see a figure lying on the grass in a patch of sunshine. It is Garbo. She is curled up under an old robe with only her bare legs visible. She talks to the cat. She sings in a deep pleasant voice a German song—Schubert’s Serenade. At twelve the cook comes out, bringing luncheon on a tray. Garbo speaks to her in English—asking for some Swedish bread! They talk for a moment—gesturing toward the empty cage. They are bewailing the fact that the parrot has flown away. Both are despondent, but Garbo especially feels the loss. For she loves all sorts of birds and animals, and is apt to take her whole crew of pets with her whenever she goes away for a week or two. When her kittens were at a veterinary hospital she went to see them every day.

Leaving Garbo to eat her luncheon in solitude, I take up my post across the street. Hours of waiting. Being Sunday, she prolongs her solitary sun-bath. At last she gets in the house and before long a lone figure emerges from the heavily shadowed driveway. She wears a polo coat and the inevitable beret, a white skirt and blue navy jacket and heavy flat-heeled shoes. She walks vigorously and so fast that I have difficulty in keeping up with her, even at a discreet distance. Through back streets, down into the canyon behind her home, then into the hills on the other side she plunges, with me fast on her heels. At last she doubles back toward the ocean, winding up finally at a house in a side street very near the sea. The mailbox tells me that it is the home of Viertel, the director. Mrs. Viertel, a German, played Marthe Drossler’s part in the German version of Anna Christie and coached Garbo in the language. They are close friends, and when she is not working, Garbo goes almost every day to the Viertels, and almost as often to the Feyders. Those two families are her closest friends, and she is gay and sociable when she is with them.

About four-thirty the entire Viertel family, including a crew of youngsters, emerges from the house with Garbo. They all pile into a Buick sedan. Garbo drives. She’s an erratic chauffeur and the cab which I hastily summon (having left my own Lizzie parked before her house) has difficulty following her devious route. But finally we end up at the Feyder home in Brentwood, some four miles away.

By this time I was quite proficient at looking over fences, so with a paeon of praise for Spanish patios, where all is open for the world to see, I manage to find a place from which I can view the Feyder festivities.

The entire French colony seems to have gathered there—among others I recognized Mirande, the writer, Gregore, the actor, and Andre Lugnet and his wife. The place is alive with children. There are three small Feyders and several small Lugnets.

Garbo comes into the patio, beret in hand. Her hair hangs almost straight to her shoulders, parted on one side as she wore it in “Anna Christie,” and without any attempt at coiffure. But she still wears a light make-up like that of the night before.

She talks to the children and plays with them. Obviously she loves them and they adore her. Then she talks to Feyder about the picture she is soon to begin and seems anxious about her work. Contrary to the accepted opinion, she adores her work and has no desire to give it up. And before each new picture, she is as nervous as an amateur. After each picture is completed, she is certain that she has given a bad performance and talks of leaving the screen. When the picture is a success—as it always is!—she decides to try once more! And because she is so engrossed in her work, she loves to talk about it even during her hours of relaxation.

Finally, she turns from Feyder, and leaning on the back of a chair, engages in conversation with Mirande. She is gay, laughing, full of life—not all the sombre melancholy figure I had expected her to be. The patio is alive with laughter and conversation.

Garbo stays just an hour. Then takes her departure alone. No one tries to stop her or to insist upon going with her. All seem to take it as a matter of course that she should leave suddenly and by herself. They understand her desire to be alone.

Again she strides along the quiet roads and back streets. She seems to know every stone—she walks alone from two to three hours every day, either early in the morning or late in the afternoon—whether she is working or not.

There is no sign of life anywhere, except for the tall solitary figure of Garbo. She turns up the driveway, dark and gloomy now that the sun has set.

It is my last sight of her for the day. There is no sound from the house and there are lights only in the bedroom and kitchen. Apparently she is having her dinner in bed, just as she frequently does when she is working.

It is eight-thirty. The golden moon hangs low in the cloudless California sky. The air is sweet with the scent of blossoms drifting down from distant hills. I watch the big house and see the lights being extinguished one by one. Then everywhere there is silence and peace. The garden lies quiet.

Garbo is asleep.
The Greatest Star in Hollywood

(Continued from page 32)

have sky-rocketed and vanished into the limbo of forgotten things.

Noted in silent screen roles, Clara Bow plays hearts, Harry Langdon gets a Hamlet complex, Colleen Moore leaves Hollywood for the stage, ad infinitum, world without end, amen.

Unquestionably Dick's early training and association influenced his beginnings and that foundation has proven of solid and lasting quality. When considering the why and wherefore of Barthelmess' long and successful career it is well to remember that foundation. No man ever really gets away from it. Heredity and environment do make the man, no matter what skeptics may say.

Unquestionably his artistic and temperament heritage are vital factors in his work. From this artistry he has inhered the fire and brilliance that mark his interpretations. His moody aspect and his deep, unforgettable eyes are hers.

While he was growing up, Richard Barthelmess spent many hours standing behind wings during the production of a play. Many an hour he sat and gazed dreamily at the experienced actor in a studio. Often he went to see a John Barrymore play and spent his visit not to enjoy the show so much as to study the famous Barrymore technique.

He had left Trinity College before his senior year. His mind was definitely set that acting was to be his life-work. There was nothing of the stage-struck youth about his early attitude. He had deliberately chosen the stage because he thought it a good money-making business. With this state of mind he set out to learn all he could about acting and the drama.

Today, after thirteen years, he is one of the few actors who can sit in story conferences and argue stories just as readily as an author, who can discuss directorial points with the greatest of directors. The fact is that Richard Barthelmess is one actor who is also a director, he has demonstrated in the past that he has the ability to tell a story and make it interesting. He has done this with a number of films, and he is one of the few actors who can do this with any success.

Six or seven years ago it would not have been possible to have a "Dawn Patrol." Barthelmess was not ripe for such work. His public were not prepared for it. They demanded the wiseful boy of "Tol'able David." Where there was suffering boy that won him his early following, which following he held so staunchly. But time changes all things. Barthelmess knows that, and thinks about it. The thing he would not have attempted five years ago he dares today—and with unfailing success.

Today, with maturity of mind and body, with more sophisticated audiences to appeal to, with an altered public attitude, he is not afraid to delineate a prize-fighter or a gangster or a hardboiled, unsympathetic scoundrel.

Another thing about this Barthelmess. He has sense enough to know that his pictures are known as Barthelmess productions, therefore anything of merit in his pictures will redound to his credit. Therefore, if a leading woman or a male support gives a great performance or comes near stealing the picture, the credit is, in the final analysis, to the star who made the picture.

Dozens of leading ladies have come near stealing Barthelmess pictures. And men, too. There was Bill Powell in "The Bright Shawl," Ernest Torrence in "Tol'able David," and only recently Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Neil Hamilton in "The Dawn Patrol".

What happened? Nothing except that such excellencies of acting and performance are expected in Barthelmess productions and such expectations are box-office—whichever you choose, box-office success, a full house, a housekeeper on the tightrope, and a housekeeper with a string of nights sold out. And then there is the mechanism of actual thinking. He thinks things out.

I remember an incident that will serve as an excellent example of what I mean. It happened during the making of "The Noise," generally conceded one of his finest characterizations.

Director John Francis Dillon outlined the action of the scene to the principals and Barthelmess. Then he suggested that they go through it. Barthelmess looked puzzled a minute and said, "Well, what am I thinking of in this scene?"

Again the director repeated the business of the scene, but Barthelmess interrupted: "You don't understand, Jack. What I want is not going on in my mind when I do these things. What am I thinking about? If I know that, the acting will take care of itself."

That's the Barthelmess formula.

Dick is an inveterate reader. He is unique in that he not only boasts a large library but also knows what is in the books. In addition, he reads the best and latest magazines. These two points, coupled with his semi-annual visits to New York, his periodic globe-trotting and his general interest in public affairs, give him breadth of view and an up-to-dateness highly important in a business that depends largely on its timeliness.

He makes it a business to see the latest pictures, believing that it is of inestimable value to him to know what type of pictures are succeeding and what are not. If he were at all possible to touch the one vital secret of his success, I should say that it was "thought"—the mechanics of actual thinking. He thinks things out.

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What the Stars Forecast for the Stars

[Continued from page 30]

that has given us those magnificent characterizations of her. And it was brains that enabled her to come back as she has.

Gloria Swanson's greatest happiness is yet before her. She is coming under aspects which will bring her the big love of her life, an affair that will make the others pale into insignificance.

"One of the fine things about this chart is that it shows a woman not afraid to strike out in new paths. The Sun in Aries, makes Gloria the pioneer type to have a go at the unknown and the untried. If it turns out a mistake, she is ready to scrap everything and begin over again."

"Yes, Gloria's bad time is over. She's on the up-grade now, with new successes and happiness waiting for her in the future. The stars show that she would do well to stick to emotional roles and not go in too heavily for comedy. But whatever she does she can expect to have many more of the typically well-themed, beautifully artswon films."

And now about that blond enigma from the land of the Midnight Sun. I thought to myself 'Here's where I find our all about the only Garbo.' Garbo's birthday is September 18th. But what I heard only added to my bewilderment. For the first thing Mrs. Wells said was: 'This is by all odds the most deeply and truly emotional of all these charts. Garbo has her Venus in Scorpio, the intensest of the signs.'

And that's the girl, who, at the onset of her career in Hollywood, when her dramatic future was hanging in the balance, calmly said: "I go home now."

"Greta is a strongly Virgo person. Most of her planets are in Virgo. And Virgo is the critical, fundamentally 'feet-on-the-ground' sign. That's where she gets that marvellous poise, that indifferent exterior masking the emotional depths underneath. And what depths! It is the reflection of those subterranean fires we catch glimpses of in the smouldering Anna Christie and the passionate woman of 'Romance.' That's not only acting, it's the brief surging up of the intense forces a woman can know. It's the real Greta that comes to us on the screen no matter how she may control it in her life."

"She is like a volcano hidden under sailing fields and peaceful woodland. It would take much to move her, but once the real thing comes, there will be fireworks. Her Mercury is in Virgo, and while her Scorpio Venus gives her depths, a Mercury so placed that they are counter-balance of an excellent mentality. There may be fireworks, but the outside world will know little about them."

Greta Garbo is building for an even greater fame than she has won so far. And there are indications that she will be kinder to her adoring following. This coming year, she will do even bigger films than ever before, and finer work."

'Speaking of publicity, I learned that little Clara Bow may have promised to be good, but it doesn't look as if she would keep that promise. This present year she must watch her step."

Mrs. Wells said: "Neptune, that myste-

rious, subtle planet is badly placed in Clara's horoscope. She was born July 29th, and that means a peculiar time ahead. She may find herself surrounded by unfavorable conditions that she can't fight. Her wisest plan is to take every precaution to keep out of trouble, for once in, it would be like trying to grope her way out of a fog."

"She should especially watch the women in close contact with her. They are bad medicine for Clara. And she must be careful about her health. If she wants to stay well and fit, she should be strictly temperate in all health habits, watch her diet and exercise and seldom over-indulge." One would expect the "It" girl to have an intensely emotional chart, but Mrs. Wells says this isn't so.

"Clara has a rather lovely, little-girl idealism, but she takes love affairs lightly . . . not often experiencing a deep feeling."

"There is a special warning to Clara for this year. Watch out for water! And the ocean doesn't mean ocean voyages or fishing trips only. She might slip in the tub!"

So take care Clara . . . keep away from women, water, and the press."

Now what about that other youngster who has come to the front so rapidly this last year . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.? His birthday is December 9th. If ever the stars seemed to smile on a person, they are smiling on Young Doug. A beautiful, devoted wife, fine pictures that have already made him one of our most popular stars, health, wealth and happiness.

Mrs. Wells said that Doug is now in the best period of his whole life . . . and that it was going to continue for some time. No trouble ahead for Doug Jr., but greater opportunities to develop his artistic gifts, to enjoy life, to love and be loved by Joan. He should seize every chance, conserve his money. In short, he should build firmly now, for the planets are in such splendid helping array."

Then I asked Mrs. Wells about Doug's step-mother, Mary Pickford. Stars may come and stars may, and certainly do, go—but Mary Pickford is Mary Pickford. It looks like a critical time for her.

"It is a critical time," Mrs. Wells said: "Mary has felt the need to work, to express herself, but it won't be easy. Her very ambition may carry her into endeavors not suited to her, and she will have to work harder than she ever has before, and not reap the rewards such work should bring."

It's a very contradictory and unsatisfactory state of affairs. Neptune, who figures so largely in Clara Bow's new year, isn't any too well placed in Mary's chart either. In Mary's case, it seems to mean that the men near her will cause her sorrow. But if they do, no one but Mary will know it! She keeps her heart-aches to herself. But she can console herself with the knowledge that this is the most emotionally disturbing time she will ever have. Once over, she can be certain such circumstances won't recur."

During this talk with Mrs. Wells, I'd heard so much about those trouble-makers Saturn and Uranus, that I asked her if they never had a good effect on people."

"But of course they do!" she said. "The chart of Norma Shearer born August 10th is a fine example of what they can do in a constructive way. She not only has Saturn where he can't hurt her, but she also has Uranus in a friendly aspect to her Sun."

"Norma's horoscope, with these two powerful planets in good aspects, is in contrast to John Gilbert's chart. He is suffering from their bad influences, while Norma receives only their pleasantest vibrations. In fact, right now Norma Shearer truly has the stars fighting for her."

"One very interesting thing in her horoscope . . . is that the position and aspects of her Sun give everyone around her the wish to help . . . and that's especially true of men."

Love, happiness, a baby boy, a firm fan following that has waited patiently for her return to the screen—beautiful Norma has the rewards of her years of hard work. And this year you can watch her as prepared to go. "Now can you tell me what's ahead for us movie fans?"

She laughed—"That's a pretty big order, isn't it?" she said. "But I can tell you that we've seen the last of these dismal films that have marked the end of her life. Next year, the stars say, is going to be a return to romance—young love, beauty, are coming back to the screen."
day I went with a friend of mine, Lucille Lee, to the Fox Studio, where she was to try on some costumes for a small bit. I had intended waiting for her in the car, but curiosity prompted me to go in. I had never been in a studio and rather wanted to see what made the wheels go round.

"As we walked in, we passed the casting director, who called Lucille back and asked if I were in pictures, and if so, why not? So she introduced me to him and he gave me a note to Dave Allen, of Central Casting Bureau, through whom all the casting in Hollywood is done.

"I wasn't interested but accepted the note as the most graceful way out of the interview—never expecting to use it.

"But Lucille went home with me that night and it so happened that several other friends dropped in. And she told them all about it—to their very great amusement. Jean looked it over carefully as she talked. She was wearing a bright green wool dress, sheer mesh hose and demure green pumps. Her hair was waved softly back from her face and two huge pearls weighted down her small, pink ears.

"In fact, every one thought the idea of my trying to act such a huge joke that I began to get mad," she explained. "So, when one of the boys bet me five hundred dollars that I wouldn't take his note to Dave Allen and register with Central, I took him up on it.

"Next day I won the money—but in fear and trembling, you may be sure. I talked to Mr. Allen for about two hours and he said they would call me soon.

"So, in a day or so I got a call to be at Paramount at nine the next morning—ten dollars a day. It turned out that the picture was 'Moran of the Marines,' with Richard Dix and Ruth Elder. And I was given one little bit with Miss Elder.

"A few days later the casting director from Hal Roach Studios was looking at some of the scenes with Fred Datig, Paramount casting director. Result, I was called in and offered a role.

"My first work there was a second lead and then a lead with Bryant Washburn and Edna Murphy. Then I was given a five-year contract."

AND then Fate, in the form of an irate grandfather, took a hand—or rather a wire.

For Jean's telephone rang furiously about two o'clock one morning and she drowsily answered it to hear an irascible male grandparent, who had suddenly gone to the movies, telling her that she would have either to get out of pictures or out of the family. At least, as far as his money went. And as there was a good deal of it, Jean slept no more that night.

Morning brought the resolve that between a career-with-prospects and a cool half-million, she'd choose the latter.

So the telephone rang, and in words of one syllable explained matters to him.

"He was lovely about it," Jean said. "Of course, he could get hundreds of girls to play leads in comedies, so I really meant nothing to him. And he understood that. He told me, 'I have a family myself and I know how unpleasant disagreements are. So, you just tear up your contract.'

"I did, and peace was restored.

"For seven months after that, Jean never set foot in the studio. And then her marriage crashed. To occupy her mind, she knew that she must work. And her thoughts turned naturally to pictures.

"As soon as he knew Bud and I had separated, Grandfather insisted that I go back to Kansas City. I didn't want to do that. I knew that I could never earn as much as grandfather would leave me, but disinherited or not, I determined I was going to work—and in pictures.

"So, with her head held high, Jean set out to capture her waiting laurels.

"My first call was at Paramount again," she resumed. "A bit with Clara Bow in 'The Saturday Night Kid.' And that broke into a break into a perfect whole future.

"For Jimmy Hall played opposite Clara in that film and a few weeks later I was over at Metropolitan Studio looking for work in a Christie Comedy when I ran into him and Len Lyons.

"They were just beginning the talking sequences of 'Hell's Angels,' and I asked them who was their leading lady. And then the bright idea struck them of introducing me to Mr. Hughes as a prospect.

"As you know, Jean got the part and has been signed by Mr. Hughes on a five-year contract. Not, however, at a figure to equal the inheritance she has given up. But she thinks her job a fair exchange.

"I think every woman should have some kind of work—of course, if she has children, that's a career in itself. But unless she has a living interest like that, the average woman is so dull.

"Why, there's so much in life to be interested in."

"But do you think even a career can make a woman's life without love?" I had to be tactless in the face of Jean's matrimonial mishap, but she seemed so casually to have relegated romance to another sphere.

"Complete, no," she responded. "But happy, yes. We can learn to value the sunlight on a clear day, the feel of the wind in our faces as we drive along, flowers, music, friends. That isn't perfect happiness, of course, but we were not meant to have 'perfect' happiness. We must always compromise with life."

Philosophic words those. The fire she has felt has not left Jean untouched.

"Don't you think you will ever fall in love again?" I knew I was getting important—but this strange blue-eyed child, with her rare matrimony and composed naiveté makes one want to discover what she thinks about everything.

"Why, I've never thought about it," was her vernacular answer. "For and for the moment she convinced me that she meant it. That's a way she has, this Jean Harlow. She convinces you of anything she wants you to believe—no matter what you had expected.
Looks, Lyrics and Legs
[Continued from page 33]

you just have to pick up and fondle, attracted the dancing-teacher’s attention. And when Lubitsch’s leading-lady-to-be sang for her, she sensed the embryonic talent. And only on very occasion when the dancing-school broke out in a recital, Jeanette supplied variety with little songs.

When she was fourteen and her older sister, Blossom, was in New York crashing the stage via Ned Wayburn’s Revue, Jeanette begged and pleaded until her parents granted her two weeks in New York. Visiting her sister, her first move was to demand a job of Ned Wayburn. Wayburn, who has a penchant for making discoveries, saw the rich promise in the cocky little kid, and made her second under-study.

It must have been my guardian angel who saw to it that I started young—so young that I still thought I was great. A few years later, when I knew what it was all about—what I was all about, I’d not have been so self-confident. But at the time, I was completely convinced that it wouldn’t take more than two years to bring New York to my feet.

Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald, eager for their daughters to follow their own desires but still watchful parents none the less, moved to New York and established a home for them there. The fourteen-year-old Jeanette went to school in the mornings, arrived at the theatre after lunch, did her lessons in Wayburn’s office between intervals of rehearsing, and went home to a normal family life.

When the Wayburn revue closed, Jeanette had no idea of suspending operations with it. With a neat list of managers she set about looking for a job.

The camp was busy, and under the weight of the white blanket many of the tents caved in. The sleeping occupants were forced into the storm, and half-frozen and bewildered, wandered for many moments before finding shelter in some of the new hastily taken tents. As soon as was humanly possible everyone was removed to Sonora. But the hours of exposure had worked havoc. Grippe, flu, and pneumonia stalked through the camp.

On the same location, some scenes were taken of Indians riding bareback. Five hundred extras were employed—many of them natives of Sonora who had never faced a camera before. Not all were experienced riders. But when the five hundred were told to charge down a snowy hillside, theirs not to reason why. In the hectic scramble, some of the horses stumbled over the loose stones and their riders could not handle them. One man fell off and broke his leg, another smashed his nose, a third split his chin.

Nine men were taken to the hospital as the result of that one day’s shooting. Three of them died. Art—and realism—must be killed.

The record of “Danger Lights” the RKO railroad special, is clean—by Divine Providence, it seems. For many dangerous chances were taken by the entire company, including Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur, the leads. Yet no one was hurt.

In one shot Robert Armstrong climbed out of the cab of a giant locomotive and hung suspended in space for three minutes with a whip about thirty miles an hour. His action was supposed to put out a hot-box with a hose, but the first two “takes” were unsuccessful, and he had to go through the gruelling scene three times before the director was satisfied. Dangerous as it was, Bob refused to have a double.

Another scene in the same picture shows a train emerging from a tunnel while Armstrong and Miss Arthur stand on the track in front. If Armstrong’s foot had slipped—well, it didn’t.

Too, the cameramen took some serious risks in order to get effective photography. Many running scenes were taken from a platform suspended from one side of the big bridge. The three men clung there while the train roared along at fifty and sixty miles an hour. Once they had to go through a tunnel where there was only a two-inch clearance. They made it right—but three lives were endangered.

It’s the same story with every production. Human lives are offered as fodder for the thrill-mill, and heroes die unhonored and unsung.

Three of our three wreaths awarded achievement and valor—no flag-draped bier is escorted to a flowered resting-place—often the setting sun sends its final ray upon an unmarked grave—that of the Unknown Hero—Extra of Hollywood.
The Highball Hamlet

[Continued from page 16]

Once a year they meet to perpetuate the memory of the play, and they stage burlesque versions. One year they give it as a lurid melodrama, and the next year as a pot-boiler re-named 'Babes in the Woods'.

It is as well known in England as 'Uncle Tom’s Cabin' was in this country two generations ago. I don’t dare to change a word.

Actually, some hundred "musts" were included before the Christies received the talking rights to this familiar farce. The pseudo aunt must wear gray curls, a certain kind of gown with a lace fichu, and she must wear the familiar cap. Charley’s Aunt, when she appears in the 1931 phonoplay, will wear an almost exact replica of the gown worn by a Charley’s Aunt during the Splendid Eighties. But things like that can’t stop a highball Hamlet.

Ruggles is one of the few Los Angeles born players to achieve fame on the screen. A friend of his youthful days painted in such glorious colors the romance of life that he abandoned his plans of becoming a doctor. He secured a small role in "The Admirable Crichton," hurling the ranks of supers right into the cast. Pill boxes never had a chance after that. He played at the old Alcazar in San Francisco, and at the Belasco and Morosco theaters in Los Angeles. Those were the golden days of the California theater, days when Lewis Stone, Marjorie Rambeau, Blanche Bates, John Barrymore, Laurette Taylor, Charlotte Greenwood, and so many others were climbing to fame.

At one time, when he played at the old Belasco, Hobart Bosworth was stage manager; Herbert Rawlinson was the assistant; Victor Schertzinger, the Paramount director, was the orchestra leader, and in the cast were Lewis Stone, Kathryn Williams, Bessie Barriscale, and Lenore Ulric. That would be an expensive assemblage in this day and time.

Strangely enough, young Ruggles played character roles and old roles for eight years before he donned the make-up of a stage juvenile.

After a preliminary training on the Coast Charlie crashed Broadway with numerous successes. During the silent days of the screen he appeared with Lenore Ulric, Elsie Janis, Agnes Ayres and Cyril Maude. He believed then that the stage was his forte. Only when the infant screen let out its first chirp did he feel a renewal of interest.

Paramount literally took him out of the bedroom and turned him loose on a gin bottle, for he appeared in most of the A. H. Woods Broadway hits. You know, those things where the wrong people invariably got tucked into bed with assorted sleeping partners.

"I’m glad to be back in California," he said. "After all, it is my home, and I can be with my family."

Perhaps it isn’t generally known, but Charlie is a brother of Wesley Ruggles, the director. He spent most of the summer at Wes’s cottage at Malibu, the swanky Hollywood beach where the stars get sunburned and into other uncomfortable predicaments. For some reason or other, and Charlie can’t give a reason, he isn’t married. But he still has his boxing and handball games when things get too dull. He held the handball championship of the Los Angeles Athletic Club for several years.

You have to be good to do that. Strange, but the subject of alcohol does seem to continue to crop up in this report, however, as an added observance, innumerable fans have written in asking for a cinematic drinking bout between Marie Dressler and Charles.

Charlie is quite modest about it. He thinks Marie would drink him under the table and he laughs, too. But maybe he’s just being gallant.

She Uses Her Head

[Continued from page 17]

tennis courts and miniature golf-links.

Actually, she is different because she is exceptionally well-educated, because she loves music and literature, and because she looks on both her career and her marriage as integral parts of her daily life.

Of course, "Tash" has been a mad-cap. There’s no doubt about that, if you are to check up on the files of the daily tabloids. Not, however, because she has defied conventions, but because she isn’t standardized.

Her home is different from other homes. Outside, it’s Spanish and gardeny, and inside it’s Italian and cool.

Her life is different from other lives.

She detests bridge and an incessantly clanging radio. She eats foods which would make average appetites fold up under the first course.

In polymer Filmdom a bid to "Tash’s" home is about as important as a presentation in court in any other kingdom. (Hollywood’s an autocracy.)

And out of it all she says about herself: "I’m singing in my next picture, ‘Lilli’. ‘I can’t sing, but that doesn’t matter. Who in pictures can?"

"I don’t want a long-time contract. I don’t want any contract. Not only do I want to act in plays I like and parts I like, but I want my freedom. If Eddie and I want to go to Europe or Africa or Alaska, I don’t want some producer waving a contract in my face, telling me I have to stay home."

"I’m not going to slave. Life’s too short.”

This is especially intriguing when one considers that every other player in Hollywood is angling for a contract and pleads, not that life is short, but that one’s starring life is short.

Of the powers-that-be, "Tash" murmurs: "I’m not impressed by anyone who is known as a ‘great person’, in films or out of them. I might find a stocking salesman more interesting.”
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Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bromfield, Sydney Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Paul Bern, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Elsie Ferguson, Jack Gilbert, Mary Duncan, Kay Francis, Ernst Lubitsch, such, with the best known screen personages, are her friends.

"Tash" has a refreshingly different slant on husbands, marriages and such.

"First of all," she says, "fall in love. Then get acquainted with your man! Yes, him. Cater to his likes and dislikes. Forget about yourself.

"If, after putting him under a magnifying glass, you still love him, marry him—quick.

"If you don't love him, leave him with a smile.

"The smile business works wonderfully.

All my former suitors are my staunchest friends."

HER married life has been different, because it has been exceptionally happy.

To those who have seen the sleek blonde vampire luring men to their dooms; wrecking homes and otherwise appearing both fascinating and hateful, this may be surprising.

"Eddie and I get along wonderfully," she says.

"We have the same friends, one of the secrets of successful marriage. We both like horseback riding, our principal diversion.

"We fight delightfully well. We say all sorts of outlandish things. But we're friends after the squall. We never harbor a grudge. Fortunately, we both have a sense of humor.

"We love the opera. We enjoy shopping together, particularly for foods. We like to read."

No petty differences are going to crash the Lowe-Tashman romance, says "Tash".

"Everyone seems to be talking divorce, and I hope I don't hear it mentioned again.

People who divorce at the drop of the hat, or the break of a dish, are quitters. I don't like quitters.

"He's the nicest thing," she says of her husband. "Millions think of him as a hard-boiled Marine, but he's different.

"She describes him as "docile," "naive" and "adorable."

She has helped him a great deal. She wrote much of his dialogue for "In Old Arizona", and did some for herself in "The Cat Creeps".

Hobby? Of course. She collects hands. Sculptured hands. She has a dozen, and would have more, but they are hard to find.

"Their symmetry fascinates me," she says.

In an effort to be police, you offer a cigarette.

"Thanks, but I don't smoke," she declares. Different again, what with a great cloud of feminine cigarette smoke rising over Hollywood.

Religion? Certainly.

"Do unto others as you'd like to be done by."

"Never gossip and mind your own business."

Is Miss Tashman afraid that some real life vampire will come along and steal her husband, just as she, in real life, has stolen the husbands of others?

"I ask the most attractive women I know to my parties because pretty women attract men—and I like men around."

FOR prospective home-wreckers, she adds this information.

"Eddie's too busy with contracts right now to be bothered. Next year, to be on the safe side, I'm taking him to Europe. Try and find us."

And what about children?

"Two, if you please."

"And, just to be different, I'd like to have—twins."

This Tashman girl—she uses her head.

Here's schooldays, schooldays, dumb old Golden rule days for the famous youngsters of Our Gang. And do these famous little stars love their lessons? Like mud! Still their teacher, Mrs. Fern Carter, lets them bring Pete, the pup, right into the studio classroom—which helps
tentatively titled, "Strictly Business". When he came East last July to appear with Nancy Carroll in "Laughter", he expected to return to Hollywood immediately following completion of the picture. But, alas, for such optimism! The scheduled two months have already stretched into four with the end nowhere in sight.

In the meantime, their two homes in California—a recently completed beach home at Laguna and a Spanish bungalow in Beverly Hills, have been loaned to friends, who are keeping the home fires burning until their return.

SINCE their arrival in New York, Florence and Freddie have had six different apartments, but now they are permanently ensconced at one of the swankier hosteleries on the Avenue. Here they entertain most charmingly at informal dinner parties, their guests including celebrities of the social, literary and theatrical worlds. As in Hollywood an air of hospitality and good fellowship pervades their home.

Both the Marches have retained their inherent love of the theatre. Contractual obligations won't permit Freddie to make even a temporary return to the stage, so he must get his thrills vicariously by being an invertebrate "first nighter". Florence, on the other hand, has been able to satisfy her desire for an audience again and is making her return debut in a play called, "An Affair of State".

Freddie declares that one of the reasons he is so happily married is because he doesn’t play bridge. If he can’t trump his wife’s ace, he can’t possibly quarrel with her. He thinks it much more fun—and infinitely safer—to while away his leisure hours picking out the typographical errors in the newspapers.

Another hobby of his is tennis. He can lick most men all hollow but when he contests a feminine runner-up, the score is invariably "love" on both sides.

HE is like a little child in his desire to please people. Recently, Florence celebrated her birthday and Freddie had all her friends shop with him for the feminine "doodads" she would like best. When she promptly went into ecstasies over all of them, he was as delighted as a little boy with a pound of candy.

He hasn’t the conventional list of actor’s superstitions but that doesn’t prevent him from keeping a tiny pair of his wife’s baby gloves in his dressing-room all the time as a good luck symbol.

His hates are few and not very vehement. They include New York traffic, highly inefficient efficiency, dopying what to put in a week-end case, a "loud" wardrobe and bromides (seltzer and otherwise).

He adores old people and children. And is waiting patiently for the day when he and Florence can anticipate their first "blessed event".

In the meantime, he has a Persian cat, two love birds, a Lincoln sport model, three homes, a charming wife and stardom just around the corner. His "Alma Mater" should be proud. He certainly has lived up to her theme song, "On, Wisconsin!"
HOLLYWOOD is currently recovering from its attack of anti-stardom, which is a great relief to us.

The movie producers go through this periodically. They announce that the star system is dead and that big pictures with nameless casts will be put forth instead. Come a flock of films called "The Big Branch" or "The Giant Gulch" or some such and the public goes flocking down the street to see the much less expensive picture of a beloved star.

The answer is that in a starring picture we can capture the personality revealed and make it our own for a little hour. But you can't borrow the personality of a wide prairie or of a lone pine and even if you could, why should you? When the interest in personalities is dead, all romance, all glamour, all happiness will be dead also.

MEET THE FAMILY: Speaking of personalities Silver Screen begs to introduce each month one of its writers, all of whom it fondly believes great stuff.

Harriet Parsons, who did that grand job of reporting on Garbo in this issue is our youngest contributor—you’ll see her in these pages monthly. Murmurs the beautiful Harriet:

"Began my career at the age of six as child star for old Essanay Film Company. Soon became apparent that acting was not my forte. When eight years old decided to follow in footsteps of my writing mother, Louella O. Parsons. Wrote story about girl who eloped with red-haired man. Was promptly advised by family and friends to return to the screen. Nothing daunted, continued my pursuit of the literary muse. When ten, helped win the war by writing patriotic speeches. The war over, wrote my first fan story at the age of twelve—an interview with the four-year-old son of George Beban, then a big star, for Photoplay Magazine. For this received the unprecedented sum of $15. Attended Wellesley College and while a sophomore there did a Boston movie column for the New York Morning Telegraph at space (and cut) rates. After graduation attempted to offset effects of college education by becoming a scenario writer at M-G-M. Fleed to New York after eight months to regain sanity. On the staff of Photoplay Magazine for a year and a half. Writing from Hollywood at the present time."

(Editor's note: And very well, too.)

The spirit of youth and a sense of humor in articles, in pictures—even in our writers. That’s what we want Silver Screen to be made of, always. And if any young writers are hiding about with great big ideas about movies and magazines the editor would be very glad indeed to hear from them.

[Signature]
Editor.

66
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Millions of women instantly gain added charm and loveliness with these three delightful, easy-to-use Maybelline preparations. They use Maybelline Eye Shadow to accentuate the depth of color of their eyes and to add a subtle, refined note of charming allure. Four colors: Black, Brown, Blue, and Green.

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Lew Ayres' Own Story

Hollywood's Rules for Love

Nancy Carroll
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Cover Portrait of Nancy Carroll Painted by John Clarke

SPEAKING OF NEXT MONTH

The Price They Pay for Fame, Next month Marquis Busby, who usually writes with a sly humor, pulls out all the heart throb stops in telling of the pitiful, exorbitant price some of the screen's greatest personalities have paid for their little moments of fame. It is, in our opinion, Mark's best piece of writing and we think you'll find a real message in it.

Laurabenham, our staff charmer, who took Conrad Nagel for a tour around New York, a couple of issues ago, went stepping out with Phillips Holmes recently. Phil took her to dinner, the theatre and a night club and if you want to know how it seems to have a heavy date with a movie star, read Laura's rave called "Hollywood, Sweet Hollywood."

Mitzi Green is a current screen sensation. Jackie Coogan has made himself a million-dollar. Davey Lee has seen his name in the bright lights. Lucky little kids, those three. What about your own child? Given the breaks, what would happen? Read Edward Churchill's brilliant article, "What Chance Has a Kid in Hollywood?" and you'll get the answer.

Have you read the installment of Lew Ayres' life in this issue? Lew continues the story next month. It is an amazing one—particularly amazing in that Lew, in a town where everyone whispers, talks right out and tells what he thinks of supervisors, directors and such.

It's not your age that counts. It's what you can do. That's the provocative title one of our older stars uses on his story in next month's issue. No, we won't tell you which one. But shoot tens of cents on the tenth of next month and see. You'll find the article more than worth it.

Interviews? Of course. Lots of them. A peach of a one with Ralph Forbes on his comeback, for instance, and a grand talk with Grace Moore. Also more rules for love from Hollywood, where they know about love. Plus also Jimmy Starr's Young Man About Hollywood; Mary Lee, writing on Dieting; and half a dozen other features.

And new photographs! Really quite the most thrilling ones we've run yet.

All in the March Silver Screen, on all news stands February 20th.
How to Make-Up

A GOOD make-up is often supposed to be a secret.

It's no more a secret than a good disposition is a secret. Both take a little work but both are just dandy things to have.

Last month, as I hope you'll remember, I told you how to select the right colors for your most becoming cosmetics and promised that this month I'd tell you how to put them on. (If any of you missed the first article just write me and I'll advise you personally.)

Nothing, of course, so quickly turns you from a plain, drab girl into a real beauty as putting on make-up correctly.

To be just a little wonder you must make a thorough study of your face and contours. Rouge, correctly placed, can do more to change the shape of your face than any plastic surgeon. If your face is too broad or too full, apply rouge high on your cheeks and shade it in toward your nose.

If your face is thin, place the rouge on your cheeks and shade it away from your nose toward your ears, but don't let it touch the hollows in your face as it will only accentuate them.

If your face is too long apply rouge high on your cheek bones and shade it upward toward your temples. If you've got dimples put a tiny touch of rouge on them and they will be more charming.

Don't rouge high cheek bones. Put a little color beneath them and their prominence will disappear.

If your face is oval simply apply the rouge at the spots where your natural color comes.

But whatever shape your face is, always apply your rouge with an upward and outward motion shading it carefully so that it doesn't leave sharp outlines, for nothing is worse than that.

As a girl who has studied lots of faces, to me the real secret of a good make-up is to use a paste rouge under your powder and a little dry rouge on top of it. I've tried this method for a long time and I've never had it fail me yet. And it makes for a make-up that doesn't vanish with the first dance.

I don't suppose I have to tell you to make-up under hard bright lights for evening and in sunlight for daytime beauty. That's just as imperative as water to flowers. And also, do wrap a clean, soft towel around your hair so it won't get all powdery and so that you'll see your face without any shadows or softness.

Start with your face absolutely clean. If you're dry skinned rub in a little cold cream so that the paste rouge will apply easily. Naturally, if you're oily skinned you wouldn't need to do this. Then put on your paste rouge as I've told you above. Next rouge your mouth and please be careful to see that your lip rouge is one shade lighter—not darker, than the natural color of your lips.

If you've got a small mouth, rouge it to the corners. If you have a thin mouth, accentuate the centers of your upper and lower lips slightly. If your mouth is too large make up the center of your lips only. Full lips should be very lightly made up. But whatever you do don't make your mouth look artificial. All [Continued on page 55]
SAFETY in marriage or daring adventures in stolen love? What is the real truth about this modern generation's attitude toward the once sacred convention of marriage? "ILLICIT" tells, frankly and fearlessly, the true-to-life story of one girl's amazing adventures in the dangerous business of experimenting with love.

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Based on the play by
Edith Fitzgerald and Robert Riskin
DIRECTED BY ARCHIE MAYO

A WARNER BROS. AND VITAPHONE PRODUCTION
for February 1931
Love and Hisses!

This is a real fan department—Love on one side and Hisses on the other. Write what you think about pictures you've seen and players you've heard—and don't pull your punches. Three prizes each month for letters not longer than 200 words. $15 First Prize; $10 Second and $5 Third.

Prize Winners

**FIRST PRIZE**

New York City.

I **TALKIE PREWARD**

Kansas City, Mo.

The talksie has brought much more real entertainment to the public than the silent screen ever did. Better acting and more charming personalities.

It has been written and remarked by many people that the talksies have pushed out those with nothing but personality. On the contrary! A likable or brilliant personality is the prime requisite of a star.

True, they must have some acting talent or tricks to perform, but they aren't all good ones, some sing—some dance—perhaps indifferently well, but, whether good or indifferent, it's the jolly old personality that puts it over. For instance, if Maurice Chevalier didn't have the personality he has, his voice alone would never carry him to great heights. But, how everyone loves to see him!

A **HIS FOR CLARA**

Cranston, R. I.

Clara Bow, who ever said she was good? Why, she's just like a big, wild, woolly thing from Africa who thinks she's the most highly honored person that ever entered the movies. How anyone could fall in love with her is beyond me, yet such things are accomplished.

Caryn Shore

**SECOND PRIZE**

St. Louis, Mo.

**TALKIE HISSES**

Pen Argyle, Pa.

Charlie Chaplin is absolutely right! Bring back the silents! After you enjoy some wonderful talksies, after all is said and done, the talkie with its ready-made music cannot hold a candle to the silent picture with its organ or orchestra in the pit.

What, I ask you, is more glorious than to see a lovely romance unfold on the silent screen and at the same time thrill to the wonderful music supplied by a living orchestra right before your eyes. That's recreation. That's relaxation. That's life!

J. Wasso, Jr.

**THIRD PRIZE**

Newtonville, Mass.

**HERE'S A WISE GIRL**

Springfield, Ill.

May I thank the stars for one great service they render the little working girls of the world who manipulate a typewriter for their eighteen per week, or a little more? It isn't the romance and glamour alone that helps so much as the splendid ideas of charm, refinement and beauty which they convey. How much we can learn from such lovable girls as Janet Gaynor, Mary Brian, Anita Page and Joan Crawford. Certainly any girl can be happy and have many friends if she patterns her life after her favorites.

Doris L. Parkinson

**TO THE ELDERLY**

Montclair, N. J.

Before I start this letter just allow me to say that I'm not going to hand anybody the grand-slam. Constructive criticism is one thing, but downright ridicule and barbed epithets hurt rather than help.

Don't think I have anything against the younger set, because I haven't, and I realize there are a lot of real actors and actresses among them, and recognize them as such. But I prefer those of the old school.

I get more real satisfaction and pleasure out of seeing the suave and polished Clive Brook, playing opposite a finished artist like Ruth Chatterton, than anything else I know of.

Or William Powell, dashing and handsome, with a leading lady like Kay Francis.

Then there are the Barrymores, Fairbanks, Costellos and Bennett's, all superlatives exponents of the art of motion pictures.

Taken as a whole, the favorites of years past are still favorites, as the box-office receipts show.

So, let's hear from any other of the fans who feel as I do about the above stars. And let us hope that these and other stars of the old school may continue to shine brightly.

Lauren C. Rea
OUR DICK!
—in an even greater part than he played in The Dawn Patrol.
—a hard-fisted, quick-shooting daredevil!
—a steel-hearted avenger of wrong, but a lover—tender, romantic and winning!
—under the sting of a burning lash he rises to new heights of dramatic power!

PUT "THE LASH" ON YOUR LIST OF PICTURES THAT MUST BE SEEN!
IMAGINE THEM TOGETHER IN ONE PICTURE! The most amazing combination of world famous stars ever brought to the screen!

Lawrence TIBBETT

and Grace MOORE

IN THE YEAR'S TOWERING TALKIE ACHIEVEMENT

"NEW MOON"

with ADOLPH MENJOU and Roland Young

Every producer in motion pictures tried to get this prize stage sensation. M-G-M brings it to you with all the thrills that made it Broadway's wonder show for more than a year. Great stars — dramatic story — superb action — soul stirring love scenes — glorious voices. Don't miss it!

Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd, FRANK MANDEL and LAURENCE SCHWAB. Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG. Directed by JACK CONWAY.

...She drew him quietly into her boudoir. Tonight she was his, but tomorrow she was to be the wife of another!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
DAME RUMOR and all her little sisters have been phoning the folks that the Lawrence Tibbets aren't hitting it off in proper married fashion.
Lawrence sings a heavy song of denial and so does the Mrs.—but she's visiting Paris, and they do get divorces in France.

* * *

LOUELLA PARSONS tells the best Garbo story of all. It seems they wanted to get new pictures of Garbo on the M-G-M lot and their most diplomatic press agent was assigned to the task.
"But," remonstrated Miss Garbo, "You already have hundreds of pictures of me. Why should you want more?"
"Well," said the diplomatic press agent, "all of your best pictures have been used by Paramount to exploit Marlene Dietrich."
"All right," said Garbo, "I'll come."

* * *

THREE years ago Colleen Moore was sitting on the top of the world. She had popularity, fame, adulation, and love. Voted the most popular feminine star by the exhibitors of the country, beloved by many friends, happily married to a man she adored and who adored her.
Today, Colleen is ill in a sanitarium in Battle Creek, Michigan. She is out of pictures, a victim of the microphone. A fickle public has turned thumbs down on her gallant effort to "come back" via the stage. And John McCormick, her recently divorced husband, whom, rumor has it she still loves, has announced his imminent marriage to another woman.
The world looks on and wonders.
Miss Moore married McCormick in 1923, when she was first getting a foothold in pictures and when he was just branching from publicity into managerial fields. They scaled the heights together, Colleen the actress, McCormick the brilliant producer and executive.
They were pointed out as one of Hollywood's truly congenial couples.
Gradually it became obvious that things were not going so well in the Moore-McCormick menace. And one morning a startled public learned that divorce papers had been filed.
An ironical twist is that Mae Clarke, the future Mrs. McCormick, stage and screen actress, usually portrays the deserted wife in her films. In real life she recently divorced Lew Brice, brother of Fannie, on grounds of gambling and incompatibility.

* * *

NOW we know what makes romance on the screen! Nothing but the seductive little cigarette, my dears.
Paramount has decreed that its up-and-coming young hero, Freddie March, must eschew stogies in the future, in favor of the graceful substitute for a sweet. That, according to Variety is romance—that is Art!

* * *

ROBERT Z. LEONARD, rotund, eminent, and highly successful director of "The Divorcee", was stopped the other day on the "lot" by Cecil De Mille.
De Mille handed him a faded program, discovered in research for "The Squaw Man", which will be his next talkie.
It scheduled the cast of a stock performance of "The Squaw Man", with Forrest Stanley in the male lead. Way, way down, in a lost list of "Jim Carston's cowpunchers", in pica type, was the name, "Robert Z. Leonard".
"Ah,‖ commented the portly Mr. Leonard, "That was in the days when horses didn't mind it when they saw me coming.‖

[Continued on page 32]
I was born in Minneapolis on December 28, 1908. My parents happened to be living there at the time with my grandmother out on Thirty-fourth Street.

My grandmother spoiled me, like all grandmothers do, I guess. She is quite an accomplished musician and spent a lot of time trying to teach me to play the piano. She succeeded in instilling a love of music and sense of harmony in me. The piano lessons themselves, however, never came to much.

Somehow it's gotten about that I can play almost any musical instrument, but I can't. I learned to strum a banjo and guitar well enough to land jobs in orchestras, but I'd never cause Paderewski any worry.

Yet this musical background is what started me on a career and kept me going when things were pretty black.

When I was about eight years old my parents were divorced. There was no scandal of any sort—they just didn't get on. The court played mother a dirty trick and awarded me to her.

Eventually she re-married. She felt if she could get away from Minneapolis and its painful memories her life would be happier. So we moved to San Diego and I started to school there.

Then, when I was about ten, I was bitten by the movie bug! I can't tell you how it all happened. At the time, reasons didn't matter, but as I look back it seems as though even then I felt the need for expression of some sort.

We all have crises in our lives but the approach—the build-up to them, is so gradual that when we reach the crisis it doesn't seem like one. No matter what tragedy is impending, there are unimportant and irrelevant things going on, happening to you at the same time, that rob the situation of its dramatic value.

But acting such situations out fills some inner need in us, or possibly I should say in me. At any rate, I think that's why I went into pictures. Some people are satisfied simply to dream their emotional climaxes. In my case, dreams were not enough.

I didn't dare tell anyone about my ambition. My nickname in those days was "Fats" because my face looked like a full moon. If I had said anything about going into the movies I'd have been "guyed" and kidded beyond endurance.

I had a half-brother and half-sister. Probably wishing to safeguard them from my baleful influence, mother and...
my stepfather shipped me off to the University of Arizona when I was sixteen.

I got into the college orchestra. There were a bunch of us in that orchestra who felt that school was more or less a waste of time. We wanted to see Life. We thirsted for adventure. We were sick of doing the same old things.

Anyhow, we organized our own little band, left school and drifted down toward the border. Our first engagement was in Mexico in a place called Aguacitas.

From there we drifted all over the southwest—down to other border towns—Mexicali, Nogales, El Centro, Tia Juana. You see life in those places without any of its trappings. No sham—no pretense—just cold reality. The men who came in came to drink—or gamble—or love. The girls who worked in them were there to get the men to spend their money—on drinks—on gambling—on love. The men were a hard lot but the girls were harder.

I was seventeen and soon I hadn’t an illusion left in the world. Maybe that’s been a good thing for me. If you have ideals and lose them it causes heartache.

After a time the work petered out so we disbanded and I went back to San Diego and my family. I worked around there for awhile—sometimes in orchestras, sometimes at other jobs. But at seventeen, with the experiences of a man of thirty who has lived hard, I had outgrown the boys I knew, though I didn’t realize it. I only knew that I didn’t find them congenial any more. Our viewpoint and outlook on life was different.

While I was still drifting—working in one of the San Diego hotels, Henry (Hank) Halstead and his orchestra arrived to play a dinner engagement and a late engagement. To us in San Diego he was as important as White man or Olson to some Eastern city. One night his banjoist got drunk and I filled in for him. Halstead liked my work and gave me the place regularly and I went to Los Angeles with him.

We had an engagement at the Plantation. And it was the moment our engagement at the Plantation came to an end. We had nothing before us, so we disbanded. I was right where movies are made. I knew I wanted to get in them. But I didn’t know how to go about it. The thought of going up to a casting director and asking for work sent cold chills through me. I couldn’t do it.

But I hung around Hollywood and Los Angeles trying to get into another orchestra, hoping in that way some director would see me or that I’d meet someone in pictures who could— and would—introduce me around. That shows you how little I knew about it.

I had saved about fifty dollars and another chap and I were living together. We were both out of work for three or four months and we lived on that fifty and what little he had. My mother kept writing me to come home.

But I hung on, thinking of that seventy dollars coming from Warner Brothers for those Vitaphone records and thinking, “I’ll get something tomorrow sure.” Finally we were down to fifteen cents a day for the two of us. We lived on apples and buns and things like that—things we could get a lot of for the money.

It sounds theatrical but it’s a fact that the day we hadn’t a cent left I got my seventy bucks. We’d planned long before I got it how long we could make it last, but when we got our hands on it do you know what we did? We blew it all in in two days. We ate until we couldn’t swallow, we had a couple of dates and a swell time generally.

I still had my wreck of a car from the time I had worked in the orchestra. When I woke up the third morning and realized I was broke again, with no more chance of getting work than I’d had right along, I got so disgusted I got into the car and drove home to San Diego. I never should have done that.

When I got down there I realized how weak I’d been to give up. If you really set your heart on a thing I think you should stick to your purpose at any and all costs. I was never happy at home that time because always in the back of my mind was the thought that I had no business being there—I should be in Los Angeles.

I had no trouble getting work in San Diego—it’s my home and I can always get work there. I played in the
Here I am, second from the left in the lower row of our barnstorming jazz band. When we drifted into the cheap cafes of the Mexican border towns, they called me Baby Face. I let them talk. I was only seventeen but I hadn't an illusion left in the world pictures to put me wise—not even an extra.

The first studio I went to was Paramount. I got into Mr. Datig's office after a time. He was the casting director. He was very nice and told me I'd be good in pictures and they would give me a test. I went out with my head in the clouds. As far as I was concerned the battle was over. I was as good as in pictures.

My inclination was to sit back and wait for the call for my test but my money was going fast, so I went around to several other studios. The casting directors were all very nice and told me I ought to be good in pictures, but none of those studios were doing much so they didn't hold out much hope for a test at the time.

The family I was living with didn't charge me much for my room and board and when my money ran out they let it mount up with the understanding that I'd pay them as soon as I got work.

I had been getting $120 a week in Detroit and I had saved three or four hundred. I came back to Los Angeles with a definite plan in my mind. I got a job with Ray West's orchestra at El Patio. Then I spent every cent of my savings on clothes. I wanted a wardrobe. Well, I got it.

The mornings were spent in canvassing the studios, the nights in playing in the orchestra.

The job lasted a month and then the band broke up. West wanted me to go on another job with him—out of town—but I wouldn't. I had saved up a little more money and it seemed to me it was more or less that I was to break into the movies.

I determined to make my money last as long as possible and get a room with a private family. By that time I had become fairly well-known around Los Angeles and had a lot of jobs offered me to play in bands.

Isn't it funny? A year before I had almost starved to death trying to get work in orchestras and had put the movies in the back of my mind. Then, when I decided to let the orchestras go and concentrate on cracking the movies I had a lot of jobs offered me, playing. That's the way it goes, I guess.

Finally, I gave myself to the point of going around to the casting offices. I just went and looked on for several days to see how they went about it. Beyond a few musicians I didn't know a soul in Hollywood. Not a person in
LUPE, the hoyden! Lupe, the clown! Lupe, the laughing, the seductive, the enticing!

The Lupe Velez of other days, strumming a ukelele in Charlie Chase comedies.

Charming Lupe, who captivated Doug Fairbanks and a million others with her antics in "The Gaucho".

This was the Lupe Velez I expected to see when I wandered onto Stage 19 at Universal City to see the basso-voiced, dynamic Edwin Carewe run her through a complete assortment of emotions in "Resurrection", to him the play of plays.

What, I reasoned, could have made Carewe, one of the most astute of all directors, choose the temperamental, clowning, uncontrolled and uncontrollable little Lupe for one of the greatest and most trying of all dramatic parts?

How could the wild little Mexican, with her Mexican accent and her Latin mannerisms, handle such a role?

I found Carewe pleading with Lupe on the darkened stage. I lounged back in the shadows and they were unaware of my presence.

"Now, Lupe—just once more. Once more, and then you can rest—" was Carewe’s plea.

There was a tremendous kick there in the dim light watching the gray-haired director, who has memorized the immortal part of Katusha Maslova—who has lived in his mind the life of the peasant girl who gave herself to a prince, who became a woman of the streets and who finally said farewell to her lover and marched into Siberia, a broken woman.

There also was a thrill in watching the gray-faced Lupe Velez as this Maslova, a scar across her cheek, cotton stockings on her legs, ragged slippers on her feet and the gray, shoddy cloak from a Russian prison hiding the contours of her slim, young body.

Here was not the Lupe I knew!

"Once more, Lupe—just once more—"

And then Lupe, the former hoyden of the screen, in the deep, hoarse contralto of the woman whose life she lives, repeated her lines—

"Give me music—I want to dance—I want to forget—"

There was a catch in the voice. I studied the small, strained face. Lupe Velez was crying! Tears streamed down her cheeks. She was unmindful of them. She went to her director.

"I know now, Eddie. I can do it. I will do it."

An hour later, seizing a few moments of precious rest, she said to me:

"I don’t care whether or not I end up in a sanitarium, as long as I can make good in this part. I don’t care if it kills me."

Her voice told the story of nights and days of tremendous physical and mental exertion.

"What’s happened to you?" I asked. "I thought I was going to see a comic and here you are, crying your eyes out, as if you were attending a funeral. You’re not the old Lupe."

"Have you read 'Resurrection'?" she countered.

I nodded an affirmative.

"Well, if you were a woman, you’d understand better. The truth is that I can’t think of Katusha Maslova without crying. I used to have to force myself to cry when the occasion demanded. Now, I picture Maslova and that’s all I need.

"I’ve never cared for any part I’ve had before. Not even that wild one I played with Doug Fairbanks in 'The Gaucho'. Those other parts were easy. They didn’t affect me. I was myself. Now, I’m Maslova. I’m suffering terrific agony. I’ve been hurting inside for weeks. And yet, with all the hurt, I love what I’m doing."

She smiled wistfully.

[Continued on page 50]
Hollywood's

Joan Crawford—

The Bride

Does Every Woman Yearn for Romance? Joan Crawford Expresses the Eternal Feminine Wish and Tells What Women Love in Men

"First of all and above everything else in the world, a woman loves manliness in a man. Without that there cannot be love. A woman may pity the weakling. She may even believe she loves him, but deep down in her heart she knows that pity is a poor relation to love. "I don't think that I am a clinging vine. I have had to make my own way in the world, but I like to feel that a man can take care of me if necessary. I want him to be a bulwark of strength if the occasion arises. I want him to be strong, but tender; brave but gentle. "Tenderness is a wonderful quality in a man. There's such a lot of difference between just being understanding and being tender. The understanding man may sympathize with your little trials. He knows what you face, but how much more it means if a little tenderness is mixed with that understanding. It gives you courage to go on when you think you are at the breaking point. "Women need more tenderness today than ever before. A generation ago they were so busy with the things that went to make their every-day life. They had large families. They cooked and washed and sewed. They wanted tenderness, of course, but they were too busy really to yearn for it. Today women have more time. They are more independent of the things that tied them to the home. Now they need those little attentions if the happiest relations between a man and woman are to continue through the years. "When we were in school we learned that cleanliness was next to godliness. Perhaps as a child I doubted it, but now I know that it is true. In a man cleanliness is a greater quality than any physical beauty or charm he may possess. A woman admires the well-groomed man. He doesn't have to be manicured every day and he doesn't have to be fussy about his clothes, but he should always be neat. The linen should be spotless and the scarf tied carefully. The English men know how to achieve that—the effect of being carelessly well-groomed. "I know that a woman who is not careful about her own appearance cannot expect neatness in a man. But a woman who keeps powder on her nose is not likely..." [Cont. on page 56]
Do the Qualities Men Love Vary Deeply from those Women Adore? Gary Cooper thinks they Do. Learn about Women and Love from Him.

Perhaps my viewpoint on what a man looks for in a woman has changed to some extent during the years I have been in pictures. I think, instead, of the qualities I admire in women who make their living by acting for the films. But, at that, the finest qualities in a successful actress would be just as admirable in a woman who makes her living by stenography, or a girl who doesn't work at all. There are certain things that every man looks for in a woman.

"To me, neatness is more important than anything else. No matter how slovenly a man may be in his appearance, he expects a woman to be neat. She doesn't have to be dressed in the height of fashion or spend a fortune on her clothes, but he does expect an air of smartness. The woman who never forgets that doesn't run much risk of losing her man.

"Sometimes I think it is impossible for anyone to keep a sane, normal viewpoint in the motion picture business. For that reason, all the more, I admire a woman who has a level head. Intelligence is mighty important in Hollywood. It comes in pretty handy no matter where you are living, for that matter. I can excuse the upstage air in a woman more readily than I can in a man. You expect a man to be stronger, but it is a disagreeable quality in anyone. I have a lot of respect for the woman who doesn't lose sight of true values and who takes all the adulation and fame with a grain of salt.

"I love intelligence in a woman. I have always hated the ga-ga girls. They're a pain in the neck for me. Once or twice I have encountered sweetness so genuine and real in a woman that I've never thought that she was not a mental giant. There are girls who don't exactly scintillate, and yet they aren't ga-ga.

"A woman has a priceless gift in a sense of humor. I've heard many times that this quality is rare in a woman. I don't believe it. A sense of humor can be feminine as well as masculine. Any friendship or romance will last twice as long if a little humor is mixed in. A lot of pitfalls will be avoided. A sense of humor helps to keep your feet on the ground and your head out of the clouds.

"Every man looks for certain womanly qualities in a woman. He wants her to be a homemaker, even if after they're married they live in a one-room apartment and take their meals at the corner delicatessen. I admire the domestic side of a woman and I don't believe I have ever known a woman who didn't possess it. I have known girls who have worked [Continued on page 56]
HOWDY, folks—well, here we are in the land of make-believe. In fact, everybody’s on the make—believe me.

I don’t like to talk about the office force, but Harriet Parsons, who writes interviews and things for this magazine, has been galloping around places with Edward Woods, handsome juvenile of the screen.

I see by the city papers that Alice Brady had her leg in a cast.

Ye gods, another leg show!

One actor in Hollywood gave all the film critics cigarette lighters for Christmas.

They were filled with anti-knock gasoline.

Heavens! Maybe I’m an Edison or a Marconi, who knows?

At least, I’ve turned inventor.

I’ve found a great saving for motion picture studios.

Option paint!

This option paint is to be used for printing names on doors in studios. It automatically disappears after six months, thus saving the cost of a man to remove the names of players, directors and writers who are no longer with the studio.

Official report:

All bets have been paid off by the losers who wagered that Clara Bow would marry Harry Richman.

The star of a big studio went to a hospital and the publicity director announced that the visit was for an appendicitis operation.

Folks remembered it was her third this year.

The press agent isn’t with us any more.

Re-vamping an old gag.

Like Grant (Withers) took Loretta (Young).

A young society matron got a big laugh at a dinner party in Hollywood the other night.

She said quite seriously to her butler:

“James, dear, please pass the potatoes.”

Oh, girls—blushes numerous!

Robert Montgomery’s dressing room at M-G-M has the color motif of Nile Green.

Don’t you turn something or other with envy?

Zion Myers and Jules White, directors of the dog comedies, were forced to stop production the other day.

Their star had the mange!

Hollywood isn’t a sleepy town, but forty winks from an extra girl to a studio boss are apt to make her a star over night.
TWO shes on skis, or a luscious pair of Warner Bros.' most promising starlets. The blonde beautiful is Claudia Dell, a graduate of Dr. Ziegfeld's Academy now glorifying "Fifty Million Frenchmen." Her girl friend is Evelyn Knapp, one of the sweet things that make "Mothers Cry." Why are these babes in the woods? Just hunting a cameraman.
No Laugh—Clown-Laugh, though your heart be breaking stuff for Joe E. Brown. Joe would think that was putting on airs, and the only sirs Joe puts on are theme songs. Joe's next mirthquake for Warner Bros. is "The Tenderfoot," in which he's louder and funnier.
A new slant on Dorothy Mackaill, the hitherto most agreeable gel in Hollywood, who quite rightly revolted last summer against inane roles. Dot went home to England, only to be recalled by First National and rewarded with a new, fine contract. Watch for her in "This Modern World".
A DARK haired boy and a blonde Myrna Loy, or, in other words, Ronald Colman in "Devil to Pay" and the lissome Miss Loy in a blonde wig, both flirting for dear life and Samuel Goldwyn. And everything goes just dandy until Loretta Young walks into the picture!
FORGIVE us but we can't help saying that this is our idea of a perfect Page. Anita doesn't really have to create a racket to make the world stop and listen—not so long as she shows such pretty—ah—drumsticks as revealed here. Her next picture? “Reducing”
REMEMBER Esther Ralston of the lovely face and figure? Then just imagine her with sound effects—or see for yourself when she stages her screen comeback in "The Southerner" opposite Lawrence Tibbett for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
SHE has the quality no other screen blonde possesses, this Hyams girl; a quality of poise, character and good breeding. Leila again plays opposite John Gilbert in "Gentleman's Fate," Jack being the gentleman and Leila, the fatality.
DARK and aristocratic Kay Francis began as a menace to men in "Gentlemen of the Press." But she was much too grand a girl to go on wrecking cinema hearts. So she changed her type and now her star is rising in the Paramount sky. On the opposite page is Radie Harris' delightful story of Kay...
A Bad Girl Makes Good

Hitherto Unrevealed Facts About the Devastating Kay Francis Who Started as a Siren and Is Becoming Better and Better

By Radie Harris

She looks as volcanic as Mt. Etna during an eruption. And is as calm as a lake on a clear day.

She looks like a brunette Peggy Joyce. And doesn't even own a diamond bracelet.

She looks like the daughter of a thousand earls. And was born in Oklahoma City.

Her name is Kay Francis.

It was during the first talkie boom that Kay took the trek west to find gold in them thar microphones. She's been Hollywood's ultimate gasp ever since. Men swoon when she enters a room and women sidle close to learn the recipe. To Kay, it is no novelty. Life has always been like that!

Long before she ever dreamed of becoming a "moom pitcher" star, Kay, without lifting a single eyebrow or exposing a bare knee, vampied more men than Theda Bara in her "kiss-me-my-fool" hey-dey.

Kay, herself, has never been too susceptible. But when she does "fall", it isn't a plunge—it's a nose-dive!

Her first "heart" was the young man whose last name she now emblazons in electric lights—Dwight Francis. She met him shortly after she had graduated from Miss Fuller's School at Ossining. It was a case of love at first sight that culminated in a large wedding at the very swanky St. Thomas' Church in New York.

Although he was heir to the Francis millions, all his rich relatives were very much alive, so Dwight took his bride to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where realtors told him that two could live as cheaply as one. Kay went domestic in a Big Way and so help my Aunt Sophrosia, loved it! She did all her own housework—including the cooking and laundry—and the residents of Pittsfield will vouch for the fact that she looked as beautiful in her gingham...and denims then as she does in her silks and satins now.

After almost two years of happiness, there was a rift in the marital lute. Kay sailed for Europe and a divorce. She spent the next few months exploring England, France, Holland and Belgium. Few of Kay's friends know that she was entertained by crowned heads everywhere. No interviewer has ever heard the story. It is part of Kay's modesty that she doesn't like to publicize anything that might be associated with "putting on the dog". It was just by mere chance that I happened to hear about the time she dined with Queen Wilhemina in the Royal Palace at The Hague and when she found herself confronted with the problem of deciding which knives and forks to use out of the vast array at her plate, she solved it by asking the Queen herself!

Returning home to America, Kay encountered a very bad crossing. One night during a particularly heavy storm she remained up on deck. Leaning against the rail, looking out at the fathomless sea below and the limitless sky above, she suddenly felt free—indomitable, self-confident. Then and there she decided to become an actress. Ten days later she was playing on Broadway in the modern clothes version of "Hamlet".

True, she had often thought about going on the stage before, but her mother, Katherine Clinton, a former vaudevillian and repertory player, had been so strenuous in her objections that she had turned to other vocations instead—secretarial and modelling being included among the list.

Kay loves to tell the story of her first day as a model. She regaled me with it when I lunched with her.

[Continued on page 57]
If I Had My

Does Fame, Fortune, or Love Loom Largest as One Looks Back? The Things Norma Talmadge Wishes for Will Surprise You—and Reveal a New Norma to You

"If I had my life to live over again—"

All women as they leave the twenties think that thought. Perhaps all men think it, too. I’m not sure about them but I am sure about the women.

With a sigh they say it—“if I had my life to live over again.” And there’s usually a touch of sadness about it.

But it has seemed to me there was one group of women who ought never to have that thought—have it with any regret, I mean. Those women are, of course, the stars of Hollywood. They get so much out of life. It doesn’t seem as though they could recall any way of living by which they could get more.

Take Norma Talmadge. Norma has had beauty, wealth, fame, a career, adulation from both the public and the critics, a long and successful marriage, a charming life.

I have known Norma for years, ever since her earliest days in Brooklyn when she was just a struggling actress trying to get along. I’ve watched her throughout her career. I’ve been with her when mobs stopped the traffic in the streets to catch a glimpse of her. Yet never once have I seen her put on the tall millinery.

Recently she has returned from Europe and a long, leisurely holiday and while she dallied in New York I went up to call on her.

It was tea-time. Outside a rainy twilight pressed against the window panes. Far below on Madison Ave-

 nue a tangle of motors slithered on the shiny, black pavement, their golden lights blobs in the mist, their bass and treble horns sounding warnings and protestations.

Inside, it was all perfume and luxury. A maid moved quietly about the hotel drawing-room, filling dishes with pistachio nuts, bonbons and cheese crackers, arranging deep red roses in a silver bowl. Norma’s friends know they are welcome around six, in that interlude between the activities of the day and the pleasures of the evening. Which means trailing ivory satin and lace gowns, such as Norma was wearing.

"If I had my life to live over again..."

Norma turned the slender stem of her glass between her fingers. It caught the glow from a lamp and the wine in the fragile bowl became alive with little golden darts.

Hadn’t I better say what I hope I would do? I mean, doesn’t Fate always upset your calculations? Looking back I’m sure of it. I’m probably a Fatalist. That’s why I’m so impressed with certain incidents. That’s why I stress them so.

"Take my meeting with my husband. I’d been working very hard for months and had begun to feel it. It was my director who suggested I run down to Long Beach for a week-end. I’d never been to Long Beach and never would have thought of going there. But at his suggestion I proceeded to pack my bags. Joe Schenck was at the

Silver Screen
Life to Live Over Again

Norma Talmadge

gives the answer to
Every Woman's Question

in an interview with
Adele Whitely Fletcher

same hotel. Mutual friends introduced us one evening at dinner . . .

Norma shrugged. "You can dismiss such things as purely coincidental, of course, but I'm not so sure . . ."

There was unmistakable sincerity and earnestness in her voice when she spoke.

"If I had my life to live over again," she went on. "I hope I would do only those things I really wanted to do, utterly regardless of what the world thought about them. All of us grow up accepting certain things as desirable. Therefore we take it for granted that we want those things. With it all to do over again I would like really to make up my mind what I wanted to do, where I wanted to go, what possessions I honestly desired.

"By way of example," Norma continued, "when a girl and boy become engaged there's a ring. The idea of the ring itself is beautiful. It's symbolic. It's sentimental. It's grand. But the world expects that ring to be a diamond. Therefore, just about nine hundred and ninety-nine girls out of one thousand—if not the entire thousand—think they want a diamond ring. They would feel badly if they didn't get it. And the nine hundred and ninety-nine boys engaged to those girls arrange for that diamond one way or another.

"But if those same people never had seen nor heard of diamonds I doubt that more than ten of those girls would want diamonds enough to go after them even if the ground on the further side of a stream glittered with their light. And if by some chance they were given a handful of them, I doubt that they would do more than say 'Aren't they bright and pretty' and then throw them down the way we do with a handful of seashells.

"A few, of course, might really be attracted enough to the fiery sparkle to go after them and keep them . . . but only a few . . ."

"No wonder the lords of industry wax rich on us. We think we want the kind of house our friends think is a right kind of house. Twelve months after we have bought a car we decide we must have another car, green instead of blue, with a stork instead of an eagle for a radiator cap, upholstered in beige instead of pearl gray . . ."

"Sometimes we really do become aware of our stupidity for a fleeting minute. Then we murmur something about the engine of the car beginning to need overhauling and insist it is economy in the long run to turn it in. But honestly, it's because we want the latest thing, that thing the world stamps with its unqualified approval, that we turn in the old bus. Certainly we make slaves of ourselves in order to earn money enough to live this way.

"We spend our lives running to do the same thing and to get the same thing at the same time . . . like a lot of blind sheep."

[Continued on page 64]
The Hollywood

If Ancient Venus Came to Hollywood
She Wouldn’t Be So Chesty—and the Girls Would Teach Her a New Weigh to Figure—How to Eat and Be Slim

Any girl of today would shoot you on sight if you suggested that her lines and curves approached those of the Venus de Milo. Yet Venus was some gal in her day. She was a big girl but for many and many a century her classic measurements were the answer to a lover’s prayer. As recently as a decade ago the highest compliment you could pay a woman was to tell her that she could double for the Venus de Milo. But heaven help the cavalier who utters those benighted words today!

For the last few years have worked havoc with classic standards of pulchritude. When the boyish form came in Venus went out. And although 1930 with its lengthened skirts and trailing fashions in women’s dress brought a hue and cry of “back to femininity,” the slim boyish figure still holds sway. True, curves are no longer a disgrace—but they are not the fulsome curves of the good old days.

Hollywood has had much to do with this altered standard of beauty. Notwithstanding the new qualifications for stardom since the talkies, the public still demands that its feminine stars have lovely figures and look...
Dorothy Mackaill is a bit taller than the Greek ideal

Marilyn Miller's legs entitle her to glory

Connie Bennett, within a half inch of Venus, but weighing only ninety-eight

Venus

By Harriet Parsons

well in their clothes. The Joan Crawfords, Nancy Carrolls and Constance Bennetts are the Venuses of today. And the methods that these girls use to keep their figures are arduously pursued by women everywhere from Medicine Hat to 42nd Street, New York.

Sisters under the skin are all that the phrase implies, in this day and time. Movies have made the whole world kin, and the cinema lady and Judy O’Grady take the same setting-up exercises and use the same diet menus.

Would you like to know the measurements of the new Venus—the Hollywood Venus? Your correspondent scoured the studios and selected a representative list of thirty-six well-known film players in order to get these statistics for you. These were the girls I chose: Claudia Dell, Sue Carol, Loretta Young, Marilyn Miller, Ann Harding, Joan Crawford, Sharon Lynn, Norma Shearer, Leila Hyams, Marlene Dietrich, Jean Arthur, Kay Francis, Evelyn Knapp, Dorothy Lee, Dorothy Mackaill, Lola Lane, Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor, Dixie Lee, Greta Garbo, Anita Page, Frances Dee, Carole Lombard, Mary Brian, Bebe Daniels, Rita LaRoy, Lila Lee, Evelyn Brent, Helen Twelvetrees, Marguerite Churchill, Joyce Compton, Marion Davies, Fay Wray, June Collyer, Nancy Carroll, Clara Bow. Important girls, beautiful girls, all of them. And after enough mathematics to wear out Einstein came to this conclusion: The perfect Hollywood figure of today, deduced by averaging the measurements of these thirty-six players, is as follows: [Continued on page 62]
There's a Czarina of the movies now!
On November 27, Will Hays, supreme arbiter of the motion picture industry, was married to Mrs. Jessie Herron Stutesman, widow of the former United States Minister to Bolivia.

The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's brother in Edgemore, Md., and was marked by simplicity and quiet. The guests were limited to members of the immediate families.

This is Hays' second marriage, too. He was granted a divorce from Helen Thomas Hays in June, 1929, on charges of incompatibility and was granted custody of William Hays, Jr., at that time.

* * *

United Artists, battling with Fox-West Coast in an effort to break the latter's 'theatre monopoly' on the West Coast, has announced its intention of building its own chain of theatres.

Under direction of Joseph M. Schenck, head of the project, United Artists will construct twenty-five theatres up and down the coast at an approximate cost of $150,000 each.

In his defy, hurled into the faces of Fox executives, Schenck is said to have announced that 'United Artists would show their pictures all over the country if they had to run them in tents.'

To which Winnie Sheehan genially replied, 'I'd like to see a tent wired for sound.' And went on his unconcerned way.

* * *

Metro's bad boy, Charlie Bickford, has rebelled once too often. He and the company that gave him his big chance have come to a parting of the ways, by mutual agreement.

Ever since Cecil De Mille picked Bickford, then unknown to motion picture audiences, and gave him the lead in 'Dynamite', Charlie has been one of the most discontented, disgruntled souls in Hollywood. He is a good actor, but not quite as good as he seems to think he is.

His last role, that of the hero of 'The Passion Flower', pleased him not at all, and he was loud in his complaints. Result, the severance of his contract.

* * *

At last the long-expected Tom Mix divorce is an actuality!
Victoria filed divorce papers on December 12, thus settling the numerous rumors that have been current for the past several years.

* * *

Hope Hampton, ex-film star, who turned to opera, recently visited Honolulu and upon arriving at the island resort, found that she could not bring her pet Pom, Pouzy, ashore.

Her personal maid had to stay aboard with the hound while Hope saw the sights.

Pouzy was so mad he almost bit the captain—not to mention how the maid felt!
Town Topics
from page 11

WELL, at last Gloria’s gone and done it! After numerous cries of “Wolf! Wolf!” on the divorce subject, she finally filed papers against Henri, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, and on November 6 received her interlocutory decree.

***

The Little Hollywood Bird of Gossip reports that Rex Lease, recently the hubby of Charlotte Merriam, is all hot and bothered over Eleanor Hunt, of “Woopee”.

***

THE best news in years is that Thomas Meighan, beloved veteran of the films, is coming back to his fans. He has been signed by Fox for one of the leading roles in “Young Sinners”, which goes into production soon. He will play an Irish prize-fighter-trainer—a roughneck who makes men of rich men’s sons. Won’t that be grand?

And he has also agreed to play in one of Janet Gaynor’s forthcoming films, the title to be selected later.

***

ART and Pola Negri are on the up-and-up again. After several years devoted more or less to domesticity and Prince Serge Mdivani, during which time there were countless reports of a rift, La Negri has at last taken the definite step and has won her freedom. In leaving the court, Pola announced: “I am glad at the prospect of being free again and able to resume my former life devoting myself solely to my Art.”

Speaking of Pola Negri, a loaf of bread and jug of wine might have been enough for Omar, but it takes a chateau in France and a movie theatre to please her.

The one-time flaming torch of the cinema was planning to spend the remainder of the winter in Southern France, and was having her troubles in locating a villa.

Finally, however, her search seemed almost ended—she found a simple little thirty-room house which looked as if it would fill her needs.

But, “Voila!” there was no motion picture theatre in the vicinity! LaNegri continued her search.

***

Sally O’Neil filed a voluntary bankruptcy petition, listing $43,820 in bills as liabilities.
Well, when movie folk get in debt, they get in debt in a big way.

***

Gloria Swanson wasn’t the only motion picture celebrity to gain her freedom from matrimonial bonds recently.

Two other couples proved successfully to the judge that when money came in the door, love flew out the window.

Walter Catlett, film comedian, was divorced by Zanetta W. Catlett on charges of neglect, intoxication, cruelty, and associating with other women.

And Mrs. Alice Glazer was granted a divorce from Benjamin Glazer, scenario writer, on charges of mental cruelty.

[Continued on page 32]
There's much Southern charm but no Southern languor about Dorothy Jordan. She's about as listless as Douglas Fairbanks. Please don't misunderstand. She doesn't chin herself on chandeliers and she wouldn't dream of jumping over a grand piano. She's a Southern lady for a' that, suh, but she has all the liveliness of a more frigid clime.

This diminutive beauty is a native of Clarksville, Tennessee. She isn't a bit hurt if you look vague when she mentions her hometown. However, with a note of pride, she will explain that Clarksville isn't a village at all. Why, it has 12,000 people. She can even find it on the map if you've got a map around handy. And the city, yes CITY, is very conservative. People who moved there twenty years ago are still looked upon as newcomers. Although she doesn't say so, you know that the best people sort of hold off on these new arrivals, just waiting until they have been around a couple more decades.

"I still feel like a newcomer in Hollywood," she laughed. "You see, I have only been here for two years."

Imagine! In Southern California you're an old settler after the first year. In two years you're a native son or daughter and can speak with authority on all the new real estate developments.

At twenty Dorothy is regarded as one of the most promising starlets on the M-G-M lot. In the printed biographies which the studio publicity departments issue as a handy guide to hard-working interviewers she is described as "the epitome of the American girl at her sweetest and best." Those are strong words, but maybe they're right. Who are we to contradict?

Dorothy has been leading lady to Ramon Novarro in "Devil May Care", "In Gay Madrid" and "Call of the Flesh". That means that Ramon likes to have her around, giving just the right note of delectable femininity to his pictures. She has just finished the ingenue role in "Min and Bill" with Marie Dressler. There are more nice roles bobbing up with surprising regularity.

But back to Clarksville and magnolia blossoms, and shady verandas with tall, snowy pillars. Maybe Clarksville doesn't have all of these things but they're the correct properties for below the Mason and Dixon line. Ask any song-writer. Dorothy, however, had no intention of spending the rest of her life in that atmosphere. She saw her name in electric lights on Broadway. The family didn't think much of her ambition at first, but she kept insisting.

"They finally had [Continued on page 63]"

Silver Screen
SUCCESS
and
CHARLES
FARRELL

Four Years of Fame Have
Changed a Laughing Boy
Into a Serious Artist

By Kenneth Moore

WITHOUT pausing to think you might say that
Charles Farrell had changed less than any star in
Hollywood. To the casual observer he seems the
same friendly Charlie of four or five years ago. He doesn’t
look any older. You still see him driving down the
boulevard in his Ford—usually exceeding the speed limit,
by the way.

But Charles Farrell HAS changed. The years have
wrought a difference—not so much an outward change,
but inward. If you observe closely you can see it. Fame
doesn’t let people off without exacting a price.

I remember the first time I ever met Charlie. It was
soon after he had finished “Old Ironsides”. For the first
time in his life success had come in a modest way. He
was pleased as punch that he had finally arrived. It had
been a long, uphill battle for him and there were plenty
of days when he wondered where the next meal was coming
from. At that time he seemed like a happy college
boy, gay, irresponsible—or at least as irresponsible as a
well-brought-up boy from Cape Cod could possibly be.

It is a different Charlie who has just stepped into the
dramatic assignment of “The Man Who Came Back”,
the picture which will again present the favorite starring
duo of Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor. There isn’t so
much of the boy left in Charlie. He’s more the man now.
He’s serious. There aren’t so many parties in his life.
When he works he scarcely goes out at all. He hasn’t
found stardom one great bed of roses by any means.

What has happened to this young man during the four
years he has co-starred with the gentle, wistful Janet
Gaynor?

First of all there was “Seventh Heaven”. Of all the
brilliant opening nights in the Hollywood theatres, the
premiere of that beautiful drama is the most unforgettable.
Janet and Charlie were almost unknown five minutes be-
fore that picture flashed on the screen of the Carthay Circle
Theatre. Five minutes after the closing scene they were
world famous.

One of the most famous women in the world was
heard to say as she left the theatre that evening—“Ah, if
I could only experience again what that boy and girl have
known tonight.”

That experience and the success changed Charlie. It
wasn’t unnatural, for it came with such breath-taking sud-
denness. It is long enough in the past now to say that he
become a bit hard to handle around the studio.

His next picture was “The Red Dance”, which Raoul
Walsh directed. Charlie and Raoul did not get along the
best in the world. Walsh has never been one to be over-
whelmed by the greatness of a star. The picture wasn’t
too good. Charlie lost some of the high opinions of him-
self. Ever since he has been able to wear his old hat.
His friends have never had to complain that he was up-
stage. He is not conceited when it comes to his accom-
plishments. He is thoroughly agreed with the more than
slightly caustic comment of critics on “Fazil”. He knows
that he cannot be a sheik. But success was his, neverthe-
less. Success, the all-conquering, [Continued on page 65]
A tailored maid-man of "Morocco". Marlene Dietrich proves that sex-appeal can triumph even in a boiled shirt and a dinner coat.

**Suiting**

"VANITY, thy name is woman" may mean something in the rest of the world but in Hollywood, that's just a flock of words—and words that don't mean a thing. For the female of the species may be more deadly than the male—but in Hollywood, at least, she's no better dressed. The lads who cause feminine hearts to miss their beats and make weak women weaker, know their sartorial symphonies—and how!

Notched lapels, circular skirts on overcoats, double-breasted vests, fancy buckles on trousers—these and more are familiar jargon to the well-dressed young-men-about-Hollywood. And suits are purchased not in ones and twos, but by the dozen.

Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed like one of these he-mannequins of the celluloid.

If you don't believe me, just go to Watson and Son, the firm that brought a new kind of tailoring to Hollywood. That's what I did—and I learned about my screen heroes from them.

Take "Buddy" Rogers, for

No serge blues for Buddy Rogers. As prize he-mannequin of Hollywood, Buddy runs to bright colors and fuzzy fabrics.
If Arthur Lake took a couple of blonde honeys under each arm in this, would all three be sugar-coated?

The answer to a tailor’s prayer, Robert Montgomery of the broad shoulders and the generous pocketbook. Bob goes in for everything from sack suits to cutaways—and boy, how he wears ’em!

The First Thing to Do in Order to Dress Like a Hollywood Hero Is to Rob a Bank

By Allan Jordan

instance. (You take him, I don’t want him.) What Lilyan Tashman is to the feminine quota of the movie colony, Buddy is to the masculine contingent. When Buddy appears in a new suit, the other boys take one look and start fighting.

Personally, I’ve always thought Buddy’s clothes the limit. But Mr. Watson, head of the firm which bears his name, vetoed the idea and assured me that my taste might have been good in 1920, but hasn’t improved with age.

Buddy’s clothes, it seems, are the last word. And to prove it, he showed me several pictures of him in various men’s fashions magazines. I apologized.

“Speak of the devil—” anyway, while I was talking to Mr. Watson about Buddy, in walked that young gentleman himself to order a new wardrobe, for his glorious adventure in Europe.

His first selection was a gray Newmarket overcoat—a style which has taken Hollywood by storm. It is double-breasted, cut full at the shoulders and fitted snugly into the waist. A seam runs all the way around the waist, where the skirt of the coat is attached, the skirt being cut very full.

When the overcoat was chosen, he ordered a double-breasted navy-blue serge, a double-breasted dinner jacket, a dark gray silver-striped worsted and a single-breasted black sack suit.

Buddy’s taste runs to very soft materials: vicunas and llama cloths. In addition to the suits mentioned, he ordered three or four suits of those cloths—a brown (a shade to which he’s very partial), a gray and a dark blue. All single-breasted and with (Continued on page 58)
THE RIGHT TO LOVE
Ruth Chatterton plays two generations, mother and daughter, both of them women who demand "the right to love" — which means here to love well but not conventionally. For the mother, such love has meant both heartbreak and beauty. She tries to teach her daughter greater wisdom. It is a moving story which Ruth Chatterton plays with her tear-compelling artistry. Paul Lukas is the man, but the picture is all Chatterton.

THE CRIMINAL CODE
Here is one of the best pictures of the year! It has everything—drama, suspense, tenderness. Based on the old Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye"; it moves smoothly to great emotional heights. Walter Huston is the relentless prosecuting attorney, and Phillips Holmes and Constance Cummings supply the love interest. The horrible side of prison-life is startlingly presented, and direction of Howard Hawks is flawless. See this one!

THE PASSION FLOWER
Our old friend, The Eternal Triangle, is with us again. This time, Charles Bickford is the big heart-throb and tears man who divides his favors between two such high-powered sirens as Kay Francis and Kay Johnson. The latter is the faithful, hard-working wife, and Miss Francis is her siren cousin who turns out to have a heart of gold that saves everyone's honor. Swell entertainment, and strictly believable.

SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY
Lovely Connie Bennett is a hard-working stenographer who is in love with her frivolous boss. He's in love with another girl but he doesn't want to marry her. So he marries Connie instead, then sends her to Europe alone. Connie gets herself some clothes and manners and the fun begins. Such is the plot, but the picture is so perfectly cast, played, staged and spoken you'll love every word of it and beg for more.

THE BAT WHISPERS
Oh, what a thriller this is. Take a haunted house with sliding panels, lights that go out, voices that shriek, bank tellers that abscend, innocents who get accused and the shadow of the Bat over everything. Add simply elegant direction by Roland West, beautiful settings, a great cast headed by the immaculate Chester Morris and fair Una Merkley and the whole is one of the most exciting movies in many a month.
The Devil to Pay
Rating: GOOD
United Artists

Here is a picture oh, so light, amusing
and unimportant, full of fine direction
and beautiful settings, with Ronald Col-
man playing one of those fatal, irre-
sponsible Englishmen who gets all mixed
up in love. Loretta Young’s the only girl and Myrna Loy’s
the charmer. Ronnie and Frederick Kerr give performances
worth going miles to see. The dialogue is utterly delightful.
Just for pure entertainment, go see this.

The Dancers
Rating: FAIR
Fox

Another flaming youth exposé—and not
as good as some. When Lois Moran
vows to be true and sends Phillips
Holmes away to make his fortune, she
is garbed in purest white. But after
Walter Byron and gin take a holiday with her, she goes in
for black nighties—the badge of her blame. However, when
Phil returns, he still prefers slightly scarlet Lois to the more
earthly and interesting Mae Clarke, so all ends well.

The Lottery Bride
Rating: POOR
United Artists

Even Jeanette MacDonald’s lovely, lyric
voice cannot save this from mediocrity.
Laid in the picturesque locale of Nor-
way, it’s one of those inane musical
comedy things about a mammoth lottery,
the prize of which is the beautiful Jeanette. A flock of icebergs
lend color, but are cold—just like the picture. Joe E. Brown
does his best to amuse, as does ZaSu Pitts—but even a swell
cast can’t achieve the impossible.
The plumber. Emil, by wicked little a
Alas funny lonely the because it was a whole gutter. The angel looks foolish and tries to make a gentleman of him. There is a conflict of wills and they learn about marriage from each other. It's all pretty foolish but light and gay enough to be good fun and Jeanette looks very lovely in negligee.

Emil, the plumber. Youthful romance in a mythical kingdom. Maureen O'Sullivan is a lonely little princess destined to marry the wicked Baron Von Kemper. But, Charlie Farrell comes along from far-away America and upsets the best-laid plans. He's a wealthy young engineer but Maureen mistakes him for a plumber. Things look dark then, but love finds a way. Charlie and Maureen are likable, but not as good as Farrell-Gaynor.

Jeanette MacDonald is a temperamental opera singer who always gets what she wants. Reggie Denny is a hard-boiled burglar who yearns to sing. Jeanette falls in love with him, marries him and tries to make a gentleman of him. There is a conflict of wills and they learn about marriage from each other. It's all pretty foolish but light and gay enough to be good fun and Jeanette looks very lovely in negligee.

Alas and alack, here's Emil Jannings in his first talkie rôle in English—but it's the same old Jannings plot. Once more Emil, as a worthy German, falls into the clutches of a siren and descends to the gutter. Marlene Dietrich is the siren, not so lovely as she was in "Morocco" but very interesting, nevertheless. The whole production is heavy and talky but very interesting, nevertheless. The whole production is heavy and talky has advanced since it was made. Decidedly not for children.

This is a wild Wheeler and Woolsey farce with Bert and Robert as a pair of funny men who run a broken-down hotel because they're in love with pretty Dorothy Lee. Dorothy Lee's film mother and a lot of underworld characters enter the plot. Everything gets muddled but love wins. Not too good dialogue and not so good for the stars. You'll get laughs, but it is to be much better, if these boys are to stay stars.

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Mr. Cohen and Mr. Kelly, with their nagging wives, are in a different locale—Africa, where the monkey-shies are best. Charley Murray and George Sidney make the most of their thrilling adventures in the land of wild animals, wilder native girls and trick camera shots. Kate Price and Vera Gordon are the wives again, while Frank Davis, a jungle guide, is plenty humorous. Not art, but perfectly grand for hearty laughs.

One of those domestic things full of little household battles done rather well by Genevieve Tobin and Conrad Nagel. The direction by Hobart Henley is good. He shows an understanding of human beings and his handling of the trials and tribulations of a husband and wife is particularly praiseworthy. Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville, Monroe Owsley and Ilka Chase supply the comedy. You'll like this even if you are married—or not.
And what a leader! Ed Wynn, itinerant actor, waiter and what-you-will, accidentally finds himself the leader of a gang of gunmen. Ginger Rogers is the pure, pulchritudinous protegee of the gang and they elect to make a Broadway star of her. The fun is fast and furious, but it's strictly of the stage variety, which means long, uninterrupted speeches by Mr. Wynn and an unreal atmosphere throughout. Stanley Smith makes a nice hero.

Jack Oakie is a big favorite but he will need better material than this if he is to continue to cause lines at the box-office. Jack plays a gob in love with Lillian Roth. Of course, her parents disapprove. Jack is offered a couple of millions if he will stay in the Navy for a year. You can imagine the rest! Jack performs his usual antics in his usual way but it's all pretty wet and a weak cast doesn't help it any.

Another epic of the pioneers, this time of the hardy folk who followed Daniel Boone into primitive Kentucky. Johnny Mack Brown and Gavin Gordon wage the usual contest for the favors of Eleanor Boardman, who marks her return to the screen with a very good performance. But, pioneer stuff is getting rather tiresome—we've had too much of it. It won't make much difference whether you see this version or not.

Yes, Suhl! From away out west, where men are movie actors—and the doubles do most of the hard riding. This is just another outdoor picture with the hero falsely suspected while the rascally villain tries to steal the gal and the sheriff plans arrests. Rex Lease is not the chap for chaps and big hero stuff. Dorothy Sebastian works hard but unavailingly. It's all pretty commonplace unless you just must have a "Western".

This marks Elsie Ferguson's first appearance on the talking screen and she gives a swell performance. But the plot creaks. It's one of those Madame X themes—this time the mother is defending her child in the court of justice. Miss Ferguson is the brilliant woman attorney, called to defend Marian Nixon, who killed to protect her honor. Of course, she discovers her client's identity and there's a family reunion in the end.

Just as we went to press, we saw this thrilling, dramatic picture that should rate a page on sheer merit. Once, in silent days, it was filmed as "Within the Law", but don't let that stop you. Joan Crawford, and a splendid cast, make something new, touching, thrilling and beautiful of the story of a girl falsely accused of stealing, who serves her time, then uses her wits to beat society, till love gives her understanding. See this.
ACROSS

1. A drama.
3. The leading man.
4. Alumnus (slang).
5. Choice seat in theatre.
6. To stimulate.
7. To state.
8. Crippled—also descriptive of some movie plots.
10. Word once used in subtitle to denote time lapse.
12. Prophetic sign.
14. The famous crooner.
15. Kind of future stars wish for.
16. The final fade-out.
17. Preposition.
18. Actor who made a hit in "Sweetie."
19. To love—as hero loves heroine.
20. Leading man in "Speakeazy."
22. "Mother's boy" in "What Price Glory?"
23. What every extra hopes to do.
24. What an English actor drinks with whiskey.
25. Star of "The Veiled Woman," imported by Fox from South America.
26. A Nancy Carroll picture.
27. Conjunction.
29. Mrs. Grant Withers.

DOWN

1. Story of film.
2. Heroine of "Speakeazy."
3. What some stars keep secret.
4. A yes man's favorite word.
5. Hero in "Broadway Babies."
6. Movie villain from way back.
7. Rodent.
8. Consumed.
9. How an actor feels taking a screen test.
10. Actor in "Hell's Angels."
11. Describing the villain's intentions.
12. Heroine in "The Big Parade."
13. Commanded.
14. Star of "The Trespasser."
15. Mexican male star.
16. Villain in "War Nurse."
17. To contradict.
18. How a Jack Oakie film makes you feel.
19. Star in "Sea God."
20. The state of Hollywood weather.
22. Over.
23. A Danish actor.
25. Scenery accessories.
26. Something censored from on.
27. What no actress wants to be.
28. Gilbert Roland's real name.
29. Something used in signing contracts.
30. A star's bug bear.
31. Edge of heroine's gown.
32. Something you need to hear theme songs.
34. Ourselves.
35. Garbo's yes.
36. One of "Those Three French Girls."
37. A forbidden drink.
38. A California fruit product.
39. Player of Stella Dallas' daughter.
40. What goes around the heroine.
41. The, in Spanish.
42. What actors try to make for themselves.
43. What heroine represents to hero.
44. What a talkie does.
45. Something used in a star's scrap book.
46. To entreat.
48. To steep.
49. Last name of many players.

(Want to prove that you did it correctly? All right—turn to page 55.)
MARIAN NIXON Glorifies—

Clothes for the Girl Who is Short and Sweet

All models courtesy of the Little Deb Shop, Russek's, New York, and photographed exclusively for SILVER SCREEN by Rebele Studios

Here's the smart solution for the little girl who wants a big, woolly coat but doesn't want to look chunky. In green, brown, black, blue or red tweed, it has a smart buttoned collar and a narrow belt. And even the price is tiny, $25.00
Would You Like to Dress

Being one of the littlest leading women in movies (though a big, very fine actress) Marian Nixon went shopping with Louise Bonney, SILVER SCREEN'S fashion editor, to choose smart, inexpensive clothes for small girls.

You don't have to be tall to be exotic. You can go Russian in this bloused two-piece dress. In beige and brown, in red and black or black and white, blue and black, palest turquoise and darker, or in greens, the sleeve and neck banding match the dark skirt, $22.00.

Dull black diminishes figures, but shiny black like this highlighted satin makes you appear taller. Note the cute little vest and matching cuffs on this tailored model, $29.50.

Contrast this evening dress with the one across the page. This in white crepe and tulle, or all the best pastel evening shades, is cut on clever lines that give the figure both height and slenderness, $25.00.
ike Marian Nixon?

Miss Bonney will be glad to buy these dresses just like Miss Nixon's if you will address her in care of this magazine. And she'll give you all the fashion advice on how to dress that Marian gave her if you will write to her asking for it.

Marion says she likes this dress because it knows a trick or two. Of gunmetal lame in white, rose and green, it can be worn for very dressy afternoon parties, as witness the standing portrait. But—snap off its long sleeves and it becomes an evening gown. Clever for $49.50?

If the peplum of the white velvet bodice of this gown were cut square, a short girl couldn't wear it. But because it is rounded and because of the charming length of the black velvet skirt, it gives one height and slenderness, $55.00.
METRO, in picturing the thrilling novel, "The Great Meadow", shows two of the perils of the pioneers. Above, Indian trouble outside the stockade and alongside, heart trouble within, when John Mack Brown begins looking lovingly at Eleanor Boardman.
PORTRAIT of a fighting Irishman, Charles Bickford, temporarily at peace with the world and supervisors, just sitting pretty for his role in "The Passion Flower"
ON THIS and the opposite page—two young people with good habits. In this corner Mr. Chester Morris, Broadway’s blessing on the talkies. He started with a great “Alibi”. He murdered them in “The Big House”. He just about ruined Norma Shearer’s life in “The Divorcee” and now in “The Bat Whispers”, he’s slaying them.
IN THIS corner, Miss Carole Lombard, one of the loveliest fair-haired children of Hollywood. Carole figured first in a Sennett bathing suit. A wave of popularity carried her right into a contract with Pathe. Next she was featured by Fox and now old Papa Paramount prefers her. Her most recent picture is "Fast and Loose"
BY REQUEST—Ramon Novarro. Since the days in 1922 when Rex Ingram told the beloved Rudy Valentino that he could pick an unknown extra and make a star of him, Ramon has been triumphant, since he was the extra chosen. A great star of the silent movies, sound has made him even more popular, thanks to the beauty of his glorious voice.
Ruth Chatterton is like a skilled musician who when inspired knows what strings to play; she can consciously play on certain emotions of her audience. Clara Bow is at her best when she acts spontaneously, at her worst when she has to repeat a scene over and over.

These are the views of Dorothy Arzner, Paramount's only woman director and for that matter the only woman director of the talkies. She says she tries to live her life utterly without reactions. Positive action is all she is interested in.

It was Dorothy Arzner who directed "The Wild Party", "Sarah and Son", and "Anybody's Woman". She has directed Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow and, in the days before the talkies, Esther Ralston and Nancy Carroll. She has also worked with such general favorites as Fredric March.

"Fredric March," she said, "is a very sincere worker, very natural and very much of a man. I believe he feels the emotion he portrays, which is most unusual for a man! "Unlike some actors, he does not stand aloof from his part. He really gives himself to his work. He has great freedom of movement and no inhibitions. If he has to shout, he shouts. If he has to run up and down stairs, he runs. But he doesn't fall in love with the women to whom he makes love in the films. He is in love with his own wife, Florence Eldridge."

Of the women stars Dorothy Arzner confesses that she particularly enjoys directing Ruth Chatterton.

"She knows her business. She is a skilled technician. She knows what instruments to play on in order to awaken emotional response.

"Sometimes, of course, it is impossible for the actress to know just what reaction she will get. When Ruth Chatterton in 'Anybody's Woman' played the scenes where she had to get Clive Brook to come out of his drunken spell, we believed these scenes were farce, and that the pathos of the situation would not come through. Ruth Chatterton's audiences saw something more in these scenes than just comedy. There were tears very close to the laughter.

"It is sometimes said that women are more emotional than men. I think that men players are more restrained, but it is a natural restraint. "I should like to direct some of the men stars, particularly Maurice Chevalier. He would be fun. I suppose the reason I am always given women stars to handle is because that's a man's idea of what a woman's work in pictures should be.

"Most of the pictures I have done have been pictures of feminine appeal. I thought that 'Sarah and Son' would appeal chiefly to women because of its theme, but more men than women personally told me that they liked the picture. I asked them what they [Continued on page 61]
THAT old bird Propinquity has been doing his stuff again! This time his victims are Lina Basque and Harry Richman, both of whom you might describe as on the rebound.

Harry, recovering from his publicity-engagement to Clara Bow, was playing in his night club in New York, when little Lina came out of the West to put on a specialty dance in the club. She, too, was just recuperating from a wrecked romance, having recently received her interlocutory decree of divorce from Peverell Marley.

Soon, Lina and Harry found they liked working together so well they’d try playing together. Now they’re both on fire!

* * *

Norma Shearer left her car standing out in front of a store in Hollywood while she went shopping.

When Norma returned from the little orgy of spending some of hubby’s money, she found all of her automobile tires had been stolen.

* * *

RUMORS! Rumors! Rumors! This time it’s Ann Harding who is subject for the gossip mart. Whispers are going around Hollywood that the blonde goddess is not satisfied with the rôle being allotted her by Pathé, and is unwilling to continue with her contract.

However, the company is unwilling to release her, and has announced its intention of taking up her next option this month.

* * *

Robert Warwick, stage and screen star, who is making his comeback in the films, has been taking Hazel Mills, extra girl around places—football games and such.

* * *

Gary Cooper is the latest screen luminary to pay the price of popularity with broken health.

The gaunt young gentleman from Montana has been working so consistently that the long hours and heat of the lights have taken their toll. So, he has been withdrawn from the cast of “Dishonored,” in which he was scheduled to appear opposite the sultry Marlene Dietrich, and has been ordered to rest until he is fully recovered.

* * *

Harry Langdon may be funny to a lot of people, but he was just a pain in the neck to one Los Angeles man.

Said man is suing Harry for $3192 damages in an auto crash.

* * *

THE infantile Vivian Duncan will be a proud mamma soon. The industrious Hollywood stork is hovering over the Duncan-Asther domicile, and the advent of an heir is expected around April 1.

Meanwhile, Rosetta, the other half of the world-famous Duncan Sisters team, is planning to go into a musical comedy alone.

* * *

STORM clouds which have hung around the head of Dolores Del Rio are at last beginning to clear.

The busy Mexican actress was stricken with a serious kidney ailment soon after her marriage to Cedric Gibbons. For a time her life was despaired of, but she finally underwent an operation, from which she is recovering rapidly.

* * *

Thelma Todd, lovely light-haired actress, continues to keep the hearts of Ivan Lebedeff, Russian actor, and Harvey Peirce, insurance agent, all agog.

* * *

These two don’t care who makes our laws so long as they can write our songs. Who are they? No less than Otto Harbach, with the straw hat) and Jerome Kern, who have written the slickest tunes in the world. (And incidentally made themselves millions.)

* * *

Elsie Janis, the “sweetheart of the A. E. F.” survived the World War without a scratch. She entertained the boys with bullets whizzing about her head—and never felt a knock.

But Hollywood is something else again. And Elsie has been having rather a hectic time of it.

She was just recovering from a sprained back received in a friendly tussle with Ramon Novarro, when she was bitten by a monkey, a member of the John Ford company.

Elsie started to feed him some peanuts when suddenly he turned without warning and bit her severely on the leg and hand.

There was a doctor close at hand and her wounds were dressed immediately.
FIND THE TWIN TOWERS
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If you can find the twin towers, send the numbers together with your name and address to qualify for these prizes. 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 62, 54 West Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois.

ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF CHICAGO CENTENNIAL WORLD'S FAIR
CURIOS: There's at least one in every magazine. Yes, I mean you, Curious. Constance, Joan and Barbara Bennett are all the daughters of Richard Bennett, one of the deans of the American drama. And they all have personality plus. Constance is the oldest, next comes Barbara, the brunette, who is married to Morton Downey, and youngest is Joan. Joan always carries a lorgnette, not to be Ritty, but because she is near-sighted.

GARBO-ITE: Yes, Greta seems to be the most popular gal in pictures today. Who says mystery doesn't pay? She's really a most remarkable woman, the way she has been able to do what she wants even in Hollywood, where people are supposed to do the accepted thing.

Her next picture has a swell title, "Inspirations.

NINGA: Thanks for all your kind words. We'll try to keep up the good work.

James Rennie is about thirty-two years old, and is a little over six feet tall. Sounds good, doesn't it? You can see him next in "Adios," with Richard Barthelmess, and then he's going to be "Broadminded." After which, there's a possibility that he may do "Captain Blood," from Shakespeare's well-known novel.

Lillian Roth has left Paramount. There's lots of gossip about temperament, but I wouldn't want to say Lil gets mad or anything. Her last picture for them was "Sea Legs"—and you see legs is nasty in it.

WEARY WILLIE: Are you asking me my favorite star? Boy, boy, do I sound that dumb? I like 'em all, especially the handsome ones. I'm that human.

Ramon Navarro was born in Mexico—and he's really as nice off the screen as on. He lives with his many brothers and sisters in a quiet section of Los Angeles and doesn't go in for many social affairs. Just between us, I think he likes little Dorothy Jordan more than he admits. She's played opposite him in his last three pictures, you know.

EMMIE LOU: Yes, there are lots of Southerners in pictures. Dorothy Sebastian is just one of many. But Dot's a great girl. She's never seemed to get the breaks she deserves, but always gives a fine performance. And who knows what's around the corner for her?

At one time she was engaged to Clarence Brown, Garbo's favorite director, but that's been cold for some time. Now he's sweet on Sally Blane and Dot's big moment is Bill Boyd, Elmo Fair's ex. You need an almanac to get around in Hollywood.

DON B: The role of the detective in "Broadway" was played by Thomas E. Jackson, who also enacted the same part in the original stage production. Glenn Tryon was the hoofer, and Merna Kennedy, the girl.

FRANKLIN DAVIS: Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago some thirty-odd years ago, on March 27. Her first picture was "Eivas Faran" (no relation to the breakfast-food), and was produced by the old Essanay Company. Then, glorious Gloria went down to the sea in bathing-girl comedies, and later became dramatic for Paramount. Her first film under her contract with that organization were "Don't Charge Your Husband", and "Male and Female"; in which she aided in the glorification of the great American bathtub. "The Trespasser" was her first talking picture.

I've never looked over her shoulder when Gloria made out her income tax returns, but something tells me she's able to buy all the shoes she needs.

Rene Adoree was born on a circus-lot in Lille, France, on Sept. 1, 1901. Poor Rene is still in the sanitarium, fighting a game battle for her health. Why don't you write to her at M-G-M? I'm sure she'd be glad to hear from you.

TIDDLEDWINKS: Now I ask you, is it nice to ask a lady her age? Even though I am a good friend of Joan's, I'd hate to be so er-

In her next picture Marie Dressler tells the truth about Reducing. The best thing, says Marie, is to give up all meal order business forward! But her press agent tells me that she's twenty-two. And you can believe it or not! There's no doubt about it, the gal is going to stay at the top. Just wait until you see her latest picture, "Paid". It's a wow!

DOROTHY HILL: No, Janet Gaynor has not left the screen for the stage. At present she's just completed "The Man Who Came Back", in which her old partner, Charlie Parrell, appears opposite.

Poor little Clara Bow! She honestly and truly is one of the sweetest, most generous-hearted kids in the world—but all she gets is bad publicity. Her hair is naturally dark brown but she has dyed it red for picture purposes—it photographs better that way. As to her private life, she really lives very quietly and goes out very little. She probably attends fewer Hollywood parties than any other star of her importance in pictures.


Mary Pickford hasn't made a picture since "The Taming of the Shrew", but is working on "Kids" right now. And Lila Lee is still in the sanitarium—poor girl, she's making a game fight!

LILA KOHN: Kathryn Crawford has been in pictures for quite some time—under contract to Universal, from which company she was borrowed by Paramount for her role in "Safety in Numbers". At present she's free-lancing, but her last Universal pictures were "King of Jazz", "The Climax", "The Felon", "Senior Americano", and "Mountain Justice".

As to Lew Ayres, you can find out all about him in his life-story, which begins in this issue. Everybody wants to know about Lew, he's that popular.

MISS CURIOSITY OF WISCONSIN: Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers are not engaged—just good friends. That's what they tell me, and they ought to know. And the same is true of Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell—but I have my doubts about them. Whenever Charlie goes away he leaves his Packard and his boat in Virginia's care—and that looks heart thrilling to me.

Greta Garbo is a mere infant of twenty-five, despite her wise and thrilling looks.
the glory of a woman like Garbo is in that grand, generous mouth which she makes up so completely that it gives her character and personality, and that is much more important in modern beauty than a baby doll look.

We're all finding out that personality is the big thing, and very right we are, too. And a make-up that makes you interesting, rather than merely pretty, is smarter right now.

After making up your mouth put a little touch of eyeshadow over your eyelids. If your eyes are far apart put a touch of eyeshadow at the inner corners of each eye. If they are close together do the opposite.

When all this is done slap on your powder. I mean just that. Take your nice clean powder puff, dip it into your powder and slap it on to your face. This is much better than rubbing it in. You'll seem to have too much on but brush it off with a soft skin brush or a piece of cotton. Take off your final powder from your eyelashes and eyebrows—again that little touch of mascara, accentuate the hidden pastel rouge with a little dry rouge—put a little fresh lipstick on your mouth and you're all ready. Take the towel from your head, fluff out your hair, look in the glass and you'll see a girl who is still yourself but looking particularly lovely, since all your hidden beauty has been brought forth for the world to admire and love.

ONE final word of caution and then I'm through for this month. No matter how tired you are, always be sure to remove your make-up before retiring. It is only the work of a moment or two to take off make-up properly. Particularly if you use cold cream or liquid cleansers, but oh, the difference it makes to your skin in the morning. And a good skin first, last and always is the basis for a flattering appearance.

A month in answer to your many requests I'll write on Reducing—menus, diets, exercises and little tricks that will help you to slenderness.

HERE'S HOW YOU SHOULD HAVE WORKED THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 42:

PLAY DOGAN READ CANDY
LOCK CLATE AVER LAME
OLGA LATER LIND OPEN
TASHA TAST EDIT LIN
DA DORE PAUL CAR
ADORE PAUL CR
BARBY RISO DONAL DR
BROWN DEE LISH
CRABMEER KINSLIN
DEE DROS MAR ALMS
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TAPS NORMA DEL CLESE
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Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special talent. Just read the list of instruments in the panel decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind, no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day.

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LOS ANGELES

CALIFORNIA

55
to find another woman’s powder on her husband’s coat lapel. That coat, too, will always be clean and in press, and his shoes shined.

"Thinking of thoughtfulness in a man. Every woman is pleased with little attentions. They mean so much and they take so little time and effort from a man. When you dine out with a man he should see that the dinner is properly served and that you are seated comfortably. Where you can see or be seen—as you like best. In other words, really think what will please you before considering what will please him."

"Speaking candidly, I have a mania for those little attentions. I want to be noticed, but I am not a show-off. I imagine I am like every other woman. Supposing I come downstairs to meet a man with whom I am dining. I am wearing a new gown and I had hoped to please him. Then he doesn’t notice it at all and I feel that sickening sense of disappointment. There’s nothing to be done unless I fall back on that last resort—the half-in jest and all-in-earnest remark, ‘I guess you don’t think I look well tonight’. But, no matter what he says then, the edge has been taken away from the evening."

"If men only know, or more important still, if they could only remember, how important those little things are to a woman."

"For some reason I am mentioning intelligence rather far down the line. But it is not a case of ‘last shall be least’. Intelligence is a vital necessity, not a mere lovable quality. I have the greatest respect in the world for keen intelligence, a well-rounded, broad viewpoint on life. I love a sense of humor in anyone, particularly in a man. I know that the man with a sense of humor makes a far better life’s companion than the man without it."

"Consideration for others is a wonderful quality in a woman. It is bound to lead him to women. That quality becomes doubly important after marriage. I have never forgotten a time when I returned from the studio, dead tired. Douglas hadn’t been working that day and I knew he had planned on going to a party or out that night. I tried to get dressed. He knew how exhausted I was and he insisted that we cancel our engagement. We put on old clothes and drove down to the beach for dinner. I don’t think that either of us have ever had a better time. Naturally, it is a poor rule that doesn’t work both ways. A man has every right to expect consideration from a woman."

"I have told you what I love in a man. There are three things that I hate, too. I can’t endure rudeness, surliness and a bad, uncontrollable temper."

"Don’t think that I object to a little honest temperament in a man. I wouldn’t care for one who was incapable of genuine anger. There are times when a man has reason to be moody and maybe just a little bit cross. I don’t mind. However, he doesn’t have to be surly about it."

---

**GARY COOPER**

(Continued from page 17)

girl who would be a comrade, one who would enjoy the things I like. I guess what I mean is that hard-working word ‘compatibility’. It is bound to lead him to women. With this greater quality, I wouldn’t actually object, you understand.

**SOME DAY** I want to leave Hollywood. I like ranch life. I like to get away from people and live in the open. Even now I seldom go to parties. If I marry, under those conditions, you see I will have to find compatibility in the girl. She will have to like other things than the society of many people. Little niceties of city civilization couldn’t mean everything in the world to her."

"Most women place greater stress on society than most men. I don’t object to it. Everyone is gregarious to some extent. But some women and uncontrolled desire for gaiety is not what I most admire in a woman. There’s a lot of difference between enjoying friends and just a futile seeking for noise and crowds."

"I do like a woman with the ability to meet all kinds of people. I admire ease of manner in anybody. The ideal woman should be able at least to appear at home in the finest drawing-room and in the one-room cabin of a mountain man. And to make those around her comfortable, too."

"I don’t imagine many men expect complete frankness in a woman. She is supposed to be complex and hard to understand. I do look for faithfulness and honesty. If you can’t have that, what chance does any relationship?

"Thoughtfulness and unselfishness are great things in a woman. Every woman expects those things in a man, and it works both ways.

"Perhaps it isn’t particularly admirable, but I like to be babied once in a while. Sure, I admit it. Every man likes being babied. I would hate to say that I would expect to be babied, but I would expect the thoughtfulness that means the maternal quality in woman."

"I don’t say that what I would live in a woman is what every other man would love. Certain qualities are admired by everyone, but some men would place more stress on one thing, others on an entirely different quality. And it’s a good thing that this is so. Otherwise, a few girls would be entirely too popular.”

---
A Bad Girl Makes Good

[As issued from page 27]

not very long ago.

I had been spending the week-end visiting friends at Southampton and arriving at my morning paper in time to check in on my new job. Everything went very smoothly all day and I was just congratulating myself on my quick adaptability when six dresses were reported missing from the racks. Of course there was a panicky rush; but no, it was only last week's FUR SUITS. But there was a new girl . . . I had arrived that morning with a valise — the evidence was all against me. If I had stolen the entire store I couldn't have felt—not looked—more guilty. It was so embarrassing I never went back. I'm sure to this day they suspect me of 'taking ways'.

Right about this time Kay fell in love again. This time with Allan Ryan, Jr., of the Social Register. They became engaged and Kay flashed a solitary large enough to illuminate Madison Square Garden. But Allan and his family objected to Kay's continuing her career. And Kay is just beginning to become really interested in it. Besides, she knew that she could never stand the boredom of a Park Avenue matron's life. So she returned the ring (which is not according to Lorette Lee a tall, a tall!) and took up bachelor girl quarters with her two friends, Lois Long, the present Mrs. Peter Arno and Katherine Swan, now on the scenario staff of Paramount Pictures.

They didn't live in Greenwich Village but they were poor and struggling 'artists' just the same—their combined earnings just managing to meet the monthly rent. Lois and 'Swannie' were always trying to marry Kay off to a dozen or more of the millionaires who wore off the welcome on her doormat every night. Neither of them had much confidence in her acting ability and felt that with her beauty, a brilliant marriage would suit her better.

All this happened B. T. (before talkies) so pictures never occurred to any of them. Long before, Kay had taken a silent test for the vamp role in 'Sorrows of Satan'. She wore a blonde wig. The result was enough to make Kay vow that she would never appear on the screen again. Instead, she went to Cincinnati and joined Stuart Walker's stock company, the kindergarden of all first-grade players.

After serving a rigorous apprenticeship of two seasons, Kay returned to Broadway and appeared in 'Crime' with Kay Johnson, Chester Morris and James Rennie in 'Elmer, the Great', with Walter Huston.

IT WAS during the run of this play that Paramount was combing the town for someone to play the female menace in 'Gentlemen of the Press'. Kay was approached for a test. She turned it down in polite, albeit no uncertain, terms. Her unfailing memory recalled all too vividly the nightmare of her first test! Paramount pleaded and cajoled and Kay hedged with all the coolness of a girl with spanned ribs and even household's maid. It was Walter Huston's persuasive powers that finally won her over. She appeared

in 'Gentlemen of the Press', vamping with sound.

When Kay first went to Hollywood, she was determined to save her money. She rented a small bungalow in Beverly Hills. A colored maid, Lida, was her only accessory.

Other actresses returned to Broadway flat broke. Not Kay! In less than a year she had saved a tidy sum. She still lives in the same bungalow and still has the same maid, although her living expenses have since been increased by one yellow Ford coupe, called 'Rabbit' because it goes in leaps and bounds; two Persian cats, 'Mitzi' and 'Tib'; a canary named 'Napoleon'; a Boston Bull christened 'Cesar'; a wire-haired terrier whose godfather is William Powell and whose name is 'Snifter'; and seven fish — known as the Seven Vestal Virgins.

ALTHOUGH she has the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, Kay doesn't spend half her wardrobe. She never may an "entrance" and yet, when she enters a room, she is immediately the cynosure of all eyes. Everything she does is effortless — with no striving for effect.

Shoes are her greatest hobby. At the last census there were more than 75 pair. She doesn't own any diamonds and never wears anything in silver and platinum. Despite her brunette beauty, she claims she is a 'golden' girl.

Although she is on every host and hostess list in Hollywood, she doesn't go in for a continual round of parties. She has a small group of friends, the John Cromwells (Kay Johnson), the Arthur Horabihows, the Louis Bromfield, the Edmund Lowes, with whom she likes to dine informally.

She adores music. When she was a child it was her mother's fondest hope that she would be a genius at the piano. Kay claimed to be a trapeze artist and wear pink tights. Both have since recuperated from their respective disappointments.

Kay now occupies a box at the Hollywood Bowl during the summer months and at the opera during the season. Her escort on these musical evenings is usually Mrs. MacKenna's little boy, Kenneth.

Kay's cup would be overbrimming now if she could only see New York again. She hasn't been back for almost two years and no anodyne but a return trip will cure her nostalgia. She is hoping that in a very imminent future she will be allowed to make a picture at the Paramount New York Studios . . . and then, excuse her dust!

Many of Kay's friends, however, have crossed the desert sands to help assuage her homesickness. They report that she is still the same Kay—sweet, unspoiled, unaffected, exhibiting no traces of 'going Hollywood.' This, in the nature of things, is not surprising. Popularity and adulation have always been hers and her grand sense of humor would never allow her to take the whole thing seriously. In other words, she doesn't think she is important.

Which, really, is the most important thing about her.

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Suiting the Boys

[continued from page 37]

notched lapels that roll all the way down; and all modestly priced between $175 and $200 each.

And, by the way, Buddy's clothes all have natural shoulders now—no padding nor stuffing of any sort.

It's a great day for his tailor when Robert Montgomery comes along. For an order for six or eight suits at one crack means nothing in his young life.

His latest sartorial orgy resulted in a complete fall wardrobe, including a cutaway and striped trousers for church and formal day wear. As if a day is ever formal in Hollywood!

After the cutaway, Bob cast his eyes upon flannels—and was lost. He ordered four suits of that material, a dark blue, a light blue, a brown and a gray—all double-breasted.

"Bob is so slender," Mr. Watson explained, "we nearly always make his coats double-breasted because they hold up better. Double-breasted looks heavier. And he has his trousers cut very full and always has a buckle put on each side of the waistband so he can tighten them that way and doesn't have to wear a belt or suspenders."

"It's very seldom we get a chance to fit Bob's clothes in our shop," Mr. Watson went on. "He works so constantly that usually we have to take the works out to the studio and try them on him between shots. Lots of times they've held up production until we got through trying on his clothes."

There was a large portrait of Basil Rathbone displayed prominently over Mr. Watson's desk, so when the original sartorial turned in, no one had to hiss "attends" at me.

Mr. Rathbone ordered a double-breasted dark gray flannel with a light stripe, two brown Harris tweeds, a double-breasted light blue worked two blue serges—one single and one double-breasted, a dark blue full dress suit, a dinner suit, a light cream-colored camel's hair overcoat and a dark guardman's overcoat.

That year she didn't need any clothes for the next five years," I murmured resentfully to Mr. Watson, as Mr. Rathbone strolled out.

"You think so?" was the answer. "Take a look at this."

And he showed me the ledger-sheet bearing Mr. Rathbone's name—and believe it or not, during the one year he was in Hollywood, Mr. Rathbone paid into the coffers of Watson and Son over $7,000 for suits and coats alone. Not to mention his purchases of sundry shirts, hats and shoes from the other Hollywood haberdashers.

While still more or less in the coma induced by Mr. Rathbone's extravaganzas, a soft "Gut effening" in a feminine voice announced the sultry Marlene Dietrich, accompanied by the ever-present Josef von Sternberg. She went into a fitting-room alone, and presently emerged, with the full dress suit which she had ordered for use in "Morocco". Incidentally, you who have seen the picture know that she can wear a dress suit with more aplomb than the average male.

Frau Dietrich and "Von" had hardly closed the door behind them when Arthur Lake bounded in to have a tuck taken in the sleeves of a new camel's hair overcoat he had just bought. When he bends over he looks like some woolly animal and I'm quite sure he'll be shot for a bear when the hunting season opens.

The coat is large enough to keep Arthur and a couple of his friends warm at the same time. But whether the extra coverage is for the sake of stature, or any other reason Frau Dietrich doesn't say. However, I have recollections of Arthur's preference for blouses.

He ordered a couple of new suits while waiting for the coat to be altered. In curious contrast to the parts he plays, Arthur invariably selects neat, conservative clothes and will have nothing tricky about them. Which makes me think that sisters are occasionally of some use in the world—they can be so critical.

Arthur received a dark overcoat made to wear with his evening clothes but he has never had it on because he's afraid it's too extreme.

And then there's Rod La Rocque, who has more sense than any other man in Hollywood. One day before he left for New York to begin rehearsals for the stage play he and his wife, Vilma Banky, are doing, he came in to Mr. Watson's fashion emporium looking not angry but terribly, terribly upset.

"Look, here," he said. "I'm not entirely satisfied with the way my clothes look on the screen." I gapsed. If there is one man in town who has the reputation of never making a sartorial error, it's Rod.

"What's the trouble?" he was asked.

"I'll tell you," Rod explained. "They look great on me in the flesh but on the screen every wrinkle is magnified to two or three times its actual size. Let's see if we can work out something a little different."

"Suppose you let us make you up one suit according to our own ideas," Watson fished suggested. "Something, perhaps, not so typically English, which will give you plenty of room and yet do away with those wrinkles around the arms."

Mr. La Rocque agreed and the suit was rushed through in two days. When it was delivered Rod had a screen test made of himself in it. Next morning his valet arrived with his entire wardrobe to be remodeled along the lines of the new suit. The alteration bill was somewhat in the neighborhood of $300.00.

My investigations had been very pleasant so far—but one morning I received an invitation to accompany the Watsons out to Lawrence Tibbett's—at six in the morning. Mr. Tibbett had gone from "The Naughty Nineties" to work at "Queenie" without a day's interim, and there had been no chance to order new clothes.

Mrs. Tibbett proved that she was the one wife in a lifetime by being up at that early hour to help him well-dress. She hovered solicitously about and chattered cheerfully with Lawrence to take his mind off the tedious business of standing still while one suit after another was pinned and basted.
The Resurrection of Lupe

[Continued from page 15]

"People think I'm sick. I used to laugh and feel around on the set and off. But, now I'm sad. I used to have fun at night, when work was done, but now I go to bed exhausted."

I might have thought that Lupe was posing and exaggerating her devotion to her art—even dramatizing herself as she talked—if I hadn't seen her in the dim light of the deserted stage an hour before, with the tears streaming down her cheeks.

I might be inclined to laugh at the little hoyden who suddenly turned dramatic after a life of no particular promise; but perhaps I should go out of my way to the changing of her voice three times—mechanical problems which were left to her. No cigarettes and plenty of concentration produced the voice of the pure, unsophisticated girl who lives in the first phases of "Resurrection."

Next, she was forced to change the tone and timbre of her voice so that she portrayed a woman of the streets, without hope, without regard for anything or anyone, trying to forget the unhappiness she knew following the death of the baby of the man she loved more than all else in the world.

Shooting began after she had realized that she and Maslava had become one.

"After all, it was not acting," she said, "it was a matter of living again the life which Maslava had led."

At rest, she is calm, tranquil, these days. Her face is quiet and shows little trace of emotion. Usually, she almost mumbles her lines. After she has done so several times, she casts aside her "rehearsal personality" and becomes Maslava. Her face changes. Her voice changes. Her whole body and personality change.

Before leaving Lupe and Carewe and Universal City I saw the rushes of the picture. There had been a chance to compare the voluptuous Lupe of other days, toasting for her drowning, but crying behind her laughter, to the wistful wisp of a Mexican girl who stands so close to fame.

And I saw her as a little girl of fourteen, leaving her home, lifting her arms to the heavens and saying:

"Here I am, world. You've got to like me."

I realized then why Edwin Carewe, the asst director, was able to strip her of one personality and give her another for "Resurrection."
and I looked in the door at the dancers. An awfully pretty girl smiled at me. She was with an elderly lady. I’ve noticed girls are usually brave about flirt ing a little when they think they’re safe and you can’t get to them. But she was too pretty to let things go so easily so I walked in and straight over to her, greeted her as though we were old friends and asked her to dance.

Ivan Kahn, the agent, saw us dancing together. He recognized her as an actress (although I didn’t know who she was) and thought because I was dancing with her I must be an actor. He stopped me on the way out and asked me to come up to his office to see him. When I got up there the next Monday he told me he would handle my career.

"Surely," I thought, "nothing but blue skies from now on. I’ve got an agent. Let him do the worrying. He’ll get me work."

But he couldn’t. After stringing me along for a couple of months, Mr. Datig sent for me and arranged for my test. Mary Brian worked with me in it.

The next day Ivan and I went over to see how it had turned out. Mr. Datig looked at me and laughed. "You’d be damned good in a Christie comedy," he said.

"Why—why, didn’t it turn out good?"

I staggered.

"Good? Good and rotten. When I talked to you I thought you had something, but you mugged so in front of that camera it would take years to straighten you out."

And he laughed again.

I went in to see the test and it was pretty awful. The only thing that consoled me was that the director had told me about a thousand things to do and I hadn’t forgotten one of them. And I didn’t "break up" in either the first or second "take".

I went right straight through with the action.

I was broken-hearted and that laugh of Fred Datig’s simply crucified me. Yet, I suppose it was what I needed for it cured me of mugging. I’ve never cut a face at a camera since.

Meanwhile nothing happened and my board bill kept mounting up. When I was with the orchestra I had accumulated about a thousand dollars’ worth of instruments and everyone of them was in hock. The only thing I had left to paw was my wardrobe and I wouldn’t part with even a necktie. I’d have starved first. That was my stock in trade.

Ivan went out to see Paul Bern at Pathe about me, as he heard they were putting on some juveniles. Mr. Bern promised to have a test made of me.

But more time passed and nothing happened. The family I was living with decided they couldn’t carry me any longer and rented my room. I packed up my clothes and put my trunks in the back of my car. I hadn’t an idea where I was going to sleep that night as I hadn’t a dollar to make a deposit on a room.

Just as I was leaving the house Ivan phoned and told me to go out to Pathe; they were going to make my test.

I went on out with my trunks still in the back of my old wreck and made the test. Edmund Goulding, who later directed Gloria Swanson in ‘The Trespasser’ and Nancy Carroll in ‘The Devil’s Holiday’ directed me that day.

I don’t know why, but I was so sure they were going to sign me that I borrowed five dollars on the strength of my hunch and went to a little hotel that night. Next day they did give me a contract.

The papers ran a couple of pictures of me announcing that Pathe had signed me and I got five fan letters. I answered them all and sent the first one a large photograph autographed ‘To my first fan’. She lived in Long Beach and sent me back a photo of herself autographed ‘From your first fan’. That photograph still hangs on my living-room wall.

My Pathe contract wasn’t to start until January first. It was about the middle of December when I went home for Christmas. I was riding high.

A bona fide contract and fan mail. I was ‘in pictures’ at last! I thought every thing was going to be glorious. For my peace of mind, it was well that I couldn’t foresee what lay ahead.

Next month you go from poverty to his final triumph with Lew Ayres—from his disappointments to his first great chance with Garbo and the lead in ‘All Quiet on the Western Front’, told in Lew’s own fearless manner. Don’t miss this exciting installment in the March SILVER SCREEN, on the newsstands February 10th.

Silver Screen’s Big Slogan Contest

WERE you in the big SILVER SCREEN slogan contest which closed at midnight January 10th?

What a contest it was—offering $500 for five little words, or for a sub-title for our young magazine.

The slogans have poured in by the tens of thousands, not only from every state in the United States, but from every country in the world. It’s been thrilling and exciting sitting here every day watching them coming in—hundreds and hundreds of them in each mail.

Very few contestants sent in only one slogan. One interested reader sent in 169 all in one mail! But now the fun begins for the judges. They are working day and night going through the vast number of slogans that have been submitted to find just exactly the right one.

Watch SILVER SCREEN on the newsstands the 10th of each month for further announcements. And thank you all, from the bottom of my heart for your co-operation and interest.

R. W.
She Thanks Her Lucky Stars

(Continued from page 51)

liked about it and almost invariably they said it was the little boy. Men like boys—in pictures, anyway.

"Men are more sentimental than women, but women like sentimental pictures better than men do. Women like great human stories that tear at the life they know. As a rule they do not care for pictures of the underworld, because it is a stratum of life with which most women have had no contacts. But most men have brushed against the underworld in one way or another and their imagination is more open to pictures of this kind. Pictures like 'Underworld', 'Journey's End', and 'Gentlemen of the Press' are essentially man pictures. But pictures that are most successful must strike major notes. 'Sarah and Son' dealt with the universal theme of mother love. I liked it personally because it was the human document of Sarah. I was interested in Sarah as a human being rather than just as a mother.

"The most universal theme of all is love. That is why it is used in almost all pictures.

"Because pictures strike these universal notes, movie fans have sometimes been described as having little intelligence. Personally I think that's libelous. The people who attend movies know what they want better than the people who make them.

"If you find something really good, the mass will like it. None will be led astray who consents its tastes. We are all sufficiently alike so that if a director considers what appeals to him as a human being when he isn't being snobbishly arty, he'll get what appeals to other human beings.

"Talking pictures are more interesting to direct than silent pictures because they allow the director to become more closely associated with the audience. But silent pictures were more difficult to direct because it is hard to tell a story entirely in pantomime.

"I never try to impose on the stars. I direct my vision of how a part should be played. First I let them interpret a scene as they themselves think it should be portrayed. They act the scene out without interruption. This is called walking through a scene. Then changes are made as necessary.

"And yet—directing is compromise. The director has her own vision of just exactly how everything should be done. Ideally the director is like the conductor of an orchestra and all the players work in perfect harmony.

"I've been told that there is a great deal of jealousy on the movie lots but I have never seen it. I have never looked for it." (We talked next about the pictures which Dorothy Arzner herself has directed. She criticized them as impersonally as though they were completely the work of another person.

"'The Wild Party' was a poor picture. The sound apparatus at the time was very unsatisfactory. We had to take the same scenes over and over and over again. Now Clara Bow works best when she works spontaneously. When four o'clock in the afternoon came and she was limp from doing the same thing over a dozen times, you can imagine what happened.

"'Sarah and Son' was a wonderful picture," she said, "but there wasn't anything wonderful about it. The end was badly motivated.

"If I were doing the thing over the way it should be done, I'd try to find some better explanation of why the boy knew his own mother as soon as he awoke to consciousness.

"I knew it would go over all right because people were terribly anxious to see these two get together and didn't care how it was done. But the end comes almost too quickly. If I were doing it over and doing it right, I'd develop better water scenes and make the ending more plausible.

"Dorothy Arzner has even less affection for 'Anybody's Woman', though she admits liking the character of the burlesque queen played by Ruth Chatterton. 'But the story was not developed well. I never worked so hard on the beginning of a picture.'

"Players sometimes complain of the poor parts that are given to them. That's nonsense. Players draw toward themselves exactly the parts that represent the kind of thing that they have become in pictures. Poor parts gravitate toward poor players. If a part is poor, it is because a player has made it poor. A player can make anything out of his part that is in himself. A director cannot draw anything out of a player that is not in him. Some directors are merely better than others at drawing out certain potential abilities that are in the stars they direct."

THOUGH she did not, of course, say so, Dorothy Arzner is the kind of director who can get the most out of a player. Since Clara Bow has been directed by others, her star seems to be setting. Miss Arzner, even in 'The Wild Party', brought out the pathos that was in Clara.

Miss Arzner, nevertheless, will not attempt to explain why she has been so successful as a director, when every other woman who has tried to direct, with the possible exception of Lois Weber, who is now out of pictures, has been a flop. But it is the writer's opinion that Miss Arzner has clicked where the others have failed because she possesses a combination of shrewdness and imagination to a degree not yet attained by any other woman who has ever penetrated behind the scenes in the picture world.
The Hollywood Venus

[Continued from page 31]

Hollywood Venus

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Original Venus</th>
<th>Hollywood Venus</th>
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<tr>
<td>Height 5'4&quot;</td>
<td>Height 5'4&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Weight 115 lbs.</td>
<td>Weight 135 lbs.</td>
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<td>Bust 33 1/4&quot;</td>
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The list of course, contained some startling contrasts. It included tall svelte Kay Francis, who topped the others with her 5'7". In spite of her height, however, Kay's bust and hips are close to the ideal, measuring 33 and 35. There were tiny Janet Gaynor and Dorothy Lee, the former 5 feet and the latter 5'1" and both weighing only 98 pounds. And Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, both distinguished in type from the average screen beauty, taller and heavier and built along more generous lines.

The Venus de Milo, you'll remember, had what we might call womanly hips. They may be three inches more than her chest. But on our list of modern Venuses we find several whose hips measure the same—or within an inch—of their busts—the boyish type of figure. Among these are Joan Crawford, Lila Lee, Lola Lane, Betty Hutton, Dorothy Mackaill, Marilyn Miller, Sharon Lynn, Dixie Lee, Marion Davies, Carole Lombard. Out of our list of thirty-six the measurements of beautiful, blonde Constance Bennett most closely approached those of the composite Venus. Connie doesn't deviate more than half an inch from any of the measurements—but she weighs only 98 pounds. Put on ten or fifteen pounds, Connie, and you'll be a strong contender for the throne of the new Venus, Helen Twelvetrees and Sue Carol run close to the ideal, but both have a little too much girth around the legs. Dorothy Mackaill is another who almost meets the requirements—just a little tall and the tape measure stretches a little too far around the chest and calves. Nancy Carroll loses out on hips and calves.

On the whole we'd give the laurel wreath to Joan Crawford. Joan's height is exactly that of Venus. And her weight is only 5 pounds below the mark—110 versus Constance Bennett's 98. Her ankle 7 1/2 and her call 12—the same as la Bennett's and very close to the new Venus, as you can see. Now Joan has an unusual figure in that her bust and hip measurements—both 37—sound alarming. However, in reality it is her unusually broad back and shoulders which add the extra inches to the chest. She has a small waist—24 1/4—and the symmetry of bust and hips gives her a boyish straightness. A beautifully proportioned figure and as lovely a pair of legs as you will find anywhere.

Now perhaps you'd like to know how they do it. What is the secret of keeping a gorgeous figure once it has been achieved? No one in Hollywood works more zealously to preserve a perfect shape than Joan Crawford. Joan used to be a little on the side of plumpness and she has no intention of being that way again. She uses all the known methods—diet, exercise and massage—to keep her weight down and her contours perfect.

She hasn't touched bread, butter or potatoes in 4 1/2 years! And that, believe you me, takes courage. And she never eats breakfast. When she first gets up she has a big glass of water. Then, just before she goes on the set she has a cup of very hot coffee but she only takes a sip or two. For luncheon she usually eats a salad and bran in some form. One of her favorite salads is a raw carrot salad with cottage cheese and French dressing. She also likes hearts of lettuce with French dressing flavored with roquefort cheese. Or 4 slices of canned pineapple with a tiny bit of cottage cheese and French dressing. She never has any liquid with her luncheon except when she has a cup of strained chicken broth. Then she eats nothing else but broth. While she is on the set she likes to munch on a big hard green apple or a good solid orange.

That keeps her from getting hungry, and is healthful and non-fattening.

Joan takes frequent massages—especially when working. They relax her and also reduce any part of her that has taken on weight. She does not go in for the exceedingly strenuous type of massage, however, relying rather on dancing, tennis and swimming to keep her slim—

and has her heaviest meal at noontime. She never uses cream, sugar or butter and rarely indulges in bread or potatoes. Leila Hyams and Anita Page follow no rigid diet, but eat moderately and avoid desserts. Marion Davies and Sue Carol do the same. Dorothy Mackaill eats a light luncheon and a good husky dinner—but avoids rich foods like the plague. Carole Lombard sticks to cooked vegetables, poached meat and fish, and avoids starches. Mary Brian cuts out pastry and Marlene Dietrich stays away from bread and sweets. Garbo eats everything.

Bebe Daniels has a sensible point of view. She thinks that dieting is risky and prefers to keep down her weight and keep fit by exercise. Bebe's figure is one of the most enviable in Hollywood, so her system must work.

Most of the Hollywood Venuses rely on exercise to keep them svelte. Swimming is the favorite resort in sunny California—where it is all upper delightful and easy of access. Joan Crawford, Dorothy Mackaill, Garbo, Marion Davies, Anita Page, Jean Arthur, Rita LaRoy and Leila Hyams all swear by it. Ten out of our list of thirty, name riding as one of the best methods of enjoying oneself and keeping thin. Among them are Garbo, Evelyn Brent, Jean Arthur and Mary Brown. Joan Crawford, Lola Lane, Sue Carol, Dorothy Lee, Marion Davies, Leila Hyams and Garbo all play tennis as often as possible. (Garbo, you'll observe, may eat everything in sight, but takes more consistent and strenuous exercise than almost any other woman in films.) Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, Marilyn Miller, Marion Davies and Evelyn Knapp go in for dancing in a big way. Professional dancers like Marilyn often find that they need no other form of reducing. Loretta Young, Claudia Dell and Frances Dee do set-up exercises religiously. It's not so much fun, but it does the work. Rita LaRoy and Anita Page are the only two to advocate golf—and they are neither of them among the slimmest of our singer. Golf is a little too leisurely for the girls who are determined to see the pounds melt away quickly. Garbo, Evelyn Knapp, Lola Lane and Dorothy Lee are firm exponents of brisk walking as an aid to a graceful figure.

Some of the girls favor massage as an aid to or a substitute for exercise. Joan, we've already mentioned. Carole Lombard, Ann Harding, Dorothy Mackaill, Norma Shearer have all felt Sylvia's educated and merciless fingers with excellent results.

So if your mirror displays the hefty hips and womanly bust of the Venus de Milo instead of the streamlines of the new Hollywood Venus you'd better get out that old moth-eaten bathing suit and tennis racket and put a padlock on the icebox. Get out your tape measure and see how close you come to those 1931 measurements. Make the envy will melt off a few pounds!
Chicken, Southern Style

[Continued from page 34]

to give in," she explained. "I think they said I could go to New York so that they could get a little rest."

So the little miss from Dixie came up to New York and enrolled at Sargent Academy of Dramatic Arts. She was told that dramatic roles were her particular forte, but she also studied singing and dancing. When she accepted her first job in the chorus at the Capitol Theatre her instructors were horrified.

"Well, anyway," Dorothy told them, "chorus girls get paid and they seem to eat regularly."

She continued to get paid. She drew a weekly salary check for a one-two-three-kick, in the chorus of "The Garrick Gaieties," and "Twinkle Twinkle." In "Funny Face" she had a chance to step out of the chorus and do a bit and in "Treasure Girl" she had a better opportunity. However, "Treasure Girl" was not long for this world. One night it folded its tent and silently stole away.

By that time the great revolution was on in Hollywood. The infant screen had grown up overnight. It was talking. Producers were scurrying about New York with wild eyes and hair standing on end. Almost anyone who knew the difference between a prosenium arch and the head usher was shipped immediately to Hollywood. Dorothy was discovered by a Fox scout and given a ticket to the Coast.

Her debut in the canned drama was not too conspicuous. No one actually lighted bonfires on the boulevards. She played in something pretty harrowing called "Black Magic". However, it was appreciated in one place, anyway. Clarksville, Tennessee, proclaimed its faith in its favorite daughter by hoisting twenty-four sheets all over town announcing, "Dorothy Jordan in "Black Magic"."

Just as some months later Ramon Novarro's starring picture was billed all over town as "Dorothy Jordan in Devil May Care", with Ramon Novarro in small type some several lines below.

By that time a new shipment of theatrical hopefuls had arrived on the Fox lot. Dorothy took her makeup box and moved over to United Artists for the role of Bianca in "The Taming of the Shrew". Most of Dorothy was on the cutting-room floor when the picture was finally released. But it was good experience:

"I had a good many weeks on that picture," she said. "It came at a very good time. I learned to scrounge myself to the camera. I began to feel at home in the atmosphere of the studio. When I wasn't working I watched Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in their scenes. I learned a great deal. They were very nice to me, too, in the matter of publicity. That, also, was valuable at the time."

From United Artists she went to M-G-M, one of those beautiful contract things—five years with nice raises in salary. That career of hers is a serious matter. She doesn't go around to night clubs and Hollywood parties. In fact she goes out very little. Fancy a Southern beauty without lots of beaux. There are plenty of boys who would gladly contribute their services but she doesn't have time. Of course, there is that handsome young aviator who sends her orchids every day. But on the whole, she's too busy with her singing lessons and her studies.

While she was making "In Gay Madrid", Dorothy's father died. Production was held up to allow her to go to Clarksville for the funeral and when she returned to Hollywood, her mother came with her. They live in a pleasant house at one of the beaches, "I Playa del Rey. Dorothy's younger sister is attending a women's college in Claremont, about forty miles from Los Angeles, and can come home for weekends.

She's one of the tiniest leading women in pictures—only five-feet-two, and she weighs exactly 98 pounds. Her eyes are gray. Oh, an awfully nice shade of gray. And you should hear her when she forgets herself and talks purest Tennessee. It's enough to make you buy a one-way ticket to Dixie.

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It's foolish to let dull, bloodshot eyes mar your appearance when an application or two of harmless Murine will make them bright and clear again. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that causes eyes to look dull, and quickly clears up any bloodshot condition resulting from over-use, late hours, crying or outdoor exposure. 60c at drug and department stores. Try it!

Dorothy Macknill

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Very Brief Reviews

You'll find them in the March Silver Screen, in addition to our regular Reviews Section. The first Guests were announced from downstairs. Ethel, the maid, came in with a velvet case containing Norma's famous emeralds.

"Will you wear these tonight, Miss Norma?" she asked, "with the black gown?"

Norma nodded. Then she turned to me with a dreamy smile.

"They remind me," she said, "of when I was sixteen and very poor. I thought how wonderful it would be to go out at night to the smart places, in a very sophisticated black gown, with emeralds on my fingers. After I'd achieved them, I discovered there were things I wanted more. Vacations in Africa, for instance . . . lazy mornings like those I had last month in an old Spanish garden originally planted by the Moors, a garden that was up on the Alhambra Hill and from which I looked down on sleepy Granada . . . months at my beach house . . . time to read funny books about astrology, because I am impressed with the idea that the stars influence our destinies. And the long holidays this sort of thing demand mean fewer pictures and less income.

I DO think I've taken a stride in the right direction, in taking more leisure at the sacrifice of having less money. I'm accepting simpler emotional values, friendships and such. It's all very pleasant . . . But I'll never be able to attain the life I hope I would attain if I had it all to do over again.

"Oh, wouldn't it be grand to go back to sixteen with the knowledge it has taken me thirty-odd years to acquire . . . with the blinding off my eyes . . . knowing myself so much better as a human being that I'd know the kind of life that would make me happiest regardless of what the world might think . . . convinced that the only really important thing is to do what you want to do when you want to do it, provided you never hurt anyone any more than you can help."

If I Had My Life to Live Over Again

[Continued from page 29]
Success and Charles Farrell

(Continued from page 35)

the all-consuming, was the first thing to change Charles Farrell.

Romance changed him, too. For a long time Charlie and Janet have been eyed by the community and asked by the more bold if they were in love. Janet's marriage, instead of dispelling the rumors, only intensified the interest. Those who know them best have said that the two have never been closer, and each other at the same time. There must have been a time when Charlie loved Janet. There must have been a time when Janet loved Charlie. No one knows what thoughts were in Charlie's mind when Janet married young Lydell Peck of San Francisco. At least their friendship is unchanged. Their professional careers continue to be parallel roads. Charlie's most successful pictures have been with Janet. His love scenes with woman loved in "Lilion" did not convince. They might have had Janet been the fragile little heroine. No one in the world was more delighted than Charlie when Janet returned to the Fox fold.

He has gained much, and changed in him. At least his manner has become much more mature in the last year or two. It is as if he had put play-times behind him. He works harder than ever, now. It has been frequently reported that he would wed Virginia Valli, but there has never been an authentic engagement announcement. Virginia, with her calm poise, her air of the woman of the world, naturally appeals to him. They have been the best of friends and Charlie has learned to value the friendship of a woman.

Once he said: "Virginia has kept me from many pitfalls that I might have stumbled into."

After a long stay in New York Virginia is returning to Hollywood. The engagement rumors, of course, will be renewed. Newspapers must print something on dull days. But Charlie is growing into a pretty confirmed bachelor. He's approaching the age that the most fascinating time in life for a man, but he is also more difficult to snare then. His bachelorhood is a pleasant thing.

He owns a picturesque Cape Cod cottage on the shores of a little lake near Hollywood. He had to have a special permit to build a house of this type in a neighborhood where Spanish architecture abounds, but he wanted a home that would echo the atmosphere of his boyhood. His mother lives in it with him. Last year she came out to spend the Christmas holidays and Charlie wouldn't let her go back. She understands him better than anyone else in the world. Not many people realize that Charlie is tremendously sensitive. He takes great pains to show that side of his nature to the public. His mother understands.

Almost any evening, while he is working in the studio, Charlie goes home. He returns from the studio he takes a steam bath in his really quite elaborate steam room he has fitted adjoining his bedroom. After dinner he likes to put on pajamas and a dressing-gown, and throw himself full length on the floor in front of the fire-place in the living-room. He enjoys reading but usually he must study lines for the next day. He does not memorize too rapidly but he makes a thorough job of it. Every morning, bright and early, he rows on the lake. When he has time he takes a sun bath. He likes to have breakfast with his mother on his little porch. There are many, many acquaintances in the life of a growing bachelor. Every one in Hollywood likes him but he has few close friends. The Arlens, Richard and Jobyna, are neighbors and old friends. Dick and Charlie were pals in their extra days and it was Charlie who introduced Dick to Jobyna. However, his best friend is perhaps Guinn "Big Boy" Williams. When he built his house he added an extra room. Guinn's room. He has been a good many girl friends, too. Charlie has been seen many times with Carmelita Geraghty. Carmelita plays a fine game of tennis and golf. She dances well and above all, she is intelligent. Not long ago Charlie took Anita Loos to the opening of "The Big Trail", at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Julanne Johnstone was the lady of his choice. And he has taken out Mary Duncan and Lois Moran.

He says he likes girls who can play tennis and golf; who like to dance without making a life-work of it; who can discuss books; that don't get too sentimental. Strange, that last, for Charlie Farrell is a sentimentalist if ever there were one. He does not like girls who make a determined effort to parade their education.

His greatest joy and pride is his forty-foot yawl, "Flying Cloud". That's Cape Cod coming to the fore again. Whenever he has time he takes this boat up and down the coast. Occasionally Janet and Lydell Peck go on a cruise with him. The three are the best of friends. Charlie is frequently a dinner guest in the home of the Pecks. They would go out together more often but it results in too much talk.

When he drives around Hollywood he takes his Ford. He prefers that to his Packard. Long after his meteoric success "Seventh Heaven" he continued to drive the disreputable flivver of his extra days. It couldn't have been worth fifty dollars except as a museum piece.

There is no doubt that Charlie is a well-to-do young man. He has the thriftiness nature of the New Englanders. His home is all paid for, and he has invested shrewdly. There is nothing of the spendthrift about him but neither is he "close". When he buys, he buys the best. He patronizes one druggist and one druggist only. He is a man of Hollywood, although he cares very little for clothes.

Four years of fame in Hollywood have not left Charlie unchanged. He has grown mentally and professionally. However, Charlie's fans must have grown with him. They are more loyal than ever.

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Should your druggist be out send name, address and one dollar for new introductory box—a full month's supply, postpaid, to Dr. G. H. Berry Co., Dept. 205, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Then see new youth return.

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Truly a Miracle . . . Instant Beautifier for all . . . no cosmetics. Simply apply pure KREMOLA on your face 5 minutes—then wash it off. Like a flash your utterly blemished complexion clears right up—becomes more amiable, more transparent and glowing. Just give it 5 minutes' time on your face. Works quick and sweet. Praised by over 200 movie stars . . . in 5 minutes makes your skin so soft, so smooth, so satiny. In—out—around the skin . . . it's all so amazing. Made in California from new and unexpected product. A $3.00 sealed jar sent on approval. MAIL THIS AD to Robert H. Rollins, 81 South Ave., Honolulu, Hawaii and get your KREMOLA for just 25c handling charge. Guaranteed astonishing results or no pay . . . © 1930 R. H. H.

WHAT DOES THEIR HANDWRITING REVEAL?

Dorothy Emerson, who wrote that brilliant story on What the Stars Forecast for the Stars in January Silver Screen, will be in our March issue with another article that analyzes the handwriting of the most popular stars. Perhaps you write like your favorite! Watch and see—in March Silver Screen, on sale February 10th.
LIFE can be grand. This month I've had three unexpected pleasures. I've met an unknown who, I think, given a fair break, is going to be somebody of importance. I've conquered a strong aversion, or had it conquered for me. And I've seen a feature film which made me keener than ever about talkies.

The unknown was Elissa Landi, a strangely beautiful girl, part Venetian, part English, now under contract to Fox. I talked to her just five minutes at one of those crowded press teas but even that short time was enough to persuade me of her intelligence, her passionate absorption in her art and her very real sensitiveness.

She has had only one part in America, the heroine in the stage version of "A Farewell to Arms", a failure of the early Broadway season. But even in a play that lasted only a few nights, she was a sensation. It remains to be seen what Hollywood will do with her.

Anyway, it's exciting meeting newcomers at the starts of their careers, hoping they'll live up to their promise. This girl, incidentally, can not only read but write. She's author of two novels, both published in England, where they're fussy about books.

The aversion was Grace Moore. For no reason I had the most violent prejudice against her. I didn't even like her photographs when they came into my office. That was until I saw "Jenny Lind" or "A Lady's Morals", as M-G-M will persist in calling it.

Well, after seeing Miss Moore in that picture, I take off my best winter hat to her. I'll even give her the darned thing if she wants it. Coming out of the spoiled darling atmosphere of the opera, she has come forth simple, direct and perfectly lovely. There is a freshness about her, like the first lilacs of early spring. She's a new type to talkies, and I hope she makes more of them.

The movie was "Sin Takes a Holiday". Nothing epic about it, no 25,000 horses or 35,000 cows. No battle-scenes, no big stuff. It is just entertainment, a movie with an amusing and at times touching story, smart dialogue and comedy playing by Constance Bennett, Kenneth MacKenna, Basil Rathbone—in fact, the whole cast—that would make the average Broadway production look gaga.

The argument has always been that only the speaking stage could do light, sophisticated comedy, that only stage actors could play it. People who still believe that had better go to "Sin Takes a Holiday" and give a look. They might also remember that audiences in most cities throughout the country will see this for about thirty-five cents a ticket, where a similar stage play would cost at least three-fifty, or ten times that. All of which may be a slight answer to "What's Wrong With the Theatre".

A kind reader writes in to say that Silver Screen is a friendly magazine and murmurs that we actually seem to like Hollywood and the stars. Lady, we thank you. Silver Screen would rather be called friendly than any thing else in the world. Will you, or any other reader, call upon us if we can serve you in any way?

As for liking Hollywood and the stars, we're for the whole movie world, from stars to supervisors, and if that makes us just one of twenty million movie fans, we think we're in grand company.
You can have hair as lovely as this.  

With the help of Jo-cur Beauty Aids, your hair can have the silken lustre — sparkling vitality — soft, natural-looking waves — so essential to the alluring charm of beautiful hair. Four delightful preparations for home use—four simple steps—and your mirror will show you the amazing difference.  

- Jo-cur Hot Oil Treatment corrects scalp ailments and brings new life and elasticity to your hair.  
- Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate, a luxuriously fragrant liquid that cleanses the hair thoroughly, brings out the tiny hidden lights and leaves your hair easy to finger-wave.  
- Jo-cur Wave-Set sets your hair in beautiful, natural-looking waves—lasting waves, too!  
- Jo-cur Brilliantine brings out the beauty of every wave.  

Try them today—and remember—"Only Jo-cur Beauty Aids can give Jo-cur Results."  

* At most 5-and-10 cent stores. Larger sizes at your druggist’s.  

10c 25c 50c  

* Miss J. Claire Squier, Plainfield, N. J.—first prize winner in the 1930 Jo-cur Beautiful Hair Contest.
Dame Fashion has created flattering styles for the modern girl. Each dress has become a subtle revelation of gracefully rounded curves. Gowns swirl, cling—and suggest the figure they adorn.

Yet, as always, Fashion smiles upon some, frowns upon others. Those whose contours are a little too full must diet . . . or fail to achieve distinction in these enthrancing new clothes.

Every girl knows that reducing diets may be dangerous—may destroy the very beauty they are trying to bring.

Unless the diet contains iron and roughage, anemia and improper elimination may develop. Poisons seep through a weakened body. Headaches and dizziness are frequent. Complexions lose their color. Eyes look tired . . . and beauty fades.

How pathetic . . . when this loss of beauty is so unnecessary. Just add one delicious ready-to-eat cereal to your reducing diet: Kellogg's All-Bran. Two tablespoonsfuls daily will furnish sufficient roughage to guarantee proper elimination and also to help prevent dietary anemia. How much better to use this natural food than to abuse your system with pills and drugs. All-Bran is recommended by dietitians.

You will enjoy the improved texture and taste of this appetizing nut-sweet cereal. Try it with milk or in fruit juices. Cook into bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. Kellogg's All-Bran is not fattening. It provides iron, which helps bring roses to cheeks and lips. Look for the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. D-2
Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name: __________________________

Address: _________________________
HOW THEY GUARD THEIR HEALTH

The MOST POPULAR GIRL in HOLLYWOOD
TANGEE
the world's most famous Lipstick

Your search for the elusive lipstick of just the right shade is over! For TANGEE blends with every type perfectly. It is a lipstick of infinite shades, depending upon your own complexion. Apply TANGEE and see its marvelous change of color!

TANGEE is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips... and blends with your own natural, individual coloring whether you are dark or fair or Titian-haired.

TANGEE leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. It is non-drying, non-greasy, and permanent! And because of its unique solidified cream base it actually soothes, softens and protects!

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., Dept. SS9C, 417 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
Name
Address

New! Tangee Theatrical, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.

TANGEE LIPSTICK, $1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75c . . . Crème Rouge, $1. TANGEE FACE POWDER, soft and clinging, blended to match your natural skin tones, $1. TANGEE NIGHT CREAM, for both cleansing and nourishing, $1. TANGEE DAY CREAM, to protect the skin and as a powder base, $1. TANGEE COSMETIC, a new "mascara," does not smart the eyes, used also for tinting the hair, $1.
Over 600,000 men and women have learned to play their favorite instruments the U. S. School of Music way! That's a record of which we're mighty proud! A record that proves, better than any words, how thorough, how easy, how modern this famous method is. Just think! You can quickly learn to play any instrument—directly from the notes—and at an average cost of only a few cents a day. You study in your own home, practice as much or as little as you please. Yet almost before you realize it you are playing real tunes and melodies—not dull scales, as with old-fashioned methods.

Like Playing a Game

The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You simply can't do wrong. First you are told what to do. Then a picture shows you how to do it. Then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer.

As the lessons continue they become easier and easier. For instead of just scales you learn to play by actual notes the favorites that formerly you've only listened to. You can't imagine what fun it is, until you've started!

Truly, the U. S. School method has removed all the difficulty, boredom, and extravagance from music lessons.

Fun—Popularity

You'll never know what real fun and good times are until you've learned to play some musical instrument. For music is a joy-building tonic—a sure cure for the "blues." If you can play, you are always in demand, sought after, sure of a good time. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

Never before have you had such a chance as this to become a musician—a really good player on your favorite instrument—without the deadly drudging and prohibitive expense that were such drawbacks before. At last you can start right in and get somewhere, quickly, cheaply, thoroughly.

Here's Proof!

"I am making excellent progress on the 'cello—and owe it all to your easy lessons," writes George C. Lauer of Belfast, Maine.

"I am now on my 12th lesson and can already play simple pieces," says Ethel Harnishfeger, Fort Wayne, Ind.

"I knew nothing about music when I started.

"I have completed only 20 lessons and can play almost any kind of music I wish. My friends are astounded," writes Turner B. Blake, of Harrisburg, Ill.

And C. C. Mittlestadt, of Maine, Minn., says, "I have been playing in the brass band for several months now. I learned to play from your easy lessons."

You, too, can learn to master the piano, violin, 'cello, saxophone—any instrument you prefer—this quick, easy way! For every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always practical—little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of the U. S. School get ahead twice as fast as those who study by old-fashioned plodding methods.

Booklet and Demonstration Lesson—FREE!

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course cannot be told on this page. A booklet has been printed, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," that explains this famous method in detail, and is yours free for the asking. With it will be sent a Free Demonstration Lesson, which proves how delightfully quick and easy—how thorough—this modern method is.

If you really want to learn to play at home—without a teacher—in one-half the usual time—and at one-third the usual cost—by all means send for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson AT ONCE. No obligation.

(Instrument supplied if desired—cash or credit.)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1194 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you

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Instrument?

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City

State
The Prize Winning Slogan

in

SILVER SCREEN'S

Great Slogan

Contest will be

announced in the

May Issue on sale

on all news stands

April tenth.
LOOK sharp! Dim visions of six of our greatest presidents are carefully hidden in this picture. CAN YOU FIND THREE OR MORE OF THEM? They are so vague as to be actually lost to the sight of all but the sharpest and cleverest eyes. As a test of your eligibility to win the highest prize of three thousand six hundred dollars, we ask that you find at least three of them. There is no other cost but a little time and postage. To see them, it may be necessary for you to turn this picture upside down or sideways, so scrutinize it closely from every possible angle. They may be on the dome of the capitol itself, in the clouds, lurking near the pillars, among the trees, or most anywhere. We want to find out if you are sincerely interested in our product. This twelve thousand five hundred dollars worth of prizes will be given and every one of the fifteen big prize winners will receive a beautiful new automobile or its full value in cash. The smallest prize you can win is $495.00 and the largest $3,600.00. On simple evidence of promptness, the first prize winner will receive $2,000.00 cash as an extra reward just for being quick! Think of that. Now look sharp! Can you see at least three visions of the hidden presidents? If your eyes are clever enough to find three or more of them, cut out only the faces and send to me with your name and address. Someone who has sharp, clever eyes to qualify and is quick, can win three thousand six hundred dollars. It might as well be you. If you pass this test, are quick and make the prize winning standing, this offer will bring you a prize of three thousand six hundred dollars in cash. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. Answers can be accepted only from persons living in the U. S. A. outside of Chicago.

F. LANGE, Free Prize Director,
Dept. 122 37 W. Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.
Hair Raising Secrets

DANDRUFF, oiliness, falling hair, dullness. Ugly little words, those, that I see too frequently in my correspondence.

There seem to be two extremes of attitude about having lovely hair. Some girls seem to regard it as a great, dark mystery. Others act as though it were as easy to raise a head of beautiful hair as it is to raise a cloud of dust.

Well, there's no particular secret about it, but neither is it a lead-pipe cinch.

Hair is beauty. The face ages. The skin ages. The eyes grow tired. But the hair, given proper care, remains beautiful always. The most perfectly cared-for face will look badly if the hair above it is lusterless and disordered. Yet a neglected face will never be apparent if the hair around it is shining and becomingly arranged. The hair is like a frame to a picture. It makes a bad picture look good and a good picture look better.

So, why not have beautiful hair? It honestly is yours for the asking, or rather the wanting.

Two things you must have. Health and a hairbrush. Now, isn't that simple? Seriously, it is amazing how many girls overlook the influence of their health on their locks, curly or otherwise. If you have been overindulging, in food or in parties, in things that make your blood sluggish and your body tired, your hair will show it by becoming dull and thin. If you have been worrying, your scalp will tighten up, and your hair get dry and that affliction, dandruff, will probably set in. So you must keep yourself well; eat the right food; get your eight hours' nightly sleep and your twenty minutes' daily exercise, if you want to make your "crowning glory" live up to its title. Then you must use your hairbrush. (No, not like an angry parent. Use it for one hundred strokes daily, at least, from your scalp to the very ends of your hair.)

Now I can hear a lot of you saying, "But Miss Lee, since the advent of the bob, we all take more care of our hair than ever before. We get it waved every week or so; shampooed every ten to twenty days. Isn't that better care than girls used to give their heads?"

Well, it is in one way. But we have lost something, too, in the rise of the beauty shop. Take that matter of the hundred brush strokes, for instance. That used to be our mothers' nightly rite. Brushing their hair was as much a matter of beauty routine with them as our cold creaming our faces is with us. But too many of us now neglect this brushing. We are afraid of losing our waves, or we are tired, or we don't see the sense in it anyway. Well, there is sense, girls, really and truly. Sufficient brushing keeps the circulation of the scalp healthy and vigorous. It prevents hair from becoming either too oily or too dry. It brings out the natural gloss of the hair, and it helps to keep it clean. As far as brushing out a marcel or water wave is concerned, it may make the wave straighten out a bit sooner than you like, but on the other hand, a wave stays less and less in hair that is growing unhealthy. It is better to have healthy, straight hair than a dull elaborately dressed coiffure. So please do brush your hair at least five minutes daily. You will be amazed how it will repay you.

There are two schools of thought on shampooing. I belong to the one which believes you should not wash the hair too often. For oily scalps every ten days to two weeks should be enough, I think. For dry scalps, every third week, always implying, of course, that you have brushed your hair daily meanwhile. But do use pure soap. An olive oil soap is excellent for dry hair, a pure castile for oily. There are on the market, too, liquid shampoos that are very fine and you will find these easier to use than cake soap. Tar soap is better for brunettes, as it has a slight drying tendency. When you do use cake soap for shampooing, it is best to make a jelly of the soap by melting it in a little water and adding a pinch of borax. This prevents your getting bits of soap on your scalp which do not rinse off easily. A tablespoon of lemon juice in the final rinsing water will cut the soap curds and assure you that the hair is clean. Do rinse it out carefully, and if it is possible, dry your hair by hand, out in the sunlight, and avoid those terrible hot drying lamps at the average hairdresser's.

Good health, careful brushing, complete cleanliness. These are the things you need for hair beauty. I am sorry I haven't space to give you definite advice here on dandruff and advanced hair troubles, but if you will write me personally I'll give you advice on those by mail. I'll be glad to tell you how to dress your hair, too.
The $7.70 Show that Thrilled Broadway for Two Seasons
Now Bigger, Grander, Funnier on the Vitaphone Screen
— and most of the original Broadway Stars are in it!

Why do Americans go to Paris? To taste the wine?
To meet the girls? To see the shows? Perhaps—
but especially to find out just what it is that fifty
million Frenchmen can’t be wrong about!
Here’s your chance to learn the secrets of
la vie Parisien without crossing the ocean
and getting your feet wet.

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN
is based on the play by Herbert Fields
The screen adaptation was made by
Joseph Jackson, Al Boursberg and
Eddie Welch.
Photographed by Technicolor
Directed by LLOYD BACON
CLAUDIA DELL WILLIAM GAXTON

HELEN BRODERICK JOHN HALIDAY
OLSEN AND JOHNSON

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**Prize Winners**

**FIRST PRIZE**

Richmond, Va.

I HAVE recently seen Joan Crawford in "Paid." While I thought she was superb, and have for a long time considered her a great artist, to me she looked like a physical wreck. Do the stars really consider it beautiful to resemble human harracks? Of course, I don't go in for excessive fat, but I do think there is nothing more lovely than a well-rounded, delightfully-molded figure. There is something gruesome when bones appear to be merely covered over with skin.

Excessive dieting, exercising, massaging, etc., are the causes of many of our stars being broken in health. There are Lila Lee and Renee Adoree, now in sanitariums, fighting to regain their strength. What an awful price to pay for fame and how unnecessary! It is needless to say that if one eats proper food, his resistance against disease is much greater.

We don't wish our screen friends to sacrifice their ALL for art. Knowing a star to be healthy, and thereby happy, makes the portrayal much more enjoyable. We must take care of our stars; we need them—they mean color, romance, dreams!

Pann Lichtenfeld

**STARS WITH FOUR EYES**

Seattle, Wash.

LOOK about you the next time you attend a movie and note that the greater number of the audience are wearing glasses and hating it.

Dear stars! We bespectacled mortals would like to know how you get by without them. We'd love you all the more for the knowing. You can't all be blessed with eyes of sharp-shooter perfection. "Taint reasonable.

Tell us, please, how to achieve some degree of smartness with these "off-the-face" huts minus a wisp of hair to relieve the severity, and not beget the effect of Pierce Arrow headlights.

How to avoid that sinking feeling, when, all dolled up for party, feeling like one of Patou's pet models, then on with the glasses and off with the grand effect?

Misery love company, so how about an acknowledgement that some of you luminaries are in the same boat?

Ardyce L. Addington

**SECOND PRIZE**

El Paso, Texas

WE are given the best of entertainment on the feature and comedy pictures, but for my own peace of mind, I would like to know why the newsworld won't give us a little more variety. Something else besides football, baseball games, airplaners taking off and ships being christened.

I have seen and heard Sir Thomas Lipston make the same talk no less than four times. Also it is not an uncommon occurrence that two showhouses feature a different newscast with identically the same scenes. And yet, this is a big world and things are constantly happening that are just as interesting and educational to the public as those above mentioned.

I think it could be made a feature to anticipate, not dread. And to hush comments such as these: "All right, let's go, we've seen everything but the newscast and that's just the same old thing!"

Helen Mischniner

**FOR MUSICALS**

New York City

"NOBODY" loves a theme song, say you. Well, here's somebody who does! I would much rather see a good musical than the best of dramas. I go to the movies, not to weep, not to have my heart-strings torn, but to enjoy myself. Of course, I like drama, too, but give me "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo" and I'll throw away the heavy histrionics.

Of course, there are many reasons why audiences dislike musicals. The most important reason is that there are so few good ones. When William Austin, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis and James Hall are given big singing parts in "Let's Go Native," while Jeanette MacDonald's glorious soprano is wasted on two cheap blues songs, one really can't help staying away from the musicinema. And isn't it too ridiculous, in the same picture, when four moving men who are about to dispossess Miss MacDonald of her piano, stop long enough for her to sing, and for them to join in the chorus? It is this sort of thing which makes the fans swear off pictures.

But pictures like "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo" are no ordinary musicals. They are directed with such charm as to make them so fine that they are a joy to see and hear. I say, let's have more musicals, but of the Ernst Lubitsch-Maurice Chevalier type!

Pail A. Katz

**THIRD PRIZE**

Wilmington, N. C.

DO you remember the first talking picture you heard and saw and when you returned home the tales of this wonderful invention you told? The success of sound pictures since their introduction proves that silent pictures can never replace them. No other invention has a right to challenge them. For instance, take Ramon Novarro—if he was a star in silent pictures, he has surpassed all that is talked about you. The editor and general public most admit "never before have movies been so good."

There is no chance of convincing really expert faultfinders that they are wrong. But if you are a movie fan and enjoy pictures, there is absolutely no excuse for knocking the sound pictures.

Romance, love, comedy and adventure flashed on the screen with sound make one glad that one is living in these modern days. If you have a sense of humor and can laugh, see "A Hollywood Theme Song" and you'll forget there ever was a silent picture.

C. T. Rogers

**DIETRICH VERSUS GARBO**

San Francisco, Calif.

THREE cheers for the flashing, fascinating newcomer from Germany—Marlene Dietrich! In my estimation she does not rival Greta Garbo—she far surpasses her! She is alluring, beautiful, can act and sing and has a charming accent. Her work in "Morocco" and "The Blue Angel" deserves endless praise.

I should like to see her picture brightening the cover of the next issue of Silver Screen and find a story of her life adding to the value of this great movie magazine.

Forrest J. Ackerman

**NOT TOO SWEET**

Larchmont, N. Y.

ALL the raves about Garbo is for a great actress who not only surpasses those sweet, simple things like June Collyer, Fay Wray and Mary Brian in beauty, but also in talent.

When I go to the movies I want to see something different from the everyday person—I want to see an actress who can display her talent, not a silly, simpering girl, and to see that actress, I go to see the glorious, exotic Greta.

Ann Brown

**SILVER SCREEN**

8
A Booth Tarkington comedy-drama for the whole family from sonny to grandpa.

LEWIS STONE
IRENE RICH
LEON JANNEY
JOHN HALLIDAY
MICKEY BENNETT
And a lot of great kiddies

From the story "Old Fathers and Young Sons", by Booth Tarkington. Directed by WILLIAM BEAUDINE

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

LEWIS STONE

If you're the kind of father who got more fun than the kids did out of the electric train you bought them for Christmas...

If you're the kind of mother who believes that boys will be boys...

IRENE RICH

If you're the kind of sister who has a demon kid brother...

If you're the kind of brother who still remember when you were a kid...

Beg, borrow, or steal all the kids you can get hold of and take them to see this picture. You'll have the time of your life!

"Let's all go to the movies."

"I know what I wanna see."

"Hey, get a move on, Fatty!"

"Where you all a-goin' so fast?"

"We're all gonna see Father's Son!"

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

for April 1931
Results
are
Immediate
with this Soothing Beauty Bath
•• astonishing to fastidious women

Try the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin smooth and soft—it leaves an invisible light "coating" of Linit so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary. The thin "coating" of Linit that is spread evenly and without excess is so light it cannot possibly stop the normal functioning of the pores.

To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

Doctors who specialize in skin treatment, generally recommend starch from corn (the main ingredient in Linit) for the super-sensitive skin of young babies.

Linit
is sold by your Grocer

The bathway to a soft, smooth skin

ASK ME
ANOTHER

By Sally Forth

The chatterer of Hollywood, Sally Forth, will be glad to answer any questions you have about movies or stars or both. Write Sally at Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

BANDY-MANDY: That's right, just step right up and call me Sally! Joan Crawford has glorious auburn hair. And believe it or not, she tresses wave naturally. Some gals have all the luck, don't they?

"Great Day" was scheduled to be Joan's next picture, but it was postponed and she made "Paid" instead. That's the talkie version of "Within the Law," and it's swell. I saw it the other day, and my eyes have been red ever since, I cried that much.

I've never sold a story to a producer, so I wouldn't know just what the fatal touch is—however, I'll warn you, it's almost impossible to crash through with an original.

Elisa Janis, the Sweetheart of the A. E. F., was one of the most brilliant entertainers of a few years ago. She was in vogueville, and did more to win the war than any other one person—she sang to the boys over there while the bullets whizzed around her head.

Now, she's technical advisor to various smart motion picture producers, who want to get things exactly right.

As to Ramon Novarro, he's still heart-whole and fancy-free—but have you ever noticed the way he looks at that cute Dorothy Jordan? Of course, I wouldn't gossip—

TRAN: Yes, Lillian Roth played Huguette in "The Vagabond King," and the poor little thing died in the end. Too bad!

Well, I wouldn't want to say that Clara dyes her hair, but she did have it "touched up" in "Her Wedding Night." I liked it, though, didn't you?

That favorite picture-stealer, Mitzi Green, is having a hectic love-life on the screens of the quarter just at present. She plays Jackie Coogan's sweetheart in "Tom Sawyer," that immortal novel of kid-dom.

DIANE D.: What sweet nothings you say, Diane. But, keep it up, I like it. The song Bert Lytell played in "Brothers" was "I'm Dreaming." And it was sweet, wasn't it?

Norma Shearer's next picture is slated to be "Strangers May Kiss," with Bob Montgomery as her leading man. After that she'll make "A Free Soul."

IMOGENE ROSS: Thanks for all the kind words, both for myself and Ann. Miss Harding's a swell actress and a beautiful girl—and as nice as she is good-looking. She's under contract to Pathe, so you can write to her there, and enclose a quarter, for her picture.

JUST WAYNE: You're perfectly right—lots and lots of girls wanted to know about Lew Ayres. So, as you no doubt have found out by this time, we started his life-story in the February issue of Silver Screen.

He's under contract to Universal, and was loaned to the other studios for the pictures you mentioned.
AT LAST IT HAS COME TRUE

Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli are married. Silver Screen got the news from Charlie himself just as we went to press, and it is all very romantic.

It happened at twenty minutes before one o'clock on the night of February 14th, at a minister's cottage in Yonkers, New York. There were only three witnesses: Alice Joyce was with Virginia, and Al Scott and Carlton Hoekstra were with Charlie.

The reason for the hour was that Charlie and Virginia wanted to be married Friday, but remembered it was the 13th. So they waited for midnight and Saint Valentine's day.

This is Charlie's first marriage and Virginia's second. Virginia who is one of the nicest girls in Hollywood, was divorced a long time ago from Dimmy Lamson. They sailed the following Tuesday for a honeymoon abroad, after which Charlie returns to Fox for more starring pictures which will probably not be opposite a little red-haired girl named Gaynor.

It's a boy at the Harold Lloyds. The stork brought him two months before he was expected. He has been named Harold Lloyd, Jr., in honor of his famous father.

Six years ago, just before his daughter, Gloria, was born, Harold Lloyd bought a string of beads for the lad he was expecting and inscribed them "Harold Lloyd, Jr." The boy turned out to be a girl.

Now the dream of years has come true. A few hours after his newborn son arrived, the proud father tiptoed into the Good Samaritan Hospital with the string of beads in his hand and clasped them around the new baby's neck. There will now be three children in the Lloyd household, Mildred Gloria, Peggy, an adopted daughter, and the new heir to his father's honors.

Yes, he's an incubator baby. Mrs. Harold Lloyd, formerly Mildred Davis of screen fame, is doing well.

* * *

When Connie Bennett was divorced from Phil Plant, she got a million cold in alimony. She swore she'd earn another million by her own efforts. She seems to be well on the way toward doing so. During her ten weeks' "vacation" from Pathe she'll make two pictures for Warner Brothers, getting $30,000 a week for her work. She'll work six hours a day, six days a week, which means that she'll be paid $800 an hour. Not bad for a wage slave!

* * *

The last curtain has fallen for Alma Rubens. Now that those dark, sorrowing eyes are closed at last, there will be many who will say, "Oh, the pity of it!" But those who know what life meant for Alma Rubens will not sorrow because the quieter fluttering of death's wings brought peace to her at last.

Drugs brought her no beautiful dreams—only dark oblivion. All her life she fought the spell they had over her. Her marriage to Ricardo Cortez went on the rocks. Estranged from her husband, sick in body and soul, she fought a losing fight.

Movie fans treasured in memory the wonderful performance she had given in "Humoresque." They wanted to see her make a comeback as stirring as a triumphal march. But it was not to be.

She fell ill of pneumonia. She fought a game fight against it, not because she wanted to live, but because all her life she had been called upon to fight against the things that held out hope of oblivion.

In spite of fame, in spite of beauty, life had only one gift for her—Death.

[Continued on page 32]
Saying that any girl is the most beautiful, intelligent, popular, best dressed, funniest (or what have you to offer) in Hollywood is just courting calamity, that's all. Jealousy is not exactly an unknown quantity in this city of gorgeous stucco fronts and unpainted pine backs. There is always someone fairly itching to contest someone else's place in the industry.

If I should come out boldly and state that Lilyan Tashman was the best dressed woman in pictures, I should fully expect to get a tarantula in the mail from Norma Shearer, Natalie Moorhead, or Constance Bennett.

If I should place the crown of beauty on the neat locks of, say, Loretta Young, I'd expect a tar-and-feather party from militant admirers of Garbo, Corinne Griffith, Dolores Del Rio and all the rest of the celluloid beauties.

Making an absolute statement of this sort is like waving your pa's red flannel undershirt in front of a he-man cow. If you feel reckless, say it quick, and run like—well, run fast. That's just what I'm going to do. I'm young yet and there's a lot I want to see before I die.

I'm going to name the most popular girl in Hollywood.

It's Mary Brian. Now try and catch me.

That statement is made after a thorough and honest canvass of the movie village. I've read society columns until I feel like a walking edition of the Blue Book. I've talked to more people than a Tammany political candidate. Mary, the pride and joy of the sovereign state of Texas, romps in at the head of the field.

She gets the most invitations. She has been rumored engaged more times than Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Henry VIII. The boys like her. The girls like her. Babies cry for her. She's a good listener, and she has learned the art of being an interesting conversationalist. She is sweet and modest and as famous as the Atlantic Ocean. She's the most popular girl in Hollywood.

June Collyer, having many of the pleasing qualities which make Mary so well liked in the social sets of the Colony, runs a close second. She is nosed out by being a bit too poised and dignified. A lot of the youngsters like Anita Page, but Anita's mamma is always Johnny-on-the-spot. No girl can
Popular Girl in Hollywood

be a social wow with a chaperone hovering in the background. Constance Bennett goes about a great deal with the ultra-sophisticated set. The coldness of the Bennett girls prevents them from receiving any widespread social acclaim. Mary Duncan, Margaret Livingston and Aileen Pringle are popular with the men, but just ask the gals. Joan Crawford has trimmed down her circle until it consists chiefly of one Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Greta Garbo is just a rumor as far as Hollywood society is concerned, and Clara Bow entertains football teams.

No, Mary Brian is the answer to "Who Is the Most Popular Girl In Hollywood?" If she lived in New York, New Orleans or San Francisco she would be the reigning debutante of the season. She's got what it takes.

Mary Brian's popularity is not confined to any one set in the picture colony. It is not even confined to picture people. She says herself that she is a free-lance. Mary is the belle of the Sigma Chi dances on the campus of the University of Southern California. She caused more havoc as guest of honor at the dance given for the Notre Dame football team than the Army and Northwestern elevens combined. She goes to teas and luncheons where only girls are invited. She knows how to award a cup to the best dancing couple, or to the healthiest baby.

Pickfair, the lordly mansion of Doug and Mary, sitting atop its own exclusive hill, is the admitted social stronghold of Hollywood. To be invited there is "arriving" with a flourish into the ranks of the best people, in deah. Mary has a prominent place near the top of the Pickfair "must" list. She is a frequent guest at Mary Pickford's tea house, and she goes often with the first family of filmdom to the Mayfair dinner dances.

A member of the executive board of Mayfair tells me that Mary goes to those elegant whooppee affairs in more different parties than anybody in Hollywood. Sometimes she is with the Schulbergs, the royal nabob of Paramount's western studios. Sometimes she is with Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers. Sometimes she is with Arthur and Florence Lake, William Bakewell, and young Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ince.

Mary's boy friends have been legion. She has been rumored engaged to Charles Rogers, Rudy Vallee, Phil Holmes, "Biff" Hoffman, the Stanford football star, and several others who have slipped my mind. Arthur Lake and Billy Bakewell were noted to be "that way" about Mary, but they were much too young to be taken seriously. Right now Jack Oakie seems to have the inside track. Since he has been stepping out with Mary, he gets all spruced up like old man Hart Schaffner Marx himself. I used to think that all Jack had in his personal wardrobe was a pair of dirty white flannels [Continued on page 58]

Mary has been engaged a dozen times but right now Jack Oakie, above, seems to be head man. Still Mary goes to openings with Joe Mankiewicz, a mere writer, as illustrated in the ermine-and-gardenia grouping. In fact, the only time Mary's ever alone is when she's posing for pictures

for April 1931
Buddy Rogers averages about two thousand letters a month. Clara Bow received the tiniest letter, addressed merely to “It”. Mary Brian got one with only her picture on it (the post-office did the rest). Louise Fazenda answers and keeps every letter sent her.

Fan mail is a funny thing—to some stars, it’s a treasure; to others, one of life’s nuisances. Yet, everyone in pictures, from bit player to dazzling star, receives a certain quota of letters.

Writing to one’s favorites has long been the leading indoor sport of America and about every other place on earth. Letters swirl into Hollywood in one long stream, never letting up. In fact, if all the money expended on paper, envelopes and stamps were totalled, the result would more than keep Al Capone in machine guns for the rest of his life. Fact!

You all know that the players who receive a large volume of mail employ secretaries. But a few of you have the impression that said secretaries never let a single letter you write to your favorites get to them. That isn’t so.

Joan Crawford’s secretary reads her mail and turns over to Joan every letter she thinks she would enjoy reading. Joan personally answers many of the letters. Norma Shearer reads all her own mail. It is delivered to her home and she reads the letters at her leisure, answering many personally and referring the others to her secretary for answering.

Marie Dressler, Robert Montgomery, Anita Page, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone and Conrad Nagel read personally their entire stacks of fan mail, answering numerous letters themselves and referring those of a general nature to their secretaries. George Arliss, too, is meticulous about acknowledging his mail and frequently pens replies himself.

James Gleason, without a doubt, has the most unique method of answering fan mail. He dictates the notes to his secretary in between swims in the pool in his garden. This gives him a chance, so he says, to think up good replies as he does a high dive or the Australian crawl.

Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, Ramon Novarro, George O’Brien, Richard Arlen, Estelle Taylor, Louise Dresser, Richard Dix, Ruth Roland, Ben Bard, Dorothy Lee, Stanley Smith and Jack Oakie are others who take a keen interest in their mail and answer many letters personally.

In the amount of letters she receives per month, Clara Bow leads Hollywood. More than a million persons all over the world have written her! She has been getting an average 15,000 to 25,000 letters every month since she made her first starring success in “It.” Postal clerks handle Clara’s mail just as they would handle mail for a small town. Her 700 or so letters a day arrive at the studio in neat bundles with printed labels furnished by the post-office department.

The Bow’s nearest competitor is Garbo. She receives slightly less mail than Clara. And, contrary to printed reports, she does not completely ignore her mail. In fact, she reads much of it. The letters are delivered to her dressing room and piled on a huge desk until she can find time to look at them. She NEVER does answer a letter, but she really enjoys reading them. Her mail is largely from married women who ask her about men and life, marriage and love, and who try to discover the secrets.

The TRUTH

The lowdown on your letters to the stars, the names of the stars who get the most letters, the stars who answer the most, and the stars who don’t answer at all.
of her allure and mystery. She also receives many letters from young girls and from fans of both sexes who admire her more or less impersonally.

For five years Ramon Novarro has held the fan mail record for men, his weekly average being slightly over 4,000 letters. These come from all classes—from romantic youth and from serious maturity. He gets much mail from religiously devout persons who have read of his devotion to his church.

Fan mail of the players varies considerably with the parts they play. After the release of a particularly good picture, the mail of the star and players will jump by leaps and bounds for a few months as the film is shown in various sections of the country.

One of the amazing examples of sudden rise in popularity as evidenced by the receipt of fan mail is the case of Robert Montgomery. From a totally unknown player less than two years ago when he made his first screen appearance in "So This Is College?" Bob's mail has increased until today he is second only to Novarro in the number of letters received.

Fan mail is a fairly accurate gauge of popularity. Yet it does not always seriously affect a player's position. This is borne out by the fact that John Barrymore, Dolores Costello, Marian Nixon, Charles Chaplin and Tom Mix pay practically no attention to their mail, yet they are all successful. Arthur Lake, David Rollins and several young players seldom send a picture or answer a letter unless a quarter and a stamp are enclosed.

On the other hand, there are cases where fan mail has affected a player's position materially. Mary Brian might not have been the popular player she is today if it hadn't been for her fans. Why? Because Paramount was just about to let her go without renewing her contract when officials noticed the huge increase in her mail.

P.S. Mary stayed on, signing a new contract at a very substantial raise in salary!

A few players save every fan letter they get. Louise Fazenda laughs when she says she has never thrown away even one letter! But it's a serious thing so far as "housing" is concerned—her attic is filled with letters—stacks, boxes, shelves and packages of them! The interesting thing is that Louise answers all and some of them run into eight pages. Her correspondence extends all over the world. One girl who wrote to her for years came to Hollywood one summer and Louise took her with her to Alaska on a vacation! Her Christmas card list of 500 is comprised almost entirely of fans who have been writing to her and receiving letters from her for half a dozen years. Louise has no set time for writing. Usually, she takes a box of letters to the studio where she is working and answers them on the set between scenes or in her dressing room. In her home she has a small office fitted up with a typewriter and supplies. She spends many evenings here, getting caught up with her correspondence.

Carmel Myers keeps all her mail, too. In fact, she says she thinks it very bad luck to throw away as much as one fan letter! Carmel answers most of...
WOMEN understand men a darn sight better than they understand themselves.

At least, that's what George Bancroft says, and he ought to know, for he's been knocking around the world ever since the age of two months when a baby was needed by the Forepaugh Stock Company of Philadelphia and he got the job.

When he was fourteen he joined the navy and saw the world and he's been around the globe three times since. So he knows the laws of human nature.

But when I asked him about the things women should know about men, he protested.

"Why, I'm a babe in arms in my knowledge of men compared to what every woman knows. When women go out into the world, their only protection is their knowledge of human beings, particularly of men. If only they understood themselves as well as they understand men!"

"Well, what is it," I asked, "that women don't understand about themselves?"

George Bancroft leaned back in his chair in his dressing room, his huge brow wrinkled in thought.

Here's Mrs. Bancroft with George. She looks as though she understood a lot of things, including the Big Boy himself.

He's a big burly man with leonine shoulders, but a kindly gentle manner. Though on the screen he's a tough, hard-boiled guy, in actuality he's as soft-boiled as a shirt that's just come out of the wash. He's got friendly blue eyes and rather nice brown hair. When he talks about himself at all, he shows that he has no illusions about his personal beauty. He's fond of calling himself "that homely mug.

Men whom he likes he addresses as "honeey boy," women he calls "dear" but in a vague sort of way.

His mind works faster than his tongue. He's one of your big silent men, who probably finds it painfully hard to express himself. Interviewers find it hard to follow him. He's essentially the kind of man who does things rather than the kind who talks about them. But when he does speak, almost everything he says is colored by a deep vein of sentiment.

"One thing some women don't understand about themselves," he said, "is that they ought not to bat their heads against a stone wall in trying to win a man. Often a woman tries to get the fellow who is not for her when all the time there's some nice fellow who loves her and is sincere but to whom she won't pay any attention. 'But no,' she says stubbornly, 'this other guy doesn't love me. Well, I'll show him! I'll make him pay some attention to me.'"

The woman who tries to win the wrong man, according to George Bancroft, is in much the same position as the heroine, Emma, in the play "Paid in Full."

"There were two men," he explained, "who made love to Emma. One was a big homely guy like me but with a nice soul. [Continued on page 64]"
DOROTHY LEE just reaches the five foot mark, but she picked up a football and booted it to the roof of one of the sound stages on the Radio Pictures lot.

Howard Jones, who turns out championship football teams at the University of Southern California, scratched his head in puzzled wonder. He might have said something that would have expressed his astonishment, but then there was a lady present. Old-fashioned courtesy does pop up once in a while, even in Hollywood.

Booting the stuffin' out of a pigskin is just the beginning of Dorothy Lee's accomplishments. There is more energy in that small, dainty package than in a truck-load of dynamite. I'm convinced that Dorothy could start the day in company with six strapping fellows, and by noon an ambulance would be carrying them off to a rest home. Dorothy would just be getting 'warmed up' and complaining of the lack of exercise.

If she puts half as much energy in her motion picture career that she does in her athletic pursuits she will be the greatest star on the screen. I'd like to see Ruth Chatterton boot a football.

When Dorothy finished 'Assorted Nuts' in support of those funny fellows, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, her doctor informed her that her appendix should be removed. He told her if she went away and had a complete rest for two weeks the operation might possibly be avoided.

I saw Dorothy when she had returned from Palm Springs, and the rest cure.

She's a gay deceiver, little Dorothy Lee. She looks young and weak. She's actually five feet and ninety pounds of concentrated dynamite—and does she get what she wants, does she? Ask RKO who's starring her

"Well," I began, "did you have a nice rest?"

"Oh, it was all right," she answered. "I rode horseback, and played tennis and golf for four days. It was pretty dull, though, so I came home."

And that, as a preventative for an attack of appendicitis, is as original a treatment as one can imagine. However, the appendix is still an integral part of Dorothy, and not among her doctor's souvenirs.

This small, and anything but ineffectual, youngster of nineteen is one of the few stars claiming Los Angeles as the home town. She is an only child, and her playmates were all boys. She had to make good at those rough and ready games of male adolescents or stay at home and twiddle her thumbs. And she didn't care about thumb-twiddling.

When she was entering her 'teens she was able to chin herself goodness knows how many times; she could climb trees like Ingagi, "skin-the-cat," throw a baseball as well as any boy, and run like Charley Paddock. I don't know, but maybe she could even spit through her teeth. Do you suppose for a moment that Greta Garbo or Norma Shearer could do any of those things?

There are marks remaining from that active childhood. Once, while she was "skinning-the-cat," she fell on her nose. The fall not only altered the shape of that member (it's really most provocative now), but she has a bump on her tongue as well.

She likes tennis, golf, swimming, riding, hiking and dancing, but her favorite sport is lacrosse. There is nothing pink-tea about lacrosse, and Dorothy was once a member of a championship team. She still has the newspaper stories, with a picture of one of the games. You can't see Dorothy very plainly, since some hefty damsel appears to have sat down for a good rest. There's nothing wrong in that, only she seems to be sitting on Dorothy. However, Dorothy was the star of the team according to [Continued on page 55]
Hats will be wider-brimmed this spring but just as “off-the-face” as ever. Helen illustrates in a hat of black and white straw.

This gown is the new pompadore print on black moire. It has a short bolero jacket and a big bow at the back of the neck.

Helen’s a rhapsody in blue in this evening gown of blue pastel crepe with a short matching coat bordered in blue fox. This evening ensemble effect is very chic.

This revealing hat is of black shiny rough straw with a scarlet pompon nestled close to Helen’s left ear as its only trimming.

HELEN TWELVETREES
Goes Shopping on Fifth Avenue

(\textit{It was at the very swagger Bergdorf-Goodman shop, if you must know})
ONE month we went to press without a picture or a story of Garbo. And the letters we got! We herewith apologize. We didn't mean it. We think Garbo is the greatest, grandest, most transcendental actress in the whole world, and just to prove it we give you this picture of Our Weakness as she really is—a charming young girl with laughing eyes, but whose genius will not let her rest.
A CLEVER little Fox with two dumb bunnies, registering Easter just for SILVER SCREEN. Sidney Fox is another Cinderella. At nineteen she has been a stenographer, a lovelorn adviser and a player in a stock company. Carl Laemmle, Jr., discovered her in a Broadway play. You'll see her first in "Gambling Daughters"
DOESN'T Helen Twelvetrees look beautiful and seductive as Millie, the red-headed good girl who loved the wrong men? That's Robert Ames manhandling her and together he and Helen register some big, bad moments. It's wise of little Helen to shake off that "second Gish" label. Pure frail Lillian never played scenes like this.

Bachrach
ABOUT all Paramount has done for our Buddy lately is give him a boiled-shirt first name. But here's the lad, back from Europe, sitting on top of the world—or is it a wicker table? We hope he gets down to some good work and that he gets some pictures with a dash of plot thrown in. No "Hamlets," thank you, but a real part for a swell guy who's there with the personality.
YOU have seen Ramon Novarro as the romantic hero who wins women with his fervent love making. But here is the off-screen Ramon—a boy who in spite of blazing eyes and romantic mien—cares more for the love game in tennis than for the love game in life. No wonder he causes so much heartache among the women in his newest picture, "Daybreak!"
In Hollywood where love is an interlude and marriage a dangerous pastime, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are happy exceptions. The only time these newlyweds separate is when they have to play in different pictures. Bebe is now working on "Maltese Falcon," and Ben will cause Gloria Swanson to be oh, so "Indiscreet."
RUTH CHATTERTON

WAITING on the set, back among the grips and props, (that's studio slang for knick-knacks) Ruth Chatterton stands, poised and lovely. And why not? After "Unfaithful" and three other pictures for Paramount, she'll go to Warner's at a colossal salary. Ruth has more than youth, which can fade, more than beauty, which can perish—she has talent which "time cannot wither nor custom stale"
BEHIND that baby face lies grit and determination. There's intelligence in the depths of those blue eyes. Nancy was always cast for cutie roles. She rebelled. She got the role she wanted in "Stolen Heaven." On the opposite page Radie Harris tells what Nancy is really like in private life.
PORTRAIT
of a
RISING STAR

Sure, it’s Nancy Carroll,
the Grandest Irish Girl
Who Ever Came from a
French and Dutch Family

By

Radie Harris

POPPIES in a jade bowl—dancing eyes and an aw-
some dignity—a medley of Gershwin—syncopated—that’s Nancy Carroll, star of “Laughter.”

Her hair is red. Pure and unadulterated.

She looks more Irish than anyone to be found in the length and breadth of the Emerald Isle. Yet her real name is LaHiff, of French and Dutch extraction.

Tenth Avenue quickened her. ’Tis said she could cross it quicker than any kid her age. She could. And still does.

She is like a dynamo. So is her baby, aged five. If you want her to weep, talk about Patricia. If you want her inspired, talk about her husband, Jack Kirkland. He is a writer and a clever one. No one knows her better than Nancy.

Acting comes as easy to her as breathing. Give her two pages of lines two minutes before a scene and she knows them verbatim. She knows, too, just how she wants to play the scene and just what she wants to wear playing it.

If a director gets on the wrong side of her, she will flare up and tell him to Go Places and Do Things. If that leads to a higher official being cross with her, she will tell him to go Further Places and do More Things.

If the entire organization rise on their legs to try and crush the Carroll spirit to bring her in line—and they have—she has been known to stand outside the studio and invite it to go even Further Places and do even More Things.

One wardrobe mistress adores her. The rest maintain a discreet silence. They make her frocks one way and she calmly tears them and has them remade the way she wants. The wastebaskets in every wardrobe room are full of garments torn to shreds by Nancy Carroll—not torn vio-
lently, but quietly, patiently as she explains what she wants. Invariably, she gets it—because, invariably, she is right. And when she is right, she is righter than any-
thing you can find!

She is a book for all moods, but whatever the mood, you can be sure it has steam. In her depressions, she hides like a car who has hurt itself. In her gaiety, she sparkles like Burgundy and is more scintillating than a Lonsdale epigram.

Her husband, who has lived with her for six years, confesses that he doesn’t know her any better now than the day he married her. He adds that he has never been bored for a single moment.

She has always been indefatigable in her ambition to succeed. When she was forced to leave school at an early age to earn her own living, not once did she flounder in a sea of indecision. Instead, she adopted as her motto that little nursery jingle, “Good, better, best—never let it rest—until the good is better and the better best.” Which explains why she has excelled in everything she has ever undertaken—stenographer, chorus girl, reporter, actress, wife and mother. Were she to abandon her career to-morrow she could start fertilizing the Sahara Desert and succeed at it!

She agrees with Aurelius that “all is ephemeral—fame and the famous as well.” So she doesn’t spend her weekly salary check on pink-stuccoed bungalows, green-
tiled swimming pools, silver-plated limousines and all the other accoutrements of a successful star.

She knows that at the present moment, she is riding the crest of the wave. She knows, too, the instability of a screen career. Her name gleams high in electrics now. In five years, the fuse may blow out. And Nancy believes in preparedness.

She is gathering her shekels while she may. Some day, in a not too distant future, she wants to satisfy her tremen-
dous yen for traveling. Then, Patsy must have the educa-
tion and some of the luxuries that Nancy was deprived of in her childhood. And her parents, Daddy and Mother LaHiff, must always be taken care of.

So Nancy, wise with the wisdom of youth, saves her money.

Until last Spring, when she was transferred to the Para-
mount Studios in New York, she lived in an unpretentious little house, chosen for its accessibility to the studio. She and husband Jack shared one car—a second-hand Cadillac—and employed one maid. Now that she is to remain in the East for a year, she has leased a furnished apartment overlooking Central Park, chosen for its access-
ibility to the studio for Nancy and Jack and to the car-
ousels for Patsy.

The second-hand Cadillac has since been replaced by

a brand new one of shining blue—to match Nancy’s eyes—a Christmas gift from her doting husband. And the maid of all work has an assistant [Continued on page 56]
When the editor of this magazine assigned me the task of interviewing all the famous new babies in Hollywood I was completely unnerved. I know about as much about new babies as I do about integral calculus. My only qualification for the story was the fact that I once was a baby myself.

After all, even the cleverest questioning won't get any more out of a four months' old infant than a few 'goos' and 'gahs,' and maybe in exceptional cases a 'glubsk.' However, I remembered the heroic tale of the 'Message to Garcia' and slogans like 'The presses must go on'—and I went forth to battle.

Well, I picked the Eleanor Boardman-King Vidor baby first because I know its mama and papa and I thought maybe they'd break me in easy. The first time I saw Eleanor I said briskly, 'Well, Eleanor—what do you think? I'm coming up to interview your baby.'

'Oh, no you're not!' said Eleanor. 'My baby's not for publication. I'm a selfish person and I think it's bad publicity for me.'

With the Norma Shearer-Irving Thalberg baby and the Robert Montgomery arrival I ran into two more snags. This business of withholding babies from publication seems to be a Hollywood cult. The angle being that it ruins a star's drawing power in romantic roles if the fans hear too much about the home and kiddies. Personally I think the fans want to know about the home life of their favorites even if it includes a baby or two—but then nobody asked me for advice!

A little detective work elicited the information that young Miss Montgomery is the son of Olga Baclanova. Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore (above) aged nine months, is the Crown Princess of the Royal Family of Broadway. The reclining Russian is the son of Olga Baclanova.
three months and one week old, named Martha Bryan, and very cute. My acquaintance with Master Irving Thalberg, Jr., aged five months, is limited to a miniature on his father's watch-chain. The picture reveals him as an appealing mite with black hair and dark blue eyes.

Somewhat disheartened at the attitude of Hollywood papas and mamas, I telephoned Skeets Gallagher's wife, Pauline. "I suppose your baby isn't open for inspection," I said pessimistically.

"Why not?" answered Pauline. "We're not ashamed of him. Come up any time."

Richard Gallagher, Jr., alias "the Duke," is a diplomat. He grabbed hold of my finger and smiled ingratiatingly. His manner indicated that I was quite the most intriguing person who had ever entered his horizon. Just as I was preening myself on my unusual way with babies, Pauline remarked tactlessly, "The Duke is always fascinated by any new person."

The Duke is five months old and something of a sheik. He has blue eyes, blonde hair with a reddish tint, a gay manner and a cherubic disposition. He received me in a pair of white rompers with a becoming collar and a little colored embroidery — just enough to be decorative but not effeminate. There was also a pocket. He has a very complete wardrobe, including a miniature blue polo coat, very tailored and sporting, and a pair of Mandarin pajamas with pants about two inches long. The Duke likes the coat but he thinks the pajamas are a little bit nancy.

Young Gallagher visits the doctor once a month to have his diet adjusted. He's being brought up scientifically, but his jolly nurse doesn't bend over backwards about it. She trots the Duke all over the house with her and even takes him down to the garage and lets him sit in the car. He's something of a sensation seeker and his latest thrill is motoring — even though the car is standing still. A great kid, the Duke. And a marvelous judge of people. Well, didn't he like me?

Now with Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown, Joe E. Brown's brand new offspring, I didn't get by so well. It was plain to be seen that the young lady wasn't glad to see me. She was just about to embark on her afternoon airing in a high-powered baby carriage equipped with elegant springs and a brake, [Continued on page 54]

Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown doesn't look like her daddy, Joe E. Brown, which is a break for Mary Elizabeth. But she's got his grand grin. Richard Gallagher, Jr., alias "The Duke," is five months old and already a sheik. The other two people in the picture are merely his parents...
SET DOWN as it is in a beautiful sub-tropical clime, Hollywood appears soft and languorous. You'd think that beauty and health came for the asking in that environment. People shouldn't have to diet and exercise to retain that reputation for beauty which has made the film capital famous the world over.

But there is no place under the shining sun where people are more careful of their health. There is no place where such drastic steps are taken to retain strong constitutions, good figures, and the clear brain which goes with the human machine when it's in good working order. The stars work harder than professional athletes to keep fit, and as a result Hollywood is so healthy that it annoys the doctors.

But to keep that way, the stars have to be trained like college football players. These stars work terribly long hours under terrific pressure. I have known cases where companies have worked sixteen and eighteen hours at a time. Delicate looking girls wear a string of beads and a pleasant smile when the temperature is below freezing, and heavy fur coats when the pavements are blistering. Hollywood work is a constant strain on the mind, the nerves and the body. The average person would break under the demands made on these so-called "pampered darlings" of screenland. But the darlings don't dare break.

You see, competition is great in Hollywood. The industry moves at a lightning speed, moves, and laggards are left behind. Brutal it may be, but the weaker ones are sacrificed. This is a big business, and there's no more sentiment to it than there is in making farm tractors or mining coal. The stars have to keep their health, or they are passed by.

How do they do it?

Hollywood is a colony of health cultists who can't devote much time to physical exercise. The stars have no more time for that than stenographers or clerks. They don't waste the time they do have, however. In addition to simple exercises most of the stars follow a diet. Not a rigid, extreme diet, but a careful one. That craze of harmful diet, which swept the movie coast in 1929 leaving plenty of acidosis in its wake, has died down.

Joan Crawford's figure is much admired. A short time ago, Silver Screen elected her as the Hollywood Venus. Every morning when Joan arises she skips the rope for fifteen minutes. She has orange juice for breakfast, and a cup of hot coffee later when she arrives at the studio. She never touches starches or sweets. When she has the time, she swims and takes long walks.

Joan spends long, grueling hours at the studio. When she returns home in the evening she often has to take dancing lessons or learn lines for a new picture. That routine, day in and day out, would put most girls in the hospital. Joan has radiant health. She knows how to take care of it.

Both Norma Shearer and Ruth Chatterton supplement their program of exercises with daily massages—thirty minutes of it, after they have finished a day at the studios. It relaxes the body and quiets the nerves. Ruth likes to play golf and tennis, but that frequently has to be sacri-
Their Health

By Allan Jordan

Hollywood's Health Practices Prove It

ficed during production. Norma is an enthusiastic swimmer, and she takes a dip in her pool almost every day.
There is nothing exciting about the diets of these stars. Norma eats her heaviest meal in the middle of the day. She has a very light breakfast and luncheon.
Ruth Chatterton works on a schedule of two diets. Diet number one, for production days, includes a substantial breakfast, and non-protein luncheons and dinners. In between picture periods she eats what she likes, excluding pastries and concentrated starches. Not such difficult health formulas, but sensible. Anyone can follow them.

Greta Garbo and Janet Gaynor are firm believers in the strong, life-giving rays of Old Sol. Both of these stars take sun baths every day. Garbo walks miles, and also rides horseback. Janet lives at the beach and goes in for swimming and handball. The Swedish star naturally has a strong body, but Janet Gaynor is very delicate. She must take every measure to guard her health. People see very little of her at any time, and almost never while she is working on a picture. And, of course, I have always insisted that Garbo is just a rumor. You never see her. At any rate, both of these stars get plenty of sleep.

Naturally, the men stars go in for more active physical exercise. The women have to be more careful. A muscular woman is not an object of romance. But a man has got to have 'em or the flappers don't get the required number of heart palps.

George O'Brien, for instance, doesn't have time to be sick. Most men could probably have a body like his, if they would only follow his daily formula. It takes will-power, and it most certainly wouldn't do for a lazy man.

He is out of bed by five o'clock in the morning, and he runs, walks and sprints for an hour. George says the rays of the early morning sun are the most beneficial. After that he has a rubdown and a shower. Then breakfast.
If he isn't working he usually has several rounds of boxing, and often he drops in at the Hollywood Athletic Club for rope skipping, bag punching and general calisthenics.

George is a magnificent swimmer, and since he lives at Malibu Beach the year round, he has plenty of time for this sport—one of the greatest exercises for developing a symmetrical body.

Charles Farrell goes rowing on Toluca Lake, in front of his house, every morning and follows that by a sun bath. In the evening he takes a steam bath and a rubdown. While Charlie is out rowing, his next door neighbor, Richard Arlen, puts on his track 'scanties' and sprints through the Walnut groves. Jobyna Ralston Arlen does considerable bicycle riding, old-fashioned but healthful.

Many of the male stars have fully equipped gymnasiums right in their homes. Charles Rogers works out on the parallel bars, wall-exerciser, and with a rowing machine. George Bancroft keeps a trainer who regulates the health of the whole Bancroft family. For concentrated exercise George takes an imaginary canter on a mechanical horse. Buster Keaton has a gymnasium at the studio, and he finds that tumbling keeps his muscles in good condition.

Of course, Douglas Fairbanks  [Continued on page 60]
A TRAGEDY in Heartbreak Town—

John Johnson, vaudeville actor in his early fifties, was trying the talking picture racket with little success.

Finally, he was called for a job one day—it might have been his big chance.

While he was waiting for a street car to take him to the studio he dropped dead from heart failure.

HEARTS in Hollywood. Kay Francis is Mrs. MacKenna now. They met in "Virtuous Sin" and were married at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island. A week-end aboard Kenneth's yacht was their honeymoon, for they both had to hurry back to work. . . . Now that he's divorced from Colleen Moore, John McCormick seems to be yearning for her all over again. All Hollywood is on-tiptoe waiting to see if those two will come together again. Though John's betrothed to Mae Clarke, it's confidentially whispered that he'll never get a license to wed her.

Evelyn Laye got a divorce from Sonnie Hale, British actor, naming Jessie Matthews, an actress appearing in the same production as her husband, as co-respondent. Immediately after the divorce Sonnie Hale up and married little Jessie. . . . Add perils of love in the jungle. Mrs. Susette Renaldo wants to collect $50,000 balmoney from Edwin ("Trader Horn") Booth, who gave her husband love, she claims. Edwin says she gave him nothing but advice. She told him to go back to his wife. . . . Estelle Taylor says she will oppose any attempt on Jack Dempsey's part to get into the movies, as she believes husband and wife ought to have separate careers. Her marriage is very much a-la-Hurst, with meetings every so often and many vacations for both husband and wife. That's their recipe for wedded bliss. . . . Paul Whiteman, "King of Jazz," and his wife, Vanda Hoff, are plotting a divorce. His heart is said to be throbbing for Margaret Livingston, who played in "Big Money" recently.

"Did you ever see a happy Frog?" asked Chevalier as he returned from Europe with Madame Chevalier. "Well, look at me." But why shouldn't Maurice be gay, with a big movie contract, a big radio broadcast contract and an increasingly big public?

TOM MIX will have to pay $90,000 damages to Zack T. Miller, circus owner, who claims that the cowboy actor promised to go with the 101 Ranch circus which Miller runs. The award was made by a court in Erie, Pa. Tom Mix says he will appeal the verdict. Tom is a heavy loser these days. First he lost his horse, then his wife, and now his money.

Huntley Gordon, once a popular leading man, went into the silk hose business some months ago, but didn't do so well.

He's broke.

DON'T talk too loud in Hollywood, where even the walls have ears. "The Film Daily" lets us in on this one. Harry Bannister bragged about how well his wife, Ann Harding, could cook. He said she was so swell he'd probably have to fire the cook. The cook heard and got on her high horse. She quit. And now Ann Harding realizes that there really is a servant problem in Hollywood.
Well, pretty blonde Josephine is un-Dunn these days and here's the cause of it all. His name is Clyde E. Greathouse; he's a Los Angeles oil operator and he and little Jo signed each other up for life early in January. At least, we hope it's for life.

KENNETH HARLAN is doing double duty—during the daylight hours he appears in pictures and by night he runs his Pom Pom Night Club which is featuring a slightly undressed chorus.

The tourists are going for the idea in a big way.

* * *

Cliff Edwards (Ukelele Ike) has finally got his marital troubles settled and Lloyd Hamilton, whose ex-better half was asking $27,000 back alimony, finally agreed to take $15,000 and be happy.

* * *

THIS is a story of how tears came at last to the eyes of Jack Oakie.

It was during the filming of Oakie's "The Gang Buster." A tear gas bomb was used in police raid sequences.

Oakie wept. And how!

* * *

Frances McCoy, petite Fox actress, will hear the wedding bells ring out with Chuck Howard, son of a wealthy New York merchant.

The fresh part of the "Skippy" troupe, Mr. Jackie Searl, who was such a hit in "Finn and Hattie" and "Tom Sawyer." "Skippy" is going to be an all-kid production, with Mr. Searl, Mitzi Green, Jackie Cooper, and Jackie Coogan's baby brother, Robert.

WORK on "Svengali" was held up because John Barrymore was ill. He suffered from jungle fever this fall. Everything the Barrymores do is picturesque. Even when they fall ill it's never an ordinary illness.

* * *

TAYLOR HOLMES was in an uproar the other day. Some lazy water pipes broke while everyone was out of the house—and, well, you've seen these comic plumbing situations.

Taylor's house resembled a Mack Sennett study in water.

Some valuable manuscripts were ruined.

* * *

ESTHER RALSTON was making a grand comeback on the screen, but no motion picture producer can tempt her now. She's following Norma Shearer's example in temporarily retiring from the screen. The stork is pretty busy right now, but he's promised to pay Esther Ralston (Mrs. George Webb) a visit in June. Esther and George will make a trip abroad in the meantime.

* * *

William "Buster" Collier, Jr., and Marie Prevost are going around together again. It's an old romance—probably just re-blossoming for spring.

* * *

William (Stage) Boyd is taking Addie McPhail, comedy leading lady, around town and to theaters and things.

* * *

GORDON KAHN, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer writer, parked his car in front of his home, stepped out on the sidewalk and faced a nice, shiny six-shooter.

He walked right back into the house—but minus his cash and watch. [Continued on page 52]
LOVE has caused a lot of funny things to happen since this silly old world got itself started way back in the Garden of Eden. Wars and murders and one-minute-to-play-goals-for-dear-old-Hillcrest. . . . In ye olden times before knighthood withered on the stalk a man stricken with love would start a seven year war with Troy, or batter down a few of King Arthur's turrets, or go for a boat ride with Cleopatra. But I never heard of love causing a residential section to burn down before. But that's the Hollywood way of it—blaze or nothing—and this is a Hollywood love story.

I guess you read in the papers about the six homes of six movie stars burning at one fell swoop at Ferguson's Beach. I bet you read with interest the description of Dolores Delight's pajamas as she dashed from her flaming boudoir—and then thought no more about it.

But what a thrilling story there was back of that fire! No one seemed to know exactly how it started. Six mounds of ashes—the price of a woman's honor. But after all what's a few houses compared to the indomitable spirit of a girl who defied life to break her? Let's do a cut-back.

I first met Julie Crandall (Julie O'Neill she was then) in Mike's Hot Spot up in Harlem, which is one of the places in New York where you most certainly don't want to meet anyone. Of all the low dives—well, it's the kind of place where they do the "tease" dance. You can just imagine what kind of riffraff wanders in there. At that time I was a reporter on a New York newspaper and wanted to see Types so I could write a book. That's as good an excuse as any I can give for dropping in at Mike's Hot Spot.

The hardest looking dames in the world can be found in that honky tonk. Not a one of them looked as if she'd ever had a mother. But one night in that gang I saw the sweetest looking kid I've ever seen—and I've seen Mary Pickford and Jackie Coogan. She looked about eighteen (I learned later that she was sixteen) and there wasn't an awkward movement to her entire body, though it was easy to see she'd never had a dancing lesson. A nice kid from the country, you'd think looking at her fresh graceful body, but when you looked at her eyes—oh, boy—what a shock! They were the eyes of a woman of thirty who knows too well the pitiless cruelty of life, who has felt the cold kiss of poverty. In those large green-gray eyes of Julie Crandall you could read strange stories—but I guess I was the only one in the Hot Spot that night who looked at Julie's eyes.

As I watched her go through the routine of a dance I felt that the air was being polluted by something unclean. And sure enough there was Al Shoeman sitting at the table next to mine and gazing at that poor kid as a cat does at a bird. There was a lot of dirty gossip going the rounds about Al Shoeman and his racket. He makes his living peddling moving pictures—but not the kind you are ever likely to see.

Mike did his own serving in those days before Park
A NOTHER in the Series of Hollywood’s True Love Stories, Which Proves that a Good Fire Can Burn up Lots of Things—Including a Girl’s Past

Avenue started trekking to Harlem. As he passed Al’s table I heard Al say, “Robbing cradles now, eh, Mike? Where’d you get her?” And he nodded toward Julie.

“That big-mouthed Flora saved her from the river or the gas jet and brought her here. She’s too frail for this game. She’ll crack.”

Al smiled in a way that made me want to slug him.

“Send her over to me, Mike, when the show’s over.”

A few minutes later Julie came over to Al’s table.

“Mike said you wanted to see me,” she said in a dull, listless voice.

“Sure, girlie. Sit down. All washed up, eh?”

“Yeah.”

“Tried to kill yourself, didn’t you?”

“Yeah.” Julie seemed not to take the least interest in the man at her side. Her eyes were veiled by her long lashes as she languidly traced the red checks on the table cloth.

“You’re too pretty for this dump. Why don’t you get out? Need the dough?”

“What do you think?” she said in a firm husky voice that one day would thrill millions of fans.

“I think you’ve got what the public wants,” Al said, peering at her with his snake eyes. “How would you like to make some easy money—say five hundred dollars? With half a grand you could put some good food into that body, buy yourself some swell clothes, and crash the gate into the front row of any chorus in this town. How about it, girlie?”

“I’m through with show business,” she said dully. “I’ve fought and struggled to get some place. But it’s no use. I’m sunk, see? All I want is to get out of this city—to the country—where the air is fresh—and the trees are green—and I can start life all over again.” She broke off suddenly and laughed harshly. “I didn’t mean to tell you that. It’s none of your business.”

“O.K., baby,” Al said. “It’s all right with me if you don’t want to be Ziegfeld’s next star. But five hundred dollars will get you back to the cornfields or cotton patches or wherever you aim to go, faster than the pickings in this honky tonk.” He shifted his chair closer to hers. “Now listen. I’m an exporter. Here’s my card. In this narrow-minded, bigoted country there is no appreciation of Art, so I make motion pictures for foreign release. See? Come to my studio tomorrow at ten. Until then—”

He drained his highball, gave her what might be called a smile, and left.

I had been listening in on that whole conversation. I hated to see that poor starved kid get caught in the coils of Al Shoeman. But what could I do? I didn’t have any money but I had a lot of good advice—which nobody wanted, including Julie Crandall. I usually minded my own business except when it was newspaper business, but on my way to the door I stopped for a second at Julie’s table.

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"I'd like to give you a tip," I said. "Keep away from that snake. He's poison to girls like you."

She didn't even look up. She continued to trace designs on that red-checked table cloth. Well, shoemakers' children shouldn't throw stones—and newspaper reporters shouldn't bake cakes—so I ambled on.

I DIDN'T see Julie Crandall again for nearly two years—but I certainly heard enough about her. She spent the five hundred dollars from her "art work" with Shoe-man for clothes; then she got a job in a chorus where she didn't need them. Quickly she became a featured dancer and got rave notices in all the papers. Blase New Yorkers were fascinated by her fragile, charming vitality and her high spirits of youth. She was unspoiled, fresh and desirable, and she put her whole soul into everything she did, whether she liked it or not.

There was nothing half-way about Julie Crandall. Her Charleston was the "meanest" New York has ever seen. Of course, all the scions of the Best Families started sending in their cards accompanied by orchids, ermine wraps, diamond bracelets, and other little trifles, but according to rumor she didn't specialize—she played the whole field.

As I read in the New York papers (I had become an invaluable yes-man with Superlative Films in Hollywood) of the gay goings on of Julie Crandall I could hardly believe that she was the same little sick kitten that I had seen in Mike's Hot Spot. The kid was certainly getting the breaks.

And then the Big Boss on a visit to New York signed her up for a part in a Superlative picture and Julie Crandall came to Hollywood. Say, did her eyes go over swell in the test she gave her! They made her seem aloof, mysterious and sublimely beautiful—they gave you that stained glass window feeling which you get when you hear Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. But Superlative in its usual manner overlooked those eyes and focussed on Julie's legs. They were exquisite legs, I admit, but I insisted then—and time has proven me a wise guy—that there was more to Julie than a "jazz baby."

Superlative began twenty-four sheeting the kid around the world and Julie lived up to her publicity. She plunged into the helter skelter gaiety of Hollywood. Men went mad about her and she was seen in every dazzling spot in town with at least a dozen escorts. There was gossip—plenty of it, rat a rat a rat a rat a rat a rat—about her.

Julie had been in Hollywood six months before we met. Heaven knows I didn't want to meet her then, but the Big Boss had wished the dirty work off on me. She met me at the door herself and invited me into the sitting room where cocktails were waiting.

"Don't look so tragic," she said gaily. "I'm quite a collector of hard knocks. But do get it over with. Is it true that I'm going to be fired?"

"No," I thundered. "Who started that rumour?"

"Well, according to my informants, the esteemed president of Superlative Pictures started it himself. It seems that this morning he was thinking out loud, and his dear little secretary happened to overhear him, and she just happened to mention it to my maid, warning her not to tell a soul, of course, and within the hour six of my best friends called up to console me."

"Too bad the dear little secretary didn't listen in on the entire conversation," I growled. "The honest-to-goodness facts are these: After the release of your next picture you're going to be made a star, for Superlative has decided that it needs a great dramatic actress AND you're elected. BUT if you don't slow down and get off the roller coaster Superlative may change its mind. See? In other words the Big Boss is going to make you exclusive and you've got to quit dancing on everybody's table. You've got to get remote and your dear public mustn't see you doing the Black Bottom with every mug who comes along. They've got to think of you as wandering alone and aloof by the murmuring sea. It may be hard at first—"

"HARD? Hard?" Julie laughed hysterically. "Why, it's the one thing I've always wanted to do. All my life I've forced myself to be that awful 'life of the party' because it was expected of me. I hate parties, I despise people, I loathe cocktails—I want to be alone—I've always wanted to be alone—" [Continued on page 62]
Mr. Cinderella

He's Richard Cromwell of Overnight Fame Who Has Knocked the Girls for a Loop

By Caroline Duncan

The Horatio Alger fable from "Rags to Riches" is the interviewer's stock story. One is constantly writing of the Janet Gaynors, Charlie Parrells, Lois Morans, Barbara Stanwycks, who have skyrocketed from obscurity to overnight Fame.

And yet, nowhere in screen annals is there recorded a tale as amazing as that of Richard Cromwell, young star of "Tol'able David."

When Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, decided to remake "Tol'able David" as a talking picture, he knew that the job of finding someone to equal Richard Barthelmess' classic portrayal would be difficult. But just how difficult, he wasn't to realize until he had taken tests of every juvenile from Hollywood to New York—and found none of them satisfactory. Finally, in desperation he decided to give the role to an unknown.

Roy Radabaugh, a twenty year old artist, living in Hollywood and starving for a livelihood in the fictional manner of all artists, heard about this unusual opportunity and applied for the part. "Tol'able David" was his favorite story—he had always wanted to be an actor—and the other fifty reasons don't matter.

Everyone was as astounded as Roy when the coveted role was entrusted to him. Other obscure players who were suddenly starred have all of them served a previous apprenticeship of some sort—extra, property boy, script clerk—something. Roy Radabaugh had NEVER set foot inside a studio in any capacity. He was as new as tomorrow's newspaper, as fresh as a last coat of paint on a suburban house.

No sooner had he been assigned the part than his name was changed to Richard Cromwell. No sooner had he finished the picture than his new name went up in electric lights and he was presented with a five-year contract with regular raises of salary and all that.

Who said, "and so overnight Fame" is a sub-title? "Tol'able David" recently had its world premiere at the Mayfair Theatre in New York. And to celebrate the event, "Dick" was sent East on a series of personal appearances. Not only was it his first glimpse of the Big City, but also the first time he had ever been outside the state of California.

When I dined with him in his suite at the Hotel St. Moritz, my food remained untouched as I "ate up" the amazing facts that had uprooted him from the crowd.

Richard (Tol'able David) Cromwell has not only IT but That—that something which appeals to the maternal instinct. And lads with That go far.

He was born in Los Angeles, Jan. 8, 1910, between five and six o'clock of a Saturday morning. And has never inconvenienced his mother since.

When he was eight years old, his father died, leaving a young widow to carry on the burden of supporting five growing youngsters. She moved her brood to Long Beach, a seaside resort forty miles from Hollywood, and secured a job as a typist. Dick contributed his share to the family coffers by sundry odd jobs, which included concocting "chocolate luxuros" and "cherry delights" behind a soda fountain and peddling his artistic, albeit uncommercial, handwork.

When he was fifteen years old, he decided to move to Hollywood and attend the Chouinard Art School, where he could study this thing called Art in a Big Way. Because he couldn't afford to pay the tuition and there were no scholarships left, he induced Madam Chouinard to let him work his way through. Since Dick has the sort of face that every mother could love, how could she refuse him?

P.S. She didn't.

Then began Dick's first big adventure—living on his own. He hunted around until he found a room inexpensive enough and sufficiently large to be converted into two—one for sleeping quarters and the other for his workshop. He thought if he painted enough, he might eventually paint his way into a movie studio. For greater than Dick's ambition to become a great artist was his desire to be a greater actor. But Dick's first and only attempt at histronics had occurred during his high school days when he played the title role in a Junior class production of "Ivanhoe." Dick made his own costume and it consisted of a union suit with chicken rings tacked on and bedroom slippers encased in silver paper. Dick's performance was masterly until the end of the second [Continued on page 58]
TRADER HORN
Rating: GREAT
M-G-M
Here is Africa as you have dreamed of it, with its jungles, its wild animals, its wilder people, and its unbelievable beauty. Here, too, is action—human beings in thrilling adventures; animals in death combat. There is a story, of a white girl rescued by a trader and a young hero, from the savages. Harry Carey, Duncan Renaldo, Edwina Booth and the native, Mutta, are all splendid. It's 'different.' It's thrilling. Don't miss it.

DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE
Dancing Daughter Joan Crawford goes melodramatic in a big way and becomes a real suspense sister—yeh, it's an underworld plot but done smartly. The dad of two rich youngsters, Joan and William Bakewell, dies, leaving them penniless. Joan goes to work on a newspaper but kid brother becomes a bootlegger—and then the drama begins. It's all thrilling and very exciting. Clark Gable makes a marvelous villain and Joan and Billy are grand.

CIMARRON
Cimarron is one of the finest talkies ever produced. It is a magnificent portrayal of early America, magnificently produced, finely photographed and gorgeously acted. It's a gigantic story of the empire builders and a hero, Yancey Cravat, who was a real pioneer, a passionate lover, a brave fighter and a born adventurer. Richard Dix comes back with a bang. He's superb. So is the rest of the cast. You must see this.

INSPIRATION
A girl who has been the inspiration of Paris falls in love. She loves utterly. Sacrificing her career, her home, her friends, is nothing to her. Finally she loves sufficiently to give up even the man himself. Garbo is great in this. It is all her picture and she has never been more beautiful or tragic. But it fails a bit for this very reason. You don't believe even Bob Montgomery could have resisted her. It's depressing.
CITY LIGHTS
Rating: GOOD
United Artists
There is only one Chaplin. There are laughs—and sobs—that only he can create. But considering the time, money and comedy genius that have gone into this, the result is disappointing. It’s far below “Shoulder Arms” or “The Gold Rush.” A tramp loves a blind flower girl, who believes him a millionaire. That’s the story. The gags are sure-fire, fast and funny. Charlie is great—but the film isn’t.

GENTLEMAN’S FATE
Rating: GOOD
M-G-M
Jack Gilbert in a gangster story. Jack is a young man about town who suddenly finds that he is the younger son of a racketeering family. The girl he loves marries another man and he joins his family’s gang. Comes “the pay-off” and it’s a tragic one. Gilbert fans can go for this, for Jack does his finest work since his Garbo days. Besides, there’s Louis Wolheim, Anita Page and Leila Hyams, all honeys. They work well together.

MANY A SLIP
Rating: GOOD
Universal
Modern youth must have its fling and what actually happens during the high moments of youthful passion has been portrayed in “Many A Slip.” It’s an awfully delicate theme—the intimate love affairs of a boy and girl. But here it’s been handled well and some clever comedy added, too. Lew Ayres and Joan Bennett are the two lovers, while Slim Summerville and Virginia Sales contribute most of the fun. You’ll enjoy it.

THE DAWN TRAIL
Rating: FAIR
Columbia
Here’s another wild western story of galloping hoofs and brave men who fight for their women in a big way. Buck Jones does the typical outdoor hero stuff, hard riding and fast shooting. It’s the old story of the hero as a sheriff who must arrest his sweetheart’s brother for murder—but it does manage to be convincing and exciting at times. Miriam Seegar is the sweetheart and very nice, too. The children will like this.
A mild carbon copy of "The Covered Wagon," with dialogue and sound added, but with the novelty and the thrills missing. It's a big production, beautifully photographed and well enough acted, but since the action is kept around the two old scouts, Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall, rather than around Gary Cooper and Ely Damita, the love interest, it's good only for an evening's entertainment, and not great.

America's Sweetheart playing a Parisian chorus gal is rather unusual, but she surprises you. For our Mary returns to her first acting love and is grand as a slapstick comedienne. As Kiki, Mary gets kicked out of a show for wrecking it and then tries to vamp the producer away from his ex-wife. The way Mary does it is no less than a riot. Reginald Denny's good as the producer, and Phil Tead is clever.

This is naughty, but censor-proof entertainment, a fast and furious farce—with double meanings and everything else. Edward Everett Horton plays a hubby with a wild streak, who hires a near likeness to double for him to fool his mother-in-law, so he can go playing. Everything is swell until the wife comes home unexpectedly and likes his double. Laura La Plante, Esther Ralston and Patsy Ruth Miller are the lovely ladies.

Two little kids, Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl, steal this swell comedy. It's the story of Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad which Donald Ogden Stewart authored with many wise-cracks. Finn (that's the old man) has made a lot of money and thinks it would be a grand idea to take his family on a trip—he does, and how! Leon Errol and ZaSu Pitts are mama and papa and it's all great for the children.

A very strong-minded gentleman who claims women must be led makes a bet with a well known hot-shot with the ladies that the latter can't kiss his wife within forty-eight hours. Things get pretty warm for the hubby and all concerned. Clever acting and direction make this highly amusing and sophisticated entertainment. Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald and Roland Young all do splendidly.

We've been waiting a long time for just such a comedy from that frozen-faced comic, Buster Keaton. Imagine Buster with a false reputation as a great lover—and what would happen if several passionate ladies went after him. That's what happens to Bashful Buster. Pretty girls get into their undies and then the husband of one walks in on Buster. It's all fast and furious and an outstanding fun film you shouldn't miss.
Hurrah for Constance Bennett! Given a very old story, of the poor girl who wanted pretty things and got them plus a very rich man but minus a wedding ring, Connie brings a fine sincerity to the whole picture and makes a touching love story of what might have been just another movie. Adolphe Menjou is his suave self as the man about town—and Robert Montgomery is the man Connie loves. Can you blame her?

Here's another yarn of just how important sexy young secretaries are to the boss—in one way or another. This one concerns the lovable, capable stenographer who is running the business, but the boss doesn't realize it—or, just how pretty she is, either. He's engaged to the banker's daughter until a financial crash comes, and then he wakes up to several things. Mary Astor is lovely and Robert Ames is good as the boss.

Although Raquel Torres gives the best dramatic performance of her career, "Aloha" has been so cheaply made that the merit of her work is stolen by trite direction. The theme is "The Bird of Paradise" modernized. A native girl marries the only son of a shipping magnate. Naturally, her entrance into society is quite a shock. A hateful sister-in-law causes trouble which eventually leads to tragedy. Ben Lyon is nice as the boy.

Mythical kingdoms provide an excellent background when one wants to poke fun at European royalty—titled folk who have considerable trouble with their marriages and manners. An actor is hired to impersonate a Prince and make love to a Princess—a gal who makes things rather exciting for her suitors. It's charmingly risque at moments but nevertheless, fair cinematic entertainment. Neil Hamilton and Una Merkel are the lovers.

Good old "East Lynne," one of the most famous of the ancient melodramas, comes to the talkie screen and proves to be one of the finest of the season. Ann Harding is lovely as the heroine, who is constantly nagged and finally driven from home by her husband's sister. She learns the tragedy of illicit love. Besides Ann's beautiful portrayal, there is Conrad Nagel acting his best, and Clive Brook who is grand as the lover.

That goofy team of Olsen and Johnson, a couple of loose nuts, run riot in Paris—a Paris that no one ever saw; but that doesn't make any difference. This pair are hired as detectives to watch a young man earn his living as a tourist guide (it's all on a bet) and win a certain young lady's heart. Goofy but funny. It's filmed in Technicolor, and has a few musical numbers. The story'll remind you of Wheeler and Woolsey's antics.
A MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

(Want to prove that you did it correctly? All right—turn to page 57.)
All that this boy's got is in this one picture—in his clever, impudent eyes, his laughing mouth, his upthrust chin. Unknown a year ago, his fan mail this year makes the postman stagger. And after following "The Easiest Way" with Connie Bennett he'll be starred all by his handsome self.

Hurrell
ADORABLE Sally! The cause of much gayety in "Let Us Be Gay," the girl who drove the "Doughboys" mad and lent her tender wistful beauty to "Reducing." Ziegfeld calls her the most beautiful brunette in Hollywood. And he's some picker! She wears Hoot Gibson's wedding ring, has seen twenty-two birthdays, can act as well as look pretty and is under contract to M-G-M.
ANOTHER beautiful brunette. She sat in a corner and pulled out a plum, did little Irene Dunne. It turned out to be one of the biggest plums of the year—the part of Sabra in "Cimarron." She's the Little Woman for whom Richard Dix dared all. And now RKO with fingers crossed is looking for new worlds for Irene to conquer. You will see her next in "Bachelor Apartment"
THE girl Maurice Chevalier was Dee-lighted to meet, when he was making "Playboy of Paris." He asked her to be his leading lady—for picture purposes only. And now the fans are so Dee-lighted with her that after playing opposite Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers in "Along Came Youth," she'll be Jack Oakie's pet inspiration in "June Moon"
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.

FIRST NATIONAL'S fair-haired boy as he'd like to look in the rôle he'd love to play—"L'Aiglon" or maybe it's Romeo. Anyway, it's a handsome picture of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who has just been awarded the most curious contract ever signed in Hollywood. He'll be art director, costume designer, foreign supervisor, scenario writer, director and star, all at once! And at night he can tack up shelves about the home of Mrs. Joan Crawford Fairbanks.
TALKIES didn't do right by Laura La Plante, but she being a canny lass stayed away after she had finished her Universal contract until she could get the rôle she wanted. She's found it at last in "Lonely Wives," in which she and Patsy Ruth Miller will provide plenty of laughs. In private life she's anything but a lonely wife, for Director William Sieter is a devoted husband...
THE girl who came back. Dark-haired, vivid, a blazing new personality for the movies, you saw her in "Lilom" and "A Lady Surrenders." But she had salary trouble with Universal and in a huff returned to Broadway. Rose and Universal have patched up their differences and Rose returned, only to be loaned to First National for "Chances." Very complicated, but Rose is back.
NOW they do say that his fervent kiss isn’t all acting. William Powell is reported “that way” about Carole Lombard and the beauteous Lombard appears to be registering that here’s a Will with a way about him that she likes very much. You’ll see these two together in “Gentlemen of the Streets”
CLARA BOW has given beauty and vivacity to the world. But life has returned to her nothing but heartache and sorrow. When Elinor Glyn (above) named Clara the "IT" girl it should have meant triumph and joy for her. Instead it marked the beginning of her unhappiness. She was very young then, all vivid flame and beauty. Sincere and generous herself, she thought that all those she met were moved by the same impulses. She gave without stint—her money, her talent, her love. Men loved her, only to disappoint her. Even her father, whom she set up in business, failed her and married her secretary. Then she pinned her faith on a girl, Daisy Devoe. Daisy was her pal. The recent Devoe trial showed how that trust was treated. Clara, the "IT" girl! Pity her, for her lonely heart, and her need for true friends.

(Above) Harry Richman loved publicity. Gilbert Roland didn't understand

Victor Fleming, who was too mature. (Below) Rex Bell, Clara Bow's present beau

Daisy Devoe with her boy friend, Al Mathes

Clara's first love, her dad, Robert Bow
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More Movietown Topics

GILDA GREY is all set to marry George Brent in June, 'tis whispered around.

LUPE VELEZ says she isn't married to Gary Cooper, and explains that the wedding ring on her finger is her mother's. Well, maybe.

Sue Carol lost her bull pup which her hubby, Nick Stuart, gave her as a birthday present. She advertised a large reward for the pup's return but all in vain.

TWO sisters in Hollywood, Helene and Dolores Costello are getting a bad break. They'd like to be friends, but whenever they meet, Lowell Sherman, who's wedded to the fair Helene, and John Barrymore, who's devoted to his wife Dolores, snarl at each other over their teacups. It takes all the tact and diplomacy the two sisters possess to keep a semblance of peace in the family.

WHILE Charlie Chaplin is reaping millions on "City Lights," (they had to use tear bombs to keep the crowds away at the Los Angeles premiere) his brother, Sydney Chaplin, is facing a petition for bankruptcy in London.

JANET GAYNOR is resting at Palm Springs, California, while recovering from her recent operation for appendicitis. And in the meanwhile Charles Farrell is making a trip to Europe—alone! She and Charlie Farrell were to be teamed together again in "Merely Mary Ann," but his European trip may change all that.

CHARLES BICKFORD has made up his differences with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He was furious because of the role he had to play in "Passion Flower." If there's anything, Bickford regards as absurd, it's playing the part of a romantic, passionate hero. But M-G-M has found a part more to his liking in "The Squaw Man," and he's back on its payroll after some stormy scenes.

JACKIE COOGAN made such a hit in "Tom Sawyer" that Paramount has signed him up for a series of pictures that will make the children flock to the theaters. In addition, it has signed up his younger brother, Robert, for the role of Sooky in "Skippy," which will be based on the popular comic strip of that name.

WILLIAM HAINES is not above running an antique shop and doing a little interior decorating on the side. He must be good at it, for Joan Crawford has just given him a contract to decorate two of the rooms in her new home. Another amusing bit of personal gossip about Bill is that he's just learning social dancing for the first time. Whenever he gets a free moment he practices dance steps on the set.

SOME young women got the thrill of their lives when a handsome young stranger claiming to be Reginald Denny dated them up for the evening. But he didn't keep the dates! The real Reginald Denny is quite upset, for the impostor not only carries on his flirtations in Denny's name, but also borrows money, cashes checks, and collects cash in advance for personal appearances which he promises to make and never does.

DID you ever hear of a superstitious Scot? Well, Ernest Torrence has worn the same overcoat for fifteen years. While appearing in musical comedies in the United States in 1915, Torrence purchased the coat. When it passed out of dress use, he retained it for rehearsals and later wore it outdoors while making his screen debut in "Tol'able David." He has used it in every picture since that time.

Will she be a sensation in talkies? She's Tallulah Bankhead, the American girl who became the greatest star in London. Now Paramount has brought her home to star in "New York Lady," plus lots of other flickers if she makes good.
THE NEW STYLES ARE ALLURING—BUT SO EXACTING

It's no secret that the new clothes demand good looks. There's no secret about anything, in fact! We stand revealed in bathing suits, trim sports togs or backless gowns.

Never has a good figure meant so much. A figure slender—yet softly rounded.

For every girl who possesses such a figure, there are thousands dieting to gain the rounded slimness they'd give the world to have. And so many lose the very beauty they are trying to achieve! For most reducing diets lack sufficient roughage.

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Hollywood Puts on Heirs

[Continued from page 29]

and was openly annoyed at having her routine disturbed. When Nurse Wilkinson took off her bonnet to show me her fuzz of fawn-colored hair she expressed her opinion of the press in no uncertain terms. She's a well-built youngster with great round check. Looks like her mother, fortunately—I don't think Joe will resent my saying that! But when she smiles—although her mouth is tiny—there's a trace of the famous Brown grin.

Four months old Mary Elizabeth Ann has a private bedroom and bath. There's a combined bathtub and dressing table, very tricky, and a wardrobe full of dainty dresses. Some class to these Hollywood infants! Mary wore a pink silk coat and a becoming bonnet with little pleats around the face. Also, fortunately, a bib. She takes sun baths every day, like the Duke, and like him is being brought up sanely but not fanatically. Nurse Wilkinson believes in totting both a baby and a baby's family have some fun once in a while.

THE Duke had vamped me pretty completely, but my subjugation was cinched when I met Roberta Katharine Washburn. Now I really ought to give "Bobbie" a bad notice because she slept all through the interview. Her daddy, Bryant Washburn, turned her upside down and her pretty mother positioned her beautifully in a corner of the couch—but Bobbie never blinked an eyelash. She smiled a most irresistible smile—with eyes tightly shut—and went right on sleeping. She's only ten weeks old—but she's a young lady with purpose. Her hair is long and black and her eyelashes are phenomenal. Her eyes (I had to take second hand information on this point) are blue, turning brown. And she looks amazingly like her father. Roberta's—very good looking baby—I have to admit it even though she smooched me.

It's something of a problem interviewing Master Nicholas Soussanin, Jr. His mother, Cynthia, always tells who is the silent duty of the high-powered vamp of the Paramount lot, and his daddy, who used to be so grand in the Menjou pictures, are Russian, and speak to him in their native tongue. His nurse is German and speaks Deutsch to him. But he was very gracious about it when I addressed him in English. He's a husky lad and I wouldn't have wanted him to take a dislike to me. He has lovely clear skin, his mother's coloring—blue eyes and blonde hair—and his father's features. He has the Russian temperament, restless and volatile, but with it a marvelous disposition. The young man is a lover of music and when his mother sings to him he sings back lustily and happily. He wore the conventional diapets (three different pairs during my visit), a little sleeveless shirt and a soft fine flannel jacket, embroidered in blue. Has a nurse, but can't talk too much to her because she speaks her language whenever possible. And by the way, in spite of his linguistic training, he speaks the same language as any other five months' old baby.

Cynthia Susan Morris is only three months old, but she has a sense of humor. When I asked Master Henry, a future Nestor, if he had any opinion of Miss Beulah Morris, told her that I was an interviewer, she winked at me. Cynthia's a wee scrub—but she's right there with the personality. Her eyes are blue and her hair is pink. It's pretty hard to tell whom she looks like right now—but she can't go wrong either way. She has a big brother, Brooks, aged two and a half, towheaded and a regular guy. Chester and Sue, his attractive, blonde, half-pint wife, were playing nurse and doctor to four of them. They were knee-deep in babies and loving it. Chester, who usually portrays young men without hearts or morals on the screen—remember what a lad he was in "The Divorcee"—is the most confirmed family man in Hollywood.

It took me three weeks to track down the Stepin Fetchit heir. The lackadaisical chocolate-colored Stepin for all his overnight success in "He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not" and his equally overnight obscurity does not mean much more or less than the most elusive lad who ever hove onto the Hollywood horizon. I finally located the baby in a bright green stucco apartment house in the colored section of Los Angeles. There was a holy medal on the front door and no one answered my knock. Around in the back yard I tripped over a lone pickanniny in a go-cart. Mrs. Stepin, I understood the back door, ushered me into the living room with considerable aplomb, and brought in a tiny chocolate bundle. It's four months and two weeks old and its name is Joseph Jemajo Perry—Perry being Stepin's real name. "Jemajo" is a combination of Jesus, Mary and Joseph Stepin, you see, is a Catholic and wants his first-born to be a priest. The baby is definitely a brunette and looks like his talented but ill-versed papa. Mrs. Stepin left the back door open and has long corkscrew curls and a lot of dignity. Stepin wasn't present. He rarely is.

FROM Stepin's I took a long jump up in the world, into the real cream of babies, if you don't mind my talking that way. I went to visit the baby who's had some five generations of stage ancestors and some two generations of screen folks—and all of them pretty smart and handsome. I mean, of course, Miss Dolores Ethel Mae Barrimore. Miss Dolores Ethel Mae Barrimore, aged nine months, had just returned from a yachting trip. She has a crop of blonde hair, like her beautiful mother's, but turning dark. Blue eyes. She's very active—but a good baby. She's kept to a very strict schedule—but her parents are allowed to play with her—and do. She hasn't developed enough of a profile to talk about just yet—but with John for a father, Lionel for an uncle and Ethel for an aunt the odds are pretty heavy that she'll be a Barrimore rather than the ABC of the screen. When an actress she ought to be!

Interviewing babies has turned me into a linguist. I can talk seven varieties of baby talk now—and how that does help a girl to get along in Hollywood!
She Packs a Wallop  

[Continued from page 17]

the sports writers. She's a swell player.
For some strange reason it is the firm belief of all casting directors that no native of Los Angeles or Hollywood has the slightest dramatic ability. Although Dorothy haunted the old FBO studio gates, she was never given a chance. She had to go back to New York to make good.
She had a successful engagement in "Hello Yourself," which entertained New York theater-goers two or three seasons past. Bert Glennon, a radio director, was casting "Syncopation." He saw Dorothy and engaged her for a bit in his picture. Before the production was completed the bit had developed into quite a rôle. She was one of the hits of the show.

Dorothy rang the old success bell again in "Rio Rita," that amazing star-making vehicle.

It is quite likely that Dorothy will attain stardom during 1931. Her next picture virtually gives her the stellar rôle. It will be one of those collegiate things, and she says it is a good story. I wouldn't be surprised if Dorothy made the last-minute touchdown for dear old Siwash. She could do it, and still be lively enough to reign that night at the college prom.

With all the exercise Dorothy takes you would expect her to be muscled like the village blacksmith. She's puh-lenty strong even if she only weighs 105 pounds in a Mack Sennett bathing suit. She's also as feminine as a Park Avenue debutante, reared in a cut-glass hot house. And just as attractive.

Just a few months ago she gave up the state of single blessedness for James Fuller, a young Hollywood publicist. They have built a charming Spanish house at Talusca Lake, not far from the homes of Charles Farrell and Richard and Jobyna Arlen.

Dorothy had a grand time furnishing the house. She selected the furniture, the china, the glassware and the silver. A woman in a woman for a' that.

In the living room there is a grand piano in one corner, and in another is a shining bicycle. She received it for Christmas, and she is so proud of it that as yet she can't bear to leave it outside.

The house is finished, but the grounds are not completed. There will be a big swimming pool and a tennis court, etc., for summer soches the posies again. In the back of the grounds is a spacious playroom. Barbecue grills can be held out there, and there is room enough for dancing. Right now the floor space is fairly well taken up by a ping-pong court. Dorothy is just about the uncrowned champ of ping-pong in Hollywood.

When I tried to get around to the trivial business of interviewing Dorothy suggested we go horseback riding. So I know now what perpetual motion means. It's Dorothy Lee. She's a swell girl, and completely lacking in high-hat mannerisms, posturing and temperament. And she's going to get some place. Any girl that can 'skin-the-cat' can climb a mere ladder of success. Shucks, that's not a trick for her.

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RICHARD BLACKSTONE

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Portrait of a Rising Star

(Continued from page 27)

now—Nancy's French maid.

If she has any pet extravagance, it is being generous to her family. When her parents celebrated their golden wedding anniversary last year, it was Nancy who treated them to a trip through the Panama Canal and a month's visit in California. When her younger sister, Elsie, was seriously ill this winter, it was Nancy who enlisted the best of medical attention.

Unlike most girls of her youth and beauty, clothes are no hobby of hers. She has to fuss about them too much on the screen to bother about them off. She claims that she used to be far better-dressed as a chorus girl than she is now and it didn't cost her half as much. She could go bargain hunting then in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Now, she finds it incumbent upon herself to patronize the more exclusive couturiers where she is frowned over by an alarming array of gushing salesladies. Which explains why she postpones buying any new clothes until the old ones are worn out.

Her face, being what it is, no one ever looks below the neckline. So it really doesn't matter!

She isn't a "yes" girl. Nor has she a one-track mind. She will argue a point, but is the first to acknowledge her own defeat. She is absolutely frank and above-board. She either likes you or she doesn't.

There is no beating about the bush.

It was my privilege to give Nancy her first interview when she came to New York four years ago to attend the premiere of "Abie's Irish Rose." We hit it off right away and I flatter myself that we have been friends ever since.

People are constantly asking me whether it is true that Nancy is "high hat." And my answer always is that if she is, I have never seen any evidences of it.

It is true that she may not turn somersaults when she receives a phone call from Minnie Glutz, who used to live next door to her on Tenth Avenue. But Nancy had never played with her as a child. Why then, should she express any undue emotion at the prospect of seeing her again?

Or Johnnie Fitz, who once knew a forty-second cousin of hers? Or any of the other sycophants who are only too eager to renew her acquaintance now that she is a celebrity, but who would ignore her just as quickly if she weren't?

No, Nancy isn't high hat. It is just that she has read Emerson's 'Essay on Friendship' and isn't too gullible about it.

As for that other question, "Has Nancy changed?" I want to answer as indigantly as Nancy herself, "Of course, she has!" If all that has happened to her within the past six years—marriage, motherhood and a career—hasn't changed her, then everything she has accomplished has been in vain.

One can't keep spurtting ahead as fast as Nancy has and remain in the same place.

And while we are on the subject of rumors, this should be as good a time as any to refute a great many unfair statements that have gone the rounds concerning Nancy and her baby, Patricia.

As the only representative of the press who has ever seen Patricia Kirkland "in person," I can vouch for the fact that she is the most normal, healthy and happy five-year-old that I have ever seen. And there is absolutely no doubt in my mind

Something very fine in silk stockings, or a still that came true. In "The Easiest Way," Connie Bennett was cast as a model. They took a scene of lovely Constance posing for a hosiery advertisement. It was so good the Phoenix Company bought it and you'll soon see it advertising their stockings on billboards throughout the country.
that it is Nancy’s and Jack’s steadfast determination to keep her out of the public eye that has brought this about.

She is entirely unconscious of herself now,” Nancy explained as we walked in the park, with Pat blazing a trail ahead in search of carousels. ‘She plays with the other children and has a grand time. But if her pictures had been published in every newspaper and magazine, she would be recognized immediately everywhere she went—stared at and labelled ‘Nancy Carroll’s little girl.’ But what is infinitely worse—she would become conscious of herself and me.’

“She had her first experience of this the other day. I had taken her to the Museum of Natural History, and as we came out several people recognized me and started to follow us down the street. When Patsy noticed them, she looked at me in the most astonished manner and asked, ‘Mummy, are those people following us?’

‘Although she has seen me on the stage at the Paramount Theatre, she is too young to realize what it means. I’m just like anybody else’s ‘Mummy’ now (especially when I ride on the carousels with her) and that is the way I want her to think about me for a long, long time.

‘As for all these stupid rumors that have been circulating to the effect that I hide her from public view because I feel it is disillusioning to the fans to know I have a child, well, we had better change the subject or my fighting Irish will begin to manifest itself!’

At the present writing, Nancy has just completed her second picture with Edmund Goulding. Nancy believes in Goulding. Perhaps because she is the kind of girl who always knows what is good for her.

When Goulding parted from Gloria Swanson as director recently, he took ‘Devil’s Holiday,’ the story he had in mind for her, and demanded Carroll. And Nancy was overjoyed at the demand because she had just finished ‘Sweetie.’ And Nancy’s ‘Sweetie’ days are over.

She says so. And when she says a thing, it is infinitely true.

It may be the luck of the Irish or the Dutch or the French or whatever LaHiff means. But Nancy knows what she wants, goes after it, and gets it.

—

HERE’S HOW YOU SHOULD HAVE WORKED THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 42:

KLEENEX IS SCALD CLOTHES SLACK CLOTHY ARE CIVIL CLOTHES SAY TAN CLEANSING CLOTHS YOUR CLEANSING CLOTHS IS UNABSORBED STRAINS SHAM CLOTHY IS TAN CLEANSING CLOTHS SCRUBS SHAM CLOTHY IS TAN CLEANSING CLOTHS SLACK CLOTHY IS TAN CLEANSING CLOTHS SCRAPES SCRUBS SHAM CLOTHY IS TAN CLEANSING CLOTHS USE FOR COLDS IN PLACE OF HANDKERCHIEFS KLEENEX PREVENTS CONSTANT SELF-INFECTION FROM SNEEZE FILLED HANDKERCHIEFS IT IS WASHED ONCE THEN DISCARDED.

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SUCCESSFUL beauty culture inevitably must start with super-cleanliness. Yet many women fail in this—their first and greatest duty to their complexions—on the very cleansing process! They attempt to remove both cleansing cream and dirt with a greasy, bacteria-laden “cold cream cloth” or a half-soiled, unabsorbent towel. And then wonder why blackheads threaten ... why pores grow large and relaxed.

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One of the loveliest of famous Kleenex users is Marian Nixon. Miss Nixon understands the importance of cleansing.

“I shouldn’t feel my face was clean unless I used Kleenex to remove the cleansing cream,” she says.

“Why take chances with half-clean towels and cold cream cloths? These methods are inefficient and unsanitary, often leaving a residue of powder and fine dirt in the pores.”

Ask for Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store. It comes in three sizes—25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00. Prices are the same in Canada.

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In Canada, address: 350 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.
Silver Screen for April 1931

Most Popular Girl in Hollywood

(Continued from page 13)

I have known Mary for a long time. At one time you might have said she was 'sweet,' and that would have been about all. You can still say that, but now Mary has a keen wit and can hold her own in any conversation. She can even return Jack Oakie's bon mots with ten per cent interest.

A prophet is frequently without honor in his own country. Many a popular girl shows another side of her nature to her family. There isn't a man or woman in the Paramount studio who wouldn't walk a mile to do Mary a favor. She's the darling of the publicity department. There isn't an actor or actress on the lot who will speak a harsh word of her.

Gary Cooper, Charles Rogers and Richard Arlen are all delighted when they are told that Mary will be their leading woman. Lupe Velez, who frequently disappears of Gary's leading women, never has any complaints if Mary is the girl to be kissed in the final romantic clinch. Lupe, in case you don't know, is not of an unsuspecting nature. Mary has been on the Paramount payroll longer than any other player. She has outsold the flaming Pola Negri, the magnificent Jannahs, Bebe Daniels, Evelyn Brent, Neil Hamilton, James Hall and many others. That attests her popularity with the fans.

So, Mary climbs on up the ladder of fame. Every day she wins new friends. She goes to beach swimmers and eats ice cream with sand. She attends proms with the collegiates. She sits down to formal dinners at Pickfair with the great names of the old and new worlds. And she has just as good a time at one place as the other.

She's the most popular girl in Hollywood. That's my story and I'll stick to it. If anyone wants to dispute me I've left on a vacation trip to the Thousand Islands, and I'm staying a week on each one.

Mr. Cinderella

(Continued from page 37)

act climax when he forgot a line. And the only word he could think of was "dammit!" Which may explain why he now decided to keep on pacing.

During his attendance at art school, Dick became acquainted with Anna Q. Nilsson. She was the first actress he had ever met and her heroic worship of her is something he will retain the rest of his life. Anna Q. introduced him to the film colony, who, enthralled by his ingenuousness, became patrons of his art.

In the midst of this brief reign of prosperity, Dick heard through a friend of his of the Columbia search for "Tol'able David."

He stayed up all night, trying not to think of his screen test in the morning. Singularly enough, he wasn't the least bit nervous at the crucial moment but he perspired so from the uncustomed klieg lights that you could hardly see his face.

All during the making of the picture, his one desire was to please John Blynstone, the director, and justify the confidence placed in him by Harry Cohn.

How, you ask, has he reacted to all this unprecedented success? And my answer is, like a little boy who has had a dozen dollars to spend and is merrily-go-round and hasn't yet been able to catch the ring.

It will be years before Dick will re-
he arrived in Chicago and was rushed to the finest tailors for a complete new wardrobe (he had never worn a hat or owned a tuxedo before) until he was greeted in New York by an entourage of columnists who paraded him up Broadway like a circus display, his life was a non-stop series of personal appearances, radio broadcasts and interviews. With People, People, People everywhere charging down on him like the charge of the Light Brigade.

During his visit in New York, Harry Cohn, who adores Dick like his own child, issued the strictest orders. He was to be kept away from night clubs, pre-Volstead liquids and women. His orders were carried out to the letter.

On the woman problem, Harry Cohn need have no fear. Dick appeals to the maternal instinct. Although he has already received thousands of fan letters, none of them have been mash notes of the "dream lover" sort but all of them have been prose with advice on his future career.

Of course, Dick, being a normal twenty-year-old, is not entirely immune. Just at present his affections are divided between Greta Garbo (whom he has never met) and "Katja," a young player on the RKO lot. When Dick first splurged forth from his Ford car, he called it "Garbo" after his "divine woman." Recently, however, "Garbo" has suffered several mishaps, and realizing that anything less than perfect would hardly become the name of such a glamorous creature, he has changed it to "Dvorak" (the name of her double). He threatens not to marry for a long time to come (there's that career to think about first!) but when he does, it must be someone who possesses charm, grace and intellect—to say nothing of the Garbo sex appeal.

For the present he lives with his family, all of whom are now ensconced in his Hollywood home. "The greatest source of satisfaction his contract has brought him is the knowledge that his mother will never have to work again and his twelve-year-old sister (whose only reaction when she heard of his pictures was, 'Ooh, goody! Now, maybe I can meet 'Our Gang'!') and his other sister and brother can share the benefits of his success.

He has no intention of relegating his painting to an inglorious background—only now it will be his avocation. He can paint the things he wants to paint, not the things that sell the quickest.

From all present indications, Dick shows absolutely no evidence of the possibility of his success spoiling him. But there is the danger that he may be termed "high hat" because, hating the limelight as he does, he will never become part of the passing show. Fearing he will become emboiled in it, he is liable to become more of a recluse than ever, only mingling with old friends, hesitating to make new ones. But he will never "go Hollywood," of that I'm sure.

If he ever does, I have extracted a promise that I can shoot him on the slightest evidence.

I know he will never have to keep his promise. He's much too sane a kid—and, besides, I noticed that he has a very long life line!
The Truth About Fan Mail

[Continued from page 15]

her mail by hand. What a painstaking gal! Stars get loads of letter mail. One of the "odd" stories was a hollowed-out corn cob in which an Iowa gent enclosed his photograph and a love letter, "so it wouldn't be hurt in the mail," and sent it to Clara Bow. He had rolled the photo tightly, and when it arrived it was so hopelessly cracked and torn that Clara will never know exactly what her bucolic admirer looks like!

All sorts of other usual mail lands in Hollywood. If the postal employees hadn't seen such a moron, many hundreds of these "freak" letters would soon find themselves in the dead letter office. As it is, they somehow manage to reach their intended owners. For instance, an envelope on which was pasted a tiny picture of Mary Brian, but no address, was mailed in St. Louis last March. It promptly came to Hollywood, where a post-office clerk recognized the picture and sent it (with a letter addressed beneath it) to Virginia, But until that it was put into Mary’s mailbox. Dozens of similar letters, bearing pictures, have been received by others. Gary Cooper has had scores of letters addressed merely, "The Virginia. Hollywood." A letter inscribed "For Hollywood's Best Dancer" was quickly dispatched to Joan Crawford!

Imagine Al Jolson’s surprise when he was handed a letter bearing his address with the address "Gives KNOWS WHERE!" It was mailed by a fan in Pennsylvania. Another time, owing to the ingenuity of postal authorities, a letter addressed "13-1-13-13-25-Hollywood" was delivered to him. Someone in Rhode Island thought up this code, which deciphered, says "Mammy." Al also owns the largest piece of fan mail ever delivered in Hollywood. It is a postal card ten feet long and four feet six inches wide and carries a greeting from fans in Greensboro, North Carolina.

Clara Bow boasts the smallest letter. It is the exact size of a postage stamp and bears the address "Brendel-T, Hollywood, California.

The fans pasted a two hundred word letter back to the tiny letter, hoping, no doubt, that the novelty would win an answer. It did, too, by the way!

The following "don’ts" are as important as those to keep in mind when writing to stars:

Don’t ask for money. Don’t ask for help in getting into pictures. Don’t criticize too strongly—movie folks are only human and they like to be praised once in a while. Don’t write a long letter to a player and then end up by asking him, no, not for his picture, but for a picture of someone with whom he recently played in a picture! A fan did this, by the way, to a star—asking him for a photo of Fifi Dorsay!

Don’t ask for clothes or costumes worn in films. A Montana girl "fan" wrote to Claudia Dell, Warner Bros. starlet, asking Claudia to send her some of her old clothes. Claudia wrote back, "Sorry, but I'm wearing them myself!"

After all’s said and done, notwithstanding the enormous cost of taking care of fan mail, most stars do appreciate the worth-while letters they receive. It is their only way of knowing how you feel toward them—if their work is really being applauded. If it’s a personal letter your heart is set upon, well, a really sincere letter, written naturally and interestingly, should merit one. At any rate, here’s hoping for you!

How They Guard Their Health

[Continued from page 31]

Ramón Novarro, William Powell, Richard Barthelmess, Clive Brook, Victor McLaglen, and several other male stars, play a good deal of tennis to keep the doctor away. Warner Baxter wrestles two or three times a week.

A good many of the feminine players are staunch followers of the tennis game. Mary Duncan is a firm believer in it.

"Tennis is a splendid conditioner," she told me. "Even a busy working girl should be able to crowd in a few games every week. The stretching alone is most beneficial. It gives you a new outlook on life."

I have never forgotten how Lois Moran insisted that there was nothing like dancing to keep the body in trim. Dancing strips off all surplus fat. Lois practiced what she preached, and she is a healthy, poised and graceful woman. Fred Astaire and Robert Woolsey both practise on their stage dance routines every morning and every evening. George O’Brien likes to dance also. He believes it makes one light on one’s feet. There is no chance for a panthere, but maybe I wouldn’t ask if it’s also light on one’s partner’s.
Betty Compson has never had a serious illness in her life. She eats sensibly, and gets seven hours sleep a night. She is never out late two nights in succession. Edna May Oliver, who gives such a funny characterization in "Cimarron," has an equally funny rule for health. She warbles in the bathtub, vocalizing up and down the scales. It makes her perspire, her lungs begin to expand, and she breathes in the fresh ozone. "This is just hearsay, I'll have you know. You won't find many hypochondriacs in Hollywood. The studio life is too crowded with work to allow much time off for taking pills, and "coddling" headaches and various complaints. The stars just have to keep well. They know that illness might postpone a picture and cost the company thousands of dollars. And, also, what worries them more, some healthier specimen might step in and get the rôle.

Jannings used to be very solicitous of his own health. He carried his individual medicine kit around with him, and had a pill for about everything. That is an unusual incident and it belongs to a more leisurely era of motion pictures.

Clara Bow is not exactly inclined to minimize her aches, but she is not a crank or a hypochondriac. There are many cases where players are not naturally of rugged health. By exercising a little care, however, they are able to meet the rigorous life of a motion picture favorite. Helen Chandler is a very frail girl, but she knows how to conserve her strength. Sunday she spends in bed. After she returns from the studio she has her dinner in bed. She lives at the beach where she has plenty of bracing salt air, and moderate seaside exercise. Whether or not a more rigorous system of exercise might build up Helen's endurance, I can't say. Helen thinks her recipe is best.

If Helen must spend her Sundays in absolute relaxation, Robert Montgomery exactly the opposite. Bob gets up at the crack of dawn and takes a swim. During the day he usually gets in a couple of games of tennis, a canter on horseback, and a bath. He is completely worn out at the end of the day, as you might imagine, but he says it keeps him in fine form during the week.

Most of the studios have completely equipped hospitals right on the lot. They are seldom used except in cases of accident. Pills and patent medicines aren't popular with players. They follow the modern up-to-date method of protecting health by careful eating and exercise.

Physical breakdowns are not unknown in Hollywood, but usually they come as a result of too much "whoopie" in addition to an acting career. The players who really guard their health seldom collapse.

Most important of all, as practically every player will tell you, is the necessity of a proper amount of sleep. Very few stars will go out in the evening when they are working the next day. They reserve their playtime for between pictures. Then they know how to play, and make the best of it.

When health is gone, looks go. When health and looks are gone those nice, fat movie pay-envelopes stop coming in. And every star wants to keep a strong bank balance.
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The Burn-Up

[Continued from page 36]

Oh, I’m happy. Do you think I can do it—be a big star, I mean? Will you give me a helping hand once in a while?”

“I’ve always wanted to, since that night when Al Shoeman spoke to you in Mike’s Hot Spot,” I said.

Everything isn’t bad in Hollywood, not by a long shot. I watched Julie go麻木ly. She learned beauty. She took care of her health. She learned how to dress and how to get the most from the money she earned. It all had its effect. She was getting ready for something. She didn’t know it yet, but life has a habit of handing you things when you’re ready for them—and what she handed Julie was Jack Pennington.

One day at the studio Julie met him and if ever I saw love at first sight that was it! Why, those two kids fairly fell into each other’s arms right there on the set. They took one look and it was all decided.

Despite his youth Jack Pennington was considered one of Hollywood’s best actors. He was a serious chap and liked to read and study and the new Julie just fell right in with that.

Only there was a “dark lady,” Lucille La Varr, in Jack’s life. He did not want her there; but he was such a gentleman and such a kid that he didn’t know what to do about it—or her. He was half engaged to her. Fate, just at that moment, sent the dark and stormy Lucille La Varr to an eastern studio to make a picture.

Jack seemed to forget he had ever known her. He was lost in love of Julie, and Julie must have been lost in love of him, for when the kids had barely known each other three weeks they got married and started out in a second hand car for a honeymoon in the Canadian Rockies.

It would all have been sweet and pretty except that everybody wondered what Lucille would do when she returned to Hollywood. She was not the type to withdraw gracefully. Lucille loved scenes. And in her own selfish way she loved Jack Pennington. She was too eager for the fireworks, I worried about Julie. I didn’t want life to hurt her again.

And then to confirm my worries, I got a letter from an old buddy of mine in New York which left no doubt in my mind as to what Lucille would do. I prayed that it was wrong. But as I read the postscript to that letter I felt a strange presentation. The first few pages were typical newspaper gossip and then—

“Went to the Press Photographers Ball the other night and who should I run into but our old pet aversion Al Shoeman, flashing diamonds on every finger. He was bellowing and hollering in his mouth off like nobody’s business. I couldn’t make any too much sense out of his babbling but it seems that he is sticking Julie Crandall for plenty. His attorney got word to me that he took of her when she was a nobody. It’s only a dancing film but one without veins, and with Julie’s name that’s enough. She’s bought up all the prizes (hence the diamonds), but he refuses to sell her the master film. He says the second reel of that film will keep him endowed for life. Chickens, now, don’t you?

Well, cheerio.

Dick.

P. S. Lucille La Varr was with him. Can’t you do something about murdering that dame?”

WELL, Lucille La Varr returned from the East just about the same time that Julie and Jack returned from their honey-

Yes, I have recommended that she was giving a reception in honor of “dear, sweet Julie” and “darling Jack.”

The last thing in the world that Julie and Jack wanted to do was to go to Lucille’s party, but Jack with his gentle disposition didn’t want to hurt her feelings (he was young enough to believe she had them), so Julie was forced to accept the invitation.

No one in Hollywood was fooled for one minute by Lucille’s putting. Everyone knew that before the evening was over there would be some kind of fireworks, and as much as they detested the temperamental Lucille La Varr, their sense of drama was too strong to let them stay away.

I arrived with Julie and Jack. Lucille gurgled over them. She loudly informed them that she had brought them a special present from New York and weren’t they going to be surprised?

Julie was very beautiful that night, with all the tremulous beauty of a woman who is loved. She was all in white with only her tawny skin and her golden hair to give her color. Jack was boyish and proud and dignified—the strange mixture of the young bridegroom who has an adoring wife.

Even Hollywood paused for a moment at sight of them—two children of romance. And then the gin came around—and the moment of tenderness passed. The same old gossip began, the same old drinking, the same old dancing—and THEN—

“Hear the music, hear the music,” Lucille shrieked above the music. “I have a treat in store for you—moving pictures.” There was a groan. Lucille laughed loudly. “Bootleg pictures,” she said.

There was a mad scramble for seats. In the rear of the room a screen was disclosed and a movie machine was adjusted. The lights were turned out and everyone sat alert, avidly watching the screen. I settled myself on a divan next to Julie. I wanted to be near in case she needed me. Jack sat on her left.

When Lucille had uttered that word “bootleg” Julie had gone as white as death—she looked like Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine—head high, chin up—unquenchable courage to the end—and the end was only a matter of moments now.

As the machine began to click away I felt a hand lay now taut beside me—sympathetically I covered her hand with mine and found it cold as ice—in those gray shadows her face shone out like a death mask. She forced herself to watch that film with a proud smile on her lips. She knew that Lucille was gloatingly follow-
How the STARS Proposed

You may know what your boy friend said when he asked you to be the one and only girl in his life—but wouldn’t you like to know what Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. said to Joan Crawford; what Eddie Hillman said to Marion Nixon; what Ben Lyon said to Bebe Daniels? The fatal words of those young men—and other young men about Hollywood—you’ll find in the May issue of Silver Screen, on sale on all newsstands April tenth.

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SILVER SCREEN for April 1931

Women Don't Understand Themselves

(Continued from page 16)

The other fellow, Joe Brooks, had a slick tongue and that was about all. Well, Emma fell for him.

"Now Emma understood Joe and knew he wasn't good for much. What she didn't understand was herself. It was only after she'd been won by Joe's slick tongue and married him that she realized that the homely guy really loved her and that she loved him. At the end of the play some hope was held out that those two who really were the right mates for each other would be found."

"Emma didn't fail in her understanding of men. She failed in her understanding of herself. Women have a wonderful knowledge of the psychology of men, but if a woman's going to insist on marrying the wrong man or is going to try to win a man who isn't attracted by her, she's using all her knowledge to the wrong end.

"Why should you, for instance, try to marry a homely, awkward guy like me when all the time there's a nice boy like that darting a wild glance around the room and picking on a fellow scribe I'd never seen before) waiting to marry you?"

Since George was evidently being metaphysical, I didn't try to explain that I had no intentions of trying to take him from his wife and child.

Bancroft, you know, has been married for sixteen years and has a daughter almost thirteen years old who is attending school in Hollywood. But he doesn't pull the old line about working only for the sake of his wife and kiddie.

"In my most recent picture 'Scandal Sheet' I play the part of a newspaper man who works himself up to the position of managing editor. He couldn't have helped doing what he did. The smell of printer's ink was in his blood, and it's the same way with acting. It's in a man's blood."

"I hope to die with my boots on," George added.

George, as it is said, leave Paramount for Warner Bros., but he feels companies make little difference. It is the public which makes the star. George was third mention person in the picture "Underword," in which Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook were mentioned first. Then suddenly the public began raving about Bancroft. Billboards and exhibitors' placards were torn down almost overnight; and when new ones were put up, lo and behold, George Bancroft's name led all the rest.

It's been that way ever since.

While he has been successful professionally, the interesting thing about him is the knowledge of practical psychology which he has acquired to receive a success of marriage. When a Hollywood marriage lasts sixteen years, there may be a great love behind it but there's also sure to be a keen knowledge of human nature.

Bancroft himself attributes the success of his marriage to his wife. He asked Bancroft what else women sometimes fail to understand about themselves besides their tendency to go after the wrong man.

He chuckled.

"Well, women are sometimes prone to feel other women," he said. "But a man never pans a woman. (Oh, don't they)! Do you know why men never criticize women? Because their mothers and sisters are women. (Oh, George, how could you! Don't you know that you're supposed to be hard-boiled and that this is mushy sentimentality?)"

"Recently I was asked to be present at some high school dedication ceremonies. As the young girls walked by swinging their glorious athletic young bodies, I thought that never in the world had I seen such fine soldiers. The thought struck me that this was the coming generation of mothers. The great majority of men think that such women are superb, and while women may admire them, they do not realize as fully as men how important they are to the world.

To me they are a splendid example of progress. We are emerging from the era of flapperhood. The new generation of young women have the fine traits of our mothers combined with the frankness and directness of the flapper. Out of the flapper era they have taken the gold but left the dross behind. They are honest but not immoild; sophisticated and naive at the same time. They enjoy life but they have found that good times come in other forms than in a cocktail shaker.

"When I see the type of young women we are developing as the future mothers of tomorrow, I feel proud to have seen this generation. Progress is coming not a step at a time, but two, four, six, eight steps at a time.

Women must learn to think of the future. A great many women have a tendency to live too much in the past. When a woman fails in love with a man, she may ask him what he used to be and whom he loved before he met her. These things do not matter and they cannot change true love. It is what a man is, not what he was, that counts. The present and the future are all that matter."

"Of course," added Bancroft in a quick aside, "I am not speaking of all women but of a few women that point out where some women fail. But these are the very ones I'd like to help."

"What these women do not understand about themselves is that they only make themselves miserable by groping in the dark places of life, where they do not understand how to treat each other; and they do not understand that when they try to win a man who does not and cannot love them, it is not love which spurs them on but wounded vanity."
find 5 out of 8 Guests...

Become Eligible...

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TO WIN $2500.00

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Seven thousand eight
hundred dollars in prizes
will be given in our unique
new advertising campaign. The
first prize will be $1785.00 cash for
the Studebaker eight-cylinder Sedan shown
to the right and there is an additional prize of
$715.00 to be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness.

There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for the prizes, which
will be given in accordance with the contestants’ standings when the
final decision is made. Can you pass this difficult test of observation?

Here is the test. The picture above portrays a young woman
awaiting the arrival of her guests. Unknown to her, eight of them are
already there. Their faces are concealed in the foliage around the
door. Can you find them?

Look carefully. If you can find the faces of five or more of the
guests who are present, lose no time but mark them with a cross, tear
out the picture and send it. Duplicate prizes will be given in case
of ties and the prizes will all be given free of all charge and prepaid.

T. A. HUGHES
Dept. 10, 500 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
This movie business is a bad business in which to make prophecies.

I arrived at that big thought after seeing Chaplin's 'City Lights.'

In the first issue of Silver Screen last October, Charlie, talking against talkies, said, 'I am exceedingly enthusiastic about 'City Lights.' It is truly a motion picture as motion pictures should be, which means motion and no talk. I confidently believe that after it is seen, sixty percent of the productions thereafter will revert to non-dialogue.'

Well, this writer, speaking just for herself, was bitterly disappointed. 'City Lights' seemed to her one of the weakest and least brilliant pictures Chaplin has ever made. It has its moments of supreme artistry. It has its hilarious laughs. It has no dialogue, and you don't particularly care, since it has no story, either. But to me, it has as much force against the thriving talkies as an old lady in a buggy shaking an angry fist at a passing Rolls Royce.

Chaplin is an artist. He knows his technique. With the exception of 'The Circus,' he has been off the screen for six years. It is interesting to observe in 'City Lights' that he has not slipped back from his high position. But it is sad to note, though, his use of sure-fire gags and shopworn pathos; sad to feel that, despite his expenditure of much time and two million dollars on this production, neither has he progressed.

Harriet Parsons writes in to say that any star who has not been approached by Warner Bros. in their recent raids on the personalities of other studies, is practically a social outcast in Hollywood.

Which reminds me of another prophecy.

Nearly a year ago—it was early in June to be exact—I gathered material for a story on box-office pictures.

Among other executives I talked to an official at Warner Bros. He was a very sincere gentleman and this was what he said: 'Warner Bros.' most successful picture of last season was 'Gold Diggers of Broadway.' Judging by the success of that film, and several other of our money makers, we have decided to do away with all stars, save Barrymore and Arliss. The tendency of Warners' in the future will be in favor of films with fine productions and good stories, rather than toward those where all the emphasis is put upon the star.'

Not quite a year ago—and now Warners' have hired Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, Kay Francis, and Constance Bennett at salaries that make you dizzy.

For myself, the more stars the merrier. There can't be too many to suit me. But I would like to know what made the Warners' change their minds.

Yes, a dangerous business, this, in which to make prophecies.

So I'll make one.

I'll bet I get a thousand letters from ardent Chaplinites who tell me I don't know art when I see it.

To which my answer is—it takes all sorts of people to make a world and I'd like about ten thousand more made who look like Greta Garbo.
WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?
WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?
WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

The world has been waiting impatiently while METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER has been pouring men, money and genius into the creation of its greatest motion picture! **AT LAST—**

**TRADER HORN**

is completed and has been proclaimed greater than "THE BIG PARADE" greater than "BEN HUR," in fact "**THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE OF ALL TIME!**"

See it at your favorite theatre

**A METRO GOLDWYN MAYER**
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The Candy Mint with the HOLE

TASTE SENSATION OF A NATION

OVERFLOWING WITH DELICIOUS FLAVOR!

Fresh, crisp, china-hard rings of pure enjoymint...the Taste Sensation of a Nation...throat soothing...mouth refreshing.

Millions like them after eating...after smoking...they aid digestion...sweeten breath.

There's a flavor for every taste...in the convenient roll form...handy for pocket or purse.

And also, try the famous fruit flavored LIFE SAVERS...Orange, Lemon, Lime, and Grape...as delightful as the fruit itself!

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.
Why GARBO is the WORLD'S LOVE IDEAL

THE $500 WINNING SLOGAN'S ON PAGE 18

THIS ISSUE 600,000 COPIES
Another great rôle—another blazing triumph for the winner of the 1930 Best Performance Award

Norma Shearer

in

Strangers

May

Kiss

This is the statue awarded to Norma Shearer by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, for her performance in "The Divorcee," the best given by any actress during 1930.

She faced life fearlessly—accepted love where she found it—because she believed a woman could "kiss and forget" even as a man does. But heartbreak and cruel disillusionment lay between her and ultimate happiness with the one man in all the world whom she did love. . . . If you enjoyed Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"—don't miss her in this dramatic picture based on Ursula Parrott's sensational novel.

With Robert Montgomery

Neil Hamilton Marjorie Rambeau

and Irene Rich

Directed by

George Fitzmaurice

Robert Montgomery who helped Norma Shearer make her great success in "The Divorcee" is again seen with her.

Ursula Parrott, author of "The Divorcee" has written another absorbing story. Don't miss it!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
Foot for foot of film, minute for minute of your time, you’ll get more fun and more entertainment from one of Educational’s comedy or novelty short subjects than from almost anything else on the program. They’re packed with action. They’re jammed with laughs, or thrills—or both. So, no matter what feature pictures are showing in your neighborhood, find out what short subjects are playing, too. It may be time for you to see one of the comedies illustrated above. They’re showing now in the country’s best theatres. And you can count on any one of them to make a good show better.
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COVER PORTRAIT
OF LORETTA YOUNG
BY JOHN RALSTON CLARKE

Beautiful, alluring — surrounded by men, yet always lonely; showered by luxuries, yet unhappy — love and marriage offered her, but always the dark shadow of her past to come between her and happiness! Dora Macy, the girl whose missteps forever echoed to haunt her! You have read her famous story which the authoress dared not sign. Now see it brought to life with the glamorous Bebe Daniels, playing the part of a modern girl whom men remembered — but women can never forget!
Exercises for Reducing

By Mary Lee

I T'S SO simple and it's so hard to convince people of it. Convince them of what? Just this. Too much food and too little exercise make fat. Less food and more exercise make slenderness. That's all there is to it—unless you are one of the few people who are overweight due to glandular difficulties.

I wrote you a couple of months ago—as you may remember—about diets for reducing. If you don't remember, just drop me a line and I'll send you the menus by mail. And I also promised you that later on I'd give you reducing exercises. So here I am, being a good girl and living up to the promise.

Now before any of you can start bewailing me by announcing that you've heard that exercising makes people gain weight, I'll answer that. Exercise does make people gain weight—but only in cases where they are overweight. Exercise sounds like a bore, I know. It sounds like spinach in the diet, and lots of sleep, and all those things which are so good for you and so seemingly monotonous.

Yet exercise, really, is grand. I know what I'm talking about. I work eight hours a day in an office and get just as tired as the rest of you. I get cross and I eat too much every once in a while, but I have discovered that no matter how tired, how cross, or how stuffed with hot fudge sundaes I may be, a half hour's workout in a gymnasium, or a good swim, or even a long, quick walk makes me feel all new again.

Exercise is a great thing for everyone, but it is practically imperative for any one who is overweight.

So here are some exercises, several of which I practice myself, and all of which I know to be medically correct and beneficial not only for your health but your beauty. And they will take weight off. Positively!

First, the bicycle exercise. Particularly good for heavy thighs and hips. Lie flat on your back on the floor, arms at the sides. Bend the knees and bring them back against the chest. Then pedal an imaginary bicycle, right leg, left leg, right leg, left leg, twelve times. Rest and repeat in three more groups of twelve peddles each. (Incidentally, riding a real bicycle is excellent for reducing the legs.)

Second, the airplane exercise. Stand erect. Raise arms to shoulder height and extend in a horizontal line. Then twisting the trunk of the body, touch your right toe with your left hand, without bending the elbow, and keep the right hand and arm in the air above your head. Reverse, with right hand to left toe. Repeat four times. Rest and repeat, alternating right and left, three times in groups of five toe touchings.

Third. Flexions. To do these, lie flat on the back—and if you are serious about reducing you really ought to have a regular exercise mat for this work. You can buy them in the better sporting goods shops or you can easily make yourself one, since it is just a matter of making a long pillow, about six feet by three, and you'll find it a very special gift to your beauty besides a smart thing to own. But to get back to the flexions. Lying flat on your back, bend your arms so that the elbows are close to your sides and your hands are in fists against both shoulders. Bend the right leg at the knee and bring it back against the chest. At the same time stretch left arm above the head as far as possible, keeping

[Continued on page 65]
THE HOT HEIRESS

What would you do with a lover who was an expert at slinging rivets but who bungled his forks at the Ritz?...

Suppose you were a Park Avenue debutante... and some husky brute of an ironworker was mean enough to spoil your beauty sleep by pounding rivets right outside your bedroom window... and then you saw he was big and strong and handsome... and Oh! look out—he's falling—falling in love with you!

See what charming Ona Munson does when Park and Third Avenues meet! It's her newest, biggest part and you're going to like this rising young star.
THIS is a real fan department—Love on one side and Hisses on the other. Write what you think about pictures you’ve seen and players you’ve heard—and don’t pull your punches. Three prizes each month for letters not longer than 200 words. $15 First Prize; $10 Second and $5 Third.

FIRST PRIZE
Omaha, Neb.
W. E. WENT to the movies, the girl friend and I.

The feature picture was just starting.

"My dear! You don’t mean it!" gushed the marrrilyon lady in front.

"She didn’t read-it-y!"

Of course, I knew she had gone with him some, but to actually mar-r-y him! Well—

The girl friend and I moved back four rows.

"Gosh!" it was an item fagette behind.

"Wouldn’t ya know he’d say? I gotta work over-time the night I gotta heavy date an’ me dashin’ all over town lunch hour tryin’ to fin’ a dress to wear an’ now I don’t get the chance an’ you oughta see it, raspberry color—".

The girl friend and I found seats in the side section.

We made it in ninety today with a par three on the third, "came a bass from the right. "Say, did you have any radio stocks? What—"

"Don’t you think it’s wonderful," said the girl friend on our way out, "to be able to hear the voices of our favorite movie stars—"

"I don’t know," I sighed. "I haven’t heard them yet. Maybe, when something is invented to muffle the audience, I’ll be able!"

E. C. Whelan

SECOND PRIZE
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHEN one hears of an eighteen year old girl, one instantly conceives a vision of a slender, lovely young thing. Never a deformed, crippled girl, ‘fess up now, does one? It used to seem cruel and unfair to be left out of parties and picnics and things like that. But that was before they built a theatre around the corner.

So now I just slip into a darkened seat and my imagination does the rest. For the lovely heroine up there isn’t Joan Crawford or Anita Page, no sir, it’s I.

Then after the show, somehow I don’t mind the stares and whispers of strangers, because they wouldn’t stare at Mary Brian. Stare, yes, but with envy, not pity. And I, yes I, am Mary Brian returning home from a canoe ride.

I wouldn’t want to think of what life would be without the escape movies give me.

So, from the bottom of my heart, I say sincerely, "Thank You, Thank You," to every one connected with the movies from the producers down to the prop boy.

Ann O’Connor

THIRD PRIZE
Washington, D. C.

LATELY I’ve been hearing and reading a lot about the so-called “Dietrich-Garbo” rivalry. All of my friends are talking about Marlene and Greta, but no two of them seem to come to the same conclusion. They are either entirely in favor of one or the other.

I’ve always been attracted by the cold virginity and passion of Greta, but Marlene charms me with her capacity for whimsical tenderness. She has lived; she has had a child of her own in her arms. Life to her is Reality! Greta shugs out the world and love.

Competition should urge one to greater effort. There are still unsounded depths in Greta! May she now bring them forth!

Evangelin Bockstahler

WITH LOVE TO CLARA
Glens Falls, N. Y.

I READ in your otherwise unsullied column a slam for Clara Bow by Conmy Shore. Perhaps he, she, or it has seen Clara in one of her less fortunate efforts; or he, she, or it is just well—uh, uh—

If the gentlemen of the fourth estate would devote less exclusive footage to Clara’s pecadillos and more to real achievements, perhaps she could escape the “I” label. You cannot expect a sculptor to create a thing of beauty from a block of shale. Neither should you expect Clara Bow to redeem herself from a trite and sometimes tripe story. Also, Clara is not woolly. When well photographed she is vividly beautiful. The only slams I have for Clara are salamis. (More don’t pun?)

Bretton Lewis

SHALL GILBERT BE SILENCED?
Louisville, Ky.

WHY do the producers keep on putting John Gilbert in the “talking” and inflict him upon the public? We always applauded anyone trying to stage a “come back,” but the producers hurt themselves, their business and do Gilbert a great injustice.

He has shown conclusively that he belongs in the “silents” and he should team up with Charlie Chaplin and Tom Mix and make “silents” altogether. For all the press agents and his loyal friends can never give him a talking and recording voice and “talkie” technique.

Perry M. Shy

ALMA RUBENS’ DEATH
Washington, D. C.

PERMIT me to express my regret at the passing of Alma Rubens. It’s rather a pity that her great, dark eyes, always reflecting an unfathomable sadness, should have found upon life at its worst. She had taken the high-road to happiness, snatched at the bright spots in life, only to find them bubble; she gave only a few characterizations to the screen, but those few are remembered for the excellent work she put into them. All the hopelessness of her own future found its expression in those haunting, seeking eyes. It is my hope that in eternity she has found her place in the sun!

Kay Yarbrough

BUDDY’S GOT FRIENDS
Woodhaven, N. Y.

I BET Mary Dunn of Wilmington, Del., was fed lemons when she was small. Boy! she is sour! Buddy Rogers is not callow. Anyone who saw him in person and did not get a thrill when he came out on the stage must be as hard as nails! He has everything a girl desires: looks, voice, personality, acting ability, and he is a musician and can sing. He is adorable.

And as far as Rudy Vallee is concerned, you can’t expect him to be an actor in six weeks. But I suppose Wilmington, Del., never saw either Buddy or Rudy in person, so what else could be expected?

Adelaide Geis

A FAN’S PRAYERS
Brooklyn, N. Y.

LET’S have:

2. More Songs and Legs from Marlene Dietrich.
3. More combined efforts from Lubitsch and Chevalier.
5. More Laughter from Nancy Carroll.

But—

1. No more Aeroplane stories.
2. No more Rogers’ insane pictures.
3. No more singing by people who can’t.
4. No more highly advertised high-powered divorces.
5. No more articles by Lillian Tashman on “How To Keep A Husband.”

Ray Harrison
TWICE AS EASY
to become a popular musician this simple home-study way

DOES the very thought of harsh-sounding scales—compulsory practice and impatient teachers put a damper on your ambition to become a popular musician?

With such excuses as—"It takes too long"—"It costs too much"—"I don't know the first thing about music"—are you alibiing yourself right out of good times and a highly enjoyable attainment?

You're the Boss

You'd take up music in a minute, wouldn't you—if you thought there was a way of learning that made every lesson easy—that allowed you to study where, when and as much or little as you please—that encouraged rapid progress—that did not cost too much?

All right. Such a method is far from being imaginary. It is so real that inside of a few short months, you can learn to play your favorite instrument, without taking lessons from a teacher! Without paying expensive fees! Without any tiresome technique or dry-as-dust exercises to struggle through! Thank the U. S. School of Music for the utter simplicity of this remarkable system. It removed completely the difficulty, boredom and extravagance from music lessons. It made possible the reading and playing of music from picture and picture instruction. Now to begin your musical career you don't even have to know "do" from "re" or a sharp from a flat. Isn't that good news?

What Could Be Easier?

Your own home is your studio. The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams and all the music you need—without extra charge.

A sheet of music is not a riddle to you. You never have to guess what's right or wrong—you know! First you are told how a thing is done. Then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. Small wonder it's twice as easy as old-fashioned private teacher method.

Play Your Favorites

Instead of just scales you are playing real tunes from actual notes—right from the very first lesson on. Sooner than you realize you will be bringing cheer to the folks at home with your playing. Gradually you gain confidence and professional expression. Then parties, popularity, orchestra work follow in short order. You'll know how good it feels to be out of the wallflower class and into the whirl of things—to be able to provide musical enjoyment for others whenever you are called upon.

Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over six hundred thousand people learned to play this modern way—and found it easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And by the way, no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and Free Demonstration Lessons explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument in half the time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost.

If you really want to learn to play—if new friends, good times, social popularity, and increased income appeal to you—take this opportunity to make your dreams come true. Now! Sign the coupon and send it before it's too late. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 1195 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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- Organ
- Clarinet
- Ukulele
- Flute
- Cornet
- Saxophone
- Trombone
- Harp
- Piccolo
- Mandolin
- Guitar
- Cello
- Hawaiian Steel Guitar
- Sight Singing
- Piano Accordion
- Italian and German Accordion
- Voice and Speech Culture
- Harmony and Composition
- Drums and Traps
- Automatic Finger Control
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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

- Have you above Instrument?
- Name
- Address
- City
- State
Whoopee! A NEW DEPARTMENT

BACHELOR FATHER GREAT (M-G-M)
Marion Davies, with Ralph Forbes as her leading man, makes the most of this farce about the illegitimate daughter whose irascible English father offers her a home.

CAPTAIN APPLEJACK GOOD (Warners)
A rollicking, fantastic comedy about a staid Englishman who finds adventure among bumbling canners. John Halliday and Mary Brian perform nicely, but this isn't a super-special.

CHARLEY'S AUNT GOOD (Columbia)
With Charlie Ruggles playing the part of the helpful lad who poses as his best friend's aunt, this old comedy is funnier than ever. The whole cast is good.

COLLEGE LOVERS FAIR (Warners)
A college picture with a football game but without a touchdown. The whole campus adores the heroine, Marian Nixon, but she loves only Jack Whiting.

COSTELLO CASE POOR (Sonoart)
A very poor mystery yarn about a murdered gangster. Tom Moore is the Irish cop who takes five reels to find out who killed him.

FAIR WARNING GOOD (Fox)
An out-of-door picture that the children will love. George O'Brien is the fast-shooting young hero and George Brent the villain.

KISS ME AGAIN FAIR (First Nat.)
"Shades of Victor Herbert!" whispered the lady on our left. Bernice Claire has a swell voice, but the story's so weak the cast can't help it much.

LION AND THE LAMB POOR (Columbia)
Not exactly keyed to adult intelligence. It's about some low English crooks who mistake a nobleman for a member of another gang and "put him on the spot."

TALKIES in TABLOID
(Reviewlets of pictures previously reviewed at length that tell you in a second which are the best films to see—or to stay away from. Use these as your guide to entertainment.)

LITTLE CAESAR GREAT (First Nat.)
Realistic gangster film. Edward G. Robinson gives a splendid performance in this story of the rise and downfall of a gangster. Young Doug Fairbanks is grand, too.

MAN TO MAN FAIR (Warners)
This moves too slowly. It's about a sensitive boy who learns that his father is a jailbird. Phillips Holmes gives a fine performance as the boy.

MAN WHO CAME BACK GOOD (Fox)
This isn't the best that the Gaynor-Farrell team can do, but go anyway, just to see Janet and Charlie together again, even though they're a bit miscast.

NEW MOON GOOD (M-G-M)
The story doesn't matter when you can hear Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore sing. Grace Moore plays a gorgeous princess in this one, and Tibbett a Russian lieutenant.

NO LIMIT FAIR (Paramount)
Clara Bow deserves better than this. Just a mediocre story about the innocent usherette who falls in love with a crook, played by Norman Foster.

ONLY SAPS WORK GOOD (Paramount)
This causes smiles but few belly laughs. Leon Errol of the collapsible knees plays a lovable crook who gets the hero, Richard Arlen, into difficulties. Mary Brian is the heroine.

PAINTED DESERT GREAT (Pathe)
A swell picture for the public that likes Westerns. It's about a boy who loves his enemy's daughter. Bill Boyd and Helen Twelvetrees head the cast.

PART-TIME WIFE GOOD (Fox)
Edmund Lowe neglects his wife, Leila Hyams, for business. She takes up golf. He takes a holiday and finds out what's happening on the links. Tommy Clifford is grand as her caddie.

REACHING FOR THE MOON GOOD (United Artists)
Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., comes back in modern clothes as the wizard of Wall Street. He's quite breezy and peppy as he makes love to Bebe Daniels.

REDUCING GOOD (M-G-M)
Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in a hilarious farce about a beauty parlor owned by Polly. One long laugh. Anita Page and Sally Eilers help out the love interest.

ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY GREAT (Paramount)
Sophisticated satire on the Barrymores. Frederic March gives a simply amazing performance. Ina Claire is good.

SUNNY FAIR (First Nat.)
Stilted and stagey. Marilyn Miller is airy and graceful as a circus girl, but this doesn't come up to the standard set by "Sally."

Silver Screen

[Continued on page 80]
X Y Z: So you’ve sent your questions to fifty magazines, no less! You wouldn’t tell a little white lie, now, would you? There aren’t that many movie magazines in existence. Ralph Forbes was born in London, England, on September 30, 1901. He is an only child. He was educated at Denstone College, England. He is even better looking off screen than on. I’m sorry, but I don’t know whether or not he served in the World War.

KAREN: If I were only half as pretty as the picture you drew of me! Anna Q. Nilsson is well again. But I don’t think she’d want me to give her age. She’s been away from the screen for two years.

Mary Pickford is thirty-seven, Connie Bennett twenty-five.

Constance Bennett’s latest picture is “The Easiest Way.”

BUDDY COOK: Joe E. Brown was born July 28, 1892. Kenneth MacKenna was born August 19, 1899. Kenneth and Kay Francis are now married.

RENEE ADOREE FAN: I’m so glad you realized I couldn’t answer you in the next issue, however much I’d like to. Renee isn’t playing in any picture at the present time. She’sill in a sanitarium at Prescott, Arizona. She was discharged from Tom Moore in 1925.

Rene is five feet one and weighs 107 pounds. Before she made “The Big Parade,” she made “Women Who Give,” “Excuse Me,” “Man and Maid,” and a few others.

Johnny Hines is a free lance and works very irregularly.

GINGER: Robert Montgomery is married to Elizabeth Allen, and their cute little daughter is named Martha Bryan.

Bob’s going to appear next with Norma Shearer in “Strangers May Kiss.”

SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE: What, another Garbo? For me there’s only one. Not that I don’t admire Marlene Dietrich. I do, but Garbo is my first and greatest love.

Marlene Dietrich was born in Berlin, Germany, on December 27. She doesn’t give the year. She’s a gorgeous blonde with red-gold hair and blue eyes.

She attended a private school at Weimar. Her parents thought she’d be an excellent musician, but they didn’t dream that she’d be a great actress. She took singing lessons and studied the violin. She would never have started on her stage career if it hadn’t been for an accident. She injured her left hand and that forced her to give up her violin lessons for six months. During that time she entered Max Reinhardt’s school of the drama.

BRIGHT EYES: Mary Brian isn’t married, but it isn’t for lack of suitors. Her next picture, “Gun Smoke,” is with Richard Arlen.

Buddy Rogers reads as much of his fan mail as he possibly can.

Greta Garbo’s eyes are blue and very strange and beautiful. She looks at the world out of half-shut lids and only when she is startled does she fully open her eyes. The effect is devastating. Cute little Dorothy Lee is nineteen.

BILL FERRIN: Anita Page’s real name is Anita Pomeroy. She lives with her parents in Hollywood.

Anita is twenty years old, having been born August 4, 1910. She isn’t married. She leads a very quiet and sheltered life, and doesn’t go out much of nights. Her hair is a golden blonde.

And right here and now let’s spike the rumor that she’s cross-eyed. Her eyes don’t photograph as beautifully as they should, because one is a little lighter blue in shade than the other, but that’s all.

Her latest picture is “The Easiest Way,” in which Connie Bennett stars. She’ll also appear in “Gentlemam’s Fiance,” with John Gilbert.

CURIOUS BERTHA: Charles Rogers has a younger brother, Bruce, who always called Charles “Buddy.” That’s what started the nickname.

Lillian Roth is going to make a few shorts. If she ever gets a good enough offer, I think she’ll come back to the screen for feature work. In addition to being a clever comedienne, she showed that she possessed tremendous dramatic possibilities in “The Vagabond King.”

When Paramount let her go, the company said it liked Lillian’s work but not her temperament.

Recently when Lillian was playing in vaudeville at the Palace in New York, she received word that her fiance was dying. She was terribly hurt, but she went on with her act.

I think that shows that if she ever had any temperament, she has conquered it.

INDIANA: Dorothy Lee was born in Los Angeles, May 23, 1911.

Dorothy Jordan is five feet two and weighs 98 pounds. Her eyes aren’t blue at all—they’re gray. But maybe they look blue in certain lights.

Anita Page is five feet two and weighs 118 pounds. Mary Brian’s height is the same as Anita’s but she weighs only 105 pounds.

MARLENE: Lew Ayres has appeared in seven pictures since he got a “bit” part in “Sophomore.” His first big chance was in “The Kiss” with Greta Garbo.

Charles Farrell’s real name is just that, but Janet Gaynor was christened Laura Gainer.

PEEKING PETER: Marilyn Miller is engaged to Michael Farmer, but if you ask me for the lowdown on it all, I think one engagement more or less doesn’t mean a thing in Marilyn’s life.

Previous to her marriage with Jack Pickford she was married to Frank Carter, who died in 1920.

The only way you can reach Marilyn is by writing to her at Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California.

ANXIOUS BELLA: Phillips Holmes is the son of Taylor Holmes, of stage fame, and what could be more American than that? Phil is 21 and is six feet in height.

JEANNIE: Una Merkel is 23 years old, blonde, and has a rich Southern drawl. She was born in Covington, Kentucky, but received her education in Philadelphia schools. She made a hit on the New York stage in “Coquette.”

Her big chance in pictures came as the result of chance, fate, or what have you? Three years ago she took a silent picture test, but nothing came of it. Then when D. W. Griffith wanted someone for the feminine lead in “Abraham Lincoln,” he took one look at the test and called for Una. Her latest role in pictures is in “Don’t Bet On Women,” with Jeanette MacDonald.

BLONDIE OF CANADA: Yes, Ruth Mix, who appears in “Red Fork Range,” is the daughter of Tom Mix.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is the son of Beth Sully. Mary Pickford is thirty-seven years old, and doesn’t dey it.

Lancraft Tibbett’s wife is Grace Mackey Smith.
A Challenge to Keen Observation!

We Present This Original Test For An Opportunity To Win $700.00 Cash

No sport of today surpasses in thrills or skill the chariot races of ancient Greece and Rome. And in those pompous days, not even the return of a victorious general created a greater stir, for often the contenders in these famous races were national heroes, famed as warriors. The excited populace crowded to witness the spectacle of these great drivers matching their skill, wits and daring in the arena below—risking life and limb as they guided their horses through perilous openings or rounded a sharp curve without slackening their speed. Their horses responded quickly—seemed to catch the spirit of the race, for they were chosen with care and trained to amazing perfection.

Now in the illustration above, which pictures one of these great races, a surprising thing has happened. Just at the moment the artist chose to picture the horses, he caught full or partial views of them which appear to be alike. In fact, at first glance, comparing what you can see of the different horses, many of them appear to be identical. But, just as the drivers of old needed a keen eye to see the opportunity to speed through an opening to victory, so must you have a keen eye to find the only two horses, of the twelve pictured above, which are exactly alike.

Of all the horses shown either in full or in part—two, and only two, are identical in every visible detail—in harness, ornaments, markings, position of legs and head, etc. Will you be successful in finding them? That's the test. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

There are Ten First Prizes—Ten new 1931 Chevrolet Sedans or Ten prizes of $600.00 each and several extra prizes of $100.00 besides for being prompt, making ten total cash prizes of $700.00 each. A total of $7940.00 will be paid to the winners selected by their grades when the final decision in this friend-making-prize distribution is made. No answers accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. No obligation. So look closely and if you think you have found the only two identical horses, just mail their numbers promptly by letter or by card to

W. C. DILBERG, Publicity Director,
Room 229 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois
IN THE MODERN SHOW WORLD

PERSONALITY IS KING!

RADIO'S STAR-SPANGLED GALLERY OF THE GREAT!

Great Names! Great Players! Flashing their Genius Across the Screens of the World! Investing RADIO PICTURES with the Magic of Personality! Endowing Each Role with Sincerity and Reality!

EVERY RADIO PICTURE IS A STAR-STREWN PATH TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT! These, and Hundreds of Other Great Artists, Cast in Roles in which they are Peerless, are the reasons for such Outstanding Successes as RADIO'S "CIMARRON!"

Watch for these players in their Newest, Greatest pictures... each has a place in your heart... for Personality is King!

Current RADIO PICTURES that deserve your attention: Wheeler & Woolsey in "CRACKED NUTS"; Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne, Star of "Cimarron," in "BACHELOR APARTMENT"; "THE W PLAN", Great War Melodrama; Mary Astor, Robert Ames and Ricardo Cortez in "BENNO OFFICE DOORS"; and A. A. Milne's "THE PERFECT ALIBI".

RADIO PICTURES

Silver Screen
THERE seems to be trouble brewing on the Gary Cooper-Lupe Velez horizon. And you can have your own choice of the rumors going around about them.

One set of whispers says that Gary and Lupe are just a settled married couple, having taken the step more than two years ago in that little desert town, Yuma.

Other whispers insist that the romance is all over and that Lupe has a new love, a very well-known gentleman about Hollywood.

Lupe denies both stories and Gary never says anything anyway.

SPECULATION is rife in Hollywood as to how Virginia Valli will fit into the Charles Farrell-Jobyna Ralston-Richard Arlen family. Charlie and Dick were the closest of pals as extras and stardom didn’t separate them. When Dick got married, Joby stepped in and darned sox for both boys, and ever since the three have been inseparable companions. Now the question is whether Virginia will fit into the combine and make it a threesome, or two very separate two somes.

SINCE John Wayne, the former property boy who clicked in “The Big Trail,” has been making good in a big way, he has been going for Virginia Cherrill, of “City Lights” fame, also in a big way.

But it seems there used to be a little Spanish girl in whom John was interested. And it seems she has the usual fiery Spanish disposition and is sharpening her machete, or whatever weapon you use in avenging lost love. They do say that handsome John is quite worried.

ALL Movietown was rocked to its foundations the other day when Edna Best walked out of “Cheri-Beri,” John Gilbert’s next picture. And what a reason the girl gave! She said she was lonesome for her husband back in New York and that a career or a contract counted as nothing when it came to being separated from him. Fancy an old-fashioned lass like that lost among the cameras! Edna held up production for a couple of days but she’s been forgiven. The promise is that her very charming husband will shortly be signed up, too. He’s Herbert Marshall, most English and most attractive.

LOVE has lately visited even Silver Screen. Our own Harriet Parsons is going to be a June bride and the very lucky lad is Edward Woods, who played the hysterical boy in “Mother’s Cry.”

CLARA BOW’S troubles with her former secretary, Daisy DeVoe, are over. Daisy, found guilty of theft, was sentenced to five years, eighteen months of which she will actually have to serve in the county jail. After that, she will be released on probation. The day she was found guilty, Clara arose out of a sickbed to write a letter begging mercy for the girl who had been found unworthy of her trust. Which was a pretty generous act, if you ask us.

KAY HAMMOND, Mrs. Henry B. Wetherby in private life, is now listening to the “gahs” and “goos” of a baby son, born on February fifth, weighing seven pounds.

MARY CARR, who in the days of silent films, gave many touching performances as a poverty-stricken mother who would have to be sent over the hills to the poor-house, is now really poverty-stricken and bankrupt. Her only assets are a wedding ring and a few personal belongings. She has been trying to support her invalid husband and her six children, but there have been few calls for her since talkies came in. Her children don’t seem to get the breaks, either.

MAYBE it was because she signed a new contract with Warners, or maybe not, but Paramount wanted to give Kay Francis a rôle as a maid. The idea probably made her ill, for Kay produced a doctor’s certificate to show why she couldn’t play in the picture. [Continued on page 42]
WHEN the editor of this magazine first asked me for a psychological interpretation of Greta Garbo, I felt that, not knowing the lady personally nor having had the privilege of actually "psychoanalyzing" her, the task would be a difficult one, if not, indeed, a job quite impossible.

"But," insisted the editor, "nobody really understands Garbo. Her few intimate friends adore her but are baffled by her. We all know she is a great artist. We know that off screen she is without affectation. But that doesn't explain why this tall, lanky Swedish girl has changed the hairdress and the manner of a million other worshipping girls. It doesn't explain why this woman who lives alone, who has had no scandal attached to her name, is still regarded as a great siren. She breaks all the accepted rules of beauty and charm. Tons of printed words have been written about her. But has not science—perhaps in this case the court of last appeal—some sort of an explanation to offer as to why Garbo is the world's love ideal?"

I had to confess that this moody, aloof, shy, indifferent—yet insistently glamorous and winning personality withal—did constitute a challenge to that science of the mind which seeks to probe deeply into the "whys" and "wherefores" of human conduct and bring to light—to the light of consciousness—the subtle and repressed mechanisms lurking in the unconscious part of individuals.

And the longer I pondered the problem the clearer the possible, say probable, solution became. I could see that, considered from the psychoanalytical angle, Greta Garbo's unusual reactions at once were understandable. And so, like Einstein, who propounded a theory of the universe without being able to check it up, I have evolved a psychological theory which seeks to make plain the "why" of Garbo while at the same time showing the reasons for her unprecedented popularity.

Garbo, I believe, is harboring a powerful father complex. Admit this and the mist of uncertainty and contradiction which surrounds her personality at once lifts.

Now science knows that every girl has a father complex whether she wills it or not, and that the strength of this
father attraction determines what kind of a man she falls in love with and marries, if, indeed, she falls in love and marries at all.

In other words, since the father is the first male a girl becomes acquainted with, there are implanted in her mind ideals of the opposite sex which are dominated by the concept of the father. Kindness, understanding and affection, for instance, displayed by the father, would become the qualities of character which would invariably rouse love in a daughter whenever she met these qualities in a stranger. Such a girl, meeting a man who showed these traits pronouncedly, could not help but fall in love with him.

Now then, suppose no such man with these special outstanding traits came along? Then she would remain cold to any suitor no matter what other fine qualities he might possess. And, furthermore, should the father be a most exceptional man, the daughter in consequence finding it exceedingly difficult to duplicate his particular traits of character, such a young lady would most certainly be doomed to spinsterhood.

To be sure, no girl actually and consciously realizes these hidden love motives. Not only that, every man she meets becomes a possibility—that is, a possibility so far as displaying, on better acquaintance, the dominating traits which, alone, can hold her sex interest.

We do, of course, know for a fact that Greta Gustafson's father died when she was only fourteen years of age. Just the years, you will admit—those highly emotionalized years of adolescence—when a girl's ideal of her father can fairly run riot. In other words, Garbo's hero—her father—was snatched away before she had had time to check up on it, as it were, to discover that he had faults, too, like other men. And so she was left with a highly idealized memory of him.

No doubt, he soon became a sort of dream hero—a man who never, never could really be duplicated in actual life. Garbo's feeling of gratitude to Mauritz Stiller, the director who "discovered" her and brought her to this country—a man much older than she—must surely be interpreted as a duplicated father affection. And concerning her romance with John Gilbert and its unsatisfactory ending, would not the natural explanation be that he did not fulfill her father complex strivings? Jack is not at all the paternal type. There is too much "little boy" in him for that.

Alongside a strong father fixation there usually exists in such types what is called a colorful "family romance." By this is meant not only a powerful love, as such, for one's own family, but also a tendency to want to be with them always, to miss them when absent, and a desire to help them and elevate them in every way possible.

For corroboration of these tendencies in Garbo we have only to remember how generally homesick she is and how, to this day, after four years of Hollywood, she still retains there all the earmarks of a foreigner. And besides, has there ever been a daughter more eager than she to make the folks at home comfortable and so, in a measure, overcome the memory of the privations and even poverty which they are said to have endured together?

In Greta Garbo we find many things in one. Some say it is her inscrutability that charms. To others it is her repression. There are those who find a certain naiveté, a kind of sweet innocence in her portrayals. Still others see her as a bewildered adolescent like themselves. Often she is considered a vamp. And one woman I know, suggested that to her Garbo was the perfect mother type although she had never seen her hold a baby.

Yes, there are many facets to Garbo's personality. And Dr. Bisch is one of America's most famous psychologists. He has "analyzed" many of this country's greatest people and his writings are widely syndicated. Read what this man has to say of the world's greatest siren
Reflecting the Magic of Hollywood

That is Silver Screen's prize winning slogan. Selected from the more than one hundred thousand slogans submitted, Silver Screen's judges chose this five word slogan as most nearly epitomizing the spirit of this magazine.

Silver Screen, reflecting the magic of Hollywood. Don't you think yourself it has a nice sound?

The slogan was submitted by Mrs. Ina E. Barres of 354 Hollenbeck St., Rochester, New York.

We called Mrs. Barres by long distance telephone to inform her of her good fortune. She could hardly talk for joy. But she told us this much. She is a housewife and her husband is a ladies' tailor. They have two children, a girl and a boy, and the family dream has always been to own a little home in the suburbs of Rochester. That's what the prize money will go for—buying a plot of land on which to build the dream house. Charming, isn't it? Mrs. Barres also told us this contest was the first one she had ever entered, and promised to have her picture taken to run in our June issue.

Now, as to the contest itself. It began, as you know, in our December, or second issue. Entries came not only from every state in the United States, but from every country in the world. They came by letter, by telephone, by wire, and by cable. The contest closed midnight, January 10th, 1931.

There were scarcely any contestants satisfied with sending in one mere slogan. The average person sent three or four. Some ambitious souls went as high as eight hundred apiece.

The quality of them all was surprisingly fine. There were, of course, some pets. There was the reader who called Silver Screen "Her Bedtime Passion." Another one said, "Hollywood Has the Best Shaped Legs," which is a fact, but not a slogan. Another called us "The It That Glyn Forgot," but we had a notion he was kidding us slightly; and there was the fan who said we were a Boop-poop-a-doop magazine, which isn't so bad after all.

All in all, it was a grand contest. It was interesting to note which slogans appeared most often. There were about ten thousand that called us "The Mirror of Hollywood." It was also interesting to see how Hollywood's favorite noun, passion, has got about. Besides the Bedtime Passion, there were lots of other kinds.

The judges were forced, necessarily, in order to be fair, to exclude slogans that mentioned the names of other publications. They eliminated also all slang phrases, vivid as they are, just because they might be "old hat" in a year or so. But even with all these "kills" the final choice had to be made from some three hundred most excellent subtleties. There was one, "The Magazine of Youth and Beauty," that the judges favored very much—but out it had to go because it was a word too long.

The editor of this magazine and the judges want to take this occasion to thank all the people who entered the contest. You were all pretty wonderful and the spirit of fair play you revealed was thrilling. We appreciate your interest. We respect your intelligence. And we are deeply grateful for your support.

We offer our congratulations to Mrs. Barres, the winner. And to all the others, we salute you and say, "Better luck next time."
The story of the candle and the moths was written many, many years ago, but every so often it bobs up as a new fable in Hollywood. It becomes the story of the darlings of fame flying too close to the bright flames of desire, and getting their wings singed.

The first great story of that kind was that of Wallace Reid. There have been others since—Barbara La Marr, Mabel Normand, and Alma Rubens, all tragic figures.

Each of them loved life and laughter too well.

But it is to Renee Adoree that those Hollywoodians who pause occasionally in the mad rush of life in the town of celluloid are today giving thought. Renee, a wasted shadow of the once vivacious girl who won our hearts in "The Big Parade," is paying the price of her gaiety on a white cot in a Prescott, Arizona, sanitarium, a cot made possible to her by the generosity of Marion Davies.

Renee is penniless. Her "playmates" of better days have deserted her.

The flame of her life is flickering.

When Wally Reid first came into fame he was young, handsome, robust. The light of his personality shone like a million candles rolled into one. And there was welcome written upon every beam. Reckless abandon was his chief enemy. Life was fast and swift for Wally, and as the days flew past, he steamed jumpy nerves with stronger wine and madder music. The more rapidly life went, the faster Wally lived to keep pace with it—until that fatal day when the friendly arms of a hospital closed upon him, never to open again.

Barbara La Marr had stepped suddenly from the shadows of obscurity into the brilliant glare of fame. Her idea of life was living. The days might be made for working, but the nights were for love and laughter and music and wine.

She often said, "One loves to live only because one lives to love."

The end came for her with only one friend, ZaSu Pitts, representing the love she had died striving to find.

Then there was Mabel Normand—gay little Mabel, who couldn't stand solitude. She was a nervous, high-strung girl who could see no reason for resting when a whirl with a gay throng pepped her up as much as did eight hours of sleep.

But the time soon came when she was alone with doctors and nurses. The night she died, the old crowd were all at a merry party and laughingly autographed one of her old photos to tell her she wasn't forgotten!

Renee Adoree should have closed her door against the pleasure swarms. She didn't, though—and they clustered about her, taking her strength.

Renee didn't mind. She loved them. She fed them hilarity in its most advanced form. No night was ever long enough to cover one of Renee's parties. They were the gaudy, fantastic screen that robbed her memory of an unloved babyhood. They wiped out the bitterness of circus life, the stinging whip of a dancing master, the loss of a father, four years of war, waiting on street corners in a cold London fog, black coffee in railroad stations, two marriages that failed, stardom that never was reached, and the money she earned but never received.

They were the tinsel that shone like gold—the stimulant that kept the little actress on her feet long after her lungs had failed her!

But they also obscured her view of the future. Never once did she see the doors of the sanitarium yawning.

Fits of coughing shook her frail shoulders and hemorrhages caused her to rush out of sight lest Ramon Novarro or someone else working with her [Continued on page 65]
That Darned Fool, Bakewell

That's What His Friends Called Billy—But Oh, How Wrong They Were!

By Edward Churchill

BILLY BAKEWELL has a square jaw.
Billy Bakewell has everything which is supposed to go with a square jaw.
He said to me: "I don't owe a thing to myself. Whatever I become in motion pictures, I owe to my friends. They are the ones who put me across."
This didn't sound right to me. I told him so.
"My friends said that I was a darning fool and a lot of other things when I left military school and started hanging around studios," he continued. "They said I hadn't a chance. They told me that I ought to get over a lot of silly ideas and go to work for a living."
I gazed at Billy Bakewell's jaw and he didn't have to tell me any more. I understood him perfectly. Just enough determination lurking behind pale blue eyes to take the discouraging attitude of his friends to mean "I dare you!" Just enough nerve in his make up, to reply, in the face of hundred to one odds: "I take that dare!"
Five years ago it was when his friends scoffed. Billy was seventeen. Now he is twenty-two.
The friends are beginning to say: "I knew him several years ago when he wasn't so tall and went to school."
Bill is glad to have them begin this "knew him when—" business. Anyone would be. But it doesn't turn his head. And, furthermore, those who urged him not to go into motion pictures are still his friends.
He still is the friend of those who laughed.
And he's nice to his new friends, too.
You'd like Billy. He has a "heavy" handshake. He has a wide, generous smile. He's always glad to see you. He likes to have you interested in his work. If you should say: "I didn't like you in such-and-such a picture because of this or that," he'd listen intently. He'd ask you why, and what, and how. Next time, he'd do it differently.
Billy is the "learningest" person I know. He grabs on to suggestions and ideas, whether they come from directors, admirers or critics. He studies those players he knows to be capable. He sees every picture he thinks is worth-while, and studies it to find out why it is a success.
At twenty-two, he's still going to school—the school of experience.
When his friends told him he ought to "get out and work," they apparently thought that acting in motion pictures didn't entail anything more than drawing a pay check.
Billy never had that idea.
He knew that it was a highly competitive profession. Anyone who knows that there are 17,000 persons registered for extra work at Central Casting Bureau doesn't have to be a genius to realize this.
And Billy has worked to get to the top.
A little more than four years ago he was an extra. Just a kid, carrying Raymond Griffith's train in a coronation scene. That was his start. An opportunity which came to him after days and weeks of hanging around this and that studio, watching and waiting and hoping for even a chance to get before a camera. Work? Just waiting is work, when you are young and eager and ambitious. Few youngsters have determination enough to take rebuff after rebuff for weeks at a time.
Once he hit his stride, he went ahead rapidly. He was the young king and, at the same time, his evil twin brother, in "The Iron Mask" with his personal idol, Doug Fairbanks.

[Continued on page 73]
The Real Joan Crawford

WhenEVER a harassed editor is hard up for good copy, she (or he) sends out an S.O.S. for an interview with Joan Crawford. That the story is invariably the same is beside the point. The titles always manage to be different — e.g.: "The Resurrection of Joan Crawford" — "A Dancing Girl Reforms" — "How Love Transformed a Butterfly."

In other words, Joan's "past" is constantly being dug up for a writer's holiday. And it's getting a trifle nauseating.

I never knew Lucille Le Sueur. I never knew Joan Crawford when she was a "dancing daughter." But I do know her now. And it is of this Joan that I am going to write, a Joan whom I respect as an artist, admire as a person, and value as a friend.

During the past year, Joan Crawford has made more rapid strides than any other actress in her field. With "Untamed," her first talking picture, she showed promise of a ripening maturity — a richer development. With "Paid," she fulfilled that promise by rising to such dramatic heights that hard-boiled critics anointed her in superlatives and a doting public went wildly ecstatic.

"Young Doug's influence," said l'homme qui sait. "Undoubtedly," was Mother Grundy's retort.

To deny that Joan's marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has benefited her work would be almost as foolish as confirming a Clara Bow engagement rumor. But Douglas doesn't deserve all the credit. Nor does he want it.

Before Joan met Douglas, she had already climbed the ladder to success on rungs pronged with the usual obstacles attendant upon Fame and Fortune. An indomitable will, an overwhelming courage and a driving ambition had carried her there. With three such "props" to fall back on, she couldn't help but succeed. Douglas's love was the final incentive.

She is happier now than she has ever been in her life. But she is not content. Because she knows that contentment stultifies ambition. And she would much rather travel than arrive.

She takes neither her career nor her marriage for granted. Both are her "life work." Being an extremist, she is indefatigable in everything she undertakes. She even boils an egg with passion.

She is known as the best trouper on the M-G-M lot. Never late. Never temperamental. Never unreliable. She doesn't take any credit for good behavior.

"It wouldn't do me the least bit of good to start any fireworks," she explains. "No one would pay the least bit of attention to me. You see, everyone at the studio remembers me 'When' — so that now if I begin to assert myself, I am dismissed with a patronizing, 'There, there, little girl, run away and play. Musn't bother big, important picture executives!' It was only after my family physician warned the studio that he would not be responsible for my health if I continued to work sixteen hours a day that I was permitted an eight hour schedule."

She and Douglas are at different studios during the day but they always share their work together at night. Cueing each other on lines. Engaging in lengthy discussions of characterization. Accepting and vetoing suggestions. Business and pleasure combined.

They enjoyed playing together in "Our Modern Maidens," but they don't think they will do a repeat. As Joan says: "It makes the audience conscious of us instead of our characterizations. When Douglas makes love to me, immediately they begin to wonder whether that is the way he kisses me at home. Were he to act (Continued on page 72)
How Casting Directors

What Qualities Are Needed To Help You Succeed In the Movies? And Have You Got Them? Read This, and See What a Casting Director Would Think of You

Do you think and act originally, or do you think and act like a thousand other persons? Do you attract attention as you walk along the street, or are you overlooked by those who pass? Is your voice low and resonant? Do you please those with whom you come in contact? Have you "It"? Does your personality thrill?

No, this is not a game. That is, not exactly a game. The questions are based on casting problems, and they are designed to measure you for motion pictures. If you are different from other people, if you have a good voice, if you are attractive to your own and the opposite sex, you have a chance in pictures.

Provided, of course, you can attract attention at the right moment, that you have either a natural or a trained ability to act, and that a casting director has a part which will fit you.

Casting director? He's the czar of the industry as far as the players are concerned. I say "he"—there are a dozen full-fledged czars ruling those inner kingdoms, the studios of Hollywood.

I have talked with five of the "big shots," trying to find out two things. The first is how much chance the average person has of making a successful motion picture actor. The second is to find out how those who have made good have accomplished their purpose.

I take pleasure in introducing five of those who hold the fates of the stars, the future stars, and the stars of the past in their hands.

Meet Fred Datig, for eighteen years a casting king, and for the past several years the guider of the destinies of Paramount players. Next to him, folks, is Dan Kelly, who presides at Columbia, and who, before that, ruled First National. The third czar is Benny Thau, who has held the throne at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for more than a year. We also have the pleasure of the company of Rufus LeMaire, who picked stage casts for years and who now decides who shall work at Warner-First National Studios. Lastly, we have Rex Bailey, who started as an extra, but who now is ruler at Radio Pictures Studio.

Each one of these men will talk with you. He'll explain his business, and how he manages it. But, before we start, there is an interesting point of a general nature which we must bring out. Lew Ayres, adjudged the most popular actor of today in a recent newspaper contest, and author of his life story which appeared in Silver Screen, was turned down when he asked for small parts in three of the above studios!

Lew had a part in "The Kiss" with the Garbo at Metro. Tests were made of him before and after this picture and he finally was rejected as having no possibilities! Rufus LeMaire claims that he recommended Ayres to Columbia but that he was turned down. Rex Bailey didn't see a possibility in Ayres. Universal snapped him up, raised him to $750 a week and, a few weeks ago, kicked his salary to $2,250 a week. While the star war was on, Warner Brothers offered him $100,000 for six pictures!

Silver Screen
Judge People

By Clark Andrews

Norma Shearer had possibilities from the start. But it took Thalberg to discover them

So much for Lew. Just wanted to show you what a big gamble it is.

All right, Mr. Datig. You’re first. Tell the customers what makes you pick them, confess your mistakes, and give us instances to back up your arguments.

Mr. Datig speaking:

"Any man or woman who is willing to wait for a call from Central Casting Bureau and who is willing to work a few days out of the year hasn’t the spark which is needed by an actor. The player who succeeds is the one who, through sheer force of his or her personality, attracts the attention of the casting director."

That’s saying plenty. Here’s more.

"If you look, act and think like a thousand other persons, you haven’t a chance in motion pictures. We need personality, originality and individuality. There are 17,000 extras clamoring for a chance in motion pictures, but not more than a score now anywhere near the top have graduated from the ranks of the extras. They had personality, which made them click immediately. Those who haven’t it never will have it.

"Gary Cooper crashed into the front ranks at Paramount not through my efforts alone, but following a conference in which five executives studied him carefully.

"Laura La Plante was a find of mine. I hired her because I saw that ‘hidden spark’ which makes an actor or actress. I was with Universal at the time. Irving Thalberg, also there, didn’t like her. I hired her each morning and Thalberg fired her each night. This procedure continued until Thalberg went with Metro, and she became a star."

"Here’s a good one. Nancy Carroll, today, doesn’t know exactly how she got into motion pictures. Here’s the lowdown.

"Miss Carroll was playing on the stage in Los Angeles,” confides Datig. “Anne Nichols, aiding us in selecting the cast for the motion picture version, personally saw every eligible actress in Hollywood. We offered her Fay Wray. She turned down each and every one, including Fay. The situation looked bad. Then, I flashed a profile and a full face view of Miss Carroll.

"That’s the girl!” gasped Miss Nichols. ‘She has a perfect Irish face.’ And so Nancy Carroll became a motion picture star. Even photographs reveal personality. And, sometimes, people who have plenty of personality do not register it on the screen."

Just a chance Datig happened to drag out those pictures.

"Jack Oakie,” continues Datig, “was given the part of a villain in a Western picture by Fox. That company couldn’t see anything

for May 1931

Laura La Plante was discovered by Casting Director Fred Datig, who saw that “hidden spark” in her mine.
funny about him. Paramount saw behind his whiskers and caught a glint of mischief in his eye. You see what has happened.

For some reason, Datig confides, Universal was unable to see the charm and winsomeness of Janet Gaynor. She played small parts over at Universal City. But someone with insight at Fox saw possibilities and signed her. Later, she clicked with the public. Another star made famous!

Esther Ralston was a stunt woman at Universal. She finally was let out. Paramount saw the makings of an actress in her, and the first thing everyone knew the blonde and beautiful Miss Ralston was a Paramount star, drawing one of the highest salaries up to that date. Norma Shearer was about to take the count at Metro when Thalberg stepped in and decided she had possibilities. She had at one time been advised to get out of pictures. Thalberg teamed her with Gilbert, and now she has reached the highest point in her career with "The Divorcee" and "Strangers May Kiss."

Datig says that some stars have personality but lose it. He cites many examples, and proves his point. And, in final illustration of the difference between an extra and an actor, he tells this one:

"Some years ago an actor—I call him that but he wasn't used to send calendars to all the casting directors. I was among those he honored. The calendar contained his picture, his name, and the slogan, 'For Forty Years a Trouper.' One day a fresh extra came into my office and wrote beneath the slogan, 'And Not An Actor Yet.' Ironic, but true. He didn't have that particular, peculiar, spark which makes a real player. He never would have it. And there are thousands just like him. I advise these thousands to get out of motion pictures—and stay out."

And now to Dan Kelly. Let's hear from him.

Kelly points out:

"Since the advent of talking pictures, a new factor has entered our business. We used to accept people with screen personality. Now, we cannot take these people unless their voice, too, has personality. A lifeless voice will kill the best pantomimist in the world. On the other hand, a voice will make a success of someone who, in other respects, is only mediocre."

That's a fresh slant. It explains the passing of many "beautiful" people from the screen, and the appearance of fresh talent which is not possessed of beauty but of pleasing personality.

And what is personality, Mr. Kelly?

"Beauty is something you look at. Personality is something you watch."

Kelly, by the way, is famous for this definition. Now, to cases.

"Loretta Young got into motion pictures in a most peculiar way—I mean as a star, of course. She and her sister, Sally Blane, used to work as extras and bit players at the old First National studios."

"We were doing a picture with Colleen Moore. Sally was supposed to do a bit. Sally [Continued on page 78]
Everybody's Father Confessor

Revealing the Unknown Lewis Stone, Who Listens to Other People’s Troubles and Tries to Help

LEWIS STONE is a bit embarrassed at being everybody's father confessor. It worries him a little, too. He's just an actor, he insists, like any other actor. On the screen he plays whatever parts come his way. Villains, heroes, comedy. It's all the same to him. That's his job. As far as his off-screen self is concerned, he's an ordinary, normal human being just like the rest of us. He eats what everyone else eats, sleeps on the same kind of bed. He's just a man who had a childhood like anyone else's, he says. Who happened to drift into acting instead of business or a profession; lived a certain number of years, had a certain number of experiences that we all have, and thinks and feels and acts just like anyone else.

That's what Lewis himself believes.

Yet his fans refuse to believe a word of it. They see something else entirely in him.

Few actors realize that the public builds up a personality for them, out of the roles they play; a sort of type, or average, of all their pictures. Mary Pickford might be a drunken brute who beat her poor defenseless little husband, and we'd still insist that, at heart, she was a sweet and girlish child. Bill Haines might be a scholarly connoisseur of art—he is, in fact—but still we will always think of him as a wisecracker. And Lewis Stone's fans write him letter after letter telling him that he is, for them, the ideal gentleman, the poised man-of-the-world; grave, distinguished, elegant.

Men old enough to be his brother write him letters beginning, "Dear Dad." That may be simply because his hair is prematurely grey. But women, too, tell him their most intimate troubles. "I am sure a man of your experience will be able to show me a way out," they begin.

"One of my women friends saw Harold out with a blonde last Saturday night. I am heartbroken. Shall I begin a flirtation with some other man, and try to make Harold jealous?

"Dear Mr. Stone," one sixteen-year-old lad wrote, in a misspelt scrawl, "I work from seven A.M. to five P.M. in a cement factory. I have weak lungs, and the air here is full of dust, and I am pretty sick and am getting sicker all the time. Have you any odd jobs that a willing boy of 16 can do for you? I would like to work for you, Mr. Stone."

"And Mr. Stone is a little shamefaced, a little puzzled by all this.

"He would like to laugh it off, and he can't. "Am I getting venerable?" he asks. For this is the great terror of all actors: that they are growing old! "People act as though I'm their grandfather. They think I look like a banker, and so they write me and ask me how they should invest their money. I look like a business man, and so they ask me for business advice. Some fan writer who got hard up for material a while ago said in print that my hobby was mechanics. A few days later a woman wrote me asking me how to repair her clock!—always advice! I guess I'm supposed to know almost everything. And I don't. I don't know as much as the people that write to me."

"Fans write to Greta Garbo to make passionate love to her. They write to Buddy Rogers to tell him how cute he is. To Betty Compson, to try to sell her things. They write to Lewis Stone to ask him for help." [Continued on page 66]
There’s no sense in this picture. It doesn’t tell you anything. We’re running it just for its breath-taking loveliness. A beautiful girl, a slender tree with tiny, yellow-green leaves, a blue sky with great, white clouds. Youth and beauty in springtime. The girl? That exquisite Edwina Booth.
HERE is John Barrymore's answer to the critics who have accused him of being too careful of his distinguished profile. He's grown a beard on it for "Svengali" and his make-up as the sinister hypnotist who willed a girl into greatness, is one of these marvels at which he excels. Across the page is little Marian Marsh as Trilby, looking out over the roofs of Paris, demure and dreaming. The whole production is glamorous with Old World charm and promises to be one of Warner Bros. finest
THEY say he has changed, but we do not believe it. For are there not here the same grin, the same everything that made him—ah, that Chevalier! His new picture, "The Smiling Lieutenant," will bring back the Chevalier of "The Love Parade." For he is here reunited with that prince of directors, Ernst Lubitsch.
FOX'S foreign excitement, Elissa Landi, will make her debut in "Body and Soul."
Of mixed English and Italian ancestry, she has that exotic quality. But for all that, we hope she isn't launched as a "second Garbo". There is only one. Besides, Elissa looks too individual to be a carbon copy, even of our greatest actress.
FEW of the "royal line of stars" remain, but neither heartache nor bad pictures stop Gloria Swanson. She has stamina as well as beauty, intelligence as well as personality. Forget "What a Widow" and forgive her, for in her new picture, "Obey That Impulse," with Ben Lyon she gives us her best, and rises to great dramatic heights.
HE HAS a God-given gift for singing and now Lawrence Tibbett’s learning to act. He proves it in "The Prodigal" and thereby gives music-talkies the further chance that they deserve.
FRAGILE and beautiful she is, with her golden hair and her green eyes. She came to Hollywood at the end of a heart-breaking love affair, and conquered it with her wistful beauty. She recently appeared with Lew Ayres in "Many A Slip." The secret of her pathetic appeal is explained by Harriet Parsons on the opposite page.
Her Own Worst Enemy

Joan Bennett is Victor over Everything except Herself

By Harriet Parsons

YOU WOULD expect a girl like Joan Bennett to be happy.
You would think that a girl who has as much as she has ought never to know anything but bliss.
Women yearn for beauty. They yearn for money. For fame, youth, a home, a child, a career. Most of them feel that if they could have only one of those things, quite positively have them and not merely dream of them, they could let the rest go by.

Joan Bennett has every one of them. She doesn't have to compromise.

From the point of view of a career Joan Bennett's two years in Hollywood have been one long birthday. She has played opposite the biggest stars in the business—Colman, Barrymore, Arliss. Effortlessly she has stepped from triumph to triumph. Wealth and fame have rumbled into her lap. Her future fortune is assured through a new long-term contract with Fox.

Her young beauty is as frailly exquisite as a bit of Venetian glass. She lives in luxury and has a young daughter, whom she adores.

You might think the girl was to be envied.

The truth is that she is to be pitied. She has pretty much everything life has to offer—and it doesn't do her much good. Little Joan has conquered the world but she hasn't conquered herself. And as was pointed out hundreds and hundreds of years ago, what shall it profit a person to gain the whole world and lose his soul? Joan hasn't lost her soul in any spectacular way—but neither has she found it. She has won most of the things she has gone after, and yet the greatest battle of her life lies ahead of her. She is her own worst enemy—and she must become friends with herself.

Joan was barely sixteen when she won her first headlines. Headlines are the accolade of the Bennett family. Making the front page is equivalent to winning your spurs with them. It's a sort of Bennett coming of age, a proving that you are a true member of the clan. Not that the spectacular Richard, or the glamorous Constance, or the dark-browed Barbara do it intentionally. Being good front page copy is simply a Bennett birthright.

Joan, at sixteen, married the young son of an American millionaire in London. No one was very surprised. Their kid romance had been flourishing spectacularly for almost a year. Joan, a child of fifteen, was completing her education at an exclusive finishing school in Versailles when she met and fell in love with John Martin Fox. Fell in love with all the complete abandon and recklessness that is her greatest charm—and greatest fault.

It was a mad romance. Every week Joan would fly to London by plane just to spend a few hours with the boy who was filling all her thoughts. Puppy love you may call it—but it left a mark on young Joan. Her philosophy is still embittered by the disillusion and heartbreak that were John Martin Fox's legacy to her.

For their marriage was short-lived. The birth of a daughter, Adrienne, and the death of her husband's love were more or less simultaneous events for Joan. Perhaps the boy had never pictured his child-wife in the rôle of a mother. Perhaps it was simply their youth. At any rate there was a divorce a few months later. And Joan, who had dreamed of a love that was to endure forever and ever, was broken-hearted.

She wasn't yet eighteen. She had her child to support. She had to rebuild her life. She had no training for either of those things. But she did both of them.

Her father was putting on the stage version of 'Jarnegan.' He offered his youngest daughter a part. It was a big part and a difficult one. Joan had never been on the stage before. But she snatched at the opportunity gratefully and went gamely to work.

She clicked at once. Her youthful, tragic intensity got across the footlights. Sam Goldwyn, who knows talent when he sees it, witnessed her performance and offered her the leading rôle opposite Ronald Colman in 'Bulldog Drummond.' Such an auspicious entrance into pictures might have proved Joan's finish if she had not had the courage and the talent to rise to (Continued on page 76)
HOLLYWOOD, most intense city in the world, is a rich place—possibly the richest city per capita in the world. Millions are made here every week and, likewise, millions are spent. Once in a while a million or more is saved by some star. The huge salaries that many of them get are for the most part invested wisely and well—so wisely and so well in some cases that they grow and grow until they grow into millions.

This wasn’t always true, of course. Hollywood used to be Bohemia, with personalities who had sprung into fame overnight, flinging golden dollars to the high winds of Heaven.

But those days are gone. Even madcap Clara Bow saves today.

The modern farseeing film player realizes that success is a thing that can’t last forever and saves against the day when he will be old at thirty-five and probably without work.

First, who is the richest star in Hollywood, barring none?

The answer is—Harold Lloyd! Everyone in Hollywood seems to agree on that. Ask Will Hays’ western office! Ask the studios! Ask press agents! Ask stars-about-town! Ask anyone! They all concede that he is the real top-notch.

As some of you know, some years ago Harold tossed up a coin to decide whether to come to Hollywood or go elsewhere. Hollywood won and he came westward. Landing in the film mecca with less than five dollars in his pocket, he soon got a job as an extra at Universal at three dollars a day. After working as an extra for some time, he joined forces with Hal Roach and started making comedies, earning forty dollars a week for about five years. Then he started producing and, as you all know, became world famous.

Nine years ago, Lloyd brought his uncle, William Frazer, to Hollywood to become general manager of the Harold Lloyd Corporation. Frazer, who studied finance and economics at Stanford and Cornell, proved himself such a shrewd investor, buying up valuable real estate and gilt-edged bonds, that today Harold Lloyd has a fortune of something like $12,000,000!

His real luxury is expressed in his magnificent Benedict Canyon home which is about the size of Buckingham Palace, and which cost over a million dollars.

Curiously enough, with all his wealth, Lloyd doesn’t care so much for money and his tastes are remarkably simple.

"Of course, I’m glad I have money, particularly for my family’s sake," Harold readily admitted, "and
I realize that it can buy many things and give one many advantages. Yet, I don't worship the almighty dollar the way some do. In fact, I know I could be quite happy with much less than I have now—give me just enough to live on comfortably and I'm sure I'd do very nicely. I know I am supposed to be a very rich man, but beyond the fact that I know I have several million, I don't exactly know just how much I am worth! Personally, my money doesn't mean such a terrible lot to me—my family means a million times more than all the money on earth!

Next to Lloyd, in the matter of wealth, comes Charles Chaplin with approximately $7,000,000, all of which he made in pictures. Charlie, in all probability, would be giving Harold Lloyd a close race for first honors if Uncle Sam's income tax people hadn't camped on his doorstep a few years ago and stayed camped there until they got the $1,600,000 extra income tax that they insisted he owed them! Besides that, it cost him a cool million to part with his former wife, Lita Gray Chaplin. After those little bills were paid, the Chaplin fortune dwindled down to a mere seven million. Poor Charlie!

The richest woman in the colony is—Mary Pickford! Mary started saving early, and in 1918 had her first half-million. Today, she has about $5,000,000 safely invested in banks, stocks, bonds, real estate and various business concerns. She is, perhaps, the best business woman in the picture game and her foresight is uncanny. As someone once remarked, if Mary had started life selling peanuts, she would have cornered the world's supply in less than six months!

Doug has a snug fortune, too—about a million less than Mary. However, when one has four million, another million doesn’t matter so very much!

On a par with Fairbanks’ wealth is the wealth of Ruth Roland. Down on Wilshire Boulevard, near Fairfax, a huge electric sign, “Roland Square,” revolves night and day, marking the Roland business headquarters. As you may know, Ruth owns property on nearly every large boulevard and is always buying and selling—her holdings are really enormous. As the value of land goes up and down, so does the Roland fortune. Some people estimate it at times to be as much as six or seven million. However, at this time, $4,000,000 is a safe, conservative estimate.

All of Will Rogers’ activities have brought practical blessings to Will and his family. It is reckoned by those who know that his fortune is well beyond the $3,000,000 mark and rapidly growing. Will is known to have a great income—he writes for over 200 newspapers and report says he earns $25,000 for a week’s work before the camera—but he is known also for his ability to hang on to it. His thrift is a sort of byword in the colony. Yet, when he or his family want a thing, he buys it. His [Continued on page 74]
Do You Understand The Art of Living? You Can Learn Many Lessons from Ralph Forbes

A Gentleman of Contrasts

By Marquis Busby

RALPH FORBES is married to Ruth Chatterton. Ruth Chatterton comes pretty close to being the "first lady" of the cinema. But no one has called Ralph, Mr. Ruth Chatterton.

He looks like the immaculately, handsome hero of a Lonsdale drawing room play, but he is an ardent hunter and fisherman. And I don't mean "society" hunting either, but the real rough stuff, sleeping on the ground and eating beans out of the can.

He seems the last person in the world who would be interested in anything gruesome, yet medicine and surgery are his hobbies.

In a little alcove adjoining his bedroom is a cabinet, fairly glittering with surgical instruments. If he hadn't been an actor, he would have been a surgeon. And probably a very good one.

Once, while on a hunting expedition, he actually performed a minor operation on his guide. They were miles from a hospital, and delay might have been fatal. So Ralph took it upon himself to perform the operation. I'll bet a good Panama hat that he loved it. I'll bet another Panama that the guide was scared to death; but both the patient and the surgeon did "nicely," as the hospital bulletins have it.

Ralph first attracted attention because he looked so much like David Windsor, the Prince of Wales and idol of Britain. After his earlier motion picture triumphs, he attracted attention on his own. He is an interesting person just because he is Ralph Forbes.

In spite of the fact that this young man appears as British as the Parliament Building (he's much more decorative), the blood of England does not flow through his veins. He is of Italian, French and Scotch descent, although he was born in England. His darkish-fair hair and the blue eyes come from his Northern Italian ancestry. But England, somehow, has stamped him for her own.

Like most Englishmen he is hard to know "right off." I have had several sets of impressions of him.

There was one time when I thought him pretty high hat. I first met him soon after he had made "Beau Geste." The world was at his feet. If it all went to his head a bit, few can blame him. There aren't many who can turn a deaf ear to the plaudits of fame.

Since that time, success hasn't always remained at the same fever pitch. Maybe that has made Ralph the more balanced and more understandable person he is to-day. He has always been likeable.

I had met Ralph before, but recently I visited him in his home. I suppose you never know an Englishman until you see him on the home grounds. His home is his castle. I read that some place, and it does fit into this story.

There's another saying that I can subscribe to most heartily—an Englishman's home is a bit of merrie old England, whether it be on the African veldt, by the eternal Ganges, or overlooking a palm lined California garden in Beverly Hills.

When I saw them, Ralph and Ruth were going to have a holiday together for the first time in several years. The next day they were going to New York—just for a month or so.

Ralph and I stood in his "gun room" and talked. Several of Ruth's friends were in the little upstairs drawing room grouped about a roaring fireplace. Hunting prints hung on the walls. Ruth and her guests were having tea.

Ralph and Ruth, after a period of separation, are very happy together again. They lead a charming sort of life. They entertain at small dinners, and prefer the people rather than merely the famous people.

Their home has the appearance of permanency in a town where so few things have that quality. It is beautifully furnished and decorated. You know that things were not purchased in sets ('suites' in the better furniture emporiums). Ralph and Ruth have bought each article because they liked them, not because they were expensive or fashionable. As a matter of fact, they are undoubtedly both.

I have an idea that Ralph is [Continued on page 67]
Mitzi Green loves spinach chopped up fine with a little garlic in it. But she never drinks milk. She enjoys a hearty dinner. Filet mignon, roast beef, lamb and baked potatoes are among her favorite foods.

In Hollywood she goes to bed every evening at 8.30. When she was doing the “Sante Fe Trail” she was up every morning at six.

When she was making personal appearances in New York, she could not go to bed before midnight, but she never got out of it before eleven or half past eleven the next morning.

In school she excels in spelling and reading. She loves spelling and cannot be tripped even by words like “lugubrious” and “idiosyncrasy.”

In arithmetic she is below the standard of her other subjects. The chances are that she could not compute her own salary.

In the movies she receives a salary of over a thousand dollars a week and the amount paid for her vaudeville appearances is about three times that.

All Mitzi Green’s success has been attained in the space of a little over a year, for August 23 marked the anniversary of her first year in pictures. But Mitzi has been a little trouper since she was about seven. Ever since she was a small child she has been interested in watching people and giving her impressions of them. She saw Moran and Mack when they were on the same stage bill as her mother and father and gave her first imitation of them at a benefit performance. This was such a success that Charles Freeman of RKO arranged to use her as a headliner on an Interstate Circuit.

“She started at a nominal salary,” Mitzi Green’s mother, Rosie Green of the former vaudeville troupe of Keno and Green, told me.

“What was it?” I asked. Even famous financiers have started at salaries of five and ten dollars a week.

“A hundred dollars a week,” said Mrs. Green. “Isn’t that amusing?”

Mitzi appeared only intermittently in vaudeville, for in many cities children are not permitted to perform. But one day she appeared in vaudeville on the coast and was discovered by some movie scouts who were looking for a child to play a rather precocious part in “The Marriage Playground.”

Paramount never expected Mitzi Green to be more than a flash in the pan. But she confounded all expectations by stealing picture after picture.

In all her pictures so far, with the exception of the demure part she played in “Tom” [Continued on page 79]
How Hollywood

In Wooing

The Most Beautiful Girls in the World Hollywood Lads
Use New Methods but the Same Old Language About Love and Me and You

Lydell Peck fell in love with Janet Gaynor in an Oakland theatre. Janet was on the screen in "Seventh Heaven." Lydell used the telegraph for his courting.

THE whole wide world loves a lover, particularly a screen lover. In fact, whenever one of Hollywood's favored sons woos and wins his "chosen one," all fandom sits up and takes notice. Each and every fan is tremendously interested. And more than a few exclaim, "I wonder just how he proposed—what he said to her! Gosh, I'd like to know!"

Now, strictly speaking, proposals are rather private affairs (they are meant to be heard, to be sure, but not, as a rule, to be read about!); but, somehow, all of us have that little human weakness—curiosity. So, I set out to learn how certain members of Hollywood's masculine set "popped" the all-important question and just how it was taken by the one on the receiving end.

I asked Eddie Lowe first.

Edmund Lowe does things with a peculiar directness. It is common knowledge in the film capital that when he walks into a store, he goes directly to the counter which handles what he is after, buys it without any fuss and leaves as directly as he came in.

Ed saw Lilyan Tashman on the stage in the Follies. He at once fell in love with her. Later, she saw him on the stage and she was immediately attracted. When they were introduced a few days later, they were at once aware that they had a mutual fondness for each other. They went together for several weeks; then Lowe was called to the West Coast to enter pictures. Lilyan later went to California with her sister to visit Eddie. A couple of days after her arrival, he said to her:

"I LOVE YOU! California is a..."
Lovers Propose

By Grace Simpson

been teammates in vaudeville and in stage productions over a period of five years before they were married about six years ago. Their marriage came about "just naturally," says El. One day he whispered: "I love you, Flo. I feel certain that some day I'll be a real success and make lots of money. Will you share my future, dear?"

Flo's whisper was a "yes" and they stole away from families and friends for the ceremony in a suburb of Philadelphia and were married by a justice of the peace. His office, by the way, was over the town fire-engine house. El says that they had no sooner been pronounced man and wife than the fire gong rang, causing a regular riot. But it was a real fire—not a celebration of their marriage!

A mutual interest in airplanes attracted Ken Maynard and Mary Deper, the girl who later became his wife. Ken was playing in a circus in a mid-west town when she first saw him. Between performances [Continued on page 68]

great place to live. I feel certain that both you and I can make a lot of money and be far happier here than anywhere else in the world. Will you marry me?"

And Lilyan said "Yes." Without hesitation, too, for Lilyan is as direct and straightforward about things as Edmund.

Eddie Tierney, big time vaudeville star and now director of many of the dances you see in Fox pictures, proposed to Marjorie White as they were motoring along the old Boston Post road from New York enroute to Connecticut. "Let's get married, you and me, kid!" Eddie suddenly said. Marjorie accepted. They stopped at a night club where Eddie happened to know the orchestra leader. He was so happy over his good luck he told the musician, who in turn told the manager. An engagement party was promptly staged—and a good time was had by all, so little "Margie" says.

There was no gushing proposal at all in the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon romance. Bebe and Ben had been the very best of friends for a long time. They had been seen together so often their engagement did not come as a surprise. But to this day, they both insist that they do not know just how it happened—as a matter of fact it just sort of was. They both understood and they both agreed that they should marry when they did. Ben merely murmured one day:

"Bebe, why don't we marry! We both know we love each other!"

Bebe answered by setting the date!

El Brendel and Flo Burt had

for May 1931
More Movie
[Continued]

Withers and Loretta Young have quarreled, but we’re hoping against hope that they make it up . . . Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli sailed to Italy on their honeymoon. Charlie said that he and Virginia would go on to Egypt and sail eastward around the world after spending several weeks in Italy. But that, of course, is only in case there’s no sudden hurry-up call from the studio. For when an actor is called to work, he has to sacrifice everything, even his honeymoon . . . Folly Ann Young, Loretta’s sister, has heart flatterings over Houston Brauck, robust scenario writer . . . Viola Dana has definitely retired from the screen and is living in Denver, Colorado, with her new hubby, Jimmy Thompson, professional golfer . . . Gilda Gray hasn’t succumbed to talkies as yet, but she does admit her heart is beating extra fast for George Brent, handsome actor who has been appearing in several films for Fox . . . Murrel Finley, said to be one of the most beautiful girls in the world, married Edward Cronjager, cameraman for Richard Dix . . . Kenneth Harlan, who runs a night club and appears in pictures by day, has separated from his second wife, Doris Hilda Booth. It appears as if it’s for keeps, too. He was once Marie Prevost’s husband, you remember.

H Hearts in Hollywood. After many evasions, Ina Claire at last admits her separation from John Gilbert. They have taken homes fifteen miles apart from each other, she at Santa Monica, he at Malibu Beach. The inside story is that she told him what she thought of his talkies.

Ronald Colman quietly got a divorce from his wife, Thelma Ray, from whom he’s been living apart for quite some time. She was in England, he in Hollywood. Now just recently, as you know, Evelyn Laye got a divorce from Sonnie Hale. And Evelyn Laye and Ronald Colman are said to be “that way” about each other. Ronald never seemed to care much about getting a divorce before, even though it was an open secret that he and his wife had not been able to get along. And now Hollywood is wondering why he should suddenly have sought his freedom, unless he and the fair Evelyn are plotting a wedding.

Douglas McLean, former film star, was recently married to Lorraine Eddy, the stage and screen actress . . . Paul White- man, who made “King of Jazz,” got his divorce from Vanda Hoff, just as we predicted. She will get $600 a week alimony. Many women have married for less . . . Marilyn Miller is engaged to Michael Farmer. But she goes places with Hugo Lederer, Marion Davies’ nephew, and tells her girl friends she’s cuh-razy about him and would just adore being altar-bound with him. So the reporters went to see Michael Farmer and asked him what he thought of that and would the engagement continue. “Why not?” countered Michael. And Marilyn Miller, asked about it, laughed and said, “I’ll surprise you all. One of these days I’m going to marry Fred Astaire.” And now everybody’s wondering whether Marilyn meant it or was just spoiling . . . Thelma Todd, the blonde menace, and T. Sully, the broker, are saying it with engagement rings . . . Grant

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was given a riotous reception in little old London town. So riotous in fact that he had difficulty in escaping the crowds that followed him everywhere. Finally he ducked into a tiny two-by-four candy store. The woman owning the store shivered as she saw Chaplin sneak in and close the door stealthily behind him. It had all the marks of a holdup.

“I was hysterical,” she said later, “but when the little man asked for some noogies I wrapped up a shilling’s worth. Then I rushed out from behind the counter and insisted that the door be opened.” Outside a huge crowd was waiting. You can imagine the timorous little woman’s consternation when Chaplin’s companion hissed in her ear, “You have lost a big order,” while someone in the crowd told her that the man was Charlie Chaplin.

WHEN luck turns in Hollywood, it can be very cruel.

Take Colleen Moore. Her luck has been pretty bad lately. First came her divorce. Then her movie career ended. She tried a play and that failed. Big misfortunes, but even the little ones haven’t neglected her. For instance, recently, she went to the premiere of “Trader Horn” in Los Angeles and lost a $1,500 diamond bracelet.

The clown comes home. The lonely figure greets the rich, or in other words, Charlie Chaplin had a grand time in England, as this picture shows. He visited Shaw, and Lady Astor, and the Prime Minister. And crowds of adoring fellow countrymen greeted him wherever he went. It was a deserved tribute to genius.
PORTABLE dressing rooms as gifts are the rage in Hollywood at this moment. First it was Marion Davies who presented one to Marie Dressler. Now Joan Crawford surprised Doug Fairbanks, Jr. with a movable bungalow which includes a dressing room, a bed and a frigidaire.

Here's our nomination for the goofiest pun of the month. Don't blame us for it. It comes from "Marion Picture Daily" Teacher: Give me a sentence with the word 'escalafrous' in it. Student: I love to go to the movies escalaflous Swanson appears.

THERE are certain people who seem to attract trouble just as inevitably as magnets attract iron. Clara Bow is one such person. Through no fault of her own she attracts scandal, gossip and heartbreak. Mary Nolan is another person who seems unable to escape from the blows of misfortune. As Imogene Wilson she became involved in a scandal when she was badly treated by the man she loved. She staged a comeback under the name of Mary Nolan. But she lost her contract. She moved from the home she had leased. She was accused of removing an Oriental rug from her furnished room. It all turned out to be a mistake. The janitor or someone like that had sent the rug to the cleaners. But now Mary Nolan is in hot water again. Her former cook and her former maid are suing her for back pay.

DID you know that—Marion Davies plays the piano? Joan Crawford never wears make-up when she is photographed? Robert Montgomery likes to play with tools and machinery, just as Buster Keaton does? Besides being a football celebrity and film player, John Mack Brown has another accomplishment? He can pitch hay. A monster sphinx, used in Cecil B. De Mille's picture, "The Ten Commandments," is now used to mark the entrance of a golf club.

WITH Charlie Farrell on his honeymoon, the Fox people have been having a tough time finding a leading man for Janet Gaynor. First they chose Thomas Meighan to play opposite her in "Daddy Long Legs," her next picture, but he was scheduled to make a picture with Jeanette MacDonald at just about the same time, so after a good deal of thought they selected Warner Baxter as Janet Gaynor's next leading man. Now Janet is ill once more and everything has stopped.

STARS and others like plain names so that they'll be remembered, but Marion Jackson, Pathé-RKO writer, doesn't. A woman called her up and asked her if she was Marion Jackson. She was quick to reply she was "I guess you're not the one I want," was the reply. "I don't recognize your voice. The one I want is a bootlegger and ran off with my husband." There are several Marion Jacksons listed in the Los Angeles phone directory.

William Haines was recently robbed of 100 one dollar bills containing the autographs of many different celebrities. Now he is wondering whether he was robbed for his money or whether some autograph hunter got wind of his famous collection.

JOHN BARRYMORE has completed "Swengali" and now he and his wife Dolores and their little daughter Dolores Ethel Mae are once more aboard the Infanta and heading towards the bright waters of the Southern Pacific.

CLIFF EDWARDS has one of those new radios installed in his automobile. Now when he wants to impress a new friend, he takes him (or her) out for a drive after telephoning a local broadcasting station with requests for his own records.

ZaSu Pitts goes right on adopting one child after another. She has one of her own; she adopted the son of Barbara La Marr; and according to Sidney Skolsky, she recently adopted four more children.

BUSTER KEATON and Cliff Edwards are big phonograph men now. They got together and made a series of comic records that are much in demand in the screen colony. Of course, they're privately circulated and not on the market. Buster plays the ukulele and Edwards sings in them.

[Continued on page 60]
UNFAITHFUL
Rating: GOOD
Paramount
Ruth Chatterton carries this whole production, ably assisted by Paul Lukas. The plot isn’t so much but Ruth will make you take it and like it. She plays an idealistic wife who pretends to be unfaithful to hide her husband’s escapades and keep up appearances. Then she falls in love. Tragedy stalks, but the ending is happy. There is nice direction by John Cromwell and the star is her usual grand self.

A TAILOR MADE MAN
Rating: GOOD
M-G-M
If William Haines’ smart aleck business was beginning to bore you, you’ll be glad to see this picture in which he goes back to the fine acting of which he’s so capable. Bill plays a lowly presser with ambition who rises through good tailoring and sheer nerve to a position of importance. He falls in love and gets in money difficulties running a store with his own original ideas. Nice dialogue. Joseph Cawthorn, Billy himself, and Dorothy Jordan are fine.

MEN CALL IT LOVE
Rating: GOOD
M-G-M
A quiet and sober picture of married life, of a husband who has one afternoon of unfaithfulness, and a loving young wife who tries to escape heartbreak by playing the same game. The philanderer turns out to be an idealist instead of a villain, and love begins conquering all. Slow paced but effective for adult entertainment. Leila Hyams, Adolphe Menjou and Norman Foster form the triangle. Menjou almost steals the picture.

STRANGERS MAY KISS
Rating: GREAT
M-G-M
Here is perfect entertainment, and a great dramatic love story. A very modern girl falls completely in love with a foreign correspondent. She goes with him wherever he is sent, regardless of conventions. But when he finally confesses to her that he is married, she leaves, and tries to forget him in a wild life on the Continent. The ending is courageous and delightfully surprising. Norma Shearer is at her finest. So, too, are Bob Montgomery and Neil Hamilton.

DISHONORED
Rating: GOOD
Paramount
The plot is old but Marlene Dietrich and Director Von Sternberg make it fresh and exciting. It concerns the disillusioned woman spy, who trades love for military secrets. She meets the one man, of course, and then her real courage asserts itself. La Dietrich lives up to her publicity. She’s glowing and vivid and tremendously dramatic. Victor McLaglen is the lover. The action drags at times, but the star’s personality makes it worth seeing.
TEN CENTS A DANCE
Rating: GOOD
Columbia

This is worth seeing for Barbara Stanwyck's acting alone. She makes a living, vital person of a dance hall hostess who gives up a wealthy admirer for a poor man. The plot is the same as in Claudette Colbert's picture, "Honor Among Lovers." After Barbara has made many sacrifices for her worthless husband, he accuses her of unfaithfulness. Monroe Owsley makes the best of his unsympathetic rôle, and Ricardo Cortez has his moments as Barbara's wealthy admirer.

THE PRODIGAL
Rating: GREAT
M-G-M

What a charming music-drama this is, packed with romance, humor, glorious singing and beauty! The "black sheep" son of a Southern family comes home to discover his smug brother has married a lovely girl and is making her bitterly unhappy. The prodigal sets out to help the girl and finds regeneration through love. Settings, performances and dialogue all contribute to the charm of this story. The music is incidental but delightful. Lawrence Tibbett is the star.

HONOR AMONG LOVERS
Rating: GOOD
Paramount

Beautifully staged, directed and acted, this just misses being first rate, chiefly because neither the hero nor heroine seem as nice as they should be. The story concerns a young business man, who loves his secretary, but won't marry her. The girl weds an adoring clerk, who tries to conquer Wall Street for her, and fails. Then the lover-employer comes back. Claudette Colbert and Fredric March do their best. Monroe Owsley, as usual, plays the weakling.

MAN OF THE WORLD
Rating: GREAT
Paramount

This is one of Bill Powell's best pictures and a gem of fashionable sophistication. A debonair gentleman, owner and publisher of a scandal sheet, preys upon society, to give its stories to the world. Then love comes along and the inevitable conflict between ideals. You'll like the way Bill solves it. Besides the star's outstanding performance, there are two other fine ones by Wynne Gibson and Carole Lombard. A gallant picture. Don't miss it.

BACHELOR APARTMENT
Rating: FAIR
RKO

You know how it is with heartless philanderers when they meet the girl who resists their wiles? You know how they fall and fall until they begin offering wedding rings? That's the pattern of this one, but Lowell Sherman gives such a charming performance as the man who has women all over the place you forgive the tinniness of the plot. The nice girl is Irene Dunne, and one of the loving and losing ladies is Mae Murray, who's just grand.
Once upon a time there was a very handsome doctor, married to a charming little girl who ran away because she was jealous—and fell straight into love with another M.D. Comes the time when the husband must save the lover's life, which he does, and the girl-bride learns a great big lesson. A splendid cast has been wasted on this. Warner Baxter, Joan Bennett, Cecilia Loftus and Victor Varconi do their best.

The adventures of three girls in Chicago make a nice story that hasn't been too well produced. The girls room together, but are very different types. One's a jazz baby, another a drab failure and the third just a regular girl who tries to mother them all. Naturally they get mixed up with love and the Chicago underworld. The girls are Loretta Young, Joan Marsh, who is excellent as the gold digger, and Joyce Compton. John Wayne plays hero.

Look out for chills chasing up and down your spine! "Dracula" is loose! The human bat-like vampire. There are all sorts of weird noises, creaking doors and a general atmosphere of spookiness. It's rather gruesome—this story of a man who is dead by day but who lives on at night by fastening his lips on the throats of his victims and draining their blood. Bela Lugosi plays the title rôle well, and Helen Chandler is the terrified heroine.

Lew Ayres is suffering again, this time as a young reporter, who is sent out to get a story and falls in love with a woman older than himself. He kills her lover and is sent up for murder. There is a nice honest realism in this picture, but the dialogue and the direction aren't up to standard. Lew acts with his usual intense sincerity and Genevieve Tobin gives a subtle performance as the woman. But Universal's finest star deserves better things.

What an adventure story this is! It's a wartime romance—more romance than war, thank you—concerning the commander of an American submarine and the sister of a German U-Boat's commander. There is much spy and loyalty action and perfectly thrilling scenes of the battle at sea. The suspense keeps up to the very last shot. There's a slick cast with George O'Brien and Marion Lessing heading it. Youngsters will get a thrill.

This is no world beater by any means, but it contains a number of laughs, and makes a nice evening's entertainment. The Broadway hit has been adapted to Jack Oakie's personality. He plays the sap who comes to New York to be a great song writer. No, you're wrong, he doesn't make good. He falls for a vamp, but finally realizes that he loves the nice girl (Frances Dee), who goes back with him to Schenectady. The dialogue's amusing.
BAD SISTER
Rating: GOOD
Universal

Melodrama, comedy and love are all jumbled interestingly together in this small-town family story. It centers around a selfish, charming sister who tries not only to get her man, but all the men in sight. She doesn't even stop at forgery. The disaster she causes finally touches her better impulses, and she straightens affairs out in a dramatic manner. Conrad Nagel is the leading man and a newcomer, Sidney Fox, the bad girl.

GUN SMOKE
Rating: GOOD
Paramount

Here's something new—a Western with underworld gangsters instead of wild Indians as villains. This is out-and-out hokum, but thrilling entertainment just the same. Racketeers appear in a little Western town to lay low after an outburst of murderous gang war. They take the town by force, but underestimate the courage of the cowboys on the neighboring ranches. Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, and William (Stage) Boyd head the cast.

GRACKED NUTS
Rating: FAIR
RKO

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey all involved in a mythical kingdom. Bert, trying to make a hit with his girl’s aunt, buys a kingdom and starts a revolution. Bob, meanwhile, has won the kingdom in a crap game. The bomb meant to blow them both up unearths oil instead—and you can imagine the rest. Not as funny as it ought to be, though Bert and Bob work hard. The comedy cast also includes winsome Dorothy Lee.

THE SINGLE SIN
Rating: POOR
Tiffany

Kay Johnson's talents are wasted in this cheap drama of sin and regeneration. The production is bad; the photography worse. Kay is absolutely unconvincing as a drunken sinner who reforms, takes a job in an office and marries her employer without telling him of her past. Then from out of her past comes the menacing figure of a man who says he will tell everything unless she gives herself to him. Bert Lytell is fair in his part.

RANGO
Rating: GOOD
Paramount

Laid in the jungles of Sumatra, this would deserve the rating “great” judged purely as an educational film. But the thin thread of the story is not enough to hold one's interest all the way through, and the picture is thrilling only in spots. The most lovable character is the baby ape, Rango, who is first kidnapped by humans as a lesson to his greedy dad, and who afterwards meets up with the deadliest peril of the jungle, the tiger.

THE LADY REFUSES
Rating: FAIR
RKO

Slowness of action alone is responsible for this not quite making the grade of better pictures. It's an over-done plot, but good direction and excellent performances help it. The situation is that of a young woman of the streets hired to lure an Englishman's weak son from a "bad woman." She succeeds—and you can easily guess what happens after that. Betty Compson is quite vivid as the girl. Gilbert Emery and John Darrow are the men.

for MAY 1931
Their Most Vivid

Has the Kid Event You Remember Most Influenced Your Life as Much as The Big Moment of Their Childhood Has Guided These Movie Stars?

Jean Harlow, even as a baby, saw to it that she thrilled people into noticing her. The prize "shocker" of her kid days concerns a pony inside the home!

Here's a game you can try on your best friend, though I won't promise that he'll remain your best friend after you try it.

Ask him what incident he remembers most vividly from childhood. Not his earliest memory or his most pleasant or unpleasant one, but simply the most vivid one.

Here's the idea. If you recall any incident from childhood in sharp detail, you will in all likelihood be revealing some trait in your character which has dominated your life.

One incident vividly recalled may furnish the clue; but if you get the story of two or three incidents recalled from childhood, they will form themselves into a sort of pattern. Sometimes each incident will reveal a different trait of character; sometimes the same trait—good or bad—will crop up again and again.

Try the stunt on yourself and see if it isn't so. Then try it out on your friends or—if you prefer—enemies. Don't warn them beforehand that you're going to analyze their personality on that basis. Forewarned is forearmed. If they know what you're doing, it's human nature for them to select the incidents that show their character in the most favorable light.

Fredric March was one of my first victims for this stunt.

His most vivid memory is of playing with other boys on the banks of Lake Michigan. "Pirates" was the game played most frequently. They would also gather on the bank to build little huts from waste lumber. They would tunnel out caves and go swimming on the inside of the breakwaters.

On the Michigan side of the lake the wind gave land. On the Wisconsin side where the breakwaters ended, the waters swept into the bank, taking the land away. Nearby was a cemetery with its old-fashioned tombstones. Over these the waters swept, taking with them everything in their path. It was with a sense of eerie fascination that the young lad playing on the banks saw coffins suspended in mid-air. The water had swept these away as it flooded the graves. For many years this was one of the most vivid memories Fredric March carried with him.

"Not because I was particularly morbid," he explains (though I suspect he was), "but because it is the sort of memory that lingers in a boy's mind, just as the graveyards and the cemeteries stand out vividly in Tom Sawyer."

Though this is Fredric's most vivid memory, another incident recalled from childhood gives a better clue to his character.

He was taking part in a snowslide in...
Memories

By

Sylvia Conrad

winter. He steered his sled down a steep decline when suddenly it veered off. Fred's ride ended when his head came in contact with a tree. He picked himself up all shaken and trembling. The sled was a total wreck and so was he. His head felt queer. He stumbled home unseeingly.

That night was one he had been counting on. Fredric went to dancing school in those days, and he had invited his best girl to a dance that evening.

He remembers being warned that it would be best for him to remain at home. But he had spent weeks of anxious planning for the dance. He made up his mind to see it through.

Half deliriously he dressed. He called on his best girl. At the party he felt dizzy and faint, but he had made up his mind not to quit.

The party began. He stumbled through the grand march, but it was through an effort of heroics. Then he could stand no more. He recalls the sharp humiliation he experienced when he had to look for a boy who would take his best girl home.

"I felt like a warrior," he explained, "who has to quit in the midst of battle."

That, I think, is the clue to why Fredric March marches on. He hates a quitter. When once he puts his hand to the wheel, he carries on. He gets what he wants when he wants it because he's absolutely pig-headed about sticking to a thing he has once begun. Nothing can stop him except an act of God. And he'll try to defy even that.

As Fredric March is ruled by determination and stick-to-it-iveness, so Claudette Colbert, who's a swell teaming mate with Freddie, is ruled by sympathy. That, at least, is what her most vividly recalled memories of childhood revealed.

Sharply silhouetted in her mind is the remembrance of how grief-stricken she was when as a child of seven she saw her mother and others who were near and dear to her upset by tidings of a war between France and Germany. Only a year before they had left their home in that bonnie country of her birth, and now their relatives in France would be called upon to serve in the war. Claudette did not even understand all this. She had never heard the word "war" before and did not know what it meant. But she wept because the shadow of it was enough to bring grief to those she loved.

And Claudette Colbert has always been like that, giving and desiring sympathy. When she was about fourteen or fifteen years old, she was hurt in
MARJORIE RAMBEAU originally came from California to achieve fame on Broadway. There was scarcely an actress along the theatrical crossroads of New York who didn’t shiver at the name of Rambeau. In those days they called her “The Yellow Peril.” She literally skyrocketed to fame. She was like a flame, herself, then. Titian hair, a glorious voice, ability, beauty, a presence that was no less than electric. The gods had tumbled their gifts at her feet.

Marjorie Rambeau was well on the way toward becoming the greatest actress in America. Her future was assured and without limitations. Then she dropped from sight along the sparkling theatre marquees of Broadway. She went into vaudeville. She played in stock companies of the far West. Last year she entered motion pictures, not as a star, but merely as a featured woman in a cast. She is fighting to “come back.” She is fighting bravely and not asking aid from anyone, and it looks as though she were going to win. But, what happened to Rambeau in the time that she was lost from sight? Why did a brilliant career, once a meteor across the sky, fall almost into oblivion?

You will never discover the answer to those questions from Marjorie Rambeau. She probably never for an instant has admitted to herself that her career has suffered a decline. If she has, no one knows it. But theatrical gossip and headlines in newspapers tell the story of an actress who mistook the tinsel for the gold, and how she, herself, flung away her chances with a profligate hand. But Marjorie does not tell you that.

She is making a determined effort to “come back” now on the Hollywood motion picture stages. She gave a glorious performance in “Her Man.” She gave a poignant portrayal of a waterfront woman in “Min and Bill” and of a hard-boiled gold digger in “The Easiest Way.”

Marjorie Rambeau was born in San Francisco forty years ago of French and Irish parentage. It is a mixture of blood which is constantly at war, one with the other, but the French-Irish usually accomplish things in this world. Originally the name was Rambeaux, and Marjorie says when she is rich she will resume the X. However, she doesn’t think that time will ever come.

No woman in Hollywood, or on Broadway for that matter, has had a more thrilling life, crowded with drama from birth to the present day. At thirteen she was leading lady of a stock company in Portland. She played comedy, drama, and the classics. She even essayed the rôle of Camille, Dumas’ tragic lady of the camillias.

“I certainly threw myself into the rôle,”

[Continued on page 62]
The Rogues' Gallery

These Hollywood Thieves Steal All the Pictures

WALLACE BEERY has been stealing pictures ever since the old Sennett days. He and Marie Dressler being the worst thieves in Hollywood, M-G-M sentenced them to play together in a picture and told them to try to steal it from each other. The result was "Min and Bill"—the decision, a draw.
She stole from the stage to the screen. Hollywood didn't want to see her conquer the movies. She was an outsider, an invader. But she was star material. She made audiences laugh. She made them cry. She made "Holiday." She made "East Lynne." She stole people's hearts. And so now she is Hollywood's and Pathe's pet.
WATCH out! He's dangerous! For the past few years he's been stealing pictures right and left. He could be locked up for grand larceny just for what he did to Maurice Chevalier's picture, "The Playboy of Paris." As the sappy waiter he walked off with the show, and Chevalier grinned helplessly.

STUART ERWIN
ALTHOUGH Joan Crawford was marvelous in "Dance, Fools, Dance," Gable's performance as a hard-boiled gang leader was so remarkable that he ran away with the picture. He's young. He's new. He's grand. You'll be seeing him. His reward for being such a swell picture thief is a grand long-term contract with M-G-M.
People all agreed he was a nice chap. But somehow they never had room for him. The car was already filled. The bridge table already arranged. A dance already promised.

Then one day he discovered his trouble. "B.O."—body odor. . . At once he adopted a simple precaution. Now he's welcome everywhere. He knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

A risk we all run
People won't tell us when we're guilty. They merely avoid us. The "B.O." offender is the last to realize his fault because we so quickly become used to an ever-present odor. But remember, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily—even in cool weather.

Why risk offending? Adopt this easy pleasant way to be safe. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, antiseptic lather cleanses and purifies pores—ends every trace of "B.O."

Radiantly fresh complexions
"A wonderful complexion soap!" say thousands of delighted women. Lifebuoy's deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—makes dull skins bloom with healthy, radiant beauty. Its pleasant, extra-clean scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy purifies.

Try Lifebuoy Free
If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try this delightful toilet soap, just send us your name and address. By return mail you will receive one full-sized cake of Lifebuoy free. Write today to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 525, Cambridge, Mass.
THIS eighteen year old girl went out to Hollywood as a writer and stole a star's contract. She first gained fame as the author of "School Girl." She had a six weeks' contract to write scenarios. Having crashed the gates, she made the most of it. You can read about her in the story on the opposite page.
Hollywood's Newest Genius

Here's the Low-down on that Startling, Different Blonde Discovery, Carman Barnes

By Edward Churchill

FIFTY thousand extras have futilely attempted to crash the golden gates of Hollywood during the past five years.

Carman Barnes, eighteen, has hit stardom in six weeks.

Carman came to Hollywood with a six weeks’ contract to write original screen stories.

She landed at the Paramount-Publix West Coast Studios almost unheralded and started writing "Confessions of a Debutante." And then, before she had her typewriter uncovered, they found her a personality. Result, she has a five year contract, will be exploited and starred—even though she never has acted. She is Paramount’s newest discovery.

Untold thousands have woven bright dreams into books only to see them grow cold in attic-stored trunks.

Carman Barnes has written two novels, both of them smashing successes.

Millions have sought, groped and hungered for that chimera labeled fame and have ended with empty hands.

Carman Barnes has had her fill at a time when, for most of us, life is just beginning. They call her a genius.

And yet she is normal, in spite of the abnormal situation in which she finds herself.

She admits it.

Because she is born of a poetess and an adventurer, one might be led to think otherwise. Because she has been a literary sensation, the belief is magnified. But she isn’t. If you want to know how a genius acts, here it is.

Carman’s practical.

She’s sensible.

She has worked hard.

She has been in love.

She has been a good girl and has gotten her lessons.

She has been a bad girl and she has disobeyed her parents.

She’s had measles, scarlet fever, chicken pox and croup.

She hates heavy underwear.

All very normal.

Carman Barnes has a beautiful home and a bank account.

Not only that. She has something [Continued on page 70]
More Movietyown Topics

[Continued from page 43]

HAAROLD LLOYD'S baby is doing well. Incidentally, he has received more fan mail than any other baby in the world. Mostly from mothers who've also had to take care of incubator babies.

John Gilbert has parted with the smart roadster so familiar to Hollywoodites. The star banned the machine for just that reason.

Billy Bakewell is out to get Myron Selznick's scalp. Billy was dancing with Mary Pickford's cousin, Mrs. Verna Chafif, at the exclusive Embassy grill when a hot tallow candle thrown by Mr. Selznick, the players' agent, hit Mrs. Chafif square in the eye. Selznick says it was all just clean, innocent fun. But as he once caused a similar "accident" to happen to John Barrymore, thus ruining John's nice, clean profile for the moment, Hollywood is willing neither to forgive nor to forget.

Dolores Costello's comeback picture will be "Passionate Sonata.""

WE RECENTLY reported the marriage of the screen love. And now we have to report the divorce of the stage Boyd. It was the blonde Boyd, Parke-RKO player, who married Dorothy Sebastian. The dark Boyd, Paramount featured player, got his divorce from Clara Joel. And it's the dark Boyd whose apartment was recently raided for gambling apparatus. The newspapers, sad to say, got all mixed up and printed the picture of the wrong Mr. Boyd.

DUNCAN RENALDO, the romantic lead in "Trader Horn," is recovering from injuries suffered in an auto crash while on his way home from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. In the year he spent in the African wilds, Renaldo didn't receive a scratch.

Believe it or not—
Adolphe Menjou has worn the same dress suit four years!

AT LAST one man with courage has come to Hollywood. Or maybe it's just a publicity stunt. He's Cecil Beaton, the British painter, who selected the most beautiful women in the movies. Here's his choice:

Marlene Dietrich: Because Michelangelo alone could duplicate her.
Norma Shearer: Because she is a lovely simple, country woman whom sophistication has not spoiled.
Greta Garbo: Because she is absolutely mad; and being absolutely mad, is therefore ethereal.
Lilyan Tashman: Because she is a Grecian goddess, deserving full marks for her nose and hips; she has one of the most divine forms in the world.
Martin Davies: Because she is the vitally alive type of young American girl.
Ina Claire: Because she is in reality a Marie Laurencin painting. She is a gorgeous almond, typifying the scene of gayety, laughter and youth.

IT'S HARVEST time in Hollywood now. Connie Bennett started it by taking Warners' into paying her $30,000 a week. Ruth Chatterton will get $350,000 a year. Ann Harding, who was supposed to be the most coveted woman in Hollywood, began to fret and worry when salaries skyrocketed upward and hers remained at a meager $1,200 a week. And so perhaps for the first time in her life she rebelled, and the result is that she is now getting about $8,000 a week.

At St. John, screen comedians, had just ten cents in his pocket when he judged asked him to pay $60 back alimony—but he didn't go to jail this time, which was sort of a relief.

Buddy Rogers had a moustache for a short time, but the fans didn't like it, so he obligingly shaved it off. Just about the same time Fredric March, returned from the West Indies with a heavy beard. Our troubles never end but they begin all over again.

And speaking of Buddy, he has been reduced from stardom to a featured player's position in his next picture: "The Lawyer's Secret."
A wildly distraught playwright rushed backstage.

"Everything is ruined," he sobbed. "No one is paying any attention to my play. Everyone is watching all the Mrs. Macks!"

From California Marjorie Rambeau swept through the Broadway theatrical streets. She was an electric presence. An audience "snapped to attention" when she came on the stage. One success followed another—"Kick-In," "Cheating Cheaters," "Eyes of Youth," "The Goldfish," "Antonia," and many others.

There was no limit to her ambition. She was known in the east and in the west. She played all through the central states during the coldest winter on record. She put on boots and waded to the theatre through piled snow drifts, and she endured the cold of thirty below zero.

But the whispering chorus had started to work. They said that Rambeau was not taking her career seriously—that she was riding for a fall. There were too many parties, and wine flowed too freely. Too many managers were taking her to task.

Finally the climax came. Marjorie Rambeau was opening in a new play on Broadway. She collapsed on the stage. The curtain was rung down.

Marjorie explains it by saying that she was seized with appendicitis, and that the next day she went to the hospital. Perhaps. Theatrical gossip attributed her collapse to a very different reason.

Her career went into the descendancy. It wasn't helped by sensational stories in the press of a nation. She was mentioned in a divorce case, in an alienation of affection suit. It finally became obvious that Rambeau was through as a Broadway star.

She came back to California where a friendly audience always awaited her. California is loyal to its own favorites. Her pretext for leaving Broadway was that a wave of "smutty" plays had engulfed the stage. She had never appeared in that sort of thing, and she would never do it.

It takes a brave woman, rather than a foolish one, to refuse to admit defeat. But Marjorie Rambeau did not even admit the possibility of defeat.

No one can complain of her behavior on the camera coast. She is at the studio as early as the gateman. She works long hours without complaining. She has always taken what came her way, in plays and roles, and given them the benefit of her performance. Then came her break in talkies and the rebirth of a great artist.

Hollywood destroys many people, but it has given Marjorie Rambeau a new life and a new point of view. "I like to be out here," she said. "It's all new to me, but I am working with people I have known for years. I sometimes wonder, when I walk across a studio lot, how on earth they can cast a play in New York. It's an entirely different kind of life for me. Do you know where there were years and years when I scarcely saw sunlight? Now I wake up early in the morning, and it is wonderful to breathe the air of a California morning."

About Marjorie Rambeau there clings the air of a more glamorous age in the theatre. She is a great personality, and you don't forget it. She is still an electric personality, and she has not forgotten how to win people.
Silver Screen for May 1931

You and Your Man

Every smart woman knows that the things that attract a man, drive away another. Whether you are trying to win a man—or trying to hold the love of the man you have already won—you may use the allures that appeal to him—and him alone.

Science tells us that certain perfumes appeal to certain types of men. If your sweetheart is gay and carefree, you should use the kind of perfume that his temperament craves. If he is sober and thoughtful, he responds to an entirely different kind of perfume. There is no surer way to charm the man you love than to use the particular perfume that he cannot resist.

Check on the personality chart below the qualities of your sweetheart, your husband or your dream man and we will compound a perfume to appeal to his particular personality. Only the queens and princesses of history, with the aid of their private chemists have been able to apply this secret of science to the art of love.

Send only $1.00 for a generous flacon of the perfume your sweetheart would choose.

Margo De Vere, Personality Perfumer, 846-5
Register-Tribune Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa
I enclose $1.00 for the enclosed postage prepaid a flacon of the particular perfume harmonizing with your man's reactions.

[Other qualities listed]
My Name ______________________
Address _______________________

What Made His Hair Grow?

Read His Letter for the Answer

"New hair came almost immediately after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing. In a short while I had a splendid head of hair which now seems perfect ever since."

This statement by H. W. Willet is but one of the many which materially attest that hair has stopped falling day by day, dandruff has been eliminated, or new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where the roots are lifeless, after using Kotalko.

Hair roots that remain in the scalp after the surface hairs are lost, may regain their original power through proper environment. The process of hair growth depends on the nourishment the hair roots receive; are yours getting all they need? Kotalko will help.

Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are sold at drug stores everywhere. You may write for sample to Kotalko Company, A-609, Station O, New York.

[广告]

Meet your favorite movie star

All recent photos of your favorite star, also film publicity, biographies, etc. in fine clear grain, in a folder, 10c each. If you have your own photos, enlisting them on your own. Enlarges them, cuts them up, adds your name and address, etc. Send 25c to the present address. Also photos of favorite stars or other celebrities of your choice. Just name the star of person you want. Send by entry.

BRAM STUDIO
630 - 9th Avenue
New York City

[Address]

[Page 49]

Their Most Vivid Memories

(continued from page 49)

an automobile accident. After the first week of pain she felt gay and happy because all her friends and relatives came to sympathize with her. Sympathy was almost as dear to her as the breath of life.

After she could walk again she limped a little. She noticed people on the street looking curiously at her with a mixture of pity and amusement under their pity, she cherished the 'sweet looks' they gave her. She even limped on the street longer than was necessary, when she was able to walk up the stairs without a limp. (But on the street she would be seen and people would feel sorry for her.)

While she limped she had to wear high shoes, and pumps were the fashion. One day she decided that she really must wear them. That day she ceased limping and bought a pair of brown pumps with high heels. But it was with regret that she sacrificed the sympathy that went with the limp.

Even today she works best when she is directed with kindness and not with harshness. Perhaps this was why she was working with Ernst Lubitsch, who is directing Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert in "The Smiling Lieutenant."

While Chevalier's screen personality is very pronounced, it is difficult to get at the real person behind that famous knockout grin. He is only the hero of the world's sad young men. He looks upon his life as a succession of hard knocks, one simply cancelling the other. With his grand sense of humor he undoubtedly sees the funny side of life, but it is rather significant that when he thinks back to his early life, the incidents he remembers are incidents of poverty and misery and of a fate which played cruel pranks.

He remembers vividly certain incidents from his life as a small-time artist in a small town in France. He lived in bitter poverty then.

His home was many miles distant from the station to which he had to go on his way to the theatre. But no matter what the weather, he had to walk the entire distance. He could not afford a cab.

ONE day the ground was piled high with snow. It was storming bitterly. Maurice Chevalier was due at the theatre. Lugging a huge bag containing his changes of costume, he had gone on foot four miles to the station.

Suddenly he remembered having left something at home—something trivial but strategically important to an actor—a comb. If he had not been so poor, he could have stopped at the nearest store and bought one. But because of his poverty, he had to walk back the four miles in the raging storm to find the "little thing" that he had forgotten.

At another time when he was thirteen, a boy who was older than he, thinking that it was an amusing prank to play on a younger, persuaded Maurice to drink from a bottle of poison. Maurice linseed the other child's sobbing.

The boy had never touched liquor before. He was due for a performance at the theatre. He staggered in dead drunk and fell on the floor. The show went on. Maurice lay there dead to the world. The next day he was dismissed, he who was so bitterly poor.

I think the reason the incident ranks so high in Maurice Chevalier's memory is because of the irony and the injustice of it—he who had never taken a drink to lose the job to which he clung so pitifully, because an older boy had chosen to have fun at the lad's expense.

DOES Maurice Chevalier contribute to the gayety of nations because he finds fun and laughter to make up for the misery that he sees below the surface? He smiles his famous grin, but when he looks back upon his life, it is not with a smile but with a bitter laugh.

Not all our comedians, of course, are smiling through their tears. There is adorable little Ginger Rogers, that cute little "Cigarette girl" in "Young Man of Manhattan," the same sunny in "Honor Among Lovers." If her heart is breaking, she manages to conceal it awfully well. Hers is the lifting, carefree laughter of youth.

She remembers little incidents like this. Riding all by herself on a train taking her from New York to Kansas City, where her grandmother would take care of Ginger during her mother's war work with the Marine Corps. Ginger was only about seven years old at that time and rejoiced in her few hours of independence and self-reliance. She has been beautifully cared for all her life, but still she is a self-reliant little body. Her mother has seen to that. Since Ginger was two years old she has let her pick all her own clothing in order that Ginger might develop her own personality. If Ginger nodded her head and said "I like that" of any little velvet coat or pair of shoes, they were bought for her, whether her mother approved of Ginger's choice or not. As a result, Ginger, though she's sweet and pliant, has a mind of her own.

Helen Twelvetrees remembers how when she was a small girl she wanted to look like the boy on the next block. She had long blonde hair which her mother used to swine over her fingers, until Helen's hair fell in lovely curls. The boy Helen was fond of also had blonde hair, but it was short. Helen worshipped him because he could ride a bicycle and climb trees. In order to pattern herself as much after her hero as possible, she snipped off her curls. Yet today she is one of our most feminine stars.

THEN there is Jean Harlow, who has been accused of exhibitionism. When she was a young girl her father gave her a saddle horse. Her mother was at that time entertaining seventy-five guests at her country estate. Jean wanted them all to see her pony. She ushered it in through the door and led it up the stairs. The women all shrieked, but Jean never turned a hair. She had shown them her pony, and sufficient unto the day was the joy thereof. That is still pretty much Jean's attitude.

What do you make of it all? Try these on your next party.
The Girl Who Loved Laughter

[Continued from page 19]

in the "Call of the Flesh"—her last picture—discover her secret and send her home.

Renee had one friend, however, who was not so blind as the others. When Dorothy Sebastian learned of Renee’s illness, she rushed her to a sanitarium near Hollywood.

But Renee didn’t like sanitariums. People died there. Right in this very one, Mabel Normand had passed on only a few months before, and if Death was still lurking in its corners, it wouldn’t find Renee waiting.

Within two weeks, she was back in Hollywood, her light shining brightly—and the crowd once more gathering about her.

The old trouble started all over again, and physicians refused to attend so wilful a patient any longer. Six months in Arizona would be the only way to save her.

Dorothy Sebastian didn’t have the money for so lengthy a cure. She wired Marion Davies, who was in New York at the time. Marion sent instructions to her attorney and her physician.

After a month in Prescott, Renee again harkened to the call. She had gained some weight. She felt better. Why not a party? Renee donned her clothes and returned to Hollywood—for one more union with the crowd.

A day or two later, a nurse took Renee back to Prescott—and to bed. Once each week now, that same nurse helps her to her feet long enough to see what the scales say. When she weighs enough, she may return to Hollywood, but it will take eight months or more of extra good behavior, and a year’s quiet life after that.

Renee only smiles—and sends word back to Hollywood that she will give them another party within the month!

Exercises for Reducing

[Continued from page 6]

the fingers still folded into a fist. Alternate, raising the left leg and the right arm. Do this vigorously twelve times. Rest and repeat four times in groups of twelve.

Fourth. The elbow twist for reducing fatty chests. Sit erect, hands on the shoulders. Circle your bended arms around and around ten times. Rest and repeat ten times.

These four little exercises will take you about fifteen minutes if you do them properly, but they will amaze you with their beneficial results. Don’t expect results in a week. It took you longer than that to get overweight, remember.

Lack of space forbids my giving you more exercises here, but if after learning these, you want new ones, won’t you write me? I’ll be glad to send them to you personally.

Goodbye. See you next month.

“Absorbent... to remove dangerous dirt”

That’s why Jean Harlow insists on Kleenex to remove cold cream

She made one of the most rapid climbs to stardom in all Hollywood’s amazing history! Read her beauty advice to you.

JEAN HARLOW, like other great beauties, stresses the supreme importance of cleanliness.

“Whenever I see Kleenex on a woman’s dressing table, I know she understands beauty care. Women who know nothing of the scientific side of beauty often underestimate the importance of strict cleanliness.

“They are still using unhygienic methods of removing cleansing cream and make-up... methods which leave almost as many impurities in the skin as before.

“Too bad everyone doesn’t understand about Kleenex!” Miss Harlow continues.

“These wonderful tissues are so sanitary in themselves, and so absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!”

Towels unabsorbent

“So absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!” The dirt that lurks deep in pores. The dirt in which acne thrives. The dirt which harsh cloths, unabsorbent towels, often slide right over.

This is the dirt Miss Harlow refers to. It’s the dirt Kleenex absorbs so quickly. Kleenex blotes up cleansing cream, and every particle of grime comes, too. Every invisible fleck of powder. Kleenex is so powerfully absorbent that rubbing is unnecessary.

For handkerchiefs

Kleenex is rapidly supplanting handkerchiefs for use during colds. It prevents self-infection from germ-filled handkerchiefs. You use Kleenex just once, then discard it.

Kleenex comes in packages at 25c, 50c and $1. Prices are the same in Canada. At drug, dry goods and department stores.

KLEENEX COMPANY,
Lake Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill.
Please send a free supply of Kleenex.

Name ____________________ (Please print name plainly)
Address ____________________
City __________________
In Canada, address: 350 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.
They Used to Call Me “FAT EMMA”  

The Personal Story of Emma Courtney

“I will never forget the unhappy days when as a ‘fat girl’ I was the butt of all my friends’ jokes. They referred to me as ‘heavyweight,’ ‘Fat Emma,’ and other odious names. They never knew how deeply these jokes cut into my feelings. But as I look back, I am certain that my friends were right. I was fat. Almost every dress I put on soon burst at the seams. Carrying so much weight tired my legs, and weakened my ankles so I had no energy left at the end of the day. Although young and pretty, I found out that young men did not care for ‘fatties.”

“I was anxious to reduce, but everyone warned me against the ill effects that follow from the use of anti-fat nostrums and violent exercise. I was desperate, and didn’t know what to do.”

Then a kind friend told me of Miss Annette Kellermann and her wonderful reducing methods. Interested at once I wrote her and soon received her fascinating book, ‘The Body Beautiful,’ and a lovely personal letter, explaining her course in detail and how I could easily reduce six to eight pounds a month—safely. I followed her instructions. In a few months I regained my youthful figure and have kept it ever since. Life is once more worth living.”

Simply write to Miss Kellermann for her new book, “The Body Beautiful,” and you will be told, without obligation, all about her methods of reduction in a safe, trimmable, beneficial way—the way that will increase your strength, as it did Miss Courtney’s. Send the coupon today. Address Annette Kellermann, 253 West 50th Street, New York City.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Suite 925
253 West 50th Street, New York City

Dear Miss Kellermann:

Kindly send me, entirely without cost, your new book, “The Body Beautiful.” I am particularly interested in Weight Reduction.

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Silver Screen

on Sale on All News Stands

TEN CENTS

on the tenth of Each Month

Watch for the June issue

May 10th

Everybody’s Father Confessor

They seem to recognize in him a deep sympathy, a wisdom and knowledge of the sadness and intricacy of life, that has come to him from wide experience. Lewis doesn’t believe he is that sort of man at all. And here is one of the most amazing jokes of fate that has ever come to light, in this town of jokes and fate called Hollywood! The fans are right. Lewis is wrong. The fans know him better than he knows himself.

Once he was on a train going to New York. A pretty girl kept walking up and down the aisle, past his seat. Out of the corner of his eye Lew noticed her, but he thought nothing of it. Finally the girl slipped into the seat beside him. She did not have the faintest idea who he was, that was the funny part of it. And yet her first words were: ‘You look like the one person in the world who can give me the advice I need. My parents won’t let me marry the boy I love. What shall I do? Wait, the way they want me to? Or run away and live with him, whether he marries me or not?’ Now, the point is just this. If Lewis Stone were the happy-go-lucky, slightly hard-boiled personality he thinks he is, he would have replied, ‘What difference does it make? Do what you please. What’s it to me?’

Did he say that? He did not. He spent three hours talking to the girl—soberly, wistfully, kindly—giving her the same advice that he would have given to a daughter of his own. The incident might be multiplied by a hundred, and still Lew himself doesn’t catch on. He is one of the best-loved persons in Hollywood. Why does he imagine he is asked to so many parties? Because he always knows, so effortlessly, the right things to say and do? Because he wears his scrupulously tailored dinner-jacket with such an air of distinction? Well, that may be part of it. For there are those in Hollywood—believe it or not—who know a gentleman of standing when they see one.

A New Englander born and bred, from a wealthy manufacturing family, coming as a boy into contact with the dull polish of Boston and New York, Lew had advantages from the start which many other Hollywood folk missed. (You have probably read elsewhere that he went on the stage by pure accident. A theatrical agent mislooked him for an actor one day, though he had hardly been inside a theatre in his life, and offered him a job. Lewis took the part for the fun of it; and once he started acting, producers refused to let him stop.) But the fact that he is a polished gentleman is not by any means the whole reason for his popularity. Out here in Hollywood, meeting Lewis at occasional parties, at the Embassy, or at the Brown Derby for lunch, we all love him just the same reason that you do. Because, from somewhere deep inside him, from some recess of his inner being, he is in some way—the way no other player has been that is—he is in some way deeply buried that he himself is unaware of it, there shines out a radiant glow. A glow of rich kindliness, of sympathy, of compassion. His quality of savoir faire only adds to it.

Most of the letters that come to him ask about problems of love and marriage. Lewis has been married only twice, yet people choose him for these soul-revealing questions, rather than any one of several players that have glided through the marital mill a dozen times. Lewis Stone has done a lot of thinking about the serious side of this life of ours. That is what has carved the deep lines in his face. That is part of his glow.

‘There are fewer divorces in Europe, because of their caste system, and the single-church influence,’ he says. ‘They plan their marriages, over there. Here we decide we’re in love and plunge into marriage without waiting to find out if the emotion we’re experiencing is really love, or merely a passing infatuation.’

‘But when you come right down to it, even with all the foresight in the world, marriage is still a gamble. There are more chances to it than there are colors in the rainbow. Two people, often almost total strangers, promise to try to get along with each other. Well, there’s only one solution for a situation like that. Mutual tolerance. Mutual compromise. Love has no place for pettiness or selfishness. We must be prepared to give, give, and never ask for our back pay. In one way or another, the reward will come of its own accord. It won’t come if we think about it.'

And this is the secret of Lewis Stone, which everyone but Lewis Stone has known for a long, long time. He gives! To him that giveth, shall be given—.
A Gentleman of Contrasts

[Continued from page 38]

more interested in Ruth's career than he is in his own.
Ruth has recently been the subject of more conversation than any woman in Hollywood. Her sudden switch from Paramount to Warner Brothers raised a veritable tempest in the Hollywood tea-cup.

Ralph was right in the thick of the battle, advising, and talking with Ruth. It never seemed to occur to him that he might jeopardize his own standing with the powers that be. But if it had occurred to him, he would not have acted otherwise.

For there are things that are dearer to him than his career. The success of his wife. The things that make life worth living for him, the things that are in his blood—love of the outdoors, for instance.

Ralph has 'stalled' off more than one good rôle to go on a hunting trip. He takes a sleeping bag, sufficient camping equipment and packs in, far into the high Sierra countries. He shoots mountain lions, and occasionally, even a rattler.

He has a trophy, mounted and hanging in the gun room, of the noisy end of a rattlesnake. He shot the snake between his horse's front feet. The snake was coiled to strike. The horse was prepared to die. Ralph was more efficient than both of them.

In that gun room there is a big cabinet full of all sorts of firearms, and another case of fishing tackle.

"Sometimes, I think," he confessed, "I would like to have a ranch back in those mountains. It is the paradise of the hunter. I want to live in America always. I want to live in California."

Incidentally, Ralph is as great a booster for the Golden State as the most rabid native son. He has never been back to England since he came over with the English stage play "Harov;" and met, wooed and won Ruth Chatterton in five days. But he is still an English citizen.

"A good many people have asked me why I don't take out American citizenship papers," he said. "They say it will make the income tax easier—always that it will make something easier for me. I don't wish to become a citizen of this country merely because from a mercenary standpoint it seems advisable. I want it to mean something far greater than that."

America does seem very close to him. It has since childhood. His mother, the beautiful Mary Forbes of the stage and screen, has crossed the Atlantic many, many times. While Ralph was in school in England, his mother was touring America.

The boy with the blue eyes and the face of the English society hero is a "different" sort of person. He knows how to get the best out of life.

He is a man of contrasts.

And, this should be told, too. He is much better looking off than on the screen—even when he looks as well as he does in "Beau Ideal" and "The Bachelor Father," which happen to be his latest pictures.

YOU can have hair as lovely as this—

easily—

inexpensively

LOVELY hair is not the exclusive privilege of screen and stage stars, or of women who have unlimited money to spend on beauty treatments. Millions of women who are trying to keep within a budget—or supporting themselves on a moderate salary—find they can save from $25 to $50 a year—caring for their hair the Jocur' Way—at home! YOU can do it too! It's easy! And you can keep your hair looking its best—always.

A Complete Hair Beauty Treatment for Less Than 10 Cents!

Hard to believe, isn't it? But it's true! You can actually give yourself—at home—the same complete beauty treatment for your hair that you have been accustomed to pay from one to five dollars for. And you can do it easily—quickly—for less than 10 cents! Jocur' Hot Oil Treatment gives new health to your scalp—new life to your hair. Delicately scented Jocur' Shampoo concentrate removes the dingy film of dust and dirt, and leaves your hair soft, fluffy and easy to finger-wave. Then a lovely, lasting wave with Jocur' Waveset—just as easy as combing your hair. And finally—a touch of Jocur' Brilliantine to bring out all its lustrous beauty.

Each of these marvelous preparations can be used easily at home—each of them is composed of the best materials money can buy, regardless of price—and each of them can be obtained in generous sizes at most five and ten cent stores. 25c sizes at your druggist's.

Economy is fashionable now!

At most 5 and 10c stores
25c sizes at your druggist's

Jo-cur

Beauty Aids for the Hair
How Hollywood Lovers Propose

(Continued from page 41)

he would go to a nearby airport to look over the planes and occasionally go for a ride. Mary Deper had happened to be at the airport at the same time on several occasions. They met again in Hollywood later when the cowboy star was making pictures. Incidentally, he proposed while they were up in the air over the film city one afternoon. "I promised to be your wife!" laughed Ken. He now owns his own plane and the two are always air-vagabonding somewhere when he is not working.

Lydell Peck proposed to Janet Gaynor by wire from Oakland to the Fox studio in Hollywood. "I love you!" he said. Then he followed it up with another wire saying: "Will you marry me, sweetheart?" And then before Janet had time to wire a reply, he gave her one long distance phone and received her "yes." He fell in love with the petite Fox star while sitting in a theater in Oakland looking at her in "Seventh Heaven.

According to stories, Jimmie Fidler, Hollywood's best liked publicity man, simply overwhelmed Dorothy Lee. Every day and night, after he met her, Jimmie sent a message, either by mail or telegraph. He sent flowers and gifts. There were long telegrams telling her good-night and morning telegrams telling her good-morning. Despite all this, they decided to part company. They had become very fond of each other and realized that they were falling in love. But at that time Dorothy thought she loved someone else and Jimmie was one of the colony's staunchest bachelors—not much interested in marriage. So they decided to separate before it was too late. Came the day before the parting and the two were driving down Hollywood Boulevard. Jimmie said to Dorothy: "I'll go down to the beach house tonight and get my swimming togs and move them to the club." The beach house was the scene of their Saturday and Sunday fun, where Dorothy and Jimmie had spent the week-end. Jimmie generally spent Saturday and Sunday with them.

Dorothy said nothing in answer to Jim's last remark. Her silence caused him to look at her. She didn't seem to be relishing the idea of parting. He didn't like it himself and said suddenly: " Gee, aren't we silly! Here we've been having the most fun of our lives and we're breaking it up. Are we being foolish or wise?"

And between them they agreed it was very, very foolish, because the idea of separating had proved to them that they loved each other. It was Jimmie who suddenly shouted in "Midge's" ear: "Let's get married, Midge! Let's announce our engagement right away!" And Dorothy shouted right back: "Yes, let's do, dear!"

The rest of the story is short. Jimmie turned around and drove Dorothy home. He kissed her at the door and jumped into his car and drove to a jewelry store. There he purchased the ring. But he didn't give it to her that day. He saved it until the following Sunday, when Sue Carol, a guest at the beach house, announced to the others present that Dorothy had said "yes" to Jimmie. And less than a month after that, they were married.

Lucille Webster Gleason had just a little two word proposal from Jim Gleason: "Let's marry!" But when she got engaged, the minute they were introduced they were in love. As they were both under age, their mothers arranged the marriage. Theirs is the rather unusual case of not a bit of parental opposition. This is how they happened to meet.

Lucille Webster, then a little girl with long curls, had accompanied her folks on a trip to Oakland, where they happened to stay at the hotel-home of the Gleasons. Gleason, the older girl with long curls one day and asked her if she would like to join their company, as they were in need of an ingenue. Lucille, who had never had a bit of stage training, said "Sure!" as though she were accepting someone's kind invitation to have an ice cream cone.

"From the moment I joined the company, all I heard was about their son, Jim. He wasn't home at the time, having run off to join the army. He was stationed in the Philippines, after successfully managing to look older than he really was.

"I heard so much about him that I decided beforehand I should probably not like him at all!" laughed Lucille. "But when he came home, I forgot all about my prearranged prejudice."

The two mothers accompanied their children to the Oakland marriage license bureau and arranged the preliminaries for the marriage. This marriage was to Portland on their honeymoon and both found a chance to enter a stock company there. They later toured all over the country, finally landing in Hollywood, where they now make their home with their only son, Russell.

Robert Armstrong was playing in "Is Zat So?" in New York when he received a little note of congratulation from a girl who had just seen the comedy and liked Bob's work particularly the line -

"Not a fan letter!" she insists today when they reminisce on the incident which first brought them together. The letter had such a note of sincerity that Bob telephoned and asked if he might meet her. They met. They discovered that both liked sports. They swam. They played tennis. They drove together when a matte was over. They played golf. When the

Nancy Carroll's Life Story.

ITS packed with drama. It ranges from Tenth Avenue, New York to Europe and Hollywood. It rises from happy-go-lucky poverty to wealth and fame. It has romance and tears, fame and struggle. Nancy tells you in her own words. Don't miss it. Starting in the June issue of Silver Screen, on all news stands May tenth.
company went to London, Bob wired to New York. It was a proposal. "I LOVE YOU. WILL YOU BE MY WIFE?" it read. Jeanne Kent answered by taking the next boat to England! They were married in London, with a brief honeymoon in Paris. Mrs. Armstrong saw so many performances of "Is Zat So?" that she soon knew all the lines and was given a part in the cast. Since coming to Hollywood to live—with Bob in pictures and Jeanne appearing frequently in stage productions—they have been looked upon as one of the colony's happiest and best-mated couples.

Edward Hillman, Jr., of Chicago, learned that old proverb can be mistaken. One in particular—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—he learned is all wrong! Eddie loved Marian Nixon and wooed her with a vengeance. His ardor won her over and she began to care for him in a "big way." Before he proposed, he was called back to Chicago on business. During his absence, a popular young director met Marian and liked her. They went around together and became quite fond of each other. In fact, the director proposed, and Marian, thinking Eddie had forgotten her, accepted the director's ring and the engagement was announced. Marian felt, however, that she should inform Hillman of what she had done, so she telephoned him to break the news. It was like a thunderbolt to him, he now admits. But Marian says he took it like a good sport and asked her to offer the other man his congratulations.

Twenty-four hours later Hillman arrived in Hollywood. After talking to Marian he had taken an aeroplane West. Boarding a taxi at the flying field, he was whisked to Marian's front door. "Oh, honey, why didn't you wait for me?" she exclaimed. "You know I dearly love you! If you really love this other man, I wish you all the happiness in the world, but if you aren't sure, oh, darling, won't you reconsider and marry me?"

Eddie must have been a good salesman or probably it was Eddie that Marian loved all the time. Anyway, that day she and Hillman became engaged; the other engagement was broken, and a wedding date set. It is common knowledge in Hollywood today that Marian and Eddie are one extremely happy couple—and that Ed doesn't go on distance trips alone.

Joan Crawford was the first girl that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., seriously "fell" for. All Hollywood knew they liked each other awfully well—and so, all Hollywood just sat back and waited. Finally, young Doug decided to do the proposing act. However, Doug in those days was very shy and when the exquisite Joan bobbed up before him, well, all his good intentions were dashed to the ground—he simply COULD NOT utter that proposal! That night Joan's 'phone rang out lustily. "Er-er-a-a-ah!" came Doug's voice over the wire. "Yes, Dody, answered Joan, "what is it you want?" "Oh, e-er-could you-you e-er-aah!" "Why, Dody, what on earth are you trying to say?" laughed Joan. There was a pause. Then, Doug's voice stammered forth: "Darling Joan, will you marry me?" "Sure I will!" shouted Joan. And for weeks and weeks after that, both of them seemed to be walking on air. And from what one gathers, they are today still walking on air and practically growing wings.

MODESS
FOR THE SMART YOUNG SET

The smartest young things are using Modess these days—because they don't have to worry about it. Like their mothers, they find Modess has everything necessary to make it the safest sort of sanitary convenience—perfect protection—complete comfort—deodorant—easily disposable. And with its softly fluffed, gently conforming filler material, and skillfully rounded corners, Modess can be worn under the scantiest frocks without being the least bit conspicuous.

There are two types of Modess—Regular and the new Compact. Modess Regular is standard thickness. Thousands of women already know that it is the best possible sort of sanitary protection.

The Compact is Modess Regular gently compressed to half its thickness. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear with evening clothes—for packing in the week-end bag—for times when less thickness is necessary. Many women—and young girls particularly—will find that the Compact is satisfactory at all times.

The next time you buy, try a box of each. See what a perfect combination they are.

Johnson & Johnson
World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages. Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

Modess Compact and Modess Regular are packed in boxes of twelve—and are priced the same.
Hollywood's Newest Genius

[Continued from page 59]

which the fifty thousand extras, the authors who didn't click and the millions who failed, didn't have. She has a mysterious quality which isn't "It." It's exotic, transparent and fascinating. Describe it? Well, it's like a vagrant tune from far away or a delicate perfume.

We'd better mark it down as "X." Anyway, it's there.

It's there because B. P. Schulberg, shrewd judge of box office values, and other executives felt it.

In addition to this "X," she has coro-colored hair, almond-shaped eyes which have a dark luminescence, delicately tinted skin and a Swansonesque nose. She also has a slim young body which takes clothes well.

Plus a sense of humor.

She'll play a leading rôle in her own story.

She isn't worried and she isn't excited.

"I'll win, lose or break even," she predicts. "I hope I'll make good as a star. If I don't, I like to write and I've always wanted to see Europe—"

All of which proves that she hasn't started stretching her hat bands.

Of her talents and of her success perhaps you say:

"Miraculous!"

"No, indeed," confesses Carman.

Carman believes firmly that her mother, noted as a poetess under the name of Diantha Wells throughout the South, and with a dozen other talents, and her father, pioneer and adventurer who died five years ago, contributed much to her being.

"Added to whatever equipment I might have inherited were circumstances which almost thrust writing on me and a keen desire to create and to work," she told me.

"As a child, I was getting into scrapes constantly. If I played in the rain, I'd catch cold. If I didn't take care of myself, I'd get all sorts of childish diseases.

"The result was that I was home a great deal of the time with my elders and I was what you would call 'old for my age' as a result. I read a great deal, and then started writing."

While Carman admits receiving good marks in history and in English, which she liked, she confesses that she can't add a column of figures to save herself.

"I'm only bright along certain lines," is her candid admission.

Other "certain lines" besides writing include painting, sculpture and music.

Carman was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee. She was educated at Girls' Preparatory School there. Three years ago, her mother moved to Nashville and she attended Ward Belmont. In spite of her frequent illnesses, she succeeded in being graduated just after her seventeenth birthday.

Two years ago, she was a school girl. A year ago, she was an author living in New York City.


She collaborated in writing the stage version.

"I can't tell you how I started writing," she told me. "I think I was about nine years old when I first started putting words on paper. At fourteen, I had completed two short stories, one about a couple divorced because the husband couldn't drink the wife's coffee."

"They were terrible. I didn't know anything about divorce.

"I decided that I'd better write about something and somebody I understood. I began studying my schoolmates and writing about them. Then I clicked."

Carman doesn't get up in the middle of the night and jot down inspirations. She doesn't sigh and think heavily. She affects...
I write a specified number of words a day," she explained. "Sometimes I get tremendously interested and write more."

"You say you write about things you understand," I suggested. "You write of love..."

"I've been in love," she replied. "It's all over now, however.

This sounded interesting. I knew it wasn't interesting. But that's as far as I got with it. Carmen doesn't like to talk about it. She won't say when, she won't say who, she won't say why, and she won't say where.

"We were very much in love," she confessed. "We were too young to marry. We called it a day."

"All over?"

"All over."

We changed the subject.

"What about this acting business?" I asked.

"I've never had any experience. I appeared in school plays, but that wasn't acting. I like the idea of acting.

"However, there are some things about it which I don't like. It hurts to have my eyebrows plucked, and if my teeth have to be straightened, I'm going to stick to writing.

You'd like Carmen's engaging frankness about these things. She doesn't talk of cars and yachts and parties, and she doesn't boast. She's quite human enough to admit of faults, physical and mental. This characteristic goes to make up that interesting thing labeled "X."

Carmen and I met in her dressing room. This didn't annoy her at all. She went right on with the business of makeup and hairdress. She is quite as much at home in a dressing room as in a parlor.

Another one for "X."

My conversation with her revealed that while she is not donning a cloak of egoism, she, on the other hand, is not a bit in the fog about what has happened to her, what is happening to her and what will happen to her.

She realizes there is nothing permanent about success, fame, money in the bank, promises and Hollywood.

"I had the breaks," she told me. "I hope I'll keep on having them. Fate has pushed me along and I hope it keeps on pushing. All I'm doing is following my nose.

Now, in closing, a few scattered facts. She likes swimming, horseback riding and dancing. Her mother is her business manager. She is an only child. She was born November 20, 1912. She likes the people she has met here in Hollywood.

She thinks that she will marry and that writing will "lighten her domesticity."

And this name, Carmen. So great was the rush on the part of Paramount to tell the world of their "discovery" they spelled it "Carmen," quite exotic. But she wasn't christened in tribute to the flaming Spaniard.

Actually, Carmen's great-grandmother was married three times. Carmen was the name of her third husband. Carmen's parents liked it.

Anything else?

Oh, yes.

When Carmen talks her eyebrows move.

"X."—it.

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First Prize $100 Cash

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THOUSANDS of cheap cigarettes, of course, are still sold for every carton of Marlboros. But...past year's figures show Marlboro sales forging ahead at a record-breaking rate. Can you say why?

We know many reasons. We want yours. For the best hundred reasons submitted before the last day of next June, we will award 100 prizes as listed. No strings. No conditions. Write in your own words your own reasons for changing to Marlboros. Not more than 50 words.

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First Prize ....... $100
Second Prize ....... $75
Third Prize ....... $50
Fourth Prize ....... $25
5th to 10th ....... each $10
11th to 50th ....... each $5
51st to 100th ....... Library package of 100 Marlboro Cigarettes.

PHILIP MORRIS & CO.
1192 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

A CIGARETTE FOR THOSE WHO AFFORD 20c FOR THE BEST
The Real Joan Crawford

[Continued from page 21]

With daily backgrounds of business, reputation on every particle, you are a Star in Life's Movie. Make every "scene" a thrilling success. Give your lips and cheeks the beauty of Phantom Red, the amazing "Life-Color". Glorious, vital—Phantom Red glows with the luster of eternal youth that Nature intended for kissable lips and caressable cheeks. Unlike any other cosmetic shade! Whether you're blonde, brunette or auburn... just a touch of Phantom Red, Hair "Ready... Action... Camera".

For beauty, buy Phantom Red Lipstick, $1.00; Junior, 50c. Rouge Compact, 75c. Sold everywhere.

-ACTOR JAMES CAGNEY

Dorothy Mackechnie, First National Star

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That Darned Fool, Bakewell

[Continued from page 20]

This rôle attracted attention—it was his first. But, in spite of his rapid rise, there were temporary setbacks. He was very proud of the part in "On With the Show," opposite Sally O'Neill. It wasn't much of a part, but he was in the picture, and he worked hard. He 'emoted' all over the place. Came the preview. He had played his part not wisely and TOO well, and had been eliminated in the cutting room.

"That night almost blotted me out of pictures forever," Billy told me. "I can chuckle about it now, but it was more tragic than any part I've ever played on the screen." But he kept going.

"Confidence in myself was a marvelous support," he continued. "Looking back on the days when I was just one of the mob, I can realize just how much naive faith I had in myself.

"Millions think that acting in motion pictures is easy. It is one of the hardest businesses in the world, and no one knows it any better than I do."

Billy must have had more than a naive faith in himself, however. He has just completed a sensational part in "Daybreak," with Ramon Novarro. Prior to this, he was outstanding in "All Quiet on the Western Front," and in "Dance, Fools, Dance." His greatest achievement, however, has just been scored.

He has been chosen to play the leading rôle opposite Helen Twelvetrees in "The Registered Woman." He was so much in demand that one producer borrowed him from another.

Billy figuratively beats a straight, even path right through Hollywood. He is one of the younger generation who have left high schools and colleges to fight their way into success in motion pictures.

His bank account is growing; he is being sought out.

He has plenty of time in which to take advantage of opportunities which won't help him as far as his career is concerned. But he isn't taking that primrose highway.

There are girl friends and parties and dances, but the only things under his table are feet. He doesn't smoke.

He grew up in military school and he has an excellent carriage. Tennis, swimming, and a workout daily under a special trainer keep him as straight as an arrow.

He is an only child and he lives with his mother in a quiet section of Hollywood. I asked Billy whether he got any satisfaction, these days, out of the chagrin of his friends over the fact that he has been stepping right along in his quest for fame.

"Don't you ever have a little fun kidding them?" I asked.

He smiled. "I would get a lot of fun out of kidding them, if I could," he replied. "There is only one trouble, however—Whenever I see the ones who scoff, they say, 'You've proved my judgment, Billy. I always knew you'd make good.'"

Too bad they didn't notice the jaw on that darned fool, Bakewell.

A New Invention
That Banishes Chafing and Discomfort from Women's Hygiene

The Most Talked About
Hygienic Aid for Women of the Day

Pure RAYON Cellulose Filled, Soft and Gentle as Fluffed Silk
...and Effective 3 Times Longer

There is now a sanitary pad that cannot chafe or irritate. A new and remarkable invention that changes all previous ideas of sanitary protection.

It is new and totally different from any other pad now known or ever known. New in construction. New in material. New in results. Hence one cannot compare it with any other hygienic protection so far known.

U. S. Patented Invention — Not Merely "Another" Sanitary Pad

It is called Veldown. And rigidly protected under United States Patents, there is no other pad "like" it—or even remotely like it. It is made in an entirely different way from any you have ever used.

Its filler is superlative soft, pure RAYON cellulose. Thus is as gentle as fluffed silk. It cannot chafe or irritate.

Its patented construction—along with its rayon cellulose filler—eliminates all chafing, all discomfort from wearing a sanitary pad.

Do you wonder that millions of women are turning to this new hygiene, discarding less gentle, less efficient ways?

Effective Hours Longer

It also has another important feature. It is absolutely immaculate for the reason that the outer side has been specially treated to make it moisture proof and impenetrable.

This innovation makes Veldown 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods. And it gives complete safety and protection Hours Longer than other ways. Hence a danger that every woman carries in her mind is absolutely eliminated.

And no other protective garments are necessary. It is specially treated with a deodorant—and thus ends even slightest danger of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

Accept Trial

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain a box of Veldown. Use six. Then—if you don't feel that it is a Vast and Great Improvement on any other pad you have ever worn, return the box—and receive your full purchase price back.

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Address:

Mrs. Mr.

or Mrs. .

**Millionaires of the Movies**

[Continued from page 37]

120-acre ranch is a real show place and his string of polo horses are the finest in the land.

Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore, Marian Nixon, Richard Barthelmess, Constance Bennett and Betty Compson are all rated as millionaires.

Jackie Coogan, also. He made his million before he was nine years old! He still has it and probably a good deal more. Tom Mix is worth a million and a goodly part is in diamonds. He has huge diamonds in his diamond-studded belts and a magnificent wrist-watch set into an eleven carat diamond. In case any ambitious young burglar should happen to see this, I hasten to add that he keeps them in a strong box at the bank.

Close to being millionaires, if not quite in that class, are Corinne Griffith, Laura La Plante, Bebe Daniels, and Noah Beery. Noah is said to have at least $900,000. His famous ‘Tourist Club,’ way up in the mountains beyond Los Angeles, to which scores of stars of the summertime, is alone valued at $750,000!

**Approximate Fortunes of Some of Hollywood’s Richest Stars**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Approximate Fortune</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Harold Lloyd</td>
<td>$12,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Chaplin</td>
<td>$7,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Pickford</td>
<td>$5,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Douglas Fairbanks</td>
<td>$4,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruth Roland</td>
<td>$4,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Will Rogers</td>
<td>$3,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marion Davies</td>
<td>$2,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norma Talmadge</td>
<td>$2,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colleen Moore</td>
<td>$1,750,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Barthelmess</td>
<td>$1,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constance Bennett</td>
<td>$1,000,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Betty Compson</td>
<td>$1,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jackie Coogan</td>
<td>$1,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>$1,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corinne Griffith</td>
<td>$850,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laura La Plante</td>
<td>$800,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bebe Daniels</td>
<td>$750,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>William S. Hart</td>
<td>$750,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Norma Shearer</td>
<td>$500,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. B. Warner</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lois Moran</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sue Carol</td>
<td>$250,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Estelle Taylor</td>
<td>$250,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia Valli</td>
<td>$250,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Those who may be termed the "new rich" include Ann Harding, Garbo, Chatterton, Novarro, John Boles, Helen Twelvetrees, George O’Brien, Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. While none of these have as yet "salted away" their first million, it is safe to say that they are well on the road to financial independence. Lois Moran, Estelle Taylor and Lawrence Tibbett might be classed in this category, too. Lois Moran, with the help of her mother, has had for the past few years a steady stream of gold flowing her way. While others were losing heavily in the stock market, crash, Lois was "cleaning up" a quarter of a million! She even went so far as to make $10,500 for her personal maid! Lois, with this money, plus the money she’s made in pictures and the $60,000 left by her a relative, is undoubtedly one of the wealthiest of the younger players.

Estelle Taylor has, due to clever investments, her own private fortune of a quarter of a million safely laid away. As Mrs. Jack Dempsey, she is, of course, He has, raised high up in the millionaire class.

Lawrence Tibbett is coming along nicely, too. He pocketed $75,000 for ‘The Rogue Song,’ and it is said he will receive $100,000 for each of his next several pictures. When all this comes to him and is added to what he has already made in opera, another extremely rich star’s name will be placed on the rapidly growing list.

Runners up in wealth already number such players as Charles Rogers, Mary Brian, Nancy Carroll, Irene Rich, William Powell, Maurice Chevalier, Robert Montgomery, Besie Edde, An, Lucille Ball, and Clara Bow. The present fortunes of these celebrities, all of whom are working and saving steadily, run all the way from $75,000 to $250,000.

Clara Bow has a trust fund into which every pay day goes exactly one half of her check. This fund is reputed to be in excess of $100,000. She has her home, too, which is worth about half this sum, besides her drawing account of several thousands at the bank.

Now we come to those who lost out in the January, 1930, stock market debacle. Before that great crash, most of them enjoyed fairly huge fortunes. Al Jolson was, without a doubt, the heaviest loser, having more than half a million swept away. Richard Dix was probably the next heaviest loser. When he lost $50,000 on Bank of Italy stock two and a half years ago, he just grinned sheepishly. But when he “dropped” $250,000 in the Wall Street slump—well, there was no even an apolgy for a grin. He is remarked: “I’ve got my two cars left, my health, and fifty dollars in the bank!” Gone was everything else. However, in due time along came “Gimaron” and now Dix is back in the “big money” class. He is saving most of his salary check each week, and undoubtedly will soon have his second fortune.

John Gilbert, Evelyn Brent and Lew Cody all lost staggering sums in the crash. Edmund Lowe, too—Eddie ‘dropped’ $60,000, while his wife, Lilian Tashman, lost $30,000.

Helen Chandler lost every cent she possessed in the Guarantee Trust failure. However, as she is married to the brilliant English writer, Cyril Hume, she isn’t feeling less. In fact, she is making her fortune back again, as she is much in demand for dramatic roles. She recently completed the
lead opposite Ramon Novarro in "Daybreak" and is now playing the leading rôle in "Salvation Nell."

Louise Dresser and Wallace Beery both lost in the Bank of Hollywood failure—how many thousands no one knows. Nils Asther lost the $40,000 that he had deposited only two days before the crash! Harry Langdon, always unlucky, lost $30,000. Lew Cody, another who has always managed to have far more than his share of bad luck, was stopped by a friend the day after the failure and asked if he lost anything. "No, I didn't," he laughed, "and I've been wondering all morning how I actually managed to miss these two failures!" "Oh, well, Lew, you can corner all the bad luck!" replied the friend.

Plenty of players would today be on the threshold of the millionaire class if the coming of talkies hadn't suddenly deprived them of huge salaries. Irene Rich is one who lost out and then made a great comeback. Warner's declared she had no speaking voice. I wouldn't say this if she had not since proved the contrary to be true. So thoroughly, however, did Miss Rich believe in the new talkies that when first they tried out that she went into vaudeville for a year to get voice training and stage poise. Nowadays, she works all the time and her salary is well past the two thousand mark.

For a while, Lew Cody was "licked." Then he came back in "What a Widow," and he gives Gloria Swanson all credit for giving him this opportunity. Since that time, Lew has worked in many films; his salary is about $2,000 a week and he is much in demand for sophisticated, sometimes inebriated suave men-of-the-world rôles. Lew is a good actor and makes the most of every line.

Elinor Fair, too, disappeared with the advent of talkies. Today, she is about to sign for the lead in one of the finest pictures of the year—a historical film, and will undoubtedly stage a comeback, as she is more beautiful both than before and has a fine voice. Much of the fault of her leaving the screen was due to the domestic trouble between her and Bill (Screen) Boyd, her former husband, about whom she worried and who for the time being killed her self-confidence, because of his progress, which surpassed hers.

The list of those who lose: out due to talkies is further augmented by Madge Bellamy, Claire Windsor, Olive Borden, Monte Blue, Red La Rouge, Tom Mix, Adolph Menjou, Esther Rolston, Emil Jannings, Mary Astor, and Don Alvarado, all of whom are now attempting more or less successful comebacks. Mary Astor, in particular, has made a brilliant return and is, I hear, shortly to be starred by Radio Pictures. John Gilbert, of course, lost in popularity, but not so much in actual cash, as he still has his contract with M-G-M and was paid every week.

After all, it takes a wise movie star to get into the big money in Hollywood these days, but a wiser one to invest the money safely so to bring it up into the million dollar brigade.

But wasn't it a grand and glorious feeling to be young and handsome; famous and loved; full of Madame Glyn's "It" and worth one million smashers?

**Silver Screen for May 1931**

**Article: Waist and Hips Quickly Reduced without dieting, drugs or exercises**

"WAIST and hips 2 to 4 inches smaller—in 10 days.

That's what the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle has done for thousands of delighted women. We urge you to try it, too—at our risk.

Made of finest quality, fresh, live Plantation Rubber by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co., Perfolastic reduces by automatic massage. With every breath you draw, every step you take, its continuous gentle pressure breaks up fat cells, moulds away flabby flesh as an expert masseuse would. Cool, comfortable, light—some models weigh as little as 9½ ounces (garters included)—full of tiny holes to let skin breathe.

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**Silver Screen for June**

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CITY & STATE.
Her Own Worst Enemy

[Continued from page 35]

the occasion. As it was, the public and the producers succumbed with flattering rapidity. The youngest Bennett's charm and her rich voice were a quaint combination. She was a success literally overnight. And nothing has stopped her since professionally.

So much for that side of her life. Now comes the other side.

Joan settled herself in Hollywood in a delightful home, established herself and her young daughter. She gave out interviews saying she was 'through with this love business.' But naturally she wasn't.

No beautiful, healthy young girl such as she is could be.

She met young John Considine, Jr., a film executive. Hollywood looked on with amused and disapproving eyes. Disapproving, because it was said Joan took John Considine from Carmen Pantages, to whom he was engaged. It's an open argument, of course, whether any woman can 'take' any man away from a person he's really in love with, can 'take' him if he doesn't want to be 'taken.'

But certainly it did look as though John loved the little Bennett deeply. And it looks as though she loves him. Only jealousy entered—a wild, fierce jealousy on Joan's part that made her do anything—

even to appearing ridiculous—to assert her hold on John.

There was the time that they quarreled and Joan in a fit of temper departed by plane for New York. John, who thought she was sulking in her Hollywood home, was considerably bewildered when she telephoned him from New Mexico. Angry as she was, she couldn't resist calling him from the first stop to find out what he was doing. Still angry—it must have been that John didn't say the right things over the telephone—she went on to New York and stayed exactly three days. While she was there, she called John four or five times a day with a magnificent disregard for expense. Then she went back to Hollywood and made up with him.

They had an open fight on the eve of a Mayfair dance. They had planned a big party together and the guests were invited. It was decidedly embarrassing to their mutual friends when Joan hufly decided at the last moment to have a separate party.

Then again there was the time when Carmen Pantages was seriously ill at Palm Springs and John went down to see her. Jealousy got the better of Joan and she chartered a plane and followed him. It was night and the flying territory between Hollywood and Palm Springs is not the best in the world. They had to light flares at the landing field. One can't help admiring Joan's pluck, traveling under those conditions. Arriving at the El Mirador Hotel she made a considerable commotion until she located John. He succeeded in quieting her down. Joan admitted afterward—rather pathetically—that she had been unreasonably jealous. And she and Johnnie made up again.

Yet in spite of all this childishness, Joan deserves sympathy—or perhaps just because of it. The fame of her family has been, in a sense, a handicap. It has given her from childhood an exaggerated sense of her own importance—a feeling that her own sudden success has naturally augmented. People forget—she forgets herself—how young she is. Because she has been married and divorced, because she has a three year old child, because she is an important figure in the talkies, they expect

It pays to advertise in Hollywood, and pretty Lillian Bond displays to the world that she's a musical marvel. Lillian took an ordinary jersey windbreaker and had these musical notes printed all over it. Clever?
of her the maturity and wisdom of an experienced woman. They forget she is barely out of her teens, flowering, like plants at Easter time, in a forced, hot-house atmosphere.

Joan has had experience—but she has not yet assimilated it. Things have happened to her too fast. Her mental growth has not kept pace with her emotional forcing. Which means that her sense of values is not that of an adult.

It leaves Joan, then, an intense child, guided by impulses. It is worth noting that whenever she has a fit of temper she flounces into a plane and rushes off into the clouds. She does it both literally and imaginatively—leaves the world behind, deserts reality. She has enough money to have whatever she wants within her reach. But if Joan did not have money—or if this were not the present day—she couldn’t escape by tearing off somewhere else. She’d have to stay and take it on the chin, which would be a good deal better for her, spiritually.

She has an inherent love of speed, this Bennett fledgling. She wants to fly—and fly fast. There is nothing malicious or mean in her nature. Her impulses are fine and generous, even if they frequently appear foolish. No one has ever gone to Joan for aid—financial or otherwise—and been refused. She is frank, outspoken, loyal and impetuous. And her very jealousy proves that she would go through hell for those she loves.

Joan loved John Fox. That is a factor in her life that must always be taken into account. He destroyed her faith in him, and by inference, in other men. Being so young, her lost illusions have made her something of a cynic. And that is why she is so ready to be hurt in her present love. She has not yet learned that jealousy and suspicion are swift destroyers of happiness. Today she demands too much of love. She gives freely, but being still a child, she expects people to return her gifts with equal generosity. And people, particularly male people, seldom act that way.

THERE is a reminiscent picture in my mind that helps me understand Joan Bennett today, a picture of a spoiled, imperious and wretchedly unhappy youngster of thirteen at a girls’ summer camp in New England. She wouldn’t join in the outdoor activities and healthful sports of the group. She was too proud to seek friendships. She walked about, looking more as though she belonged in a drawing room than in the woods. She was sophisticated beyond her years, to the bewilderment of her contemporaries and the amusement of her elders. No one really understood the pathos of the child, too grown-up to play with the girls of her own age, too childish to mingle with mature people.

Then, as now, because she didn’t understand herself, Joan was her own worst enemy. She is still a little girl acting grown-up, still a warm-hearted, generous, impulsive child, who wants adult things of the world without paying an adult price for them.

I hope she learns how to grow up, for the youngest of the Bennetts will be the finest of the Bennetts when she wins her battle against herself.

Stop! Look! Listen!

DANGER AHEAD for Clara Bow!

WHAT will happen to Hollywood’s It and Fun Girl? Can Clara’s career survive? Will the public continue to applaud and support her pictures—or will she be consigned to oblivion with the other players whose unfortunate publicity has wrecked their careers?

That’s what Hollywood—and the rest of the movie-mad world—is asking. And you’ll find a new angle on the Case of Clara Bow in the May issue of SCREENLAND. A newcomer to Hollywood, Sylvia Sidney from Broadway, stepped into the dramatic rôle Clara was to have had opposite Gary Cooper in “City Streets.” New beauties are being groomed for stardom—there are Clara Bow contenders on every side. SCREENLAND warns the Red-Headed Riot to stop, look, and listen—and tells why. You’ll see all the reasons for caution in the form of beautiful photographs of Clara’s potential rivals—lovely girls who may be the Hollywood headliners of the future—in this May issue of The Smart Screen Magazine, on the stands April first.

That’s not all! You’ll meet Rex Bell, the current boy friend in Clara’s life, in a story in which he tells how he won and held the It Girl’s regard.

As well as such features as Marie Dressler’s Own Story, What Does Numerology Foresee for Janet Gaynor? Confessions of a Hollywood Baby. Two rotogravure galleries of sweet and hot pictures. The latest news—reviews—expert beauty advice—All in the May issue of SCREENLAND

On sale at all news stands. Get your copy today!
FRECKLES

Spring Sun and Winds Bring Out Rusty Brown Spots. How to Remove Easily

This is the time to take special care of your complexion if you wish it to look well the rest of the year. Spring sun and wind bring out freckles that will stay all summer unless removed now. What your skin needs is Othine-double strength. A few nights' use of this dainty white cream will allow you how to fade, close and fade out those ugly-brown spots and restore the natural beauty of your skin. Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your skin soft, clear and beautiful.

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How Casting Directors Judge People

(Continued from page 24)

and Loretta look alike. Sally had another call and sent Loretta to take her place. Loretta showed that she had the delicate "it" in the way she did her bit. Miss Moore saw her ability where the rest of us had missed it. When it was called to our attention, we recognized it. Result: Loretta is a star today.

Poundage, loss of personality through personal habits (for personality, from what I gather, is built up by one's habits, which in turn may have developed the temperament or "cussedness", have ruined countless motion picture careers. Kelly named several who "went down the chute" through these various factors and failings.

Then he mentioned Marian Nixon. Nine years ago she was working for Fox as an extra. Scott Dunlap, director, wanted the girls on the set to dance. Marian offered to teach them a few steps. Dunlap took one look at her—he had noticed her until she stepped from the ranks—and began pushing her along. She has an enviable place in pictures today.

"The difference between an extra and an actor," explains Kelly, as our interview closes, "is that an extra dresses a set, and might just as well be a piece of furniture or a drape, while the actor helps move the story and attracts and holds the attention of the audience"

Let's wander to Metro. "Johnny Mack Brown," says Benny Thau, "came out here as a football player on the Alabama team, and as a raw recruit to pictures. He was gawky and awkward, but his possibilities were seen. There was something more in his make-up than bright eyes and curly hair, for millions have those physical attributes. Look at him today!"

We asked Thau what makes him pick out a player from a mob.

"A girl or woman must be physically attractive. She does not need to be beautiful. She must, to be a leading woman, express youth. She must have an appeal for the opposite sex. She must have a voice which will enable her to express laughter or sorrow at will. She must be able to interpret emotions."

"A man, to play leads, must also be physically attractive, but not necessarily handsome, as in the old days. He must have an appeal for women. He must be virile and clean cut. And he, too, must have that same ability to interpret emotions."

Metro, during the past year, has developed such players as Marjorie Rambeau, who, in the middle of life, has revealed a tremendous screen personality. Robert Montgomery, who has developed his personality as he has "grown up", Marie Dressler and Wally Beery. At the same time, Metro, in the past—the time of Thau—has made mistakes.

Sally Starr, the winsome little blonde who has made good in a big way with Eddie Quillan at Parth, was used mostly in publicity pictures at Metro. Her contract expired, and she was not given a second thought. Out she went. She rang the bell immediately.

Now, about Karen Morley, just coming into her own on the film horizon. She got one big break—the kind every extra hopes for her almost never gets.

"Karen Morley," confides Thau, "walked into my office at a moment when we needed, in the worst way, a girl to play opposite Lew Stone in 'Inspiration' a Garbo picture. I took one look at her, said, 'That's the girl' and she was signed. Her personality registered in an instant."

Mr. LaMaire, please.

"Personality is made up of the tone of the voice, the expression of the eyes, the hang of the clothes, the carriage of the body, and the life of the player. These factors all go together to produce something which an actor, instinctively, has the ability to express. I can spot an actor the moment I see him."

LaMaire is busy these days scouting.

Rosie Roy, a mere extra, attracted instant attention, and was made a contract player for Fox.

He has started a school at the Warner-First National Studios, which is training juveniles. He finds personality radiating in young folks as well as old, and in children as well as in grown-ups.

"The industry is always looking for new talent. We cannot get enough of it. We can find plenty of persons—but not plenty of those who have that something one needs to register for the millions."

Last, but not least, Rex Bailey.

What, Mr. Bailey, does a player have to have which makes you sign him, or her, on the dotted line?

"Well, it's this way. First of all, we want a certain type of person for a certain role. We must find that type. We line up those who meet physical qualifications. Then we take the one who has the greatest—ah—""

Come, come, Mr. Bailey—"

"—who has that something which lifts an extra out of the extra class—that something which radiates—that something which transcends the physical—that something which you notice and feel—""

That answer's as good as any. Have you that something?"
Sawyer," Mitzi Green has played the same precocious, sassy child.

"Mitzi isn't at all the type of child you'd imagine from her pictures," her mother assured me. "She plays these impertinent spoiled brats, but really she isn't spoiled at all. It isn't just I who say so, but most of the people who know her. Her father and I handle all the business arrangements for her work, and the fact that she doesn't have to give any thought to these saves her from becoming one of these terribly self-sufficient and worldly-wise stage youngsters."

Still, even though Mitzi can be a child playing with other children, most of her sports are rather grown up. She swims, rides horseback, adores miniature golf (bane of the movies), and plays tennis. She becomes interested in different games at different times. Just now she is interested in bridge.

She cannot really understand children whose tastes and interests remain the same all the time. On a recent visit to New York she met some of her old playmates in Flushing, Long Island, where her parents have their New York home. One Sunday they all played together. Mitzi frolicked with the other children, but when she returned home, she remarked disconsolately, "Do you know they played the same games last Sunday that we were playing four years ago?"

About two years back in Mitzi Green's life, she was turning somersaults on the streets. Her little silk underwear would stick out. She was also quarreling with her childhood sweetheart and his sister because they took some of her candy without asking her for it.

But in vaudeville Mitzi Green had a chance to become the grande dame. When she was still very new to the game she wore for her stage appearances a little blue dress with pleats and a cape. She adored the cape. She would take it off with the air of a queen, and, handing it to her father, say, "Take my wrap, please."

Mitzi in person looks very much like the shadow image captured of Mitzi by the screen. But the screen cannot reveal (except perhaps in color pictures) the nice nut-brown shade of her skin or the changing color of her eyes. Seeing her on the screen, you imagine she has dark brown eyes, when they are really grey and sometimes, in certain lights, green. They're much lighter in color than her mother's, whose eyes are brown.

People sometimes ask whether Mitzi Green is any relation to Harry Green of the movies. Of course, the answer is no, but the funny thing about it is that Mitzi really has a brother named Harry, a sixteen year old lad who goes to the Flushing High School. When Mitzi used to go troup ing all over the country with her father and mother, the children's grandmother took care of Harry.

In the old days Mrs. Green used to ask her mother to see to it that Harry ate his cereal. But gradually she began to realize that forcing a child to eat what was supposed good for him was really bad for him. And Harry is a hearty eater and didn't really need to be forced.

MITZI benefits by this discovery on the care and feeding of children. "People sometimes ask me what I give Mitzi to eat to make her look so healthy," said her mother. "The truth is I never force her to eat anything. She wouldn't be a good advertisement for the dairies, for she doesn't drink any milk at all.

"When she's working and gets up very early, she eats practically no breakfast, except, perhaps, a glass of orange juice. But she eats a nice lunch and loves her dinner."

Mitzi Green has many playmates among children. She takes special delight in mentioning little Leon Janney, who played in "Courage," for she wants him to get all the publicity he can. She is really a generous child and if she gets the limelight it is by reason of her ability and not because of any desire to crowd out other people.

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**Silver Screen for May 1931**

The Private Life of Mitzi Green

(Continued from page 39)

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**Beech-Nut Gum**

Makes the Next Smoke Taste Better

How good your smoke tastes after dinner! It's the same way after you chew Beech-Nut Gum. It stimulates your taste sense—makes the next smoke taste better, more enjoyable. Remember, always, there's no gum quite so good as Beech-Nut.
Why Garbo Is The World's Love Ideal

And always there is that haunting look of wonderment about her, a kind of brooding loneliness—all of which her many fans call her mystery—but which is more than likely conditioned by the fact that she herself, quite unconsciously, is seeking her father ideal and has not yet found it.

Garbo then, it is plain, becomes a universal representation and embodiment of the very strivings all her female audiences are likewise groping for, together with her.

Even those who already have loved and married can follow. For marriage invariably brings a measure of disillusionment in its wake, traits in a husband that do not harmonize, after all, as was hoped for, with the father complex. And so the married fan thinks back, becomes young again, and seeks again through the person of Garbo her love ideal.

But what about the men, you probably say? Garbo is as popular with them as with women.

She is popular with men for similar reasons. For to them she suggests possibilities, possible ideals, possible romance— all, too, brought about by their own mother complexes.

For Garbo—groping, searching Garbo—is for each of them the ideal he has cherished from childhood. To any man she may be anything. And so, from the actual parts she plays, they fill in the gaps in their imagination and construct for themselves an ideal love to their own liking.

Talkies in Tabloid

[Continued from page 10]

Jack Oakie as an accident insurance salesman blunders into gangland. He's such a sap they let him go, but he breaks up the gang.

Jean Arthur is the gal he loves.

Gentlemen's FATE

GOOD (M-G-M)

John Gilbert in a tragic gangster story is better than he's been for a long time. When the girl he loves finds out he belongs to a racketeering family, she marries another man.

INSPIRATION

GOOD (M-G-M)

Garbo is great in this. But the picture isn't convincing. Robert Montgomery seems miscast as the cold and prudish hero who is supposed to be so attractive to Garbo.

KIKI

GOOD (United Artists)

Mary Pickford as a slapstick comedienne does some good work, with Reginald Denny as her leading man. Mary's cast as the chorus girl who tries to vamp the producer.

LONELY WIVES

FAIR (Pathé)

Our West Coast scouts rated this as good, but we're not so keen on it. It's all right if you like rough, old-fashioned comedy with all the stock characters, and all the true and tried farce situations.

MANY A SLEEP

GOOD (Universal)

A story about the intimate love affairs of a boy and girl, to which some clever comedy has been added. Lew Ayres and Joan Bennett are the lovers.

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH

GOOD (M-G-M)

This is very rough fun. It's fast and furious, with Buster Keaton as the lad the ladies are mad about because of his reputation as a great lover. Bedroom farce.

RESCUE

GOOD (Universal)

Lupe Velez gives a touching portrayal as the peasant girl loved and deserted by an artist. John Boles is splendid. Worth seeing again, even if you saw the silent film.

Silver Screen for May 1931

Why Garbo Is The World's Love Ideal

[Continued from page 17]
More Movietown Topics

[Continued from page 60]

Wallace Beery has purchased a small truck, elaborately fitted up for his hunting trips. It was so pretty, he said, he wanted to use it to ride to a Hollywood premiere in—but Mrs. Beery wouldn't let him.

Buster Keaton has a new idea in gardens. About his dressing room bungalow, at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios next to John Gilbert's, he has had planted, instead of shrubs and flowers, corn, onions and other vegetables. "At least," the comedian says, "it's different.

A Hollywood taxi driver overheard a plot to rob the lovely home of Ann Harding and tipped off the police, thus saving the pretty Pathe star a lot of trouble. Said taxi driver now has an increased bank account and a sentimentally autographed photo.


Elle Bennett, clever character actress who has been having a tough time getting jobs of late, has taken to being hostess at Grandma's Kitchen, a fried chicken roadside cafe near Hollywood.

Francis X. Bushman, one time successful screen actor, and now a small time vaudeville actor, one time a millionaire and now broke, has offered himself for sale to any wealthy woman who wants him.

"Right now I'm for sale to the woman who will pay the most to marry me," he said. "The only stipulation I make is that she have enough money to support me in the style to which I have been accustomed."

Are there any takers?

The late Fred Thomson, cowboy star, left a fortune of $200,000—to be divided between his mother and small son. His wife, Frances Marion, noted scenarist, received nothing, the will explained, because she was able to take care of herself in financial matters.

Dr. Albert Einstein saw almost as many stars in Hollywood as he did in the skies during his American visit, and he certainly got a lot closer to them. Here is Herr Professor visiting Richard Barthelmess and finding out what puts the talk in talkies.

Wallace Beery

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"Right now I'm for sale to the woman who will pay the most to marry me," he said. "The only stipulation I make is that she have enough money to support me in the style to which I have been accustomed."

Are there any takers?

The late Fred Thomson, cowboy star, left a fortune of $200,000—to be divided between his mother and small son. His wife, Frances Marion, noted scenarist, received nothing, the will explained, because she was able to take care of herself in financial matters.

Dr. Albert Einstein saw almost as many stars in Hollywood as he did in the skies during his American visit, and he certainly got a lot closer to them. Here is Herr Professor visiting Richard Barthelmess and finding out what puts the talk in talkies.
DO YOU notice how much farther the end of this magazine is from the front this month? In other words, how much bigger we are? And do you see that line on the cover—600,000 copies? And do you realize we are only seven months old this issue? And does this swift growth make us proud? Does it? Boy!

We’re proud, but we’re humble about it just the same. We know all this growth is due to readers, no more and no less. So we thank you kindly. You’re just about the grandest bunch of readers any magazine was ever blessed with, and as editor, I wish I could thank every one of you personally.

And honestly, the thing that makes me happiest is that this larger magazine makes it possible for us to give you more for your money.

TRAGIC Louis Wolheim is dead. And this seems to be the spot to speak about the silliness of casting. Wolheim died to get a role—that of the managing editor in "The Front Page." They told him he was too fat, and he died too vigorously.

Adolphe Menjou got the part. Now they say he is too sophisticated looking. Are actors just dummies with expressions or are they actors?

SPEAKING of acting, recently Mary Pickford and Marlene Dietrich opened simultaneously on Broadway—Mary in "Kiki" and Marlene in "Dishonored." There wasn’t a critic who didn’t say "Kiki" was a good picture, and practically none of them liked the Dietrich film. And what’s the result? Marlene is standing them up in the aisles and little Mary’s film is having a terrible time surviving. Which shows what being a critic amounts to.

I didn’t care much for "Dishonored" as a picture. "Kiki" is much better. But "Dishonored" is a good show, due to Dietrich, and "Kiki" is disturbing. Instead of laughing at "Kiki," as you should, you are made sad for the girl starring in it, a mature woman struggling against the obvious fact that she isn’t a little girl any longer.

"Dishonored" is terribly arty. Where it should be simple, it is involved. Where it should be lighted, it is shadowy. The story is so much twaddle. But none of it matters because there is a vivid, new personality dominating it. There is an exciting quality about the Dietrich. I should like to see her directed by someone besides Von Sternberg. Then it would be possible to judge her more accurately. My private hunch is that the mute inscrutability Von Sternberg gives his star is phony. That brooding quality is natural to Garbo. I don’t think it is to Dietrich.

IF YOU want to see a triumph of what a smart girl can do to her own personality, go see Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss." It’s a beautiful production, but the fascinating quality is in Norma herself.

Norma really isn’t very beautiful. Her voice isn’t very good. But what a lovely creature she has made of herself! She really ought to be an inspiration to girls all over the world! For she has made herself smart. She has learned how to wear clothes. She knows how to carry her body. She is scintillating. Yet it wasn’t so long ago that she was just a struggling youngster trying to make a living by posing for posters.

Of course, not all of us can have hairdressers tagging us every moment, as Norma does. We can’t have expensive clothes designed exclusively for our figures. But it’s because Norma—and the other stars—give us the impulse toward these things—that life seems richer and sweeter for the mere sight of them.

The movies themselves may be in their infancy—but they certainly do teach the world how to grow!

The Final Fling

[Signature] Dick Waterbury

Editor.
Maybelline Eye Shadow

This delicately perfumed cosmetic instantly makes the eyes appear larger and intensely interesting. It deepens the color and imparts a wonderful brilliance that vivifies the expression, at the same time giving new loveliness to all the tones of the complexion.

Applied lightly for daytime use and with somewhat deeper shading in the evening, the four colors of Maybelline Eye Shadow are most effectively used as follows: Blue is to be used for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. If you would make the most of your appearance, a thrilling discovery awaits you in Maybelline Eye Shadow. Incased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity at 75c.

Lashes Appear Longer by Using Maybelline Eyelash Darkener

Dark, luxuriant lashes are essential to feminine beauty and Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is the choice of millions of women the world over. A few simple brush strokes of either the Solid or Waterproof Liquid form and the magic of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is achieved instantly. This easily applied, perfectly harmless beauty aid, in Black or Brown, will delight you, particularly when applied after Maybelline Eye Shadow. Be sure to insist upon genuine Maybelline. Price 75c.

Maybelline

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It's the HOLE fruit flavor...that flows from these delicious orange drops the instant they touch the tongue...that will make them your favorite just as they are the overwhelming favorite of millions.

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Orange Drops

with the HOLE
IS GARBO DOOMED?

Nancy Carroll’s Life Story
ITS COLOR CHANGES . . .

to blend with your complexion

TANGEE

BASED on a marvelous color principle, TANGEE changes as you put it on—and blends perfectly with your individual complexion, whether blonde, brunette or titian.

For TANGEE gives a natural glow without thickness or substance—permanent, with never a trace of grease or smear. The exact shade of this glow depends both upon how much TANGEE you apply and upon your own natural coloring!

Unlike other lipsticks, TANGEE has a solidified cream base—it not only beautifies, but actually soothes, heals and lasts twice as long!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.

TANGEE LIPSTICK, $1. The same marvelous color principle in ROUGE COMPACT, 75c.

CREME ROUGE—Most natural and permanent of all rouges, $1.

TANGEE FACE POWDER, soft and clinging, blended to match your natural skin tones, $1.

NIGHT CREAM, for both cleansing and nourishing, $1. DAY CREAM, to protect the skin and as a powder base, $1.

TANGEE COSMETIC, a new “mascara,” does not smart the eyes, used also for tinting the hair, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., Dept. SS6
417 Fifth Avenue New York
TITAN STAR OF "CIMARRON" SWEEPS TO NEW HEIGHTS IN ANOTHER GREAT ACTING ROLE!

From the Tumultuous Panorama of Empire that was "Cimarron", RICHARD DIX returns to new Triumphs as the Hero of REX BEACH'S Stirring Story "Big Brother". A Robin Hood Racketeer in the Fantastic Tapestry of New York's Underworld! Great Actor! Great Star! The World will Cheer his Superb Portrayal of this Fearless Fighter and Courageous Lover!

Watch for this and other great RKO RADIO PICTURES Now Playing: "White Shoulders" with Jack Holt and Mary Astor; "The No. Girl", a Gorgeous Technicolor Production.

"Laugh and Get Rich" with Edna May Oliver and Dorothy Lee; Wheeler and Woolsey in "Cracked Nuts"; Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne (glamorous "Sabra" of Cimarron), in "Bachelor Apartment."

RICHARD DIX
"BORN TO THE RACKET"

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COVER PORTRAIT OF ANN HARDING

BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Bernhardand Magazine, Inc., at 44 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. Alfred A. Cohen, Chairman of the Board; H. C. Ope, President; Charles G. Miller, Treasurer; C. H. Stearns, Secretary. Entered as second class matter at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1931.
Why waste time on old fashioned methods

... when you can learn to play at home without a teacher?

Don’t let the thought of long years of tiresome practice scare you from learning to play! Don’t let the thought of an expensive private teacher keep you from letting your dreams come true! For you—anyone—can easily teach yourself to play—right in your own home, in your spare time, and at only a fraction of what old, slow methods cost!

It’s so easy! Just look at that sketch on the side. The notes in the first space is always f. The note in the second space is always a. The way to know the notes that come in the four spaces is simply to remember that they spell face.

Now, isn’t that simple? You don’t have to know one note from another in order to begin. For the U. S. School way explains everything as you go along—both in print and picture—so that almost before you know it, you are playing real tunes and melodies right from the notes.

You simply can’t go wrong. First you are told what to do, then the picture shows you how to do it—then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer.

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No wonder over 600,000 men and women have learned to play this easy way! For this famous course is based on sound, fundamental musical principles highly simplified. It’s not a “trick” or “stunt” method. You learn to play from notes, just as the best musicians do. You learn to pick up any piece of music, read it, and understand it.

No time is wasted on theories. You get all the musical facts. You get the real meaning of musical notation, time, automatic finger control, harmony.

You’ll find yourself studying the U. S. School way with a smile. Your own home is your studio. The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need. There are no dry-as-dust exercises to struggle through. Instead, it’s just like playing a game—you learn so fast!

No Talent Needed

Forget the old-fashioned idea that you need “talent.” Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School of Mu-

Silver Screen for June 1931
HAIR—
Your Finest Accessory

You can change not only your appearance but your whole personality if you learn to wear your hair correctly.

By Mary Lee

To be original, you must always be a little bit daring—and when you are a little bit daring you are always a personality.

Which large sentence, believe it or not, brings me up to the subject of how to dress your hair.

We began having a nice hair renaissance when the bob really got general—along about 1920 to 1922. Up until that time hair was either hair worn down, or hair worn up. The only distinction it had was in its color and its thickness. And most of the time, on most heads, it looked pretty awful, being quite untidy.

Then came the bobs and our older sisters discovered the hairdressers. Waves became general. Scalp treatments became general. First everybody had a bob. Then everybody had a shingle. Then came the permanents and there we rested.

There we rested—but there the movie stars didn’t rest. They learned more than the rest of us had learned and they started, the first to show us things. They began using their heads and the hair upon them to express anything from love to the urge for an ice cream soda. And was it fun!

That tendency has reached the rest of us now. It has come to the point where in a roomful of ten smart women you will see ten different styles of hair-dressing—and the girl who goes just meekly along with the same old bob and wave is regarded as a very flat tire indeed.

Honestly, I don’t know of anything that can mark you so distinctly as being a girl that knows things as the way you dress your hair. Not that it’s easy—but then personality, acquired personality, never is. Still I have more respect for the girl who makes herself distinctive—who makes a real creation of herself—than I have for almost anyone. And the rewards such a girl reaps in party bids, and heavy dates, and maybe real romance are jolly well worth the working for.

The first thing to do, toward dressing your hair distinctively, is to have clean, healthy hair. If you don’t know all the simple rules for this, write me and I’ll send them to you personally. Here I’ll just repeat the obvious ones. Keep it clean. Brush it daily. Keep your brushes and combs spotless. Don’t expose your scalp to too great heat or cold. Don’t let your hair get burned either with hairdressers’ irons or the sun in the heavens.

The next thing is to consider the shape of your face, the shape of your head, and the lines of your whole figure. For, really, you must think of your head in alignment with your body. It isn’t something separate floating off into space. It is the final touch of perfection, the summit of you, if you don’t mind my putting it that way. For that reason I don’t feel that the first thing about hair is to make it flattering to your face. My own personal hunch is that, first of all, it ought to suit the line of your head. And remember what the Greek sculptors knew—that the most beautiful head is small and round. If you have a large skull, then, don’t wear your hair fluffing out around it. Have your head thinned out so that it lies close and flat. (Incidentally, the smaller the head size, the taller you look.)

If your head is long, shingle the head close at the back, or wear it long on the neck, or wear it in a soft swirl, completely around the base of the head. But don’t stick little curls out on it, or knots of hair. If you have a tiny, round head, the hair is charming brushed toward the front, curling softly around the face, but kept plain and sleek at the back.

Long or short hair all depends [Continued on page 62]

Silver Screen
George Arliss in his first modern role! A merry gentleman of the old school who became a millionaire at 30, a semi-invalid at 40, and a playboy at fifty. His doctor thought the pace was too swift for him—so he retired, but his idea of the quiet life would put an ordinary man in the sanitarium! See him in "The Millionaire" and you'll understand why the great army of Arliss fans is always growing greater.

Based on "Idle Hands" by Earl Derr Biggers
Screen play by J. Josephson & Made T. Powell
Dialogue by Booth Tarkington
Directed by John Adolff
"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

David Manners
Evelyn Knapp
James Cagney
Noah Beery
Ivan Simpson

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

for JUNE 1931
FIRST PRIZE

Baltimore, Md.

DOES the movie industry have tormenisse into the past and unearths, for pictures, such unpleasant memories as the War? Was not this savagery gruesome enough, without having to be reminded of it? Such pictures as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Hell's Angels," while showing remarkable photography, etc., only remind us of a most horrible incident which the whole world wants to forget.

Laughter—that's what we want. Life is depressing and serious enough, without having to be reminded of its unpleasantness. 

Ring down the curtain on War and Let Us Be Gay.

Mildred Reilly

SECOND PRIZE

Honolulu, Hawaii.

CROWD psychology is intriguing.

Two years ago I drove from Honolulu to a plantation town where there was a small theatre with corrugated iron walls, dirt floor, and unpainted benches. The audience—mostly Filipinos, who earned a dollar a day in the cane fields—was a tattered, ragged bunch, some wearing only their undershirts and slippers. They sat, chattered, and wanted the hero to give the villain the worst kind of beating.

Recently a new theatre, answering the call of talkies, was built in that town. Last night I drove down to see "All Quiet on the Western Front." I found a beautiful theatre costing a half million, reflecting the last word in mortar achievement. The audience was mostly Filipinos. But they were dressed up; if some hadn't coats on, at least they wore boiled shirts and neckties. Nobody spit on the rugs. A solemn dignity pervaded as the picture unfolded itself. What amazed me was the discovery that these Filipinos, who before craved action in the fullest fistic sense, were, like me, saddened by this grim picture of war. Some took out handkerchiefs to dry their eyes.

Alma Az

THIRD PRIZE

Camden, N. J.

WHY—Does Joan Crawford usually pose for publicity with such a long face? Smile.

Why—Rave so much over Phillips Holmes and Lew Ayres? No personality.

Why—Go abroad to find future actors and actresses, give them a big publicity campaign, and then literally push them on the public?

What about giving more of our own boys and girls a chance? They'd make some of the foreign ones look ill.

Why—Be so concieted about your profiles—John Barrymore, Doug Fairbanks, Jr.?

Why—Not have more pictures of Miriam Hopkins?

Why—Don't the newspapers jump at the chance to print something good and sweet about Clara Bow, instead of trying to drag her name in on all possible scandals? Give her a decent break.

Why—Say that Marlene Dietrich was the whole show? Without Gary Cooper, "Morocco" would never have been the success it is. Think—now what would it be?

Why—Does Ruth Chatterton hesitate so between phrases in sentences? Makes me think she's forgetting her lines.

Ann Shorsmaker

A LOT OF LOVE, A LITTLE HISS

Gadsden, Ala.

I UTTERLY disagree with your May first prize winner that Joan Crawford is emasculated. I also saw her in "Paid," and considered her as near perfect as a woman could be, both in appearance and portrayal. She is a type unto herself, and Heaven forbid that she become plump and commonplace.

If only she and Robert Montgomery could be cast together again, as in "Our Bliushing Brides." They are made for each other—in pictures, anyway.

And a word of praise for dear, dainty little Janet Gaynor. Of a type altogether different from Joan, she fills to perfection her own niche in the hearts of the public.

Now, I've been real nice so far, but I can't resist one little scratch! Can't something be done about Jack Oakie? You know, drawn him or something? If not, just keep him out of pictures and the magazines, or... powder his nose so it won't glisten so!

Mrs. A. L. Ables

LEW AYRES' LIFE STORY

Roslinadle, Mass.

LEW AYRES' life story is the most thrilling and amazing document I have ever read. Nothing better could be recommended for those who are desinterested and ready to give up trying. And I speak from experience. I was in the dregs of despair before I read the article.

I was amazed that Lew was younger than I. And yet, his hardships made my own seem microscopic in comparison. More power to him!

With Lew Ayres' battle to succeed as my inspiration, nothing can stop me now!

SILVER SCREEN is to be congratulated upon publishing the wonderful story of a truly great young actor.

Edward H. Vogel

S. O. S. MOTION PICTURE PRODUCERS

Atlantic City, N. J.

DISCONTINUED rattleger gangland underworld pictures stop Read enough in the press stop Topic of every person's conversation stop Attend movies for diversion see more criminals shooting murders stop Then anticipate shooting someone stop.

S. O. S. Joan Crawford Joan do not become another Eddie Cantor stop Expressing your eyes in the same manner stop Let your beautiful eyes be natural stop Eliminate banjo eyes stop.

After West

THE CHANGE IN CHEVALIER

Long Beach, Cal.

ONCE had a charming Russian friend. Her unstudied mannerisms, her delightfully careful English, and an innate quality of conduct made her always admired.

In time her speech became slanging. She became an ineflectual imitation of the modern flapper. She defended herself by saying, 'But I am becoming Americanized.'

Does that explain the change in Maurice Chevalier? In "Innocents of Paris" and "The Love Parade" he was very French. French mannerisms, little shadings of speech and gesture. Most of all the French spirit, that unmistakable romantic flavor we expect in French novels, French drama, French music. After that he became 'Americanized.' For naunce he substituted noise. The genuine American spirit need offer no apologies, but exaggerated, unconvincing imitations compete poorly with such splendid original types as Gary Cooper, Harold Lloyd, and young Doug.

Too ardent an admirer to desert Chevalier, I still rush to his pictures. But with this difference. Three times I saw "Innocents of Paris," four times "The Love Parade." Recently one performance has been quite too much, and I've left with a mixed feeling of disappointment and pity.

Don't let them transform Monsieur Chevalier into plain Mister! 

Opal M. Dorje

Silver Screen
THE VOICE ON THE PHONE: "Listen, you! This is a friend of yours, and I'm wising you up. The finger's on you! They're goin' to get you this time sure. Even a reporter can't get away with the stuff you've been pulling."

THE REPORTER: "What! — say look here! They can't kill a reporter! Why there's a million readers behind me and a million dollars to back me up. The "Press" would bust this town wide open and all you cheap mobsters would fall out through the cracks. They can't kill a reporter, I tell you, they can't!"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Dick Barthelmes plays a new role. A reporter in on the most dangerous secrets of gangland. His paper paid him fifty dollars a week for the "inside stuff" — but the underworld offered fifty grand for the news that never got into print. And then — his best friend spilled the story that he had never dared to write!
This is so cheaply made and produced that Raquel Torni's fine performance cannot save it. She plays a native girl whose love for a white man, played by Ben Lyon, brings tragedy.

Lowell Sherman's charming performance redeems this picture from utter trivialities. He plays a philanderer who falls hard for Irene Dunne, a nice girl who resists his wiles. Mae Murray makes her comeback as one of the girls who isn't so nice.

A charming small talkers family story taken from Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt." Contains melodrama, comedy and love. Sidney Fox, a newcomer, is the bad sister who doesn't stop at anything to get her man. Conrad Nagel is the leading man.

Another story about the office secretary who falls in love with her boss, and sticks to him through thick and thin. Mary Astor and Robert Ames are the principals.

One of the fullest talks ever produced. A gigantic story of early America, and the empire builders. Richard Dix comes back with a bang. The whole cast is superb.

It doesn't quite come up to expectations. Chaplin as the tramp who loves a blind flower girl gives a good performance, but some of his old silents were even better.

The story of an actor hired to impersonate a Prince and make love to a Princess. Mildly risqué at times but not very exciting. Neil Hamilton and Una Merkel are the lovers.

Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee in a story about a mythical kingdom. Bert and Bob work hard to make the story amusing, but somehow it falls flat, and isn't as funny as it ought to be.

An exciting underworld yarn, although it's not quite as great a picture as "Paid." Joan Crawford turns in a fine performance as a newspaper girl whose brother becomes a bootlegger, but you never see enough of Joan. Clark Gable, the villain, is a real discovery.

Buck Jones in a typical wild western story. He's the sheriff who must arrest his sweetheart's brother for murder. The children will live.

A triumph for Marlene Dietrich, who makes a rather glib spy story seem fresh and exciting, but Marlene and Victor McLaglen cause you to forgive everything.

A splendid cast has been wasted on this story of the jealousy which doctors their husbands' patients, Joan Bennett and Warner Baxter do what they can with the shoddy story that's given them.

A hot-shot with the ladies that he can kiss another man's wife within forty-eight hours. Amusing with good work from Edmund Lowe and Jeanette MacDonald.

Good entertainment for those who like chills chasing up and down their spine. Others might think this story horrible. Bela Lugosi is excellent as the vampire who lives by draining life and blood from his victims.

Constance Bennett brings a fine sincerity to bear upon a very old plot—the story of the girl who gives herself without wedlock to get the lovely things in life. Robert Montgomery is grand in this.

A beautiful portrayal by Ann Harding helps make this one of the finest of the season. It's the old, old tragedy of illicit love, with Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook to make it convincing.

Olsen and Johnson, a perfectly goofy team, run riot in Paris. It's filmed in Technicolour and has a few musical numbers.

A carbon copy of "The Covered Wagon," with the big thrills missing. Good for an evening's entertainment, but not great. Gary Cooper and Lily Damita are the love interest.

Finn takes his family on a trip to Paris and what happens there is a riot. Though ZaSu Pitts is the mama and Leon Errol the papa, Mitzi Green and Jackie Sears steal the story.

Jack Oakie as an accident insurance salesman blunders into gangland. He's such a sap they let him go, but he breaks up the gang. Jean Arthur is the gal he loves.

John Gilbert in a tragic gay story. It's better than he's been for a long time. When the girl he loves finds out he belongs to a racketeering family, she marries another man.

Richard Arlen and Mary Brian in a thrilling Western. Underworld gangsters instead of Indians are the villains. There are some grand battles between the gangsters and the cowboys. Out-and-out hokum, but entertaining just the same.

Beautifully staged, this is a little above the average, but raises being first rate, because Claudette Colbert and Fredric March don't make the hero and heroine appealing enough. It's the old story of the girl who marries the wrong man.

Garbo is great in this. But the picture isn't convincing. Robert Montgomery seems miscast as the cold and prudish hero who is supposed to be so attractive to Garbo.

(Continued on page 80)
"I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!"

A NOETHER sure victory for Leo, the M-G-M lion! Take a look at these great pictures which have recently come out of the marvelous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Even if we stopped right here, Metro would walk off with 1931 honors. But there are many, many more marvelous dramas, uproarious comedies, sensational hits now being made, not only on the busy M-G-M lot, but "on location" in many odd corners of the world. You can always look to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for real entertainment in pictures that you will never forget!

METRO GOLDWYN MAYER

for JUNE 1931
Inquisitive Lizzie: Jack Buchanan, who played opposite Jeanette MacDonald in "More Caro," has returned to the London stage. William Powell was married to Eileen Wilson and has since divorced from her, but for a that and a that, he seems to be very much in love with Carol Lombard.

Admirer from Kansas: Janet Gaynor is married to Lydell Peck, and Charles Farrell has recently married Virginia Valli, so the future of the Gaynor-Farrell team looks a bit uncertain. It all depends on what Virginia Valli thinks about it, says I. Maybe she won't want Charlie to make love to little Janet, even in pictures. If Gaynor and Farrell do play together again, it'll probably be in "Merely Mary Ann," which was postponed when Charlie went on his honeymoon.

Nancy Carroll's next picture will be with Fredric March. It's tentatively called "Scarlet Hours," but I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they changed the title. The picture will probably be a houndeder, for it is being directed by Edmund Goulding, who directed Nancy in "Devil's Holiday."

Blondie of Canada: You asked so many questions last month I couldn't answer them all in one issue. Please be a good girl next time and ask only two or three questions.

Clara Bow was taken out of "City Streets" because she was quite ill, and the picture had to go on regardless. But she's feeling better now, and has started work on "Kick In," here's hoping they give the little redhead a break! She certainly deserves it.

Joan and Kathryn Crawford are not sisters. Neil Hamilton is married to Elsa Whitner. There are no little Hamiltons, so far as I know.

Peggy: Robert Ames is forty-two and is married to Mariel Oakes. The latest picture in which Wheeler and Woolsey are teamed together was going to be known as "Assorted Nuts," but the title has since been changed to "Cracked Nuts."

Maureen O'Sullivan's latest picture is "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Will Rogers, of course, plays the part of the blundering Yankee.

Jack Oakie is twenty-seven years old, but Armida doesn't give her age.

San Rae: Of course, some of the movie stars, being only human, have freckles! Joan Crawford has some right under the tip of her nose; and Nancy Carroll's arms sometimes get freckled. But the movie stars take such good care of their complexion, that, freckles and all, they really look beautiful. I'll tell you a secret, San. I think a few freckles make a girl's face look rather piquant and saucy, and add to her beauty rather than detract from it, if it isn't self-conscious about them. But if you want to learn how to keep your skin as lovely as that of the movie stars, just read Mary Lee's column, and learn about beauty from her!

Joan Crawford weighs 110 pounds, and Silvair Schruoc thinks she's Hollywood's modern Venus.

Someone persuaded Will Rogers to leave his rope and wad of chewing gum at home when he took off for the picture. This is the first time he's ever dressed up for any occasion. Could it be the influence of Fifi Dorsay, who's appearing with him in "Cure for the Blues?"

She doesn't own all the beautiful dresses she displays in her pictures. Most of them belong to the studio for which she works, and are designed by its wardrobe department.

Question Box: Bob Montgomery was born in Beacon, New York. All the girls are gaga over him, and I'm no exception. He came to our office recently, and we all worked overtime just to catch a glimpse of our hero!!

I could almost break down and weep about it, but he is married. In almost every interview someone asks me her husband's name. It's Elizabeth Allen, lucky girl!!

Henry Montgomery, Jr., is his real name. You'll see him next in "Strangers May Kiss," Norma Shearer's great picture. And then he'll be starred in "Shipmates" and "The Man in Possession." I can hardly wait, can you?

Winks: Janet Gaynor has red hair. Some people call it auburn, but I've never been able to see the difference between the two, have you?

It isn't true that Janet Gaynor has left her husband.

Nobody really knows whether Janet will ever play together again with Charlie—not even Janet. We must wait until Charlie Farrell comes back from his honeymoon before we find out for sure.

Janet's health is much improved, but she's still a little frail since her operation.

Only Mary: Greta Garbo's next picture will probably be "Susan Lenox." Jean Arthur has appeared lately in "The Gang Busters," as leading lady to Jack Oakie. William Powell is thirty-eight years old. You can find out all about Bob Montgomery in my answer to "Question Box."

Two or three questions per person is just about the right number, and when people ask me less than that, I rush right off and write a letter to them immediately, I'm so pleased.

Doris R.: Myra Loy has titian colored hair. Jeanette Loff is five feet two and weighs 105 pounds.

Harry Richman has not made any pictures since "Puttin' on the Ritz." He was born in Cincinnati.

Martha: No, Richard Cromwell didn't play in "Paid." It was Kent Douglass who played opposite Joan Crawford. Jack Oakie has blue eyes and light brown hair.

Renee: Kent Douglass, who played the rich man's son in "Paid," is really named Douglass Montgomery. I have no record of his being married, but he's still so new to pictures that the real lowdown on him hasn't been published yet.

Perhaps, if you sent him an especially interesting and helpful letter, he'd answer you. You never can tell till you try. I'll see what I can do about getting the magazine to publish his picture.

Helen: For a picture of Kenneth MacKenna, write to Fox Studios, Hollywood, enclosing a quarter.

Kenneth's real name is Leo McElrayer, Jr. He is thirty-one years old, has blue eyes and light brown hair, and is quite handsome. But don't lose any sleep over him, for he's married to Kay Francis, and we hope it's for keeps.

Rio Amhurst: Mary Brian has dark brown hair.

Mary tries to answer as much of her fan mail as she can, but she's so busy, she can't possibly write a personal letter to everyone who writes her. And how can I promise that you would be one of the lucky ones to receive a letter?

Gary Cooper is twenty-nine years old.

Anita Page is twenty.

Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich have never, so far as I know.

Some of the stars, being quite human, are just as superstitious as people in other walks of life. A great many of them believe in numerology. Freddie March changed his name from Frederic to Fredric because he was told that his destiny would be changed if he did this.

I remember when Carole Lombard was just plain Carol, but she added an "e" to her first name because she was told the new name would bring good luck. And so it goes!
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for JUNE 1931
Hearts will throb—
Blood will race—
Eyes will fill with tears!

THE WORLD WAS TOO SMALL...
Only God's Limitless Sky Was Big Enough
For This Mighty Drama!

DIRIGIBLE! Gigantic challenge to the elements...
forged by the hand of Man! Cleaving with its silver sheath the forbidden world of hurricane rising above the earth... and in the ears of the super-men spinning its treacherous helm comes the roar of motors like the thunder of heaven defied... a sinister reminder that the silver wings on their brave breasts mean "eagle"... or in one moment of flashing, blinding holocaust... "angel"!

DIRIGIBLE

with
JACK HOLT
RALPH GRAVES
and FAY WRAY

COLUMBIA'S LEVIATHAN OF THE AIR!

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN IT WILL BE SHOWN

FROM THE STORY BY
Lt. Comdr. Frank Wilber Wood, USN.

ADAPTATION AND DIALOGUE
by Jo Swerling

FRANK CAPRA PRODUCTION
THE best story of the month concerns the meeting of Tallulah Bankhead and Robert Montgomery.

Tallulah, Paramount’s newest rage, while new to movie fans, is quite a celebrity in her way. So when she demanded that the handsome Mr. Montgomery be brought to meet her immediately upon his arrival in New York, the introduction was arranged.

Bob and his press agent called upon Miss Bankhead at her hotel. Tallulah threw her arms about Bob and clasped that astonished young man to her chest.

“My darling, my darling,” she cried, “tell me about Garbo.”

YOUNG Lew Ayres is having a bad attack of success. The trouble started during the Warner star-grabbing period. Warners’ gave Lew a lot of big ideas with offers of $75,000 a picture. Lew didn’t take up their offers but is now demanding $3,000 a week from Universal and refused to make retakes on his last picture until his demands were met.

Unknown two years ago, his present contract calls for $600 a week, but Universal executives have given him bonuses which make the salary actually $1,250 a week.

Hard to keep one’s head with such figures swirling about it—but we hope Lew keeps his. It’s too good a head to be turned so easily.

AL CHRISTIE, the comedy producer, tells the story of Harry Myers’ reaction to the microphone.

Harry was with Chaplin on “City Lights” for two and a half years. In other words, he had never been in a talkie studio and knew nothing about them until Christie signed him for “Meet the Wife.”

The first day on the set Harry’s hands shook so the director asked him whom he was waving at. The second day Harry went to Christie and asked him to let him out of the picture. He said the little black dingus hanging over his head got his goat. Christie refused to release him and Harry’s work finally turned out all right.

With Virginia Cherrill at Fox’s, this makes Chaplin the only silent actor left.

GOOD NEWS!

Janet Gaynor has returned from her vacation at Palm Springs, healthy and happy, and is back on the Fox lot shooting “Daddy Long Legs.” Incidentally, Janet and Lydell Peck seem happier right now than they have appeared in months.

THERE has been quite an epidemic of contract-letting-out in Hollywood lately. Sue Carol and Rolfe Harolde are out at RKO, largely because parts couldn’t be found that just suited them.

John Wayne, proclaimed just about one of the greatest natural actors in the world when he was discovered, a property boy, on the Fox lot last year, has been let out by that organization.

Both the films in which John appeared were failures. Just why the flop of such dull pictures as “The Big Trail” and “Girls Demand Excitement” should prove that John can’t act is one of those things that only movie supervisors seem to know about.

HOLLYWOOD’S favorite gag was that Clara Bow was sending Daisy DeVo a copy of “Liberty” every week she was in jail.

We suspicion, however, it was just a gag. Actually, Clara has been very generous about the whole affair, and Daisy has been released from jail, pending an appeal of her case.

TOM SANTSCHI, one of the real veterans of the films, died on April 9 at his home in Hollywood. Do you remember his famous screen-fight with William Farnum in the first silent version of “The Spoilers”? That set a mark which other actors have been trying to live up to ever since.

DOLORES ETHEL MAE BARRYMORE made a visit to the Warner lot the other day. She watched her mother, Dolores, in “The Passionate Sonata,” for a while and then had herself wheeled to the “Svengali” set to watch her father. She fell asleep there—just a bored Barrymore.

[Continued on page 40]
The Story of My
Growing Up—Leaving School to Go to Work—Getting Into the Chorus—Falling in Love—That's the First Chapter

I MADE my first personal appearance in the La Hiff house at Sixty-eighth Street and Tenth Avenue, New York City, November 19th, 1905. It was a crowded house and I arrived early, which added greatly to the general confusion. The family doctor drove up in his well-known buggy, so even the carriage trade was represented on that gala evening.

As soon as it was discovered that I was fat and red-headed and too healthy and normal to be interesting, the La Hiffs simply went about their own business as before. After all, I was the seventh child, so you couldn't expect them to show much excitement. When I was in my teens I learned that I was a seventh child of a seventh child and I was sure that it meant something terribly thrilling, but after consultation with various people who claimed to be on speaking terms with the astral bodies I was informed that the charm only worked when it was a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. I, they told me, was doomed to obscurity.

My mother and father are both Irish, and I am of French and Irish descent. My mother came to New York alone when she was only fifteen. Somebody in Ireland told her that New York was paved with gold, so she came over to get a good look. She didn't find any gold, but she found handsome Tom La Hiff, so she felt more than compensated for her trouble. Mother is the kind of person who fusses here and there and leaves things on the stove to burn. I inherited these traits.

One of my earliest recollections is having my picture taken. Which, I guess, is as it should be. All the eight La Hiffs were posed in front of an automobile that had been parked at the curb. Still, being quite a baby, I was hoisted to the radiator cap. Sort of a Rube Goldberg effect. Now that was a hot spot that had been selected for me and I wiggled and wept. But did my fond brothers and sisters take pity on me? No. They bawled me out for continuing to ruin the pictures. It was decided that I was "camera-conscious." I remember well the marvellous times that we kids had at home in the evenings. My father took parenthood rather seriously and it never occurred to him to "spare the rod." We had to obey all the rules. But don't get the idea that father was an old grouch. Far from it. He was a native son of Ireland and he could play any musical
instrument that came his way. He knew every song an Irishman had written, and he had us lisping through Irish ballads and toddling into an Irish jig before we were three years old. He instilled in us a love for Ireland. Although father only made $25 a week he kept his big family organized and even took us to Jersey every summer to avoid the city heat. You'll have to admit he was a marvellous manager.

By the time I was old enough to go to school, we had moved to West Seventy-ninth Street and I was enrolled in Public School No. 9 on West Eighty-second Street. I took a great interest in my lessons and found them easy. I liked spelling and arithmetic, especially those examples about the prowess of the man and the boy who were always painting and plastering. In time I became rather fond of that man and boy.

Later I was sent to a parochial school from which I was graduated with honors because my Irish jig was the best in the school. From practically my first day in school I had decided to be a teacher. Nothing seemed grander to me than to know everything and teach it to others. To be a teacher was my childhood ambition—and when I realized that it was a goal that I could never attain, it nearly broke my heart. I received a scholarship from the parochial school to Marymount Academy when I was twelve years old. I wanted more than anything in life to accept that, but as all my sisters and brothers had gone to work as soon as they had finished grammar school, it didn't seem exactly sporting to me. My play days were over. It was time for me to take my share of the family responsibilities.

I borrowed a dress from my older sister, pinned my hair up for the first time, dabbed on a bit of powder and rouge, and went job hunting. And job hunting in New York at that time was just as discouraging as it is today, and just

Well, there can be family life in the heart of a big city. Here's where the La Hiffs were raised—with no sparing of the rod, either. Sixty-eighth Street and Tenth Avenue, New York, poor but clean.
as hard on the shoe leather. I told all the prospective employers that I was sixteen but they weren't the least impressed with my 'woman of the world' act and told me to hurry home to grandmother before the wolf got me. Finally, the National Coat and Suit Company condescended to put me on their payroll at eight dollars a week. But they learned that I had lied about my age, so I only lasted there two weeks. Then I was introduced to Wall Street via the National Paper Bag Company, but they sent me home when they found me crying one day. Then came the National Veiling Company. They liked me and I liked them, so there I stayed for four years.

When I was sixteen, 'amateur nights' were all the rage in New York. A number of the neighborhood theatres encouraged them. Press agents and even producers would attend these amateur performances, always on the lookout for new talent for their Broadway productions. If your act were over big on 'amateur night,' you were given ten dollars and a week's engagement in a vaudeville house. And always there was the chance that Mr. Ziegfeld's attention might be called to you and you would be chosen to join the glorified ones. But frankly, my sister Terry and I weren't thinking much about Mr. Ziegfeld in those days. We 'tried out' simply because we loved it, and because the ten dollars came in right handy as a supplement to our weekly insult.

The Orpheum Theatre on East Eighty-sixth Street was having an amateur night. Terry and I were keen to give our act, which consisted of harmony, songs and dancing, but we, alas, belonged to the despised West Side many blocks removed from the East Side—and never the twain shall meet. But Buddy Carroll, a member of good standing in that neighborhood, generously offered to introduce us as his sisters. And, borrowing a surname from him, I became Nancy Carroll.

Things began to happen fast in my life after that. J. J. Shubert caught our act one night and signed Terry and me for the 'Passing Show of 1923.' We were afraid to tell our parents that we had become 'chorines,' so we decided to stall along until the last

[Continued on page 66]
IT WAS in 1921 that Ramon Novarro started work on his first motion picture. It was a version—silent, of course—of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat." It was Ramon's first chance and he must have been pretty excited about it. But the production got tied up in a lot of litigation and wasn't released for years. When it got out finally, they called it "A Lover's Oath."

He had to wait for Rex Ingram to give him his real break. You probably remember the story. Rex, as temperamental an Irishman as ever hit a movie lot, was having trouble with Valentino, his bright particular star of the moment. Valentino refused to work and Rex boasted that he didn't need to, that he, Ingram, could pick out any extra boy and make a star of him. The boy he picked was Ramon Gil Samaniegos. That was in 1922. They changed his name to Novarro, his mother's maiden name, and Ramon played the lead in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Now this review of his background, if you are a real Novarro enthusiast, may seem silly to you. But it seems important to me to put it in here if a true appraisal of Ramon is to be reached.

For with the exception of Dick Barthelmess, he has been a successful picture star longer than any other actor now in Hollywood. Like Dick, his pictures always hold up at the box-office. Like Dick, he has made the difficult transition from silence to talk without losing a single fan. But there the resemblance ends.

Dick, in the nicest meaning of the word, has matured. He has married and re-married. He has a growing daughter. But Ramon is still, after nine years of stardom, a child. He is still the dreamer, who walks alone. His following still worships him to the extent of an unbelievable amount of passionate love letters delivered daily.

What, then, is happening to him now? What is he like today?

Well, if Ramon Novarro continues in his present frame of mind, there is going to be a great deal of wailing and gnashing of teeth on the part of the ladies of the nation. For Ramon has just about decided to trade his make-up box for a megaphone. Not long ago he attended the opening of his first directorial effort—a Spanish version of "Call of the Flesh," his own recent starring vehicle. And the thrill of achievement which he experienced far exceeded any joy he has ever felt over his acting prowess.

Ramon worked to make that picture a perfect thing, a creation which should satisfy his own exacting ideals. He worked harder than he has ever worked before. And if he decides definitely to stay behind the camera from now on, you must not weep for the loss of Ramon, the actor. Rather rejoice with Ramon. [Continued on page 78]
Even a great star like Joan Crawford is dependent upon good pictures.

William Haines was a box-office blessing in 1929. But in 1931?

WHAT'S all this star-grabbing about, anyway?

Why should Warners' be willing to pay $7,500 a week to get Ruth Chatterton? Why should it be ready to pay another colossal sum to grab William Powell away from Paramount?

Is any human being's work worth $30,000 a week—the sum Constance Bennett is getting for making two pictures for Warner Brothers?

A couple of years ago the big movie magnates got together and said that star salaries were going to go way, way downward. Some day in the near future, they predicted, the biggest box-office stars in the business would be glad to make $1,000 a week. Star names no longer meant much. With the coming of talkies it would be the story that counted, not the star.

And what has happened? Pictures without star names have virtually been drugs on the market, with very few exceptions. Stars have gone merrily on and on.

When you go to see a picture, you say, 'What's playing at the nearest theatre? Ruth Chatterton in her latest picture? Is it any good? I love her. Let's go.'

People have been saying that in sufficient numbers so that Ruth is worth $7,500 a week to Warners'. She isn't paid that much money because of her beauty. She isn't paid it because of her intelligence, her scintillating wit. That salary isn't even handed to her because she's a swell actress. She gets it because the public will pay and pay to see her in a good picture. If she weren't good box-office, she could be the best actress in the world, and not a single picture company would give a d-n.
Can Clara Bow hold her loyal army of fans even in bad productions?

Movie Money?

By Dora Albert

But, you may feel like saying, so long as she is a good actress, she would have to be good box-office. That, ladies and gentlemen, is the bunk.

An actress must have an intriguing personality. Otherwise she can act her damn head off and Mr. and Mrs. John Public will only yawn.

Do you care about Garbo only because she is a magnificent actress? If it were not for her strange, elusive personality, would she be GARBO, no matter how well she could act?

Clara Bow can be a splendid dramatic actress. Granted. But isn’t it her youth, her pep, her personality you love?

What about the critics? How much influence do they have? The trouble with critics is that they tear a picture to pieces and try to decide whether it’s logical or not. They judge it as art, and not as entertainment.

The critics raved about “With Byrd at the North Pole,” but the public found it a monumental bore.

The critics panned “Common Clay,” with Constance Bennett, but it made strong men weep and women bawl. It was one of the biggest box-office successes ever filmed, and made the glamorous Constance Bennett a name to be reckoned with.

You can’t fool the public. It knows what it wants.

At one theatre in Minneapolis where “Rango” was shown recently, the sad commentary [Continued on page 76]
The Editor Breaks All the Rules and Does a Little Interviewing Herself

Editors are supposed to sit in back of desks and act important.
Editors are supposed to let other people do the work and only come in to take a bow when the credit is being passed around.
At least so I’ve been told and I’ve tried my best to live up to it.
That is, until Robert Montgomery came to town. Then I nearly murdered my best writers in the rush to interview Bob first.
I must admit that this Montgomery enthusiasm is something new in my life. I never did see "The Divorcée." The first time I saw Bob was in "War Nurse." I liked him, but that was all. I followed that up with "Inspiration." That didn’t go big with me. I couldn’t stand any man even acting that way toward Garbo. You remember how that guy was — the stiff-necked idiot.
But then I saw "Strangers May Kiss." And I went just as Montgomery goofy as any flapper in second year High. I wanted to find out about Bob after that. I wanted to discover how any male so good-looking, so intelligent, so altogether charming yet regular, ever happened in Hollywood.
His press agent called up and suggested that Mr. Montgomery and I lunch together at the Algonquin, which, as you doubtless know, is one of Broadway’s favorite eating places.
"But there’ll be crowds in there," I demurred, in my most demurr way. "We’ll never get a chance to talk."
"Oh, yes, you will," said the press agent. "We’ll get a nice quiet table in a far corner."
I waited in the lobby for them to appear. A newspaper girl I knew hove near. "You’re not waiting for Bob Montgomery, by any chance, are you?" she asked.
"No," I said.
"Don’t mind if I sit here and talk a bit, do you?" she asked.
"N-no," I said.
A newspaper man came along. He stopped to talk, too. He, too, asked if I expected Robert Montgomery. I told him no, too, but he stayed. A third friend appeared. She writes for [Continued on page 62]

The only subject which bores Robert Montgomery is Robert Montgomery. But when he talks of anything else, he’s a panic.
Is Greta Garbo Doomed?

Is the Mystery of the Viking Venus Caused by Awful Tragedy?

By Edward Churchill

Is Greta Garbo doomed?

Are there reasons behind the persistent reports, at this writing stronger than ever, that she will retire within a year?

Is there a secret tragedy locked in her own life which allows her, on the screen, to portray tragedy so well?

What is there so gray, so stark, so consuming, within her that she is able to sway millions with the fire of her emotion?

These questions are agitating filmdom. They are whippings to life the curiosity of Garbo fans the world over.

If medical science is correct, the fate of the great Garbo is sealed.

A physician attending her at intervals at a Santa Monica hospital told me recently:

"Greta Garbo has pernicious anemia."

Perhaps this doesn't register with you. Perhaps it means nothing. Let me tell you about the disease.

First of all, think of Garbo as you have learned to know her from her portrayals on the screen. Stark. Passionate. Tempestuous. Tragic. At times, bitter. And, always, a grayness lurking behind the color of her acting. Something foreboding, something sinister in her personality and her art. Think of Anna Karenina and Anna Christie.

Second, think of the things you've read about her in magazines. Garbo takes sun baths. Garbo has a diet, carefully regulated. Garbo moves, because trolleys run near her home and disturb her rest. Garbo does not entertain and refuses to see visitors. Garbo bars strangers from her set. Garbo refuses to give the studio her telephone number or her address.

She spends much of her time walking. She swims. She conserves her strength between scenes. She evades social obligations. She refuses to be interviewed.

Those are the known facts of her life.

There are, besides, newspaper headlines.

Garbo confined to her room at Miramar. Garbo reported recuperating. Physician attending Garbo.

That's the background for this story.

Here are the facts:

"Pernicious anemia usually results fatally within a few years. It is seldom discovered until it is well under way. The average patient lives from two to three years after the condition becomes apparent. Victims, however, have been known to live ten or twenty years under proper treatment."

This statement was given me by one of Hollywood's leading physicians.

"A careful diet is necessary. There is no actual cure for the disease, however. It is said to have its origin in the marrow of the bones and it is a matter of the production of too few red corpuscles in the blood," the physician continued.

"The patient gives all outward indications of perfect health. Only those who do not see the patient often are apt to note the progress of the disease.

"The cause of the disease is a mystery."

I asked the physician what he would recommend in case he was treating a patient.

"A diet of blood-building foods, particularly liver," he said. "I would order a certain amount of light exercise, such as walking. I would ask my [Continued on page 81]
What Men Should Know About Women

They Should Take Women into Their Confidence and be More Understanding

Says Claudette Colbert

Claudette Colbert's marriage to Norman Foster is a gloriously happy one. But her love of her husband doesn't make her think all men are perfect!

"No man ought ever to marry an actress."

"A man can be ideally happy only if he is married to a woman who is completely interested in him and his work. An actress never is.

"An actress or artist is never absolutely happy domestically. She can never forget her own work sufficiently to become absorbed in her husband's interests to the exclusion of her own.

"The domestic sort of person should never fall in love with this type of woman.

"The business man who thinks he can make a woman interested in the arts forget her work, is making a mistake. His marriage is bound to fail. He will bore her with his talk of stocks and bonds; she will bore him with her talk of the theatre.

"It is also difficult for two people, both of whom are interested in their work in the arts, to make a go of their marriage. They are likely to have such nervous temperaments that it is difficult for them to get along. Then, too, it is harder for two people in the professions or arts to be happy together over a period of years than if they had nothing to do but to come home to each other. By dint of trying, they can make a success of their marriage, but they must work twice as hard to do so.

"The chief thing that men fail to understand about women is the necessity of not taking them for granted. As soon as a man marries, no matter how romantic he is, he stops saying the things he said before marriage. And women resent that.

"The woman of today considers herself a person to be reckoned with. Formerly, women married the men their parents chose for them, and thereafter lived no life of their own. Their ideas did not count. [Continued on page 72]

As Told to Silver Screen
What Women Should Know About Men

They Should Know Men for the Dreamers they are and Manage them Diplomatically

Says

John Boles

"A MAN in love is simply a grown-up boy. He does silly, reckless things. He is in a state of suspended heaven.

"Men are less fair—and sometimes less faithful—to women than women are to men. Men are by nature polygamous, women by nature and inclination monogamous.

"Men are less tolerant than women.

"Women are ideals toward which men grope. If a man has any qualities which make him worth living with, he owes them to the splendid qualities in women which he can only aspire to.

"The more I see of women, the less I know about them. That is why it is so hard for me to tell women anything about men—because knowing so little about women, I cannot compare them with men and tell how their natures differ.

"Men, I think, are either dreamers, schemers or practical men.

"The dreamer is very temperamental and idealistic. He is the hardest of all three types to live with. At the same time he is the most loving and the most affectionate. "Dreamers are the hardest of all men to understand. Half the time they do not understand themselves.

"When in love they see only the idyllic side of their romance. Love is a beautiful, idealistic dream to them while they are courting.

"That makes it all the harder for them to adjust themselves to practical everyday things when the first glow of romance must be exchanged for the more quiet companionship of marriage. But if they are half the husbands that they are lovers, they will get along all right.

"The best way to win the dreamer is to be in tune with the things he loves to do. To [Continued on page 73]

Sylvia Conrad

for June 1931

John Boles is married to a non-professional, which is completely in keeping with his ideals. John thinks marriage is a complete feminine career.
A MOVIE-FAN’S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1  Historical period.
2  Famous tent-maker of stage
3  and screen.
4  Sue Carol’s birthstone.
5  What stars do to their houses
6  when they go on trips.
7  Dance step.
8  Ancient alphabetical character.
9  What actors do to their razors.
10 The United States of America
11  (abbreviation).
12  Locale of island pictures.
13  An insect.
14  Army officers (abbreviation).
15  Medicinal substance made from
16  seaweed.
17  Ze singing star from Paree.
18  Descriptive of bad Hollywood
19  gin.
20 One—as in a German talkie.
21  What you need to hear a theme
22  song.
23  A kind of lettuce.
24  To insinuate.
25  To scatter.
26  One of “Our Dancing Daugh-
27  ters.”
28  A Hollywood gal’s stock in
29  trade (abbreviation).
30  What the clown said in
31  “Laugh, Clown, Laugh.”
32  What a Spanish yes-man says.
33  You and I.
34  The noise of a Hollywood
35  party.
36  Virginia Valli’s bridegroom.
37  What Will Hays wishes stars
38  wouldn’t do.

DOWN
1  What every producer calls his
2  new picture.
3  The kind of things stars
4  shouldn’t do.
5  The state of Hollywood at 4
6  A.M.
7  Spoken.
8  Star in “Seven Faces.”
9  What stars raise in a game of
10  poker.
11  Concerning.
12  Exclamation.
13  The game Jack Oakie played in
14  “The Social Lion.”
15  How most stars feel about
16  prohibition.
17  What a star hates to see in his
18  salary check.
19  The lead in “Dracula.”
20  The Biblical boy who sold his
21  birthright.
22  The lad in “True to the
23  Navy.”
24  Describing the villain’s inten-
25  tions.
26  Soon.
27  One, indefinitely speaking.
28  Something a player hopes his
29  career won’t be.
30  What is demanded of a star on
31  a personal appearance.
32  Edible ruber.
33  Abbreviation of area.
34  Part of verb to be.
35  French for Mrs.
36  The fish that made roe famous.
37  Something stars are forbidden
38  to be.
39  A tower.
40  Like.
41  Persia.
42  Player in “Wild Orchids.”
43  A former DeMille actress.
44  Network of nerves.
45  A girl.
46  What stars do for their salaries.
47  How the hero outwits the
48  villain.
49  What gobs in sea pictures use
50  to swab the deck.
51  The film that made Chester
52  Morris famous.
53  Star who made her American
54  debut in “Body and Soul.”
55  What an actor considers his
56  work.
57  Level.
58  What an Irishman uses for
59  fuel.
60  Something a snake hasn’t got.
61  To confess.
62  Polish film star who became a
63  princess.
64  Something the villain seeks.
65  A German male star.
66  Only.
67  Put this on an animal’s tail
68  and even then you won’t
69  catch him.
70  How stars look at the camera.
71  An Arabian noble.
72  What a star does for publicity
73  portraits.
74  Former leading woman for
75  De Mille.
76  What you say after prayers.
77  Something romantic stars have
78  perfected.
79  To pack away.
80  The pronoun that made La
81  Bow famous.

(In response to your requests the puzzle answer isn’t in this issue. The answer—and a brand new puzzle—will be printed
next month.)
TALLULAH BANKHEAD

She's making Paramount's pulse beat faster. She's a Southern girl, out of Alabama by way of London. She is very different. Her company regards her as the greatest find since Dietrich, the dangerous. She has ash blonde hair and blue eyes. She rouges her toenails and calls men "Ginks." You'll see her first in "Tarnished Lady."
J UNE, the love month, the marriage month, the month of honeymoons. June, when lovers whisper, "I love you as no man has ever loved before" and girl voices answer, "Darling, darling." And it is more than half true since there are as many kinds of love as there are sweethearts to share it. There is bitter, sophisticated love like that between Bob Montgomery and Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss." There is the forbidden hushed love between East and West as Conchita Montenegro and Leslie Howard show in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." Yet ever and always the sweetest love remains that of youth in springtime, romance between the average girl and the average boy as illustrated by Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea, across the page, in "Born to Love." (And gossip says maybe there's more to this love scene than acting.)
YOU'VE seen pictures of this girl before and you'll see them again, for her popularity is growing faster than love in the moonlight. Such popularity is deserved and Joan has "Paid," "Dance Fools Dance" and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to prove it. She has two loves, her work and her husband. She brings to both of them a touch of genius. She has just finished making "Girls Together" and is about to take a much needed vacation, probably in Europe.
BARRIE said, "If you have charm, nothing else matters." That expresses Clive Brook. He has so much charm that you do not resent his going on playing one suave gentleman after another, even while you feel he is capable of much finer work. He lives quietly amid the glitter of Hollywood in a delightful house with a delightful wife and two most delightful children. It would be fun sometime, though, to see him really angry.
JACK OAKIE

He is the first genuine "talkie-made" star. His brand of humor is entirely his own and he kids everything from gangsters to lovers. After spoofing all other types of drama, he's now attacking the Wild West stuff in "Dude Ranch." The only thing Jack has ever taken seriously is a young thing named Mary Brian. But then, can you blame him?
SHE has played heroines in love ever since she was fourteen. She is only eighteen now. But when she started her own romance, it didn’t go so well. She is separated from husband Grant Withers and back home with mother. It will be interesting to watch Loretta. She has glowing youth, beauty and real talent
She has made an awful liar out of Hollywood which says only youth and beauty can succeed. She's one of the most marvelous women in the world and she has three rules for happiness. You'll find them in Marquis Busby's remarkable story on the opposite page.
It's Not Your Age but What You Can Do That Counts

And Marie Dressler, a Girl At Fifty-Eight, Proves It

By Marquis Busby

O F COURSE "Anna Christie" was Greta Garbo's picture—that drab O'Neill story of the New York waterfront. For the first time the throaty voice of Garbo was to be heard from the screen. The crowds came to see Greta. Yet, it was Marie Dressler's performance which swept the country.

Marie as the comical, bedraggled, old Marthy made you laugh, but her pathetic little shrug as she tried to throw off the effects of too much Pilsner, tore at your heart. Her portrayal was one of the great triumphs of motion pictures, and it made her a star. She is one of Hollywood's great luminaries and she is 58 years old. And 28 is considered a ripe old age in the movie city.

Amazing, Marie's success at her age, and yet—

Why should age be presented in such a tragic light? The poets dip their pens in the bitter ink of tragedy when they write of the autumn of life. There is a poignant sadness to autumn, but there is also charm, warmth and vividness. I've heard of the long corridor of the years, and it sounds like a dull walk. Gertrude Atherton says the years are great black oxen—and there's nothing particularly intriguing about black oxen. Why should age be the relentless Juggernaut, crushing out the hopes of people? I don't know, and Marie Dressler thinks it's all piffle. She dismissed it with an airy wave of the hand, and asked me if I had heard of Bernhardt, Melba, Paderewski, Luther Burbank and Thomas Edison. They didn't give up when they passed the thirty milestone.

Marie is the youngest person I know, not even excepting Mitzi Green. She lives each day with a glorious zest for the living, and she's about as doddering as a high school co-ed. And, yet, Marie is approaching sixty, frank, happy and unafraid of the great, black oxen. She hasn't had her face lifted, and she doesn't try to act like Clara Bow. Marie is young without trying.

"I'm still 58," she laughed, "and if you can add, you'll know how old I'll be next year. Why, 57, of course. I never feel or think that I am getting old. In the first place it doesn't matter how old you are.

"If a person is young in heart and soul, he is young if he made his début at the Boston Tea Party. If he isn't, he is old at twenty."

She doesn't believe that there is any particular trick to staying young gracefully. It doesn't occur to her that she has made an awful liar out of Hollywood. The producers had been muttering for years that the fans wanted youth—youth—youth. Bright eyes, golden hair and puppy love. Along comes Marie and scores one of the great hits of film history. At 58 she is more popular than a dozen pretty blonde creatures with trim ankles and saucer eyes.

"Naturally I'm glad that I can have a good job at my age, and in such a glorious place as Southern California. But," she warned me, "I don't see any reason why anybody can't have a good job at 58— [Continued on page 74]
The Lucky
How Hollywood Discovered the New Crop of Youngsters Which It Is Trying to Make into the Stars of 1935

TWENTY-FOUR girls and four boys ranging from the ages of seventeen to twenty are now under contract to the leading motion picture studios as possible stars of tomorrow. They are being groomed to replace the Ruth Chattertons, the Clara Bows, the Ronald Colmans and the George Bancrofts as the years move forward.
Behold the budding crop.
They're interesting.
Some are from convents and some are from Broadway. Some have the dreams of childhood as the incentive to their careers, while others are stepping before a camera without preliminary thought. Some knew a friend of a friend who knew the right person. Some are animated. Some stare dumbly at popping questions. They represent a typical cross-section of American life.
Hollywood, starving for new names and new faces, has been combing the nation for material. Today finds the film capital faced with a serious problem—a shortage of stars. I make this statement in the face of the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of youngsters in all parts of the world who are willing to join executives in any experimenting which might net them from $100 to $400 a week and give them a chance to smile benignly down from the screen on the folks of the old home town.

The problem, however, lies not in the quantity of material, but in the quality. Stage presence, personality, ability and training, figure in the selections which have been made. Pretty faces and pretty figures are only a part of the Hollywood scheme of things.
I went to see all twenty-eight of the young hopefuls to find out what they were like—and I learned a lot. For example:
Of the gang twelve admit being in love and sixteen deny having any sentimental attachment for the opposite sex.
Two of the girls admit being married secretly.
Twenty-two live with one or both parents, divorce predominating among the parents.
Twenty-one girls admit liking petting.

Joan Marsh

Yvonne Pelletier
career ahead of marriage. They'll sacrifice marriage if necessary.
Two favor marriage. They would sacrifice their careers for it.
Three believe in a mixture of marriage and a career.
The average length of time before the girls will consider marriage
at all is eight years.
The youngsters, most of them untried, are receiving from $100 to
$400 a week.
 Radio Pictures has five girls under contract; Warner Brothers-
First National, five girls and a boy; Fox, four girls and a boy,
and is dropping a boy; Columbia has three girls and a boy; Metro
has three girls; Paramount, one girl; Universal, three girls; and
Pathé, one girl.
Well, let's look them over and find out how they broke in.
Robert Allen, former Dartmouth football player and airplane
salesman, lived next door to H. M. Warner in Mount Vernon, New
York. He "palled" with Lewis Warner, H. M.'s son. H. M. saw
his picture possibilities and sent him to California. Today he is
studying in the Warner Brothers-First National dramatic school.
You'll see him in "The Reckless Hour" and "We Three." He looks
good.
Roberta Gale, now a featured player in Radio comedies, has been
in Hollywood since May, 1929. She knew the mother of Joseph Schnitzer, president
of Radio Pictures, and Schnitzer saw her possibilities. She had studied in-
terior decorating at Miami University. Her only experience was in high school
dramatics. If she hadn't known Mrs. Schnitzer she'd
still be in Miami. Another
of Radio's bets—and one of
their best—is Arline Judge,
whose chief pride is that she
had flown fifty-two hours.
Her career is wild, although
she is only nineteen years old.
For a time she went with
Roger Wolfe Kahn, son of
Otto Kahn, financier. This
was after she ran away from
New Rochelle
(N. Y.) College.
Pandro Berman,
who assists
Arline Judge
Joan Castle
Le Baron, in charge of Radio production, heard her sing "Say Something Simple" in a Jack Donahue review and Le Baron signed her. To date: "Bachelor Apartment," "American Tragedy" and "White Shoulders."

Anita Louise, sixteen (right name Anita Louise Fruhman), has had a long career in motion pictures and she is, to my mind, one of the best bets of the year. Ten years ago she appeared in "The Music Master" and with Reginald Denny in "What a Man." Her latest part is in "The Woman Between." She was Helen Twelvetrees' daughter in "Millie" and played leads in "The Third Alarm" and "Just Like Heaven." She is blonde, delicate and Gishlike, and is chaperoned, wherever she goes, by a devoted mother. Charles R. Rogers selected her from eighty-two candidates for the role in "Millie" and gave her a long-term contract.

Universal is betting just at present on Bette Davis, twenty, and Sidney Fox, nineteen. Bette is a blonde. She was born in Boston, received an aesthetic education which ended after she left Cushing Academy and became the only woman life-guard at Agonquit, Maine. She studied under John Murray Anderson, worked with the Cape Cod players for a week, resigned, became an usher in the theatre, and finally charged onto Broadway with the Provincetown Players. Universal signed her. She scores in "Seed," John Boles' latest picture.

Sidney Fox is a fiery brunette who drives wide open, as far as her career is concerned, and doesn't bother with brakes.

She went to Columbia Law School, got a job in a law office, gave it up because it was too dull, and eventually landed a job with a stock company at Johnstown, Pa. She was a newspaper columnist at sixteen, and gave fervid advice to the lovelorn. She tried to get into pictures before going to Johnstown, failed, and on her return to New York City landed in the lights. Junior Laemmle saw her and a contract was the result. She has "Bad Sister" and "Six Cylinder Love" to her credit.

Movie schools have always intrigued motion picture producers. One or another always is starting an acting school. Paramount had one several years ago and got Buddy Rogers. Today the company fights shy of raw material. Its only exception now is Carman Barnes, who, at eighteen, will star in her own production, "Debutante." She was a writer until a couple of months ago.

Pathé had a school three years ago, and produced Stanley Smith, Lew Ayres, Russell Gleason, Jeanette Loff and Marian Marsh, all of whom have made good. That school is abandoned, too, and the only existing schools of note today are [Continued on page 64]
The STRANGE CASE of Gavin Gordon

Hollywood Wished Him All Kinds of Luck— And Gave It To Him

By Andrew Hillson

Twice whirled by circumstances—circumstances which bordered on the tragic because of the fierce battle he had waged to reach the high places of filmdom—Gavin Gordon walked into the offices of an executive at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City, where he has been under contract.

It was at the time that they were casting "Inspiration" starring Greta Garbo.

He was not yet downed. He had builded his house twice only to have it swept away each time by gales of misfortune. He had stepped twice into this whirling maelstrom called Hollywood, had been hurled to the peaks of success by the uncontrolled currents which bring both fame and misfortune so quickly, and then hurled away from us.

He had a certain philosophy. That philosophy was:

"You can do anything you want to— you can get anything you want to—if you'll only fight for it."

The executive looked up at him and smiled.

"I wonder—" Gavin faltered. "I wonder if you'll let me play a bit in the Garbo picture. I don't care what it is. I don't want any pay for my work. I—well, I—"

The executive's smile was replaced by a frown.

"If I didn't know you so well," he replied, "I'd think you'd gone a little nutsy. I could give you such a part, son, but it wouldn't be fair to you or your future. You've got a great opportunity for as big or bigger parts than you've had already. Forget the small stuff—"

"But I want the part—I want Garbo to know how much she has done for me and how I appreciate it. She gave me my greatest chance—"

"No!"

Crestfallen, Gordon left the room. He had made his gallant gesture to the woman to whom he felt he owed so much. He had lost. But he wasn't discouraged. He isn't discouraged, and he won't be.

Ten years ago, Gavin Gordon worked on a railroad and wanted to be an actor. After twelve years of adversity, he played opposite Greta Garbo in "Romance." He had an accident just before the picture started and after Garbo held up the picture as long as she could for him, he worked with his body wrapped in adhesive tape because he wanted to justify her faith in him.

It is too bad that this quiet young man, who lives in a little white bungalow with his older sister on one of the silent avenues of Hollywood, has been branded a darling of the gods. For while he has [Continued on page 68]
HEARTS IN HOLLYWOOD: Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor used to recommend vacations for both husband and wife as making for marital bliss. But their recipe didn’t work in their case, anyway. Jack Dempsey is trying to establish a residence in Reno, and Reno is the place where they get divorces, you know. They were married February 7, 1925.

THE Marquis de la Falaise and Connie Bennett have quarreled. It seems that as soon as the Marquis got his divorce from Gloria Swanson, Connie began to lose interest in him. She turned her attention to her new leading man, Joel McCrea. They would sit at the beach in the sun for hours, and Joel would tell Connie to be sure to get a nice coat of tan. The Marquis didn’t think it was necessary for Connie to take such a personal interest in her leading man.

A funny angle on the case is that the Marquis, having been discarded by Connie, is becoming quite chummy again with his ex-wife, Gloria Swanson.

ALL the gossip-hounds would have you believe that Janet Gaynor is about to leave her husband. Yet, in spite of rumor, she drops over to his studio for luncheon whenever she has a spare moment.

LILLIAN ROTH surprised everybody by getting married recently. The lucky man was William C. Scott, 22, son of a Pittsburgh lumber magnate. The wedding took place April 11, in Atlanta, Ga.

DIXIE LEE and her radio-broadcasting husband, Bing Crosby, recently decided that they had come to the parting of the ways. But they have since made up, and are ready to grin and bear it.

IT’S AN open secret that Pola Negri and Mae Murray were never the best of pals, not even when they became sisters-in-law. Pola married Prince Serge Midivani, while Mae Murray was married to his brother, Prince David Midivani.

Now that Pola Negri has sued Prince Serge for divorce, Mae Murray has welcomed Mary McCormic, his future bride, with open arms and is playing hostess to her in her Hollywood home.

BECAUSE Barbara Bennett went to Europe alone recently, there were rumors of a coming separation between Barbara and Morton Downey. But gossip for once proved itself in the wrong, for the instant Barbara heard that Morton was ill, she headed straight for home. And now they’re finding comfort in each other’s arms, and it isn’t cold comfort either.

HELEN TWELVE-TREES has been separated from Clark Twelvetrees for quite some time, but her final decree of divorce wasn’t granted until March 31. She goes places with a new sweetheart, who isn’t known in Hollywood, and whom she hasn’t introduced round yet.

TOM MIX was recently asked if he was going to marry Mrs. Mabel Pelkey, a divorcée who testified for him when he was sued for breach of contract. “Me get married? Naw,” said Mix. “The only woman I love is my ex-wife, Victoria Ford. I want her back some day.”

Mrs. Mix originally got her divorce from Mix on the ground that he was a dangerous character, for he used to twirl guns around the house. Just a little habit that came from playing in too many Westerns, probably.

At present Tom Mix is with the Selts-Plotto circus.

MARY NOLAN, whose real name is Imogene Wilson Robertson, ankled up an altar recently with Wallace T. Macrery, the broker. They were married in
Why young men like to become directors. Eddie Goulding, who writes, directs and talks a bit better than almost any other male in movies, had a birthday at the Eastern Paramount studios. The extra girls and Nancy Carroll crowded around him and gave him this cake. (Of course, they never thought anything about being within camera range!)

Christ Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 28. Mary Nolan gave her age as 25; Macrery said he was 23.

Mary and Wallace met in Los Angeles a year ago.

Mary Nolan does not intend to retire from the screen. She hopes to begin work on a film, "Racketeers of New York." After that she will probably go in for vaudeville or go on the stage.

Her marriage marks the climax of a perfectly thrilling and amusing career, which has been full of ups and downs. Her screen career as Imogene Wilson ended with a national scandal in which she was involved with Frank Tinney. She made a stirring comeback as Mary Nolan. For a long time her identity was kept a secret. She was regarded as one of the most promising stars under contract to Universal. Then came accusations, afterwards denied, of her being a drug fiend. She had hardly struggled out of this difficulty when she was involved in new ones. She was temperamental, emotional. She quarreled with Carl Laemmle, who controls the destinies of Universal players. Finally, in a rage, she refused to renew her contract. And so now vaudeville. Her career has brought her little happiness. The same thing is true of her tempestuous love affairs. Perhaps with marriage will come peace and contentment, and even the fulfillment of a career that was almost wrecked.


Have you noticed that all the young screen stars are marrying into Wall Street this season?

There's Olive Borden, who was married very quietly to Theodore Spector, a stockbroker, on March 28 in Harrison, New York. Friends think they went to the Pacific Coast for their honeymoon.

Then there's Jeanette MacDonald who's to become a bride the first week in June. The lucky man is Robert G. Ritchie, New York stockbroker. They've been engaged for quite some time, having first met at a party at the Mayfair Club in New York three years ago.

MARILYN MILLER denies being engaged to Fred Astaire.

To be sure, he did send her a cablegram reading, "I love you, Marilyn dear."

And she did reply, "Do you really mean it, my own?"

But according to Marilyn, they were just rehearsing lines from a play.

This, children, is that svelte and blonde seductress, Jean Harlow, when she was just a comedy girl on the Hal Roach lot. Think how beautiful Jean is now and be encouraged as to what a lot a smart girl can learn.

The romance between Wesley Ruggles, who directed "Cimarron," and Kathryn Crawford has cooled. Arline Judge seems to be taking Kathryn's place in the director's affections.

Rex Lease, the actor, whose career was threatened when he was accused of striking Vivian Duncan, has lived down that incident and is now married to Eleanor Hunt. The marriage took place on April 9 at Las Vegas, Nevada.

Speaking of Vivian Duncan, she was told by three specialists that it would be fatal to her to have a child. But she thought motherhood worth taking the risk for, and a daughter was born to her March 20 at Wurzburg, Bavaria. She's doing quite nicely, and Nils Asther, her husband, is delighted.

Mrs. Hal Roach, formerly Margaret Nichols, screen actress, is suing her husband for divorce. He's the motion picture producer who specializes in comedies.

(Continued on page 60)
Another Love Story of Movietown by The Hollywood Insider

The Love Sap

THERE was quiet in the courtroom. A sinister quiet fraught with the promise of scandal. Hundreds of eyes feasted avidly on beautiful Sallie Shaw whose head was sunk deep into the fur collar of her coat.

The intimate secrets of a star’s private life—and no way to stop the revelations! The epitome of shame simply because a girl had dared to be herself—and love honestly!

"Continue, Miss Jones," the judge said with a nod to the girl in the chair.

"Well, the way Sallie threw her money away was something awful. Her bootlegger’s bills were simply scandalous and she’d think nothing at all of losing several thousand in one evening at poker or roulette. And the presents she gave her boy friends!"

Miss Jones paused to suck in her breath.

"Say, I guess she had to give them presents. She couldn’t keep them any other way. But even with wrist watches and automobiles she couldn’t keep them more than a few weeks. Why, she even had to buy her own engagement ring!"

There was a gasp of surprise in the room, followed by a series of snickers. The beautiful “heart interest” of the screen, the most sought after star in Hollywood, the personification of sex appeal, had to buy her own engagement ring! Respectable women fingered respectable rings given them by respectable men—and not yet paid for. Immediately they felt superior to the lovely young star.

I sat still, bitter and brooding, back among the newspaper reporters, and wondered if Sallie Shaw could continue to hold her public. The American public could overlook a lot. It could even close its eyes when Sex raised its exotic head—but this—could it be forgiven? Sallie had hopelessly defied conventions by buying her own engagement ring. That wasn’t done.

I knew this wasn’t the first engagement ring that the poor kid had bought herself. But I knew what tattle-tale Ethel Jones didn’t know. No one knew except myself and one other man—Jimmy Wallace. Ten years since Sallie or I had heard of Jimmy, yet in a way Jimmy was the cause of all of Sallie’s wildness—of all her disillusion. If Jimmy hadn’t been such a pig-headed fool, Sallie Shaw would not this day be suffering the tortures of the damned. But let me tell you her story and you can judge for yourself.

Jim and Sallie and I grew up together in the slums of a big city. Dreary brownstone fronts, wailing babies, drunken fathers, and the everlasting odors of cabbage and

When that final love letter was read to the court, Sallie forgot everything and just cried like a little child that has broken her favorite doll.
onions and Friday's fish. Childhood days. Impressionable days.

Money was a myth. We heard about it, but never saw any. No wonder Sallie spent money rashly when finally it came her way.

"What would you do with a million dollars?" was a favorite game of ours.

"I'd buy everybody I liked a beautiful present," Sallie would say, "and then I'd buy myself an ermine coat and dance all night."

Sallie kept her word later on—and didn't realize what a child she was being.

Jim and I punched each other in the nose for the privilege of raking Sallie's books home from school. Rather painful for me, but nothing compared to the pain I experienced later on when I learned that Sallie and Jim were in love. I saw him kiss her the first time and her face took on a heavenly glow like a window in a church when the sun shines through it. From that day on Jim was Sallie's sun—and she shone only for him. I was so much outer ether.

When Sallie was sixteen she suddenly changed from a rather plump little hoyden with a mass of rawdry hair into a slim young creature of startling beauty.

"She can't be good—she's too pretty," the neighbors said in their customary neighborly manner.

They didn't have to wait long to say, "I told you so."

When Jim made as much as twenty-five dollars a week, he planned to marry Sallie and start housekeeping in a two room flat. But in the meanwhile Jim was only making fifteen a week, and Sallie was impatient for that home and fireside.

Besides, she was dreaming visions of wealth, and when she saw a movie contest she sent in her picture. What's more, she won the contest—plus a couple of weeks' work with the producing outfit that was sponsoring it. When the first Saturday came around and they handed her fifty dollars, the poor kid nearly fell over in a dead faint. She didn't know there was that much money in the world. She could hardly wait for Jim to come that evening.

"Look, darling!" She fairly danced into his arms as soon as he approached the brownstone steps of the house where she lived. "Look, I bought you a present—a watch. Isn't it gorgeous?"

Jim eyed the watch suspiciously. There were three generations of Puritans back of big curly-headed Jimmy Wallace. An awful curse for any boy.

"THIS watch is expensive," he said slowly. "It cost a lot of money. I don't accept presents from girls."

"But, Jim," cried Sallie, "I'm not just any girl now. I'm your fiancée. See the grand engagement ring I bought for us. Two more payments—but isn't it swell? Just look at that diamond sparkle. No girl on the block has as beautiful an engagement ring as mine."

Jim's face was drained of all its color. Furiously he seized her by her wrist.

"Where did you get the money?" he shouted hoarsely.

"Why, Jim, don't get so excited. From the movie company. I won that contest. I didn't tell you about it before because I wanted to surprise you."

"No decent girl plays in pictures," Jim roared. "Actresses are bums, all of them. Everybody knows that. You'll quit that work right now. I don't want my girl earning money. How would I ever know where it came from—and for what?"

Sallie's face had turned as white as the dress she wore. She had only meant Jim to be happy—and here he was raging like a madman.

"I worked hard," Sallie said, great tears rolling down her cheeks. "But I didn't mind because I was thinking of all the nice things I could buy you—and the ring so we could be engaged like other people. Why do you have to be so nasty, Jim? I haven't done anything wrong. Honestly, I haven't."

"How can I be sure?" Jim demanded. "I'm no twoyear-old. I've heard how girls get into the movies. You'll be having an apartment on Riverside Drive next, and telling me you haven't done anything wrong. How can I believe you?"

"All right," said Sallie, suddenly angry. "You don't have to believe me. I'm through with you, see? I'm going to California with Splendor Films and I hope I never have to see you again."

It was a lover's quarrel, of course—or should have been.

Up to the last minute before the train pulled out Sallie prayed that Jim might come to her. One word from him and she would gladly have torn up her one-hundreda week contract and returned to the drabness of the tenements. But square-headed Cromwell himself was one of Jim's ancestors. If there ever was a lad bound to be a reformer, it was Jim. He didn't get in touch with Sallie—and he saw to it that she couldn't get in touch with him.

Sallie was a knockout in Splendor pictures from the very beginning. Perhaps if she had been differently cast she might have grown into a different (Continued on page 70)
THE IRON MAN
Rating: GOOD
Universal
A really splendid prize-fight picture starring Lew Ayres—but it isn’t Lew Ayres’ picture. Robert Armstrong, as a fight manager, steals it. The story concerns a fighter who is the usual dupe of a smart unscrupulous wife who ruins him in the ring in more ways than one. Not a new plot but the action is swift and thrilling, and the dialogue excellent. Jean Harlow gives an interesting performance as the unfaithful wife. You’ll like this one.

SHIPMATES
Rating: GOOD
M-G-M
Hoorah! The navy got Robert Montgomery and he started his stardom with a good picture. “Shipmates” is one of those Alger-like yarns full of youth and pep. Bob is mistaken for a millionaire oil lad, gets a place on the admiral’s ship, falls in love with his daughter and finally makes good. It’s gay, full of fun picture that will send you away happy. Bob Montgomery is grand, and Dorothy Jordan gives snappy support.

DIRIGIBLE
Rating: GREAT
Columbia
A thriller! There are some scenes you won’t quickly forget—the Los Angeles in action, a monster dirigible cracking up in a storm, a plane crashing. The story’s about a thrill-hunting cuss, played by Ralph Graves. His wife begs him not to go to the South Pole, but he goes. She gives him a note to be opened when he lands, telling him she’s through and will marry his best friend. Ralph Graves and Jack Holt are great. Fay Wray’s the wife.

THE FRONT PAGE
Rating: GREAT
United Artists
And it’s still the best newspaper story written. It’s packed with drama and comedy—mostly comedy. It tells the story of a star reporter who tries to quit to get married, and of a managing editor who’ll go to any lengths to keep him. Adolphe Menjou as the managing editor will knock you right out of your seat! Pat O’Brien as the reporter is a little lacking in romance, but Mary Brian and Mae Clarke are good. It’s a hit!

SKIPPY
Rating: GREAT
Paramount
Here is the kid picture of the year, a worthy successor to “Tom Sawyer.” It tells the story of little Skippy, who becomes friends with Sooky, a boy who lives on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. Together they try to save Sooky’s dog from the dog catcher, but they arrive too late. However, Skippy’s dad straightens everything out. Jackie Cooper is a positive sensation as Skippy, and Robert Coogan is splendid as Sooky.
Reviewing Stand

THE MILLION-AIRE
Mr. George Arliss scores again! His rôle is even more appealing than anything he's done before. He's a grand old millionaire forced to retire because of ill-health, but unable to keep from working. Under an assumed name he helps a youth run a service station and also his love affair—as only Arliss can manage a love affair. It's grand entertainment. David Manners, Noah Beery, Tully Marshall, James Cagney and Evalyn Knapp are all splendid.

QUICK MILLIONS
Another gangster picture—but oh what a dandy this one is! It tells the powerful story of a truck driver with millionaire ambitions who rises from the gutter and finally runs afoul of his own gang. The picture has been photographed like a newsreel, with highlights of terrific feeling and great characters shown in short, snappy scenes. Spencer Tracy is the machine gun lad. Sally Eilers and Marguerite Churchill are splendid.

BORN TO LOVE
Here's Constance Bennett playing an American aviatrix in a story of wartime romance, wartime marriage and a wartime baby. It is a plot so frankly handled it may offend many people, but the glamorous Connie is lovely in it and will make you cry. Joel McCrea and Paul Cavanaugh are the two men and the love scenes are as thrilling as any screened in months. Go to this if you like emotion, but be warned—it's highly sophisticated.

IT'S A WISE CHILD
Marion Davies has a swell comedy in this one, although James Gleason comes near stealing the honors as Cool Kelly, the iceman, who finally finds himself the father of a housemaid's child. At any rate, it gives the heroine an idea on how to test the love of her sweetie. An unexpected lad proves to be the real hero and everything is finally adjusted. Sidney Blackmer, Polly Moran, Marie Prevost and Lester Vail are great.

THE MAD PARADE
"Journey's End" from the feminine angle. There's not a male actor in the cast—it's all girls! It's quite an amazing experiment and we think it's really worth while. The story has to do with a feminine ambulance unit in France during the heaviest part of the war with all the real tragedy, genuine horror and suffering. Evelyn Brent plays a hard-boiled girl who is a genuine heroine. Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman and Louise Fazenda are also good.
THE FINGER POINTS  
**Rating:** GOOD  
**First National**  
The most exciting gangster film we've seen since "Little Caesar." It tells the story of an idealistic young reporter who is cruelly disillusioned in Chicago. He turns crooked and begins collecting bribes when he sees what a sap he was. His sweetheart, Fay Wray, tries to make him give it up. The picture isn't plausible all the way through, but it's thrilling. Richard Barthelmess, Clark Gable and Regis Toomey are grand.

STEPPING OUT  
**Rating:** GOOD  
**M-G-M**  
Get your ribs all set for one long and hearty laugh. Hollywood and Agua Caliente serve as locales for a rip-roaring farce of a couple of hucksters who figure they can do some private partying with a couple of girl friends while their wives are away. The wives return unexpectedly and the fun begins. Charlotte Greenwood, Cliff Edwards, Reginald Denny, Leila Hyams, Lillian Bond and Merna Kennedy are particularly good.

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON  
**Rating:** GOOD  
**Fox**  
This just makes the grade of better pictures. It's an entertaining program picture, with a sufficient number of murders to make it fairly exciting. The book by Earl Derr Biggers was a real mystery thriller. The story's about a group of murders that occur on a round-the-world tour. A Chinese detective rounds up the murderer. Warner Oland is good as the sleuth, who's a little too quaint. Marguerite Churchill is charming.

THE SECRET SIX  
**Rating:** GOOD  
A gangster picture based on the story of Jake Lingle, the Chicago reporter who was murdered by gangsters. The story is a little too brutal to be quite as entertaining as it should, and it's a question whether Wallace Beery ought to be cast as a "yellow" killer. There's no question, however, but that Clark Gable is destined for a big future, after his splendid performance as a reporter in this one and as a gangster in other films.

THE PUBLIC ENEMY  
**Rating:** GOOD  
**Warner**  
This gangster picture is slightly different from the average run of underworld things, but it lacks a consistent story. It is more of a series of episodes. It takes a group of gangsters from their childhood days of petty thefts to the present day booze racket. Women may not like the picture because of the many ruthless killings. But the performances of James Cagney, Edward Woods, Jean Harlow and Beryl Mercer are all good.

BIG BUSINESS GIRL  
**Rating:** FAIR  
**First National**  
Loretta Young and Frank Albertson, a very cute couple, are teamed together for the first time. The story's of a girl who wants to make good in her own right, and of a boy who likes playing more than work. The girl, however, manages affairs perfectly, eventually boosting her husband to success and giving the villain the air. It's a refreshing picture of young love, but there isn't much to it. Ricardo Cortez and Dorothy Christy are in the cast.
THE CONQUERING HORDE
An old-fashioned Western with mild thrills and plenty of action. The conquering horde that has to be driven off by Wray, by driving the cattle, but the villain still manages to take the Indians. The heroine unjustly suspects the hero, but all's love and kisses at the end. All right. Adults will find it a very average and rat

THE LIGHTNING FLYER
Once upon a time some road story concerning the president who must shift for himself. O good on his father's summed name, captured the villain who was pany, and married the foreman's daughter. "The Lightning Flyer." James Hall, Doris Nolan, Walter Miller do their best, but it isn't goo

HELL BOUND
Without Leo Carrillo as a sentimental lad, the picture would be just a blur. "Caesar!" But he's so the picture. The story friends an innocent girl and murders another. She in turn marries the gangster so the called upon to testify against him. But she Carrillo's fine; Lola Lane charming; the re
Wood shows formal clothes that make you smart this summer.
You How to “Dress Down”

BEBE DANIELS shows two of the newest models in the pajama mode. You must have pajamas if you would be smart. The flowered chiffon pajamas look like a dinner dress and should be worn to dinner or for dancing. The other pajamas, with the chinchilla fur about the neck and sleeves, have more definite trouser lines under the overdrape of rose chiffon. The trousers are of silvery grey velvet. Miss Bond figures in another bathing suit of heavy black silk, polka dotted in red and splashed with great yellow flowers. It fits close to the waistline and has shorts beneath it. Lilyan Tashman obliges with the final perfect note, an organdie dress with eyelets of silver, and very short, white kid gloves.
An Old Man’s Darling

Referring—quite platonically—to Evalyn Knapp and Mr. George Arliss

By Clark Andrews

Evalyn Knapp has been talking again.
Her mouth at times has threatened failure and again has been the vehicle of her success.
Recently it talked her into being an old man’s darling—a perfect triumph. Funny how it does things for her. Pretty as it can be, it has talked her in and out of more jobs than any other mouth in Hollywood.
Not that Evalyn talks too much. Not that she talks out of turn. It’s the way she has talked which has caused her grief one moment and happiness the next.

“And what about this ‘old man’s darling’ business?” you ask.
Well, it’s this way.
Evalyn, not yet twenty-three, with very little experience in talkies, has crashed the gates of fame and played the romantic lead with Mr. George Arliss. Arliss himself took her in hand. And who, in all these United States, wouldn’t like to be taken in hand by Mr. Arliss? Lots of girls in Hollywood tried to win that coveted rôle in “The Millionaire.”
The Warner Brothers studio was so cluttered up with candidates that it looked like a seminary.
Along came Evalyn. She opened her mouth and closed the deal. Pretty good work for a mid-western mouth, and for a Kansas City high school dramatic course graduate.
Now, the word has gone around that she is a success as an old man’s darling—in other words, that she’s so good in her rôle with Mr. Arliss—that she’ll play a leading rôle opposite a certain gentleman named Lewis Stone in “You and I.”
In the meantime, her assignment under Mr. Arliss has meant more to her than any experience she ever has had. If you get on the right side of Mr. Arliss—if he takes an interest in you—he’ll teach you almost everything there is to know about acting.
For Mr. Arliss is, above all, an actor. He is a very pain-taking actor. Furthermore, he is a director. He has been on the stage and on the screen for so many years that he has amassed considerable knowledge, naturally.
Modestly, he imparts much of this knowledge to his cast. His main hobby is young folks. He wants to see them get ahead. His particular hobby at this moment is Evalyn. He’s teaching her enunciation—that’s where that mouth comes in again—dramatic presence, and other things.
You see, Mr. Arliss doesn’t rush headlong into a picture. Oh, no! The payroll for his cast is about $20,000 a week, but does that bother him? No, indeed. He rehearses, on an average, three weeks, and goes through his script twice a day with all players during this period. That’s why Mr. Arliss not only gives a finished performance, but also why his pictures are finished products.
When he wasn’t rehearsing David Manners, Mrs. Arliss and the rest of the cast, he was busy coaching Evalyn. He is not a whole dramatic school by himself—he’s better than that, if you ask Evalyn,

(Continued on page 79)
HE IS rapidly building up a reputation as one of the screen's great lovers. But he hates to be called that. It infuriates him to be compared with John Barrymore, even as a gag. Except in satire, he is not trying to imitate anyone. He proves it in "Scarlet Hours," with Nancy Carroll, by an outstanding individual performance.
ON THIS and the opposite page are two pictures of artists who haven't yet gained the success they deserve. For years Greta Nissen worked on the silent version of "Hell's Angels," but it was never released. Hard luck dogged her footsteps. But at last she is being given a chance in "Women of All Nations"
WHEN ELEANOR appeared in "The Great Meadow," people asked, "Where has she been all this time?" They forgot that she was not only an actress but a woman, the wife of King Vidor, and the mother of two children. But she has found time to come back to the screen. She'll star in "Women Love But Once"
LILYAN TASHMAN

NO ONE can play a well-dressed villainess better than this girl. She was too good a free lance to be allowed to stay one, so Paramount has grabbed her for a long-term contract. Her first assignment will be "Up Pops the Devil"
LEW AYRES

HE HAS refused to play saccharine roles or even to get very much mixed up, dramatically, with this thing called love. He plays a prize fighter in "Iron Man" and after that a tough hombre called "The Baby Faced Killer." More success to you, Lew. You deserve it.
Here are the first stills from Gloria Swanson's new picture, "Indiscreet." Barbara Kent plays Gloria Swanson's younger sister, who falls in love with Monroe Owsley, with whom Gloria had sowed a wild oat or two. Ben Lyon is the man Gloria really loves, but who finds it hard to forgive her indiscretion. The picture blends emotional drama with comedy.
BARBARA KENT

appearing with Gloria Swanson in "Indiscreet"

says—"I believe beautiful hair is the most important factor in the making of a movie star—and the touch of henna in the shampoo works wonders."

NOT only in pictures but everywhere, lustrous hair is a flattering frame for the face. Your hair, too, will shine and sparkle if you wash it with Hennafoam Shampoo. The tiny pinch of henna this shampoo contains will not change the color of your hair but it WILL bring out its natural lights in the most marvelous way! . . .

Your dealer can supply you with Hennafoam Shampoo.

If your dealer is unable to supply you, send this coupon with 10 cents. 
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Gentlemen: Enclosed is 10 cents for which please send me your generous trial bottle of Hennafoam Shampoo.
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LOOK FOR THIS WRAPPER
Do not permit your Hairdresser to use cheap, inferior wrappers on your hair. They leave the hair in a harsh, dry and strawy condition. Don't accept such statements as "just as good" or "better"—insist on a Genuine Vita Tonic Wave.

THIS fascinating screen star, whose charm and beauty have won the hearts of millions, says: "The secret of feminine fascination is keeping your hair soft, lustrous and naturally wavy. There is something about soft, sparkling, flowing waves that is irresistible. I keep an alluring natural-looking wave in my hair by having it permanently waved with Frederics Vita Tonic Process."

You, too, can have an alluring wave, that is soft and life-like, if you demand a Genuine Vita Tonic Wave. We will gladly send you a free Vita Tonic Wrapper to take with you when going for your permanent. Compare it with the wrappers used by your Hairdresser—assure yourself of getting a Genuine Vita Tonic Wave. At the same time we will send you an interesting booklet on the care of your wave and a complete list of Hairdressers in your vicinity who give Genuine Vita Tonic Permanent Waves. Write Dept. 187, E. Frederics, Inc., 235-247 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
Not Personality—but Personalities—
that’s Maurice Chevalier

The Man With Two Souls

By Radie Harris

A STRAW HAT . . . a protruding lower lip . . . French accent . . . and a smile. Viola Maurice Chevalier! He has none of the boyishness of Lew Ayres. Or the sophistication of Bill Powell. He doesn’t osculate like Freddie March. Nor sing like Lawrence Tibbett. Yet he is one of the most popular idols of two hemispheres, six continents, and of fifty million movie fans who can’t be wrong.

Why?
The answer, mes enfants, is a two letter word spelling charm. And as Barrie once said, “If you have it, you don’t need to have anything else; if you haven’t it, it doesn’t much matter what else you have.”

When Chevalier arrived on these shores three years ago, he was welcomed by Paramount with a blare of trumpets, a beating of drums, and a party at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, costing $30,000.

I met him for the first time that night. I have been managing to meet him ever since. In his hotel suite. At the studio. On the set. In his dressing room. And I have reached the conclusion that Maurice Chevalier, the artist, is as completely disassociated from the real Maurice as Dr. Jekyll was from Mr. Hyde.

Seeing him on the screen or on the stage “in person,” one is immediately struck by his buoyant charm—his unmistakable “joie de vivre.” When he flashes that million dollar smile of his, “God’s in his heaven—all’s right with the world.”

Here is Chevalier, the actor—the entertainer par excellence. The real Chevalier is an altogether different person.

Far from the care-free, exuberant fellow he represents, he is the possessor of a very worrisome disposition. Where his work is concerned, it allows him no peace. From the day he starts a picture until its completion, he worries about every detail of it. Unlike a great many other players, he doesn’t fraternize in between scenes, but is usually found in some inconspicuous corner, conscientiously studying his script.

He is determined to retire before he finds himself slipping. And yet, he doesn’t want to “fade out” on a bad picture. On the other hand, he wouldn’t want to call quits with a success, because the temptation of topping it would be too great.

Ninety per cent of his fan mail is written on perfumed stationery by flappers from six to sixty. Most of them are protestations of eternal love. It proves a never-ending source of amazement to Chevalier, who has never considered himself a “lady killer.” It embarrasses him, when he is fussed over by the opposite sex. He prefers that privilege to be reserved for his wife and former dancing partner, the dark and piquant Yvonne Vallée.

He hates, romantic parts, claiming he is unsuited to them. He fought against making “The Love Parade” because he had to dress up in a uniform. It was a box-office sensation. He was enthusiastic about “The Big Pond,” because he wore overalls and worked in a gum factory. The public preferred “The Love Parade.” In “The Smiling Lieutenant,” he is back in uniform again.

He has more of the reserve of an Englishman than the vulgarity of a Frenchman. I have seen him at various press and social functions when he looked about as comfortable as Marie Dressler in a Joan Crawford model. Because he dislikes the art of making small talk, he rarely accepts any of the invitations with which he is deluged, begging for the “honor of his presence.”

He doesn’t make friends easily but when he does, his choice is cosmopolitan. He has a small coterie of them which include Kid Francis, the boxer; Battaille Henri, a writer; Tom Hearn, his manager, and Adolph Zukor. But his only intimate friend in America is Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

He hates being alone.
He has no hobbies. He once tried golf. It lasted a week. He doesn’t know one [Continued on page 75]
More Movietown Topics

[Continued from page 41]

LINA BASQUETTE and Peg Marley have kissed and made up. They never were divorced, you know, but oh, how they quarreled!

SALLY EILERS refused to go on location to Honolulu to make "The Black Camel" because she didn't want to be parted from her husband, Hoot Gibson. She half expected to be fired for putting her marriage above her career. Instead, she was told that Hoot Gibson could go with her to Honolulu at the company's expense.

Sally, by the way, has been given the coveted title role in the talkie version of Vina Delmar's "Bad Girl."

WHEN Bill Powell left the Paramount lot, Carole Lombard asked to be given his old dressing room.

All Paramount thought that was a lovely sentimental touch and gave it to the luscious blonde.

But afterwards there was a lovers' quarrel. Of course, Bill and Carole made up right away.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S first picture, "Tarnished Lady" being complete, somebody asked Tallulah how she liked herself in it.

"In the first two reels I'm terrible," said Tallulah, "but when I get to the drunken scene, my dear, I am divine—I am absolutely divine."

PATSY RUTH MILLER and Tay Garnett, her husband, are occupying separate domiciles. The cinema village is whispering, but Pat and Tay are very silent about it.

THERE is much speculation as what may happen to the Alfred Lunt-Lynn Fontaine marriage when that united couple reaches the Coast to begin their first picture for M-G-M.

The devotion of Lunt and Fontanne is one of the traditions of Broadway. Both great actors and great personalities, they have played opposite each other for more than five years, and have been married for almost ten. It was love at first sight for both of them and the romance has continued. They are easily the most distinguished team on the speaking stage.

This could happen only in Hollywood—An asbestos factory burned down.

JOE E. BROWN and his business manager, Ivan Kahn, used to be the greatest of pals. But like all things in Hollywood, they came to a parting of the ways and Ivan is suing his ex-pal for commissions on the newest Brown-Warner Brothers contract.

The little gossip bird reveals that Lor- etta Young, about-to-be-divorced wife of Grant Withers, has been seeing a lot of Ronald Coleman of late.

MAE MURRAY simply can't stay out of the courts.

She was up the other day again, this time charging some loan company with usury. She claimed she had to pay twenty per cent to borrow money.
"YES I am 39 years old!"

SAYS IRENE RICH

This charming screen star tells a complexion secret 605 of Hollywood’s 613 important actresses know

“I don’t mind confessing it a bit,” says Irene Rich with her warm, irresistible smile. “I really am thirty-nine years old! A screen star never worries about birthdays, you see, as long as she doesn’t look old. To face the cruel test of the camera she must keep the fresh loveliness of youth.

“That is why in Hollywood we guard complexion beauty above all else. Any woman who wants to hold her charm should keep her skin always soft, smooth, youthfully aglow.”

How does this lovely star guard complexion beauty? Just as so many other Hollywood actresses do—605 of the 613 important ones! “I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly,” she says, “and have for years.”

Surely you will want to try this fragrant, delicately white soap for your skin.

IRENE RICH AND HER DAUGHTERS
(left to right) Frances, twenty years old, Jane (in background), fourteen, their mother, actually 39! Still radiantly youthful, Irene Rich says: “The right soap can do wonders for your skin, I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly for years.”

Photograph by Autrey, Hollywood, 1930

IRENE RICH, the screen star whose loveliness has endeared her to millions, confesses frankly to thirty-nine birthdays. And why not? Years have only added to her charm. Above (in the circle) is one of her most recent photographs—below it, a picture from one of her recent films!

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth Lux Toilet Soap 10¢
Robert Montgomery—He’s Grand!

[Continued from page 22]

Robert Montgomery—He’s Grand!

[Continued from page 6]

Hair—Your Finest Accessory

upon your age and your outlook. Things are all topsy turvy now and short hair today means older girls and long hair means younger. There is nothing sweeter than a youngster with cute curls who combs her hair back simply from her face, tucks it behind her little ears and twists it in a loose knot on the back of her neck.

For girls from twenty to eighty I recommend this. With soft, ruffled and ruffled, patience, you can do anything. Watch Garbo. Watch Norma Shearer. Watch Nancy Carroll for hair style tips. Those girls are wonders. And notice that all three of them keep the hair long enough to let it register variety. Very short hair is limited in treatment.

Finally consider the color of your hair. Very black hair seems best worn straight. Its lovely luster should not be broken into waves unless they are the softest possible. Dress black hair simply, always.

Red hair, reversely, is best waved. And the fluffier, the more girlish the wave, the more charming. Red hair expresses temperament, gaiety, youth. The hair-dressing should typify those qualities.

Really blonde hair should be dressed to compliment its delicacy. A blonde suggests a fragile, angelic creature—even though Lorelie Lee was a hard-headed business woman. Here, too, soft waves are needed, and the simplest cut.

For the in-between shades come the in-between modes. Here is where both the most care and the most originality may be exercised. Because the in-between types are not so emphatic in characteristics, you can be the most original, most expressive. Many persons advise some of you when it comes to these tricks. Will you write me, if I can? And till next month remember—don’t be afraid to experiment with your hair. This way will you find the road to beauty and distinction.
Now It's FUN
To Reduce-Keep Fit-Gain Strength
... in 5 Minutes
a Day—at Home!

Try it 10 Days on Approval—Send No Money Now!

EVERYONE realizes the value of DAILY exercise. Heretofore, it has been bothersome, took too much time, and was too much like work! But, wouldn't you like to recover the PHYSICAL FIT-NESS and the FIGURE OF YOUTH—if it were actually FUN to do so? Wouldn't you be GLAD to get rid of that PROTRUDING ABDOMEN and the EXCESS FAT around your hips, arms, legs, neck and shoulders IF YOU COULD REALLY ENJOY DOING IT? Wouldn't you be eager to restore natural ELASTICITY to those sagging, flabby muscles—to generate NEW HEALTH, NEW STRENGTH, NEW STAMINA in your Chest, Back, Arms, Legs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels—IF DOING SO WERE AS FASCINAT-ING AS PLAY... and if all this took only FIVE MINUTES A DAY?

Here—at last—is a new invention that takes the WORK out of WORKOUT. Here is a light, compact, Home Exercising Machine that makes HEALTH BUILDING and REDUCING a delight instead of a drudge. And it is priced within the reach of every one—only $9.85. Try it 10 days in your own home. Send no money now—just the coupon below.

STEELFLEX FIVE-MINUTE HEALTH BUILDER

This amazing invention provides the NECESSARY INCENTIVE to reduce, build strength, and maintain health, by making it a genuine PLEAS-URE to take a daily FIVE-MINUTE WORKOUT! The action of Steelflex Five-Minute Health Builder provides NOT ONLY the scientific rowing stroke but also a COMPENSATING AUTOMATIC "PULL-BACK" which utilizes the well-known principle of resistance, endorsed by leading authorities.

Although NEW, thousands of STEELFLEX FIVE-MINUTE HEALTH BUILDERS have already been purchased. A New York Physician writes: "It will reduce abd-omen, strengthen muscles of the back and abdominal walls. Patients very enthusiastic." A business man writes he reduced 13 pounds in two months. Others say: "Reduced waist-line 3 inches in one month... "Five Minutes with Steelflex equal to one hour's exercise of some other type." (Names on request).

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[ ] Check here if our hospital, physically disabled, Paramount Model is desired. Price $12.35. Guaranteed Satis-faction or money back.

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Foreign Countries
The Lucky Twenty-Eight

(Continued from page 38)

Fox and Warner Brothers-First National. Fox does not stop at instruction, but has special dentists who repair the youngsters' teeth.

Warner Brothers-First National at present have Gladys Ford, originally Mary Blackford, and subsequently Janet Ford. Janet—I mean Gladys—is a Beverly Hills high school girl who didn't finish until June. Scouts picked her as having possibilities after she was chosen the most popular girl at the institution. She is seventeen.

Mae Madison was Mariska Medgyesi, a name which may or may not be pronounceable for Hungarian countrymen. She is six feet. Her mother was a singer and her father made violins. She is still in high school. She went to the Fox school for a while, but didn't click. Warner Brothers-First National doesn't mention Fox at all.

Eddie Buzzell, who knows about everything there is to know about the stage, was selected by Joe Brandt and Harry Cohn, Columbia executives, to pick talent on Broadway. He saw one hundred candidates and became dizzy until Susan Fleming and Loretta Sayers walked in.

Susan is a brunette with a Broadway background, and claims seventeen years. She wears a large engagement ring, but denies being in love. Someone will be sorry when he reads this. She was educated hither and yon, partly in Alaska. After working for Flo Ziegfeld and George White, she is sporting a Columbia contract.

Her team-mate, Loretta Sayers, is a ravishing blonde, with a convent and private school background. Her home was in Larchmont, N. Y., until three months ago. Without previous dramatic experience, she found herself a leading lady with Buck Jones in "Red River Rogues." A friend introduced her to Buzzell. She was afraid of the camera, she told me.

Another Columbia contribution is Constance Cummings, whose big chance was in "Thirteen Fantastic." She was then signed to Radio for "Traveling Husbands" and seems to have a good future—in the face of the fact that she was brought out here by Sam Goldwyn for a leading opposite Ronald Colman and was let out before she started. She was seen on Broadway in "The Little Show," "This Man's Town," and "June Moon" before she got her first break—opposite Phillips Holmes in "The Criminal Code."

Yvonne Pelletier is a rave with the critics right now. She was born at Port Henry, British Columbia, nineteen years ago. She first appeared on the stage when four. Sid Grauman gave her chances in prologues. She played a child's role with J. Stuart Blackton, and also appeared in "Children of Divorce" and in "Crystal Cup." She is a talented dancer. She may seem new to you in her new roles, but she has a record of trouping.

 Roxanne Curtis, seventeen, has tried fashion modeling, dramatic school and high school. She was born in Edgewater, New Jersey, and got her first chance with a stock company at Hackensack. Her family didn't want her to be a dancer, but eventually found her talent. They let her continue. She went to work for Fox last May.

Terrance Ray I can't tell you much about. He worked until 9 P.M. the night before I was supposed to interview him, and he was too tired to show up at noon. His grandfather had once owned a showboat, I'm told, and his father had once acted as entertainer. This inspired him to Historic, which, to date, have culminated with "Care for the Blues" with Will Rogers. He played in stock for some time, and Fox discovered him when casting for "Up the River." Before feeling the urge to act he had planned being a minister.

Joan Castle, seventeen, born in New York City, was a radio entertainer until she was introduced to Gus Edwards. He suggested her to Joe Pincus, and Pincus signed her. She likes swimming and ping pong, puts her career ahead of anything else, and is glad she met Mr. Edwards. She has been in Hollywood nine months, and has "Mr. Lemon of Orange" and "Cure for the Blues" to her credit.

Peggy Ross is eighteen, and she is from Vancouver, B. C. Private schools in Los Angeles claimed her, but she always wanted to write until a friend in the theatrical business saw trials of her and arranged for tests. She has been under contract to Fox only a short time and spends most of her spare moments attending dramatic school. She has had no previous dramatic experience.

Minors are barred from the legitimate stage—and that is the reason why Rochelle Hudson is in Hollywood and under contract to Radio Pictures as a featured player. They gave her a role in "Crisis." There, she appeared before clubs, societies and school audiences with marked success, for she has both poise and beauty. She has been in Hollywood since last July. She has a record of starring in a one act play while in high school in Oklahoma City and playing all the parts herself. She sings, dances and paints. Radio is casting her in minor parts.

Marion Shilling, not yet twenty, has fifteen years of the stage behind her. She has clicked consistently since her initial appearance before the camera because she is both sensible and serious. She first did "Wise Girls" for Metro. "Lord Byron to Here," "Once a Man's home," "On Your Back" and "Beyond Victory" have given her an opportunity to show her ability as a feminine lead. Her father, Edward Shilling, is a well-known producer in the Midwest, which accounts for both her ability and her training. She and her father are great pals, and he's still coaching her, in spite of her increasing success.

When she was nine months old, Joan Marsh, now with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, made a film début. Her father, Charles Rosher, cameraman, used her in a small part.

She played children's roles until she was eight. Then, for the next eight years she went to school. At sixteen she posed for posters advertising "All Quiet on the Western Front" and was given a screen test by Universal. She was used in a few bits and then Metro snared her. She tells me she neither smokes nor drinks, not because she is morally opposed to either, but because she doesn't think either would advance her career or improve her health.

Of them all, I'll place my bets on Conchita Montenegro. The young lady, born in San Sebastian, Spain, September 11, 1912, will probably have her name changed to May June or some such monicker, but should get by with almost any name. She went to grade school in San Sebastian, an high school in Madrid, and started dancing when she was eight. Her older sister, a dancer, got Conchita her first position.

She traveled through Europe as an entertainer and was spotted by Hunt Stromberg, Metro executiv. He saw her look, and the beauty and the other ingredients which make for screen success. Five months later she had mastered the English language. She was snapped into the English version of "Never the Twain Shall Meet," as a result, after doing three Spanish versions.

She looks like a smash.

Folks are talking about her around the lot, and that's the healthiest sign. Behold the best bets of 1931, the youth of Hollywood.

Maybe, if you'd like to have some studio place a bet on you, you'll get an idea on how to do it from this story. But, if you do, I'd better warn you. The motion picture business is like lightning—it never strikes twice in the same place.
THE hunt is about to start. The hounds have been unleashed and are impatient to pick up the scent. Somewhere in the pack are two dogs exactly alike—identical to the eye in size, pose, markings on the legs, bodies, heads and tails. How well developed are your powers of observation? How quick is your eye? Can you find the twin dogs? It will cost you nothing to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

If you can find the twin dogs send the numbers together with your name and address. Six thousand dollars to be paid in 10 equal first prizes. Each one $600.00 or a brand new latest model, 1931, Chevrolet, 2-door sedan, with many extra prizes of $100.00 each—you can win one by being prompt—making a total first prize of $700.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prizes 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 the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

W. C. DILBERG,
Room 392, 502 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois
The Story of My Life—Nancy Carroll

[Continued from page 18]

minute. We continued to go to our respective jobs every morning and to rehearsals at night. My greatest thrill over being a part of the "Passing Show of 1923" was the thought of seeing Atlantic City, Washington, Baltimore, Boston perhaps for I knew that every large musical show opened out of town and was shaped up for a few weeks before encountering the blase Broadway audiences. I was crazy to travel. So you'll laugh when I tell you that the "Passing Show of 1923" was practically the only big revue in history that never did travel but opened cold on the Broadway. Maybe you think what the night before an opening is like. I was so tired I could hardly stand up.

"Go to your dressing room and grab a few minutes sleep," Mr. Shubert ordered me. "You've got to stay here until six in the morning." Terry and I gasped in dismay. What would our parents say? We still hadn't breathed a word to them about the show.

Thoroughly frightened and almost dead for want of sleep, we got home early the next morning along with the milkman—and there was mother waiting up for us with Duty written all over her face. How father happened to miss out on this I don't know, as he was usually on the reception committees—and yielded a wicked hand.

"Go to bed at once," my mother commanded. "I'll attend to you night-birds later!"

Gosh, I was glad to get some sleep. And by the time I woke up the morning papers had been read by the entire family—as well as the neighbors. On the theatrical page was a large picture of me very much resembling the Campbell Soup Kid. "Nancy Carroll—the Baby Cherub. Something new in chorus girls."

The show had been running for many months when one day mother casually remarked, running up the hill to the house in a little sleuthing and probing I discovered that she had been there at least nine times—in the balcony—but had never mentioned it. One of my brothers consented to attend a performance. His only comment was, "You had too much make-up on and looked funny." From this you can gather that as an actress I was a big success with my family.

When the show went on the road I quit, by parental request, and went into the "Topics of 1923," where in one sketch I impersonated Madame Du Barry.

And then love came into my life. Soft music, please. And with all the millionaires and titles hanging around the theatres giving endless dinners and Rolls-Royces, wouldn't it just be my luck to fall in love with a poor newspaper man. But I've never had any regrets! I met Jack Kirkland at a Park Avenue party one evening and I believe in love at first sight. Jack says I was very aloof when I first met him, so to interest me he picked out another girl and began discussing Literature and Art with her in a high and mighty voice. I was terribly intrigued and decided that this brainy young man must be second only to Socrates. I blinked my eyes at him and rescued him from the Italian Renaissance—and the theatre.

Our first date was rather amusing. Jack was with the Daily News at that time and got some passes to a show. I didn't know they were passes until later—when I learned about newspaper men from Jack. As they were excellent seats, I thought Jack must be in the money, so after the play I was all ready to go places and eat and dance. As we left the theatre, there was an awful pause. Finally, Jack magnificently bought me a movie. Another awful pause. Poor Jack had only about a quarter in his pocket and he was trying to gather up courage to take me home on the subway. I must have shown my disdain for the soda, as Jack at last shoved me into a taxi and we dropped at his newspaper office where he had to finish up a little work—so he said. I thought he was being quite grand when he told the taxi driver to wait. But the driver knew more newspaper reporters than I did, for he settled himself comfortably on the back seat.

Jack parked me at his desk while he scrambled around trying to round up enough money to take me home in style. To entertain myself while I was waiting, I poked about in his top drawer and what did I find but a picture of Nancy Carroll. I thought it was a plant, but nevertheless I was well pleased that the bookish Mr. Kirkland should care for my photograph. Later Jack told me that he had selected me as the "one and only" months before he even met me. The Shuberts sent him dozens of pictures every week for the paper, but he tossed them all into the waste paper basket—until one day he came across mine. Then and there he resolved to marry me—or so he told me.

Of course, Jack did the noble thing and frankly assured me that, with all the opportunities I would have of marrying millionaires, I would be idiotic to waste my life on a newspaper reporter who was making $65 a week—and always owed that. He gave me a harrying description of all the horrible things that happen to the wives of newspaper men. But he couldn't frighten me. What's a gutter more or less when you're in love?

We married in June, 1924, and decided on Akron, Ohio, for our honeymoon, as Jack had a college chum and I had to keep my head out of the side of the car, in all that rain, to warn him about curbs and turns,
By the time we reached Trenton we were wet and mad and convinced that our marriage was the colossal mistake of the century.

But the next morning the sun was shining and everything looked brighter. Jack wasn’t quite so gallant about holding up the man back of us, so often we did only a mild forty. The man behind us cheerfully drove right into us and the Kirkland honeymoon express wrecked. But it so happened that the man was a Studebaker dealer and when he learned about our shattered bridal tour he was very sympathetic and made us take his Studebaker for the trip. So we arrived in Akron in a decent looking car, Jack grabbed his golf clubs immediately and hurried off to the club house. Then I knew why all the women in the audience used to laugh so feelingly at the Golf Widow jokes.

Back in New York we went apartment hunting. We both wanted to live in Pomerand Walk, for that quaint little Bohemian block in the midst of the respectability of upper West End Avenue had a fascination for both of us. “Interesting” people lived there—the kind who write books, and the kind that books are written about. On Jack’s salary we could only afford an apartment that overlooked Pomerand Walk—but we were just as thrilled over that.

Jack had to work at night down at the News office and I was rather lonely, so when an opportunity came to be a featured dancer in the “Passing Show of 1924” I gladly accepted it. Besides, a little extra money wouldn’t do us any harm.

We had been married nearly a year when Jack came to me one day grinning from ear to ear.

“ ‘How much money have we in the bank?’ he asked.

‘Nine hundred dollars—and no cents,’ I replied.

‘Don’t remind me about the sense. Nine hundred dollars! What! That’s a lot of money. It isn’t right that the Kirklands should have so much wealth. We must rid ourselves of this curse. We must tear off these shackles that bind us to the soil and set our spirits free. We must go some place.’

’Sure, I agreed. “Where?”

‘Europe,” he announced dramatically. “We’ll live in a garret in Paris and drink croissants in our coffee.”

For a second I hesitated. In six months I was going to have a baby. But after all, according to statistics, babies are born in France just as they are in America.

‘ ‘When do we leave?’

‘Next week.”

Can you imagine two such idiots? Here we were ready to start out into unknown lands with only nine hundred dollars (of which some steamship company would relieve us of a goodly portion) and a baby due in six months. It didn’t occur to us that we were doing anything the least bit out of the ordinary. It didn’t occur to us that lots of things lay ahead that might not be so pleasant. We were in love and life was wonderful—and it was just as well we couldn’t look into the future.

Next month in the July SILVER SCREEN you will read of the difficulties that faced Nancy and her husband when they went to Europe, and went broke.

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As vacation-time approaches, daintiness and comfort are more and more important ... particularly in sanitary protection. You must feel immaculate, at ease, all of the time. That’s why it is wise to specify Kotex.

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Kotex may be worn on either side with equal protection. There’s no likelihood of embarrassment or discomfort from wrong adjustment. You can remove layers to meet changing needs.

Our leading hospitals use great quantities of Kotex and the delicate absorbent of which it is made. They buy enough annually for millions of pads. What a rare tribute to its hygienic safety, its efficiency! Make it a point to specify Kotex.

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The Koremlu Cream Method is not to be confused with temporary correctives, nor is it to be confused with any other method. The Koremlu Method gives permanent results. It removes the hairs by weakening the follicles that hold the hairs in the roots, so that they are most easily lifted out. A number of applications definitely destroys the growth of hair. The Koremlu Cream Method, used regularly for a definite period as directed, is guaranteed by a signed, money-back guarantee to achieve the permanent results you have always hoped for—the complete and lasting removal of superfluous hair.

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THE \$500 SLOGAN CONTEST WINNER

REMEMBER we promised to print the picture of the winner of SILVER SCREEN's great slogan contest? Well, here it is. She's Mrs. Ina E. Barres of Rochester, New York, who submitted the slogan, "Reflecting the Magic of Hollywood." Can't you just tell from her picture that she's a charming woman, rather motherly and friendly? She's a housewife and has two children, a girl and a boy. This is the first contest she ever entered. It is the dream of her life to own a little home in the suburbs. The prize money is going to be used to help fulfill that lovely dream against his chances. He finally, however, got a pass to Chicago, and landed a position as travel writers' secretary on the Broadway Limited, operating between that city and New York.

"I thought that would be a good way to meet people," he told me. "People of influence.

It was.

He met Grant Mitchell, the noted actor, who encouraged him. At this time, he was 21, and no one could have been much farther from being an actor than he was.

He found time for further study in New York City, and eventually ended with the Bonstall Stock Company at thirty-five dollars a week. He was willing to sacrifice much of his salary to get a start in dramatics.

At 23 he was playing the lead in "Whispering Wires," and drawing one hundred and fifty dollars a week. Following his success in this, he was with Jane Cowl in "Paris," with Florence Reed in "Annie Get Your Gun," and with Henrietta Crosman in "Crashing Thru." Next he did "The Cardboard Lover" and "Among the Married" with Edward Everett Horton.

From this brief biography, it is hard to understand why he should be branded a "lucky Tennessee mountaineer" when he landed opposite Greta Garbo in "Romance."

It was natural that he should attract attention in these important roles, and he did. He found himself headed for motion picture and thrilled with the prospect. Everyone wanted to get into him. He had worked hard and felt that he deserved to be rewarded for the efforts he had made.

When he was approached, he felt that his years of struggle were over.
In December, two years ago, the motion pictures recognized his talent and he was signed to a contract with Fox.

"I thought that was the greatest break I ever had," Gordon told me as we sat with his elder sister in the garden behind his home in West Hollywood. "It was, with the exception of the auto crash while working with Garbo, the worst.

"I found, when I went to work, that I was under terrific nervous tension. I tried with all my might to do my best work, but I knew nothing of motion picture technique. Above all, I believed that the Fox organization over-rated my ability.

"I couldn't relax.

"I was supposed to play the part of a suave and gentlemanly man of the world. I tried to be suave and gentlemanly, but the director insisted that I show all the delicacy and tact of an ice man or a taxi driver.

After days of fighting, I broke up a couple of chairs, told the director to get out of my sight, and walked all the way from Fox Hills to Hollywood.

"The next day I told Fox executives that I thought I wasn't fitted for the part and they agreed unanimously. From that time until my contract expired, I had the most minor parts."

THEN, out of a clear sky, came the chance to play opposite Greta Garbo.

"After months of idleness and recrimination, and believing that I never could amount to anything in motion pictures—I was offered that chance of chances," Gordon said.

"I had always admired Garbo—I'd never missed a picture in which she had appeared. She seemed to embody all that was fine in acting. I realized that I could get to the very top of my profession, in one leap.

"Then came the accident—the days of pain—the kindness and sweet consideration of Garbo in holding up shooting until I recovered sufficiently to get back on the lot. I came back as quickly as I could. Perhaps, too quickly.

"With my body wrapped in yards of adhesive tape, and with an ache in every muscle, I worked. I worked harder than I'd ever worked in my life.

"You couldn't see the bandages, naturally, in 'Romance'—the actual bandages. But if you'd ever seen me in anything else, you'd know where they were there." Following "Romance," Gordon appeared in "The Silver Horde," in a heavy and overpowering part which he did not like, and after this came "The Great Meadow."

Then idleness.

Finally, that noble gesture—that attempt to sacrifice prestige and salary and, to a certain extent, self-respect, to get into a picture with Miss Garbo again. Then came a bit in 'Shipmates' with Bob Montgomery and that's that.

"It has been reported that you love Miss Garbo," I told Gordon. "Is that true?"

Gordon studied a picture of his lead in "Romance" and smiled.

"She's one of the finest persons I've ever known. Certainly she's the greatest actress. She is kindly and considerate and thoughtful and tolerant. She—"

"You haven't answered my question," I pursued.

Gordon stared at the photograph.

"A cat," he said, "may look at a queen."

"I trust only Kleenex... to remove creams and cosmetics safely"

Says Universal's lovely star, LUPE VELEZ

Even such dramatic beauty as hers needs the protective cleansing of Kleenex!

HOW interesting is this statement from Lupe Velez—the beautiful screen actress who starred so brilliantly in "Resurrection."

She says: "One of the first things we learn in a screen career is the use of Kleenex for removing creams and cosmetics."

Why do you suppose screen actresses are so insistent on this matter of Kleenex?

It's because they know that you simply must get cold cream and dirt out of the pores.

Kleenex does. It is far more absorbent than towels or "cold cream cloths."

As Miss Velez says, "The blemishes that start from embedded dirt or cosmetics just don't have a chance. Kleenex is so soft and gentle, and absorbs so quickly."

Kleenex does away entirely with the ugly, germ-filled "cold cream cloths."

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Doctors and health authorities discovered that Kleenex is a health necessity, to replace handkerchiefs. And now thousands of people will use nothing else. It prevents self-infection from germs in handkerchiefs. It is discarded after a single use. Kleenex comes in packages at 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00. Prices are the same in Canada. At drug, dry goods or department stores.

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sort of person. She really could act—anybody with half an eye could see that—and given the chance she could easily have become one of the leading emotional actresses. But Splendor needed a wild flapper—the wilder the better. And they never missed a chance to show as much of the old sex appeal as the censors would permit. Sallie's legs were known the world around.

It was a number of years before I saw Sallie herself again. By the time I drifted to Hollywood to become a studio press agent, she had become a famous star and I wasn't sure but that she would ritz me as one of the many who "knew you when." But not Sallie. I found her as impetuous and generous as she was as a child. In a few weeks our old friendship was resumed. Bathing in Sallie's million dollar pool, or driving in one of her Rolls-Royces, or sipping cocktails in her English garden, we gossip ed about our school days. We'd "Do you remember the time—" all over the place. But I noticed that Sallie never missed a chance to boast.

"Jim Wallace moved away with his family to the Middle West right after you left," I said finally. "I've never heard from him since. Fanny duck, Jim. Sort of fancied himself a Savonarola."

"Jim knew more about the movie industry than we gave him credit for," Sallie said, with a slight sneer in her voice. "He was right about—a lot of things."

"I didn't ask her what she meant. Somehow, I didn't wish to know." "I wonder where Jim is and what he thinks of me—now," Sallie continued softly. "He probably thinks I'm the blackest of the black."

"Aw, forget that cluck," I said. "You're the most popular star in America. You've got everything in the world."

"I haven't anything," said Sallie. "You can't kid me. I have only the things money can buy. Even my friends are bought. I haven't love, a family, or a real home. None of the things that really count."

"Aw, snap out of it," I growled. "You get no sympathy out of me, young woman. That's hokum. A million red-blooded Americans in love with you and you try to pull a poor little rich girl on me. It's none of my business, of course, but why don't you marry one of these love-sick dopés?"

"I don't know. I guess I haven't been in love since Jim. Sallie, isn't it, with my screen reputation?"

"Some day you'll fall hard," I said. "And I hope he's the right kind of a guy for you, Sallie."

SALLIE did fall—but he wasn't the right kind. That was Sallie's sort of luck.

The guy's name was Archie Kendall. Archie Kendall, Broadway actor, had been signed for a picture because he had a similar voice and good manners—whatever that is. But off the Main Stem no one had ever heard of Archie. So the publicity department knew that to put him over in pictures they had to break something big. They did. They decided to have him engaged to Splendor's most popular star.

There's nothing like sweet romance to make the public sympathetic and there's nothing like a sympathetic public to make a picture profitable. And Archie was engaged to Archie—sight unseen. Another engagement was nothing in Sallie's life, as she served as a sort of love diploma for every ambitious male star.

I WAS with her the night she met Archie Kendall. It was at Dorothy Dare's party. He was at the piano singing a blues song when we entered the room. Sallie clutched my arm. Who is that?" she whispered and I noticed she was trembling all over.

"Oh, that—that is your newest fiancé. Haven't you read the papers? But why the excitement?"

"He looks like Jim," she said. "The same clothes, hair and blue eyes. I believe I'm going to like being engaged this time. Take me over and introduce me."

Archie did resemble Jim so far as physical appearance went, but it ended there. Debonnaire and finidng Archie was a gilded playboy, the man of many loves. The Shaw-Kendall engagement was announced with the usual ballyhoo, and the couple were snapped together at least twice a day. No one in any part of the country need wonder what Sallie's fiancé looked like. And Archie was the perfect lover—as long as he didn't have to pay for anything. He certainly made a Sunbonnet Sue out of Sallie, and when I tried to re monstrate with her she effectively told me the way to the nearest exit. Sallie had fallen for Archie's line. After five lonely years, she was in love again—Yes, Sallie was in love. You could read it in her eyes. You could see it in her up-thrust chin. You could hear it in the very way her little heels hit the sidewalks.

Sallie was in love. Her laughter ran out, constantly, about the studio. She worked incredible hours without tiring. She threw herself into her pictures with an abandon, a vitality, that made your own heart sing to see such joy of living. She had always been popular on the lot, but now she became irresistible. The electricians grinned at me as she passed, and she grabbed me. The grip's couldn't do enough for her. Dick Evans, her director, was in a state of bliss. He knew what a successful production Sallie was making for him. And Archie Kendall was on the set every moment of the time he wasn't working on his own picture, and he and Sallie kissed to the tune of a hundred cameras.

Of course, it was all so apparent to us, standing by and looking on. It was all so apparent that Archie Kendall was acting, charmingly to be sure, but acting, nevertheless. He said the utterly right thing—when he was where he could be overheard. He did the utterly right thing—when he was where he could be seen. Only Sallie did not seem to know. I suppose the answer on it was that, while her mind knew almost too much about life and its bitterness, her heart was still that of a child. She was like a baby, who delightfully grabs a stick of candy, without questioning where it comes from or why it is being offered.

Sallie was photographed with Archie Kendall, kissing on her finger the ring which she had purchased herself. Sallie was photographed giving Archie a watch which she was billed for. Madness, of course, yet there was in it a touch of something divine.

Archie Kendall was really an awful egg and yet he had good manners. Sallie's manners improved steadily. Archie could barely add above four figures but he knew how to wear clothes. The change in Sallie's costume was startling and refining. No man really brings any woman anything, I suppose; but he can sometimes touch that hidden spark which brings out in her the qualities that approach perfection.

Meanwhile Archie finished his picture and waited for the première they had promised him at the Beverly Circle. Sallie went with him on the opening night. The picture flopped cold. I don't know just why, but I think we're not grown enough. Archie registered okay. There was a good plot. But the picture was on ice from the first reel to the last. Archie sought me out after the show.

"Sallie and I will drive you home," he said.

I wondered at that.

"I have to go back to the studio and do some work," I lied.

"Forget it," said Archie. "You make him come along, Sallie."

I FOUND out about it soon enough, when I sat in the limousine between the two of them.

"Well, I'll be back to Broadway tomorrow, sweetness," said Archie to Sallie.

"You're leaving?" Sallie stammered.

"When I pack the twenty trunks, precious," said Archie.

Sallie laughed at him suddenly.

"Oh, don't worry about us getting married in the East instead of here."

Archie's face got a little white.

"It was publicity love," he said. "I thought you understood, Sallie."

But when we were away from the cameras—those things you said to me—were they . . ."

"You're a darling, Sallie," said Archie. "and we're actors, both of us. Please remember that and don't think too badly of me. Here's your house. Let me kiss you good night and say good-bye."

A woman cries over her first disappointment in love—but not over her second. What happened to Sallie was that she went into a rage and when, upon entering her library, she beheld her secretary, Ethel Jones, rifling the drawer where she had kept Archie's love letters, she started hurling things Ethel had her own temper and she was hot as the devil, so they began a free-for-all which ended in the police appearing and Ethel's being locked up for disturbing the peace. Sallie had to appear to testify, of course, and Ethel read the letters she had found.

A love letter is so lovely in its intimacy when it is a message between two people,
so ridiculous when it is broadcast to a world
easier to ridicule every

The newspapers had a grand time of it,
of course. There was no sense in the whole
procedure. If the letters had been written
between two unknown people, they would
never have been mentioned, much less
heard. But the court was supplying the
world with good newspaper copy.

The sympathy was with Ethel because
she was making Sallie look ridiculous.

"She had to buy her own engagement
ring," whispered two women in the crowded
courtroom. And they laughed among
themselves proudly.

Everything went against Sallie until
Ethel read a letter that Archie had written
the little star, a letter where he had talked
about Sallie's becoming his wife.

It was Sallie herself that turned the tide
of feeling and she did it just because she
was so completely herself for a moment
that she forgot the whole world. As that
pathetic, sham love letter was read to the
court, she began to cry. She cried without
any gestures, without any affectation, as
simply as a child cries when it has smashed
its favorite doll.

It was those tears that tore at all of us.
Sallie was no longer a motion picture star,
someone to be envied and admired. She
was just a girl with a generous, broken
heart. The judge rapped sharply, scolded
Ethel Jones, scolded her attorney, stopped
the whole silly persecution. A big, fat
motherly matron hustled over to help
Sallie from the courtroom into the little
antechamber outside. But Sallie didn't
notice any of it. She just walked along
with the tears making white furrows
against the rouge on her cheeks.

I got to her in a few seconds and we
stepped out, among the crowd on the court-
house steps, to go to her car. Sallie
shrank back a little, but she didn't need to.

The crowd began cheering.

"Hi, Sallie," they called, "you're our
star always." "Never mind that Ethel
Jones, Sallie. She wasn't any good."

"That Kendall was a bum."

I wedged a way through the crowd
quickly and got Sallie inside her limousine.

"Don't be blue," I said to her, pulling
her close to me and parting her pretty head
don my shoulder.

"I'm not," said Sallie. "I'm happy."

"You're what?" I asked.

"Happy," said Sallie. "Honestly, I
am. I found out something in that blasted
courtroom. I found out I'm just a love
sap—and that it doesn't matter if I am. I
found out that the important thing is
loving—do you understand?"

"No," I said.

"Don't be dumb," said Sallie. "Listen.
I loved Jimmy, back there in our kid days.
Well, while it lasted, I had a swell time.
He never did. He didn't love me and so he
was tortured and twisted with worry and
hate all the time. Now I've loved Archie
Kendall. And I had a swell time this
time, too. Archie didn't love me—and
look at him. He's a flop. The big thing is
not in whom you love but in loving. Do
you get me?"

"I wish I could get you," I said. "I'm a
good guy. Why don't you fall in love
with me, Sallie?"

"Aw, go on," said Sallie. "I can't fall
in love with you. You've already got a
watch."

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ful softness. You'll be convinced!
What Men Should Know About Women

(Continued from page 24)

"Today women are personages instead of just persons. The great mistake men make is in thinking of them for purely physical reasons, and in not taking their judgment seriously."

"The tendency of men is to avoid telling their wives of the problems they face outside the home."

"A woman loves to share a man's troubles, and can be of great help to him. Men make a mistake in not telling women of their difficulties and taking them into their confidence. Men do not take from women all the qualities of mind and heart and soul that women have to offer."

"The judgment of a woman means something. If her opinion is not highly colored by emotion, a woman can see things much more clearly than a man can. Of course, I think the idea that women possess intuition is silly, if by intuition you mean some mystic power of the mind. But women probe more deeply into a problem. They go under the little corners in thinking things out."

"Men are more apt to take things at face value. Just because another man is nice to him on the surface, a man will say, 'He's my pal.' A woman won't do that. She searches below the surface. Sometimes, of course, she probes too deep, searches too far, and finds things that aren't there. Then, naturally, difficulties begin."

"In the course of centuries, every weakness under the sun has been attributed to women."

"Men have accused women of saying 'yes' when they mean 'no,' and 'no' when they mean 'yes.'"

"They have accused them of changing their minds suddenly and without cause."

"They have hinted that women are not quite so bright as men—that their reasoning processes are not so clear and logical. How often we hear a man say, 'That's a woman's way of reasoning.'"

"The truth is that women are far more nervously and sensitively attuned than men. Emotion touches them very deeply."

"Men have far more control over their nerves and so they should try to be a little bit more understanding about women."

"They should never take seriously the things women say in anger. Women will say things in a moment of emotional flare-up that they will regret immediately afterwards."

"Women are much more emotional than men. Love touches them more deeply."

"When a woman falls in love, she falls so hard that she may not stop to reason. A man never forgets everything for a woman, but a woman may lose her sense of values because she loves a man."

"Men seem to be able to get over things more quickly than women do; women take them more to heart. That's why men should be more tolerant and charitable in their attitude toward women."

"It takes so very little to satisfy a woman. Women are so easily pleased that it seems strange sometimes that men do not take the trouble to pay them the little attentions that mean so much to them. It would not cost a man much or take much of his time or energy to bring home flowers occasionally if he'd only stop to think of it, and yet it would mean so much to the woman."

"And then there is that other matter of taking a woman into his confidence and sharing his troubles with her. I have noticed that all men who have made companions of their wives have stayed married, even when they engaged in terrific flirtations for a short time. Men who have depended on their wives for counsel and help and relied on their good judgment have found that their wives might even understand their flirtations!"

"Women also like to flirt casually with every man they meet, but fundamentally they are more monogamous than men. They are satisfied to have pretty compliments paid them; but men are likely to want the flirtation to go further."

"Women, like men, can be divided into the romantics, the schemers, and the domestic type."

"There are the women who are too..."
What Women Should Know About Men

(Continued from page 25)

manage him after marriage, his wife must be very diplomatic, for he is likely to be exceedingly temperamental and moody. "The type of woman who appeals to the dreamer (yes, I'll confess, that's my type) is one who is exceedingly feminine and womanly. Personally I don't care for clinging vine. I always think of her as sappy. She's likely to whine and nag, and hang on to a man's coat-tails. But neither would I likely to fall in love with a business woman or one who was achieving splendid things in politics.

"1 know that there are some business women whom a man could just love to death, but usually they give up their career when they marry. If I had married a woman in business and she had continued with her work, I shouldn't have liked it. I don't think most men do. I rather believe that a woman should marry and have children; but if she works after marriage, how can she have children, or be fair to them if she does have them and continues working?

"Of course, that may be just a personal reaction. I'm not very good at speaking in generalities. And I can only vouch at first hand for the reactions of the dreamer—the man to whom music and poetry are the food of love and life.

"I know little about the schemer—and that only from observation. He is a wilful philanderer, out for gain and for no particular good. He is prolific with his attention, but he means scarcely a word he says. There is no sincerity in him. He always has an ulterior purpose in mind. Women are lucky if they can detect the schemer.

"The practical man is a marvellous person. His love for the woman he chooses is as deep and beautiful as that of the dreamer, but he hasn't the faculty of painting the picture quite so glowingly and he isn't as romantic. Their love is likely to be more placid, reaching neither the heights of ecstasy nor the bitter moments of despair that the dreamer feels. But the business man is just as sincere in his love, even if he is less demonstrative.

"To different types of women a different type of man might appeal. When marriage is all successful and lasts, it is because two people who are congenial and who have much in common have come together."

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It's Not Your Age But What You Can Do That Counts

(Continued from page 35)

that is, if they never know when they’re licked. I never have, and my life hasn’t always been a bed of roses.

“There are three great things you have got to have in life. Health is the most important. You can’t go very far without it, and, believe me, I like to take care of mine. Then you’ve got to know how to laugh and have a good time. A sense of humor helps you a long way up the ladder of success.

“Now maybe you’ll be surprised when I tell you the third thing you’ve got to have—it’s religion. Everyone should have it, no matter what it is. There are many roads to God. He is a refuge and a comfort. Somehow you don’t seem to need religion so much when you are young. It doesn’t seem to me that I thought a great deal about it when I was twenty. But I do now. It’s a wonderful thing.”

MARIE snorted—at least she sounded as though she were snorting. "In fact, I thought of something when she began to talk of people who dread age so intensely that the heart becomes warped with fear...

“What is it that a woman wants?” she asked, indignantly. "If she wants a good time, she has a perfectly elegant time. If she wants attention from men—I get more attention from men now than I ever did. Maybe they don’t want to flirt with me, but then I don’t want to flirt with them, either."

"I wish everyone would listen to me about this, not that I think I have a divine appointment to give lectures. People should learn how to play when they are young. They should play bridge and know how to dance. Then they aren’t left alone when youth begins to fade. I hate to see people to my house who don’t know how to do anything. I’d feel pretty embarrassed if I ever overheard a friend saying—"Marie is coming. Now what can I do with her?"

Marie says the "past" is something that scenario writers use in motion picture plots. She lives in the present and future. Her past is dead and buried, and she wouldn’t be particularly anxious to travel back over the years as gloriously crowded as her life has been.

Perhaps her past is buried, and yet that past of Marie Dressler tells why she is such a success today. It tells of that indomitable, fighting will of hers. She was never a pretty girl—but she had a great deal more than sheer beauty. She had brains, and as she says, she never knew when she was licked.

Several years ago she stood on a London stage and listened to the hisses and cat-calls of big-bad-windy. A stand she had made against her British manager had brought the disfavor of London—and she was a star from across the seas. She didn’t leave the stage, and the hisses and cat-calls changed to applause.

Once again, in America, she had managerial trouble. Her theatrical tour was cancelled. Did Marie Dressler sail for Europe until the argument was settled? Not Marie. She bought a tent, and started out on her own. And she made money.

Out of her forty years in the theater she has been headlined for thirty-five. No wonder that Hollywood says that Marie is one of the most democratic stars in the business. Her name was in the electrics before the present generation of stars were born.

"I’ve kept many of my old theories now that I’m working in pictures," she told me. "I used to forget the bald-headed gentleman who had paid three dollars for his front row orchestra seat. I played to the little twentysomethings fell in the gallery. I wanted to sweep him off his feet. If I could do that, I knew that I could get the bald-headed gentleman on the way. It’s like that in pictures. I’m not trying to please just the critics. What the high brow critics call the low brow audience is a pretty good judge of motion pictures."

Marie’s enthusiasm and her gratitude for the little things that people do for her is refreshing in a town where people take things pretty much for granted. I was with her one night when she picked up a San Francisco paper. In it was a tribute to her work in ‘Anna Christie.’ I cannot remember exactly how the paragraph was worded, but I do remember that it was the most beautiful tribute to an actress that I have ever read. The writer had seen moonlight over the Taj Mahal. He had seen the warm glow of sunset on the Matterhorn. He had seen Duse at her height, and he had listened to the golden voice of Melba. All of these thrills had paled into insignificance at Marie’s performance in the Eugene O’Neill play.

MARIE read it through, and there were tears in her eyes when she had finished.

"That is the most touching thing that has ever happened to me," she said. "I want to write that man and tell him."

With her enthusiasm, her interest in people, and her young heart, Marie has found the secret of youth. She can’t understand why there is anything more unusual about being young at 58 than at 18.

Her interest is unbounded in her work on the screen. She wants to do a lot of pictures, and she has never refused a role, no matter how small, because she thought she was too big for it. If it were left strictly to her, she would rather have people laugh at her than cry with her. And she is not coasting along on her successes in ‘Anna Christie,’ ‘Min and Bill,’ and the more recent ‘Sally.’ With she’s forgotten them in thinking of the new stories to come. It is possible that Marie and Polly Moran will appear in one of Mary Roberts Rinehart’s ‘Fish’ stories.

"There is another thing that I’ve learned about this acting game," she concluded, "you’ve always got to have an encore."
card from another. He is too restless to concentrate on any other reading matter than the daily newspapers and fan magazines. He never smoked until he arrived in this country.

He is an inveterate theatre-goer.

Last year, he made a special trip from Paris to London to see Sophie Tucker perform at the Kit Kat Club. When he was asked the reason for his interest, he answered, "She isn't young and she weighs over 200 pounds. Yet all London is at her feet. I want to know why!"

Two of his favorites on the screen are Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich. On the stage Bert Lahr and Jimmie Durante win his heartiest laughs.

His "million dollar" smile is no mere figure of speech. There's gold in them that dimples! Three thousand dollars a radio broadcast. Twenty-five thousand for a week at the San Francisco Auto Show. Fifteen thousand for personal appearances at the Paramount Theatre.

It wasn't so many years ago that he received three francs an evening (all of nine cents) singing at the Casino de Tournelles.

Because of the fabulous salaries he demands (and gets) for his services, he is often accused of being mercenary. Yet, he maintains a hospital in France, the Dispensaire Maurice Chevalier, from the proceeds of a great many checks he receives.

I have seen Chevalier perform at the Casino de Paris—on the Ziegfeld Roof—at the Fulton Theatre—in Carnegie Hall, when his combined earnings could feed half of starving Armenia, but I have never seen him work as hard or give a more inspired performance than one evening in the Blossom Room of the Roosevelt Hotel when he had volunteered his services for the benefit of the Actor's Relief Fund and his own Dispensaire.

He never advertises in any theatrical sheet. Or sells his name for testimonial purposes. And although he could be presented with all his suits gratis in Paris, he prefers to pay eighteen pounds for them in Hanover Square, London.

He owns no property in the United States, living in a small hotel suite in New York and in a rented bungalow in Beverly Hills. He has had a beautiful chateau in southern France for the past five years and has only spent five weeks in it.

He wears no jewelry except a combination lighter-watch given him by Douglas Fairbanks. He has no car, valet or Russian wolfhound.

He isn't the typical French gourmet's love for extravagant cooking. His "plat du jour" is a Swiss cheese sandwich on rye bread and a cup of coffee.

One of the greatest disappointments of his life was the reception accorded him on his last visit to France. Three years ago he said to me:

"I want to return to Paris at least once a year. I do not want to estrange myself from my country like so many other actors who come to America from foreign lands and never return. If I make good in America, France will be proud of me. I want to share that pride with her."

Through fortuitous circumstances, he has been able to fulfill that desire. Each year that he has gone back, he has received a tremendous welcome . . . until this year. There were undercurrents of disapproval. Rumors of an inflated ego. When he appeared at the Chatelet Theatre and the price of admission was tripled, Chevalier's countrymen considered it the final straw. The yellow journals dipped their print in vitriol. And Chevalier, heartbroken, returned to America.

He will never sing in the large music halls of Paris again. He will never sing anywhere in Paris again unless it is at a theatre where the prices are the cheapest to be found in the length and breadth of France.

In the meantime, he remains in America. Although he likes our sky-line and admires our women, he is convinced that the greatest American institution is a plate of vanilla and coffee ice-cream mixed.
What Gets Your Movie Money?

(Continued from page 21)

"Great exploitation and advertising, but they don't have stories."

The public pays to see stars. It pays to see them in stories packed with drama or comedy.

If the story is great enough, it can get by without star names. "All Quiet on the Western Front" contained no great names. People went to see it because it was a magnificent picture. It made stars. Notably, it made Lew Ayres.

A great star can be killed by poor stories. "Buddies" couldn't even use its back up of Clara Bow. They sympathized with her and pity her for the raw deal she got at the hands of her ex-secretary. But they won't go to see her pictures, so long as she is cast in insipid roles of the "No Limit" type. "The Wedding Night" was the most successful of Clara's recent films—and it wasn't so hot.

Bad publicity will not ruin Clara Bow. Poor stories may.

Buddies' next move to be one of Paramount's biggest box-office stars. He made "Wings." He was a sensation. Then he made "Safety in Numbers." The arbor of his fans cooled. Paramount put him in "Along Came You." Expecting his fine personality to carry that drivel. It didn't. Now he's on ice. He's only a featured player, not a star in his next picture, "The Lawyer's Secret."

Even Joan Crawford, who is now running neck to neck with Garbo as a box-office attraction, was almost killed by poor stories. After "Montana Moon" the word went round that one of two things must happen. Either better stories must be found for Joan, or else she must be dropped from the roster of M-G-M stars altogether.

The result was that Joan Crawford was given the greatest picture of her career, "Paid." And in it she proved herself one of the greatest dramatic personalities in movies. Which shows that the finest box-office formula in the world is a great star in a great story.

William Haines used to be a sure money-maker for M-G-M. That was back in about 1929. Things move fast in two years. Do you suppose "Way Out West" and "Remote Control" netted Metro very much money? Hardly.

The Jack Oakie vogue began about the time William Haines' popularity began to die down. He took the same kind of wise-cracking, smart aleck part.

For a time Jack Oakie pictures went like a house on fire. The producers gambled on that. They saddled Jack Oakie with pictures like "Let's Go Native" and "Sea Legs." The result? All over the country theatres are reporting, "The Jack Oakie name doesn't mean much here any longer."

With all these changes taking place, who are the stars who are drawing 'em in at the present time?

Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer are three of the most potent names with the box-office gods. They run almost neck to neck in terms of their success. Paramount's best bet among the women is Nancy Carroll—provided she is given a good story. Ruth Chatterton is a great drawing card, but she will soon begin making pictures for Warners' and we can't tell yet how far she will go. Ruth's last two pictures, "The Right To Love" and "Unfaithful," were not so popular as some of her previous pictures.

It isn't as yet easy to determine how much a name like Marlene Dietrich's name means at the box-office. Certainly, her success has been phenomenal; but "Morocco" had Gary Cooper's name as a drawing card, and "Blue Angel" didn't do so well at the box-office.

Marlene's current picture, "Dishonored," is the one that really establishes her right to be called a star. Though critics have panned it, it's going over big.

Marlene Dietrich is not as popular in the small towns as in the big cities. She has really shot up to success like a comet; but the box-office figures don't prove as yet that she is a rival Greta Garbo need fear.

Janet Gaynor was elected queen of the movies in a recent popularity poll, but her name means she is teamed with Charles Farrell. As a team they're great. Separately, neither does as well.

Everyone admitted that "The Man Who Came Back" was an impossible story. The critics said that Charlie and Janet made a Mother Goose fable out of the story of a hop-head and a gin-fied. But the fans were so glad to see Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor together that they caused riots at the box-office.

The exhibitors were promised Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor together again in "Merely Mary Ann." When they heard that another leading man was going to take Charlie's place, they refused to buy the picture that had been sold to them as a Gaynor-Farrell special. So Gaynor and Warner Baxter will make "Daddy Long Legs" instead.

Judging by the best available box-office reports from all over the country, Robert Montgomery is as far the present leading juvenile in pictures. Second to him comes Lew Ayres. Charles Farrell's third—when he's teamed with Janet Gaynor. Not so hot alone. Gary Cooper and Ramon Novarro are always box-office attractions. The only fault the fans find with Ramon is that he doesn't make enough pictures. Ronald Colman maintains his popularity. "Devil to Pay" is reaping store at the box-office and of all the other talking pictures, all of which were successful. Maurice Chevalier's last few pictures have disappointed the fans. They liked him best in "Innocents of Paris" and "The Love Parade."

Richard Dix has suddenly come back to rousing popularity with "Gimarton."

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is almost as popular as the hero of his real-life romance with Joan Crawford as he is as an actor.

Richard Barthelmess is Good Old Reliable. His pictures always meet with at least fair success, and some of them are box-office winners. "Son of the Gods," which was panned by the critics, did a knockout business. It looked as if the Finger Points "will move the same fate."

Some of the most popular of the recent pictures were:

Practically all of these pictures have big star names.

Three are melodramas revived from the days of our grandmothers—"Common Clay," "East Lynne," and "The Easiest Way." But they touch fundamental emotions. The stories are pure hokum, but they make you cry real tears. And all three were well acted by great box-office stars, Constance Bennett and Ann Harding.

Two of the big successes, "Dawn Patrol" and "Little Caesar," have practically no woman interest. But women went to see them. Women like thrills and excitement, just as men do.

Two pictures got into the big-money class because they were absolutely different from any other films on the market. "City Lights" has Chaplin and silence. People have been waiting for years to see what Chaplin could do with a silent picture in this era of talkies. There have been plenty of imitation pictures before. "Hell's Angels," but none that have been quite so spectacular. And people go to see what this great $4,000,000 production is like.

"Tom Sawyer" brings the children back to the theatre.

"Office Wife" is the Cinderella type of picture. Every stenographer and office girl in the audience could identify herself with Dorothy Mackaill.

People have gone to see "Trader Horn," "The Great Lights," "Cocoonas," and "Whoopee" for laughs, "Her Man," "Big House" and "Paid" for drama.

"Min and Bill" had Dressler and Beery, two big box-office names in a swell though grim story.

"Inspiration" has Garbo. In addition, as one theatre in Seattle reported, "Folks seem to like this sort of dish, not mere dabs, but whole gobs of hot romance."

The real terror of "Dracula" was a surprise. Universal recently put out two films which reversed all expectations. They thought that "Resurrection" was going to be a great box-office picture. It had John Boles and Lupe Velez. It had been a tremendous success as a silent with Dolores Del Rio in the cast. It had, they thought (heaven knows why) a title that would attract all the young folks.

"Resurrection" was a tremendous flop. It had been made and re-made till people were sick of it. Most of the music had been taken out of the picture. Lupe Velez's name no longer attracted goldeneekshelkso at the box-office. The critics said that Lupe out-did herself. The public didn't care.

Universal feared "Dracula" might flop with a dead thud. There wasn't a box-office name in the picture. Lugosi, though a splendid stage actor, was unknown to movie audiences. The title of the picture didn't mean a thing to anyone who hadn't read the book by Bram Stoker or seen the play. The picture could be considered pleasant entertainment. It could hardly be considered entertainment at all.

Yet "Dracula" has knocked all the box-offices in the country for a loop! It is grossing as much money—maybe more than "All Quiet on the Western Front." Why? It is different. It is full of horror. It has a fascination that is almost inhuman. From the day it was first shown at the Palace Theatre at Yonkers, gasps went through the audience. It is causing people all over the country to shiver. It is giving them a thrill they never got before.

It doesn't matter so much whether a picture is drama or comedy. If it is comedy, it must make you laugh—hard. If it is drama, it must wring every bit of emotion in you. If it is a picture of horror, it must make you shiver as you never shivered before.

And that is why certain pictures have been failures. They didn't give you enough of what they gave you. They didn't make you cry enough or laugh enough or shiver enough.

Some of the biggest recent flops were: Big Money, The Lottery Bride, Eyes of the World, Resurrection, Big Boy, Numbered Men, Girl of the Golden West, One Night at Susie's.

Hardly any of them have big star names. "Big Boy" had Al Jolson. His vogue is dying out. He has gone back to New York to star in a play, "The Wonder Bar.

"Numbered Men" and "Big House" were both prison pictures. But "Big House" was a success because it gave you drama, gobs of it, while "Numbered Men" was simply a parade of prisoners.

Ann Harding couldn't put over "Girl of the Golden West." It was a revival of an ancient melodrama, like "East Lynne," but it didn't wring your emotions the way "East Lynne" did.

It was unfair to put Douglas Fairbanks Jr., in cheap claptrap like "One Night at Susie's." His is such a popular name at the box-office that his company wanted to take advantage of it by putting him in as many pictures as possible. It began turning them out like sausages. But stars must be picky with their pictures for their names to mean anything at the box-office. You pay your money to see a big star, but if the story in which he acts is dull, you'll stay away from his next picture.

For that's the one point the box-office proves—that any time a producer thinks the public is getting stupid, he'd better get wise.

"SIX WEEKS OF HELL MADE ME AN ACTRESS!!"

That is the strange statement made by a woman who is now being starred. Who is she and at what does she hint? You can read her story for yourself in the July issue of SILVER SCREEN on sale on all newsstands June 10th.

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THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them and beautiful, wonderful eyelashes.

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Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling, natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say, I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Hefflinger, 240 W. 42 St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted. . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people come in contact with me and say how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otton, 545 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Francis Bavari, 254 E. 2nd St., N. Y.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 294 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapols, Minn.: "I have been using your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier for some time. I am extremely pleased." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Fenette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

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Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I want just one—two quibbles, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

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Ramon Novarro Today

(Continued from page 19)

the man, that he has discovered a method of expression which satisfies him—that he has found himself.

For life, in spite of the great success that has been his, has not always been kind to Ramon Novarro. Few people know of the struggles he has passed through and the he has fought within his own soul. His quality of youthfulness has prevented people from ever taking him very seriously. This, in spite of his unmistakable intelligence and artistic sensibility.

You see, his sense of the dramatic is extraordinarily keen—and in the past he has not always limited it to the screen. Ramon is prone to take things big—to dramatize his own moods and problems. It is a tendency which he will probably never completely overcome.

Not that Ramon isn’t sincere in these intense moods of his. He is—desparately so. When he plays he plays with the complete reckless abandon of the artist. When he flies into a tantrum it is a good thorough tantrum. When he talks of religion, or of his love for his family—the three things closest to his heart—he talks with a vital glowing forcefulness that sweeps you off your feet.

I have heard Ramon talk about his two sisters who are nuns. There was pure beauty in his face—a beauty of expression which put to shame any mere regularity of feature. One story in particular I have never forgotten. He was speaking of the sister whose tragic duty it is to care for the insane in an institution in the Canary Isles. A patient in the home, a woman, addressed her one day. “Sister, have you a home of your own?” “Yes.” “Have you a family?” “Yes.” “Do you love them very much?” “Yes—very much.” “Have they money and are they kind to you?” “Yes.” “And yet you stay here?” “Yes.” “Ah, Sister—it is you who are mad not I.”

Several years ago when Ramon was making “Ben Hur,” he spent many months in Rome. During that period his dramatic flourshe, his devout and intense sincerity, his small boy looks, and with them his utter grace, charm and intelligence, were the alternate joy and despair of the rest of the company. No one ever knew what Ramon was going to do next. One can’t be too sure even now. He was—and still is—an amazing combination of mischievous small boy, ascetic and madman.

One can picture him in Rome, wandering through the many churches, wrapped up in the smallest things, sitting for hours and hours by the statues, while his eyes contemplated through a neighboring window the panorama of the Eternal City. Straying off to ransack the rustic shops of neighboring towns. Dressed in a most disreputable pair of trousers and an antiquated frock-coat, his unkempt hair, his beard required by certain sequences of the picture. He would spend blissful hours window gazing, haggling with shopkeepers and finally bearing his loot triumphantly into the studio. He would go for his mother and father, his brothers and sisters, to beautify his home.

Ramon frequently displays a childishness, a small boy spirit of play, that amazes people. In order to understand this side of him, you must see him in relation to his family and background. You must catch a glimpse of Ramon, the father. For since his success on the screen he has stood in that capacity to his brothers and sisters—even to his parents. There were fourteen children originally. Now there are the five boys and five girls. Three are older than Ramon—the two sisters who are nuns and one who is married. But the rest—youngest of course—are his children—his responsibility. He has educated them and supported them, as well as caring for his father and mother. This he does loving—his life is bound up with them, and his first thought is always for his own flesh and blood. There is an almost Jewish chauvinism about the Samanegios family. Yet it is not surprising that when Ramon is not in his own home he throws aside responsibility and becomes a child. It is part of his nature. No wonder you remember that Ramon began to work for his family while he was still in his teens. And that during his boyhood his father was very ill and the shadow of death lay over the household. He was never able to care for it, as it is his nature to play. And so, when the chance came, when, still in his twenties, he found himself well able to care for his family and with plenty of money in his pockets, he became the child he had never had the chance to be.

For a long time religion dominated Ramon’s life. He was often moody, silent and uncogential. Then the other side of his nature gained the ascendancy. He began to go out to parties. He was sometimes a little too gay, a little too abandoned. He behaved once or twice in a manner that was foolish and unwise. And Hollywood, not pausing to analyze and understand, passed it off and the word that Ramon Novarro had gone haywire. But that period, too, is passing and Ramon is gaining a real balance, adjusting for the first time the two conflicting sides of his nature. With his boyish disposition, his fine intelligence, his creative genius and his indomitable will to learn, he should, given half a chance, emerge as one of the outstanding figures in the modern world of art.

Remembering Ramon’s past obsessions, you may hesitate to take his consuming ambition to direct as serious. You may say, “Ah, yes, but there was a time when every fan magazine printed the fact that Novarro wished to give up the screen and enter a monastery. And there was also a time when his one desire was to go into grand opera.” True enough. And Ramon was sincere in both ambitions—at the time. It is no reflection on him that he has outgrown and outlived to a new ambition, what he now considers a more comprehensively creative aim.

Ramon no longer wants to enter a monastery, although his religious sense is in its strongest and purest form. He still would like to sing in grand opera—provided he could plan and direct his own productions. He has a unique and modern conception of “Tosca” which he would
like some day to give to the world. He would sing one of the roles himself—but that would not be the important thing. That would be only one thread in the pattern—and it is the pattern as a whole, its conception and execution—which now absorbs Ramon's interest—whether it be grand opera or pictures.

Ramon's contract with M-G-M is up after his next picture. If he signs again, it will undoubtedly be in the capacity of director as well as actor, with the stress probably on the former. I should not be at all surprised to see him produce independently in the near future. Nor should I be surprised to see him achieve great things.

For Ramon has found himself—both in relation to his work and his life. And while there are still problems to be solved and the struggle is never-ending, he knows now, for the first time, where he is going.

An Old Man's Darling

[Continued from page 50]

who, with only a few months of Hollywood, is 'on the top of the heap.' Now we've laid the groundwork of this story about Evalyn and this wayward mouth of hers, and have given you an idea of what a real opportunity she has, we'd better go back to the beginning.

Here we are. Evalyn was born in Kansas City, Missouri, on June 17, 1908. She didn't get stage-minded until she entered high school. After she was graduated from junior college she got a job in a Kansas City stock company under Robert P. Noble, a British director. He got up on his car one day and announced to her:

"You've got a sweet mouth—and a nice voice—but you can't talk. I don't mean you're dumb, but your enunciation is positively awful. If you're going to continue acting, you'd better learn to speak English. Your accent is mid-western. You're nasal. You have a twang. Your mouth seems to be full of boiled potato."

This was five years ago.

Score one bitter, heart-breaking, tear-jerking disappointment for little Eva.

She spent six months in New York City learning how to speak the King's English. She got the potato out of her mouth.

Then, one day, she was given a chance in the movies. "What a moment! Pathé liked her, and shot her into twenty-nine shorts. In one of these shorts, she had to talk 'gaga.' 'Gaga' is the picture English for baby talk.

She learned 'gaga' from her role as 'Baby Talk Lady' in 'Seventeen.' One of the big shots heard her "baby talk" through a short and summoned her to sign a long-term contract with Warner Brothers. She put her name on the dotted line last April in New York City, and sailed for California.

Score a victory for that mouth!

When Evalyn arrived in Hollywood she was hired before Darryl Zanuck, Warner executive.

Evalyn's mouth started moving. That was just too bad!

"Why, you don't talk 'gaga' at all," said Zanuck eventually. "I had a 'gaga' part lined up for you, but now—well, I'm sorry—"

His face fell, but not half as far as Evalyn's did.

"I'm sorry," confessed Evalyn. "I guess I got the contract under false pretenses."

Chalk up a disappointment, and charge it to that mouth, please.

However, a contract is a contract, even in Hollywood. Evalyn was tossed into an emotional rôle in 'Sinner's Holiday.'

Next in short order came "Fifty Million Frenchmen" and 'River's End,' to say nothing of 'Mothers Cry.'

Mark up a series of triumphs, based on that mouth.

Then the big chance! The opportunity to be an old man's darling, with Mr. Arliss as the benevolent gentleman! It didn't look like a chance at all, at first. Michael Curtiz wanted her for 'The Devil to Pay' and Evalyn wanted the part.

She was told, however, that her voice might not fit. She was told, further, that Mr. Zanuck wanted to see her immediately.

List another grievous item against that mouth!

"You go over and see Mr. Arliss," said Zanuck, when she, trembling, arrived at his office.

Mr. Arliss was quite put out.

"I can't find anyone who can speak properly," said Mr. Arliss. "I thought I might try. Read the part, please.

All excited, Evalyn did so. She hadn't a line for three months, and she had stage fright, and she was worried and wondering. Who wouldn't be stirred up under the circumstances?

To make a long story short, Evalyn got away with it. With reservations.

"You're slovenly in your enunciation—" began Mr. Arliss. That mouth again! "However," he added, "you have possibilities."

He put her to work. Night and day grind, but more than worth it. The mouth no longer enunciated in a slovenly manner.

"Working with Mr. Arliss was a marvelous experience," she told me. "He believed in the perfection of every detail, and he demands that every member of his cast not only know his or her lines but how to read them—how to pull real feeling into them—and how to pantomime—before work really begins.

"It's the greatest training I've ever had, and probably ever will have. Mr. Arliss not only tells one what is right and wrong but why. This is the key to progress in acting.

"He is frank and, at times, outspoken. However, he never raises his voice and never becomes the least bit excited.

"His criticism is just. He has a tendency to pull from you emotions which surprise you. He makes you do things which you believe you cannot.

"Evalyn's mouth stopped suddenly. "Gee," she said, "I've been talking again—"

And so she had been.

And her enunciation was perfect.
Talkies in Tabloid

[Continued from page 10]

JUNE MOON
GOOD
(M-G-M)
Jack Oakie in a light comedy about the sap who tried to be a song writer.
The Broadway hit has been changed somewhat, but it's still amusing, though it lacks brilliance and polish.

KIKI
GOOD
(United Artists)
Mary Pickford as a slab-stick comedienne does time and work with Reginald Denny as her leading man. Mary's cast as the chorus girl who tries to vamp the producer.

LADY REFUSES, THE
FAIR
(Radio Pictures)
Slowness of action keeps this from making the grade of better pictures. Betty Compson is her usual vivial self as an underworld girl hired to lure an Englishman's weak son when he is already straying. Gilbert Emery and John Darrow are fair as the men.

LONELY WIVES
FAIR
(Park)
It's hard to rate this one, as you'll either laugh hilariously or be bored to tears, depending upon how much you like broad, bedroom farce. Three women and a man with a dual nature are jumbled together. The cast is good. Not for children.

MAN OF THE
WORLD
GOOD
(Paramount)
William Powell as William Powell—but you know how nice that is. This time he's a newspaper owner, preying upon society. Comes love and reformation. A beautiful production and exciting. The girls are Carole Lombard and Wynne Gibson.

MANY A SLIP
GOOD
(Universal)
A story about the intimate love affairs of a boy and girl, which some clever comedy has been added. Lew Ayres and Joan Bennett are the lovers.

MEN CALL IT
LOVE
GOOD
(M-G-M)
Quiet, slow-paced triangle story of married life, intelligently created. The triangle consists of Leila Hyams, good; Norman Foster, the husband, fair; and Adolphe Menjou, the philanderer, swell.

PARLOR, BED-ROOM AND BATH
GOOD
(M-G-M)
This is very rough fun. It's fast and furious, with Buster Keaton as the lead the ladies are mad about because of his reputation as a great lover. Bedroom farce, which pleases those who like slapstick.

RANGO
GOOD
(Paramount)
Educational film laid in the jungles of Sumatra. It contains some marvellous camera shots, but it's thrilling only in spots and dull at other times. Rango, the baby ape, is the star of the cast.

SEAS BENEATH
GOOD
(Fox)
An adventure story that the children will find thrilling. It's wartime romance, with more romance than war. There are some swell scenes of the battle at sea. George O'Brien heads the cast.

SINGLE SIN
POOR
(Tiffany)
Kay Johnson's considerable talents are wasted by casting her as a drunken singer who reforms. The story raises the question, "Should A Woman Tell?" but doesn't answer it.

STRANGERS MAY
KISS
GREAT
(M-G-M)
Norma Shearer comes back in a swell dramatic love story about a modern girl who violates conventions for the sake of a great love. Norma's perfectly grand, and so are Bob Montgomery and Neil Hamilton.

TAPLE MADE
MAY, A
GOOD
(M-G-M)
William Haines does some excellent acting in this one. Instead of being forced to play a smart aleck, he's a tailor who falls in love and gets into money difficulties. Dorothy Jordan's the girl.

TEN CENTS
ADANCE
GOOD
(Columbia)
The plot and situations in this are the same as in "Honor Among Lovers." Even the dialogue is similar. It isn't as well staged, but the acting is better. You can't help sympathizing with the character of the dance hall hostess Barbara Stanwyck creates. She's great.

THREE GIRLS
LOST
FAIR
(Fox)
The story of three girls who get mixed up with love and the Chicago underworld. The girls are Lorena Young, Joan Marsh, and John Compton. The story hasn't been too well produced.

UNFAITHFUL
GREAT
Paramount
There isn't much to this, but Ruth Chatterton will make you take it and like it. She's practically the whole picture, though Paul Lukas does some good work. Ruth plays an idealistic wife who pretends to be unfaithful to hide her husband's escapades.
Is Garbo Doomed?  

[Continued from page 23]

patient to conserve his or her strength by rest and seclusion. I would urge absolute temperance.

Think these things over carefully. Light exercise, such as walking. Sunshine and warmth. Diet. Freedom from excitement. Rest and seclusion.

While the story of Garbo's illness has been guarded carefully, a few intimates have known of the gruelling heart-breaking struggle she has maintained to keep her health and to continue with her work. There has been some fear that if the truth were known about her physical condition her fans might lose interest. And yet, in the face of it, those who are devoted to her, in all parts of the world, will understand and will sympathize with her in even greater measure than ever before. No one can help but admire courage and fortitude, and Garbo has it in the grim, fighting spirit of her Viking forebears.

Garbo's illness first became known to one prominent magazine writer several years ago. The writer knew a physician who was working in consultation with a noted European specialist on the case. Her diet was made public at this time, but Garbo was only a struggling actress, just on the threshold of the career which has made her the favorite of millions, and it did not attract wide attention.

Few understand the gravity of pernicious anemia. For this reason, even in later years, little attention has been paid to her illness by those who come in contact with her. If the physicians are correct in their diagnosis, Garbo has suffered much unfair criticism.

Her quest for seclusion has had an unfavorable reaction. She has been called eccentric and exclusive. The press has been active in its condemnation because she has excluded it from her scheme of things.

Those who have sought to entertain and to win the friendship of Garbo, on being repulsed, as it were, have not understood the rebuff and have charged her with an exalted ego and with other uncompromising traits. All very unjustly.

On the set, she has sustained her strength for the tremendous scenes which she has gone through in the making of some of the greatest romances which have ever been brought to the screen. And yet there are those who have been hurt, who have said:

"She's high-hat."

But, after all, whether or not she has been unjustly criticized—whether she is liked or disliked by those who would like to know her but cannot—she is a great actress. She is an artist and a genius, whether or not she suffers.

Perhaps she will retire within a year, if she loses the fight which she is making. Perhaps she will be lost to the screen forever.

Let's hope not.

But, if her physicians are correct, she needs the charity, the kindness, the consideration and the understanding of those who entertain.

It is hard to live in a world of shadow.
NEWEST note on the Garbo menaces. Pola Negri has returned to Hollywood to star for Radio pictures, the argument being that no company's program is now complete without an exotic foreign star. Paramount has its Dietrich. Fox has its Landi, and the others are busily shopping.

What Garbo has to say about all this is what she always says—which is nothing.

THEODORE DREISER, returning from Hollywood, threatens to sue Paramount if the picturization of his novel, "An American Tragedy," is not satisfactory to him. He says Hollywood is "just a small town with notions" and that "motion pictures are making the American mind smaller than it is, if that is possible. I am not interested in what they are doing to the children of America. I am not interested in children. But motion pictures are making the kind of persons one sees in motion pictures."

To which we can only say that we hope Mr. Dreiser is right. We hope all the kids growing up are as human and lovable and genuine as Mitzi Green, Jackie Cooper, the Googan brothers and that elegant bunch "Our Gang." We only hope that the girls growing up have the exquisite beauty of a Loretta Young, the grace of a Joan Crawford, the subtle minds of a Swanson or a Shearer. And the younger crop of boys are pretty grand, too—Lew Ayres, Billy Bakewell, Bill Janney, to mention just a few and leaving out the electric Montgomerys, Colmans and the like. A race of men that grew up in that mould wouldn't be so bad.

But chiefly—and here we expect to draw down all of Mr. Dreiser's scorn on our unimportant head—we'd think it was pretty wonderful if the movie ideals could be generally accepted; if people could die for the finer ideals and live for the greater ones; if life could be so beautifully managed that romance and loyalty and beauty and courage as the movies give them to the world could become the common property of all of us.

THE Final Fling

THIS will give you a faint idea of what an editor is up against.

From the publicity department of Warner Brothers recently came this little note:

"Will you kindly note the following title changes:


"Woman of the World," starring Bebe Daniels, goes back to its original title, "The Maltese Falcon."

"Virtue's Clothes," formerly "Jackdaw's Strait," starring Constance Bennett, becomes "Bought."

"Upper Underworld," starring Walter Huston and Loretta Young, becomes "The Meneace."

William Powell's first picture with us is not to be "Heat Wave" but "Co-Respondent."

"The Passionate Sonata," starring Dolores Costello, becomes "Expensive Women."

"Spent Bullets," starring Richard Barthelmess, has become "Spent Heroes."

Whereupon Warners' publicity director, famed for his grand sense of humor, adds, "I hope this does not confuse you more than it does us."

Well, it doesn't confuse us so much. We're used to it. All the companies change titles restlessly, with Fox leading the pack. But it may explain to fans why sometimes they see pictures reviewed in Silver Screen, under one title, which reach them named something else again.

Of course, our favorite title change will always remain that of M-G-M's in the silent days when they changed the name of "Annie Laurie," starring Lilian Gish—a film and a performance about as exciting as a nice cup of cocoa—to "Ladies From Hell."
This life color makes a lovelier "you"...

Of all the tints and shades in which make-up color might be presented, there is but one true life color. Soft, illusive, yet real as life—a color that breathes charm and loveliness... a color that beauty chemists long sought and at last discovered—Phantom Red.

In any light, on any skin, with any costume, this phantom-like color holds its fresh bloom. To the white skin of fairest blondes, it brings the tint of primroses; to skin of ivory tone, it brings a golden blush; to brunettes of sun-tanned shades, it gives that brilliance and depth that only such complexions may use. For Phantom Red accents with color while it reveals your own complexion tone, blending perfectly, giving individual beauty.

This marvelous life-color may now be yours, in Phantom Red Lipstick and Rouge Compact—and with the equally smart Phantom Eye Shadow and Phantom Brow, your make-up necessities are complete. They are sold at leading toilet goods counters, at the following prices: Phantom Red Lipstick in smart red and black swivel case, $1.00. Junior size, 50c. Phantom Red Rouge Compact, 75c. Phantom Eye Shadow, paste form in enamel case, blue-gray or brown, $1.00. Stick form in enamel case, 50c. Phantom Brow, liquid, brown or black, 75c. Phantom Brow mascara cake, in smart container with brush and mirror, brown or black, 75c.

Clip and mail the coupon below. For 10c, the vanity size Phantom Red Lipstick and Make-up Book will be mailed to you. Dainty models of Phantom Red Rouge Compact, Phantom Eye Shadow, and Phantom Brow, are 10c each additional. Address Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York.
These three charming girls are EstherRalston, Patsy Ruth Miller and Laurà La Plante, all featured in the Pathe Feature Film, "Lonely Wives."

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No matter what your shade of hair, you can quickly give it new charm and beauty by caring for it the Jo-cur' Way. It can always be soft, silky and lustrous—clean, fragrant and absolutely free from dandruff, with a lasting finger-wave that is simply fascinating! And you can do every bit of it at home—quickly—easily—and what's more, economically. First, a Hot Oil Treatment, that discourages dandruff, gives new health to the scalp—new life and youth to your hair. Then a fragrant, luxurious shampoo with Jo-cur' Shampoo Concentrate* gives your hair the fluffy softness, the satiny sheen that mean perfect cleanliness. Then a lovely, lasting wave with Jo-cur' Wave-set—the finger-waving liquid that sets alluring, naturally-looking finger-waves for over a million women. And finally, a touch of Jo-cur' Brilliantine to bring out the captivating loveliness of every wave. Each of these marvelous preparations can be used easily at home—each is composed of the best material money can buy, regardless of price—and each can be obtained in generous sizes at most 5 and 10c stores. 25c sizes at your druggist's. Try Jo-cur' Beauty Aids tonight!

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Write for booklet "Fascinating Eyes and How to Have Them." Eye beauty secrets told in pictures. Mailed free.

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COVER PORTRAIT OF RUTH CHATTERTON
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE
MODESS VACATION SPECIAL

A summer thrift idea

You save on every purchase during July and August

2 BOXES OF MODESS . 90¢
1 TRAVEL PACKAGE . 25¢

& Modess Compact

Total Value $1.15

ALL THREE FOR 79¢

O ur Vacation Special—a travel package of six Modess Compact and two boxes of Modess Regular—was so popular last summer that we decided to offer it again. It has all the charm of an irresistible bargain—$1.15 worth for 79¢.

And the two types of Modess featured in this Special are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear when less thickness is necessary.

The travel package of Modess Compact is a very useful thing. The amount of room it takes in a traveling bag is hardly noticeable. It comes in very handy when you need a few extra Modess to see you through. You can tuck it away in a bureau drawer and save it for a guest accommodation.

Why worry about summertime protection? You can wear Modess under your sheerest dresses with an easy feeling of perfect safety—perfect comfort. The softly fluffed filler is cool and evenly absorbent. Modess will never be conspicuous, because the edges and corners are carefully rounded and it smoothly fits to the figure. It is deodorant—easily disposable.

World’s largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

Silver Screen for August 1931
Delightful dress shoes of soft suede. Very smart, but not for walking

Shoes courtesy of L. Miller & Co.

YOUR face depends upon your feet.

If you think that’s a silly statement, just examine the faces of your unfortunate friends who have neglected their feet and got themselves an ugly crop of weak arches, bunions and such annoyances. You’ll always see the strain visible in their faces. You’ll see them constantly wrinkling their brows in pain. It’s all so horrid and so unnecessary if you will only take a little care of yourself—and your shoes.

Now before you think I’m going maiden-auntish on you and going to advocate those broad-toed, flat-heeled shoes no girl ever wants to wear, I’ll tell you I’m not. I don’t like such shoes myself. But I am going to tell you about shoes that are both smart and sensible; when and how to wear them; and give you some foot exercises, too.

It’s funny that when we know so much about the rest of our beauty, we seldom know the least thing about our feet. We’ve all learned the elementary rules for caring for our hair, our eyes, our teeth, our skin, our bodies as a whole, as represented in what we eat and drink and how we sleep. But to our poor feet which we trot about on constantly, which we use and use, we pay no attention.

Actually, the poor things need care and exercise quite as much as the figure does. They affect the figure and the face tremendously.

And like all neglected relations, they repay care with such gratitude that they can contribute to our comfort all our lives.

Unfortunately, you can’t separate modern feet from modern shoes, though they should be separated. I mean, modern feet ought to be allowed out in public life once in a while. But practically the only time they can make a personal appearance is in bed or the bathtub. The feet need air and sunshine. And quite the finest exercise you can give them is to walk them about, barefooted, on all kinds of surfaces.

The most important part of the foot is the metatarsal arch. When it becomes weakened it is responsible for corns and bunions (because it allows the toes to spread and they are, in turn, crowded against the sides of the shoes, making your feet harder and harder to fit). If you discover that your shoes are never quite comfortable and that they are getting, pair by pair, harder to wear, take this as a warning. It means your metatarsal arch is weakening and you’d better do something about it right away.

But what, you ask? I’ll tell you. First, you need several types of shoes. Second, you need foot exercise.

The kind of shoes you wear depends, naturally, on what you do with your feet. If you just cross them one [Continued on page 70]
BARBARA STANWYCK

IN

NIGHT NURSE

Utterly revealing! Night Nurse, by the author of Ex-Mistress, is a human document—the story of the woman who must do men's bidding in the long watches of the night... After the first hundred shocks nothing gets under her skin... She learns how to take them or to laugh them off... A nurse's thousand and one nights!... Not to be missed!...

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

for August 1931
FIRST PRIZE

"SINGING A SONG TO THE STARS"

New Haven, Conn.

"Ninety-Nine Out of a Hundred"—Greta Garbo
"When You're Smiling"—Maurice Chevalier
"My Ideal"—Ruth Chatterton
"So Beats My Heart For You"—Robert Montgomery
"Hello Beautiful!"—Ann Harding
"My Baby Just Cares For Me"—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
"Bye, Bye Blues"—Marie Dressler
"Laughing at Life"—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey
"You're Driving Me Crazy"—Marlene Dietrich
"Blue Again"—Stuart Erwin
"Three Little Words"—Janet Gaynor
"I Still Got a Thrill"—John Boles
"Cheerful Little Earful"—Joan Bennett
"Be Careful With Those Eyes"—Eddie Cantor
"Sing Song Girl"—Jeanette MacDonald

Third Prize

Carmel-by-the-Sea, Cal.

SILVIA—hardly know what to do.
LIKE—a great many people, I long for ariety!!
REMINDEME—everything about the house reminds me of dull routine.
SON—on such days, there is one diversion—certainly you know what I mean.
SHTOWN DOWN TOWN—us down town and
INTER—enter MOVING PICTURE THEATRE
O N E—ot wishing to lose a second's time.

Mrs. A. Burns

THE FIRST LADY OF THE SCREEN

Washington, D. C.

WHAT'S the matter with Ruth Chatterton? I have seen every picture she has made since "Sins of the Fathers" and have exalted since "The Doctor's Secret" because I'd admired her lovely voice on the stage long before the screen won her.

With the showing of "Anybody's Woman" I felt a vague uneasiness which was accentuated in "The Right to Love" and climax'd in "Unfaithful".

I have a feeling that she is either growing careless (Heaven forbid) or is deadly tired. True, the stories she has had of late have not been worthy of her talents, but a good actress can lift an unworthy vehicle out of the mire of routine by the sheer beauty of her performance.

I am not a "prude" but I cannot countenance any such "Dietrich" tactics as Miss Chatterton employed in "Unfaithful" as being necessary to the production.

Chatterton is billed as "The First Lady of the Screen," a title which is affectionately conceded by the majority of fans, a title which is her own, for to so many she represents the true gentlewoman, and in this hurrying, thoughtless, metallic age, isn't that an enviable title and worth holding? 

Key Yarbrough

WAR PICTURES

Hollywood, Cal.

I MOST emphatically disagree with the lady from Baltimore who writes—Give us no war, but laughter.

Hollywood overdoes everything, no doubt, in its effort to please the public, but some of these great war stories have combined tears, laughter, love and hate in emotions so poignant as to make the next war harder to put across.

War stories will help abolish war! A problem is never solved by shoving it into the background of our minds. A room is not cleaned by sweeping the dirt under the sofa. The greatest tragedies of history have happened because some of a nation's ascetics were too good to hear the truth of the happenings that went on right under their noses. Bring it to light, say I. Show us the horrors; show us the beauty, not of war, but of humans under the stress of war.

And then, too, there are stars whose great acting abilities we might have missed had it not been for the war stories.

Leslie M. Ross

SECOND PRIZE

Salisbury, Maryland

FRANKLY and fearlessly I am going to speak my piece. I am fed up with and suffering from hearing arguments here, there and everywhere about the merits and demerits of this and that movie. Down here we have two small picture houses; we take what we can get and like it—or else! But why pick them all to pieces? Maybe they should be better, but if any of us theatre goers can write better ones, or act better than the actors, why not go Hollywood? (That goes for the critics, too)! Oh, I'm not so broadminded as to like all the tripe they shove down this way; but I don't think everyone else who does like what I don't is weak minded. Everyone loved "Common Clay," I did not. What does that make me? I used to enjoy Jack Oakie. Some people still do. I wouldn't miss a Greta Garbo film. Few of my friends care about her. My greatest weakness is Chester Morris.

Anyway, stars will come and stars will go, but I'll keep on going to the movies, good, bad and awful because I like 'em.

Sylvia Bartlett

HAVE YOU NOTICED THESE THINGS?

San Francisco, Cal.

I AM GOING to air my pet peeve and get it out of my system. The screen needs a director of Technical Directors—some person with sense enough to know that Winchester repeating rifles were not invented in time to be used by the whites who battled Indians on the plains during the Gold Rush Days—and this is but a minor mistake.

Traffic in England travels on the left-hand side of the street, but our Technical Directors never seem to think of that when making an English street scene in America. In horse racing, also, the English horse runs around the track in the same direction as a watch hand travels, while in America the reverse is practiced—but whoever saw an English racing scene pictured correctly?

I sometimes pity the poor Northwest Mounted Policeman of the pictures. He travels about in forty below zero weather with a broad-brimmed Stetson hat and high, oil-tanned boots. I lived in the Northland long enough to know how soon he would have frozen ears and feet if so dressed.

So let's have a director to show these Technical Directors how things are done.

Jeanne Rowlinson

SILVER SCREEN
DOROTHY MACKAILL

in

THE RECKLESS HOUR

WITH CONRAD NAGEL - H.B. WARNER

JOAN BLONDELL
WALTER BYRON
JOE DONAHUE
DOROTHY PETERSON

Based on Arthur Richman's play, Ambrus. Adapted by Florence Ryerson
A John Francis Dillon Production

Love and lies lead her to the reckless hour with one man—to marriage with another...
Too proud to accept a marriage bargain, she pays the check, and sets out to collect from the world of men... But her desires are stronger than her hate. Gorgeously gowned Dorothy Mackaill as the model who makes her reckless hour pay dividends.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE
for August 1931
IF only you could take a peek through the telescope with Leo, what a thrill you would have watching M-G-M's brilliant stars, directors, writers and technical experts—all busy on the greatest production program in the history of this company. Week after week during the coming season new M-G-M hits will come out of that miracle city known as the M-G-M Studio. Mighty productions that are destined to take their place with such M-G-M triumphs of past seasons as "The Secret Six," "Reducing," "Our Dancing Daughters," "Anna Christie," "The Divorcee," "Min and Bill," "Paid," "Strangers May Kiss," "Trader Horn." It's written in the stars that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again prove during 1931-1932 that it is the greatest producing organization in motion pictures.
1931-1932 Will Be M-G-M’s CROWNING GLORY

These famous stars and featured players will make the coming year the greatest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer history:

Marion DAVIES  Wallace BEERY  Joan CRAWFORD
Marie DRESSLER  Greta GARBO  John JOHN
William HAINES  Buster KEATON  Robert MONTGOMERY
Ramon NOVARRO  Norma SHEARER  Lawrence TIBBETT
Alfred LUNT  Lynn FONTAINE

Dorothy Appleby  Reginald Denny  Neil Hamilton  John Miljan  Irene Purcell
Lionel Barrymore  Kent Douglas  Helen Hayes  Ray Milland  Marjorie Rambeau
Edwin Bartlett  James Durante  Leila Hyams  C. Montenegro  C. Aubrey Smith
William B.ikewell  Cliff Edwards  Jean Hersholt  Polly Moran  Ruth Selwyn
Charles Bickford  Phyllis Elgar  Hedda Hopper  Karen Morely  Gus Shy
Lilian Bond  Madge Evans  Leslie Howard  Conrad Nagel  Lewis Stone
Edwina Booth  Clark Gable  Dorothy Jordan  Ivor Novello  Ernest Torrence
John Mack Brown  Ralph Graves  Joan Marsh  Monroe Owsley  Lester Vail
Janet Currie  Charlotte Greenwood  Adolphe Menjou  Anita Page  Robert Young

In stories by the world's most brilliant writers. Directed by men who are making screen history.

GOLDWYN-MAYER
By SALLY FORTH

THE chamber of Hollywood, Sally Forth, will be glad to answer your questions about movies or stars or both. The fewer your questions and the shorter the answers required, the quicker she can answer you. But she's scolded if she answers questions about religion and she can't give home addresses or advise anyone how to break into the movies. Write Sally at SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, giving your full name and address. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

EASTELLE SCHLESINGER: Do you know more people have asked me about Marlene Dietrich's piano playing than about anything else this month? Well, to answer you and everybody else in the same breath, Marlene really did the piano playing herself. She is an accomplished musician and originally studied at Berlin for the concert stage. The only reason she abandoned the idea of a musical career was because she injured her left hand through over-practising.

And now to get down to brass tacks, one of the piano pieces played by Marlene Dietrich in "Dishonored" was the "Danube Waves Waltz," by Ivanovici, published by Carl Fisher.

The other was an original piano composition by a Paramount composer, which was written especially for "Dishonored," and has not been published in any shape, form or manner.

SALLY BEARD: Olive Borden married Theodore Spector, a stockbroker, on March 29. I have no record of his having been previously married.

J: H.: Greta Garbo appeared in only one talking picture in a foreign language, although she made several foreign pictures on the continent before coming to this country with Stiller. But those were in the days of silence. "Anna Christie" in German is the only talking picture in a foreign version in which she has thus far appeared.

JIMMIE NOWLIN: I have wanted to help you, but you didn't send your full address or enclose a stamped addressed envelope, so I couldn't write you personally, and I couldn't tell from your letter just what you wanted to know about James Hall and Chester Morris. You said, "I believe you know what I want," but believe me, I didn't.

I'll tell you a little about James Hall's career, though, and maybe that will help. His real name is James Brown and he was born in Dallas, Texas, on October 22, 1900. He was educated at Thornton, Texas, and at Military School. He appeared in musical comedies in New York and entered pictures in 1924. You can find out lots of things about Chester Morris's career in SILVER SCREEN's article on Chester in its July issue.

GEORGE BAGLEY: Mitzi Green is ten years old, about 33 inches tall, and Mitzi is her real name. She was named after Mitzi Hajas, the Hungarian star. Mitzi takes her surname from her mother, Rosie Green; but if she were called after her father, she'd be Mitzi Keno.

LORETTA OF LEXINGTON: Nancy Carroll works for the Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood. You can get a picture of Tessa Landi by writing to the Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Remember little Edna Best, the girl who ran away from John Gilbert and talked to get back to her husband in New York? Well, here's the husband, handsome British Herbert Marshall making his American picture debut in "Secrets of a Secretary" for Paramount.
GUIDE to the BIG SHOWS!

FROM THE CITY OF MAGIC COMES A GLORIOUS ARRAY OF GREAT ATTRACTIONS AS A GLAMOROUS NEW SEASON OPENS!

"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"... Richard Walton Tully's volcanic dramatic spectacle in all its splendor! DOLORES DEL RIO and thousands in the cast.

FANNIE HURST'S "SYMPOPHY OF SIX MILLION"... Great author of "Humoresque" now shows us the soul of a city... drama rising from teeming streets... thunder in its voice... laughter on its lips... a sob in its throat!

"FRONTIER" . . .
Tumultuous panorama of Onrushing America with the stars of "Cimarron," RICHARD DIX, IRENE DUNNE.

"MIRACLE CITY" . . .
The Glamour... Ecstasy... Heroism of those fated to dwell in Hollywood's Glass Houses!

"MARCHETA" . . .
Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in Romance 'neath the burnished skies of old Madrid.

COMING SOON!

"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?"
Created by the men who made "Cimarron," Wesley Ruggles, Director; Howard Estabrook, author.

"TRAVELING HUSBANDS"
A gay tale of wandering men and wandering wives... Evelyn Brent, Hugh Herbert, Constance Cummings.

"SPHINX HAS SPOKEN"
With Lily Damita, Adolph Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim.

Don't miss a one of them!... or better still tell the manager of your favorite theatre that you want to see all these RKO RADIO PICTURES at his house!

RKO-RADIO PICTURES

TUNE IN! on the "R. K. O. THEATRE OF THE AIR" over N. B. C. Coast to Coast Network EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT 10:30 P. M., New York Time

for August 1931
TALKIES IN TABLOID

(Reviews of pictures previously reviewed at length that tell you in a second which are the best films to see—or to stay away from. Use these as your guide to entertainment.)

BEYOND VICTORY
Fair (Pathé)
A war yarn about four boys who tell bits of their life stories during a siege. Interesting in spots, but in spite of Bill Boyd's fine acting, not great enough to make the public go for another war picture.

BIG BUSINESS GIRL
Fair (First Nat.)
Loretta Young and Frank Albertson are teamed together in this refreshing picture of young love. Its weakness lies in the slimmness of its plot, which deals with the way in which a girl boosts her husband to success.

BORN TO LOVE
Good (Pathé)
A sophisticated story so frankly handled that it may offend many people. However, the glamorous Constance Bennett is in it, and she will win your sympathy and make you cry. She plays an American aviatrix who loves not wisely but too well. Joel McCrea and Paul Cavanagh are the men.

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON
Good (Fox)
If you're looking for a mystery picture with a sufficient number of murders to make it fairly exciting, here it is. Warner Oland plays the quaint Chinese sleuth who uses Oriental cunning to round up the murderer.

CITY STREETS
Good (Paramount)
Gary Cooper in a picture which combines romantic and exciting gangster plot. He gets into a racket to get his girl out of jail, and then it looks as if both of them will be "put on the spot." Sylvia Sidney and Gary are splendid.

CONQUERING HORDE
Fair (Paramount)
An old-fashioned Western that doesn't do much for any member of the cast, not even Richard Arlen. It's dull and mediocre entertainment for adults, though children may find the fight with the Indians exciting.

DAYBREAK
Good (M-G-M)
The romance of a philandering lieutenant who learns about heartbreak after leaving the girl who loves him and with whom he has had an affair. You'll like Ramon Novarro and Helen Chandler as the lovers.

DIREBIGLE
Great (Columbia)
Thrilling, exciting, with air scenes that make you catch your breath! In the story of a dash to the South Pole, and of an aviator who almost lost his wife in his mad pursuit of adventure. Ralph Graves, Jack Holt and Fay Wray all perform well.

DUDE RANCH
Good (Paramount)
Jack Oakie kids the great Wild West. He tries to drum up business on a dude ranch by posing as a wicked killer, and puts it over till some real bad men show up. Oakie's good and Mitzi Green helps out plenty.

IT'S A WISE CHILD
Good (M-G-M)
Marion Davies in a rollicking comedy about a girl who says she is about to become the mother of a child in order to get rid of an unwelcome suitor. James Gleason contributes some grand comedy as Cool Kelly, an iceman who becomes involved with the housemaid.

FREE SOUL, A
Great (M-G-M)
A triumph for Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore, who plays a drunken attorney who teaches his daughter to believe in freedom of love. The scenes between Norma Shearer and Clark Gable as a gangster with whom she becomes involved are tremendous, and there is a gripping courtroom climax in which the honors go to Lionel Barrymore.

FRONT PAGE, THE
Great (United Artists)
The rowdiest, fastest moving, most riotous comedy of newspaper life it's ever been our good fortune to see. Adolphe Menjou turns in a slick performance as a managing editor who'll stop at nothing to keep his best reporter from leaving him and getting married. Mary Brian's the girl.

HELL BOUND
Good (Tiffany)
Leo Carrillo's fine performance as an Italian gangster saves this picture from being a mere blurred copy of "Little Ca-
sar." This is really a one-man picture, and that one man makes it well worth seeing. The rest of the cast is ordinary, but you mustn't miss Carrillo's acting.

INDISCREET
Good (United Artists)
Rib-tickling entertainment. Not as dramatic as "The Trespasser," but a grand mixture of farce, slapstick, musical comedy and drama about a woman who almost loses her own fiancé while trying to save her sister from the man who ruined her past. Gloria Swanson is good, though a bit kittenish at times, and Ben Lyon's grand.

IRON MAN, THE
Good (Universal)
A worth-while prize-fight picture about a prizefighter whose career in the ring is hindered by an unscrupulous wife. Robert Armstrong as his manager practically steals the honors.

FINGER POINTS
An exciting gangster film which carries a thrill even though it lacks plausibility. Richard Barthelmess plays an idealistic young reporter who is corrupted by bribes and unfair treatment by his newspaper. When his newspaper breaks a story he has promised not to print, he is "put on the spot" by gangsters.

RACK IN
Good (Paramount)
Clara Bow goes dramatic but Regis Toomey gets all the breaks. He plays an ex-convict who tries to go straight, and Clara's his loyal wife. Opinion will be divided on this, but given a better break and a more modern story, it looks as if Clara will crash through in her next drama. Regis Toomey steals this one.

LADIES' MAN
Fair (Fox)
William Powell in an unsympathetic rôle which even he cannot make appealing. He's a gigolo who accepts money from a married woman and also makes love to her daughter, until his Big Moment, Kay Francis, comes along. Kay, with a new coiffure, isn't as smart in appearance as usual.

(Continued on page 62)

SILVER SCREEN
If it's FUN you're after...

— "Those Mack Sennett Comedies with Andy Clyde, Marjorie Beebe and Harry Gribbon are the funniest two-reelers being produced today."

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

In your city, and every other city, critics acclaim the side-splitting, laugh-till-you-cry comedy hits from Educational. More vital than vitamins are laughs. And naturally the world’s largest comedy producers, specialists in fast and furious fun, give you the biggest and best laughs always. Watch for the theaters that show them. Tell the managers how much you like them. Then you'll see more of these funstars as shown below in “Ghost Parade”, one of Educational's—

MACK SENNETT COMEDIES

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc. E. W. HAMMONS, President, Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York
A MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1 Mrs. Ben Lyon
2 Trite
3 What producers call their big pictures
4 America's sweetheart
5 Leading man in "Broadway Scandals"
6 A camera man's term
7 To give forth
8 On the sheltered side
9 Sennett comedienne, now dead
10 New star of "Body and Soul"
11 Songs
12 Very black
13 Girl Chevalier "discovered"
14 Open space
15 What a girl needs to be to pass a screen test
16 Speedthrift
17 Ridges
18 A well-born woman
19 Stars get this way lying on the beach at Malibu
20 The M-G-M lion
21 Shoulder piece of a dress
22 Native mineral
23 River in Italy
24 Russian star of "A Dangerous Woman"
25 Clara's boy friend
26 Jean Hersholt's native country
27 Mr. Vilma Banky
28 Leading lady of Chaplin's "The Circus"
29 Malarial fever
30 Groups of musicians
31 A scenario writer's first need
32 The colleen in "Song O' My Heart"
33 Printer's measure
34 A Clara Bow film
35 Gaining by work
36 Except when
37 A game played by stars' children
38 An English actor's afternoon meal
39 One who laments
40 Insect egg
41 Stratagem
42 Hindu god of departed spirits
43 No—as Ernest Torrence said it back in Scotland
44 A constant traveler
45 Sleeping quarters in those college films
46 A D. W. Griffith patriotic picture
47 Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna
48 Travelogue films
49 Apart
50 Consumed
51 Cognizant of
52 Jeff's pal
53 Something seldom seen in sunny California
54 Old
55 What a film does at the final fade-out
56 Monkeys
57 Not dangerous
58 What an actor plays
59 Greek portico

DOWN
1 Mr. Bebe Daniels
2 What most actors have to excess
3 Where liquor is served
4 Hostility
5 Mrs. Rôd La Rocque
6 Mack Sennett comedian
7 No good (slang)
8 Entire number
9 What extras hope to play
10 A duck with soft down
11 Greek letter
12 Part of to be
13 American island in West Indies
14 Kid who made a hit in "Finn and Hattie"
15 Illness
16 After the manner of (French)
17 A color
18 What She says to Him in the last reel
19 Insect
20 A lacy fabric
21 Star once known as "Cuddles"
22 To trudge
23 Uncommon
24 World's most famous garden
25 Theme of "Journey's End" and "All Quiet on the Western Front"
26 Star of "East Lynne"
27 Wing of a house
28 Something you walk on
29 What bulls do if you make them mad
30 Pieced out
31 Kind of films that get censored
32 Captured
33 Paramount's comedian star
34 A color
35 A freak
36 Female horse
37 Grow old
38 Something bathing beauties must have (abbreviation)

(In response to your request the puzzle answer isn't in this issue. The answer—and a brand new puzzle—will be printed next month.)

16 Silver Screen
AS WE go to press, rumor persists that Clara Bow has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for a series of pictures.

Perfectly grand, if true. For when you think how skillfully this company has handled such diverse actresses as Garbo, Shearer and Crawford, you can imagine what they could do to the girl who still has plenty of Art as well as It.

WHISPERS well up, also, that things aren't happy with "Merely Mary Ann" and Janet Gaynor. This is to be the first Gaynor-Farrell picture since Charlie's marriage to Virginia Valli.

The first cause of trouble came over the casting of Beryl Mercer as a hard-hearted little old lady who pushed Janet and Charlie around. Janet didn't like that idea and intimated she might go back to Honolulu.

LIKEWISE comes the hint that maybe Nancy Carroll isn't quite as heart free as she is claiming. It seems there's a writing chap named Bolton Mallory Nancy's been seeing a lot of, and some people do say that Nancy may be Mrs. Mallory shortly after she ceases to be Mrs. Kirkland.

WILL Garbo really retire? Ominous, if true, is the news that Garbo will appear in a stage play in Austria this summer. Max Reinhardt wants her to play as a tragedienne under his direction, and the Austrian newspapers say that she has accepted his invitation. They say that she will give the opening performance at Max Reinhardt's new private open air theatre in Leopoldskron, and that she will later appear on the stage in Vienna and Berlin.

Garbo got her early theatrical training at the Royal Dramatic School in Sweden, while La Dietrich attended Max Reinhardt's school of drama.

But since the Sphinx herself has told the world nothing of her plans, we can only hope that the Austrian papers are all wet.

BEBE DANIELS has just finished "The Honor of the Family" and is temporarily retiring from the screen. Her reason is the same that Norma Shearer had for going into temporary retirement—she's expecting the arrival of the stork. And like Norma Shearer, she'll be back later.

THE gang at M-G-M isn't letting Renee Adoree down while she's pluckily fighting for health and life and laughter down at a sanatorium at Prescott, Arizona. She got her car out of storage the other day, wanting to sell it because she needed the money. The boys at M-G-M decided they could get more money for her by raffling it off instead of selling it outright, so that's what they're doing. Charles Bickford took it to one of his service stations and put it in first class shape.

CARMEL MYERS, who played the jilted gal in Barrymore's picture, "Svengali," was attending an opening recently when someone in the crowd yelled, "Hello, Joan."

"Hello, yourself," said Carmel.

"Why did you do that?" her escort asked her. "They think you are Joan Crawford."

"I know," retorted Carmel, "but I don't want them to think that Joan is high-hat."

SPEAKING of Joan, her trip abroad is postponed indefinitely. She and Doug Junior planned three months in Europe and worked their heads off nights and Sundays to get their pictures finished in time.

When the pictures were all finished, they called Joan back for retakes because they didn't like the work of one of her leading men, Johnny Mack Brown. He was taken out of the cast of "Laughing Sinners" and all Joan's scenes with him had to be remade with Clark Gable in the part, instead.

Young Doug didn't want to go abroad without Joan, so the two of them are going to get right back to work without any vacation in Europe at all.

[More Movietown Topics on page 42]
GRETA GARBO isn't the girl she used to be. Did love change her? Is she, this glamorous girl, a mere stepchild of love?

I remember her so well before she became Hollywood's mystery woman. I remember interviews she gave and all manner of news photographs for which she posed. And I also have my own pet theory about what has turned the human, naive Swedish girl who arrived in New York City on the S. S. Drottingholm in the summer of 1925 wearing casual sport clothes and devoid of any make-up into an enigmatic recluse with a mouth like a scarlet stain.

If you're interested—and who isn't when it's Garbo being talked about—let me remind you, first of all, of the old Garbo. She probably isn't so very different from the present Garbo at that, except on the surface.

They called her the Norma Shearer of Sweden. Not that she looked remotely like our own Norma. Not that she looked remotely like anyone but herself. That was only a line to pique the public's interest, as if Greta wasn't quite capable of doing that by herself. For even when she was a stranger in America, before she had reached into our film heavens to stake her claim to the brightest star of all, Greta Garbo was definitely an individual.

As I write I see again the drawing-room of her suite in a midtown hotel. It was filled with flowers. Greta was so pleased about them. The extravagant gestures of our movie producers where their box-office attractions are concerned were new to her. She didn't pretend she was accustomed to hundreds of dollars' worth of the hothouse varieties in her rooms, and you liked her for it. You liked her tremendously. She gave you every opportunity to.

She had just come in from a shopping expedition that day. She was wearing her hat, a black turban threaded with gold like her hair. Her black suit had leopard fur on it. It wasn't an especially well-fitted or distinctive costume but she gave it importance.

Because she spoke only a few words of English, Mauritz Stiller acted as an intermediary in our conversation. I've often thought in the last two or three years what a pity it is that he didn't live to see all of his hopes for his lovely protegé realized. Garbo had gained a good measure of success before he died, of course, but the talkies hadn't yet increased her fame. She hadn't yet become as...
much of a legendary figure as the older stars. Perhaps he knew how it would be, though.

They were both so happy that day. They stood on the threshold of even greater fame than they had known in Europe.

I asked where Greta had been since arriving in New York and what she had seen. And she was frank enough to explain that the evening before they had gone to the Ziegfeld Follies. Having heard about the Follies beauties for years, she had been curious to see how she would compare with them.

Human enough. There was no suggestion of a sphinx about Greta in those days.

In spite of the indirect conversation there was something very personal about that interview. Undoubtedly, Greta was largely responsible for this. She had her great damask chair pulled up so it would be part of a friendly group and while Mr. Stiller explained to her what I had asked she would look at me and smile or nod in the friendliest way. And once, I remember, she pushed her little hat back on her head as if it was tight.

Gloria Swanson was one of her favorites. And she said she wanted to play parts like those Gloria played, silken ladies who wore beautiful, luxurious clothes. Either that or she wanted to do “funny acting.”

However, eager as Greta was to get to the film capital, she must have been a [Continued on page 76]
She Loves a Good Fight

And Ina Claire Has Won Her Hardest One Against Hollywood Itself

By Allan Jordan

Perhaps I will get smacked down for even mentioning it, but of the many women I have met from the world of make-believe—the theatre or the screen, as you will—two stand out above all others in my memory as possessing the steadfast purpose, the intelligence, and the all-compelling love of acting which never admits defeat.

Mary Pickford is one, and Ina Claire is the other.

Ina Claire lives for her work. I blush when I write it. That phrase has become positively nauseous in Hollywood. It has been shouted by dozens of dizzy blonde damsels who didn’t have a brain in their pretty heads. It is really true of Ina Claire, one of the least understood, and most misquoted of stars in the empire of the cinema.

If you are to understand how Ina Claire changed her first defeat in the studios to striking success, or why her marriage failed with the silent screen’s greatest lover, John Gilbert, you must know something of the real Ina.

She has fought her way to the very top rung of success on the New York stage. There is no more brilliant actress in the American theatre. Ticket agencies in New York guaranteed her every play for six weeks. Whether the vehicle was good or bad, Ina Claire’s name brought the public to the box-office. She won her place in the sun by work. She studied costuming, set designing, play writing and acting. She is a devout student of things theatrical. And yet, one of the first ladies of our theatre, she came to Hollywood and there she flopped dismally.

“The Awful Truth,” which introduced her to motion picture fans, was not accorded runs in the front rank theatres of the big cities. In small towns she was billed merely as “Mrs. John Gilbert.” Ina Claire, whose very name had packed houses in every great metropolis in America!

“It wasn’t a bad picture,” Ina told me. “It came just before the era of popularity for smart, sophisticated high comedy. I could also tell you that the picture was terribly weakened in the cutting. Motivating scenes were left out. But the fault was mine, too. I played the rôle much better on the stage. I was too brittle on the screen. I didn’t seem myself at all. I don’t think even yet that I have given my best to the screen. At least, I am not satisfied.”

When the picture was released, Pathé bought up Ina’s unfinished contract. They had no intention of starring her in any other pictures. Not another studio made her an offer. Did Ina go back to New York where stage producers were still clamoring for her? Not Ina Claire. She’s Irish. Shanty Irish she calls herself, and she’s a fighter. She wasn’t going to be licked, and by that time she was tremendously interested in the new medium.

She did “Rebound” on the Los Angeles stage. Most of her stage hits of the past also played Los Angeles, but it was “Rebound” that convinced Hollywood producers that she was something more than the girl who married John Gilbert. That play won her one of the most important rôles in Paramount’s “The Royal Family.” It was the first offer that came along for another picture. She had courage enough to play a woman in early middle age, a glamorous figure of the theatre, but the mother of a grown daughter. After that came the starring rôle in the picture adaptation of “Rebound” at RKO-Pathé, the same studio that had bought up her contract a year before. She now has a five-year contract with Samuel Goldwyn, and her first picture will be “The Greeks Had A Name For Them.”

“I’ve had a lot to learn, and a lot to unlearn,” she told me. “I had to learn to underact. Pictures are still a pictorial art. It was like taking [Continued on page 71]
Bill Powell and His Future
by Marquis Busby

"BILL POWELL," I asked real elegant like, "When are you and Carole Lombard going to get hitched?"

"I don't know," said Bill. "We're always too busy making pictures. Carole has made four this year at Paramount, and has four more to make before fall. That doesn't leave much time for extra-curricular activities. Anyway, it will be a long time."

I went and asked Carole the same question. Quoth the blonde and lively Carole—

"I don't know that we will ever marry. If we don't, we will always be good friends." (Where, oh where have I heard that before?) If we do marry, here's wishing luck to both of us. Bill is a grand person to know and be with."

Bill says that Carole is the frankest, the most straightforward girl he has known. So there is no reason to believe that Carole would give a "run-around" answer.

But right after this—maybe it was my influence—Bill and Carole came out in public and all the papers announced they would be married before the leaves begin tumbling off the trees this season.

That being the case, and me always being interested in what fate has in store for a beautiful blonde, I decided to find out about what the prospects of the beautiful blond's fiancé are.

Well, they look pretty good to me. For the first time in several years William Powell's career in pictures is sailing the smooth waters, if I may juggle my metaphors a bit. He is now under contract to Warner Brothers-First National. His salary is a great deal more than it has ever been before, and he has the power of veto on stories. The last is an important factor to him. He had absolutely no voice in the matter of stories at Paramount.

"Ladies' Man," one of his last pictures at Paramount, was a regrettable error in judgment. Thousands of fans thought so, and so did Powell. He portrayed a man who lived on the gifts of women. There is no polite word in the plain-spoken U. S. A. for the male gold-digger.

"Americans can never forgive such a character," he said. "In Europe the gigolo is more or less accepted, but not in this country. You can find some redeeming traits in a man who steals, takes dope, drinks too much, beats children, or murders his wife, but there are none for the type of character I played in 'Ladies' Man.' He's something you find when you turn over rotten logs.

"Some of my other stories at Paramount were not much better. I never received a dime more in salary when I was raised to stardom. It began to look to me that I would not become any richer, and if I kept on in those roles, I soon would not have a professional reputation either. It seemed time to change jobs.

"Under my new contract I have the power of veto on stories. I don't expect to dictate what I will do, and will not do, but I think I have been acting long enough to know what I can't [Cont. on page 7a]"
The STARS who

By Harriet Parsons

Where Are They Now, Those Old Favorites? Here Are the Stories of Greatness—Ten Years After

Bushman, the mighty, is now offering himself to the highest bidder in marriage

THE other day I heard a youngster say scornfully, "Maurice Costello—who's he? I never heard of him!"

To that youthful movie fan of today the handsome, curly-haired matinée idol of a generation ago wasn't even a memory. And those other great ones who once filled the coffers of the box office—Marguerite Clark, Theda Bara, Robert Warwick and Francis X. Bushman—had he never heard of them?

Ah, well—twenty years from now some fresh-faced heir to the earth will say, "Constance Bennett—who's she? I never heard of her!"

With that fourteen-year-old's words ringing in my ears I turned to an old scrap book of my mother's, just to reassure myself that there were movies in the days that young man was whining in his cradle. I may not be far past twenty myself—but darn it, I remember Bushman and Bayne's love-making and Pearl White's devil escapades. Those "old timers" were my first idols.

Perusing that scrap book rapily, I came across a page of movie ads—a vivid record of the names which were drawing crowds into moving picture theaters thirteen years ago. And unless you're still losing your baby teeth, the chances are those names will stir you as they did me. Look:

Marguerite Clark in "Bab's Burglar;" Wm. S. Hart in "The Aryan;" Charles Ray in "The Hired Man;" Douglas Fairbanks in "Swat the Kaiser" (yes, there was a war in those days); Louise Blaum in "An Alien Enemy;" Charlie Chaplin in "A Dog's Life" ("repeated by popular request"); Ethel Clayton in "The
Used To Be


And where are they now—these idols of another year? Of course there’s Doug, golfing and hunting his way around the globe, threatening never to make another picture; while his talented son, grown up and married, steps into stardom. There’s Mary, struggling to hang on with the disappointing “Kiki.” There’s Charlie, flying single-handed the banner of silence with “City Lights,” dining with prime ministers and receiving the accolades of greatness. (Is he greater than when he made those joyously vulgar two-reelers?) There’s Norma Talmadge, disheartened by “Du Barry,” but still talking of making another picture, though she has asked for and received her release from United Artists. But where are the others? Their fame was no less a decade ago—but where are they today?

I went out to hunt down some of these old timers and found that they divide into two groups—those who still manage to make a living somehow—and those who don’t. I’ll take the first group first this month.

The past year has brought many a favorite back to us. Studios seem to be vying with one another in bringing back former stars. Perhaps because the talkies have proved the need of real acting ability—and these old timers—many of them old only in point of screen experience—were real toupers. Perhaps because producers know the sentimental value of a once-beloved name. Bryant Washburn in “Skinner’s Dress Suit” was once a name to conjure with—so RKO gives Bryant a supporting role in “Kept Husbands.” The same picture includes in its cast Clara Kimball Young. Clara of the magnificent eyes once headed her own company. But hers is a minor role in “Kept Husbands.” RKO also gave Mae Murray a chance to come back in “Bachelor Apartment” and liked the result so well that they put her under contract. But the spectacular starring days of “Peacock Alley” and “Fascination” are over and the lady of the beehive [Continued on page 68]
The Story of My Life

Nancy Carroll

Read Nancy’s Story of the Death of Love in Hollywood

As told to Elizabeth Wilson

I WAS born on New York’s Tenth Avenue, one of the eight young La Hiffis. My sister and I got our first glimpse of the white lights in “The Passing Show of 1923.” I met a young newspaper man, Jack Kirkland, fell in love with him and married him. We went to Europe on nothing but romance, spent several hectic months traveling about and then returned to America to have our baby. Jack got a chance to write in Hollywood and I tagged along. After making a couple of pictures for Fox, I took some tests to Paramount but they refused to look at them. I lost my temper—but Jack had more sense and showed them a duplicate set.

SO WITH nothing to gain and everything to lose, I walked out on Paramount. I wanted above anything else in the world just at that time to play the part of Rosemary in “Abie’s Irish Rose” but if Paramount needed a telescope to see me, why I needed a telescope plus a couple of lorgnettes to see them. Silly, isn’t it? But I’m made that way, and as that line in Marlene Dietrich’s song goes: “Can’t help it.” I suppose it’s the Irish in me, sort of a hang-over from those early La Hiffis who went swashbuckling all over Ireland thumping their noses at English kings; but there’s something in me that just won’t let me grovel, or eat crumbs that fall from the table. Jack knew I was furious with pictures after that set—to with the powers-that-be, so he didn’t say a word to me about the Christie test that he had given to Paramount. He wasn’t a bit sympathetic that night at dinner while I was airing my woes. He sat there with the superior smile of a magician who at any moment might pull a rabbit out of his hat. And that’s exactly what he did. The next morning the ‘phone rang and I was informed that Anne Nichols, author of “Abie’s Irish Rose,” had seen my Christie test on the Paramount lot and that Victor Fleming, the director, wanted me to appear at the studio at once. I was to have the coveted rôle of Rosemary—thanks to Jack who knows about kid gloves, and Anne Nichols who knows what she wants.

As you know, Buddy Rogers played opposite me in “Abie’s Irish Rose,” and I liked him the first day I met him. I knew nothing about kissing—on the screen—and Buddy was as bashful as a high school boy, so our first love scene was an awful flop. The sequence had to be shot again and again, for Buddy would give me a chaste little peck which most likely landed on my nose, and I would respond with the passion of a congealed goldfish.

The director tore his hair in despair at our acting and finally swore that he would “learn ’em to get hot.” So he played a trick on us. He put the cameramen wise, and the rest of the cast who gathered around to see the fun; and then he informed Buddy and myself that he was ready to shoot a passionate love scene and if we didn’t put more warmth and feeling into it, he would fire us both. For at least twenty minutes without a break he had us kissing and embracing in a love scene that would have put Garbo and Gilbert to shame. That sequence would never have passed the censors. But Buddy and I weren’t thinking of the censors then—we were thinking only of our jobs, which we didn’t want to lose. By the time we were so exhausted we couldn’t cling to each other any longer, the director shouted, “April fool,” and the cast gave us the merry ha-ha. Naturally, not a camera had clicked—thank goodness for that. Well, Buddy and I learned about screen kisses [Continued on page 72]
The Error of His Ways
That Perfect Actor, Adolphe Menjou, Admits He Was Wrong About a Number of Things

By Clark Andrews

I WENT to see Adolphe Menjou on the M-G-M lot to find out, if I could, why he deserted pictures so mysteriously two years ago and why recently he came back.

In Hollywood actors aren't really supposed to be artists, you know. They are more or less supposed to take things and parts as they come. And more or less, they do.

Menjou was a big star with a big following when he suddenly refused to obey the bosses of the cinema village. He packed up and went to Europe. He said he was through with pictures and that he wasn't returning to our gob of sunshine and palm trees.

But he has returned. He has tucked away beneath his perfectly fitting belt three sensational performances, the outstanding one being that of the hard-boiled editor of "The Front Page." He's sitting pretty now with contracts and starring offers. So I thought maybe the inside story could be told.

I expected a load of dirt. I expected Menjou to land on his old outfit, Paramount, and spill a lot of hate. I didn't get it. But I got facts—lots of facts and the impression of an actor who is both a student and a gentleman—rare combination that, in Hollywood—plus being a good business man and a sensitive performer.

It takes character to admit your own mistakes. Menjou admits his.

He went away from America, he confessed, with some very peculiar notions. He thought Europe could produce better pictures than Hollywood. He thought that over there he could gain more fame and more money. He found out he was wrong on all accounts.

He himself more or less gave the impression that "he was kept out of pictures." He had been in movies since 1912 when he played with the old Vitagraph Company. But his real success didn't arrive until he made "A Woman of Paris" and Chaplin selected him as a man-of-the-world type. For years, thereafter, Menjou made money for Paramount, who first started him.

Then, as he puts it, "Paramount and I got sick of each other." Menjou had been to Europe in 1926 and 1927, and had talked motion pictures with producers there. So when his difficulties started here, he decided he would appear in French pictures. Menjou found the company he signed with couldn't make pictures, and, further—he found that no one in all France could make pictures. He had signed for four years. He quit after one production. He was overtaken by illness and was completely out of the world of affairs for four months. He enjoyed a period of rest and recreation and finally returned to America. And then he came back cured in more ways than one.

We sat on the sunny M-G-M lot and discussed it.

"Paris is a nice place for a home," Menjou said. "Europe is a marvelous place in which to live. But if one is to make motion pictures there is only one place to do it—Hollywood.

"The Germans and the Russians know photography and direction, but they don't know anything else. They haven't any stories and they haven't any actors—with the exception of Jannings. We have learned, and will learn, a great deal from both countries from a directorial and photographic standpoint."

He started his comeback, strangely enough, with Paramount. He did a French version and a Spanish version—he speaks English, French, Spanish, German and Italian fluently. Then Josef von Sternberg demanded him for "Morocco."

He found himself a "man-of-the-world," right back where he'd started again.

He carried off with some glory the rôle of the wealthy triller who stepped aside when he saw real [Continued on page 80]
A Champagne Cinderella

Miriam Hopkins is Peppy, Irresistible, Quite Naughty and Most Intoxicating

By Dora Albert

Perhaps you haven't seen Miriam Hopkins in pictures yet. But you will. You'll go to "The Smiling Lieutenant" to see Maurice Chevalier, and you'll go away remembering Miriam Hopkins—her smile, the funny way she crinkles her nose when she cries, and how darn cute she is.

She's just as cute off-screen. She has silver blonde hair of thistledown fluffiness, and it's all curls. Her eyes are blue. She wore beautifully colored pajamas when I saw her, and they were gorgeous.

She likes pink cocktails because they look pretty and are bound to taste good. She likes Bacardis because they look like strawberry ice cream sodas and don't taste like them.

If she can get someone to talk with, she will stay up all night and sleep all morning.

She never does things because she ought to do them, but does them because she wants to. If she makes an engagement for a big dinner party and decides at the last minute that she doesn't want to go, she won't go. She'll call up and tell a little white lie—about being ill or something.

All of which is quite naughty—but nice. I hate perfect people, don't you?

Miriam Hopkins doesn't pretend to be perfect. It's much more fun being herself.

She has an apartment in New York just off Washington Square, a Pierce-Arrow car, a maid named Cassie (maybe it's Callie), and a wire-haired terrier called Jerry.

She has a chauffeur, but she likes to drive her own car.

She is married to Austin Parker, the novelist.

Someone once said that the only really worthwhile topic in the world was how John Jones happened to marry Elizabeth Smith. So I'm going to be a dutiful little darling and tell you all about how Miriam Hopkins got married.

Austin Parker, who was in the French army during the war, came over from Paris about three years ago. He wanted to study American life and maybe put some of it into a novel.

Miriam Hopkins met him at a party in New York.

"Everybody else bored me," she related, "and he was there, and we sat and talked till the party broke up. Then we went to Childs' and we talked some more. I got home at seven o'clock in the morning.

"Well, Austin was planning to join a party and make a trip up the Nile in a couple of months, but he gave up the trip and got a blonde instead."

Austin Parker is now writing dialogue for RKO. He's writing the story for Connie Bennett's "Dangerous To Love" and he's plotting a scenario for Ann Harding, too.

Miriam Hopkins is appearing in pictures like "Fast and Loose" and "The Smiling Lieutenant," but she also wants to do some acting on the stage in between pictures. The people at Paramount keep saying no—she'll forget the stage after one more picture—and Miriam keeps saying yes—she'll never forget the stage.

While I was sipping sherry [Continued on page 66]
OTHER stars rise and fade but Novarro continues as a great romantic. The girl inspiring the tender moment is Madge Evans, who was a child actress in the silent days and who now returns to be kissed by fame and Ramon in "Son of India"
BOYS will be boys, even when they're actors. Here's the big boy, Wallace Beery. Wallace's new picture is "Sea Eagles." He's a tough on the screen, but off screen he has never recovered from the love of adventure that originally made him run away from home and take care of a herd of elephants.
Boys will be boys. This small boy, Leor Janney, may emote for the camera and his pay check, but when summer days come he becomes just a normal youngster who likes to go fishing with his dog by his side. His next picture is "Penrod and Sam." He collects stamps and he enjoys riding and swimming.
DOROTHY JORDAN

The lass from Tennessee. She's twenty; she's charming; she's grand. She's lovely but not languorous (oh, those grey eyes!). She used to be a chorus girl, and she kicked up some real star dust. She stands for romance and dreams in her latest picture, "Shipmates"
HE KICKED in with a swell performance in "Kick In." So they're putting him in some real de luxe productions, like "24 Hours." He was born in Pittsburgh; he used to be a steel salesman; and then he went legit. The movies claimed him in 1928. He's married to Kathryn Scott.
FIRST NATIONAL calls Richard Barthelmess "Old Reliable," since he's never temperamental and his pictures always make money. Most stars last five years. Dick has lasted thirteen. He likes life, talkies, and sea-going yachts. His best friends are Ronald Colman and Bill Powell. He's very happily married. After numerous title changes, his next picture will be "The Last Flight"
Are You Self-Conscious?

Joan Crawford Admits She Always Is—and Reveals the Secrets of Poise

By John Auburn

Talking to myself:


Business of hiking between a maze of Metro sound stages. Further business of swinging open heavy sound door and slipping onto padded stage. Eager glance around for Miss Crawford. Miss Crawford located in dressing room, taking life easy.

"Miss Crawford," I begin, "in as many words as possible, tell me, how did you overcome self-consciousness?"

Something happens in the dressing room. Blonde tresses—they used to be titian, by the way—seem to leap in the air and young tigress looks at me through great big eyes. I shudder. I am about to remind her that I am not playing heavy opposite her, but am only a struggling writer. Just when I change my mind and decide to run for it, she answers.

"Who's been kidding you?" she asks.

"Why—why, Miss Crawford," I stammer, "I thought it up myself. I—I—"

Joan looks sorry for me.

"I never overcame self-consciousness," she confides.

"Self-consciousness overcame me."

I gasp.

"You mean all your wonderful self-control isn't?"

"Isn't is correct. I'll tell you something confidentially. When I go to work in front of a camera, I'm a wreck. My leg muscles weaken so there are times when I can't stand up. Many of my close-ups are shot while I bang onto the back of a chair for support or sit on a stool.

"Lack of self-control gets me so badly that at times I stutter, and have to do my lines over. I often become hysterical and blow up completely."

As she tells me this, I grope for names. Names of other players who seem to have overcome every vestige of self-consciousness. I think, of course, of Garbo. [Continued on page 66]
Serving the
An Inside View of Picture
Personalities From Those
Who Gather the Star Dust

He was too perfect. He followed the art of butting to a perfection which proved a strain on human nerves. Though reared on army dignity and discipline, Ann Harding Bannister never felt that she could live up to Gus. He wouldn't even let them pour themselves a drink of water. The most simple service must be accompanied by cut-glass or sterling. Fong, a China-boy, now rules the Bannister hilltop home, and Ann and Harry breathe more naturally.

The Fairbankses, however, retain domestic formality. The thirteen servants who keep "Pickfair" spic and span are paid thirty thousand dollars a year. All are under the watchful eye of Albert, the major-domo, who has never been guilty of a mistake. The dukes and countesses who visit Pickfair never face Albert. Nothing fazes him. He keeps tabs on all bills and delivers them to the Fairbanks' office, where they are paid. He draws three hundred dollars a month.

Before you see Charlie Chaplin, you must pass the scrutiny of Kono, his Japanese bodyguard and manservant. For sixteen years Kono has been at the temperamental comedian's side, ever alert to cope with each new whim. He waits long hours with interminable patience, counsels, chides and buoyed the mercurial moods of his master. He supervises the work of the five other servants at the square yellow house atop a Beverly hill, and places the comedian's bedroom slippers at the very spot where his morning bare feet strike the floor. Each duty is performed with an humble affection, almost reverence.

Into seven years Hilda Austin has packed much obeisance at the shrine of Bebe Daniels. This tall and angular Englishwoman is an institution in Hollywood. She is Bebe's watch-dog, other-mother, maid and nurse. To her, Bebe remains, "just my little baby. I've tended her lovingly and consoled her through the bad times, crying with her: I'm joyful when she's happy."

Even the desire for marriage and children cannot lure her away! "To leave Miss Daniels would be like cutting myself into two pieces," she says.

"If you want to know what your favorite stars are like, question their servants.
If their servants are always leaving, you can be sure they are temperamental and difficult, no matter what little angels they appear on the screen.
But when their servants stay, serving meals at the erratic hours movie work demands, doing the labor of the crazy entertaining Hollywood favors, meeting the strained nerves and disturbed dispositions scenes cause, you know those stars are grand human beings no matter what stories you hear.
Not, of course, that all the servants themselves are perfect.
There was Cut-Glass Gus, the Harry Bannisters' man.

Ida Terry takes Kay Francis' pup out riding in her own private flivver

"I still can't get used to her appetite," says Esther Heinrich about Lilyan Tashman.

Silver Screen
Women today carve careers. Hilda's career is Bebe. She sees that Bebe arrives punctually for all appointments. Phone calls must pass Hilda's barrage of questions. When studio conferences come up, only her likeable qualities prevent her from getting in bad on the lot, for her opinions are unguarded and vehement.

"My poor baby! Why do they bother her with business?" Hilda's gray-blue eyes register indignation. "She should be telling them what to do! She gives so much of herself to her acting. Ah, I wish I hadn't told her they wanted to see her!"

To Bebe's food she gives the same slavish attention. "She eats until I'm worried," Hilda says. "I want Miss Daniels to be healthy, but she is so beautiful and slim and it is my duty to keep her that way. Sometimes, she says I am an awful pest; but when I must forbid her some sweet, I would deny myself, too, if she would let me. Yes, she eats whatever I prepare, except that she must have many cups of hot, black coffee, of which I disapprove.

"Then, there's her shoes. She wears size three-and-one-half. And her heel is narrow and her toe isn't. I have them made special. She's not going on any movie set in uncomfortable shoes while I'm around!"

Jerry and Mamie Cox have been comic Marie Dressler's shadows for eighteen years. Yet they're pessimists.

"James" is Lew Cody's manager, cook, boss and friend.

George Jenner is a gentleman's gentleman. He serves George Arliss and knocks out prize fighters.

"On formal occasions, she must wear orchids. I order them several hours ahead and keep them on ice 'till Mr. Lyon pins them on her wrap. Once she was going to a fine dinner at Miss Marion Davies' house and the orchids didn't arrive on time. I kept dropping the comb, getting so nervous, and finally sent the chauffeur after another corsage. Maybe I didn't give that florist a piece of my mind!"

Doubtless, Hilda is overzealous in her care of Bebe. But Bebe's appreciative. Last summer she staked Hilda to a trip to England.

Mamie Cox, a wholesome colored woman, has been Marie Dressler's shadow for eighteen years. To tell all she does would take pages. She is foster-mother, maid and nineteen other things, besides being an animated diary. She recalls, upon demand, the date [Continued on page 78]
Portrait of a Dark-Haired Lady

Loves and Hates

By Wick Evans

Evelyn Brent loves her husband (Harry Edwards), her Malibu Beach home, candied yams, baked chicken and chocolate ice cream.

She has three pet aversions. The dripping of water, the ticking of clocks—and cats! She won't allow one of the animals on the set where she is working and if she meets one on the street she will go far out of her way to avoid it. Once shipped into her apartment one day, and inside of two minutes she was swinging from chandeliers and things.

She adores exotic perfumes. Her collection (she has only 147 different varieties) cost her 10,000 dollars, including, of course, the weird and bizarre jars and bottles in which she keeps the odors.

She hates noise of any sort. She once moved from a very comfortable home because an apartment building was being erected next door.

She has a passion for good books, but dislikes modern fiction—only reading it when the book is so much talked of that she would be conversationally "out" if she didn't.

In spite of her dislike of fiction, her best friend is a writer, whose books are nothing if not modern.

She is not particularly interested in music, although there are certain selections from Chopin and Liszt that she adores.

She loves to dance but prefers the slower waltzes to modern numbers.

Bacon and eggs are one of her weaknesses—she frequently goes out late at night to some obscure little place where they make a specialty of such fare.

She won't let her chauffeur wear puttees—saying that she doesn't like the mark of servitude. She can drive a car if necessary but prefers to sit back in her limousine and watch the passing throngs.

She plays bridge frequently.

She is crazy about horses and rides often and well.

She is not interested in golf or tennis, but she is an excellent swimmer, spending most of her leisure time in the summer in a bathing suit. She loves to get tanned regardless of what the fashion experts say about the matter. [Continued on page 68]
HOLLYWOOD has won another good fight.
For it was his pals' good-humored devotion that pulled Lew Cody from the dark valley of illness.
Lew's pals, and the memory of little Mabel Normand,
The story of Lew and Mabel is one of those great stories of Hollywood, and you can't tell the story of one of them without telling the story of the other.
Two years ago when Lew Cody's emaciated form was carried from the train, nobody thought he would ever walk again. Even after he had grown better, the idea prevailed that he was "through."
The answer to that one is that he has made ten pictures in a little over a year and his work shows no signs of letting up.
It was Gloria Swanson who gave Lew his first chance at a comeback. Gloria heard he had recovered from his illness and sent for him when she was casting "What a Widow."
Lew suggested that he make a few voice tests for her first. I imagine that suggestion hurt him some. He had known years on the stage before he went into pictures. But in his recent attempts to find work, producers had insisted upon his trying out like the veriest amateur.
Gloria was different. A sublime tact is one of the finest qualities about La Swanson.
"Tests?" she said to Lew, "Are you trying to insult me? We start rehearsals Monday."
But before that lovely gesture of Gloria's there were the other friends—and Mabel.
Let me tell you of Mabel first.
Mabel was the early, laughing Hollywood, the boom town of joyous courage and intense enthusiasm and simple hearts. And it was that courage and enthusiasm and simplicity that Mabel bequeathed Lew.

Their marriage, entered into lightly, held firmly through their illnesses by the delicate thread of their mutual sense of humor, was the most solid thing that ever happened to Lew.
It started on impulse—which was more like Mabel, who loved a dare, than like the worldly Lew. At a party, somebody kidded them into an elopement. They had met along about 1915, when he was making a comedy at Sennett's, where her friendly wit ruled all hearts. They had gone around in the same crowd, but he never had been her special escort.
Mabel's background had been the camaraderie and picturesqueness of the early flicker studios. Lew's had been the more cosmopolitan world of the theatre. He was sophistication; she was a child.
In September, 1926, on the spur of the moment, they motored to Ventura, late at night, and were married. I fancy that the drama of the thing appealed to Mabel, whereas the novelty of it probably amused Lew, who had had many experiences, had been married (twice to Dorothy Dalton), and who doubtless did not regard it with terrific seriousness.
At least, that was the impression that prevailed in Hollywood.
But things went badly for them—and perhaps that saved their love! Mabel was innocently mixed up in the Taylor murder case. Her pictures didn't go well. Her health broke. With a tube in her lung, draining the tubercular infection, Mabel tried to romp through a comedy for Sam Goldwyn. It was her last picture. Lew's pictures didn't go either. A stupid publicity campaign which called him "The Butterfly Man" hurt him. He, too, lost his health. They [Continued on page 64]

Who Says Hollywood Isn't Loyal?
His Pals Kidded Lew Cody Well
By Betty Morris

He's made ten productions in a little over a year. He's fought his way back to health. Result, Lew Cody has new thoughts on happiness.
Hollywood is fast becoming one of the most elegant cities in the world. The place is going highbrow. Culture, with a capital C, has insidiously invaded the one-time rollicking, carefree little movie colony.

The pop bottle has gone, to be replaced by afternoon tea.

Billie Dove, a star who once painted pansies on plaques, is now reading "The History of Hindu Philosophy" and going in for a little light sculpturing.

Estelle Taylor is going to sing in a concert at the very smart Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium.

Wally Beery has a valet.

The small exclusive dinner party has superseded the whoopee gathering of silent vintage.

The musical evening—string quartets, lady sopranos—is the thing in some Beverly Hills mansions.

Interior decorators, in these so-called hard times, are so busy they have waiting lists.

Some stars—Norma Shearer, Esther Ralston, Bebe Daniels—are even going in for that fashionable early American custom of growing families.
Going Highbrow!

By Muriel Babcock

It's Culture Time in Hollywood.
No fooling, the movie folk are growing up. Those simple conversational phrases which once sufficed—"Thank you, ginger ale," or "White Rock for mine"—have given way to Serious Talk. Talk about Art, the Opera, Period Furniture, Europe and Paris flocks.

In pre-sound days, there wasn't much for the stars to talk about except themselves. When, wham! came a lot of very swanky folk from the stage, many of whom had been brought up in the stage tradition to study architecture, interior decoration, music, languages, to read the classics, to verse themselves in Shakespeare even as they learned their lines for a smart new Broadway play. People who had been places and done things, who not only could tilt a highball glass at the proper angle, but who could balance a teacup correctly.

Hollywood sat down and took stock of itself. It decided it could do things, too. Everything was merely a matter of training and hard work.

Ladies went downtown and bought books on French, free verse and modern etchings, and discovered they didn't bring wrinkle to the face.

Gentlemen bought tailcoats and found they went well with highbrows and long faces.

And—well—Seriously, a great change has come over Hollywood. A great cultural wave has enveloped it. It is tak-

Chatterton, the actress, and Chatterton, the woman, are very different

C l i v e

Brook not
only reads
but writes

Constance Bennet,
beautiful and brainy and bejeweled

for August 1931
HEARTS IN HOLLYWOOD:
The heavy romance between Lew Ayres and Lola Lane is as cold as a mid-winter night in Alaska.
Lola's been seen around with Herbert Somborn, Gloria Swanson's second hubby.

THERE'S a chance that Loretta Young, while on location in Reno for "The Merry Wives of Reno," a First National picture, will remain long enough to secure her divorce from Grant Withers.
Meanwhile, Grant Withers is going around with Betty Compson again.
This is a renewed romance—quite heavy just before Grant married Loretta. Well, at the time Grant had extra heart flutterings over Betty she was still married to James Cruze, but she's free now.

JAMES LYONS CRANE, son of the late Dr. Frank Crane, actor of stage and screen and former husband of Alice Brady, recently married Ruth Wanda McCoy, also a professional.

JUNE COLLYER'S having quite a romance with Stuart Erwin.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN has picked Lew Schreiber, former associate of Al Jolson, to run around with.

FIFI DORSAY'S quick romance with Terrance Ray, featured player at the Fox Studio, came to a sudden end shortly after the couple had announced their engagement.
Fifi refused to discuss the break, and Terrance had nothing to say.

COLLEEN MOORE won't admit—or deny—her impending marriage to Al Scott.

SPARKS OF ex-husbands, Lothar Mendes, Dorothy Mackall's ex, is all set to marry Lady Inverclyde as soon as her divorce from Lord Inverclyde becomes final.
And the Marquis (ex-Swanson) Falaise, whom Connie Bennett has cut out for Joel McCrea, is paying plenty of attention to Mlle. Jeanne Helbling, who is appearing in French talkies for RKO. Mlle. Helbling is one of France's prize peaches, for she won a beauty contest in her native land, and was breathlessly nominated "Miss Alsace."

IF Ona Munson REALLY marries Ernst Lubitsch, it will break Eddie Buzell's heart.

THE newspapers are all hot and bothered about the attentions Wesley Ruggles has been paying to little Arline Judge, and they are reporting them engaged. But says Arline to SILVER SCREEN, "There ain't no truth in it, darling!" So maybe there isn't.

JOHN McCORMICK, Colleen Moore's ex-husband, recently married Mrs. Janet Hamilton Gattis in Honolulu. She is a widow and a leader in fashionable Washington, D. C., society. They were supposed to have been married a few days before the ceremony actually took place, but there was a hitch in the proceedings. Colleen Moore hadn't filed the proper papers for the final divorce. When Colleen heard that she was holding up the wedding, she at once filed the papers, and in that way helped her ex-husband get married again.

JEANETTE LOFF has deserted Hollywood for Broadway. One of the reasons is a Schwab and Mandel musical comedy. The other is Walter O'Keefe.

One Winner Looks at Another. Dark-haired Ursula Parrott, who wrote "Ex-Wife" and "Strangers May Kiss," likes blonde Frances Dean's name. And why not since she gave it to her herself? The little Dean girl's real name is Betty Grable and she was chosen from a thousand girls by Samuel Goldwyn to be groomed for stardom.

Silver Screen
TOWN TOPICS
from page 17]

ESTELLE TAYLOR, Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper are a friendly threesome, and before Gary sailed for foreign shores, they spent a lot of Sundays picnicking together. One Sunday they had so much lunch and baggage that they put it all into a Ford and told the houseboy to take it up for them. He tried to follow them but failed and they lost him, lunch and all. They would have gone hungry but for a package of weenies Estelle had tucked into her car. They dined on cold weenies, and liked it.

AT THE New York première of “A Free Soul,” Irene Fenwick was so overcome by her husband’s, Lionel Barrymore’s, performance, that she remained sobbing in her seat, long after the rest of the audience had filed out.

Ivor Novello, M-G-M’s newest star, has rented Edmund Goulding’s beach home. And Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are showing him the sights.

TALK about life’s darkest moment!

When Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster returned from their six months’ trip around the world last Fall, Norman was immediately sent to Hollywood while Claudette remained at the Astoria studios in the East. And with the exception of a three days’ reunion in Chicago several months ago, they have been separated ever since.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Foster were beginning to think that the author of “Patience is a virtue” was an optimist, when Norman finally received word that he could have a two weeks’ leave of absence in between pictures to visit Claudette. He planned another honeymoon in Bermuda—he planned seeing all the new shows—he planned.

And then, he arrived in New York to find Claudette laid up with a bad case of tonsillitis that lasted two weeks.

Hollywood gets another Starr. The lady in H. B. Warner’s arms is Frances Starr, one of Broadway’s most famous actresses. She’s making her talkie début in “Five Star Final” in a rôle originally intended for Alice Joyce.

IF THE Eastern Paramount Studio on Long Island actually closes down as rumored, Paramount will have to go into the real estate business as a side issue.

George Cukor, who has been in the East directing “The Royal Family” and “Tarnished Lady,” had just moved into a penthouse apartment for the summer months when he was switched to the coast to megaphone “Cobra” with Kay Francis and Paul Lukas. Paramount is now foot ing the rent until a new tenant can be found.

Miriam Hopkins was likewise compelled to leave her duplex apartment on Waverly Place when she was sent to Hollywood to appear opposite Phillips Holmes in “The Man I Killed.” Another headache for Paramount.

Claudette Colbert, who has just furnished a brand new apartment on Central Park West, has a three year lease. Ditto Ginger Rogers, who lives in the same house.

Fredric March’s lease on his Great Neck home doesn’t expire until October.

But Tallulah Bankhead and Maurice Chevalier live at hotels with no long term leases.

So there is a Santa Claus after all!

Mary Duncan visited Gotham sotto voce without letting anyone know—but Winfield Sheean.

BENEDICT GIMBEL, Jr., of Philadelphia, on June 5 ankled up the altar with Sally Phillips, ingenue lead in the Broadway production of “Once in a Lifetime” and former Fox Film player.

After a private ceremony at the home of the bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. Gimbel sailed for a honeymoon trip abroad. Upon their return, they will reside in Philadelphia. [More Movietown Topics on page 60]
**THE VICE SQUAD**  
**Rating: GOOD**  
**Paramount**  
Based on the recent vice squad exposures, this story carries a lot of suspense. It concerns a man, once a gentleman, forced to become a stool pigeon to escape a charge of manslaughter. He despises and tries to kill himself, but a young girl saves him. Then she is framed by other police officers. Paul Lukas accomplishes the impossible and wins some measure of sympathy for the stool pigeon. Judith Wood, a newcomer, is grand.

**THE LAWYER'S SECRET**  
**Rating: GOOD**  
**Paramount**  
Buddy Rogers acts! You may or may not like the new Buddy, for he has a very unsympathetic rôle. Buddy is an accomplice in a holdup which ends in murder. An innocent man, Richard Arlen, is sentenced for the murder. Buddy has told his secret to a lawyer, but won't permit him to reveal it. Clive Brook as the lawyer isn't up to his usual self. But Buddy Rogers, Jean Arthur and Richard Arlen all act well, and make the story seem exciting.

**UP POPS THE DEVIL**  
**Rating: GOOD**  
**Paramount**  
A light, pleasant comedy-drama that makes a nice evening's entertainment. The story's about a man who reluctantly lets his wife become the wage-earner so that he can write a novel at home. He has to do the housework, too, and the most amusing scenes are those that show him trying to cope with it. Norman Foster turns in his best performance since "Young Man of Manhattan," and Carole Lombard makes a charming heroine.

**DADDY LONG LEGS**  
**Rating: GREAT**  
**Fox**  
You'll love Janet Gaynor in this! It's a Cinderella story, but told charmingly, with whimsical humor. Janet Gaynor is an orphan who is sent through college by Daddy Long Legs, who hides his identity from her. She falls in love with a young society man, but is afraid he'll give her up when he finds out she's an orphan. He turns out to be Daddy Long Legs. Janet Gaynor is ideally cast, and Warner Baxter's pretty grand, too.

**YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID**  
**Rating: GOOD**  
**Radio Pictures**  
Richard Dix is billed as the star, but though he turns in a grand performance, it is little Jackie ("Skippy") Cooper who will wring your heart and make you reach for your handkerchief. The story's about a younger left in the care of a gangster. The boy worships the gangster and copies him in every way. The gangster reforms to keep the boy from going into his racket. The picture is dramatic, touching, and very human.
Reviewing Stand

THE MAD GENIUS
Rating: GOOD
Warner

John Barrymore turns in another impressive performance. It's a powerful, at times horrible picture, but it carries a big thrill. Barrymore plays the illegitimate son of a ballet dancer, born with the soul of an artist but the body of a cripple. All his dreams of being a great dancer are fulfilled in a foundling whom he trains, and whose romance he wrecks, so that nothing will stand in the way of his art. The climax is blood-curdling.

YOUNG SINNERS
Rating: FAIR
Fox

This is Thomas Meighan's comeback picture, and he's grand, but the picture isn't. It's a typical story about youth, jazz and gin. Meighan plays the part of a physical culture trainer who takes in hand a young lad disappointed in love who is trying to drown his sorrows in drink. Meighan brings the boy back to normal, and the boy wins back his sweetheart, Hardie Albright, a newcomer, clicks as the lad. Dorothy Jordan's the girl.

THE SMILING LIEUTENANT
Rating: GREAT
Paramount

Chevalier's best picture since "The Love Parade." It's naughty, sophisticated, and delightful. Chevalier is the smiling lieutenant whose wink and smile are intercepted by the wrong woman, a dowdy princess instead of his sweetheart. He is compelled to marry the princess, but walks out on his bride the night after the marriage. Claudette Colbert is lovely but too ladylike as the sweetheart. Miriam Hopkins is utterly delicious as the princess.

SMART MONEY
Rating: GOOD
Warner

Chalk up another high-pressure story for Edward G. ("Little Caesar") Robinson. The yarn's about a small town barber who trims all the local lads in gambling with cards and dice. Then he starts out for the big town and pulls a Rothstein. The District Attorney eventually gets him and makes him sign up for the Big House. The story's full of holes, but fascinating. James Cagney and the star turn in good performances, as usual.

for August 1931
Elisa Landi is more interesting in this picture than she was in “Body and Soul.” On the whole, it’s a somewhat better picture, too, though rather slow-moving.

A young woman of breeding is innocently made the tool of a crook, who is planning to rob their host. The girl falls in love with this host, and he with her; but he also is led to believe that she is out to rob him. Lewis Stone as the host turns in a fine performance.

Lack of proper story material handicaps Dorothy Mackaill. The story deals with a modern marriage in which the husband and the wife decide to allow each other a great deal of freedom. Though they love one another, their marriage almost goes on the rocks, because each is hurt by the other’s affairs. The girl’s mother patches up matters at the end with a lecture on marriage. Neither Dorothy Mackaill nor James Rennie quite click.

A feeble attempt at breezy humor that never comes off. Even devoted William Haines fans will be disappointed. Billy Haines has to play a lad who poses as a gigolo in order to find out if the woman his uncle wants him to marry is pure. The plot revolves then around the question, “Will he get the girl?” The girl, Irene Purcell, unfortunately does not photograph well, so that she doesn’t appear as attractive as on the stage.

This is red-blooded drama, absolutely implausible, but absorbing. It concerns a husband, who when his wife runs away with the other man, forces them to live together. The lovers grow to hate each other, but the husband’s vengeance pursues them and keeps them from leaving when they are fed up. Ricardo Cortez is grand as the lover who is also a crook, and Mary Astor and Jack Holt turn in good performances.

A fairly good picture built along the lines of a burlesque show. It’s more of a leg show than a story. It continues the adventures of Flagg and Quirt (McLaglen and Lowe) who join the marines and fight over and chase after the same women. They particularly chase after Greta Nissen, who is given more of a chance to show her figure than to reveal acting ability. However, the picture has humor, even if the fun is rough, rowdy and obvious.

Lowell Sherman turns in a good performance in a picture that’s just fair. He plays a young man whose older brother has married a baby-talking vamp. The wife is the accomplice of a crook who is trying to get the older brother’s money. Lowell Sherman discovers the whole plot and forces the vamp to clear out of the picture. Mae Murray is very good indeed as the vamp, but the film as a whole is nothing to get excited about.
THE SHE WOLF

Rating: GOOD

The story is antique melodrama; the dialogue creaks with age; yet note the rating, please. The picture deserves this rating because of just one thing—May Robson’s acting. Her performance may be exaggerated, but it is so full of lusty life that it makes this third-rate story worth seeing. She plays a very wealthy woman, who’s harsh to her children, but in the end you find she has a heart of gold and has done it all for their good.

LOVER COME BACK

Rating: FAIR

This is Betty Bronson’s comeback picture, but Betty (“Peter Pan”) Bronson is miscast as a baby vamp, and lays it on thick and heavy. The story’s about a man who passes up a swell girl in his own office to fall for a baby vamp. He marries the vamp; she proves unfaithful; and he realizes the true value of the girl he jilted. Constance Cummings does rather well and Jack Mulhall has his moments; but the picture’s repetitious and drags badly.

BROAD MINDED

Rating: FAIR

Too much talk and too little action keep this from being as funny as it should. Many of the gags fall flat and the dialogue’s a little weak. The story’s about a rich young man whose father sends him out of town to get him away from women. Joe E. Brown is his guardian. But they meet Ona Munson and Marjorie White, and they both fall hard. There are some laughs, but they’re too few and far between, and it’s all only mildly humorous.

EVERYTHING’S ROSIE

Rating: FAIR

Robert Woolsey without Bert Wheeler is nothing to turn headed about. The team is funnier together than separated. Woolsey plays the part of a man who raises an orphan girl, Rosie, as his assistant. Then she falls in love with another man, and Woolsey gets into lots of trouble. But, of course, everything turns out Rosie. Anita Louise is charming as the girl, but the picture’s only mildly funny.

GOLD DUST GERTIE

Rating: POOR

In spite of Winnie Lightner’s and Olsen and Johnson’s combined efforts, this one is just barely endurable. The slapstick is laid on thick, but fails to be funny. Winnie Lightner plays a gold digger who tries to collect alimony from her two divorced husbands. But business is bad because their boss sells only old-fashioned bathing suits, so Winnie tries to vamp the boss and make him sell more modern suits. The dialogue is feeble.

THE LADY WHO DARED

Rating: FAIR

This is not Billie Dove’s comeback picture, but just one of the last pictures she made for First National. It just gets by. Billie Dove plays the wife of a diplomat in South America. She goes to the apartment of a smuggler to recover some photographs being used to blackmail her. Her husband comes in search of evidence and threatens to break down the door behind which she is hiding. The smuggler saves her by confessing where his stuff is hidden.
Do Your Ears

You Bet They Do If You Go to Talkies—but You'll Understand Their Tricks Better After Reading This Article

Murray Spivack is sound engineer for RKO. The gadget he's holding is just a whole lot of wind. The two in the oval are listening to a "playback" of a scene just taken.

Don't believe all you hear.

A noise may be just a noise to you, but it can be a nightmare to the sound engineer of a talkie studio. And frequently is.

That rat-tat-tat of a machine gun that punctuates the semi-darkness of a gangster's hideout may be the noise of a riveting machine or just the judicious tapping of a fingernail on tin, for all you know. You can rest assured that things are not the way they listen.

The sound engineers of the talkies are resourceful fellows and the mystery of their ways is fearful and wonderful.

For instance, in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," there was a shot of some soldiers marching over a snow-covered trail. Herbert Brenon, the director, suddenly interrupted the scene with a request for a playback of their feet crunching the snow. A noise like the Sidewalks of New York on New Year's Eve blared forth.

Murray Spivack, the sound engineer, looked wildly about him for a substitute noisemaker. Thousands of dollars, if not his job, depended upon his ability to think fast. He spied a piece of canvas lying on the ground, and whisking it up, rubbed it together in front of the mike, keeping time with the feet of the marching soldiers. The recording was perfect.

Then there was the time when a minor character in "The Conspiracy" was called upon to crack his fingers. He cracked them successfully in several trial shots, but, by the time the director was ready for the take, he had run out of cracks. Try as he would, he could not get a sound out of his joints. Again, Spivack was called upon to produce a substitute. He took out a piece of chewing gum and broke it apart in front of the mike. The crack recorded exactly right.

In "Young Donovan's Kid," Richard Dix knocks a fellow downstairs. The scene was made without sound. One of the sound technicians watched the scene while it was being taken, then went upstairs and watched the rush when it was run in the projection room, until he had recorded in his mind's eye every bump and movement of the man on the stairs. Then, he made a similar fall for benefit of the sound track and timed his movements so that they would coincide with the fall in the scene. When the sounds were dubbed in, nobody could tell that it had not been done at the time of the action.

This gives you just a faint idea of the quick thinking sound men have to do.

Wherever it is possible to use real sounds, the studios do so, but there are and always will be occasions when it will be impossible to record things "as is."

When thunder is needed in a scene, a company can't wait until a real thunderstorm puts in an appearance. So very good thunder is obtained by shaking a vertical piece of tin and rolling a kettle-drum for the deeper reverberations.

Still, all studios have a sound library in which they
DECEIVE YOU?

by Mary Sharon

keep the elements in stock ready for emergency calls.
They keep on their payroll cameramen who are continuously scouting around for unusual or elemental noises. They have roll upon roll of real thunder, rain, wind and water.

In the beginning, thunder was of too low frequency, and when an attempt was made to record it, the sound track remained as silent as Greta Garbo on her love life.

But when the Bill Boyd company was on location in Arizona for "The Painted Desert," a thunder storm of unusual intensity came up and an enterprising sound engineer obtained enough thunder to last the studio for several months. That thunder will probably roll around in Pathé pictures for years.

In "Morocco" they made use of real wind. A strong wind blew in across the desert, and a microphone was placed at the corner of the largest building so that it recorded the gust. The higher tones of the wind did not record, but the low whistling sound was so satisfactory that enough was taken to put in the Paramount sound library. Now, whenever a director needs wind, all he does is put through an order for fifty or sixty feet of "Morocco" wind and back comes the necessary strip to be dubbed in wherever needed.

Artificial wind is made by revolving a cylinder from which hangs a piece of weighted canvas. The sound of the canvas rubbing against the wooden slats makes an ideal wind. The nice thing about artificial wind is that its intensity can be regulated. It can be a sighing May breeze or a tropical cyclone.

When the heroine is put out in the cold, wet night, they drop peas on chicken wire for rain. And for close-ups of her tragic face when the rain must furnish a sad obligato, they run water down on cotton or blotting paper to get the correct splashy sound.

When it comes to flying pictures, the whir of an aeroplane motor records satisfactorily, but for close recording, they race a Fordson tractor.

The whistling noise of the drop of a supercharger from a plane is obtained by turning an electric fan so that the wind from it hits squarely into the mike. The whistling sound is increased or diminished by changing the distance of the fan from the mike.

Those sounds, you see, are pretty easy, but there are some that are always difficult.

The snap of a whip is one of the hardest sounds to record, on account of the slap that follows the initial crack. A smart hand slap, followed by a single sound of a slap stick such as is used in an orchestra, makes an ideal substitute.

Body blows in fight scenes do not record well. For one thing, the blows are never so heavy as they look and often only a faint sound accompanies them. Where blows are faked, the noise that accompanies them must be faked also.

[Continued on page 77]
C'MON-
Take a chance
$1,500 in PRIZES
for Correctly Solved
Puzzles

HAVE you entered Silver Screen's new contest yet?

Last month Silver Screen started its second contest (the first was our highly successful slogan contest, you remember). This second contest is called "Scrambled Stills" and it is even more fun than the first and there are heaps of prizes!

Wouldn't you like to win one of the prizes?

Why not take a chance? Although the contest started in last month's—the July—issue, it is not too late for you to start, for no entries will be considered until August tenth. The contest closes at midnight of September tenth. That gives you plenty of time to prepare your entries.

Here's the big idea. In the July, August and September issues Silver Screen is publishing scrambled stills from popular motion pictures. There will be four scrambled stills in each issue, or twelve stills in the entire contest. A still, you know, is just a scene from a movie.

They are all mixed up now like jigsaw puzzles, but the game is to unscramble them and assemble them correctly. Under each complete still write the name of the star and the name of the picture. Save your solutions until all twelve stills have appeared. Remember this is the second set of stills being published this month. The first set was published in July.

You don't have to buy Silver Screen to enter the contest, nor do you have to be a subscriber to this magazine. You may examine copies of Silver Screen at public libraries, or at the New York office of the publication, free of charge, and copy or trace the pictures from the originals.

Turn to pages 52-53 and you'll see this month's scrambled stills. Study the suggestions that appear beneath them. They'll help you in assembling the stills and in identifying the stars and the pictures.

There are thirty-two prizes, beginning with a first prize of $500. There are six prizes of $100 each, ten prizes of $25 each and fifteen prizes of $10 each, all worth trying for.

Now study the rules and go to it! Thirty-two people will win. Don't you want to be one of them?

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Thirty-two cash prizes will be paid by Silver Screen Magazine as follows:
   First Prize: $500.00
   Six Prizes of $100 each: $600.00
   Ten Prizes of $25 each: $250.00
   Fifteen Prizes of $10 each: $150.00

2. In three issues (July, August and September numbers) Silver Screen Magazine is publishing scrambled stills from well-known motion pictures. Four complete stills appear in each issue. Each still is a scene from a popular movie. If combined correctly, four complete scenes may be produced. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in Silver Screen Magazine and assemble them. $1.50 in prizes as specified in rule 1 will be paid to the person sending in the nearest correctly completed, named and neatly arranged set of stills.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third set of scrambled stills has appeared in the September issue. Completed scrambled stills must be submitted in sets of twelve only. Identifying names of the stars and of the picture should be written or typewritten below each completed still. At the conclusion of the contest all solutions should be sent to the Scrambled Stills Editor, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry that your entry is properly stapled to guard against damage in transit, and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of Silver Screen Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. Copies of Silver Screen Magazine may be examined at the New York office of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying the scrambled stills, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Your solution of the twelve scrambled stills should be pasted or pinned together, with the names of the star and the picture written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of Silver Screen Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 10th. All solutions received from the time the third set of scrambled stills appears in the September issue, which will be mailed on the newsstands on or about August 10th. The prize winners will be announced in the January 1932 issue of Silver Screen.

SUGGESTIONS—Contestants may study the descriptive sentences in connection with the scrambled stills. These are the indicators for identifying the stills and stars and winning prizes.

It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the three sets of stills are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each still is a scene from a popular motion picture.
Will "The Squawman" mean the end or the beginning of a new career for this little Mexican skyrocket? As you can see, Lupe has never appeared more radiant since the days of "The Gaucho" with Douglas Fairbanks. M-G-M claims her performance as the love-lorn little Indian girl is a thrill. Still, Lupe is going a-vaudevilling for RKO. And Gary Cooper is in the East without her . . .
TURN BACK TO PAGE 50 FOR RULES ON THIS CONTEST!
ONE still is from the year's finest pioneer drama. One is from a talkie based on a very old melodrama. One is a society drama with a lovely lady playing the lead. The fourth stars a very hot star from a very cold country. And remember, all the pieces fit. They'll make just four stills—and no more.
THE girl who lost the breaks. She lost romance when her engagement with Harry Richman broke up. She lost faith in friendship with the Daisy DeVoe affair. She lost her health and is resting in a sanatorium. And now she's lost her contract with Paramount. But she hasn't lost her courage, or her beauty, or her fans. SILVER SCREEN hopes, Clara, that you'll soon be back, the same radiant, peppy kid of old.
THE girl who got the breaks. A newcomer from the stage, Peggy Shannon was suddenly rushed into Clara Bow’s rôle in "The Secret Call" when Clara collapsed. This is the second time good rôles have been taken away from Clara. The first time Sylvia Sidney took her place in "City Streets." Peggy Shannon, like Clara Bow, is a redhead, has appeared in Earl Carroll's "Vanities," and has gray-blue eyes.
ON THIS and the opposite page a blonde young man and a blonde young woman whom Hollywood prefers. Phil is single, eligible, and very much of a recluse. He goes to the theatre, but you seldom see him alone with a girl. He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and educated at Princeton. He has captured one of the season's best roles in "An American Tragedy."
EVALYN KNAPP looks very content and why not? She is the fair-haired child of the Warner Bros. lot. You saw her in "The Millionaire" and you're going to see her in "Fame," with Lewis Stone. Her real name is Evalyn Pauline Knapp; she is Swedish-American. She likes corned beef and cabbage, and ice skating; but dislikes microscopic mustaches on men and parsnips—parsnips above all.
GARY COOPER is sailing for Algeria, China, and lands, far, far removed from Hollywood. Before he sailed he made "I Take This Woman." He has been ill. His romance with Lupe Velez has not yet developed into marriage. At thirty, how does he look on life? You'll find the answer in our "request interview" with Gary on the opposite page.
"SOMETHING'S happening to Gary Cooper" was the whisper that went around the studios when "City Streets" was being made.

"Something happens to everyone who spends six years in Hollywood" was the usual cynical reply.

The thing that was happening to Gary was overwork. For six years now he has been one of the silver screen's most popular leading men. The public has demanded him, and his producers have complied with the request. Gary has worked steadily, until in "City Streets" Paramount noticed that six-foot-two Gary was down to one hundred and fifty-eight pounds in weight.

Then, much against his protests, they sent him off to a hospital for a rest cure.

Gary hated it. He hated lying still.

They sent him away for ten days in Arizona. He liked that better. He selected Arizona himself, because the houses are far apart there and the stars hang down from the skies at night and the air is fine.

He came back to Hollywood ten pounds heavier, much rested and feeling different.

I went around to see him then, to find out what six years in the cinema village have really done to him.

Now, an interviewer's lot is not always an easy one. There are plenty of stars who give you a pain in the neck. There are the phony stars who ritz you, or do a lot of acting for your alleged benefit. There are other stars who are grand enough human beings but not very used to talking or to putting their ideas into words. And there are a few—very few—like Gary, who are simple and direct, who do a lot of thinking, who are pretty honest about what they give to the public, and who want whatever they give to be their best.

Gary is not much of a talker, really. His words come slowly. He scowls and twits about, trying to say exactly what he thinks.

So when I asked him about what his six years of stardom had done to him, he didn't duck it. He got earnest as the devil and tried to answer it.

"Six years in Hollywood," he said, "make a person 'shell up'—crawl into a hole. You harden and you grow old fast—mentally, at least. The reason you do is because somebody is always staring at you, talking to you, or trying to sell you something you don't want.

"I've 'shelled up.' I've tried not to, but I know that I have. It's not my fault. It's the fault of those who have tried to make a sucker out of me."

That explains Gary's tautness and reserve so many people have been talking about lately. It only goes for people he distrusts. With others, he's regular.

"It's easy to become conceited, I guess," he continued.

"I've had to fight against that. It's natural to begin to believe your own press notices. You not only get a false concept of yourself but of other people as well. It's hard to help it."

Gary paused a moment.

"You know," he said, "I've got a formula for licking conceit. I just remember that in fifty per cent of my pictures I've done rotten work. That knocks the props out from any feeling of self." [Continued on page 74]
More Movietown Topics

[Continued from page 43]

IRENE RICH'S daughter, Frances, who graduated from Smith College in June, will attempt to follow in mamma's footsteps this summer.

NOW that Tallulah Bankhead has met Robert Montgomery and Gary Cooper, she wants to meet her third favorite actor—Jackie Cooper.

ARLINE JUDGE, whom we listed in our June issue as one of the lucky twenty-eight youngsters who are getting the breaks in Hollywood, got a bad break recently. The old gag about the face on the cutting-room floor came true about her. She worked eight days in "An American Tragedy," went to the preview and found that she didn't show at all.

Harold Lloyd is building a beach house near Marion Davies' place at Santa Monica so his young family can be near the water and catch the sea breezes.

AFTER six months in jail for driving while intoxicated, Jimmy Murray took a two-year dry pledge. He was the lad, you know, who did that dandy piece of acting in "The Crowd." He was all set for a comeback, too, but the same thing happened to him that has happened all his life. He broke the pledge. Too bad!

AFTER his smash-hit performance in "Cimarron," Richard Dix is receiving lots of offers which would take him away from Radio, and it's costing Bill LeBaron plenty of do-re-mi to keep him there. Dix has an agent for the first time since he came to Hollywood.

SWEET young thing who had just a small part in "Bachelor Apartment" had stage fright and panted her lines in a locker. She had to open the locker as she spoke and the camera was so placed the lines wouldn't show in the finished picture. But Lowell Sherman got wise and he made her repeat her lines by heart for half an hour, while he patiently rehearsed her.

SOMEWHERE around the time when Richard Barthelmess quit Inspirational Pictures for First National, a lad named Gardner James was "discovered" in Hollywood. He was the current rave, the Richard Cromwell of the year. Great things were predicted for him. He could hold Hollywood in the palm of his hand, and Hollywood would like it.

A few days ago a young man on his way to Universal Studios for a talking test was clubbed by a crook and robbed of his entire capital—twenty cents.

Today he is in a hospital with a possible fracture of the skull.

Yes, of course, you guessed it. The young man is Gardner James.

Fif Dorsay has been dropped by Fox. No cause given. Fif will take a fling at vaudeville and maybe she'll go on the stage in something light and gay like the "Stendahls."

HARRY LANGLEY and his wife are suing James F. Dickason, millionaire real estate owner, for $50,000 damages for false arrest.

The coy funny man was buying a home in Beverly Hills on the time-payment plan and an argument arose over a payment or something. Anyway, Dickason had Langdon arrested.

So Harry's feelings have been hurt. He claims loss of sleep.

MOVIE folk just can't help being in the limelight, or at least fooling around something about dramatic art.

Helen Ferguson, May McAvoy, Glenn Tryon, Carmelita Geraghty, Ruth Clifford, Theodore von Eltz and Lloyd Hughes, all residents of Beverly Hills, have been helping the Community Players' Theatre get started. They've been coaching the new and younger actors who have much ambition but little professional knowledge.

Ken Maynard is one of the finest heroes of the wild-open-space-talkies, but at home he's a quiet gentleman who's been happily married for seven years. Maybe that's because Mrs. Ken takes no part in her husband's professional life but is glad to stay in the background!
NAZIMOVA says,
"I am over 40 years old!"

Famous stage and screen star declares years need not rob you of Youth

"ONLY the woman who looks it is afraid to admit her age," says Nazimova. "But I am proud of mine—look at me—I am over forty!

"It is easy to be lovely at sixteen, but to be still lovelier at forty... well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise! Actresses rarely look their age, you notice. Like me, they guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

"It is a marvel, that soap. For years I have been faithful to it—and my skin is so soft, so smooth. A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."

How 9 out of 10 screen stars guard complexion beauty

Nazimova is only one of countless, perpetually youthful stage and screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

In Hollywood, actually 605 of the 613 important screen actresses use this fragrant white soap regularly.

NAZIMOVA. Who would guess, looking at this recent photograph, that she is over 40! More fascinating than ever she seems, this star who won early stage fame in The Doll's House, became a favorite of the screen in such hits as Salome, and returned to the stage recently in The Cherry Orchard.

Lux Toilet Soap...10¢
LAUGH AND GET RICH
A nice homey comedy about people who get rich just when you least expect it. Hugh Herbert is grand as a ne'er-do-well who gets rich quick. Edna May Oliver is all right, but she was certainly funnier in "Cimarron." The picture's entertaining but not a laugh riot.

LIGHTNING FLYER, THE
Not recommended. James Hall, Dorothy Sebastian and Walter Miller do their best with this rail road story, but it's not good enough to be worth seeing. It's all about the worthless son of the president who makes good on his father's road.

MAD PARADE, THE
A war picture from the woman's angle, with not a male actor in the cast. It's about a feminine ambulance unit in France. Bebe Daniels doesn't play an important part of the war. Evelyn Brent, Irene Rich, Liliyan Tashman and Louise Fazenda are in the cast.

MALTESE FALCON
Bebe Daniels is the nominal star of this mystery picture, but she hasn't much to do. Ricardo Cortez is interesting as a fast-thinking detective who solves the mystery behind a number of murders committed in an attempt to get hold of the Maltese Falcon, a statuette filled with precious stones.

MEET THE WIFE
A bedroom farce about a wife who isn't aware of the fact that she has two husbands. Laura La Plante tells her second husband how good her first hubby was, and the pay-off comes when she learns that her first husband is still alive. If you like farces with a great deal of galloping around through hallways and bedrooms, you may like this one.

MILLIONAIRE, THE
George Arliss scores again in a delightful characterization. He plays a grandee forced to retire by his doctor's orders, but unable to keep from working and from managing his daughter's love affair. David Manners, Noah Beery and Evalyn Knapp are all in the cast, but Arliss is responsible for the picture's real charm and humor.

MY PAST
A denatured version of "Ex-Mistress." Some scenes are written for a topnotch photograph as well as usual, and she doesn't get across the idea of red-hot sex appeal. She plays the ex-mistress of a business man, who falls in love with his junior partner.

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET
A South Sea islands picture is the talk of the white, wealthy young chap in love with the half Polynesian girl. Two things in the picture are utterly mediocre—the acting of Leslie Howard, Conchita Montenegro and Karen Morley, and the photography.

PUBLIC ENEMY, THE
A gangster picture graphically and tensely told. It takes a group of gangsters from childhood days to the present day booze racket. It's underworld all right, a little too horrible perhaps, but will cause chills up and down your back. James Cagney is splendid.

QUICK MILLIONS
A powerful story photographed like a newsreel, with short, snappy scenes. Spencer Tracy does fine work as the lad who uses a machine-gun as a short cut to millions. Sally Eilers and Margaret Churchill also do good work. But "The Public Enemy" is more vivid.

SECRET SIX, THE
An exciting gangster picture, which misses being great because it's a little too brutal and melodrama-atic. The secret six is a tribunal banded together to destroy gangsters. Leagued against them are Wallace Beery and his vicious gang. The cast is great, with Clark Gable turning in a performance you'll never forget.

SEED
A tear-jerker which most women will enjoy and most men will consider just sentimental tripe. John Boles doesn't sing but goes dramatic. His childhood sweetheart understands his yearning to write, so he leaves his wife and children and goes with her. In later years he returns and realizes what a bitter mistake he has made. Lois Wilson gives a touching performance as the wife.

SHIPMATES
Robert Montgomery's first starring picture. A gay, full of fun picture that'll send you away happy. Bob plays a poor fellow who's mistaken for a tribunal bond leader and gets a place on the Admiral's ship and falls in love with his daughter. Dorothy Jordan is charming as the daughter; and Bob Montgomery is grand.

SKIPPY
Don't you dare miss this great kid story! It's so darned human you'll want to laugh and cry at the same time. It's just a plain human and womanly story. Laughs, joys, disappointments and heartbreaks. It shows how parents may fail to understand children. Jackie Cooper is a positive sensation as Skippy, and Robert Coogan has a wasteful appeal all his own.

STANDING OUT
One long and hearty laugh. Charlotte Green- wood is the merriest of the fun-makers in this Maurice Wilby farce about a couple of husbands who flit around a bit with a couple of girl friends while their wives are away. The wives return unexpectedly and the fun begins.

SUBWAY ENEMIES
A mystery picture whose actual facts are confined to what happens in a subway express train in New York. Jack Holt as a police inspector solves the mystery of how a man was suddenly killed in the train as the lights went out. Lacking in variety and inaccurate in details.

SVENGLI
One of John Barrymore's best bits of acting. He makes the character of Svengli a truly haunting one. There is excellent photography to help out his brilliant performance as the hypnotist under whose power Trilby deserted her sweetheart to rise to greatness as a singer. Marian Marsh is a bit immature but lovely as Trilby.

TARNISHED LADY
An interesting new star makes her debut in a slow and silly picture. The star is Tallulah Bankhead, who is the only redeeming feature of the picture. The story is about a girl who marries a rich man to save her lover, but he falls in love with her, and also of course, she turns out to be innocent. But the acting of the cast is good enough to overcome this trite plot.

TEXAS RANGER, THE
Here's a wild wooly one for the Buck Jones fans. It's really much better than the average Western. Buck Jones is sent out to capture a girl suspected of murder. Of course, he falls in love with her, and also of course, she turns out to be innocent. But the acting of the cast is good enough to overcome this trite plot.

THREE ROGUES
The rogues are Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon. The story's about a valuable map in the possession of the heroine, Fay Wray. There's shot shooting, fast riding, and a land rush in this one.

TRAVELING HUSBANDS
If you like a picture which changes from farcical to tragic melodrama in five reels, you may want to rate this as "good." Evelyn Brent's performance deserves praise in any rate. The story starts off as a comedy about a traveling salesman but ends up with a shooting, melodrama and mystery.

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE
A farce about a man who tried to treat his wife ac- cording to directions from his mother, a lovelorn adviser. He was entirely too bashful a bridge-groom, until a vamap stepped in and taught him some things not in the lovelorn columns. Elliott Nugent, Jean Arthur and Betty Comp- son are in the cast, but the comedy's not as spicy as it sounds.

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A
A feminine spy with a complicated life and a nice chap, William Bakewell. His folks object until her dangerous duties end in the being shot, and then they let the two marry because the spy has only six more months to live. Helen Twelvetrees does right by this yarn, but this yarn doesn't do right by Helen.

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Created first for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood’s Make-Up Genius... Now you, yourself, may discover what wonders this new kind of make-up will do to enhance your beauty and emphasize the charm and fascination of your personality.

Before your very eyes, in hundreds of feature pictures, you have seen its magic influence in creating faultless beauty, for Max Factor’s is used exclusively in all big Hollywood studios, in all Technicolor Pictures, and by 96% of all Hollywood’s Screen Stars.

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What a revelation in new beauty your own color harmony in Society Make-Up will be to you. Max Factor, who for twenty years has been his personal make-up advisor to Hollywood’s stars, will analyze your complexion and chart your own individual color harmony, for both daytime and evening wear, in Society Make-Up.

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M-G-M Star in Dance Fools, Dance

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96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood’s Screen Stars and Studios in Max Factor’s.

(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Studios) © 1931 Max Factor
Who Says Hollywood Isn't Loyal?

[Continued from page 39]

Silver Screen for August 1931

Hollywood's Going Highbrow!

[Continued from page 41]

Barrymore, Nelan, Sherman and others whose “favorite menus” make dainty reading, guzzle corned-beef and cabbage. Gloria Swanson once entered wearing a gas-mask!

On the walls are framed old theatre bills and historical mementos. A wire, signed “Jack Barrymore” and received last year, extends congratulations on Lew’s “thirty-second birthday,” adding, “I looked us both up in the Lew Almanac and find that I’m thirty-one.”

Countless similar tokens from hearts that have bridged the years are dear to him. And there is the famed door for which Rudolph Valentino offered him five thousand dollars, a precious, scarred relic, scrawled over with names of the famous. The signatures of Jim Corbett, who posed for the first pictures that moved, and of Lew Ayres are side by side.

Hollywood itself is there, many seasons, in mute eloquence. Norma Talmadge’s name, Rudy’s characteristic hand-writing, “Nazi’s” definite strokes, Bill Russell’s neat signature, Mabel’s round childlike script.

Somewhere, those who are with us no more seem to sit with Lew and his guests. His play-porch is a hodge-podge of puzzles, baseball boards and trick games. Mabel gave him that spirit of play.

Despite those gray-streaked temples, Lew looks enthusiastically into the future. “Just an old fire-horse”—he exulted. “My work really is a lark now. Dialogue eases the silent movie’s burden of pantomimic interpretation. It is more interesting than ever. I want to do farce.”

In “Beyond Victory,” “Not Exactly Gentlemen,” “The Common Law,” “Meet The Wife” and “A Woman of Experience,” you will see the Lew of old, debonair and ironic. But if you are one of those people blessed with the gift for looking beyond the image for the reality, I believe that you will also see the gaiety that is Mabel.

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In “Beyond Victory,” “Not Exactly Gentlemen,” “The Common Law,” “Meet The Wife” and “A Woman of Experience,” you will see the Lew of old, debonair and ironic. But if you are one of those people blessed with the gift for looking beyond the image for the reality, I believe that you will also see the gaiety that is Mabel.
like movie queens. Color, dash and extravaganza in cut and material were important. Lillian Tashman, who goes in for odd, bizarre effects and really can herself wear “different” things, had been considered a model.

Miss Bennett have upon the scene in simple, Paris frocks. Everyone knew the Bennett clothes cost money, lots of it, so they drew attention. Constance, who has reduced the science of dressing to fine art, gave them all sorts of ideas with her simplicity. And Ina Claire, who dared wear a tailored tweed to the Embassy for luncheon instead of something picturesque, was also food for thought. Marie Dressler in her simple black evening dresses with one string of pearls gave Polly Moran ideas.

Gradually, Hollywood took the cue. It has grown much more subdued and is in much better taste now, as a whole, although occasionally a star will be a star.

Recently at a benefit tea to which a number of prominent movie personages lent their presence, Thelma Todd appeared in a pink and white sports outfit. She had to leave early.

“Don’t go,” pleaded one of the hostesses. “Do stay around and let people look at you. You’re so picturesque. You look like a motion picture star.” Thelma didn’t like the remark very well, and went right along.

Possibly Ann Harding and Helen Hayes, two charming and accomplished young women from the stage, who prove conclusively that an actress may have both a career and babies, are responsible for the revival of that fine American custom of having babies. At any rate, there’s the Thalberg heir and the fact that both Esther Ralston and Bebe Daniels are expecting.

Bill Haines is making money out of his and the movie colony’s interest in the arts. He “interior decorates” and he planned and designed several rooms in Joan and Doug Fairbanks’ new house. He also has an antique shop which is thriving. And I know two other interior decorators who have waiting lists. Hollywood wants its home done up right.

Clive Brook has written short stories and sold them.

Charles Rogers is studying French.

The Dominos club—women screen players’ group—has French and fencing classes for its members. Also, it goes in heavily for large afternoon affairs. Recently it threw a party for the press—reputed never to take anything but Bourbon or Scotch—and served tea in fragile china cups and dainty sandwiches. What is more, the press, forewarned, came and enjoyed themselves.

If we are getting into clubs, there’s the Embassy where the stars may go and eat and not be stared at. It is quiet, exclusive, closed to the public. (In the old days, try and sell a star on the idea of going somewhere she wouldn’t be seen and attract attention!) The monthly Mayfair parties, for that matter, have almost put the hotel dancing contests and parties out of business.

Yes, indeed, even pleasure has been refined and gilded. There’s a new speakeasy on DeLongpre, which, I am told, boasts footmen in livery. And the stars go to Agua Caliente instead of Tia Juana.

There have been changes—lots of them. Culture holds the spot in Hollywood today.
with Miriam at her apartment, the 'phone kept ringing. It was the day after the preview of "The Smiling Lieutenant," and it seemed as if all the theatrical producers in town had played in which they wanted Miriam to appear.

"Isn't it funny?" she sighed. "When you can get one job, you can get fifty. A few years ago I trudged all over New York looking for a job, and I couldn't find one. I came to John Golden's office about three or four times and each time his secretary told me that Mr. Golden couldn't see me and that they weren't doing any casting. Finally, I got angry and I promised myself that I would never call again at that office, but that some day I would make Mr. Golden send for me. Well, a few days ago I got a card arrived, asking me to call. I shall call, but I shan't be in any hurry about it. I'm going to make him wait."

At the outset of her stage career Miriam Hopkins played in a lot of heavy tragedies like "Excess Baggage." Now she's going in for light lines and cheers.

"Tragedy does your soul a lot of good, however," she said. "When you can go around the theatre saying, 'Oh, my God!' it's an emotional outlet. I'm always pleasant around the house when I'm playing emotional parts in the theatre. When I'm playing in comedies, I'm always a little disagreeable around the house."

I hate to think of what she must have been like when she was playing in "The Smiling Lieutenant." It's a wickedly delightful comedy.

And now I suppose you'll be wanting to know the facts of life about Miriam. Miriam Hopkins is her real name. She was born in Georgia on October 18, about twenty-five years ago. She comes of an old Southern family, but way back she's of French and English ancestry.

Her folks wanted her to be an old-fashioned Southern girl, with all the good old accomplishments. Her mother made her practice the piano faithfully. She hated it. Now she has a player piano.

She went to Goddard Seminary in Vermont and gave up crutches. She had broken her ankle in between acts in the class play, but had been so excited that she went on with the next act without noticing that anything was wrong.

She studied dancing and got a job in a ballet company that was going to South America. On the day the boat sailed she broke her ankle again.

She gave up dancing, got a job in vaudeville, and later went on the stage.

Her movie debut was made in "Fast and Loose," a sprightly but unimportant little comedy. "The Smiling Lieutenant" is her second picture.

Before entering the movies she had seen about four pictures. Now she sees lots of them. She never wears mascara when she goes to the movies because she cries very easily.

She would like to see Garbo appear on the stage. She thinks that the Viking Venus has a quality that would shine through anything — pantomime, the movies, the stage, even grand opera.

Miriam Hopkins also admires Joan Crawford tremendously.

She would like to see Menjou. But her favorite of favorites is little Robert Coogan, who appeared in "Skippy."

"I think I'll sit down and write Master Bobby Coogan a fan letter," she said. "He gave me more of a thrill than John Gilbert ever did. I've stuck Bobby's picture over a mirror on my dressing table."

Besides the movies, painting is one of her hobbies, and another is sitting in a dark corner of a speakeasy and talking till all hours of the morning. She really doesn't drink much—just romantic liqueurs like champagne, sherry and Bacardis—but she likes talking in out-of-the-way places. At the movie studio she loves to sit around and talk to electricians and prop boys.

She's thinking of buying a little farm in Tuxedo, N. Y. She isn't sure whether she wants to get it because she likes farms, or because gardening clothes this season are so scrumptious.

She isn't sure whether she wants babies or not, but when she sees the darling baby things in department store windows, she feels that she ought not to deprive them of those lovely things.

Miriam Hopkins has a swell library of books. Once she used to collect a few rare books, but after spending something like $240 for James Joyce's "Ulysses," she decided she was silly and gave it away.

When she's feeling blue ("low in the head" she calls it) she'd like to have someone sit and play to her on the violin.

She likes to have her men make a fuss over her and tell her that they've been dying to meet her. And that's naughty.

But underneath it all, she's deeply in love with her own husband. And that's nice.

I like people who are naughty but nice, don't you?"

Are You Self-Conscious?

"Are other players nervous and shaking?" I demand.

"Most of them—the ones who really try to act."

"How about Garbo?"

"Garbo suffers more than anyone on the lot," she tells me. "Garbo has been criticised for being temperament. Truth of the matter is that she's scared to death every time she starts working."

"Garbo puts opaque screens, called 'flats,' around her so that even those working with her cannot see her. When Douglas was working with her in 'A Woman of Affairs,' I went to her set to watch her."

"The 'flats' went up in my face. I understand. I felt very sorry for her. I left the set immediately. Later, when she learned that I had been trying to watch her and Douglas, she became terribly upset and asked me to tea."

About this time, I give up. Joan is a very convincing young woman. The best part about interviewing her is that you don't have to."

"I'm worse on some days than on others," she says. "There are times when I can't stand the sight of workers on the stage. I keep hearing voices which say 'Who told her she can act,' 'Isn't she awful,' 'I could do better myself.'"

Edmund Goulding, the director, once saw Joan standing on one foot. She used to do that in the early days, from sheer nervousness.

"Stand on both your feet," Goulding commanded. "Never get into the habit of standing on one toe. When your feet aren't both on the ground and planted far apart, you haven't any control over yourself."

She took his advice and that helped.

"Paid" was the hardest picture I ever made," she explains. "It was eighteen years old, and practically every leading dramatic actress in America had played it at one time or another. I was desperately afraid I couldn't measure up to previous performances of those stars."

"I worked all day the first day of 'Paid,' I tried and tried. I was frightened to death. Every leading studio executive came onto the set and tried to encourage me. Nothing did any good. At 6:00 at night I was carried off the stage in hysterics and not one take had been made."

Self-consciousness makes it hard for Joan to rehearse. She puts so much into her work—a nervous energy, so to speak—that when the time comes for actual takes, too many rehearsals make her limp and listless. Her first attempt is usually the one used in a picture, no matter how many takes are ordered by the director.

Music helps her with her work.

"I wish the audience might understand how we feel," she says. "One who is self-conscious not only has a hard time registering in front of a camera, but also is affected by the reactions of those who later see the picture. A kindly word in a letter may mean a successful day at the studio, while an unkind letter, received in the morning, may blight all the activity of the next twenty-four hours."

Joan doesn't know Charlie Bickford very well. But she philosophizes about Charlie because of his thoughtful treatment of her on one occasion when they were virtual strangers. She was having a tough time with the most highly dramatic sequence in "Paid." She had done it again and again.

Bickford was watching her. She didn't know it. The dramatic action called for tears and she gave them. She didn't think
she was doing good work. At the end of the umpty-seventh take, when she could, she thought, stand the strain no longer, she ran from the stage, went behind the scenes, and continued to cry.

Suddenly, she felt an arm about her.

"There, there, Joan," said a man.

"Don't cry. It's all right. You're doing great, kid."

She looked up. The man was Charlie Bickford.

His understanding of her feelings and his attempt to comfort her stopped the tears. Work continued happily.

"Sympathy like that makes life worth while," she says.

Joan wishes she weren't sensitive and self-conscious, but she knows that to have these reactions is best for her.

"They whip me and good me into doing better work," she says. "One who is afraid that he is not doing well is bound to improve.

Self-consciousness has haunted her footsteps ever since she was a child. When, as a little girl in Kansas City, she used to "play show," she was good until she realized how many people were watching her. Then she used to become frightened. She couldn't stand harsh criticism.

"Today, when I stand in front of a camera, harsh criticism is what I fear most," she explains. "On the other hand, I don't care for false praise. There is a great deal of hollow applause in Hollywood. I don't like gushy tributes and obvious flattery. I remember, not long ago, seeing Ina Claire in 'The Royal Family of Broadway.' I thought her work was miraculous. But I didn't feel like running up to her and gushing.

"I was so overcome by her work that I couldn't say anything, in fact. I just took her hand and kissed it."

Joan has just signed a five-year contract with Metro. She is glad that Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg have so much faith in her, and recognizes this as a tribute. However, she is unhappy because the contract bars her from stage appearances. "I believe that stage work would drive some of this self-consciousness out of me," she declares. "Doug, Jr., is self-conscious, but doesn't suffer as I do. He says that the reason for this is the experience which he has had behind the footlights."

She makes a call to go to work. Nick Grindy, the director, knows how to handle her for the scene, which is a dramatic one.

"Play some show music on that pan-trotte," he calls.

Quiet again. The work goes on. After a while, she finishes. She comes back to her dressing room.

"Do you mind extras on the set?" I ask.

"I think, perhaps, they might be the ones who would say, 'I could do better myself,'" she says.

"No," she replied. "They are players, and they understand how I feel and how hard I try. It's the stage hands who make it hardest. They are the most difficult to please.

"I'll probably never get over being self-conscious. However, there'll be one great victory in my life—"

"What'll that be?" I ask.

"When I do such a good job of acting that I make the workers around the set either laugh or cry."

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The Stars Who Used to Be

[Continued from page 25]

Connie Talmadge is content to simply the wife of Townsend Netcher. She proved her preference for marriage as a career not long ago by turning down a marvelous part. Katharine MacDonald, the “American Beauty,” and her equally famous sister, Mary Meighen, both deserted the screen for matrimony. Katharine, married for the third time, is now the wife of a wealthy Santa Barbara, Mary, separated from her British army officer husband, is back in Hollywood running a decorating shop. Then there are Dorothy Dalton, Anita Stewart, Shirley Mason—all concentrating on being wives. Business, too, has claimed many. You’ve heard of Kathleen Clifford’s florist shop, Katharine MacDonald’s cosmetics, Ruth Roland’s real estate.

But not all the retired stars are content with their lot. Many still hanker for their make-up-boxes. Ruth Roland has more money than she knows what to do with—yet she tried to make a comeback in “Reno.” Bill Hart comes down to Hollywood from his big ranch occasionally. He visited M-G-M during the filming of “The Kid,” and though he said nothing, there was a yearning in his eyes. Belle Bennett and Blanche Sweet have turned to vaudeville—but only until movie producers remember what fine actresses they are. Ella Hall is working as a salergirl in Magnin’s, an exclusive Hollywood shop, only because extra work proved too scarce. Beautiful Beverly Bayne sought a return to the screen via the stage route but the play was still-born. Charlie Ray has been playing in stock—but not from choice. In their hearts I believe all of them cherish dreams of a screen comeback. They may not admit it—even to themselves—but the longing and the hope—are there.

This, then, is the happiest group of the stars who once were. But there is that other crowd, a pathetic little band who have faced poverty and neglect and are now facing loneliness and old age. Their problems are the more pathetic because their careers crammed with history. Florence Turner, Mary Alden, Louise Huff, Pauline Starke, Mildred Harris, Pauline Frederick, to mention just a few, I’ll tell you more of them next month.

Portrait of a Dark-Haired Lady

[Continued from page 38]

Having her fortune told is her idea of a good time. She is always visiting some fortune teller’s booth, sometimes leaving it small because, a famous fact, has been recognized and kowtowed to.

She has a few pet “don’ts” that are small but very important to her. Her husband will vouch for that. For instance—I hate being rushed when I am dressing and being told that I’m wrong, even if I am. I prefer discreet, rather than blunt, comment. Most of all I dislike being told that I’m too tired to go out when I want to go out. Chichi, I suppose, because I am too tired to argue convincingly.

She is five feet two inches tall, weighs a hundred and twelve pounds, wears a size four shoe and six glove. She is known to be one of the best dressed women in Hollywood. She never appears in anything that is obtrusive or offensive. The sophisticated simplicity of her costume is more striking than if she had been blatant in her choice of dress.

Her appearance on the screen is usually the opposite of her own dress. In pictures she usually wears very exotic, mysterious and “vampire” gowns. Her dark beauty (so think the producers) is a splendid background for the ornate, and she is often asked to do the flowers. Her hair is bobbed.

Her hair is bobbed—has been bobbed for several years—and will remain bobbed as long as the Brent likes, regardless of the dictates of Dame Fashion. She possesses few friends, and those that she has she never loses. She appears in public but seldom, and prefers the discreet atmosphere of an exclusive club to the popular eating places. Not that she is snobbish, but she can’t stand noise.
Silver Screen for August 1931

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Footnotes of Beauty

[Continued from page 6]

Stockings should follow the rule of not being too long or too short and they ought to be changed at least once a day, and twice is better. Always wash out your stockings after each wearing. This may sound like a lot of trouble, but it makes your hose wear much longer and it is good health insurance. You'll be washing your feet daily, of course, when you take your daily bath; but for feet which perspire unduly, more frequent foot baths with a good deodorizing soap and a final dusting with powder are sensible attentions.

Finally, here are some excellent foot exercises. If your feet are in bad condition, it may hurt you slightly to do them. In such cases, begin easily and gradually build up the number of times you do these exercises as your feet get stronger.

First, lying flat on the back—on an exercise mat, I hope, but a heavy rug on the floor will do—bend the knees as far back as possible and keep the soles of the feet, which should be bare or in little cotton socks, flat on the floor. Now curl the toes under as tightly as possible and at the same time contract the abdomen as flatly as possible. Relax and repeat. Do it five times, rest, and repeat five times. Build up gradually to doing it five times in groups of five.

Second. Still lying flat on the floor with legs stretched out, turn the right foot in toward the left and up toward the body as far as possible. Then slowly curl the toes tightly. Relax and repeat with left foot. Alternate six times. Rest and repeat six times.

Third. Stand facing a wall or a door jam—somewhere where your hands can support your body. With the toes on the floor, roll the whole right foot around in a circle, that is the heel in toward the left, then back, then right, in an unbroken circle. Repeat with left foot. Do four times, rest and repeat four times. Build up gradually until you can do it in groups of six.

Fourth. Take five slow steps forward with this routine. Step and curl the toes under. Relax and repeat the step. When you have made five steps, walk back five steps on the heels, with the toes high off the floor. Then walk forward in the same manner with the other foot and back again on the heels. This is a particularly splendid exercise.

Finally, remember always to walk with the foot straight out from the body. Don't toe out or in but keep the feet in parallel lines.

Now, doesn't that all sound easy? It all is, too, and—woof—how it will help you! As for me, if I can help you any further, don't hesitate to write me your little troubles, will you? I'm so glad to answer. See you here next month.

Silver Screen for August 1931

over the other and deposit them in the bot-
tom of a limousine or even a sports road-
ster, you can wear the highest heeled slippers made and it won't make much difference. For you won't be using your feet except for exhibition purposes and you might as well make them appear fragile and useless.

If you walk on them, do wear medium, Coban, square or flat heels; shoes that are light in the sole and in the material used; shoes that fit correctly, neither too tight nor too loose. The Oxfords shown with this article, or the sport shoes are both excellent. The Oxfords will go nicely with your street clothes, when you're being dressy, too.

If you stand a great deal, get a heel and a toe that are low and broad, and if you are where your feet won't be visible, it is a wise idea to get a high, laced shoe to save your ankles. These shoes aren't pretty, of course, but they will save you much in energy.

Remember, most of us need a broader shoe in summer than in winter and that shoes ought always to be made so that the foot can get some air. I like particularly the new shoes made of different fabrics, such as crêpe de Chine and various linens and those delightful little sandals made of woven straw. These latter are ideal summer footwear because they are cool, low-heeled, smart and inexpensive. I always have dozens of pairs of them myself.

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She Loves a Good Fight

(Continued from page 20)

up the study of photography to learn graceful lines for the camera. A player must be picturesque to a certain extent.

"Then, too, I discovered that I wasn't expected to give a girl's part. I was supposed to keep them still. In the theatre we have to think for ourselves. David Belasco was not above discussing problems with a charwoman. I guess we New Yorkers are always a little nouveau in Hollywood. We just aren't used to the tropics."

To Ina it seems that her marriage to John Gilbert must be stale news by now. She has dreaded interviews for the simple reason that no one wanted to talk of anything else. Incidentally, most interviewers have succeeded in putting a different aspect on the entire matter. There have been no steps taken toward divorce. Ina says she plans none. I don't quite believe that. She is too practical to be anything so important as marriage in an unsettled state.

That Ina Claire and John Gilbert would fall in love was inevitable from the moment they met. Both are electric, vital, glamorous. He is handsome and is still one of the most romantic men in screendom. People either love him or hate him, and John himself has a great deal to say about which it shall be. John had never known anyone like Ina Claire. She has a marvelous wit, as keen as a rapier, and she has a delightful sophistication without being in the least "hard."

At another time their marriage might have succeeded, but both of them were going through dreadful turmoil. Ina, the favorite star of Broadway, was not succeeding in the new medium. Perhaps no one will ever know what black hell Jack was living in at the time. Talking pictures had cast him from his throne to practical oblivion. Each of them tried to help the other to advise and correct little faults. Neither succeeded. Ina tried to laugh at the trick fate had played her. Jack could not.

The separation became permanent when Ina went to New York to do "The Royal Family." When she returned to Hollywood Jack did not even meet her.

Jack is living now in Beverly Hills. Occasionally he is seen with Joan Bennett. Ina has a beautiful house on Santa Monica Beach. Sometimes she is seen at the theatre with Robert Ames. They were friends in New York. However, Ina goes out very little now. In the first place, she has been trying to ward off a nervous breakdown. She says it has been in her system for a year.

"It is all so different here from what has been my life before," she said. "In New York, of course, I knew many actors. We all had the same kind of jobs, and we were working toward the same goal. When I went to parties I met many people not of the same sort. I didn't know much about that little world in itself. We had to talk of other things, books, music, world events. I had to have outside contacts. I couldn't play a variety of roles unless I knew a variety of people, and after all, is a small place. People have to talk about themselves. They know each other so well. Very brilliant people are seldom brilliant with their close friends."

A stubborn will to conquer obstacles along the road to fame has marked Ina's entire career. She began her picturesque life in vaudeville and I'll bet imitations. Harry Lauder was her prize subject. She says that she will never cease to be amazed that he didn't sue her.

Her first important success came when a New York producer attempted to introduce Follies Bergere entertainment in America. Tables were placed in the orchestra section and the couvert was something like $20. The prices were prohibitive even in New York and the producer lost a fortune on his innovation. It was a lucky occasion for Ina, however. During most of the entertainment the diners clattered away with their dishes. Ina made them put down their knives and forks. She was on for fifteen minutes and she held their attention.

That appearance won her the name rôle in "The Quaker Girl," and later she was a Follies star. She has never been a chorus girl despite the prevalent report. Among her successful plays were "Polly With a Past," "The Gold Diggers," "Our Betters," and "The Last of Mrs. Cheney."

There seems to be a general impression that she takes her position as a star with alarming seriousness. Ina Claire has too much humor for that. She glanced through a group of new portraits while I was there.

"Now, isn't that just too beautiful," she laughed, holding up one for inspection. "I look as if I have a Marlene Dietrich figure. If there's anything I haven't got, it's a figure."

She knows better. After all, wasn't she in the Follies?

She isn't a beautiful woman, but she has something so much more important than beauty. She has loads of charm, and she is one of the most striking women I have met. Her eyes are blue-gray, no mistaking the Irish ancestry there. Her hair is good, old-fashioned blonde—no platinum shades. She speaks very rapidly. If her enunciation were not perfect, it would be difficult to follow her quick, staccato conversation.

Interviewing is a cross which she bears. She believes that it is bad for an actress to be too well publicized. "How can an audience judge your work," she asks. "If it knows what you eat for breakfast, the names of your children, if any, and how much you pay for your shoes? It's like going to see your sister or brother."

When she is interviewed, however, she becomes interested in the personality of her interviewer and is prone to reveal things she regrets later. "I always think that the interviewer is on my side, and I forget that I'm really talking to thousands of people. When it comes out in print, I'm amazed. I'm theatrical enough to appreciate the value of a colorful story, however."

If I may pull at my venerable whiskers and gaze into the cards, I'll bet the public will be even more anxious about Ina Claire news when "Rebound" gets about. She's that good.
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The Story of My Life—Nancy Carroll

[Continued from page 24]
were at stake. Millions of jobs. And would the millions of movie-goers like talking pictures? Mr. Wagner told me how important this test would be, for Paramount was one of the undecided companies. I met Eddie Goulding, who later directed me, at the studio, and he arranged the test for me. I sang "In the Gloaming"—and wondered if my picture career which had just started was in the gloaming? Suppose my voice didn’t register? Suppose—Suppose—Suppose. That test was just about the end of me, but not the end that I had been fearing. When I left the studio it was pouring down rain and—as usual—not a taxi in sight. By the time I got home I was wringing wet, and the next morning I found myself a recipient of an excellent case of flu. I was sick—and mad. What a terrible way to spend a vacation—with a thermometer in my mouth! But I was greatly cheered when I heard that Schuberg had liked my test.

As soon as I was able to navigate properly on legs that wanted to wobble all over the place, I kissed my mother goodbye, and with Patsy returned to the West Coast—and to turmoil. Talk about your Wall Street crash—well, you should have seen Hollywood when talkies started a bear market in stars.

Musical effects were immediately put into "Abie’s Irish Rose," and after that I was given a part in "The Water Hole" with Jack Holt. This turned out to be the most exciting picture I have ever made, for we had to go on location to Death Valley where the temperature was 130 in the shade, but try and find the shade. It was against the law to go into the Valley at that time of the year, but what’s a law, more or less, among movie directors. Into the Valley we went, and the cameramen promptly went crazy and had to be bound with ropes. It was so hot that the tires of the trucks would blow out. We had to get up at four in the morning and put our make-up on by the headlights of the cars. By eleven it was too hot to work, so we stayed inside an old ranch house and sipped tomato juice and tea until sunset. Jack Holt was marvelous. He kept kidding us and making wisecracks and kept us so well entertained that often we’d forget how much we were suffering. But finally I could bear that heat no longer. I passed out completely. And when I came to I was in a car with a doctor bending over me and was raving at the top of my voice about Leo, the M-G-M lion. Which wasn’t exactly loyal to Paramount, I must admit. If you think making moving pictures is just a lot of fun, try making one in Death Valley sometime.

After "The Water Hole," I made "Manhattan Cocktail," in which I sang two songs and danced. Then came "Swooperno Angel," which I liked more than anything I have ever done. I loved that role. I wish I would be given another like it sometime. It was the first chance I had to show that I could do something besides sing and dance and look cute, and I made the most of it. As a result I was "discovered" again when the picture was released and the critics said, "Watch Nancy Carroll. But no one knows who Carroll is." As Hallie Hohart, the manicurist whose hard little soul received a severe jolt, in "The Devil's Holiday" I had another of those rare chances to act. When that picture was released, the critics "discovered" me all over again, and predicted a bright future for me along dramatic lines. But "Follow Thru" in technicolor and me being cute again in Scotch plaids sort of squelched their enthusiasm.

After "Follow Thru" I was sent East in the Spring of 1930 to make "Laughter," followed by "Stolen Heaven," "Night Angel" and "Personal Maid," at the Paramount Studios on Long Island. Jack was transferred to the Eastern studio, too, so once more the Kirklands settled their Lares and Penates and toothbrushes in New York. Jack was hard at work on a play that he was getting into shape for Broadway. When I first returned after all those years in Hollywood, I had a grand time looking up old friends and old places and asking "Do you remember—?" But somehow all the old illusions, the old raptures, were gone. Old friends were rather disappointing, too, for they seemed far more interested in "new lows" and the "worse season in years" than they did in recalling the good times we had togethers. The old life was a closed book— I decided to think only of the future.

Jack and I took an apartment on West Fifty-ninth Street overlooking Central Park—but we were rarely in it. Jack had all his plays, his scripts, his stories. And I had rehearsals, fittings, interviews, and all the thousand and one things that are involved in making pictures. Business, Always Business. There was no place for Romance, Jack and I decided it was for the best interests of both to separate.

I do not know what lies ahead. Life does things to us over which we have little control. But no matter what the future holds for me, I shall try never to hide from life, but to welcome all its emotions, all its joys, and all its sorrows.
Bill Powell and His Future

[Continued from page 21]

possibly do. Naturally, the producers know more about what type of characterizations and stories the public seeks in entertainment. I don't propose to have a word to say in that matter."

The suave, dignified Phil Vance, of the S. S. Van Dine murder mysteries at Paramount, will make three pictures yearly for Warner Brothers-First National. His first one is "The Other Man," if they don't get around to changing the title. A studio executive is authorized to say that Powell is photographing better and acting more adroitly and convincingly than in his entire previous career. Good news to Bill and good news to his fans.

With everything under control, as you might say, Powell has no thought of retirement to a quiet life on the Riviera. There was a time, however, when he entertained such an idea.

"Retirement is all right," he smiled, "as long as it is far enough in the future. I would be very unhappy about it if I thought I were facing retirement tomorrow. Anyway, I don't think I would like to live all the time on the Riviera, or anywhere else. I like Europe while I am there, but I want to be free to move the minute I became tired of one place."

"Few stars lead a simpler or more sensible life than Bill Powell. He doesn't make any excursions into the night life that Hollywood and Los Angeles provide. Even Carole Lombard has forsaken the Coconut Grove, the Biltmore and the Roosevelt, where she used to dance night after night. Carole and Bill dine frequently with Ronald Colman, and with Richard Barthelmess and his wife. Bill, Ronnie and Dick have been fast friends for many years. Occasionally, Carole and Bill go to the movies and to stage plays. Incidentally, Bill's comment on current productions is extremely pertinent and highly amusing."

In spite of that aristocratic reserve which marks his screen personality, he is an exceedingly human person with a grand sense of humor. I've heard that he gets high-hat, but then I've heard that about Mitzi Green, too. It is just one of those remarks made in Hollywood when people run out of anything else to say. In other towns they fall back on the weather, or the hard times. Anyway, I don't believe it of Bill. He divides his time between the home of his mother and father, and his own apartment in Hollywood. The Powell family is distinctly different. It is a business corporation in itself. Horatio Warren Powell, Bill's dad, handles the business affairs of his son. He places the money in good, safe stocks and bonds, and pays off the bills. Once Bill makes his play on the stock market, and speaking inegyly, he lost his shirt.

Mrs. Powell, Bill's mother, makes most of his appointments, and takes telephone messages for him. There is a lovely little lady and she thinks the sun rises and sets on William Horatio Powell. I'll wager a new hat you didn't know his middle name before this. Bill is an only son, and his father says he has always been spoiled. He doesn't mean a word of it.

It was Bill's mother who told me that her son had a habit of making midnight raids on the ice-box. Mr. and Mrs. Powell usually dine out, but the ice-box is never neglected. There's usually a leg of lamb, or a cold chicken, put away for the midnight prowler. Bill is also fond of chutney. He has the reputation of being quite a connoisseur when it comes to food. At least, over at Paramount, they always keep trifles in the larder specially for him. Anyone who eats trifles, and appreciates them properly, must be a connoisseur, that's all.

Occasionally he plays tennis with Colman or Barthelmess. He admits that he can't work up the proper degree of enthusiasm about tennis. He doesn't take it seriously, and it shows in his game.

"It isn't conversational enough, I guess," he laughed. "You just don't discuss a certain serve, or a particularly good play in tennis. Now I like golf, although I'm a duffer at that, too. You have time to enjoy the scenery, and the nineteenth hole is always a cheerful prospect. You get together with a few friends and review the entire morning's play. Bridge is about the only other game in which you can indulge in such fascinating post-mortems."

He thinks that "Street of Chance" is his best playing picture to date. He gets tired of always playing a man with a blot on his 'scotchman. He wants to know if I don't get tired talking to actors who talk only of themselves. And I want him to know that I wouldn't get tired of William Powell talking of himself if I listened all day. If he has to do it, he can accomplish it with more grace and ease than ninety-nine out of a hundred in Hollywood.

Gary Cooper Faces Thirty

[Continued from page 50]

"No," said Gary. "I won't contemplate marriage for a long time. I don't think of his business and marriage fit. It brings personalities too close."

I changed the subject. I asked him about his illness and what got him that way.

I went out on location with the "Fighting Caravans" company, it seems. He, by the way, likes Westerns because he naturally craves the wide, open spaces. He
spent three days on location near Sonora. His costume was a two-piece buckskin garment. In the dead of winter, he plunged into an icy lake more than a mile above sea-level and swam on several occasions, as a part of his work. From this point, he went to an elevation of 9,500 feet and worked in the snow.

"This wouldn't have been so bad if I had had sense enough to keep myself in good physical condition," he explained, "but I had gotten careless. I'd spent too much time working in the warmth of artificial lights on sound stages."

The immediate result was an attack of influenza, which he believed he contracted in Sierra Nevada, where he lived. His physician returned and after a short rest and period of recuperation he went to work in "City Streets." In his weakened condition, he was prey for almost any sort of a microbe, germ or bug. Influenza got him again, but he didn't flinch.

On the heels of this came jaundice. It was jaundice which knocked the props from beneath him.

"There are times when I've worked as long as twenty-three hours at a stretch, and I'll have to do it again." Fourteen and sixteen hours are common. It's all in the day's work. From now on I'm going to be prepared for this sort of thing.

That's a lesson six years have taught him.

Gary likes work and he likes to work for Paramount. He believes that he did his best work opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco," but he also liked his roles in "The Virginian" and "The Shopworn Angel."

He is getting a great deal of kick out of the 16-cylinder car which he purchased recently, and reports excellent performances over Arizona roads. He contemplates another trip soon and spends most of his time looking over ranch properties. Some day he is going to have a ranch on which he will spend half of each year.

The other half of each year, he'll spend traveling.

"After six years in Hollywood, I've learned a great many things," he said. "I've learned to take care of myself physically, and that's most important, because you lose your capacity to enjoy everything.

"I've learned what love is, and there's a sweet lesson in that.

"I've learned the meaning of fame, and how to keep a level head on my shoulders.

"I've learned what hard work is, and how to do it.

"I've learned what it means to be imposed upon and buncoed, and I'm glad of that.

"I've learned to like Hollywood and everyone in it."

I asked Gary if he ever got homesick. "Of course I do," he said. "I miss the country, and I miss a lot of fine folks. But I can't help it, I'm back to that. Where there's no routine, and I've learned to live on excitement."

Gary paused a moment.

"I like my work, and as long as I like it, I'll keep doing it without complaining."

"When I don't like it, I won't stick around any longer—"

And now you know what six years of stardom and Hollywood have done to Gary Cooper.

"I GUESS we're stuck right here in the club for the afternoon," sighed Jane, as the rains began pouring down in torrents.

"I suppose this means more bridge, and I'm tired of that," said John Thompson. "Can't we find something unusual to do?"

"Well, here comes Sally Barrow. She might offer a solution to the problem," suggested Jimmy Parsons.

Poor Sally! Unfortunately she was considerably overweight. Nevertheless the boys all liked Sally—she was so jolly and full of fun.

"Hello everybody," came Sally's cheery greeting. "What's new?"

"That's just it, Sally. We've just arrived at the end of our rope," replied John.

"Would it surprise you if I played a tune or two for you on the piano?"

"You play, Sally? Don't be funny!"

The very idea of Sally having talent in any direction struck everybody as a joke. However, Sally didn't mind being laughed at—as long as John Thompson didn't join in the laughter. Sally liked John—more than she cared to admit.

Sally walked nonchalantly over to the piano. Carelessly, she played a few chords. Then, just as if she had played for years, Sally broke into the latest Broadway hit. Her listeners couldn't believe their ears! Sally continued to play one lively tune after another. Finally, she rose from the piano. John Thompson was at her side immediately.

"Where did you learn, Sally? Who was your teacher?" John asked.

Sally's Secret

"You may laugh when I tell you," Sally explained. "But I learned to play at home, without a teacher. You see, I happened to see a U. S. School of Music advertisement. It offered a Free Demonstration Lesson, so I wrote for it. When it came and I saw how easy it was all, I sent for the complete course. Why, I was playing simple tunes by note right from the start. It was just as simple as A-B-C to follow the clear print and picture illustrations that came with the lessons. Now I can play many, many things by note and most all the popular music."

Today, Sally is one of the most popular girls in the club, and I think we don't need to tell you that she and John are now engaged.

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Why is Garbo Love's Stepchild?

[Continued from page 16]

little apprehensive, too. Ahead of her in that city of glass roofs and Kleig lights and geraniums growing in palm trees lay her urgent need to prove that she was all Stillher had led her to be. Ahead of her lay success or failure.

Her first picture, "The Torrent," came pretty close to settling all doubts. The critics were much impressed with it and said so in their reviews. The public, however, was another matter. There was no longer the least need for Metro's press department to compare this golden Viking with Norma Shearer or anyone else. She stood on her own as Garbo, than whom there soon was to be none greater.

And all this time she was a normal enough young woman. All this time she did all the things other stars do. She posed for portraits and news pictures. And she sold one picture of her in running shorts, ready for the race, with the track coach of the University of California standing by. She is no mean athlete, by the way. Returning from Sweden she was engaged to play men on shipboard at deck tennis.

I remember, too, when she lived in the Swedish colony at Santa Monica and was arrested for speeding and fined ten dollars. Then Greta met John Gilbert. Or perhaps it would come closer to the truth to say that John Gilbert met Greta. And then love began treating her strangely.

John Gilbert, screen lover extraordinary and romantic enough in person, too! A bon vivant, John... in love with life... greedy for happiness... unwilling to sacrifice today for any dead yesterdays or uncertain tomorrows. It was inevitable that Greta should attract him. She used to wear simple little blue suits and starched blouses with Bronic collar effects. She used to pull her little felt hats jauntily over the soft gold of her hair. She used to sit quietly in that noisy studio restaurant, her gray-green eyes sometimes very wide, sometimes very wide. She was a contrast to the women John had known, precocious birds in bright plumage.

I don't pretend to know anything about the bond between Garbo and Mauritz Stiller but I think it likely enough that she loved him without being in love with him. But John Gilbert was young. Stiller wasn't. In John's eyes she found a challenge. It must have thrilled her to find him always ready, pickled pears, with his feet off the floor, proposing to her car. She didn't have to be fluent in his language to understand he really meant something very different when he stopped her on the lot to pass the time of day.

No time at all at Greta and John started going places and doing things together. At openings, those theatrical, sensational, unbelievable Hollywood openings, they would step from the crowd into a battery of news photographers and flashlights. And Greta wore eminence, and she was smiling. Greta wore orchids on her shoulders, and her arm was linked in John's.

Preposterous to think of her as a recluse in these days. It isn't when Life is fulfilling their dearest dreams that people shut out the world.

However, those who watched John and Greta together in those ecstatic days feared the future. They were so different. It seemed reasonable that in the first excitement of love Greta might make an effort to keep pace with John. But the fact stood that she came from an older and calmer racial background which was as important as today. Surely in time she would try to bring John around to her way of living. The way women will. What then? John, they felt, would laugh at the sight of his that mocked the gods. I wonder if it does still. Perhaps not. Things haven't gone too well for John in the last few years. And even if their natures didn't part them, would John ever be faithful, year in, year out, to one woman? The everyday of being stuck for the future is the past. No one woman ever had held John before.

In the meantime, Greta and John played together in love stories. Because of the low this year's life, to which Clarence Brown, who directed "Flesh and the Devil," insisted that this picture held the finest love scenes ever photographed. And no one contradicted him.

I remember an interview Greta gave at this time, while she sat on the sidelines with John. She didn't insist upon enclosed sets then. It wasn't necessary.

She really seemed to marvel at American life.

"I do not know," she said, "how in America you can work so hard and play so much. I cannot go to the big party and in the morning at eight o'clock be at the studio. I cannot.

And then John who always had gone to parties said very decidedly that he, too, felt it best to stay away from most of them. Oh, they were both trying hard to accept the other's point of view. No doubt about that. Of course, John was sincere enough in his claim that he was too poor to fill his life. More than enough. He told me, during this love affair, that he felt something like ninety per cent of your life was lived in your heart. John's a grand guy.

Greta wasn't the typical woman in love. She wasn't concerned with clothes to make herself beautiful for her lover. Perhaps she felt the attachment between her and John stronger than those light fancies that are influenced by pretty bows and ruffles. And I think it was.

"I wish we could wear big bags," she said, "bags that we could jump into. Me, I have no time to think what I shall wear. In the mornings always I must hurry. In America always everybody hurries. And everybody is young and happy, too."

During that old interview, too, Greta spoke with vehemence about the roles in which she was being cast.

"I want to play good women," she said, "good women who are interesting. But always they make me play the other woman because they say I am that type. I do not think I am. I do not like to have people think me that type. And they do
think so when they see me play the parts I play. I know. They write me.”

Which goes to show how much stock you can put in rumors that get around. They will tell you that Garbo gets her own way in the studios, that she decides what she will do and what she won’t do. Yet you’ll notice she still is playing the same roles for which she expressed such a dislike. And all the “funny acting” she’s had any opportunity of doing has been sprinkled sparingly through the most dramatic dramas. They cater to Greta’s wishes whenever possible, I’m sure, exactly as they cater to the other stars. But it’s a sort of “Now be a good little girl and eat your spinach and you can have a chocolate cream drop” catering. If you know what I mean.

Exactly what happened to end the Garbo-Gilbert affair nobody seems to know, although everybody has a different theory about it. All that is definite is that it did end. Whereupon Greta went into retirement. Looking at her, you can tell she is a woman who would love deeply. It is part of her Scandinavian heritage. All her as her personal conduct is concerned if in no other way I think Greta Garbo may be compared to Eleonora Duse. You will remember it was after Duse parted from Gabriele D’Annunzio that she retired from all professional contacts.

And something Garbo said to a leading man who worked with her recently substantiates my theory. She intimated that she had found she wasn’t one to play at love with any success and that she had, therefore, determined to concentrate entirely upon her work while she worked—adding that she hoped an enduring love would come to her at some later day.

It is two years and more now since Garbo hid herself away in the comparatively modest house behind the eucalyptus trees and the high hedge. At first, I believe she wanted only to be left alone. Then came the need for long hours of study in order that she might perfect her English and temper her accent. For the talkies had come. And soon after that Mauritz Stiller died. If Garbo felt her love affair had cost her this dear friend, her grief was that much greater. At the time, certainly, newspapers suggested that Stiller had died of a broken heart. Shortly thereafter Jack Gilbert married Ina Claire and Garbo retired definitely from all save her work.

She is a strong and brave woman, Greta Garbo. I do not believe she has a broken heart. She is too honest for the attitude of self-pity that a broken heart demands. But I am quite convinced she is a great artist cherishing romance and fully aware of how great a thing love can be.

Do Your Ears Deceive You?  
(Continued from page 49)

Fire is of low frequency to record. It simply doesn’t crackle as you think it does. The sound made by cracking cellophane between the fingers dubs in perfectly.

On the other hand, letters and papers crackle too much. The average ear doesn’t hear this. But the microphone does. So when they are used in a scene they are first dampened.

Hail is made by dropping peanut shells on a drum, and horses’ hoofs are recorded by dropping coconut shells on the same drum.

Upon occasion, they still rely upon back-shot rattled around in a tub to produce the musical sound of a waterfall. For waves of the sea they roll it back and forth.

Telephone bells do not record right. There is an after jangle that ruins the effect. For a long time, they dubbed in the ringing of a telephone off the set and cut off the sound by inserting cotton as soon as it jingled. This proved unsatisfactory and difficult. Now, a hand machine consisting of a bell mounted on revolving wheels is used.

Since all doors do not sound like doors, each studio has a prop door built over a pit so deep that the sound is carrying away. This is used wherever it is necessary to record the closing or slamming of a door. One good reason for dubbing this sound is that all doors are not of the proper thickness and resistance to sound like doors, and another very good reason is that most sets are built in a flimsy, temporary manner, and if a door was slammed sufficiently hard to record correctly, the entire side of the set would shake or possibly fall down. So it’s nothing to have one door appear in a dozen pictures all in the same day.

A sound track was made of the chimes of the famous Big Ben in London for “Bulldog Drummond,” but for ordinary purposes, the sound of chimes is obtained from a series of steel bells built upon a rack and tuned up to the proper pitch.

Did you enjoy Robert Woolsey’s little ditty off the spark plugs in, “Half Shot at Sunrise”? You never knew that spark plugs would sound like that, did you? Neither did he. Murravy Spivack rigged up a lot of pipes off stage, tuned them up and played upon them for the mike, keeping time to Woolsey’s movements. The synchronization was perfect.

Voice doubling is recorded regularly, but the studios are cagey about giving out this information.

In “Her Man,” Phillips Holmes was required to sing some doggerel sailor songs. He hasn’t a good singing voice, but he has an excellent sense of rhythm. So tests were made of singers who possessed the same tonal range as Phillips docs. At last, a radio singer was engaged and when his voice was dubbed in, it proved exactly right.

Sometimes a scene is pre-scored before it is shot. This was done in “Eddie the Bullet” and “Ennio the Kid.” The orchestra leader was given headphones in order to keep in time with the action of Eddie during the rehearsal. Rhythm and memory are the biggest factors in successful scoring.

The sound track is still in its infancy but it’s getting smarter every day. Maybe the camera doesn’t like very much. But a good sound track lies all the time—and makes you like it.

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"I'm tired of being the It Girl!" Read the startling feature called "Help Save Clara Bowl" in The Smart Screen Magazine. To say nothing of "New Men Wanted in Hollywood"—Gloria Swanson's own frank opinion of her future—Phillips Holmes' life story—"What Chance has a Second Coogan?" and many more live features, including news—reviews—fiction.

Serving the Stars
[Continued from page 37]
and circumstance, and conversational
trimmings, of an event in the past. It's Mamie-this, and Mamie-that; and Mamie
never fails.
A persistent, Mamie's policy is to antici-
perate the worst; that way, life is a series of
pleasant surprises. "Yesum," she will
wail, darkly, "we's supposed to leave for
Europe on Friday, but hears of things can
happen 'twixt now and then. "At's three
days, mal'am."

Mamie Dressler may be fifty-eight years
old, but to Mamie she's only a baby.
Mamie runs the home, plans the house-
hold's routine, does her mistress' banking
and much of her shopping, and looks after
many business matters. Every night she
waits up until Mamie is in bed, turns out the
lights and sleeps nearby—refusing to occu-
py the servants' quarters over the garage—
so she can hear if her adored one needs
anything.

Mamie's husband, Jerry, is houseman
and general factotum. One or the other is
always in the house or at the studio, with
Miss Dressler.

And there is Jenner. Very much there is
Jenner, when the cameras call George
Arliss to Hollywood. It has been said
that, with all due respect to the gifts and
charm of the cultured English actor, "the
most remarkable thing about Mr. Arliss
is Jenner."

George Jenner is a gentleman's gentle-
man and has served his master for almost a
quarter of a century. While Mr. Arliss is
mild, Jenner is as firm as the London
Tower. He buffers the world—solidly, but
correctly. His employer shall not be in
convenienced even slightly.

At three-thirty, he brings the tea-tray.
Watch in hand, he appears on the dot at
four-thirty, remarking right into the scene
under the microphone, that it is quitting
time. And it is.

Speak monologues for the Arliss eye are
always in his pocket. Cooling drinks on
warm days, a coat if the day is cool, any-
thing needed is at hand as though by
magic. The studio policemen couldn't
chase him as much as ten feet away from
his master.

Once Jenner himself rose to fame. He
doesn't mind having the story told. Just
after he had "taken a place" with Mr.
Arliss, Jenner had enjoyed two glasses of
beer at Joe's bar, in New York (He is
specific about the number, too) when a
man called him a name, an ugly name. He
let go with his left. A second man
objected. Ditto. Surveying the two
knockouts, he dusted his hands and de-
parted. Next evening he was invited to
a dinner in his honor, given by the bar-
tender. It seems one of the men he had
knocked out was young Jim Corbett, the
champ.

John Barrymore has had his valet for
eleven years and his make-up man for
twelve years.

Lew Cody and his colored man, James,
are "we." James will say, "We have to go
to the dentist this mawnin'," or "We are
all well again now, thank you." Lew
returns the courtesy, in regarding his
manager and James as family.

James' strong arms carried Lew's body,
worn frail by pain, for months. For him, no world exists except that bounded by Lew's needs.

For nine years now, James and his wife, the cook, have managed Lew's home and him. They have telephone tact, and they know how to get Lew out of corners when the occasion arises.

James is literal. Told to get kippered herring, he asked, "Do they sell it by the package?" and was informed, "It comes in a barrel." Next morning a barrel of kippered herring was delivered.

Lew's corned beef and cabbage, codfish balls, spaghetti and cheese, chicken à la king, or Spanish omelettes, are tastily prepared. When he is working, James cuts down his diet, or adds to it, as he thinks best, and the actor never questions his judgment.

"James knows what is best," Lew says. "If he comes to take me home from a party, I go immediately; he knows what I have ahead the next day, and how much rest I need."

Originally hired as chauffeur, his own versatility has promoted Lee Conger, in nine years, to a trusted position as Richard Dix's all-around aide. He pays bills, types answers to fan mail; he is valet; he drives. Being a single man, he must step out now and then, and Richard often lets him have the car to take his current weakness driving.

"One great guy!" The clean-cut Lee is enthusiastic about his boss. "Takes him a while to size you up. But once you prove you're looking after his interests right, nothing can shake his confidence in you. When he's sore at anything or anybody else, he never takes it out on you. And he hates to be yessed if you know different."

Much responsibility falls upon the young but capable shoulders of Esther Heinrich, housekeeper for the Edmund Lowes, a position she has filled for three years. Her most important duty is the care of the Tashman wardrobe. She has equipped a room for cleaning and pressing and, with the help of an extra maid by the day, goes over every garment after it has been worn before replacing it for future wear. She accompanies her mistress to the studio each day.

"Miss Tashman gets up at six, breakfasts at seven, and is through with the day's orders by eight," Esther says. "She is a severe critic of her boudoir's condition. Not a trace of powder dare she find; it must look as if no one had ever dressed in her room five minutes after her toilette is completed. And I still can't get used to her appetite. She has three, hearty "squares" a day. But I like working for her. She is fair,"

"Mr. Lowe is a real guy," according to Ed's chauffeur, Jim Hilnery. "Either he sits in front and talks to me or else he drives and I talk. He likes to hear all about my plans. He don't like to be driven—says he'd lose his self-respect if he always rode around in the back seat. He dusts the highway plenty, and—for all I admire him—I keep hold of the door-handle. When he's tired and I take the wheel, he goes to sleep.

"Whenever I take him and Missus Lowe to a show, he nearly always slips me a buck and says, 'Go see a picture.'"

"One thing, though: I sure do have to keep his cars shining. I look twice in the mirror when I answer his call; I'd better not turn up in a soiled uniform."

Dora Finter has been Constance Bennett's maid for eight years, accompanying her on her travels. The blonde star elevated Gladys Young from studio hairdresser to secretary.

Norma Shearer has had her personal maid, Ursula Whitfield, for six years. "Ursula has developed an uncanny instinct for knowing what I want before I ask for it," Norma says.

Helen Chandler's maid worries over her mistress' erratic diet. Ask Helen what she had for breakfast, and she will most likely say, breathlessly, "Coca Cola."

Kay Francis depends upon Ida Terry. Ida takes care of bills and 'phone messages, assists with costuming, attends to menus and flowers, and serves luncheon in the dressing room. She goes shopping in a Ford which the actress has given her. 'She matches materials or chooses gowns to be sent out for Miss Francis' final selection. And she looks after Kay's menagerie of pets, which is a task in itself.

"Miss Francis knows what she wants, trusts my judgment and never nags," Ida says.

All these servants deserve good references.

But then I think the stars they serve deserve pretty good references, too, don't you?

THE ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

NOLAN, CAMELLE, CAROL
GLEN, COLLENE, DAVE
ELMA, EDWIN, THEA, PER
LEE, CLARK, SEVER, TIS
ER, NEL
TUNIS, MADE, LETHB
GRANDA, HENRY, SMITH
LOE, LOVE, CLAD, DERY
TODD, TEDD, THER
RED, DRAM, RAN
NORMAN, HAINES, VEL
EL, LIND, FORT
AL, COLOR, PARIS, BAI
RE, CRY, DELTA, YET
EN

If you like to draw, here is your opportunity to find out how much talent you have. Test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., with our simple scientific Art Ability Questionnaire. Learn if your talent is worth developing. You will be frankly told what your score is.

Federal Graduates Are Successful

Many Federal School students and graduates—girls as well as men—are making $2,000, $4,000, $8,000, and $80,000 yearly. In Commercial Art work you can earn as much as a man of equal ability. Millions are paid yearly for illustrations and designs. Learn at home in spare time. The Federal Course contains lessons by the leading artists, gives you personal criticisms, and leads rapidly to practical work.

Send for Free Art Questionnaire

By all means get this free test—send now for your Questionnaire—and we will also send our book, "Your Future," showing work of Federal Students and explaining the course in detail. Please state age and occupation.
The Error of His Ways

[Continued from page 25]

love. Enough in his work, critics said, to bring him back to his outstanding position as a portrayer of such men.

The beloved Louis Wolheim was to have had the rôle of the managing editor in "The Front Page," directed by Lewis Milestone for Howard Hughes. Wolheim was taken ill and passed on. Then an announcement from the youthful and un-fathomable Hughes hit the industry like a bombshell.

Adolphe Menjou was to play the rôle which death had snatched from Wolheim! Menjou's small coterie of friends were the only ones in Hollywood who did not gasp. They knew that his father was French but that his mother was Irish. They knew that Private Adolphe Menjou went to Italy with the Ambulance Corps and worked himself up to the rank of captain. And anyone who knows his doughboys will tell you that a "man-of-the-world" isn't the type to rise from private to captain. A man has to be plenty tough for such a feat. Now, he's back in his old character again. He is the great lover in "The Great Lover." He wears a satin lined velvet dinner jacket of dark blue and makes velvet love to many women.

"I don't care what kind of parts I get these days," he told me. "I've shown that I can play anything which is thrown at me. "I don't want to be a star, either. The depreciation is too rapid. I've found that out."

Glancing back over the years—nineteen in all—he finds that he likes "The Woman of Paris" and the rôle he played therein better than anything else he has done. He also is proud of "Service for Ladies," "The Marriage Circle" and "The Front Page."

He still retains his reputation for being the best-dressed man of the screen, at work or away from it even if some other male players have made inroads into his position with extensive wardrobes and expensive tailors.

I found him a very pleasant, affable person, quick with his answers, direct with his ideas. He has been accused of being opinionated. I did not find him so. He also is said to be a stickler for details. I did not notice this during the visit which I had with him.

I did note his high polish.

And yet this is not an outstanding characteristic.

Beneath the smooth and glossy shine there is a brittle surface.

At the risk of breaking down a long-standing impression, I beg to report that I found him the most unromantic player of romantic parts I've ever had the pleasure of meeting. This is a left-handed compliment, for it attributes to him an ability to act. One who is not basically romantic must assume a romanticism. He has done this excellently.

Menjou is at heart a business man. He is an executive. He would have been a success as the president of a furniture manufacturing company at Grand Rapids, Michigan, or as the head of an agricultural organization in Imperial Valley, California. He possesses executive ability combined with a rare judgment of commercial values.

In Hollywood, he lives quietly in a small but exquisite home which he owns. He chooses his friends carefully, and has but a small circle of intimates.

He has been married for five years. The Mayor of Paris officiated.

On the screen, Menjou is suave, sophisticated, and a perfect actor. Off the screen, he is suave, sophisticated and nobody's fool.
A NEW OPPORTUNITY TO WIN
$2500.00 == QUALIFY FOR IT!

In our new campaign to advertise we are going to pay seventy-eight hundred dollars in prizes to those answering our offer. First prize will be $1785.00 (or a 1931 Studebaker eight-cylinder Sedan) and $715.00 in addition for promptness, making a total capital prize of $2500.00. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants’ standings when the final decision is made.

How often have you studied and tried to identify friends of yours out on a bathing beach? The artist, perceiving how difficult this was, conceived the idea of drawing up a bathing scene which would at the same time be a difficult observation test. He has placed on the beach in the picture above twin bathers who are exactly alike. Try this yourself and see if you can find these important twins. They are wearing bathing suits which are exactly alike, they are in exactly the same posture, they are the same size. In fact they are identical in every detail. Can you find them? If you can, mark them with a cross and rush this ad to me by the very next mail. $2500.00 to you if you send the correct answer and are prompt and win first prize or, if you prefer, the 1931 Studebaker and $715.00 in cash.

Look carefully now. I’ll tell you this much, that the large figure of the girl in the foreground is not to be considered in the search for the twins, but you had better observe the others closely if you hope to find the real twins.

If you think you have found them, lose no time, but mark them with a cross and mail the advertisement to me. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. RUSH!

ARE YOU bored with new discoveries in pictures? I am.

Would you like to see your established favorites in pictures worthy of them instead of watching some newcomer glittering in the middle of a fine production?

I would.

It isn't often that I get myself worked into a froth about anything. But this month I 'm all annoyed and bothered.

I've been seeing stellar productions—very fine actors in very poor productions—and I think something ought to be done about them.

Note the pretty picture alongside this bleat. No, it is NOT the editor's picture. It's Harpo Marx's. But I'm just using it to illustrate my own idea of how the average picture producer seems to go about getting somewhere. He feels like Napoleon, but when he jumps on a high horse, he sits backwards and proceeds to ride off in the general direction of nowhere.

Right now there is a clamor about new faces. But what about the faces that the public is interested in, that it would like to see in productions worthy of them?

Jack Oakie is out at Paramount—but think of the last few Oakie pictures. Jack's fault? I doubt it.

Joan Crawford gives up her European vacation to remake "Torch Song" and "This Modern Age." But they are still both sick pictures.

Buddy Rogers is demoted from stardom and put in a supporting role in "The Lawyer's Secret," in which he gives a great performance. Whether or not you were a Rogers fan, it would have been difficult to discover if the boy could act in the pictures like "Along Came Youth" that were given him.

Richard Dix, after a series of indifferent pictures at RKO, is pronounced "through." Then they give him "Cimarron," and they say he came back big. I don't believe Richard "came back." I don't think he ever was away. He's always been a good actor, but just as bricks can't be built without straw, so actors can't act without something to act about.

The one thing the motion picture producer has to sell is personality in a surrounding that means entertainment. Some time ago somebody kicked up a fuss because it was said no motion picture company's name was an established trademark. Well, pictures have established trademarks. Those trademarks are star names. The public will go to see almost anything marked Garbo, Shearer, Colman, Chatterton and such. That is, it will "buy" a picture so long as the goods are up to standard, just as it will buy Campbell's Soup, or Ivory Soap, or Colgate's Tooth Paste as long as they are up to standard. When they aren't, the trade is reluctantly taken somewhere else.

But actors can't be canned like so much corned beef. The things they give are temperament and enthusiasm and beauty and brains. And if they have their little foibles, they should certainly be coddled. A contented star gives plenty to the box-office. But how can a star work when, after several seasons on a lot, he sees some newcomer elevated to stardom, given all the publicity, handed the finest stories and the best directors?

For the discovery of a Dietrich, a Jackie Cooper, a Clark Gable, there is rejoicing in the hearts of the fans. But I believe there is a crowd, among whom I'm numbered, who don't want to see our Gary Coopers, our Colmans, our Chattertons and even our Clara Bows neglected.

Editor.
TANGEE
world famous
because of its
Marvelous Color Principle

In an amazing way, TANGEE changes color as you apply it to your lips . . . and blends perfectly with your own natural, individual coloring. It is the one perfect lipstick for blonde, brunette or red-head!

You can see the color come to your lips . . . color so lovely, so natural that it seems a very part of you. In truth it is, for TANGEE is permanent and leaves no coating or greasy smear!

Unlike other lipsticks, TANGEE has a solidified cream base, soothing and healing to the lips. And it outlasts several ordinary lipsticks!

New! Tangee Theatrical, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.

TANGEE LIPSTICK $1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75c . . . Creme Rouge, the most natural and most permanent of all rouges, $1. Tangee Face Powder, soft and clinging, blended to match your natural skin tones, $1. TANGEE NIGHT CREAM, for both cleansing and nourishing, $1. TANGEE DAY CREAM, to protect the skin and as a powder base, $1. TANGEE COSMETIC, a new “mascara,” does not smart the eyes, used also for tinting the hair, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
Containing miniature Lipstick two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and “The Art of Make-Up”

The George W. Luft Co., Dept. SS6*
417 Fifth Avenue
New York

Name: _________________________________________

Address: ________________________________________
No matter what your shade of hair, you can quickly give it new charm and beauty by caring for it the Jo-cur' Way. It can always be soft, silky and lustrous—clean, fragrant and absolutely free from dandruff, with a lasting finger-wave that is simply fascinating! And you can do every bit of it at home—quickly—easily—and what’s more, economically. First, a Hot Oil Treatment, that discourages dandruff, gives new health to the scalp—new life and youth to your hair. Then a fragrant, luxurious shampoo with Jo-cur' Shampoo Concentrate* gives your hair the fluffy softness, the satiny sheen that mean perfect cleanliness. Then a lovely, lasting wave with Jo-cur' Wave-set—the finger-waving liquid that sets alluring, natural-looking finger-waves for over a million women. And finally, a touch of Jo-cur' Brilliantine to bring out the captivating loveliness of every wave. Each of these marvelous preparations can be used easily at home—each is composed of the best material money can buy, regardless of price—and each can be obtained in generous sizes at most 5 and 10c stores. 25c sizes at your druggist's. Try Jo-cur' Beauty Aids tonight!

economy is fashionable now!
At most 5 and 10c stores
25c sizes at your druggist's

Jo-cur'
Beauty Aids
for The Hair

*Entirely different! After wetting your hair a spoonful will give you a luxuriously lathering shampoo.

THE CUNEO PRESS INC., CHICAGO AND NEW YORK
The Eleven Gentlemen of Hollywood

The Unknown Ruth Chatterton
YOUR search for the elusive lipstick of just the right shade is over! For TANGEE blends with every type perfectly. It is a lipstick of infinite shades, depending upon your own complexion. Apply TANGEE and see its marvelous change of color!

TANGEE is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips... and blends with your own natural, individual coloring whether you are dark or fair or Titian-haired.

TANGEE leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. It is non-drying, non-greasy, and permanent! And because of its unique solidified cream base it actually soothes, softens and protects!

SEND 20c FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up")

New! Tangee Theatrical, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.

TANGEE LIPSTICK, $1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75c ... Crème Rouge, $1. TANGEE FACE POWDER, soft and clinging, blended to match your natural skin tones, $1. TANGEE NIGHT CREAM, for both cleansing and nourishing, $1. TANGEE DAY CREAM, to protect the skin and as a powder base, $1. TANGEE COSMETIC, a new "mascara," does not smart the eyes, used also for tinting the hair, $1.
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soft
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protection—

MODESS

perfect summer comfort at a special summer price

If you use Modess, you know how safe and soft it is—how cool and clean it feels. If you haven't tried it, now's your chance. Our summer offer—featured as Modess Vacation Special—is a grand buy. You get a Travel Package of six Modess Compact and two boxes of Modess Regular for 79c. The standard price of these 3 boxes is $1.15.

The two types of Modess featured in the Vacation Special are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed. It is designed to supplement the Regular at times when less thickness is desired.

The Travel Package certainly has its uses. You won't begrudge the space it takes in a travel bag. As a reserve package for guest use it will add to your reputation as a perfect hostess. You'll find it a great convenience many times during the summer.

You can really wear Modess without worrying about it in any way. The cool, evenly absorbent filler—besides being safe and comfortable—fits so smoothly that Modess won't spoil the line of any frock.

If you're a thrifty soul you'll buy several of these useful combinations, and save them for future use.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. U.S.A.
World's largest makers of surgical dressings,
handants, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

VACATION SPECIAL
You save on every purchase during July and August
2 BOXES OF MODESS . . . . 90c
12 Regular in each
1 TRAVEL PACKAGE . . . . 25c
6 Modess Compact
Total Value $1.15

ALL THREE FOR . . . 79c

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COVER PORTRAIT
OF MARLENE DIETRICH
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE
They laughed right out loud...when I offered to play
—but a moment later a hush fell over the entire crowd

"LET'S all give my country cousin a great big hand!" cried Helen, dragging me out to the center of the room.

Everyone at the party started to clap. "What's he going to do?" someone called out. "Are we going to be entertained with an exhibition of fancy hog-calling?"

"No—cousin Ned claims that he can play the piano," replied Helen, "but I'm sure he's fibbing. I happen to know that there isn't a piano teacher within miles of his hometown."

"Just the same I'd like to see if you big-towners can dance as well as you can wise-crack," I retorted not taking any offense. "For goodness sakes, please don't play 'Turkey In The Straw'—you know this is no barn dance," one of the boys pleaded.

I Let Them Have Their Fun

So they thought I was a "hick"—that folks from the country couldn't learn to play music just as well as people in the city. They thought, too, that they were giving me a great kidding. If they only knew how I had been urging them right along.

I started to pull out the piano bench and someone started to moo. "S-h-h-h!—let him have his little joke," said my cousin Helen.

But they kept up the razzing. "Hey there—that's a piano bench not a milk-stool."

"No fooling—and this is a piano, not a writing desk. Honestly, it plays—listen!" And without any preliminaries, I broke into a medley of popular songs. There wasn't a sound in the room. I only wish I could have seen their faces for I knew that I had given them quite a surprise.

"Keep it up—that's great, Ned," shouted the chap who had been doing most of the riding.

"Yes, please don't stop," begged Helen, "we want to dance."

No second invitation was needed. I played every number that they placed before me and if they had had their say I would have been playing until morning. But finally I had to beg for an intermission. Then they started to pump me with questions.

"Put one over on us, didn't you, Ned?" said Helen. "You're certainly the last person at this party I thought could play. How about being a good sport and letting us in on the secret?"

No Secret

"Have you ever heard of the U.S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a surprisingly easy method through which you can learn to play any instrument by mail in just a few months without a teacher."

"It doesn't seem possible," someone said.

"That's what I thought, too. But the Free Demonstration lesson which they mailed me on request so opened my eyes that I sent for the complete course.

"It was simply wonderful—no laborious scales—no heartless exercises. My fear of notes disappeared at the very beginning. As the lessons came they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best."

Then I told them how I had always longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet song—or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera or the latest syncope—how when I heard others playing I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me—how I was jealous because they could entertain their friends and family.

"Music was always one of those never-to-come-true dreams until the U.S. School came to my rescue. Believe me, no more heavy looking-on for me, even if I do come from the country."

This is not the story of just one isolated case. Over 600,000 people have learned to play by this simple method. You can, too. Even if you don't know one note from another you'll grasp it in no time. First it tells you how to do a thing—then it shows you how in pictures—then you do it yourself and hear it.

You teach yourself—right at home—without any uninteresting finger exercises, tedious scales or other humdrum methods.

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how practical this course is, the U.S. School of Music has arranged a demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet which you may have Free. They show how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument by note in less than half the time and at a fraction of the cost of old slow methods. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new Automatic Finger Control.

Don't delay—set at once—fill in and mail the coupon below today—no obligation whatever. (Instrument supplied if desired, each or env'tl.) U.S. School of Music, 1199 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

1199 Brunswick Building, New York City

Please send me your free booklet, "Music Lessons In Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

[Blank space for: Name, Address, City, State]

Silver Screen for September 1931
Looking
Beauty in
the Eye

by MARY LEE

If I had only two aids to beauty—two make-up aids, rather, that I could choose from out the whole world, I'd choose lipstick and eyeshadow. And if I could have only one I'd concentrate on the eyeshadow. For the beauty of the eyes is less dependent upon shape or color for beauty than upon expression. And just a dash of make-up can help your expression to be any little thing your heart desires it to be!

That old, old line about eyes being the windows of the soul is still just as true as it ever was. The eyes record your thoughts, your emotions and many other things that perhaps you do not realize they reveal. If you are tired or ill or discouraged or sleepy, your eyes will give you away just as plainly as they will if you have been weeping. While all of us admit that they show emotions, not many of us are aware that they show the state of our health. Nor is that all. There are times when our eyes look dull and tired when we really don't feel that way at all and when we don't know that we are going around looking as though we've lost our last dollar.

Now there's beauty in your eyes, cherie, as the old song has it, and if you are a wise little cherie, you'll find out how to emphasize it. If you neglect your eyes and let them stay dull, or unnecessarily strain them, or merely let powder flake along your lashes and dim them, you are being careless with one of your finest possessions—and why should you be that?

I'll now begin my usual act of telling you that you must, for beautiful eyes, as well as beautiful faces and figures, keep yourself in the finest trim. The eyes in particular need eight hours of sleep just as many consecutive nights as possible, and if you can catch an occasional nap at noon or before dinner at night, that's just so much beauty dividend.

Avoiding eye-strain isn't always easy, if you're a business girl whose desk is in a crowded corner under artificial light. The only thing to do in such cases is to take better care of the eyes than ever. Train yourself to look up from time to time during the day. Look as far away as possible, to change the focus of the eyes, out of the window or up at the ceiling. Going home at night, don't read on the car. Rest your eyes again by looking at distant objects. Or just sit quietly with your eyes closed, if you have the courage. Either way, let them rest. If you have a tendency toward little puffs under your eyes, see a physician. It means you aren't in the best of health.

These things you must just do automatically. Now for the little refinements.

Do you keep your eyes, and the skin about them perfectly clean? Lots of girls get discouraged from washing around their eyes. They're afraid they'll get soap into them. That is disagreeable, I'll admit, but it isn't nearly as unpleasant as darkened, neglected skin about the eyes. The sight of last night's mascara in a line under the lashes can ruin an otherwise perfectly groomed appearance.

To wash the eyes themselves, after a train journey or a jaunt in an open car, a few drops of very, very lightly salted water is excellent. Use a good nourishing cream to cleanse the eye-sockets and the eyelids and never, under any conditions, allow mascara to remain on the eyelashes over night.

The eyebrows, of course, must be cared for. No well groomed girl lets her brows scraggle about. To brush them once or twice a day takes only an instant but works marvels with your appearance. And for myself, I'm very much in favor of plucking the brows. But you've got to use good sense about that. Too heavy brows overbalance the face. Too thin brows, where they have been plucked to a single, almost invisible line, give you a silly look. Have them plucked in a line that follows their natural curve and neither too thick or too thin.

If you can afford it, it is best to have a professional beauty operator do this for you. It is awfully hard to see your own brows when you are working on them and one hair pulled incorrectly can spoil the whole line. If, however, you prefer to do them yourself, apply witch hazel over the brows first. Let it soak in thoroughly, then pluck the hairs [Continued on page 77]

WHAT'S YOUR WORRY?

Hair? Skin? Eyes? The best colors to wear? Make-up? Mary Lee knows all the answers and she will be glad to send them to you if you will write her. Send her a stamped, addressed envelope for personal replies. Address Miss Mary Lee, in care of SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York.

Silver Screen
Sold!
"Love would have been such an honest reason... But you sold yourself."

WARNER BROS. presents:

Constance Bennett in BOUGHT

A beautiful girl who takes but never gives!... loved but not loving!... engaged but not married!... bought but not paid for!...

JACKDAWS STRUT from which this great production comes has created more talk than any other novel of modern life... And Constance Bennett more gorgeously gownened—more emotionally satisfying—more dramatically supreme—makes it the finest picture play of her career... Directed by ARCHIE MAYO.

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE for September 1931
YOU HAVE A DATE...

...and what a date! A date with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell and the golden world of sweetheart time...a date with Will Rogers and the laughter that sweeps you free of worries like a clean, strong wind. You have a date with a dazzling company of great stars, with the glamorous magic of great stories that will carry you out of a workaday world to a land of enchantment. You have a date with Fox pictures, a date for night after night of thrills and tears, love and laughter—the biggest date on your calendar for some of the most marvelous hours of your life.
ONLY Fox with its matchless array of stars, directors and writers — only the incredible creative and technical resources of Movietone City — could fill so many hours with such superb delights. To make sure you don't miss a single one of these great Fox pictures, ask your favorite theatre when they will be shown — and the date is on!

Your favorite theatre will soon be showing

Merely Mary Ann, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell... a supreme romance of young love — the best picture this famous team has ever made.

Wicked, with Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen... a terrific drama of a woman born to the underworld and longing for better things.

Skyline, with Hardie Albright, Thomas Meighan and Maureen O'Sullivan... the way of a man of the four hundred with a maid of the four million.

She Wanted a Millionaire, with Joan Bennett, Spencer Tracy and James Kirkwood... lavish drama of a bathing beauty who got what she wanted...

Young as You Feel, with Will Rogers going places and doing things with Fifi Dorsay.

Bad Girl... Vina Delmar's sensational novel pulsed with life itself as Sally Eilers enacts the title role with the newest screen find... James Dunn.

Over the Hill, with Mae Marsh and James Kirkwood... epic of tears and laughter and the heart's deepest passions.

Sob Sister, with Linda Watkins and James Dunn.

Riders of the Purple Sage. Zane Grey's great story with George O'Brien and Virginia Cherrill.

The Yellow Ticket, with Elissa Landi, Charles Farrell and Lionel Barrymore.

The Brat, with Sally O'Neil and Frank Albertson.

for September 1931
FIRST PRIZE
San Francisco, Cal.
I WOULD like to voice a protest against the quick-starring system. The system is this: A player of a small featured or character rôle plays that rôle particularly well. The critics immediately announce that such and such a player has "stolen" the picture from the star, and heap adjectives on this player. The producers, seeing the adjectives and enthusiasm, star the player. As soon as the player is starred, the critics start in to pan him, and pick out some other featured player to heap their adjectives on.
The player who had been thus starred starts to slip, and often vanishes completely from the screen. Whereas, had the producers allowed him to keep on in the character parts for which he was fitted, he might have had a longer career.
I see that Paramount is thinking of starring Stuart Erwin. This seems to be one of those cases. "Stu" is fine in the supporting parts he plays. A star? Perhaps, but for how long?
I hope producers think twice in the future before they star players who are not quite ready to wear the starry mantle.
M. K. Clement
SECOND PRIZE
Mt. Vernon, Wash.
I NEVER appreciated the movies until I moved to a small Western town. While there I forgot that there even were such things as baths in a porcelain tub, or frocks that came from any place but Willar's Style Shop. My time was spent in seeing that the cows didn't consume too much alfalfa, that Dale had eight sandwiches in his lunch-box, and that the children didn't play with the town's "skim-milk." Twice a week the picture-show was opened. I didn't know how precious those pictures were until the theatre-owner closed the show. But when the theatre was reopened—talkies at popular prices—how I cheered!
I was able to hear good music: I was given ideas on rearranging my bungalow and on improving my appearance. Subtle but important little things of life were suggested by the talkies. Ruth Chatterton's golden voice reminded me that I was permitting my own voice to park in a rut. The pictures made me forget that for past cows I had been milking cows, feeding chickens, and worrying about hard water. And when, a few months ago, we came to the city, we didn't appear very seedy—thanks to the talkies.
Mary Frances Doner
THIRD PRIZE
Colorado Springs, Colo.
Some Abject Pleas:
To Paramount—Give us more—and then more—of Paul Lukas; do not insult our intelligence (yes, we DO have some) by advertising any future pictures of Tallulah Bankhead's with such hysterical raving unless it happens to be better than her first one.
To Fox—Let Warner Baxter have the title rôle of "St. Elmo!" (yes, there was such a book, and Oh, how the girls sobbed over it and how they would flock to see the picture); use Marjorie White more often; give our Eddie Lowe a fine picture (just to surprise us—and incidentally to surprise poor Eddie).
To Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Wake up to the fact that Eddie Hopper can take care of a large part; use force if necessary in order to put a little fat onto the framework of Joan Crawford; give Louis Stone a woman in a picture now and then (he is still vurra, vurra romantic to some of us older girls).
To Universal—Scout around for some new material (both in actors and stories); don't thataway to Charles Murray, George Sidney and Slim Summerville (what did they do to you?); tell Graham McNamee to get some new jokes.
Dorothy M. Springer
CIMARRON
Little Rock, Ark.
I AM a grandmother and teacher of a Sunday School class. With age comes reason and sober judgment. To one who has run the gamut of human experience, the truth to life of the movies is beyond question.
Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in "Cimarron" portray the average man and woman of all time. Richard, strong, courageous, with an overwhelming desire to pioneer, to break the way, to trace unknown routes, represents his love of family was great, but not as great as his love of untested experiences.
Irene's very expressions betrayed her thoughts. Her love for her husband was paramount to all other emotions. She could succeed without him, but to the world and in her own heart, he still held first place. She understood that the great desire to be in untried paths was in his blood. Every true woman experiences the same feeling toward her man-fock.
To me, "Cimarron" is one of the best pictures ever shown, because it gives us a great message—the unshakable love of a great woman, old as Eden but ever new.
Vincent Williams Uley
RICHARD ARLEN
Auburn, N.Y.
IF DISTANCE didn't intervene. I'd say to Edward Churchill, "Shake." His article about Dick Arlen was so very true. I was interested in Mr. Arlen's screen work even before "Wings," and have been a One Star Fan ever since.
I have been lucky in having had many of my fan letters published and have hoped that perhaps my "boost" was helping my favorite a bit. The greatest moment was when Mr. Arlen acknowledged a letter of mine and thanked me for my loyalty. Since then I have heard from both Mr. and Mrs. Arlen from time to time, and we feel like old friends.
Therefore, it is with more than a fan's regret I have seen Dick kept in Wernerns, and read in the newspapers how he was unable to accept this or that good part. One of my "grooms" was answered with "What does it matter as long as he turns in a ne plus ultra performance?" I felt like retorting, "What does a ne plus ultra performance matter if there is no one to witness it?"
But I'm glad to find someone coming out and begging with me to GIVE DICK ARLEN A BREAK!
Elizabeth G. Winter
ANOTHER VIEWPOINT
Santa Monica, Cal.
IN THE July issue of SILVER SCREEN Edward Churchill sends out an S. O. S. to the goddess of Luck for Richard Arlen, "a regular, unadulterated fellow who hasn't been getting the breaks."
No breaks for Dick Arlen? Well, there's a reason. A good one. He can't act. He just hasn't got it.
There is nothing in his eyes. Nor his face.
He does not feel.
Hasn't he walked down the road of life far enough? Or in walking hasn't he stopped by the wayside to grasp enough of the joys and sorrows to bring out at least a spark of the divine fire which smolders in every artist?
Mollie Emerson
SILVER SCREEN
Adventure in an oasis of missing men and women

You have always loved Samuel Goldwyn’s pictures
• You have always looked forward to seeing

RONALD COLMAN
• You will never forget...

“RAFFLES”
“BULLDOG DRUMMOND”

and now—during a time when theatre goers are selecting their pictures as they have never done before

Samuel Goldwyn presents

RONALD COLMAN

A new, adventurous... different picture to thrill you who have demanded more than the ordinary... the unusual.

• Samuel Goldwyn has once again created superb entertainment... swashbuckling excitement, with Ronald Colman... gentleman adventurer in the oasis of “THE UNHOLY GARDEN” on the edge of the Sahara.

• There you will meet “The Unholy Family”... a dozen unforgettable souls, gathered together in this refuge... beyond the reach of the law... to plot new murder, robbery and rapine.

with FAY WRAY and ESTELLE TAYLOR

“The UNHOLY GARDEN”

A United Artists Picture... Story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur
A GEORGE FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION

for September 1931
JOAN FORD: So you think I give the best answers of all! Thanks for the compliment. I was so flattered that I rushed right off and wrote you a letter. But it came back marked "Unclaimed" so I'm answering you here instead.

Nancy Carroll was born in New York City on Sixty-eighth Street and Tenth Avenue on November 19, 1905. You can read all about it in Nancy Carroll's own life story which began in the June issue of Silver Screen and concluded in the August issue.

Nancy reads her fan mail pretty carefully, but I wouldn't say that she answers most of it. She just hasn't the time. She answers a few letters, however, that appeal to her very much.

Charles Rogers occasionally goes out with Mary Brian, but not with serious intentions on either side.

Janet Gaynor's next picture will be "Merely Mary Ann," in which she and Charles Farrell will be teamed together again. By the way, have you seen "Daddy Long Legs?" Janet's simply grand in that.

VICTOR PEDERSON: Sue Carol was released lately by Radio Pictures, and has been signed up by Universal Studios for "Grand Old Man of Toms River." She was born in Chicago on October 30, 1906, educated at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin, and at the National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C. She married Nick Stuart on July 28, 1929.

IRENE: Mary Brian goes out quite a bit with Jack Oakie, and they're even been rumored engaged.

Anita Page occasionally goes out with Carl Laemmle, Jr.

Ben Lyon is vacationing in Hawaii, but your letter will be forwarded if you write to him in care of Warner Bros. Studios, 5352 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.

Bob Montgomery has a cute little daughter named Martha Basyu. The studio for which he works sends out pictures of Bob Montgomery. Write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal., enclosing a quarter to cover cost of mailing and handling.

I'm sorry but I don't send out any pictures of myself. I'm not a movie star, you know, just an answer lady trying to get along.

BLONDIE OF MINNESOTA: Buddy Rogers is not married.

ICIALDAN H.: Buddy Rogers isn't married or engaged. He has brown eyes and black hair.

I don't see how you can believe anyone silly enough to say that Buddy is a roughneck. He's a fine clean-cut boy, and a good actor, too, when he's given half a chance. You mightn't think so from such pictures as "Heads Up," but didn't he prove it in "The Lawyer's Secret?"

Nils Asther has signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and will soon appear once more in pictures.

Ann Harding has blue eyes and blonde hair.

She is married to Harry Bannister, and has one daughter, Jane.

ELIZABETH: Edmund Cobb played the part of Bill Williams in "The Indians Are Coming." He also appeared in "Beyond the Rio Grande," which was released last year.

R. P.: Well, Silver Screen does carry a lot of news about the juvenile players, so I don't see why you fret over the space we give to the glamorous girls.

We had a story about Mitzi Green in our May issue and one about Jackie Cooper in our July issue.

We also published a full page picture of Leon Janney last month.

Mitzi Green is ten years old; Jackie Coogan is sixteen; Leon Janney fourteen.

Mitzi Green, Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin will all appear in "Huckleberry Finn." Junior Durkin will have the title role.

Leon Janney will play Penrod in "Penrod and Sam."

JUNE STADTLER: Nancy Carroll's sister, Terry, had only a bit in "Stolen Heaven," so it was impossible to distinguish her from the other extras; but you'll be able to see her in "Personal Maid," playing opposite Nancy Carroll in the same role she has in real life, as her sister.

KATHRYN: The title "Girls Together" has been changed to "This Modern Age." Don't blame me if by the time the picture's released they've found still another title for it.

The leading players are Neil Hamilton, Marjorie Rambeau and Monroe Owsley, Joan Crawford, of course, is the star.
TALKIES in TABLOID

(Reviewlets of pictures previously reviewed at length that tell you in a second which are the best films to see—or to stay away from. Use these as your guide to entertainment.)

ALWAYS GOODBYE

Elissa Landi and Lewis Stone make you overlook the flaws in a story about a young woman who is suspected of trying to rob the man she really loves. Miss Landi gives an even better account of herself than in "Body and Soul," but once again the story doesn't measure up to her talents.

BROAD MINDED

Too much talk and too little action. Joe E. Brown plays the guardian of a young man whose father sends him out of town to get him away from women. Many of the gags fall flat, and the picture's only mildly humorous.

CITY STREETS

Gary Cooper in a picture which combines romantic love interest with an exciting gangster plot. He gets into a racket to get his girl out of jail, and then it looks as if both of them will be "put on the spot." Sylvia Sidney and Gary are splendid.

CONNECTICUT YANKEE, A

A riot from start to finish, with Will Rogers great as the Yankee who finds himself a prisoner in King Arthur's kingdom. The picture has been brought up to date, and it's snappy and smart. You'll like William Farnum as King Arthur.

DADDY LONG LEGS

Bring the whole family to see this. Janet Gaynor has a wistful, haunting appeal as the orphan who falls in love with Dandy Long Legs, her benefactor. The picture has pathos; it has humor; it has everything. Warner Baxter makes an interesting leading man, but it's Janet's picture.

DAYBREAK

The romance of a philandering lieutenant who learns about heartbreak after leaving the girl who loves him and with whom he has had an affair. You'll like Ramon Novarro and Helen Chandler as the lovers.

DUDE RANCH

Jack Oakie kids the great Wild West. He tries to drum up business on a dude ranch by posing as a wicked killer, and puts it over till some real bad men show up. Oakie's good and Mitzi Green helps out plenty.

EVERYTHING'S ROSEY

Robert Woolsey without Bert Wheeler. Woolsey as a medicine man who raises an orphan girl, only to lose her when love comes along, gives a mildly interesting performance, but nothing to throw your hat in the air about. Anita Louise is the girl.

FLOOD, THE

Monte Blue and Eleanor Boardman struggle against a breaking levee and a dull story. Perhaps something went wrong with the direction. Anyway, don't say we didn't warn you.

FREE SOUL, A

A triumph for Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore, who plays a drunken attorney who teaches his daughter to believe in the freedom of love. The scenes between Norma Shearer and Clark Gable as a gangster with whom she becomes involved are tremendous, and there is a gripping courtroom climax in which the honors go to Lionel Barrymore.

GOLD DUST GERTIE

Fecile dialogue, slapstick, Winnie Lightner, Olsen and Johnson. The result is a pretty weak comedy about a gold digger who tries to vamp a bathing suit manufacturer in order to get him to sell suits that don't hide a maiden's ankles.

HIGH STAKES

Lowell Sherman turns in a fine performance in a picture that's just fair. He plays a young man who saves his older brother from the crooked schemes of a baby vamp he married. Mac Murray is rather good as the vamp.

INDISCREET

Rib-tickling entertainment. Not as dramatic as "The Trespasser," but a grand mixture of farce, slapstick, musical comedy and drama about a woman who almost loses her own fiancé while trying to save her sister from the man who ruined her past. Gloria Swanson is good, though a bit kittenish at times, and Ben Lyon's grand.

JUST A GIGOLO

The humor is rather forced in this picture about a lad who poses as a gigolo in order to test the purity and virtue of the woman his uncle has picked out as his future wife. William Haines seems self-conscious as the man, and Irene Purcell doesn't help matters much, either.

KICK IN

Clara Bow goes dramatic but Regis Toomey gets all the breaks. He plays an ex-convert who tries to go straight, and Clara's his loyal wife. Opinion will be divided on this, but given a better break and a more modern story as it looks as if Clara will crash through in her next drama. Regis Toomey steals this one.

LADIES' MAN

William Powell in an unsympathetic role which even he cannot make appealing. He's a gigolo who accepts money from a married woman and also makes love to her daughter, until his Big Moment, Kay Francis, comes along. Kay, with a new coif, isn't as smart in appearance as usual.

LADY WHO DARED THE"

This isn't Billie Dove's comeback picture. Maybe that'll be good, but this isn't. It's an involved story about a smuggler who falls in love with the wife of a diplomat, and makes a great sacrifice for her. Billie Dove hasn't much to do but look pretty.

[Continued on page 61]
A MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1 Her real name is Evelyn Lederer
6 Her real name is Pomares
10 The men who make a ship
14 Perspiration
15 Apart
20 At a distance
21 Her real name is Augusta Appel
29 Mountain lakes
32 A spot
25 Something you see in jungle films
26 A perfect Page
27 Toward
28 To speak
30 Mr. Tellegen
32 To intermingle
34 Conjunction
35 Edge
37 A number
38 The final close-up
39 A metal
40 This always shines in California
42 One—in Dietrich's native tongue
43 Conjunction
44 Small handbags
46 Incot's egg
48 Spanish version of river
50 Loretta Young's boy friend in "Kismet"
52 Short literary composition
53 Barrymore's pal in "A Free Soul"
55 What you do at a sad picture
56 "Mammy's" boy
57 Perform
59 A watering place

DOWN
1 List of characters in a film
2 Paramount's Long Island home
3 A narrow inlet
4 Widespread dislike
5 Catholic stars observe this
6 Every film star once had this
7 Conscious of something you laugh at in comedies
8 Actor's shoes are laced through these
9 Heroine of "Big Boy" and "Sweet Kitty Bellairs"
10 To tear
11 To choose
12 A star hires someone to do this
13 Oliver Hardy's pal
15 Wishes
16 Silkworm
17 Spanish actor once famous in silents
18 Emperor
19 A trip
21 Burden
22 Indigo dye
23 Hotels
24 Constellation—The Bear
25 Printer's measure
26 Mrs. Ben Lyon
27 The fish that slips into every crossword puzzle
28 Charlie Chaplin's brother
29 Famous Pickford role
30 Upon
31 A peer
32 Evident
33 Gain
34 Gaynor was born in this month
35 Stars on a diet can't eat this
36 Regretful
37 You travel on this (abbreviation)
38 What a star does to his dinner
39 Might be able to
40 A hooting bird
41 Distributed, as playing cards
42 A set of traditions
43 Part of to be
44 Genus of plants
45 Each film you see has been this
46 This follows 13 down
47 Sloping
48 Barrier
49 Ink on a contract is dried with this
50 Rudy Vallee and other saxophone players
51 Greek letter
52 Away
53 Dietrich's rôle in "Dishonored"
54 That famous Elinor Glyn pronoun
55 What attracts you to a movie
56 Native mineral
57 Hero and heroine do this at end of a movie
58 To inquire
59 Possessive pronoun
60 What Garbo says to interviews
61 What Frank Morgan chews while working
62 Printer's measures
63 Ever, as a poet says it
64 Note in Guido's scale
65 Peacock butterfly
66 What baby says in a talkie
67 What stars go to Europe on [abbreviation]
68 Near

(The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 71. The answer to this month's puzzle will appear next month.)
THE WISE ones are nodding their heads and saying, "I told you it couldn't last," referring, of course, to the great romance between Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper.

Lupe had been away from Hollywood only two days when Gary surprised her with a telegram informing her that he was going to Italy, Morocco and way points. They may go through a few more quarrels and reconciliations, their friends say but the affair is quietly dying out. Strength is added to the report by the announcement that Lupe will join a New York show while Gary may be paged as usual at the Hollywood Paramount Studio after his return.

And thus ends one of the hottest love affairs ever enjoyed in the film colony.

SAM GOLDWYN strolled onto the set where the Eddie Cantor picture is being made and found Eddie and several members of the cast playing ball. "Well," Sam stormed, "this is pretty nice, isn't it? While the $22,000 a day overhead goes on, you boys play ball."

"Shshshsh!" shushed Eddie, "you know it isn't nice to talk about money." And continued his game.

A YOUNG chap accosted Stuart Erwin on the street, told him a hard luck tale and asked for money to buy a meal. Stuart listened and then said: "Here is ten dollars. Buy yourself a good meal and then take the first train home. Now, do as I tell you. Get out of Hollywood."

Two days later he met the boy on the street.

"I thought I told you to go home," Stuart said. "What are you doing here?"

"I took the ten dollars and went into business," the boy replied. "Look!" and pulling Stuart along, he led him over to the entrance to one of Hollywood's most popular restaurants and displayed a tiny gardenia stand where he does a big business each evening selling his flowers to the patrons of the café.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN'S friends complain that she ruins their address books by moving frequently. During her fifteen months' stay in Hollywood she moved eight times.

"The wall paper gets on my nerves," Maureen explained, "or sometimes I decide I am spending too much money and I move to a less expensive place. I never like the less expensive places, so I have to move again."

"Well, that's one way to see Hollywood.

EVERY day at lunch time Genevieve Tobin's mother may be seen leaving the Assistance League Tea Room with her hands full of little pots and pans which she packs carefully into her car and takes away. Investigation disclosed that ever since Genevieve tasted the food there she has refused to eat her lunch any place else. When she is working at the studio, her mother gets her lunch at the tea room and takes it to her.

This tea room is the favorite haunt of the tourists for there they may not only see her favorite stars but also be waited upon by them. The place is run by a group of prominent women, the actresses donate their services and every cent of profit goes to charity.

MORRJE RYSKIND, writer, was brought to Hollywood by Samuel Goldwyn to write the story for Eddie Cantor's next picture. After working a week Ryskind announced that he had a story idea ready to submit and was told to go to Mr. Goldwyn's office at two o'clock and read it to him.

Ryskind entered Mr. Goldwyn's office as instructed, and there sat twenty-eight people, who had gathered at Mr. Goldwyn's suggestion to hear the story read. Unused to the ways of Hollywood producers, Ryskind was, to say the least, surprised. However, he quickly regained his composure and, in a most apologetic manner, said, "I am so sorry my wife couldn't come with me."

[More Movietown Topics on page 40]
GENTLEMEN ALL!

Ronny, nice to homely women... Young Doug's polished manners... But Oh, Oh, Menjou chews gum!

Bancroft, instinctively polite... Lewis Stone, never a social error... Jimmy Gleason, Nature's nobleman.

Bill Powell, kissed a girl in public! Tom Moore, Clive Brook and John Gilbert, patterns for the young.

SILVER SCREEN
Many stars are called, but few are chosen for this select position. And the few survivors are a fine lesson in what marks the gentleman.

by Donovan Pedelty

The amazing thing is not how many there are but who they are.

Let us tell the truth though motion pictures perish. There are only eleven gentlemen of Hollywood.

Who are they?

Clive Brook? He has all the reserve to qualify, but not the necessary technique of talking to a lady with a cigar in his mouth—which consists of removing the cigar.

William Powell? I have myself seen him kiss a star in a public restaurant without saying so much as "hello" to her husband at her side; Ralph Forbes, of course, is only a featured player.

Douglas Fairbanks might have slipped amongst the élite if he had met the Mountbattens without wanting to; poor Doug wanted to too long.

John Gilbert? We are credibly informed that on being shown his second talkie our John permitted himself the bourgeois luxury of tears.

Ivan Lebedeff, then? But one is not a gentleman merely (perhaps especially) because one has a suit for every day of the month and kisses hands.

What! Five of Hollywood's gallants and not one of them eligible? A he-man, then. Perhaps Nature's gentleman is not, after all, a synonym for nothing. George Bancroft held up shooting of a scene in "Scandal Sheet" to set chairs for six homely feminine visitors from the Middle West. Not small-time sob sisters. Not poor relations of an assemblyman. Just six unornamental middle-aged fans from Iowa.

But unhappily Bancroft has been guilty of appearing collarless in a public place.

To explore still less promising depths, Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards—on his own divorce court testimony—does not even aspire to be known as Mister, which is making a virtue of necessity.

Whatever claims to the nobler title might be advanced by Ernst Lubitsch, John Barrymore, Noah Beery, Al Jolson, Rex Lease, Hal Duncan, Jim Tully, Myron Selznick and Grant Withers were nullified on listless occasions which caused their names to be struck off the invitation lists of high-hat Hollywood hostesses. To be socially black-listed in the movie menagerie is equivalent to being called a nigger by a Kanaka.

Let us have done with this [Continued on page 66]
Pola Negri Returns—With Her Heart Broken Once Again

By Mary Sharon

Pola Negri isn't weeping over the failure of her marriage to Prince M'Divani. It's Over Another Love

The "new" Pola Negri, who has just returned to Hollywood, is no different from the "old!"

To know Pola is to pity her. There is something so infinitely tragic and appealing about her. And she has such high courage.

To a woman of her temperament, love must always stand supreme. Pola is always either falling in or out of love. And she is always getting hurt in the process.

Right now she has been through it again.

I remember vividly my first meeting with her. She was recovering from the shock occasioned by Valentino's death. She was working on a closed set making "Barbed Wire." Tension was in the air. Everyone was going around on tip-toe. La Belle Negri was suffering and everyone else was suffering with her.

Pola is like that. She can no more help sharing her griefs and sorrows than she can help breathing.

She drooped on the bench before her dressing table while she talked to me. Like a wilted poppy. The heavy folds of yellow taffeta that framed the long, beveled mirror made a glittering backdrop for her dusky loveliness. Her beauty was breathtaking. Glossy, black hair. Brooding eyes. Full, red lips. Tapering fingers curled like petals in her lap.

Like most persons of genius, Pola dramatizes herself. She is always the actress. Perhaps this is the secret of her courage. She bears up under blows that would crush an ordinary person, because she views her tragic moments and her climaxes as glorious parts to be played. And how she plays them!

She talked to me in pitiful, little broken sentences about Valentino and how much he had meant in her life. I was so sorry for her. But it wasn't long before she married Prince Serge M'Divani and was being universally quoted that he was the one great love of her life.

And now they are divorced and Serge is married to Mary Macormick.

So I wondered what she would say about her wrecked marriage, when I called upon her at the beach home she has taken for her second invasion of Hollywood.

I heard her coming down the stairs. Quick, tripping little steps. The door opened and she came across the room, her hands outstretched in friendly greeting. A more beautiful, more vital Pola than the one I remembered. Black, bobbed hair drawn back from her face and held in place by a scarlet silk kerchief, knotted gypsy fashion over her forehead. The same brooding, wistful, gray eyes, fringed with heavy lashes. Small toes peeping out from little brown sandals. Nails gleaming rose, the same high shade as her fingertips and her brightly rouged lips.

I will never again think of feet as being ugly, now that I have seen Pola's. They are as distinctive and beautiful as her face or her figure. And nothing could be more luscious than Pola's figure in the form-revealing, brown hostess pajamas she was wearing when I interviewed her.

Practically every time I have seen Pola alone, she has been wearing something brown. When I mentioned it, she insisted that she loathes color. That she much prefers greens and golds.

Tate Sydka did a portrait of her in a warm green wrap and gown. It is a real masterpiece and hangs in her living room at her beach home. Pola is as proud as a peacock of it.

She drew all the curtains and adjusted the lights, showed me the proper way to stand to get the full effect of the eyes, the gown and the [Continued on page 79]
Better than Jackie

That's Young Robert Coogan's Criticism Of His Own Acting—and Maybe He's Right

By Jack Grant

Robert Coogan was taken to the projection room where he was to see himself for the first time on the screen. Robert is now five, eleven years the junior of his brother, Jackie Coogan. He made his motion picture début in "Skippy" at exactly the same age that Jackie originally flashed into fame with Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid."

Robert sat silently by his father's side while the day's rushes were being run. He saw himself—heard his own words, so painstakingly learned, reproduced. Surely this was an experience which comes once in a lifetime.

The last scene was over and the lights flashed up in the studio projection room. Robert glanced at his father expecting the word of praise he felt he now so richly deserved. But his father said nothing.

Robert waited. The others were leaving the theatre. Finally he could contain himself no longer.

"Daddy," he said, "do you know what I think? I'm better'n Jackie."

Up to that moment Robert (no one calls him "Bobby") had heartily disliked the business of being an actor since the first day he entered the Paramount studio. Calling him an actor had always been an open invitation to fight.

Before a scene had been taken for "Skippy," young Robert marched over to the man who was to be his director and asked:

"Mr. Taurog, will you do me a favor?"

"What is it, Robert?"

"I want to go home."

"Don't you want to become an actor?" queried Taurog in amazement.

"No, sir. Anybody who does is crazy."

In vain they explained that Jackie Coogan, whom Robert adores with the adoration of the typical small brother, is an actor. All Robert would reply was, "He can have it." Not very flattering to the Coogans.

Somehow or other during the first day of shooting they kept him from exercising his Garbo complex for going home. Then Robert saw himself on the screen and to his mind he was "better'n Jackie." It made things a little easier, though even to this day he continues to bristle at the hated epithet. This despite the fact that Robert is now under long-term contract to Paramount as a result of his success in his début performance.

"Don't call me an actor," he says and again. He emphasizes his words with a downward swing of the hand. "It makes me mad. Anybody who thinks he wants to be an actor doesn't know. It's a lot of bother. I want to play with the dog and what happens? The director says 'No.' So I have to wait 'til lunch. Why can't they take pictures at lunch time when I'm through playing?"

It was only by making a game of acting that Robert was guided at all by Norman Taurog, his director. He won the boy's esteem by being a delightful playmate, and by making it fun to play the rôle of Sooky, the pal of "Skippy."

While "make believe" is pretty real to a five-year-old, there were some things Robert did not want to do. For instance, when told he was to fight with Jackie Searl, he protested, "But I can't fight my pal."

However, the boys were finally persuaded to go through their paces. Toward the end of the take, Robert had the misfortune to step into a hole and fell toward a punch Jackie Searl couldn't pull in time. It landed squarely on his nose.

Not remembering the microphone, Robert turned to his father and observed, "Now you see what being an actor gets a fellow into."

Holding the injured, though not bleeding, member, he walked out of the scene. As he passed the director, he muttered, "Gosh, I wish I was [Continued on page 76]
What the Stars Do

Hollywood Is No Nine O’Clock Town

Oh, it isn’t such a one-horse town this Hollywood of ours. Every once in a while somebody starts the story that the stars sit around their homes until nine o’clock reading Thackeray, or maybe it’s Elinor Glyn. Promptly, when it strikes nine, according to the prevailing tone of most of the stories about Hollywood, the darlings of the screen yawn prodigiously, wind the clock, put the cat out the front door, and climb the marble staircase to shut-eye land.

It’s all hooey!

The stars have that old Saturday night itch to go places, ring doorbells and see people, just like you and me. It isn’t confined just to Saturday night either. Not by a jug-full. And, moreover, while I hate to shatter any cherished illusions, as a rule they don’t get home at nine o’clock.

Maybe I shouldn’t tell this, but there are even three or four speakeasies not more than a thousand miles from Hollywood. There are two or three high class gambling joints, to say nothing of an elegant gambling barge, anchored five miles off the Southern California coast.

I’m not inferring that picture people go there. I have to live in this town, and I value my neck even if it isn’t any use to anyone else.

There are lots of places to go in Hollywood where it is respectable and safe to be seen. Most of the stars have no definite Freudian complex about being ogled by the dear public. In fact the oglier the merrier.

Friday night is traditional “Fight Night” in the cinema town—not of the domestic type, however. Over at the Hollywood American Legion Stadium there is always a good weekly card of ring fistcuffs. Many of the stars like to see a good, bloody

The Brown Derby as it used to look in the good old days

nose occasionally. Some of them even enjoy mixing in person to private brawls to which the public is not invited. Anyway, you read about such things in the Los Angeles morning papers from time to time.

The dignified Constance Bennett is a great fight fan, and she has a line of snappy ringside repartee not entirely in keeping with her dulcet, blase screen conversation. Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper show up on Friday nights, too. Lupe sits right at the ringside and gets so excited that she is actually a menace to everyone sitting within a radius of forty feet. Usually she picks the best looking fighter for a favorite. She isn’t very faithful, for she will change her favored gladiators a dozen times in six rounds. At the end she is always rooting for the winner. Wise Lupe!

You often see Kay Francis, Kenneth MacKenna, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Jack Oakie, Lew Cody, and an assortment of directors and writers at the fights. After the battle is over, people invariably drift over to the Brown Derby or Henry’s for a goodnight “snack.” If you select Henry’s catorium you will very likely see Charlie Chaplin.

While some of the stars are strain-
If you can get into the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador on Tuesday nights, you're practically a star. "Bing" Crosby croons love tunes there.

with their Evenings

By Marquis Busby

"Bing" Crosby, the recording star crooning his love tunes at the Cocoanut Grove, is as popular in Los Angeles as is Rudy Valléé in New York. He draws a lot of picture customers to the Ambassador.

Quite frequently the orchestras herald an entering star by an appropriate tune. I've heard them play "Sweet Sue" for Sue Carroll; [Continued on page 70]
Clara Bow, locking the door of her Hollywood home, going to Rex Bell’s ranch to recover her health.

CLOSE the door and turn the key—Goodbye gallant days, and happy nights—goodbye love, goodbye old friends of the gay, gay days!

The key turns in the lock with grating, shuddering suggestiveness. Soon the real estate agent will shout through the empty rooms—the retired plumber from Baltimore will move in—the personal aura of Clara Bow will fly from the nooks and crannies and in the night no sound will tell of the days when life was good.

Darn Clara anyway! That would have been a swell story, but she ups and laughs on me. Why couldn’t she wilt and be licked, cave in and let me pity her.

But oh no—not Clara.

There’s a smile, a fighting smile, on her face and in her heart there is more than just a determination or a hope, there is a habit and that’s the greatest thing of all. Clara Bow has the habit of success. She is free, unsigned and open for suggestions. And is she getting them! Earl Carroll is trying to sign her for Vanities and MGM are quoted as bidding.

Finished? Bless your heart, Clara Bow is just fairly well started, just beginning. Now she is ready for this here now career business. She is known, I’ll remark; she can act and she is free. Probably she is just waiting for the farewell tears to dry off before she decides whether to run for president or something.
STREAM-LINE LADIES
At Best a Picture Girl’s Chances are Slender

by Harry D. Wilson

THIS is the speed age. Motion picture stars, like motor boats, aeroplanes and racing cars, are built on greyhound lines.

They must dance, swim, run and jump—wear everything from a one-piece bathing suit to a coronation robe.

A few years ago screen beauties were more generous in build than today. Now, diet, exercise and masseurs play important parts in the demand for faster figures.

Among the beautiful stars who are outstanding in meeting the present requirements are Billie Dove, Lilyan Tashman, Dolores Del Rio, Constance Bennett, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Lily Damita, Carole Lombard and Norma Shearer.

Their combined weight tips the scales around 950 pounds—an average of 105 pounds per beauty.

A few like Constance Bennett, Jean Harlow and Lilyan Tashman are nature’s pets. They can face any full course dinner menu without an apprehensive quiver. Caviar, pâté de foies gras, bisque of lobster, roast gosling, alligator pear salad, chocolate mouse, petit fours—none of these enemies of the svelte line causes this trio to deny themselves in the slightest. Eat and grow thin seems to be their motto. But just let Billie Dove allow her taste to run riot along such lines and, oh dear, it would be too bad. Billie is naturally the voluptuous type once so dear to the hearts of connoisseurs of feminine beauty. Alas, those days have past. Billie must bow to the demands of the present and follow a simple diet.

“I have learned to deny myself everything but plain food,” says this beautiful star. “I play tennis, live in the open air and exercise as much as I possibly can. The result is I am wonderfully well and can keep my weight down to a little over one hundred pounds. Fruit and a fresh vegetable diet has played an important part in my reducing efforts.”
An obeisance to the Goddess of Grace. Arline Judge, less than the dust and getting lesser

This American Beauty has learned self-control in the race for that greyhound silhouette.

Joan Crawford is another girl who has had to mind her diet $p$'s and $q$'s.

Joan, a restless dynamic type, uses so much energy she needs plenty of food to keep her vibrant, self-satisfied and healthy. She must choose well what she eats, for in no time she would gain the full quota of pounds normal to her height. Unfortunately, one cannot be normal in pictures. The camera is a great exaggerator.

“Starches, sweets and butter are taboo for me,” laughs this alluring star. “Exercise too, has been forbidden. Dancing hardened my muscles, adding to my line and weight—so that’s out, excepting for picture purposes. After all, self-denial has its reward. It’s wonderful to know I can wear the beautiful gowns Adrian creates for me. I must keep thin to do them justice.”

Norma Shearer started life a chubby little girl. She is now the envy of thousands. Her charm increases with every new picture. She wears her clothes more and more becomingly. Even motherhood did not destroy her sylph-like figure.

It’s system that is keeping Norma thin. Every morning no matter how strenuous her work has been the previous day, Norma spends fifteen minutes in setting-up exercises. She believes that touching your toes without bending your knees at least twenty-five times is one of the principal exercises for a slim waist line. Brisk walks, never a nibble between meals and a normal amount of food three times a day achieve satisfactory results.

Dolores Del Rio, exotic-eyed lady of the films, has to build-up, rather than tear down her weight, especially since her recent illness. While others are bemoaning the fact that they cannot eat this, that and the other thing, Dolores must have plenty of nourishing food. Sometimes her appetite

Lily Damita exhibits the finished product, and it’s worth all the trouble

In Hollywood the weighing machines stop at 125 pounds. If you are over that you won’t be there for long

Arlene Judge poised, not a void but poised

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Lily Damita exhibits the finished product, and it’s worth all the trouble
is jaded. Then her mother superin-
tends the preparation of her daughter's
favorite Mexican dishes.

"Leave it to me to tempt my baby," said Mrs. Asnsolo as I caught her one
day making a special delicacy that never
fails to tempt the Del Rio palate.

Dolores spends many an hour at the
R-K-O studios' special gymnasium built
to maintain the health and happiness of
the Radio stars and executives. Not
only does Dolores avail herself of this
completely equipped "health resort," but
Dorothy Lee, Irene Dunne, Richard Dix
and Mary Astor are among others to be
found swinging the clubs or pulling the
pulleys and doing any one of a dozen or
more stunts.

Other studios should follow this gym-
nasium idea. When Radio executives
built it, cheers echoed from all corners
of the lot. It filled the need of busy
stars who now can exercise without much
effort or loss of time.

Other girls whose figures are the ad-
miration of the fans are Kay Francis, Greta Garbo, Marion Davies,
Fifi Dorsay, Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, Helen Twelvetrees,
Natalie Moorhead, Mona Maris, Margaret Livingston, Ruth Chatter-
ton and many more.

Hedda Hopper, who has maintained an envied position as a fash-
ion leader of the films, gives a splendid suggestion to keep within
the desired movie measurements.

"Cut out eating entirely one day a week," says Hilda. "Drink un-
sweetened fruit juices only on that day. You'd be surprised with the
results, especially if, during the rest of the week you say 'no' to any
form of cake or pastry. That's easy, isn't it?"

Elissa Landi, the brightest star of the Fox galaxy, believes her
diet ideas are infallible.

"Fresh fruits, excepting bananas, and all the raw vegetables you
care to eat, preferably grated, with a dressing of lemon juice and a
slice or two of lima bean bread lightly buttered if at all, is a cham-
pion weight-reducer. Good for your teeth, too," laughed Elissa.

Even the beauties of the stage have fallen in line with the decree
for slim figures. An outstanding instance is Marjorie Rambeau.
More beautiful than ever, she has a figure that any woman would
envy.

"How do I do it?" says Marjorie, "I eat about half as much as I
would really like to—in other words, I'm a strong-minded woman
when it comes to saying 'no' to a second helping. It's the second
helping that does the damage."

[Continued on page 75]
A Nine to Five Siren
After Studio Hours Natalie Moorhead Becomes A Most Devoted Wife
by Wick Evans

Natalie Moorhead has forty pairs of shoes, a butler named Erick Von Husenpopper, a roadster the color of her hair and a bowl of goldfish.

When she talks, the most intriguing dimple plays around the corner of her mouth—a dimple so fascinating to watch that one forgets she must be thinking as she talks—"If he drops that tea cup I'll scream!"

Nathalia is her real name but she will not use it because it is so different from her real personality. She is a person of moods! She has very violent likes and dislikes, but is continually on her guard. Beneath an exterior of calm sophistication, she's a very turbulent person.

She either likes or dislikes a person on sight. There are no half-way measures with her. She thinks "first impressions" are lasting, and even if she tries to overcome an impressional dislike, she finds it impossible.

She wears her hair back of her ears because she "likes it that way" and because she realizes that it shows off her profile to advantage. In spite of the fact that she always presents a blandly flawless appearance on the screen, her hair doesn't always stay in perfect order. A lock of it came loose while she was talking—reducing me to a nervous state for fear she would notice and replace it before it really fell about her face.

Her favorite jewels are diamonds and emeralds. Diamonds are really her favorite stone, but she thinks that unless they are combined with the warmth of the vivid green they are too cold to be really beautiful.

She wears a single ring—a huge diamond that her husband, Alan Crosland, gave her for their engagement present. It is cut and set quite simply; in fact it is rather startling in its simplicity. Natalie Moorhead thinks that there is nothing that spoils the appearance of the well-dressed woman as much as gaudiness in the choice of jewelry.

She adores costume jewelry and has, according to Crosland, "tons of it about the place." She can't resist a striking piece when she sees it in a Boulevard shop, but soon discards it in favor of something "different."

Her appearance is rather diamond-like, in that her coloring is so blonde that it gives the impression of coldness. She hates being called an icy blonde because she really possesses a very warm personality.

She reads continually and always chooses a book that is an exact opposite of the mood that she is in. If she has had a hard day at the studio and is very tired, she selects something that is light and invigorating, but if she is fully rested she usually finds something that is rather "stiff." Her library includes everything from Groucho Marx's "Beds" to the "Decameron" of Boccaccio.

Bridge interests her but she prefers backgammon. She and Alan play it so much that it has grown to the proportions of a family feud (Continued on page 78)
THE discovery of the year. She startled you with her fragile beauty in "Trilby." She'll be still greater in "The Other Man," with William Powell, for Ivan Simpson himself is coaching her. Her real name is Violet Krauth; she was born in Trinidad; she is seventeen. She can make heavenly fudge, but hates salads, crowds, and people who wake her up when she's napping. She has blonde hair, gray eyes and dimples.
HE WENT into pictures to get away from the old home ranch. He was born on one in Squaw Valley, California, and hated the sight of sheep. He made quite a success in pictures and then Paramount put him into "Dude Ranch." He lived through it, somehow, but he's glad that his next picture is going to be of the briny sea instead, "Come On, Marines"
A Spicy girl. She's married to Mr. Jack Pepper. They must be a hot pair. Her real name is Virginia, and Ginger was a teacher's pet name for her. She was Paramount's pet comedienne, and then she went into a stage show, "Girl Crazy." The show was a hit, and so was Ginger. Now she's been signed up by RKO-Pathé to play opposite Eddie Quillan in "Eddie Cuts In"
LILLIAN used to be Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's pet, and she had a part in "Just A Gigolo." Warner's signed her. They were going to star her instead of Marilyn Miller in "Safe In Hell," and then they decided on Barbara Stanwyck. Then they changed their minds again and said they'd put Marilyn Miller in it after all. Now they've suspended production on it. So you see, Lillian Bond's next picture is "Safe in Hell"—
AT LAST Anita is going to have a real part again, in "Boarding School." The blonde pride of the Pomares tribe (her real name) deserves the breaks. She was twenty-one on August 4, and she's been in pictures since 1927, giving her best to them. Papa and Mama Pomares are letting her make a few dates for herself now, and most of them are with Carl Laemmle, Jr., Crown Prince of Universal.
RONALD COLMAN

HOLLYWOOD'S man of mystery. His best friends are Richard Barthelmess and William Powell. He is separated from his wife, Thelma Ray. He only works half a year, and takes a vacation the other half. His next will be "The Unholy Garden"
NOEL FRANCIS

A BEAUTIFUL graduate of the Follies school. She made a hit as Marie, the cigar counter girl, who took Edward G. Robinson for a buggy-ride in "Smart Money." Now Warners' is proudly putting her in "Larceny Lane," with James Cagney. She's about five feet three and has melting blue eyes and real blonde hair.
The great Chatterton mystery is solved. The enticements of Warners' were in vain. Ruth is staying with Paramount. Her next picture is "The Magnificent Lie," and that's for Paramount. What she'll do after that only Ruth knows, and she's keeping everybody in suspense. The world really doesn't know as much about Ruth as it thinks it does. Her real life story has been disguised and changed. You'll find the truth on the opposite page.
The Unknown Ruth Chatterton

Here, for the first time, the true story of the greatness of character that has made Ruth Chatterton "the First Lady of the Screen"

By Dana Rush

There is an unknown Chatterton.

The Ruth Chatterton you know is a young girl of wealth and position, who went to an exclusive private school, and then got a job with a stock company as a task. No struggles. No heartbreak. Everything came easily to her.

That's the story of Ruth Chatterton as her official biography tells it.

It's the work of press agents who want you to think of Ruth as a lady to the manner born.

This story will introduce you to a much greater Ruth Chatterton, a Ruth Chatterton who faced privation and poverty even as a girl and who emerged triumphant.

For a prologue we have a scene of twenty years ago in a side street in Old Chelsea of New York City. Rows of brownstone houses line the street. It is twilight time of a winter evening in the early 1900's. The street lights blink through the softly falling snow.

The door of one of the houses opens and a woman and child enter the vestibule. The woman is blonde, pretty in a distinctly feminine way. The child has a wistful face—but the blue eyes are tempered with a sturdier light, which may mean courage. She, too, has light blonde hair—two long golden plaits hang down her back. The woman carries a valise and the child has a white hat of the alley species tucked tightly under her arm. The woman looks fearfully out into the street, smother a sob, takes a step backward as if she would reenter the house. The little girl, who is only eleven, catches her hand. "Don't be afraid, Mummy," she says in a little Eva-like voice. "We'll be all right—I'll take care of you."

The woman looks down into the brave little face and somehow she knows that the child will stand between her and the world, which she faces for the first time unprotected. If there had been a cast sheet for our prologue the names of the actors would read as follows:

Mother ............... Tillie Chatterton
Child ................. Ruth Chatterton

The world knows how well the child fulfilled her promise.

That "Little Eva" voice is now called the golden voice of the screen. And Mama Tillie's home at Beverly Hills, while not so large as the English manor house of her famous daughter, is picturesque and boasts of a butler and chauffeur.
Ruth was not a child of wealth, as has been told, but a child actress. Here she is in "Daddy Long Legs," her first hit on Broadway.

But we are telling the end of our play, which is not the way of playwrights, even though they do dramatize from life.

Shortly after she had been left alone in the world with her little daughter, Mrs. Chatterton found a home for herself and the child with a sister in Washington. Ruth, like Little Orphan Annie, helped to pay her board and keep by washing and drying dishes and brushing the crumbs away.

And this was the vacation in Washington of which Ruth's press-agent biography speaks!

It was while she was in Washington that she met Julia Dean, who was playing in a stock company. One week the company presented "The Prince Chap," and Ruth was given one of the child parts. She was fourteen at the time.

Her success won her other engagements and several seasons in stock in other cities brought her back to New York a girl in her teens.

Then came the red letter day when an agent sent her to the famous Henry Miller's office. Henry Miller saw something in those courageous blue eyes which made him take the young girl under his wing. And on Ruth's part began a child hero worship of the most popular matinee idol of the day.

Co-starring with Henry Miller in "Daddy Long Legs" won her fame on the New York stage and she was hailed as a star. Then came the realization of stardom in "Come Out of the Kitchen."

And so the curtain on the first act finds her making good her promise to Mama Tillie when she was a little girl with two golden plaits and clung frantically to Tommie, the little alley cat. That cat, by the way, traveled with her when she rose to fame in "Daddy Long Legs." In fact, it lived to be nine years old, which is a long life for a tomcat. When it died, Ruth cried real tears and buried him in state in the Canadian town which saw his demise.

The years we have been passing through were crowded with work—study. Nothing left unlearned. Lessons in French, Italian, lessons in fencing, dancing, voice training, philosophy, the opera, history. Ruth's young mind was eager to grasp all the knowledge it could gain, and somehow, in the search for knowledge, she temporarily lost the human touch.

She tried to take the place of Maud Adams in plays indelibly associated with her name—plays like Barrie's "The Little Minister." The press and the public would not accept her in these roles.

She turned to arty plays, which would show off the culture she had acquired. She translated "La Tendresse" from French into English, and she and Henry Miller produced it together. They met with a heavy financial loss. Ruth lost almost all her money.

She found the adulation which a successful star receives, the pretty things which money will buy, slipping.

Something had to be done to retrieve the Chatterton-Miller bank accounts.

They decided to revive "Come Out of the Kitchen," even if it wasn't high-brow.

But Ruth was like a child playing with new toys. She still wanted to show the public that she had been learning things. She had studied dancing, had her voice trained—and so a musical version, "The Magnolia Lady," which would give her a chance to strut her stuff, was made.

Silver Screen
Ruth wanted to cast the play herself. Many young men applied for the part of leading man. Then one day a blond young Englishman, exceedingly good to look at, walked into the office.

Ruth did not dream that he would help her to find again the art she had smothered under other things. Ruth did not know that she would love deeply, and suffer, and in this way, find again the human touch she had lost. But she gave Ralph Forbes, the unknown Englishman, the rôle as her leading man.

It was love at first sight for him. He worshipped Ruth. She didn't understand at first. But the older eyes of Henry Miller saw and feared the younger man. One day he made a scene during a rehearsal in a theatre in Washington.

Miss Chatterton was seated in the director's chair. As the seat next to her was occupied, Ralph Forbes in order to be near her, had been forced to seat himself on the floor—at her feet. Miller stormed and raised a scene—and for the first time Ruth turned to look at the boy—for the first time saw him as a man.

Six weeks later they were married in the Chapel of The Beloved Disciple.

A year of happiness followed, and then heartbreak.

Things weren't going well for Ruth on the stage. She appeared in "The Man With a Load of Mischief," which was severely criticized by the press. She saw what was happening. More money lost. The Chatterton prestige slipping. No offers from Broadway producers. No money to produce on her own.

In the meanwhile, Ralph Forbes' star was rising. He received an offer from the movies and accepted it, but

Ruth wouldn't accompany him. She would have nothing to do with the movies.

A year passed. Ralph Forbes was in Hollywood. Ruth Chatterton in New York. The letters and long distance calls urging her to follow were growing farther apart. And still no offers from the producers of legitimate plays. Things were in a bad way!

But Ruth is not easily beaten. There was one last chance for her in the theatre. She decided to take that—vaudeville.

The tryout of the vaudeville act was in Brooklyn. She and her talented mother, Tillie, decided to save money and get a breath of fresh air by walking across Brooklyn Bridge. Tillie was carrying the pocketbook. It contained all of their wealth—nine dollars and sixty-nine cents. Half way across the bridge a man brushed up against them and, seizing the pocketbook, ran off with it.

"Oh—our money!" shrieked Mrs. Chatterton. But Ruth lost no breath in useless exclamations. Swiftly she ran after the man—and got the pocketbook!

But the vaudeville tryout was a failure. The vaudeville booking never materialized.

And so estranged from her husband, deserted by the theatre, financially embarrassed, Ruth Chatterton faced life—and faced it with high courage. She might have asked for alimony, but her sense of fairness told her the fault was her own. Ruth Chatterton had suffered: she was humbled; but she felt that she must fight alone to win back the success and love she had lost.

It takes courage with a [Continued on page 73]
He's Got His Own Number

Richard Barthelmess Is A Hollywood Phenomenon—He Understands Himself

By Sylvia Conrad

AFTER fifteen years in pictures I can't think of Richard Barthelmess as anything but a product that's rolled up in tin cans and sold wholesale to the theatres."

That's a curious way for a man to talk about himself, isn't it? But Dick Barthelmess is unusual for an actor. He's a regular guy. An actor who doesn't act off-screen. A man who can look at himself as impersonally as though he were talking about some outsider. And that is a phenomenon in Hollywood, which goes in for dramatics and fireworks in a big way off-screen.

I went to see Dick Barthelmess because he's been a success for fifteen years. I wanted to see for myself what made the man click. Almost since I cut my first eye-teeth I've been tracking down successes. I used to interview women who made glass eyes, did deep sea diving, made blankets for elephants in the circus or painted dogs for a living. I pursued women whose planes took them high above the earth and tracked down women who had gone down to the depths of the sea. And always I asked, "How did you do it?"

"Hard work," said the woman who made blankets for the elephants.

"Perseverance," said the woman who painted dogs.

"Concentration" said the aviatrix.

I began to interview business men. A man famous all over the world for his photography. A man who was known as the Henry Ford of handbags because he sold more of them than any other individual on earth. A reformed criminal who worked on leather goods.

"How did you do it?" I asked.

And always I got the same answers. Hard work. Perseverance. Concentration.

I grew tired of business men. I ached for romance.

I had done plenty of interviews so why couldn't I write about movie actors, I wondered. There I would find romance. Glamour. I might even discover some spectacular secret of success.

Dick Barthelmess was the goat. After fifteen years of success he ought to know the royal road to fortune's favors. He did. He told me it. And, Oh, what a disappointment!

For Dick, the swashbuckling hero, didn't have anything romantic to say. [Continued on page 80]
LAST month I told you of those who have come to grips with time and managed to hold their own if only in a small way. But there are others—others who have bowed before the passage of the years, whose portion has been defeat, humiliation, even poverty.

Not long ago I had a talk with Frankie Bailey. Frankie who was once the toast of Broadway, who had the most famous pair of legs on the stage. She made money—lots of it for those days—and spent it freely on her friends. But she is no longer young. She has no money today—and the friends have somehow disappeared.

All that she has to remind her of the old days is an apron which bears the autographs of the great ones of the world. Actors, statesmen, publishers, authors—world-famous celebrities in every walk of life pencilled their names on beautiful Frankie Bailey's apron—and Frankie painstakingly embroidered over each signature to make it indelible. Today those names are poignant reminders of the illustrious company of which she was one. From time to time she has sought out some of the still famous whose names are on that apron—and encountered only their secretaries. It has made her bitter. For Frankie isn't a beggar. All she wants is work.

The other day she got a job—playing atmosphere in Marie Dressler's picture, "Politics." Marie knows something of the heartaches that come to old-timers. She had a bad siege herself before her sudden and miraculous success in pictures.

There were three other extras in "Politics" who know all about heartaches. On the set one day were Barbara Tenant, Ella Hall and Florence Turner. All three were great favorites in the early days of pictures. They received the same [Continued on page 72]

Pauline Starke still lives in the memories of "silent" picture fans

Alice Brady, above, a brilliant actress whose glory has been dimmed by unsuccessful plays

Charles Ray originated the laughter—and tears comedian
A siren returns. Even a happy marriage isn't keeping Olga Baclanova from coming back in "The Great Lover," with Adolphe Menjou

H E A R T S  i n  H O L L Y W O O D:  

There's romance in the offing between Loretta Young and Irving Ascher.

Jack White and Pauline Starke got a divorce. Pauline will have to get along on $600 per month alimony.

Jack White and Blanche McAlfey are now going places together.

L O T S  O F  r o m a n c e s h a v e  c u r d l e d  i n Hollywood lately.

Mervin Le Roy, film director, and Edna Murphy, actress, have decided to separate. So have Dorothy Lee and Jimmie Fidler, her press agent husband. Robert Armstrong's wife has left for a nice long vacation in China, and there may be a divorce. And ZaSu Pitts and Tom Gallery have come to the parting of the ways.

S T U A R T  E R W I N  is  r e p o r t e d  That Way about June Collyer, but Russell Gleason is giving him some good, healthy competition.

Walter Winchell reports that Bill (stage) Boyd is terribly fond of Virginia Whiting. Bill (screen) Boyd loves his wife, Dorothy Sebastian.

R E M E M B E R the quarrel Ernst Lubitsch had with Hans Krail, the screen writer, at the Embassy Club? He was peeved because he felt that his wife had given him the air for Krail. Now it's reported that the ex-Mrs. Lubitsch will wed Hans Krail. And, of course, Hollywood's expecting the romance between Ernst Lubitsch and Ona Munson to lead to marriage.

C L A R K  G A B L E and Ria Langham were married secretly a year ago, but Gable wasn't sure whether his divorce decree was final at the time, so they pulled a Helen Twelvetrees-Frank Woody by remarrying on June 19.

Here's news! Phillips Holmes is escorting Ethel Sutherland, ex-wife of Eddie Sutherland, to lots of places.

B E R T  W H E E L E R and his wife had a temporary tryst, and people said that it was all over between them. "Is zat so?" asked Bert. He and his helpmate made up and came to New York together, thus fooling everybody.

H E R B E R T  S O M B O R N, Gloria Swanson's second, recently welcomed Wallace Beery, her first, at the Brown Derby. No hard feeling there.

C L A R A  B O W refuses to announce any engagement to Rex Bell. She isn't going to announce any more engagements. "It has got to," she says, "people just laugh at me when I do. When I get married I'm just going to go ahead and do it."

J E A N E T T E  M A C D O N A L D didn't get to marry her business manager, Robert Ritchie, in June after all. The wedding isn't off definitely, just delayed, says Jeanette.

N O W that Dorothy Lee's marriage to Jimmie Fidler is on the rocks, who's going to take Jimmie's place? That's what Hollywood is asking. Dorothy Lee was seen on the beach at Malibu recently with Marshall Duffield, football hero. Can he be the one?

Frank Albertson and his wife are getting along, despite rumors to the contrary.

Y O L A  D ' A V R I L, pretty French actress, and her song-writer husband, Eddie Ward, have agreed to agree again. At least, they've made up and will try marriage on the level again. They had a spat that lasted about a month.

I A N  K E I T H and his wife, the former Ethel Clayton of screen fame, have separated again—but it is just temporary, they say. Ian doesn't worry about the breaks, he says, because they always manage to patch things up.

E S T E L L E  T A Y L O R's romance with Leslie Fenton seems to be at an end. Leslie is taking Judith Wood, new Paramount leading lady, around places.

C H A R L E S  K E N Y O N, writer scenarist and playwright, married Mrs. Beverly Ann Ransom the other day.

Just another movie Cinderella. Lucile Brown, once just an artist's model, makes her film debut in "Danger Island." Her stage training with Richard Bennett helped. Now they're both in the movies.

S I L V E R  S C R E E N
MARGARET LIVINGSTON has named her new apartment building "Colonial House." Every apartment is rented and most of them to motion picture people. Lola Lane, Hale Hamilton, Grace LaRue, and E. H. Griffith are some of her tenants.

Margaret's own apartment is strictly colonial with white painted woodwork, brass andirons and early American furnishings. And, incidentally, it is very charming.

BARBARA STANWYCK doesn't like Hollywood and particularly dislikes Hollywood parties. But her husband, Frank Fay, adores them, so Barbara, being a good little wife, goes to the parties with Frank and takes along an interesting book to read.

WHILE Charles Chaplin holidays in European resorts and the newspapers print reports of his engagements to this and that beauty, Georgia Hale remains in Hollywood, comforted by the receipt of two or three cables each week from him.

BEN LYON drove into his driveway, got out of his car and started around the house when he was halted by the most intriguing odor coming from the kitchen. He went in and saw a stewish looking dish simmering on the stove.

"Is this what we are going to have for dinner?" he asked the cook.

"No, Mr. Lyon," the cook replied. "That is my dinner." Ben wanted to taste it—and did. "You eat what we were going to have for dinner and give this to Mrs. Lyon and me," Ben said.

LITTLE "Peaches" Jackson, former child star, now 18 years old, surprised the local folks by running away and marrying Joe Grase, Long Beach business man.

She's given up her film career, too.

WINIFRED KINSTON, widow of the late Dustin Farnum, married Carmen Runyan, wealthy Hollywood real estate broker.

Runyan was a close friend of Farnum's. He recently sold his home to John McCormack, noted tenor.

BEN TURPIN, cross-eyed comedian, has completely recovered from his major operation of several weeks ago. He will return to the films.

Will Rogers, Hobart Bosworth, Monte Blue, Hoot Gibson, and Harry Carey have promised to ride in the Beverly Hills Horse Show.

DAVID MANNERS dyed his hair blonde for a rôle in "Safe in Hell" and then production on the picture was postponed. And does he regret it!

IT MAY sound funny, but Mrs. Edwin Carewe, wife of the director and producer, was stricken with appendicitis after eating dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Boles.

She was operated on successfully that night and is quite well again.

THERE is considerable talk about Joseph von Sternberg making a sparkling actress of Frances Dee in "An American Tragedy."

Some say he did it just to show Marlene Dietrich he could take any girl and make her famous.

JOE E. BROWN, the awning-lipped comedian, amused spectators in a Los Angeles court, where he appeared as a prosecuting witness against a chap who signed Brown's name to a $500 check.

Although the matter was quite serious, Joe managed a few laughs for the folks.

EVERYTIME Marshall Neilan, once a big-shot director, gets a dollar some one is standing near to take it away from him.

Neilan's been having difficulty getting picture jobs during the past two years and is almost $10,000 behind in alimony to his wife, who has a son by him.

A local judge granted Neilan several months time to make up the back payments, hoping his financial standing would improve.

THE stork brought twins, a boy and a girl, to George Fitzmaurice, the screen director, and his wife, Diana Kane, the actress. But the boy died when he was two weeks old. The girl has been named Patricia. [More Movietown Topics on page 60]
THE COMMON LAW
Connie Bennett once again plays in a frankly sophisticated picture. She is an artist's model in love with the artist who paints her. His folks oppose their marriage, although she has given herself to him, loving him utterly. She is willing to live with him. But he wants her as his wife. When his parents understand how enduring his love is, they give in. Joel McCrea is once more cast as Connie's leading man, and he's fine.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
A gripping, unusual picture. Though it is tragic and depressing, it achieves distinction because of two things: beautiful, sincere direction, and superb acting. As you probably know, the story concerns a sex-starved boy who murders a factory girl to escape marrying her. The most terrific part is the sensational courtroom scene. Here you will find some of the finest acting of the season. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney are splendid.

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED
College life as the movies see it. Phillips Holmes is a college youth who falls for a pretty co-ed, but doesn't realize that he's really in love with her. She believes he is, and the inevitable happens. He leaves her and she marries a friend of his. When her true love returns several years later, he wins her back. Sylvia Sidney gives a very fine and sincere performance. Phillips Holmes and Norman Foster are fair.

REBOUND
If you like sophistication, you are bound to like "Rebound." If you don't, you may be bored to tears. Ina Claire plays the part of an ultra-modern girl in love. She doesn't know how to make up her mind, and even in the end one is never sure she is wholly satisfied. The dialogue is smart, but underneath the brilliance, there are parts of the story which aren't believable. Ina Claire and Robert Ames give fine performances.
THE MAN IN POSSESSION  
Rating: GOOD  
M-G-M  
This is pleasant, light entertainment, with Robert Montgomery as a gay, irresponsible lad whose father turns him out of the house. He becomes a sheriff’s assistant and takes possession of the home of a young woman until her debts are paid. She’s the woman his brother is trying to marry, believing her to be rich. Montgomery poses as her butler before his own father and brother. He’s grand. Irene Purcell is his leading lady.

NIGHT NURSE  
Rating: GOOD  
Warner  
A night nurse gets involved in strange adventures. She is sent to take care of two youngsters who are ill. The chauffeur, Nick, is deliberately keeping their mother drunk and starving the children so as to get the trust fund left them by their father. When the nurse tries to call a doctor, Nick strikes her on the chin and carries her back to her room. Barbara Stanwyck, Clark Gable and Ben Lyon give good performances.

WOMEN LOVE ONCE  
Rating: GOOD  
Paramount  
This brings Eleanor Boardman back to the limelight in splendid fashion. The story’s not unusual, but it’s well directed. An artist is given a chance to study in Paris by a society woman, and is unfaithful to his wife. Just as the wife is about to secure a divorce, the death of their little girl brings them together again. In addition to Eleanor Boardman’s interesting performance, Paul Lukas and Juliette Compton do fine work.

CHANCES  
Rating: GOOD  
First National  
This is an interesting but not a powerful story. There are some fine war scenes and a nice love story, but it’s too obvious to carry much suspense. Two brothers who are both English officers are in love with the same girl. She is engaged to the serious-minded one, but loves the other lad. Doug, Jr., who is starred, is very likeable and appealing, and Anthony Bushell and Rose Hobart also give good performances.

NEWLY RICH  
Rating: GOOD  
Paramount  
A grand burlesque on Hollywood child stars, with Jackie Searl as the pampered lad with golden curls. He talks constantly of his public. Mitzi Green and her mother (Edna May Oliver) get envious and pack off for Hollywood, where Mitzi becomes Jackie’s leading lady. Finally, they get mixed up with royalty and a juvenile king. There’s a swell melodramatic climax. The cast, which includes Louise Fazenda, is great.
SON OF INDIA
Rating: FAIR
M-G-M
Ramon Novarro is hopelessly handicapped by an involved and implausible story. Ramon plays the son of a jewel merchant of India. As a youth Ramon is saved from tragedy by an American. Later in life he falls in love with the American's sister, but the American begs them not to marry. Out of gratitude for a past kindness, Ramon gives up his love. They form a suicide pact. The ending is happy, however. Madge Evans is the girl.

GOLDIE
Rating: FAIR
Fox
This will remind you of "The Cockeyed World," but the performers aren't as good. Warren Hymer and Spencer Tracy are teamed in somewhat the same manner as McLaglen and Lowe. Hymer falls for a girl (Jean Harlow) in a big way, but she's just a gold-digger. Tracy tries to warn him, but Hymer thinks his pal is trying to steal his girl. Their friendship turns to enmity, until Hymer gets wise to Goldie. The humor is broad.

I TAKE THIS WOMAN
Rating: GOOD
Paramount
This isn't an extraordinary picture, but it's well directed and well acted. You'll probably like it. The story's about a spoiled society gal whose father sends her West to tame her. Of course, she falls for a cow-hand. All that's old stuff, but the interesting angle is what happens after the marriage. All the girl's hardships are shown. It's one of Carole Lombard's best performances. Gary Cooper is good, but looks very ill.

EXPENSIVE WOMEN
Rating: FAIR
Warner
Dolores Costello's comeback picture is a disappointment. The dialogue is pretty weak and the story's no better. Dolores is in love with a man who is unhappily married. The boy's father, a famous criminal lawyer, makes her promise to give his son up. But he later changes his mind when Dolores saves his son from a charge of murder. He urges them to leave together, but she refuses, realizing that the man she loved is a weakling.

THE SQUAW MAN
Rating: FAIR
M-G-M
Audiences have been crying over this for eighteen years, and it's still a touching story. You'll sympathize with Lupe Velez as the Indian girl who falls in love with and marries a white man. They have a little son, Hal. When the father decides to send the boy to England away from the influence of his wife's race, she is bewildered and heart-broken. Lupe and Warner Baxter are very good, but the picture is too long drawn out.

TRANSGRESSION
Rating: FAIR
Radio Pictures
Intended as high-powered drama, this misses fire. The story's about a wife who flirts with a Spanish philanderer while her husband's away in India on business. She writes to tell her husband that she is going to get a divorce, but later discovers that she really loves him. Paul Cavanagh gives a rather sympathetic performance as the husband; Kay Francis is fair; and Richard Cortez far below his usual standard.
THIS MODERN AGE
Rating: FAIR
M-G-M

Again a brilliant star, Joan Crawford, struggles to rise above mediocre material. Joan and her mother go with a gay crowd in Paris. Joan doesn't know that her mother is having an affair. When she finds out, she gives up her respectable fiancé, and in her disillusion goes off with a lad who isn't so respectable. Touched by her inherent goodness, he proposes marriage. Monroe Owsley is the gay lad and Nell Hamilton the pure youth.

THE NIGHT ANGEL
Rating: FAIR
Paramount

A nicely photographed, unevenly acted and hopelessly unbelievable story, with Nancy Carroll as the star. The setting is in Prague. A vice prosecutor (Fredric March) falls in love with the daughter of a woman who runs a vice den, commits murder to protect the girl and himself, and is saved by her testimony. Nancy Carroll shows powerful dramatic talent at times; at other times she overacts terribly and sounds utterly insincere.

THE RULING VOICE
Rating: GOOD
First National

This isn't a gangster film exactly, but deals with food racketeering. Walter Huston plays the racketeer who has only one soft spot, his daughter. When his enemies plan to kidnap her, he declares a truce. He even decides to give up the racket, but it is too late. He is shot while strolling down the street. Walter Huston and Doris Kenyon do fine work. Loretta Young and David Manners are the love interest.

ANNABELLE'S AFFAIRS
Rating: GOOD
Fox

Talk about your mixups. Just wait till you see this! Jeanette MacDonald is charming as Annabelle, but Roland Young manages to get most of the laughs. He's after some mining shares of stock which Jeanette holds, and which were given her by her husband (McLaglen), a primitive, illiterate miner she hasn't seen in eight years. He's changed so she doesn't recognize him when she meets him, and the complications are grand.

FIVE AND TEN
Rating: FAIR
M-G-M

Marion Davies is at a total loss in this heavy drama. She's terribly miscast as the daughter of a wealthy chain store magnate who falls in love with another girl's fiancé and goes after him hammer and nails. The picture is supposed to prove the curse of wealth, with Marion getting involved in scandal, her mother going off with a gigolo, and her brother killing himself. Leslie Howard does particularly fine work.

HUSH MONEY
Rating: GOOD
Fox

Not a spectacular picture, but still very satisfactory entertainment. Joan Bennett does nicely as the poor girl, broke and hungry, who innocently becomes the tool of a crook. She gets a jail sentence. Upon her release she falls in love with and marries a wealthy young man, and everything is fine until her old associate gets out of jail and tries to blackmail her. You'll like Hardie Albright as Joan Bennett's husband.

for September 1931
HOLLYWOOD is always creating new myths. Not that it has any need of them. The old myths are constantly repeated until they become legends, and then the legends are repeated until they become traditions.

Many of the things you've heard about just aren't so.

For instance, have you heard the one about how Charles Farrell came to Hollywood as valet to Little Billy, the midget? Interesting, isn't it? But as a matter of fact, Charles Farrell was not Little Billy's valet. He was his manager when the midget played in vaudeville.

Many of the myths spring up because the fans can't help thinking that some of the situations they see in pictures are repeated in real life. For instance, the rumor has gone the rounds that Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen are enemies in private life just as they are on the screen. As a matter of fact, they're very good friends. When Victor had an operation on his arm recently, Edmund Lowe was the first person to visit him, bringing with him a large basket of all kinds of fruit.

But the prime example of a legend built upon a screen situation is the story that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have been and still are in love with each other. On the screen they are among the world's most romantic lovers. The fans couldn't help hoping and dreaming that the romance would come true in real life. When Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck got married, they grieved for Charles Farrell's broken heart.

Now that Charles Farrell has married Virginia Valli, all sorts of sob stories are printed about Janet. Poor Janet is so tired of having to explain that her loyal friendship to Charles Farrell was different from man-and-woman love, that she is just not giving out any more interviews.

The Gaynor-Farrell romance rumors should have been dispelled by their both marrying different people. But human nature being what it is, many fans will go on believing what they want to believe, and that is that Diane and Chico belong to each other until eternity. It is all an example of wish fulfillment, and of confusing daydreams with reality.

They will go on believing, too, that John Gilbert's life has been thwarted ever since Garbo decided to go her way-alone. Legend pictures John Gilbert as a lonely, discouraged, broken man who shuns people. True, he has taken a bitter dose of medicine, but he has swallowed it like a man. His whole life has been changed by the little gadget known as the microphone. But he has gone on making pictures. He has faced one
disappointment after another, yet he is not trying to run away from life. On the contrary, he is the life of many parties; he is going out a great deal and entertaining both in his Beverly Hills home and in his new beach house.

The story of Garbo is, of course, the greatest myth in Hollywood.

She is so marvelous an actress that we are prone to forget sometime that she is also a woman. We hardly think of her as a woman; she almost represents Mystery in the abstract.

Yet all those who know her at all insist on her delightful sense of humor, her winsome youthfulness. She plays such sophisticated women of the world on the screen that those who see her off-screen catch their breath at seeing how young she really is.

People are always asking whether she is as much of a hermit as legend pictures her. Well, she knows who her friends [Continued on page 68]
IN THE home surroundings of every movie star you find a little of their characters reflected. To whom could this cool and lovely garden belong but to Garbo, the recluse?

The off-screen side of William Haines reveals itself in his early American house, a prize example of expensive simplicity.

Ona Munson is a laughing, dancing girl. So her home is gay and different. Not Spanish, or English—just Hollywoodish.
Quiet, talented Fay Wray, married to the equally quiet and talented John Monk Saunders, has a beautiful, reserved English house for September 1931.

Now Miriam Seegar has a house as is a house. It is on a mountain top and has a drawbridge. It also has a moat (which is Ritz for mudpuddle). And in the backyard, believe it or not, there is an old oaken bucket.

Sophisticated simplicity expresses Kay Francis. It expresses her house, too. Both are just grand.
Dig Yourself Some Gold!

You don't have to be a gold-digger to do it! Just enter Silver Screen's contest and win some of that $1,500 we're offering.

This month Silver Screen publishes the last set of stills in its great contest, which gives you a chance to see how smart you are and make a mint of money for yourself into the bargain.

You're a fan, aren't you? Then do your stuff. All you have to do is turn to pages 52 and 53 and find this month's scrambled stills. Then assemble them the way you think the scenes should look. Under each complete still write the name of the star and the name of the picture.

Do the same thing with the stills you found in the July and August issues of Silver Screen. You don't have to buy the magazines to enter the contest. If you wish, you may examine copies of Silver Screen for July, August and September at public libraries, or at the New York office of the publication, free of charge, and copy or trace the pictures from the originals.

Four scrambled stills were published in July, four in August, and the last four are in this issue. Be sure to complete all twelve stills and send them in together.

You have plenty of time to find out how smart a movie fan you are. Entries will be considered until September 10. That gives you a chance to prepare your entries carefully, and to be neat and accurate, virtues which will help you to win those prizes.

There are thirty-two prizes, you know, beginning with a first prize of $500. There are six prizes of $100 each, ten prizes of $25 each and fifteen prizes of $10 each.

No entries can be returned. Here's your chance to get into the smart money!

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Thirty-two each prizes will be paid by Silver Screen Magazine as follows:
   - First Prize: $500.00
   - Six Prizes of $100 each: $600.00
   - Ten Prizes of $25 each: $250.00
   - Fifteen Prizes of $10 each: $150.00

2. In three issues (July, August and September numbers) Silver Screen Magazine is publishing scrambled stills from well-known motion pictures. Four complete stills appear in each issue. Each still is a scene from a popular movie. If combined correctly, four complete scenes may be produced. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in Silver Screen Magazine and assemble them. $1,500 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1 will be paid to the person sending in the nearest correctly completed, named and neatly arranged set of twelve stills.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third set of scrambled stills has appeared in the September issue. Completed scrambled stills must be submitted in sets of twelve only. Identifying names of the star and of the picture should be written or typewritten below each completed still. At the conclusion of the contest all solutions should be sent to the Scrambled Still Editor, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry, that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of Silver Screen Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. Copies of Silver Screen Magazine may be examined at the New York office of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying the scrambled stills, neatness in contestants methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Your solution of the twelve scrambled stills should be pasted or pinned together, with the names of the star and the picture written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of Silver Screen Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize bid for will be given to the tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 10th. All solutions received from the time the third set of scrambled stills appears to the moment of midnight on September 10th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with Silver Screen Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of scrambled stills appears in the September issue, which will be on sale on the newsstands on or about August 10th. The prize winners will be announced in the January 1931 issue of Silver Screen.

SUGGESTIONS—Contestants may study the descriptive sentences in connection with the scrambled stills. These are the indicators for identifying the stills and stars and winning prizes. It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the three sets of stills are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each still is a scene from a popular motion picture.
IS THIS the future Joan Crawford? First they said she was a model wife and knitted hooked rugs. And now they're telling her, "Get hot, Joan, get hot." M-G-M has decided that Joan must be sexed up, and this is the first movement in the campaign. You'll see the new Joan Crawford in "This Modern Age," and she'll be blonde-haired and pashy.
DON'T SKIP THE RULES FOR THE CONTEST ON PAGE 50!
HERE are the last four scrambled stills in SILVER SCREEN'S contest. Two sophisticated love dramas are represented. Then there's a great newspaper drama-comedy and a great kid story.
THE woman who rose above defeat. Above an unhappy marriage that cast a shadow over her girlhood. Above illness and pain. Above disappointment and heartbreak when she lost her contract with United Artists. And now she returns, happily married to Cedric Gibbons, triumphant over illness, more radiant than ever in "The Dove"
THE storm center of Paramount. Hollywood's he-man. He's calmed down. After threatening to go with Warners', bad boy Bancroft has signed a new contract with Paramount, and at a nice increase, too. Bancroft's happily married to Octavia Broske, and has a lovely daughter. You'll soon be seeing his first picture under his contract, "Rich Man's Folly"
TWO of Hollywood’s love-liest lasses. One has been married; the other hasn’t. One poses formally, the other informally. Not to keep you in suspense any longer, the two girls are Loretta Young, across the page, and Marian Marsh.
ANN HARDING

ANN HARDING, her plane, and her husband, Harry Bannister. Those are the things Ann has to make her happy. Aviation, a new interest; marriage, a deep tie. Yet she isn't utterly happy. The story across the page tells you why.
Ann Harding Isn’t Contented

The Story That She is Has Been Published too Many Times. We’re Sick of It. Here’s the Truth

JUST because Ann Harding has a husband who idolizes her, a palatial home, a beautiful baby and a successful career, don’t think that she has everything.

If that were true, she might just as well call it a day and quit. Whenever a person reaches the point where there is nothing left in the world for them to daydream over, they are done. Finished. Washed up. And Ann Harding is none of these things.

Ann is vital, poised and charming, but beneath her cool exterior there burn the unsatisfied fires of ambition and desire. She has never reached the goal she originally set for herself. She may never reach it. She still wants things she doesn’t possess.

Ann is one of those girls who will always be wanting something she doesn’t possess. Reaching one goal, to find there is another more desirable one a bit farther on. This is the thing that makes for progress and achievement. Whenever one is really satisfied, he ceases to grow. Ann is still growing. Still achieving.

There is so much in Ann’s background that is different and distinctive, so much that shows the character and the will of the woman, it is hard to understand why interviewers insist on tagging her normal and circumspect and contented.

To tell the truth, Ann herself is partly to blame for this. For contentment is a credo of hers. She probably believes that she is a contented person.

When she signed her first picture contract, she insisted that she be presented to the public as a perfectly normal person. She refused interviews at first on the plea that she was too ordinary to be interesting. The angle was different enough to catch the popular fancy and Ann went over big as the one really ordinary person in Hollywood. But Ann isn’t normal and she isn’t ordinary. She is an unusual young girl. She knows what she wants, and she goes after it and she usually gets it. But she doesn’t always do what she wants to do. She isn’t always happy and contented with her lot. She isn’t smug and complacent and self-satisfied.

You can bet every penny of your mad money on that.

There have been several bitter disappointments in Ann’s life, in spite of all publicity stories to the contrary.

“I have no deep-seated yearnings,” she tells you quietly. “I live each day to the fullest and I don’t think too much about tomorrow. I have no physical, mental or spiritual problems to solve. I love outdoor sports and play tennis, ride, drive, and now I am learning to fly. I study and read a great deal. Play the piano several hours each day. And I don’t bother my head over religious questions. I let my conscience be my guide, because I haven’t tried to decide whether there is a future life or not. My worrying over the question won’t solve it or help me in any way. So I let it alone. If there is a future life, it is there. If there isn’t, I’m not going to worry about that, either. When I first asked my mother to let me try out for a stage career, she told me that I was too normal to be a successful actress. I know I am poor copy because I haven’t any great urge behind me and never have had. I am happy and contented with my lot.”

And she believes it, too. Then, in the next breath she tells you how she has always wanted to be a great pianist. How she can play beautifully when she is alone and that it has been the biggest disappointment in her life that she cannot give her soul in music when others are present. She has tried time and again, but she always succumbs to stage fright in the presence of an audience, whether it be composed of musicians or of friends. Being unable to overcome this fear, she has relinquished her dream of being a famous pianist. But music is still first in her heart and always will be.

She has a beautiful ebony Beckwith piano, hand-made and gold-plated, the [Continued on page 71]
HELEN TWELVETREES was named in a $100,000 damage suit because her car struck another and caused a slight injury to one of the passengers.

Helen got the suit dismissed finally—but that's what happens when one is a star.

BILLIE BURKE arrived in Hollywood recently looking like a young lady in her early thirties, but admitted she was thirty-nine years old. Her sixteen-year-old daughter, Patricia, accompanied her. Maybe Billie will stay long enough to do a picture or two after her stage appearance in "The Vinegar Tree." She's married to Florenz Ziegfeld, you know.

Rumors have been going the rounds that Billie Dove and Howard Hughes, eccentric producer, have split up—but news from the inside says it isn't true.

A Burglar robbed the home of Rexes Eaton, director, and secured the amazing loot of sixty pennies.

A certain red-haired star telephoned Sylvia, Hollywood's famous reducing artist, recently and asked if her neck muscles could be taken down.

Sylia, who is not afraid of the biggest stars, reminded the star that her hips and other parts of her body needed plenty of work.

The star hung up the phone quickly.

LINA BASQUETTE, started out to run an exclusive gown shop on Wilshire boulevard for film stars and society matrons, but the building wasn't completed when she wanted it, so now she seeks a return of her down payment of $2,000 from the owners.

CINEMA stars are sometimes quite sentimental—but we can't blame them when pets are concerned.

The famous Hollywood Pet Cemetery is in the hands of receivers, and several stellar lights are fighting to keep the burial ground intact. The pets of Clarence Brown, Gloria Swanson, Rudolph Valentino, Louise Dresser, and Corinne Griffith are buried there.

HOLLYWOOD is a wicked place.

The three favorite pastimes of the moment are jigsaw puzzles, backgammon (you call it bah-gammon) and badminton, which is a form of miniature tennis.

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Because of an abscessed tooth, John Boles can't star in "Strictly Dishonorable," and Paul Lukas has been borrowed for the part instead.

AS YOU may remember, when Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay were divorced in 1926, it was decided that each parent could have six months' custody of the child until she's nineteen. She's now with Dick and Mrs. Barthelmess, 2d (Jessica Haines Sargeant) until Christmas.

LEONEL BARRYMORE, who's a swell director, scored such a success as an actor in "A Free Soul" that he's been overwhelmed with parts and hasn't had a chance to go back to the megaphone. He'll have an important part in "Guilty Hands" and will portray a villainous Russian baron in Elissa Landi's picture, "The Yellow Ticket."

CONCHITA MONTENEGRO, the hot Spanish girl, is playing Janet Gaynor's rôle in "Daddy Long Legs" in the Spanish version.

JOHN WAYNE has made "Arizona" for Columbia, after having been dropped by Fox. [More Movietown Topics on page 62]
Fascinating stage and screen star has a Complexion Secret you, too, can share!

"I AM over forty years old," says Pauline Frederick. But who would believe it looking at the recent picture above!

"And I am now realizing that birthdays do not count if a woman keeps her youthful complexion.

"After every performance of my present stage vehicle, Elizabeth the Queen, I use Lux Toilet Soap to cleanse my skin of makeup. Not only does it remove every trace of grease paint, but it protects my complexion and leaves my face feeling fresh and invigorated.

"For a long period I have used this soap regularly and find that it does wonders for my skin."

Countless other beautiful women of the stage and screen agree!

Hollywood's favorite Complexion Care

In Hollywood, of the 613 important actresses (including all stars) 605 use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap regularly. The Broadway stars, the European stars, too, are devoted to it. Surely you will want to try it!

Lux Toilet Soap-10¢
More Movietown Topics

[Continued from page 41]

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WHEN Warner Baxter and the Missus (Winifred Bryson) went on their vacation, they sailed for Honolulu and occupied Janet Gaynor's beach home there, which makes it look as though Janet had decided to be a good girl and finish work on "Merely Mary Ann." You may remember that she was furious with Fox for casting Beryl Mercer in an unsympathetic part in the picture, because Beryl's always played a lovable little lady. But Beryl is still in the picture and so is Janet, and Fox doesn't know anything about the report that Janet didn't like that bit of casting.

CHARLES FARRELL said that when they returned to Hollywood, Virginia Valli and he would live at his home. Virginia said no—they would live at hers. They compromised. They're living at Virginia Valli's home in Beverly Hills. Zelma O'Neal has moved into Charlie Farrell's former home at Toluca.

REMEMBER our story on Ina Claire in the August issue—"She Loves a Good Fight"? Well, it looks as if she'll have one. She's telling Sam Goldwyn just what she thinks of the idea of having Lowell Sherman direct her in "The Greeks Had a Name For Them" and co-star with her at the same time. As you might guess, she doesn't like the idea one little bit. Conferences about it are going on behind closed doors.

LOUELLA PARSONS, the movie columnist, and her husband, Dr. Harry W. Martin, went to Hawaii with Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, and our own Harriet Parsons pinch-hits for Louella during her mother's absence.

JULIA SHAWELL tells this story about Marie Dressler.

Three women who were flaunting their feathers in fine society invited Marie to dinner. She accepted.

One of the women was Princess Ziska, another Madam Ruska, and the third the princess's sister.

The princess and Marie arrived first. The princess was dressed to kill. She wore an aigrette-trimmed turban and long earrings. Marie was dressed simply, as usual.

"You look lovely," said Marie.

The princess smiled condescendingly. Madam Ruska was the next to arrive, and she also had a turban, aigrettes and wore long earrings.

"You both look lovely," said Marie.

The princess's sister made the last and most impressive appearance. She had even more aigrettes than the others and wore longer earrings.

She greeted Marie patronizingly.

"My heavens," said Marie, "all three of you look wonderful. But why didn't you girls tell me this was going to be a masquerade? I would have dressed up for it, too."

WHEN Constance Bennett switched her affections from the Marquis de la Falaise to Joel McCrea and proclaimed him the ideal leading man, it didn't hurt Joel any, for he's now being groomed for stardom.

Leon Janney and Junior Coughlan are going in for baseball.

DOES Alice White dangle a wedding ring on a chain around her neck, or has someone been seeing things?

WESTERNS are coming back! As soon as he gets through with his work for the Sells-Floto Circus, Tom Mix will make six Westerns for Universal.

Carl Laemmle says, "It may occur to some that it is significant that Universal is to return to a field in which it was formerly preeminent but for himself...but that's parabased last year. It is significant. We discovered, to our amazement, that the field for Western pictures is a very great one, and one which fills the need of a large section of the moving picture-going public for legitimate and uncensorable excitement."

"HOSS operas" are in fashion again. Ken Maynard and his horse Tarzan are doing their stuff for Tiffany. George Duryea is going to be starred as a Western star by RKO-Pathé and he's even been given a new name, Tom Keene. Ted Thomson, brother of the late Fred Thomson, is carrying on, and Silver King, his brother's horse, is an important part of this act.

AT LAST Alice White comes back! She has been signed by Tiffany, and her first picture under her new contract will be "The Monster Kills." The same company has also signed Besie Love, who hasn't had a good picture since "Broadway Melody," for "Morals for Women" opposite Conway Tearle.

REX BELL, Clara Bow's current boy friend, is featured in "Battling With Buffalo Bill."

JACK OAKIE is said to have made up with Paramount. The trouble arose over his having too many agents and wanting a larger salary so that he'd have something left over for himself. His pictures haven't been doing well enough at the box-office to justify the amount he asked, said Paramount. But it's all been settled by Paramount buying off some of the agents.

"The first thing Jackie "Skippy" Cooper did after signing his new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was to start a football team on the studio lot. Wallace Beery and Buster Keaton were the first to join."

Rex Bell will marry Clara Bow—if he can persuade Clara to say "yes."
Created to Screen Star Types...

A New Kind of MAKE-UP

Now Ready for You

Individual color harmony in everyday make-up for every variation in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette...no more off-colors...no clash in colors...no harsh, grotesque effects...perfect blending of color harmony and texture so that make-up beautifies indetectably...lastingly perfect under most trying conditions...created to the matchless beauty of screen star types and proved perfect by the host of Hollywood stars!

COLOR HARMONY is the magic artistry to accentuate alluring beauty in a new kind of make-up originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, for the screen stars...and for you.

This new idea in Society Make-Up...in the powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites important to your every-day beauty...is so certain in beauty results that Max Factor's make-up is beauty insurance in the wonderful, thrilling productions costing millions released from all Hollywood Studios.

"The beauty effect of make-up depends on color harmony in the make-up ensemble," says Max Factor. "No more is beauty in pictures risked to the haphazard selection of a face powder, or rouge or lipstick. The complete make-up is developed in perfect color harmony to blend with the colorings of the individual, whether she be blonde, brunette, redhead or brownette."

Now you may share this priceless beauty secret. You may have your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up created for you by Max Factor...just as though you were a screen star. A Society Make-Up ensemble...powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, etc...so perfect in color harmony, in texture, in velvety smoothness that the complete make-up will blend perfectly with the skin texture, enhancing natural beauty without visibly revealing make-up.

Discover now what Hollywood's Make-Up discovery will bring to you personally in added charm and fascination. Just mail coupon to Max Factor for your complexion analysis, make-up color harmony chart and copy of his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...a gift prized by famous stars of filmland, and perhaps the most important you may ever receive.

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 17.9-42
Send me, without obligation, my complexion analysis, make-up color harmony chart, and 48 page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

Max Factor's Society Make-Up is used by Hollywood's Stars and Studios in Max Factor's Hollywood. (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)
Talkies in Tabloid

[Continued from page 13]

LAUGH AND GET RICH

Fair

(RKO)

A nice honey comedy about people who get rich when you least expect it. Hugh Herbert is grand as a ne'er-do-well who gets rich quick. Edna May Oliver is all right, but she was certainly funnier in "Cinarron." The picture's entertaining but not a laugh riot.

LAUGHING SINNERS

Fair

(M-G-M)

This may draw fans on the strength of Joan Crawford's acting, but it isn't up to the standard of her recent pictures. She plays a cabaret girl who joins the Salvation Army to blot out the memory of a great sin. But when she meets the man she loved, she falls again. Clark Gable and Nell Hamilton are the men.

LAWYER'S SECRET, THE

Good

(Panamount)

You don't have to be a Buddy Rogers fan to admire his simple and sincere acting in this one. He's no longer a sweet youth, but a coward willing to see an innocent man sentenced for murder rather than confess his own complicity. Clive Brook is a little too self-righteous as the lawyer, and Richard Arlen has only small part, so Buddy walks off with the picture.

LOVER COME BACK

Fair

(Columbia)

Can you imagine Betty Bronson as a designing vamp? Well, she's terribly miscast, and she acts all over the place till you're ready to scream. The story: a man who marries a baby vamp in preference to a real girl. The vamp proves unfaithful and he goes back to the girl he should have married in the first place. Jack Mulhall is fair as the man.

MAD GENIUS, THE

Good

(Warner)

A powerful picture with John Barrymore turning in an impressive performance. He plays a cripple who longs to be a great dancer and fulfills his own dreams through a foundling whom he trains. There is a blood-curdling climax.

MALTESE FALCON

Fair

(Warner)

Bebe Daniels is the nominal star of this mystery picture, but she hasn't much to do. Ricardo Cortez is interesting as a fast-thinking detective who solves the mystery behind a number of murders committed in an attempt to get hold of the Maltese Falcon, a statuette filled with precious stones.

MEET THE WIFE

Fair

(Columbia)

A bedroom farce about a woman who isn't aware of the fact that she has two husbands. Laura La Plante tells her second husband how good her first hubby was, and the payoff comes when she learns that her first husband is still alive. If you like farces with a great deal of galloping around through hallways and bedrooms, you may like this one.

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

Fair

(M-G-M)

A South Sea islands picture about the white, wealthy young chap in love with the half Polynesian girl. Two things save the picture from being utterly mediocre—the acting of Leslie Howard, Conchita Montenegro and Karen Morley, and the photography.

PARTY HUSBAND

Fair

(First Nat.)

Not precisely a triumph for Dorothy Mackaill. The pattern of this one is similar to all the other stories that have preceded it about the futility of trying to make marriage more modern. It's the story of a marriage that almost goes on the rocks because the husband and wife permit each other too much freedom. James Rennie doesn't click as the husband.

SEED

Good

(Universal)

A tear-jerker which most women will enjoy and most men will consider just sentimental tripe. John Boles doesn't sing but goes dramatic. His childhood sweet heart understands his yearning to write, so he leaves his wife and children and goes with her. Sometimes they call this "field work for material." Oh these writers! However, he has his fling at life and the ink pots, and after he has cooled off a bit he remembers the little wife at home. In later years he returns and realizes what a bitter mistake he has made.

Lois Wilson gives a touching performance as the wife.

SHE WOLF, THE

Good

(Universal)

May Robson's acting will repay you for sitting through a picture that about her wouldn't be worth anything. This grand old trouper exaggerates her performance, but she gives it life and she gives you laughter. The story about a wealthy old woman who underneath her harshness has a heart of gold.

SMART MONEY

Good

(Warner)

Edward G. Robinson gives a fascinating and high - powered performance in this story of a small-town gambler who invades the big cities and makes good—also as a gambler. But he's nuts about blondes, and through them the District Attorney gets him and signs him up for Big House. This film is almost as powerful as "Little Cesar." James Cagney is good in a minor role, but Robinson is just grand.

SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE

Great

(Panamount)

Chevalier's best picture since "The Love Parade." Only Lubitsch could have directed it. It's sophisticated entertainment about a lieutenant who loves an entertainer in a beer garden but is forced to marry a princess. Claudee Colbert is lovely as the lieutenant's real sweetheart, but Miriam Hopkins plays the part of the princess with both humor and pathos.

SUBWAY EXPRESS

Fair

(Columbia)

A mystery picture whose entire action is confined to what happens in a subway express train in New York. Jack Holt as a police inspector solves the mystery of how a man was suddenly killed in the train as the lights went out. Lacking in variety and inaccurate in details.

SVENGALI

Great

(Panamount)

One of John Barrymore's best bits of acting. He makes the character of Svengali a truly haunting one. There is excellent photography to help out his brilliant performance as the hypnotist under whose power Trilby deserted her sweetheart to rise to greatness as a singer. Marian Marsh is a bit immature but lovely as Trilby.

TARNISHED LADY

Fair

(Panamount)

An interesting new star makes her debut in a slow and silly picture. The star is Tallulah Bankhead, who is the only redeeming feature of the picture. The story is about a girl who marries a rich man to save her mother, though she loves another. When her husband loses his money, she learns his true value.

TEXAS RANGER

Fair

(Universal)

Here's a wild wooly one for the Buck Jones fans. It's really much better than the average Western. Buck Jones is sent out to capture a girl suspected of murder. Of course, he falls in love with her, and also of course, she turns out to be innocent. But the acting of the cast is good enough to overcome this trite plot.

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THREE ROGUES The rogues are Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gibbon. The story's about a valuable map in the possession of the heroine, Fay Wray. There's fast shooting, fast riding, and a land rush in this one.

TRAVELING HUSBANDS If you like a picture which changes from farce to tragic melodrama in five reels, you may want to rate this as "good." Evelyn Brent's performance deserves praise, at any rate. The story starts off as a comedy about a traveling salesman but ends up with a shooting, melodrama and mystery.

UP POPS THE DEVIL Light, pleasant comedy-drama. Carole Lombard and Norman Foster give charming performance as a young couple who run into difficulties when the wife becomes the breadwinner and the husband tries to write a novel at home and to do the housework. Skeets Gallagher, Stuart Erwin and Joyce Compton help keep the comedy light and gay.

VICE SQUAD, THE This carries a lot of suspense, though it might have been more powerful if the romantic side of the story had been soft-peddled. Paul Lukas has the difficult and trying role of a man who becomes a stool pigeon to escape a charge of manslaughter, and who has a chance to come back to his own world if he lets an innocent girl be framed. Kay Francis has a rather wishy-washy part, and the feminine honors go to Judith Wood, a newcomer.

WHITE SHOULDERS This just scrapes into the class of better pictures. There's hardly any attempt at plausibility, but the story has a new twist or two. A husband forces his errant wife to live with her lover, who turns out to be a crook. Ricardo Cortez gives the best performance, and Mary Astor and Jack Holt do fairly well.

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A A feminine spy with a past falls madly in love with a nice chap, William Bakewell. His folks object until her dangerous duties lead to her being shot, and then they let the two marry because the spy has only six more months to live. Helen Twelvetrees does right by this yarn, but this yarn doesn't do right by Helen.

YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID Richard Dix is billed as the star of this picture. He gives a good performance but Jackie ("Skippy") Cooper almost breaks your heart. You have eyes and ears only for him. Jackie plays a young lad in the care of a gangster. He worships the gangster and is heart-broken when a judge sends him away. If this one doesn't make you cry, there's something wrong with your tear-ducts.

YOUNG SINNERS Thomas Meighan is great in a story that's just average. He plays a physical culture trainer who brings back to normal a young lad who has been disappointed in love and who has taken to drink as a result. Hardie Albright and Dorothy Jordan are supposed to be the young sinners, but they're so nice and clean-cut, you just don't believe it.

Current styles are built on youthful contours. Curves are the mode. But they must be delicate, graceful — and combined with rounded slimness.

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suspense. The eleven gentlemen are Ronald Colman, Lewis Stone, Tom Moore, William De Mille, H. B. Warner, James Gleason, Adolphe Menjou, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and that as yet comparatively unknown newcomer, Jameson Thomas, who is a star in his own country.

You may reasonably object that these names total only nine. The other two are the benefit of the doubt.

Lewis Stone’s unimpeachable behaviour in fifteen years of public motion picture life, allied with his perfect manners on the screen, needs no support. One may say the same of Adolphe Menjou, forgiving him his gum, and of H. B. Warner, discounting the unfortunate circumstance that Cecil De Mille cast him as Christ, and totally ignoring the publicity story that he left the cast of “The Prodigal” rather than slap a woman’s face.

William De Mille is more difficult to account for. Being an unspectacular director, his personality is unknown to the public. Being a gentleman, his private views are hidden by reserve. Yet his personal contacts leave an indelible impression of polished gentleness.

In spite of his almost hermit existence, it is not to be thought that Ronald Colman’s quality of gentleness is purely negative. The guest of honor at a London party, he found himself besieged by beautiful and accomplished women. There was one who did not approach him. She was ugly, and—in that company—pitifully conscious of the fact. Colman sought her out and devoted most of his evening to her—an act of graciousness which would not have occurred to any man to whom “Hollywood” attaches as an adjective.

The story which attests James Gleason’s qualification is of how an American’s gentleness overcame an Englishman’s. Gleason was walking down the Waterloo Road in London, England, when his glance was arrested by the appearance of a shabby young man with his hands in his pockets, standing on the sidewalk staring fixedly at nothing. Gleason approached him with his mind made up.

“No,” said the young man. “I’m sorry I haven’t.” His speech was the cold, impersonal drawl of a Varsity Englishman.

“No, thanks.”

“I’d like you to have a drink with me.”

The Englishman looked at Gleason as if he were not there.

“I don’t drink with strangers.”

In any other circumstances Gleason must have apologized and gone his way. But he had from the first recognized the unnatural glow in the young man’s eyes.

“You’re going to have a drink with me if I have to drag you into a pub.” He looked as if he meant it—and a gentleman instinctively avoids a brawl. The Englishman accompanied him with an air which was a contemptuous rebuke. Gleason took it on the chin. He ordered whiskeys and soda. His efforts to draw the stranger into conversation met with little success. Until, in pulling out his handkerchief, the Englishman spilled a half dozen full boxes of matches from his pocket—and left them on the floor, with a flush rising in his thin cheeks.

Gleason took the offensive.

“You’re a Varsity man?”

“Yes.”

“Married?”

“Yes.”

“Any children?”

“Two.”

“You were in the army?”

“The Guards.” A little defiant, this.

“What in hell are you doing selling matches?”

The stranger rose, swayed a little on his
feet and found himself pushed back in his chair.

"I'm a business man," said Gleason, "and I lend money as a business proposition. I'm going to lend you five pounds—at interest. And you'll pay it back." He scribbled an I.O.U. "Sign that. Sign it!"

The young man struggled with himself.

"I may not—"

"You will. Return it to me at the Mayfair Hotel, when you can."

He forced the money (equivalent to $25) into the young man's hand, took the I.O.U. and strode out.

Jimmie Gleason does not yet know the address of the Mayfair Hotel. He was staying in a house near St. James' Palace.

Under his own—not the fictitious name, he gave help to a starving ex-officer of the Guards.

There is a Regency air about the beau geste of Jameson Thomas. Thomas was accompanying Alice Joyce to a very fashionable theatre. While standing talking in the brilliantly lighted lobby, what appeared to be a teddy slip to the floor round her feet. Miss Joyce stepped out of it. Thomas stooped and swiftly, nonchalantly, put it in his pocket. It transpired that the garment was an afternoon frock which Alice Joyce had, in her haste to change, unfastened but not removed before slipping on an evening gown and hurrying to the theatre. But the cool savoir faire displayed by Thomas, and typical of the man, was no less evidential of good breeding than if the garment had been much nearer and dearer to his companion's self-respect.

It is impossible not to include Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in this list. It would be enough to cite his tactful handling of innumerable occasions when he has been goaded with silly questions about his life with Joan Crawford and their love. But there was also that hot, stifling noon when he had been consistently, insidiously insulted for nearly two hours by a journalist visiting the First National lot. After receiving a more than usually poisoned thrust, young Doug waved a hand at the blistering sunshine.

"Bloody hot! Isn't it?" he said, and smiled, with sincere, generous sympathy. After he left, that journalist wished he had asked the pardon of a very polished young gentleman. I know, because I was the journalist.

In portraying a great gentleman on the screen, no actor has ever equaled the perfection of Lewis Stone. His Count Pahlen in "The Patriot" is still the exposition par excellence of motion picture aristocracy. But no actor in Hollywood exceeds Tom Moore in instinctive, superlative gentlemanliness in private life.

Years ago as a peasant boy in Ireland, Tom Moore opened gates for the Meath Hunt. When he returned to Ireland on a visit nearly two decades later, he rode a blood-hunter with the same hounds, and with the flower of the county aristocracy.

"Do you know the country?" he was asked.

"Why, yes!" he confessed, smiling, "I used to open gates for this hunt."

They loved him for it.

In their different ways, these nine men qualify.

The other two:

You'll have to figure those out for yourself.

---

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“IT’S THE BUNK”

[Continued from page 47]

are and trusts them. She visits their homes and entertains them in hers.

If any of them prove not to be real friends; if they try to cash in on friendship by writing about her private life for the papers, she drops them. She believes that her private affairs should be kept private.

It’s true that she doesn’t allow strangers to crash the gate and watch her at work.

It’s true that people can’t meet her just because they want to. But all this stuff about her holding herself apart from everyone and maintaining a grand aloofness isn’t true. For, while she is making a picture she walks around the lot with members of her company, eating apples, laughing, talking.

Dorothy Farnum, M-G-M scenario writer, said of Garbo, “She is looked upon as a sophisticated type, yet she has the naiveté of a child, the same reaction of simple diversions. She likes to take long walks alone. She is medumistic, nervous, but at the same time placid and reserved.”

In other words, Garbo is a grand actress and the greatest thing that has ever happened to Hollywood, but she isn’t a myth. I’m not saying this to “debunk” her. If she isn’t a goddess but a grand human being with a sense of humor, that only makes her the more lovable.

Apart from the Garbo and the Gaynor-Farrell traditions, there are plenty of minor myths that are the bunk.

Many fans believe that El Brendel is a Swede. He isn’t. He was born in Philadelphia and for quite a time did German impersonations on the vaudeville stage. During the war the Germans became very unpopular, and El Brendel turned to Swedish dialect instead. It proved so successful that he has continued it use ever since. He gets so much fan mail from people who assume that he is a Swede and write to him in that language, that he is forced to employ a Swedish secretary to answer them.

Warner Oland also suffers from a bit of confusion about his nationality. A great many people think he is Chinese because he plays so many Chinese villains and detectives on the screen; but he is really a Swede.

And Greta Nissen, who often gets credit for being a Swede, is really a Norwegian.

Of course, for a long time Fifi Dorsay was supposed to be French. By this time most of her fans know that though she has French mannerisms and a French accent, she was born in Montreal, Canada. The myth of her being French started with a press agent who believed that was the only way to put Fifi across.

There’s a myth to the effect that Mau- reen O’ Sullivan was an unsophisticated country girl in Ireland. As a matter of fact, she was nothing of the sort. She was brought up in Dublin and comes of a very good family.

Warner Baxter is supposed to be terribly romantic and temperamental. Well, he may be romantic but he is not temperamental. He is extremely punctual and he is very fussy about his belongings.

Joan Bennett is lonely, shy, and mis-understood. She is considered high-hat. She uses a lorgnette not to “high-hat” people, but because she is short-sighted.

Many actors and actresses get a reputation for being temperamental because they speak their minds honestly instead of swallowing their resentment when they feel that something’s wrong.

Charles Bickford talked honestly and

THE CUTEST THING IN OVERALLS

Joan Marsh, Metro-Goldwyn Mayer featured player, helps out in the railroad yards so that the roundhouse boys could go to the movies. They all stuck around though and every crew was late to the switch.
openly. He was Hollywood's bitterest rebel. The story of his refusal to obey studio rules and regulations was broadcast everywhere. His own studio says these rumors are the bunk. It points out that Bickford takes his acting as a business proposition and is always on time on the set, never causing delay in production or loss of time or money to the studio.

Pola Negri, who has recently signed a three-year contract with RKO-Pathe, got the reputation of being temperamental because of a bitter feud with a rival actress. The rival star ordered black cats placed in Pola's path each day as she left her dressing room. This was in the old days when acting was more spectacular than it is today and less of a business.

Pola Negri was superstitious. As soon as she saw the black cats, she went back to her dressing room and did no more work for the day. That was what the rival star counted on.

Of course, I don't think that Pola is wholly without temperament. She is smouldering fire within, though today she is a little more subdued than in the old days. Stars adapt themselves to the times. If they were as temperamental as rumor whispers, they wouldn't possess so much adaptability.

Another item of gossip which the stars have plenty of cause to complain is that the reports of their deaths are often grossly exaggerated. At one time the news that Gloria Swanson was dead swept through the country like wildfire. I think it afterwards turned out to be her double.

After her return from making "Trader Horn" in Africa, Edwina Booth was said to be at the point of death. There were stories of her illness, stories that she was dying, even stories that she was dead. As a matter of fact, she was a pretty sick girl, but she was never in danger of death. She is in excellent health now.

Hints... rumors... hints. How bitter they are when they swirl about you in an endless eddy, and it seems as impossible for you to stop them as it was for King Canute to command the waves of the ocean to cease rolling. And now they swirl around Joan Crawford. Hints concerning her health. Hints that she has dieted herself into dangerous illness. Hints that she has starved herself into thinness. All this because Joan appeared as a shopgirl in "Paid," looking thin and gaunt, as a shop-girl on starvation wages would. If she hadn't made up for the part, she would have been criticized. Because she did, there have been these insistent stories about her health. You're damned if you do and you're damned if you don't.

Anyway, I saw Joan just after she made that picture and she looked grand and not a bit underweight, either.

She weighs exactly what she should according to standard charts; she diets only sensibly and merely to keep herself at the right weight; and she's getting along nicely, thank you.

A number of fans have written to Silver Screen to ask if it's true that Bela Lugosi went raving mad as the result of playing the part of Dracula. Silver Screen has assured them that the gossip was not true, that Lugosi was not confined to a sanitarium, as the gossip-mongers had told them, and that he was even at that moment signing contracts to make new horror pictures, notably "Frankenstein."

Universal laughed when I told them the story and said it sounded like a good publicity story—probably invented by some sort of local publicity man.

Cupid also is notoriously unreliable, and he does get his facts mixed.

There was the time a reporter asked Bill Haines if he had any news.

"Any news?" echoed Bill. "I don't know if you'd call it that, but I'm engaged to Polly Moran."

Result—the news of the William Haines-Polly Moran engagement spread everywhere; and it so amused the two principals that they kept up the story as long as they could.

It was once rumored that Lew Ayres had gotten married, and some fan magazines even printed the name of his wife, but it turned out to be the wife of the man who wrote one of his starring pictures. It's all very confusing, isn't it?

Of course, all this gossip is silly and people ought to verify these rumors before they start spreading them, but, by the way, have you heard the rumor that Garbo is going to make only one more picture and then—pouf—go off to Sweden. I don't know whether it's true or not but—
What the Stars Do With Their Evenings

[Continued from page 21]

strains of “Río Rita” for Bebe Daniels; “Wedding of the Painted Doll” for Besse Love on the stage; and a turn from “Easy Side Up” for Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Once when Marion Davies was a dinner guest at one of the big hotels, the orchestra practically confined itself to “Marianne.”

Los Angeles dance places fold early, and then people hit the night club trail. There are the fashionable Olsen’s Club and the rowdy, merry Cotton Club. Both cafés have elaborate floor shows at midnight and on into the morning.

You are liable to see almost anyone in the motion picture world at Olsen’s art-modern club. I’ve seen John McCormack, the Irish tenor, Grace Moore, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Colleen Moore, Thomas Meighan, Charles Farrell, Robert Montgomery, Sally O’Neill and Molly O’Day, and a score of other luminaries.

There are usually three or four stage plays running in Los Angeles and Hollywood. As a matter of expectation in a concert of theatrical people, the motion picture stars seldom miss the opportunity of seeing a good play. Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman are intimate theatre-goers. They usually attend the opening night performance, but not always. Their theatre broker always gets them the same “up-front” seats.

Norma Talmadge, usually with Gilbert Roland, and Constance Talmadge with her husband, Townsend Nettles, rule select a quiet night at the theatre. They seldom wear evening clothes. Indeed, Norma appears actually shabbily on occasions. As a rule you will see them hurry from the theatre before the lights go up.

Gloria Swanson is a frequent patron of the theatre. Gloria, excepting on opening nights when she has her reputation to consider as a best-dressed lady, wears smart, simple clothes. One night her stockings pulled well over the eyes. There have been many nights when she passed unnoticed.

Phil Holmes is pretty much of a recluse but you do see him regularly at the theatre. Sometimes he is with a married couple, but seldom alone with a girl. Once, at least, he did beam Jean Arthur to a play. I think it was at “Street Scene.”

Jean Gouald, when she was a De Mille star, was always a glamorous figure at opening nights. I’ll never forget the time when her chauffeur got mixed in the time, and piloted the limousine up to the curb at the end of the second act. Jetta was cold and furious. However, all chauffeurs get Hail Columbia if they aren’t first in line at the close of a performance.

Unlike New York, Hollywood people give their dinner parties in their homes as a rule. Hollywood has many small houses, and an uncanny crowd of parties in the movie city.

Ruth Chatterton has numerous dinner parties, always in small groups. Some of her friends include Jack Mower, Frances O’Connor, Fingeres, Carter, and visiting celebrities in the theatre. Conversation is the entertainment at these affairs, and they last far into the night around the fire in Ruth’s upstairs library. She has the Farrells and the Talmadges and all married interesting people. Perhaps she comes the nearest to holding what is termed so grandly, a salon.

Time was when Carole Lombard visited all the dance places, but now William Powell and she are all married and have the privilege of being with the truly interesting people. They belong to the exclusive little cotie which revolves around Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barithel, Ronald Colman, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence.

Clive Brook invites his friends over for tennis on his electrically lighted courts.

Mary Pickford does a lot of entertaining in her home, changing off with big parties at the Mayfair and Embassy Clubs. Mary’s parties, you know, are durned exclusive. When you are invited up to Pickfair you can snub Mrs. Vanderbilt. Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Pola Negri, and Carole Lombard are the women in their beach houses at Santa Monica.

You’d expect Harpo Marx to do utterly insane things, but his major vice is backgammon.

Just recently he invited a young lady out for the evening. They went to the home of a friend of Harpo’s, and the comedian and the host played backgammon until all hours. The young lady was left to twiddle her thumbs or play mumbly-peg on the front lawn.

Leave it to Louise Fazenda to find an unusual way to spend the evening. She gets herself all rigged up in outlandish clothes and visits the state society meetings or the lonesome clubs. She has a grand time exchanging recipes for preserves with Iowa housewives, or talking about the corn crop with Illinois farmers. It sounds like a press agent’s dream, but I happen to know it is true.

Garbo often drops into a little neighborhood theatre for a view of new pictures. Once, I remember, she caused a sensation by paying an unannounced visit to “Anna Christie” while it was showing at a big theatre in Los Angeles. I have seen her in public in the evening but twice. Once at the opera in the company of John Gilbert, and once at the Puppet Show in the quaint Mexican quarter of the city. The puppeteers had designed a special figure and placed it in the act. Greta was fascinated, and she went again and again.

The public doesn’t see much of Marlene Dietrich, either. Here is a star who does go to bed early. However, she does frequent the theatre.

Most of the stars visit the small, outlying neighborhood picture houses. They seldom venture into the bright lights of downtown Los Angeles. Recognition means too much of a hassle.

Hollywood isn’t entirely frivolous. You see a glittering galaxy of famous personalities at the opera, the concerts, and during the summer, at the open air concerts in the Newport Bowl. These people are familiar with the “The Stars” they are called, which is dressing up the stage with a symphony and a little motion picture filmaboyancy.
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adulation that comes to Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford and Barbara Stanwyck today.

Florence Turner was one of the first great screen stars. She was a pioneer—one whose personal popularity did much to establish the infant movies in the public affections. Then the movies swept ahead and left Florence behind. In recent years she has had a struggle to provide for her invalid mother. Just a few days extra work now and then—not enough for a decent living.

Ella Hall? The Janet Gaynor of fifteen years ago. A lovely appealing little thing, adored by her fans. Her marriage to young Emory Johnson, director, was one of the first great romances of the screen. But success fled, and with it romance. Two shattered careers—and a shattered marriage. Both Ella and Emory found themselves on the fringes of Hollywood, living, figuratively speaking, in the slums of failure instead of the mansions of fame. They hung on desperately, praying for a come-back.

Then Ella gave up. Extra work was too hard to get. One can do without cake—but not without bread. She got a job as a saleswoman in a Hollywood store. Beyond even the fringes of filmland—cut off from even a humble part in the fascinating business of making movies. It was a living wage—and a certain one—but the former star must have preferred even the most uncertain contact with pictures, for she is back in the extra ranks again. These movie folk cling to their profession. It's pathetic how they cling.

And Emory Johnson? Tiffany gave him a chance to direct "The Third Alarm" not long ago. It was one of his silent successes. But little has been heard of the talkie version.

It isn't only the stars who fall from glory, you see. Time and the constant shuffling of the deck in Hollywood plays havoc with great directors, too. There's a new deal every day—sometimes the same cards turn up again. Often they do not.

Look through the files of the Standard Casting Directory. Among those listed for small parts, bits, extra work—anything—you'll find many former directors. You'll find Jerome Storm, who directed Charlie Ray in the famous pictures he made for Ince. And Edmund Mortimer, who also directed for Ince; Edward Le Saint, a former Fox director; and Fred Wright and Chet Withey. They used to stand behind the megaphone, and give the orders. Probably their assistants instructed the extras. Now they take orders from assistants.

Jerry Storm met with the same unkind fate that toppled his star, Charlie Ray, from the heights. Both had made huge sums of money. Both fell upon evil days. But the money which should have tided them through was gone. Where? Poor investments, heavy demands and heavy expenses. But Charlie and Jerry used to be among the highest salaried in their respective lines. Yet not so long ago Charlie was playing in stock. And Jerry was operating the heavy door on one of the RKO sound stages. These extra jobs are the opportunity offers.

Picture folk in the old days didn't save their money. It wasn't altogether their fault. It was hard for them to realize that the seemingly inexhaustible source of their revenue could ever fail them. Besides, Hollywood's code demanded that the successful put up a big front, live in gorgeous houses, drive elaborate cars, wear expensive clothes, give largely to charity, throw big parties, and be open-handed. The Old West, whether they could afford it or not. Times are changing now. Since the talkie revolution Hollywood has grown more sensible—more aware of the uncertainties of the movie game. But for many the change comes too late.

For Mary Alden, for example. At the height of her fame Mary's salary was $1,500 a week. Just a few years ago she was still in the big money. Yet today she's broke.

Mary has been in pictures from the very beginning. She was the half-breED girl in "The Birth of a Nation." She was one of Griffith's finest actresses. Some years later she married as the mother of "The Old Maid." So realistic and touching was her portrayal that she became stamped as a mother type, although she was still young. And that did Mary great harm. Casting directors wouldn't give her a chance at any other kind of role. The fact that she had proved her versatility in the past didn't seem to count. She couldn't get a job.

And she hadn't saved her money. That's why Mary Alden has had to sell her jewelry, her books, her paintings. That's why she, too, is doing extra work.

Pauline Starke hasn't suffered from financial trouble, but she's had enough hard luck to break anyone's heart. Pauline, too, was a Griffith protege. She was a fine little trouper with a quality of poignant tragedy about her that should have made her one of the great emotional actresses of the screen. But, somehow, after her first really big star success she never seemed to be a place for Pauline. She was always missing big parts by the skin of her teeth. Opportunity after opportunity seemed to pass her by—and then failed to materialize. And there is nothing which so tears down courage as a succession of near-breaks. Recently Pauline and her producer husband, Jack White, have been divorced and a great deal of bitterness on both sides. Pauline has been ill, and has never gained a foothold in the talkies. That haunting, pathetic expression of hers is more than justified these days.

Alice Brady, too, has been dogged by failure. A great favorite in the early days of silent pictures, Alice retired from the stage when her father, W. A. Brady, left the Old World Film Company. Seemingly Alice had everything it takes for success. She had great talent, an interesting personality and beauty. Her picture should have been an Specification of her talent to both the stage and film worlds. Yet recent years have brought Alice Brady nothing but un-
The Unknown Ruth Chatterton

(Continued from page 37)

capital "C" to admit we were wrong in our opinion and turn about face. Valiant, gallant courage! Ruth Chatterton has it. Not that she is conscious of that virtue—nor does she parade it. It is an innate quality that comes to her aid in the crises of life.

She decided to make her way to Hollywood. She pawned her jewels, sold some of the fine furniture in her home, and set forth for Hollywood. She had scraped together a little capital of eight hundred dollars altogether.

She rented a bungalow and started to look for work. Months rolled into a year—and half way round again. Almost every dollar of her available capital was gone. Then came the beau geste which proved to be the turning point in her career. A friend arrived who was looking for a small part in the movies.

Ruth Chatterton had met many influential people during her eighteen months of patient waiting. She hadn’t been able to do much for herself. But perhaps she could help her friend.

Seeking some way to introduce her to the inner circle, she decided to give a dinner.

An elaborate dinner was ordered for some twenty guests, carefully selected people of the film colony. Her money held out until it came to the buying of the dessert. She didn’t have a cent left—but a delicious and expensive confection had been ordered. It arrived during the serving of the soup course. The delivery boy wanted cash. The butler whispered the bad news. Under the cover of the general conversation, she asked one of her more intimate friends if she had ten dollars. A ten dollar note was drawn on the Ladies’ National Bank, and Ruth transferred it to the waiting hand of her butler. Her poise was not disturbed.

Going back to the dinner given with her last dollar to aid a friend, she found among the guests—Emil Jannings.

“I want you for the leading woman in my next picture, ‘Sins of the Fathers,'” he announced, dramatically.

“Meaning me?” she asked, her eyes shining.

To quote literally, he answered, “Ya, ya—.”

And now, with her tongue in her cheek, Ruth Chatterton tells how she Paramount had made a test of her before Jannings had given her his stamp of approval—and reported that she was unsuitable for pictures.

But the dinner proved to have something else in store for Ruth Chatterton. We must flash back to a scene a few hours previous to the dinner. It is the cocktail hour in the home of Ronald Coleman. Ralph Forbes drops in for a cocktail. One of the guests, addressing Forbes, says, “By the way, your wife—or should I say ‘ex-wife’ is giving a dinner this evening—are you invited?”

“Invited? No—but, Hell, I don’t need an invitation to my wife’s dinner parties.”

And Ralph Forbes entered his wife’s home for the first time in two years as the after dinner coffee was being served in the drawing room. The next morning he was still there, and the next. Those two who had been parted came to an understanding together. They had learned tolerance for each other’s point of view. And so Ruth Chatterton won back the love she had lost.

The story of how she won back success has been told many times. That is the Ruth Chatterton you know.

The unknown Ruth Chatterton is the girl who faced poverty and privation even in girlhood, and stood between her mother and the world she faced unprotected.

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Ann Harding Isn't Contented

[Continued from page 50]

same model as the one used by the royal families of Europe. She plays several hours each day upon it and draws much inspiration from her music. But her dreams of a musical career have been laid away.

Ann is by nature a restless soul. A seeker. She has always been at war with someone or something. She is one of those courageous souls who will fight and die, if need be, for her convictions.

When she decided to go on the stage, her father would not hear of it. Brought up under army regime, she loathed the thought of the countless dinners she would be asked to grace as Major Harding's daughter. She simply had to do something besides party and entertain officers, their wives and their daughters. Being Ann, she did. But she became estranged as a result from her father. He refused to give in that she was right about the career she had chosen. They had been so close to each other before the breach occurred that there were times when it seemed impossible for Ann to carry on with her plans.

And if you think she has always had things drop in her lap, you should hear her tell about those months of struggle. She went to the mat for her principle and she won the good fight. But there were weeks and weeks when she rode busses because she was counting her nickels and dimes. When she went without her lunch and ate malded milks for dinner, because the funds in her exchequer were running low.

It would be hard to believe that Ann is an impulsive young woman if you met her on the studio set or at an Embassy dinner. But she harbors low moods and sudden impulses just the same as the Negri's and Swanson's. They are probably farther apart, but they happen just the same.

She was superb in "Holiday," because she felt the part she played. She had known what it means to want to get away from everything.

When she finished a season at Detroit where she had been playing instead all summer, she found herself facing one of those low moods. She found herself staring at a loose end, and she had six thousand dollars in the bank. She suddenly realized that she did not need to do anything just because it was expected of her. She had sufficient money to take her anywhere in the world. She was very, very tired, and she was sick of working just for the sake of getting somewhere and making money. She decided that the game was not worth the candle. She would go far away and lose herself for awhile.

When her maid came in and asked her where to have their trunks forwarded, she said "Java." She seized upon it out of the air. This, being the first faraway spot she could think of.

The maid looked at her as if she suspected her of suffering from the heat, but she didn't say anything. And Ann didn't tell her what port in Java to address the trunks to. She thought she would probably catch up with them somewhere and if she didn't, it wouldn't make much dif-

Ramon Novarro and the new Madge Evans. They are rehearsing for "The Son of India" which gives Ramon a chance to sing "Pale Hands I Loved" and Madge a chance to make good in a big way. Rumor says that Madge is one of the brightest bets.
Streamline Ladies

[Continued from page 25]

What was responsible for the greyhound silhouette? Was it fashion or the camera? According to the cameramen, girls of generous lines photographed like baby gr...
Better Than Jackie

(Continued from page 19)

a cameraman 'stead of an actor!"

Five minutes later Robert and Jackie were playing a game of their own devising. They were pals again and the fight was forgotten.

The facility with which Robert memorizes lines is really remarkable. He can't read yet himself, so the words of his part were read to him by line from the script. So rigorously was he schooled that he came to regard that thing called "the script" as something sacred and one day refused absolutely to make a change dictated by Sam Mintz, who did the screen play of "Skippy." It was explained that Mintz could change it if he liked. All of which meant nothing to Robert.

"The line isn't in my script, Mr. Taurog," he said. And that was that.

Just as easily as he learned lines, Robert acquired a vocabulary of movie terms. Jackie "Skippy" Cooper on one occasion had difficulty in reciting an unusually long speech, which ran into some thousand words. Robert had to say only four words, "Oh, I don't know."

Three times they went through the difficult business that might have stumped older trouper and three times Jackie Cooper made a slight mistake. Robert was rather annoyed.

"What's the matter with you?" he inquired impatiently, "I'm up on my part."

Some days later it was Robert's turn to make mistakes. He couldn't seem to get anything right. Finally Taurog spoke rather sternly.

"Robert," he ordered, "kindly keep your mind on your lines."

The boy was unfazed. "And what about my acting?" he questioned.

Most of the things the youngest Coogan says are put with considerable naïveté. He never is consciously funny. Yet one other time he wisecracked so decisively that they are still wondering if he intended to be satirical.

In a close-up where he was supposed to stand still, he persisted in moving about restlessly. Finally they drew a small circle and demanded he stand within its confines. Robert took his place but not until he delivered himself of a bon mot.

"And they call this a moving picture!"

While Robert takes direction like a veteran, cues are slightly more difficult.

In one sequence, Taurog was explaining Robert's cue. "When you hear George say 'sociological juxtaposition,' you look surprised; then you say your line. Now remember, look surprised."

"I will," replied Robert. "I can hardly say that myself."

When they first started shooting, Taurog...
tried bribing the boys into doing their best. Robert was the cause of his abandoning the bonus system.

Early in the game Taurog asked Robert if he thought he could do a specific bit of action for a dime.

"For a dollar," came the counter proposal, "I can do anything you want."

Occasionally, however, not even for dollars or doughnuts, could Robert perform a requirement. On location, one day, the business demanded that Sooky be hit with an over-ripe tomato. You probably remember the scene.

Taurog stood directly behind the camera to throw the tomato and Robert, despite valiant attempts, could not help but wince when he saw the director's arm descend. Such expectancy spoiled the scene and Taurog had to resort to subterfuge. He gave an assistant a second tomato and planted the chap where Robert couldn't see him.

"Now," Taurog called, "we'll take it. Robert, keep your eyes on me and look mad when I hit you."

At the right moment Robert got the tomato. He looked startled, mad and everything else they wanted. Moreover he continued mad after the call of cut. He wouldn't have anything to do with the director, in fact, didn't even speak to him to ask the return of his cap pistol, which had been given to Taurog to hold until the scene was completed.

On the way home on the bus, Robert was still sulking. His father asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, it's Mr. Taurog," the youngster answered. "I never knew he was such a mean man. He double-crosses little boys."

Then, apparently as an afterthought, and besides, he stole my cap pistol."

Robert makes friends with everyone.

The property men and "grips" spent every spare moment whittling geezaws for his amusement. The still photographer was an especial pal—he could make great whistles out of them. This ability, added to the habit of allowing Robert to take a portrait of the photographer for every picture the cameraman took of him, solved the problem of stills. What matter if the camera was empty? Robert didn't know it. He tried, "Now me" just as delightedly after every pose. And he demanded that the still photographer call "cut" after taking the portrait, just as the movie cameramen do.

Robert's success on the screen (if the enthusiastic reviews "Skinny" received are a criterion, Robert is a success) may be attributed to the fact he knows nothing and cares less about the so-called art of acting.

Of Jackie, Robert boasts incessantly to the other boys. It's "my brother this" and "my brother that," Jackie can throw a hat up in the air and catch it on his head. He can bounce a ball under his legs. As far as that goes, he can do almost anything better than anyone else, according to Robert's hero worship of an older brother.

There is only one little matter in which Robert believes excels. To him, a quite unimportant little matter. As an actor, he's "better'n Jackie."

But he would probably rather do his brother's hat trick. Or bounce a ball while dancing.

Seeing Beauty in the Eye

(Continued from page 6)

with good, strong tweezers. Don't do too many at a time. It will make your eyes tired if you do.

Your simplest eye make-up should be saved for evening, when you'll probably be making your eyes do their most fatal work. But during the day, when you are wearing one of those off-the-face hats, a dash of eyeshadow will give you a very chic appearance indeed.

Be careful to get just the right shade. It should match the shadows under the eyes, not the color of your eyes themselves, unless both happen to be the same. Apply the eye-shadow very carefully, and lightly over the upper lids, darkest where the lashes grow, and paling back into the eyesocket. Or, if you are very blonde, you may prefer to use a tiny bit of white vaseline over the lids after powdering. This adds no color, but makes the eyes seem to glisten. Both are good tricks.

Mascara may be either brown or black. Be governed in your choice by the shade of your skin, and the color of the gown you are wearing. Don't get your lashes too black, when you are wearing light things. Some girls like to wear blue mascara. This is just as artificial looking as very dark red polish on your finger nails and just as effective if you are one of those exotic girls with exotic things.

Be very, very cautious about making up the brows. To draw a hard black line through them is to give your face a hard artificial look. And of course, you know enough to make up your eyes after all your other make-up is finished, particularly all the powdering.

Some people advise eye-exercises. On the whole, I don't believe you'll need them. A good rest is the best eye-cure. But if your eyes are tired and you haven't time for a nap, I know this exercise will help you.

Hold your head erect. Look as far right as possible without moving your head, then as far left. Now describe a complete circle with your eyes, again without moving the head. Count ten and repeat, count another ten, repeat.

Finally, there's that simple little trick to be practiced while dressing for dinner or the heavy date. Dip cotton pads into cool witch hazel and apply over the eyes as compresses. Lie still in a dark room for ten or more minutes.

That, I assure you, will make your eyes look beautiful.

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Silver Screen for September 1931

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Read about the new screen girls who have this modern quality of “Smooth” Ladies

in **SILVER SCREEN** for October, 10 Cents

(they keep a record of the games each wins and loses) and is a source of numerous practical jokes among their friends.

Croquet is also an obsession. She has a croquet court at her home, and, no matter how tired she is, she will always accept a challenge to a game.

She doesn’t care particularly for the “siren” roles that she usually plays on the screen but prefers even a “heavy” part to more sympathetic ones that do not give her a chance to express herself.

Her idea is that “it is the parents who should be made to eat the spinach—not the children.” She pays little attention to her figure because she doesn’t have to. She watches what she eats and her food is always what a normal person should have. She “has never gone on a rigid diet and never will.”

She gives the impression of being very tall—even when sitting down—although she is only five feet one and a half. She dresses to accentuate the quality of height and chooses colors with the same purpose.

Even in a low-cut, however, she looks to her figure because she doesn’t have to. She watches what she eats and her food is always what a normal person should have. She “has never gone on a rigid diet and never will.”

She likes sport clothes better than others—and also likes California because it is a perfect place to wear them.

Her birthplace was Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and she spent practically all her life there, until she came to California; but she refuses to go back east now for more than a two-weeks’ visit.

A sense of humor is, to her, the most valuable characteristic of one’s personality, and she has a very keen one herself. “Perhaps even more than a sense of humor,” she says, “is the ability to laugh at one’s self. Those who cannot do that are rarely successes.”

An open fireplace she thinks ideal, especially when she is “low.” She spends a great deal of her leisure time curled up in a huge chair before the fire. Sometimes when she is reading she finds herself so intent on watching the flames that she has forgotten the book she has in her hand.

“Going out” doesn’t appeal a great deal to her and she prefers a good game of backgammon or bridge to the average party.

She is quite frankly mad about her director husband and, although she is calm in her affection (at least publicly), sincere admiration is quite evident.

She loves chocolates, partly because they make her think of an incident that occurred while she was still in school and which, incidentally, was the beginning of her stage and screen career.

She had gone, with two other girls, to a football game near her home. After the game the group decided to go on to New York City—for what was then none of them quite knew—except “to look at some clothes.”

She paints a very amusing picture of the three girls sitting in the middle of the bed of a New York hotel, eating chocolate, smoking cigarettes, and imagining that they were all the devils in the world while their irate and frantic parents were sending telegrams and dragging rivers for their beds.

They were finally found, or rather located, but after much cajoling their parents allowed them to remain in New York for a week.

The adventure turned out to be something of a shopping tour, and it was while they were visiting the smart shops that Natalie won her first part.

While trying on hats one afternoon her striking blonde beauty attracted the attention of the owner, and thinking that he had a stage star in his shop, he engaged her in conversation.

In the conversation he gave her a letter of introduction to a friend of his who was a producer.

More as a lark than anything else, she took the card that he offered her to the producer and was immediately offered a job in, of all things, “Abie’s Irish Rose.”

She was practically knowing that her act would call down the wrath of God on her head from her mother—but she was bored with Pittsburgh society—and besides she “could quit and go home whenever she wanted to.”

Her surprise as to the way her mother would receive her act was correct—more than correct—for she (her mother) established a record of the things that can be said in a ten-word telegram. Miss Moorhead was very promptly ordered to come home—“never darken my doorstep again.”

That was too much for Natalie’s pride—she had to stay. Two weeks later she was walking across the stage twice daily in “Abie’s Irish Rose” for the magnificent sum of twenty-five dollars a week.

Things happened fast and furiously for the next three years—things that were not all the ease and luxury that her family would have given her. “It wasn’t so pleasant—living on twenty-five dollars, and less, a week after I had been used to having everything that I wanted—but I had a lot of pride, and I guess I wouldn’t trade that experience for anything now. If I had it all to do over again, I wouldn’t hesitate a moment.”

She still loves the theatre—the smell of grease paint—although she wouldn’t exchange the old place on the stage for the present one in the talkies.

She still has the first make-up box that she ever owned, and sometimes, when she is feeling blue and depressed, she gets out the old box. “Then I have a good cry and feel loads better,” she says.

She smokes “Spud” cigarettes and won’t use a holder.

Turquoise blue, beside being her favorite color, is also her omen of good luck. She never appears without a touch of it somewhere in her clothing.

She hates being awakened from a sound sleep—and thinks that rain is good for the complexion.

Swimming is her favorite sport—and she adores “Scotty,” the real Scottie they once had.

All in all, Natalie Moorhead is a pretty grand person—ask Alan Crosland.
She curled up in a corner of the divan.

“I have been in love again,” she confessed.

I felt it coming. There was that same appealing, tragic look in her eyes.

“First loves are great. We never get over them. But that doesn’t keep us from loving again. I have loved only three men in my whole life. And all three of them died too soon.”

A sad little pause ensued. I say nothing. The banjo clock on the wall ticks too loudly. And the surf booms on the shore beneath the window.

“What about Serge?” I venture and my question seems to hang suspended for an instant.

“Oh, Serge!” She turns over her hand in a gesture of indifference, “I married him only because of a certain physical appeal and because I was lonely. He offered me consolation when I was grieving for Rudy. I never loved him. I have already forgotten him.”

“You mentioned three loves,” I prompt her.

A spasm of pain contracts her face for an instant.

“I cannot tell you his name. You probably know who he is,” she says after an interminable pause. “I have promised myself not to talk about him. He was killed on the fifth of May, while trying to make an airplane record on a London-to-Africa flight.”

She leans forward, cupping her face in her hands. Her little body tense.

“I am fated to be unhappy in love. I know it. Each time that I meet someone whom I truly love, something happens. It isn’t that men do not love me. I could have any man in the world right here at my feet.” She points to the floor with a querulous gesture. “You can picture them groveling at her feet for her favor. "But I don’t want them. I have no interest in them, now. Perhaps, if I could have had children, I would have been happy like other women. But even that was denied me. I shall not love again, for it brings me only pain and loneliness in the end.”

“I am going to work, work, work. I am going to do vampish women of intellect. I am going to vamp my mind as well as my body. I am exotic and I am going to play exotic roles, but I am not going to be like Dietrich or Garbo or anyone else. I am going to be myself.”

The “new” Pola Negri is no different from the old” Pola.

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SILVER SCREEN — for September 1931

79
He's Got His Own Number

He, too, talked of concentration, perseverance and hard work. Just like an ordinary business man.

"Don't you take your work too seriously?" I asked.

"I'm paid to do that."

"But can't people be successful and still not take their work seriously?"

"No, you've got to concentrate to be a success. If an actor forgets his wardrobe, arrives late on the set, or does anything else that holds up production, he won't last long."

"I have no illusions about the picture business. I know that acting is devilishly hard work without any glamour to it. You work under hot lights, and at 9 A.M. you put on evening clothes and pretend it's three o'clock in the morning."

"I have no press agent stories either. I know most of us are not half as interesting as our press agent stories make us out to be."

"Well, if you feel that way about it all, why have you stuck for fifteen years?" I asked.

Barthelmes smiled his slow crooked smile.

"I'm in this business to make money," he confessed. "I know that most men think that putting on greasepaint and mugging for the camera is anything but a he-man's job. But as long as in my own heart, I know what I am and why I'm doing it, it doesn't matter what others think."

"I have no illusions about acting. When I'm making a picture in which I don't believe, I'm miserable."

"I was wretched, for instance, when I was making an amusing picture called 'The Drop Kick.' It was a college football story. Now football is always interesting when it's real but never in a picture. The director had never been to college and didn't know anything about it. And I hate to tell you how many years it's been since I've played football. You can imagine how I felt about it."

"I wasn't very happy either when I was making a picture called 'Drag.' The critics liked it. I didn't. Any juvenile could have walked through that part as well as I. I like an exacting role."

"I'm much more interested in the inception of pictures than in acting in them. I always have my fingers in the pie."

"If I could make as much money as a producer as I do by donning the grease paint, I'd give up acting. Some day I hope to go into production actively, when I can afford it."

"Would you give up acting definitely in that case?" I asked.

"Yes, I would. Of all the people who have tried to combine producing and acting, only Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd have succeeded.

"I'd hate to produce from an office, like Adolph Zukor. I'd like to produce actively, to be right on the battlefield, like Howard Hughes."

"Is all this a definite plan?" I asked.

"No, if I had given up acting, I'd form a plan. Now it's just an urge. But I expect to do it, if I don't get lazy about it. And I don't expect to get lazy about it. I might get lazy about acting, because lots of the films don't like. But not about this, because I'd enjoy it."

Dick Barthelmes possesses a remarkable faculty for self-analysis. Talking to him, feeling the impact of his logic is like getting under an ice-cold shower after a hot and sincere reflection such as his give you the same stimulating sensation that ice-cold water does when you don't quite expect it. You don't expect it of an actor. Dick Barthelmes is not only honest with interviewers; he's honest with himself.

He knows what he wants and he makes him up his mind as to what's the best way to get it. He reeks with intelligence.

I think that underneath that intelligence there is a strong emotional quality. You can read it in his eyes, dark brown, bottomless, which mirror his own soul and search yours through and through.

If he were to allow emotions to dominate his life, he might wreck it. But he never will. He knows what he wants and he knows the price he must pay. He pays it and never repents it. He is not a rebel. He is not bitter. He's just a square-shooter.

And this is the way he analyzes himself:

"I'm not a lazy person but I love to loaf. I like to lie on the beach, to swim, to lie under gorgeous palm trees, to view the world idly from the deck of a boat."

"I would have made a grand beach-comber."

"I like hard play, hard work and hard rest."

"I'd prefer peaceful to exciting surroundings as a steady diet. And by peaceful surroundings I mean places where trees grow, and there is rest and quiet."

"Last year my wife and I spent two glorious months with the Clive Brooks in Vancouver, Canada. We rested. The trip before I went to Havana and played. But idleness is fun for a longer period than play and excitement."

People often accuse Barthelmes of taking himself too seriously. "But mostly-they're people who haven't seen him at play. He takes his work seriously, of course. But that's a different matter."

His favorite hobby is boating. He also likes fishing, swimming and tennis.

A press story says that he likes hunting but dislikes fishing. He says that shows how much reliance you can put in a press story.

He was very much hurt by one story that was printed saying that when he got back to Hollywood after a short trip to New York he and his daughter were going to appear together-in a picture. She is eight years old.

"What sort of a person must they think I am to do a thing like that?" he asks.

He is not bitter about—just hurt. He knows that this sort of thing is part of the price he must pay.

"Knowing what you do about acting, would you be willing to see a son or daughter of yours follow it?" I ask.

"Yes, if they were a success at it. You can't deny success, no matter what calling
it's in.

"I'm not very tolerant of people who aren't successes. No matter what occupation you're in, you ought to be grand in it. If you're a street cleaner, you ought to be a good one."

In a sense, it is an accident that Dick Barthelmess is an actor. If he had picked out any other calling, he would have been a success at it. He gets out of life exactly what he wants because he goes after it so intelligently. He wanted success.

His mother, Caroline Harris, was an actress on the speaking stage. When Nazimova first came to America, she taught her to speak English.

After Barthelmess graduated from Trinity College, Nazimova offered him a chance to play in the screen picture, "War Brides." That was his first screen role.

He forged ahead steadily. Came "Tol'able David" and stardom.

Dick's charm is expressed in his strange dark eyes and in his slow crooked smile. He only smiles at intervals. You wait for his smile. It seems to touch something in you. A note of sympathy. A chord of sadness. It is almost as though Barthelmess had learned to smile after unhappiness. It is almost, like his way of letting his intellect decide life for him, a protection. A protection from what might happen if one were ruled by emotion.

You probably know the little there is to know about his private life. That he was married to Mary Hay, that they had a daughter, and the marriage was unhappy.

That he is now happily married to Jessica Haines Sargeant.

You've heard that his best friends are William Powell and Ronald Colman.

"— We're very good friends," he says, "though to read newspapers you'd think we saw each other all the time and never went out with anyone else. I have lots of other friends, and see a lot of Clive Brook, Ernest Torrence, Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco, Gene Markey, Gloria Swanson, Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur.

"I think friendship depends a lot on where and how you meet a person. If you meet them under trying circumstances, you're not likely to try to get very close to them. But if you meet them under amusing, stimulating circumstances, it boosts the friendship along.

"Bill Powell and I met together when we were on the boat to Havana to play together in 'The Bright Shawl.'

"I met Ronnie Colman in New York, but didn't really get to know him until we were both out together in Hollywood.

"Powell, Colman and I have the same interests but different temperaments. Ronald is staid and quiet. I move somewhat faster. William Powell moves fastest of all."

A swell guy, Richard Barthelmess. The most sincere and least actorly actor I ever met.

He can size himself up honestly. You can believe what he says. He's got his own number. And it's a pretty grand number, too.

"When do we have the party of the first part and the party of the second part?" asks Jackie "Skippy" Cooper as he shows his MGM contract to Wally Beery.
Kay Francis and Paul Lukas in "The Vice Squad" spreading their insidious influence

LARGEST

This is the superlative that is the goal of all human striving. It is the reward of the ambitious and when it is a statement of fact, it is not boastful. So let us modestly proclaim—Silver Screen has the LARGEST newsstand circulation of any screen magazine. We nod to the Empire State building with its head lost in the clouds, another Largest, and in behalf of the writers, correspondents and associates we take the bow which they have earned. We expect any moment a dirigible will come up and anchor to us.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOVIES

Much is said about the screen's influence and after enjoying "The Vice Squad" we hope it is all true. In this story a man of honor lives according to the code of a gentleman and protects the innocent with no thought of himself. Now when some small boy refuses to tattle on a playmate, declines to lie to save himself and holds his honor proudly, let the screen be given the credit.

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

After the press agent's adjectives have bogged down, after the photographs, portraits and publicity stills are forgotten, then comes the crucial test which makes or breaks them all, and we mean all. No one can survive if the public rejects him, and just as truly if the public (you and you, too,) says O.K., there is nothing anyone can do to set the decision aside. The big salary, the beach house, the special sets and the finest of directors and stories, these are but the well earned deserts. Recently Janet Gaynor made "Daddy Long Legs" and now your opinion of her performance, "lies before me as I write." You, the Grand Jury, have rendered your verdict and no pull or influence, no press agent or ballyhoo can change or alter it. Janet Gaynor right now is as good as the best in the world.

Clippings from Variety, the showman's paper that "tells all"
TAKE A LION WITH YOU ON YOUR VACATION!

WANT to make sure of a roaring good time this summer? Looking for thrills, adventure, romance, fun? Remember Leo, the M-G-M lion! Look him up wherever you may be—at seashore or camp, at home or abroad—you're seldom more than a few miles away from a theatre where the world's greatest motion pictures are being shown! Drop in to see Leo. He'll be delighted to introduce you to the greatest stars on the screen today—acting for you in pictures that represent the world's best entertainment.

More stars than there are in heaven

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

A Few M-G-M Hits Coming Soon!

Joan CRAWFORD in “This Modern Age”

Greta GARBO in “Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise”

John GILBERT in “Cheri Bibi”

Buster KEATON in “The Sidewalks of New York”

Marie DRESSLER and Polly MORAN in “Politics” the funniest picture you ever saw and many, many others!
Cool...

as a Woodland Pool

Pep-O-mint Life Savers... refreshing... pure, wholesome rings of sweetness... with the flavor of fresh mint... quieting to the nerves... soothing to the throat... the cooling enjoyment of a nation... aids digestion... after eating... sweetens breath... after smoking.

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All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO AND NEW YORK
HOW GARBO HAS CHANGED

Intimate Interview with SYLVIA SIDNEY
The HOLE Fruit Flavor...

Rich, juicy...brimming with refreshing flavor...Orange, Lime, Lemon and Grape Life Savers...with the HOLE fruit flavor...a taste sensation that has captivated millions overnight.

Each Life Savers Fruit Drop is literally packed with cooling, thirst-quenching flavor...like the fruit itself...sold in the famous roll package handy for pocket or purse...foil-wrapped to keep weather out and flavor in.

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His quaint humor is screamingly funny...

His "Pop Martin" character is deliciously human

The screen's most lovable comedy character

Andy Clyde

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Andy Clyde achieves new heights of laugh supremacy in these uproarious new two-reel comedies.

The screen's grand "young-old man" in his inimitable role of "Pop Martin" is a gay grandaddy with bad-boy instincts. His inability to avoid awkward predicaments will delight you. His pathos will tug at your heart strings. You'll love him while you laugh at him... and agree with the erites that Andy Clyde is a laugh-master without equal.

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First of the new series of Mack Sennett Andy Clyde Comedies; loaded with laughs

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The perfect He-Men No Longer Popular
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GARBO "PLAYED THE GAME"

A Story Told By Old Publicity Stills
By Eliot Keen

SYLVIA SIDNEY

The Little Girl With The Big Emotions
By Radie Harris

IN THIS LIES TRAGEDY

Why John Gilbert Is Unhappy
By Edward Churchill

THEIR MILLION DOLLAR DEFECTS

How Genius Capitalizes A Handicap
By Muriel Babcock

SCREEN STARS OR JUST GIRLS

Brief Biographies of Linda Watkins, Irene Purcell, Judith Wood, Peggy Shannon

"SMOOTH" LADIES

The Beauties Who Rate The Latest Slang
By Adele Whitely Fletcher

MADGE EVANS, VETERAN TROOPER

Once A Child Actress--Now A Leading Woman
By Frank Wheelwright

THE COOK'S NIGHT OUT

When The Stars Try Out Their Favorite Recipes
By Harry D. Wilson

HE'S SOMB BECAUSE HE'S A HIT

Monroe Ousley Voices A Protest
By S. R. Mook

ENVIRONMENT!

Youthful Memories
By Bob Moak

PAT OF THE MILWAUKEE O'BRIENS

He Gives Luck All The Credit
By Marquis Busby

NAMES THAT ARE NEWS!

Hollywood Local News Often Makes Sensational Reading
By James M. Filber

DRESSED IN DIGNITY

The New Fashions Arouse Comments

CRAZY TO GET MARRIED

Dorothy Mackaill Can't Take A Joke, Especially A Husband
By Brian Kingsley

Special Departments

Beauty In Bottles By Mary Lee

Love and Hisses

Talkies In Tabloid

Ask Me Another By Sally Firth

The Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle
By J. H. Bryant

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Silver Screen's Reviewing Stand

Art

An Unusual Pose of Greta Garbo

Darn Clever These Chinese, Anna May Wong

Gracefully Poised, Joan Crawford

The Great Lover Himself, Adolphe Menjou

Terrifying, Bela Lugosi

Buds and Gladiolas, Arline Judge and Roberta Gale

A Favorite Reminiscence, Eleanor Boardman

Back In A New Size, Madge Evans

Adrian's Masterpiece and Norma Shearer

By Popular Request, Richard Arlen

Coming Strong, Kay Francis

Back to Work, Pola Negri

Our Favorite Pilot, Helen Twelve-trees

Setting A New Style, Greta Garbo

Silky and Single, Dorothy Mackaill

COVER PORTRAIT

OF SYLVIA SIDNEY

By John Roiston Clarke

Silver Screen

October Nineteen Thirty One

Reflecting The Magic of Hollywood

Volume One Number Twelve

20 minutes reading will make your whole life more enjoyable

... 384,000 men and women have sent for this free book about baths

BATHS can help us in many, many ways. In more ways than most of us ever imagined! One kind of bath, for example, quiets and rests us; another brings new energy and new enthusiasm.

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CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE
Established to promote public welfare
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Silver Screen for October 1931
Beauty in Bottles

By

MARY LEE

THERE is only one red door on Fifth Avenue! It is set like an exclamation point into a black and white marble façade. It is a dream-palace of luxury devoted to the beauty and charm of women.

Here complexions are cleared, faces are firmed, and bodies are made lithe and lovely in surroundings of almost fantastic splendor.

Six floors of lush loveliness so exquisite that it is caressing—so expensive that it is dramatic! One hears that its walls of mirrors, fixtures of crystal, silken treatment rooms, satin exercise pads and all its smart appointments cost its owner well over a million dollars.

Through that red door pass women whose names represent the greatest fortunes in the world, famous women, and then those like ourselves who go when we can afford it—to luxuriate where fragrant creams and skillful hands make us look and feel beautiful.

All of us intent upon preserving youth! Beauty! Health! For as these slip slowly away from us, so slip our chances for happiness and success. Very worth-while is the struggle to hold them—and joy of joys! we may even reclaim them—and in some cases actually create them.

Such is the science of beauty-building today. Nothing sudden and magical, understand—but neither is the process very slow. At once there is a noticeable improvement and almost anything can be accomplished in a reasonable time.

It matters not whether you want to look your best to be presented at Court or to apply for a position in the ten-cent store—your chances for creating a favorable impression depend upon your appearance.

It matters not if your skin is as silken and as fine-pored as a rose-petal, modern living conditions will destroy it unless you guard it with care.

But for those of us who cannot go to crystal palaces for our beauty treatments, it is possible to achieve the same, or very nearly the same, result at home; IF we are sensible enough to buy the right cosmetics and intelligent enough to use them correctly and regularly.

The best beauty specialists will tell you that it is the home care that counts!

But let me tell you that it won’t count for much unless your dressing-table is so conveniently arranged that it invites and reminds you to care for your beauty. Convenience is not so much a matter of money as it is of brains.

At this season most of us are turning our thoughts inward to our homes after a summer of thinking outward to trips, resorts and sport. And having settled ourselves [Continued on page 62]
Frank! Powerful! Realistic! A heart-stirring cross-section of modern life that fairly hammers on the emotions . . . . A sweeping drama of pathos and passion—betrothal and betrayal—honor and hypocrisy—with lives and loves sacrificed to the Juggernaut of newspaper circulation . . . . Greatest picture of the year—with the outstanding screen actor of the day, and a powerful supporting cast.

Edw. G. Robinson

A First National & Vitaphone Picture

“Vitaphone” is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation
FIRST PRIZE

In "Honor Among Lovers," and "The Royal Family," I was delighted with the performance of Fredric March. Here at last was an actor with charm, spontaneity, and sophistication: an actor who could give the right touch to smart dialogue and an actor who could raise the intellectual standard of the movies above the moron level. His work was brilliant, clever and charming. He seemed to be an expression of the modern stage taste which has shown itself in fondness for Noel Coward and Frederick Lonsdale productions.

In "The Royal Family" he was the epitome of smartness and brilliancy. People formerly disgusted with the movies for their obvious cheapness and lack of artistry began to feel more hopeful for the intellectual outlook of the movies. Then came "The Night Angel!" Of all the stupid, inane, cheap melodramatic tripe, this was perhaps the worst. It was, indeed, a horrible thing to place the talents of this clever actor in rubbish of this kind. Sloppy, sentimental and sickeningly dull, this movie was a disgrace to American culture and ideals.

Please—whoever is responsible for this sort of thing—reinstate Mr. March to his former position which he held so admirably.

Grace Alwood

SECOND PRIZE

NATivel, N. J.

NAT, tell me if you can why Buddy Rogers has been demoted from stardom and made to play roles in support of the stars? Is this his own idea to prove his worth as a dramatic actor or are the Paramount executives to blame? Is it possible they think him unimportant? Buddy who caused near riots and traffic jams while making local appearances in New York.

Buddy, unfortunately, has been cast in too many unimportant productions; and although he has always given very enjoyable and entertaining performances, his roles have been limited to the light, playboy sort of thing. Give him roles worthy of his talent. Buddy, more mature and dramatic vehicles and the box office, will bear watching. Buddy went dramatic in a big way in "The Lawyer's Secret," stole the picture, and rendered one of the best performances of the month. He is no longer the débutante's delight, but a first class actor, and if starred in pictures worthy of his talent and acting ability will soar to heights unknown.

Myrtle Wiegand

THIRD PRIZE

Minneapolis, Minn.

Which does the public want, a great story or a great star? Rather, would the public prefer a great star in a poor story or mediocre players in a great story?

With many, the star is the whole show. With others, a good story is the thing. Now, I would enjoy Garbo if she were sitting in a rocking chair knitting. The best story of the season would not appeal to me if it had a poor cast.

I realize it's a shame to waste a brilliant star in a cheap story, still I maintain it's the star that draws the crowds. How many times have we heard, "I don't know how good the picture may be, but I like her (or him) in anything, so come on, let's go!" And how many times it is said, "I think that would be an interesting picture, but I don't like the cast, no one worth seeing in it."

How do other readers feel about this question? The ideal combination is a good star in a good story: providing we can't always have that much desired thing, what do we want most, good stars or good stories?

C. I. Newton

CLARK GABLE

Bartlesville, Okla.

What an Inspiration. Will I must say I received mine from no one else except that Clark Gable. Could any other man put more appeal and reality in one picture than the one and only Clark. Fans will admit that Norma Shearer is good, and no doubt she is, but, it takes the male part in the picture to bring out what the fans call a box office attraction. Give Clark the pictures, and you will see a man reach the ladder of success, if he has not already done so. What a knockout he gave you in "A Free Soul", and what a wallop he dealt you in Joan Crawford's last picture. To tell the truth, that is only the first coat, but wait, my stars, this Gable man is going somewhere and I can see through the glasses Clark is headed for stardom.

W. R. Julian

HUNDREDS of letters this month about Joan Crawford. And Clark Gable is getting plenty too. Norma and Joan have given that boy a break and the fans have boosted him on to their own shoulders. From now on Clark Gable is dynamite—the biggest star possibility. How many folks do know anyone who bleaches his hair, that is all except Clara Bow, and no matter what she does there are a million who will cry, "That's O. K. with me, Cherie!"

The Crawford army is organizing and putting up a ballyhoo which Garbo, true artist that she is, will resent in silence.

Tell us more, we're Three prizes each month for letters not longer than 200 words. $15 First Prize $10 Second and $5 Third.

JOAN CRAWFORD

Cooksville, Tenn.

This is a letter of praise and there are no hisses at all. I want to express my admiration of Joan Crawford and would like to do so through your magazine. I think Miss Crawford is the most brilliant actress that the American fans have had the pleasure and privilege of seeing and hearing on our screen. She is the personification of everything that any girl could ever desire to be. She is sophisticated, beautiful, has a charming voice, and dances like nobody's business! I have no idea that I am telling anyone something new. However, I still maintain that she is nothing short of marvelous. Actresses may come and they may go, but Joan still holds her own. I worship at her shrine.

Fay Bennett

BLEACHED BLONDES

Buffalo, N. Y.

Why don't the stars stay natural! I suppose the answer is that they think they are improving themselves by being dramatic or prettier, but are they?

When Nancy Carroll first came into the movies, wasn't she sweet with her short dark hair? Now it is bleached to look lighter on the screen. Joan Crawford with her light hair . . . Dorothy Lee with light hair and not half so sweet . . . Clara Bow now a platinum blonde. About the only natural girl on the screen is Ruth Chatterton. She is most always the same. Ruth looks just like any girl you might meet while walking down the street.

I don't mean to be an old crab, but it makes me angry to see my favorite stars getting so artificial. A little criticism, meant to be helpful, won't hurt them.

C. A. Beuche

ANOTHER S O S

Waterbury, Conn.

Mrs. Doug Jr., you should be spanked and heard. What have you done to your beautiful hair? In "Laughing Sinners" you have turned into one of those very unnatural blondes. It's a shame! My crowd thinks your a knockout. And how? But you look normal and let bleaching alone.

Lee Cronin

SILVER SCREEN
FATE BRANDED HIM A THIEF
AND THEN MADE HIM AN ENGLISH PEER! . . . He was an officer and a gentleman. To him honor meant more than anything else—more than friends, country, or life itself...And yet he accepted dishonor to save the honor of his enemy. He left England’s life of luxury for America’s wildest West—but England sought him out, and fate made him a peer of the realm.

TWO WOMEN LOVED HIM
His wife and the wife of another—the woman who gave up everything for him—and the woman for whom he gave up everything. The first saved his life twice—and twice he drove her away. The second told him she never wanted to see him again—yet she crossed half the world to find him.

TWO FORCES SWAYED HIM
“I'm just a woman who loves you,” his goddess had said, “wanting terribly to play fair.” And her eyes pleaded with him to help her . . . What should he do? . . . His honor commanded, “Go!” His love whispered, “Stay!” Two fates called—

but only one could be answered...
As man of mystery, he comes to America’s frontier of fate and fortune—where he battles racketeers—where he defies the law at pistol point—until destiny plays an unexpected ace!

A THRILLING ALL STAR CAST
With such distinguished players as WARNER BAXTER, LUPE VELEZ, ELEANOR BOARDMAN, CHARLES BICKFORD and ROLAND YOUNG, this epic drama is made the sensational love-adventure film of the year . . . Directed by the master hand of the screen’s greatest director—

CECIL B. DE MILLE

WARNER BAXTER IN
THE SQUAW MAN
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

for October 1931
Elissa Landi and Lewis Stone make you overlook the flaws in a story about a young woman who is suspected of trying to rob the man she really loves. Miss Landi gives an even better account of herself than in "Body and Soul," but once again the story doesn't measure up to her talents.

ANTONELLE'S AFFAIRS
Good (Fox)
Here's entertainment for you if you like your comedy light and frothy. So many mix-ups you can't keep them straight but who cares. Jeanette MacDonald is charming as Annabelle and Victor McLaglen as her illogical, primitive husband. She hasn't been seen in eight years, is great.

CHANCES
Good (First National)
This is an interesting war story but too obvious to carry much suspense. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Anthony Bushell are two brothers in love with the same girl, Rose Hobart. Well, you know what happens.

CITY STREETS
Good (Paramount)
Gary Cooper in a picture which combines romantic love interest with an exciting gangster plot. He gets into a racket to get his girl out of jail, and then it looks as if both of them will be "put on the spot." Sylvia Sidney and Gary are splendid.

COMMON LAW
Good (R.K.O.-Pathé)
A frankly sophisticated picture with Connee Bennett playing an artist's model who falls in love with an artist. His folks oppose their marriage so that's where the old common law enters. Connee again glorifies sin, making it most attractive. Joel McCrea is the artist.

CONFESSIONS OF College life as the movies see it. A college youth falls for a pretty co-ed, and the inevitable happens. Sylvia Sidney gives a fine performance but you won't be impressed with the story. Phillips Holmes and Norman Foster are the boy friends.

DADDY LONG LEGS
Great (Fox)
Bring the whole family to see this. Janet Gaynor has a winsiful, haunting appeal as the orphan who falls in love with Daddy Long Legs, her benefactor. The picture has pathos; it has humor; it has everything. Warner Baxter makes an interesting leading man, but it's Janet's picture.

DO NOT MISS-
"Daddy Long Legs"
perhaps the best of the year
"A Free Soul"
because of the clothes they are all talking about
"Women Love Once"
because Eleanor Boardman is back
"Young Donovan's Kid"
—Jackie Cooper on his way to a million

DAYBREAK
Good (M-G-M)
The romance of a philandering lieutenant who learns about heartbreak after leaving the girl who loves him and with whom he has had an affair. You'll like Ramon Novarro and Helen Chandler as the lovers.

EXPENSIVE WOMEN
Fair (Warner)
Dolores Costello's comeback picture is pretty weak melodrama with little in its favor. She plays one of those very feminine women who after a lot of agonizing and heart aches discovers that she really didn't love the man after all. There's a murder in it for no good reason.

FIVE AND TEN
Great (M-G-M)
This picture is supposed to prove the curse of wealth and make you glad you aren't burdened with a lot of sock and bonds. Marion Davies, as a daughter of a millionaire, gets involved in a scandal with Leslie Howard, her mother runs off with a gigolo, and her brother commits suicide. But there's a happy ending.

FREE SOUL
A triumph for Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore, who plays a drunken attorney who teaches his daughter to believe in the freedom of love. The scenes between Norma Shearer and Clark Gable as a gangster with whom she becomes involved are tremendous, and there is a gripping court-room climax in which the honors go to Lionel Barrymore.

GOLDIE
Fair (R.K.O.-Pathé)
A rowdy, fast-moving comedy that will remind you of "The Cock-eyed World," but it isn't nearly so funny. Warren Hymer and Spencer Tracy are the naughty sailor boys who go in for broad humor and bad women. Jean Harlow, something class in blondes, trims them plenty. Good entertainment for hot weather.

HUSH MONEY
Good (Fox)
Here's a pleasant picture with Joan Bennett doing nicely as the poor girl, broke and hungry, who innocently becomes the tool of a crook. When she gets out of jail she marries a wealthy young man whom she adores and everything is all right until her old associates start blackmailing her. You'll like Hardie Albright as the young husband.

INDISCREET
Good (United Artists)
Rib-tickling entertainment. Not as dramatic as "The Trespasser," but a grand mixture of farce, slapstick, musical comedy and drama about a woman who almost loses her fiancé while trying to save her sister from the man who ruined her past.

(Continued on page 78)
"LOOK—Miss Nobody thinks she can play" someone whispered

— but when she sat down at the piano...

HOW wonderful it all was! And what a surprise, too. Eileen had never expected to be asked to Grace Williams’ party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town. It was like a dream! Eileen was thrilled beyond words—yet so frightened. What dress would she wear? Would it be smart enough for such a wonderful gathering? Would she feel out of place in such an exclusive society? Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she'd have to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. You looked positively adorable,” he told her. Eileen knew that Bill was proud of her—but how would the others feel about her?

The party was in full swing when they arrived. Everyone stopped when Eileen was introduced. As she found herself face to face with the smartest social celebrities in town Eileen suddenly realized she had never felt more uneasy in all her life. But that was only the beginning. Later, as conversation lulled, Eileen felt that everyone's eyes were on her. Yes, Eileen admitted to herself, she did feel out of place. Oh, if this evening would only end!

And then it happened! It was while they were playing bridge. Eileen couldn't help but overhear.

"Who is that girl with Bill?" she heard someone whisper.

"I never saw her before. Bill met her some place or other. Seems nice enough but nobody of importance, I guess," came the reply.

Eileen blushed to the roots of her hair. So that's what they thought of her! Eileen suddenly grew indignant. She'd show them. Little did she realize how soon her opportunity to "show them" would arrive. Soon the bridge tables were pushed away.

for October 1931

"Where's Jim Blake tonight?" someone asked. "If he were here we could have some music!"

"Jim had to go out of town on business, came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. She'd show this smart set a thing or two. Summoning all her courage she spoke somewhat timidly:

"I think I could play a little if you're not too critical."

There was an embarrassed moment of silence. Eileen promptly became panicky—but realizing that she had to go through with it, she sat down nervously at the piano. Instantly she played a few chords—then broke into the hauntingly beautiful strains of "The Pagin Love Song". Her listeners sat spellbound as her fingers skipped lightly over the keys. Never had she played with such inspiration—such complete confidence in herself.

As she struck the last chord there was a burst of loud applause. "More, more," everyone cried. It was almost an hour before they permitted her to rise from the piano. As Eileen stood before herself the center of an admiring group, a glow of pride suffused Bill's face.

"Why, Eileen, I never knew you could play a note," he exclaimed.

"Well to tell you the truth, I have only been playing a short while," she answered.

"Why, you play as if you had studied for years. Who was your teacher?" someone asked.

"I had no teacher," Eileen replied.

"Well, how in the world did you ever do it?" they asked.

"It's a secret," said Eileen. And no amount of teasing would make her disclose it.

For Eileen, this night was just the beginning of a new world of pleasures. She became one of the most admired girls in the smartest of society. And all because she found this new secret to popularity.

On the way home, Eileen finally gave in and told Bill the whole story.

I Taught Myself

"You may laugh when I tell you," Eileen began, "that I learned to play at home, without a teacher. I taught myself when I first saw the U. S. School of Music advertisement. However I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson, When it came, I saw how easy it all was. I sent for the complete course. What pleased me so was that I was playing simple tunes by note from the start. Why, it was just as simple as A-B-C to follow the clear print and picture illustrations that came with the lessons. Now I can play several classics by note and most all the popular music. And, do you know, it only averaged a few cents a day!"
KITS OF ST. PAUL: So you are crazy about Clark Gable, are you? Well, I'm afraid you have lots of rivals for about fifty million gals, myself included, grow pale when that big heart-throb of the moment comes on the screen. Here are the details you wanted: Clark is six feet one inch tall, weighs 190 pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes. His forebears are all Pennsylvania Dutch. He was born February 1, 1901 in Cadiz, Ohio, but was educated in the grammar schools of Hopedale, Ohio, where he lived 17 years. He took a business course at Akron University but got stage fever and joined a repertory company where he played everything from Romeo to old Scrooge. He became a star overnight in New York when he played "Killer Mears" in "The Last Mile". Pathé signed him for "The Painted Desert". Then M.G.M. signed him under a long term contract. He will play opposite Garbo in "Susan Lenox" which will be released just any day now.

RUTH S.: Joel McCrea was born in Los Angeles, California, on November 5, 1909. He is six feet two inches, weighs 165 pounds, and has blue eyes and brown hair. He appears in "The Common Law" with Constance Bennett—by request, Miss Bennett's request. Connie seems to like Joel right well and they are seen lots of places together, but the Marquis is still on hand too. Connie hasn't announced any engagements yet.

Connie was born October 15, 1905. She has blonde hair and blue eyes and a figure that brings tears of envy to these old eyes. Her latest picture is "Bought," made by Warner Brothers, with Ben Lyon as her leading man.

SOPHIE H.: Froebie March is five feet, eleven inches, and weighs 170 pounds. The three Bennett sisters are American daughters of Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison.

Lupe Velez is still engaged to Gary Cooper—so says the whoopee girl.

Robert Montgomery is six feet one inch, and weighs 165 pounds.

E. SAVRE: That six-foot Gary Cooper is in foreign parts right now but is due back in New York soon. His next picture will be "Sad of Singapore" (may get a new name before released) which will be made out at Parmount's Long Island studio. The sweet Claudette Colbert will have the feminine lead though doubtless she won't be so sweet in Singapore. The Claudette-Gary team has never been used before but it looks like a grand combination to me. Hope you will like it.

I don't know of any star who has a birthday on May 8th. Gary Cooper on the seventh and Richard Barthelmess on the ninth is as near as I can get to it.

FAN: Yes, I think "Dance, Fools, Dance," should be classified as a gangster picture. Clark Gable, who is causing all the feminine hearts to go pit-a-pat, was the bad man who put Joan Crawford on the spot.

James Cagney made his biggest success to date in "The Public Enemy". He had the leading role with Jean Harlow, Leslie Fenton, Mae Clarke and Donald Meek supporting him.

Really now do you mean to say that you don't know who played opposite Janet Gaynor in "The Man Who Came Back"? And you call yourself a fan! Why Charlie Farrell, of course. And it should have been called the woman-who-came-back, for it was the first picture Janet made after her long pout with Fox.

JEANETTE B.: John Arledge played the part of Jimmy MacBride in "Daddy Long Legs". I think he's awfully attractive too. A letter will reach him if you send it to the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood.

PHILIP: William Janney and Leon Janney are not brothers. Joan Crawford's latest picture is called "This Modern Age", another one of those flaming youth affairs, and you'll have to admit that Joan flares beautifully. When this one is finished she will start on "Mirage". Monroe Oswley, ye old cup-bearer of the films, plays opposite Joan in "This Modern Age", and sober up enough in the end to marry the gal. Those directors certainly like to "shoot" Monroe in his cup-sets they? Ever since he played the inebriated lad in "Holidy" so perfectly he has been in great demand for those teetering roles. But at least he's allowed to get the girl in this picture, and the girl being Joan, that's a real break. There's a swell story on Monroe in this month's "Silver Screen". Don't miss it.

Tallulah Bankhead has finished "My Sin" at the Paramount Long Island studios and is planning to spend two months on a dude ranch in the wild and woolly West which will be quite a novel experience for the effete Mayfair lady. It isn't Gary Cooper's dude ranch that Tallulah has designs upon so no need for Lupe to gnash her teeth. Tallulah's next picture will be "Woman Against Woman" and will be made at the Long Island studios.

CANADA ELEEN: Yes, I think it is a shame that Richard Cromwell was given such a long rest after "Tola'ble David" for he is certainly a capable lad. He had to sit around on the Columbia lot twiddling his thumbs for eight months, then all of a sudden Columbia seemed to remember him and rushed him into three pictures. He has already finished "Fifty Fathoms Deep" and "When Hell Broke Loose", and is now working on "Guilty Generation".

Write Cromwell at the Columbia Studios, 1338 Gowery Street, Hollywood.

HELEN H.: So far Gloria has had three husbands, Wallace Beery, Herbert Somborn and the Marquis de Falaise de Coudray, more popularly known as "Hank". Jeanette MacDon-ald did not marry Robert Ritchie in June as she had planned. The wedding was called off, Jeanette, just de-

Lev Ayres is not married.
Waist and Hips Quickly Reduced without dieting, drugs or exercises

Waist and hips 2 to 4 inches smaller—in ten days. That’s what this wonderful new ventilated girdle has done for thousands of delighted women. We urge you to try it, too—at our risk.

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Perfolastic is entirely different from any other reducing girdle you have ever seen—lighter in weight, cooler, more comfortable, more slenderizing. Some models weigh as little as nine and a half ounces (garters included). And it’s ventilated—full of tiny holes to let the skin breathe and the pores function properly.

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City ................................................................. State ..............
A MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By J. H. Bryant

ACROSS

1. To give birth to
2. Cry
3. "The Star Witness"
4. Part of the verb to be
5. Initials of a Swedish star
6. A huge jungle beast (abbr.)
7. Mrs. Kenneth Hawks
8. Girl's name, possessive
9. A college degree
10. A star
11. To set at an angle again
12. Nothing
13. Christian name of Mr. King
14. This actress has two large... (initialed)
15. Knock
16. Girl's name
17. Christian name of 27 down
18. Elegant (abbr.)
19. Town and state (abbr.) of First Nat'l Studios
20. Italian coin
21. Young Manners
22. Narrative poem
23. More than just oil
24. Having an excess of gore
25. Lounging robe
26. Claudette Colbert's favorite egg dish
27. To add to
28. What the detectives do in crime films
29. He is shy, what is his first name?
30. The leaf of a fern
31. Swedish name of a man
32. Co-star in "Fame"
33. Christian name of comedy producer
34. Mother of young Irving
35. A prop in "Hell's Angels"
36. Pertaining to one of the great races of mankind
37. The French Fem.
38. You can pick these in Kay Francis' rose garden
39. A variety of these bulbs is named after Mary Pickford
40. Steps
41. He wrote "The Raven"
42. An awfully long time
43. This bird makes good hunting, and eating too
44. What contracts are signed in
45. He wrote fables
46. Jackie Cooper will be this on his next birthday
47. A health reson
48. Where wise money goes
49. A man's nickname
50. Initials of Mexican star
51. Prefix meaning "out"
52. Part of verb "to be"
53. Fate of movie actors rests on these
54. The specialties of artists
55. "Our..."
56. Seine
57. Holds film
58. Dolores Del...-
59. Edible shell fish
60. - but never again
61. - Dooley in "Honeymoon Lane"

DOWN

1. To mistake
2. An exclamation
3. - Naldi
4. What successful films have, slang
5. Each (abbr.)
6. An addition to a letter
7. Company (abbr.)
8. Hour (abbr.)
9. Not Laic
10. - Domin
11. Changed to "Sadie Thompson"
12. Feminine termination
13. Surname of the greatest star
14. What 13 down and 13 across is
15. Played opposite 13
16. In the direction of
17. Bennett, not Connie, Joan nor Barbara
18. Composed of two lines
19. A variety of palm
20. Cultivated
21. Star of "Five and Ten"
22. Trees dates grow on
23. Paradise
24. Christian name of author of play "Green Pastures"
25. Era
26. A falsehood
27. A German man's Christian name
28. It simply isn't - in the best families
29. The bird so useful to puzzlists
30. This style of doing the hair has come back

(The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 71.)

14

Silver Screen
When the King and Queen of Siam and the royal party of Siamese (none of them twins) recently visited the Paramount Long Island studios they found Tallulah Bankhead deep in “My Sin.” So deep was Tallulah that she didn’t want to be disturbed so when she was summoned to meet the King she merely lowered the famous Bankhead eyes to half-mast and said, “Aw Nuts”. However, she changed her mind, or maybe Zukor as host had something to do with it—anyway she finally consented to give the King one of her best St. James curtseys. And the next day the Queen went up in the air in the Zeppelin.

Ina Claire was granted her divorce from John Gilbert on August 4, so now Jack is just what he was way back in 1914—a bachelor. In court Ina testified that: “Despite my efforts to soothe my husband, he had a bad temper. We separated and went back together about eight times.” Jack had a few things to say too.

Despite all rumors that the Claudette Colbert-Norman Foster marriage vehicle is creaking the young couple have been spending the summer together at Montauk Point, Long Island, and never seemed happier. But the lovely Claudette is just one mass of freckles. As the shooting starts on “Sal of Singapore” next week she is now in the process of being de-freckled.

That long arm of coincidence is quite elastic when it comes to Connie Bennett. When luscious Connie and Le Marquis Henri la Bailly de Falaise de la Courdraye (aw, just call him Hank) arrived in New York together on their way to Europe the press simply danced circles about them asking all kinds of pointed questions. Connie was so surprised. Why how could the naughty press think such awful things! Why it was merely a coincidence that she and Le Marquis had arrived on the same train from the West! Why it was merely a coincidence that she and Le Marquis had engaged passage on the same boat going to Europe! Tsch! Tsch! Then Connie batted them baby blue eyes and said, “It’s poor taste to talk about marrying a man who isn’t completely divorced yet.” Something’s wrong with that picture.

Connie also pooh-poohed the reports that she had been sweethearing with handsome Joel McCrea, her leading man in two pictures. Just another coincidence? Wonder what Joel thought when he read about that? Perhaps it wasn’t Connie, Joel, maybe it was a trick done with mirrors.

Sylvia Sidney, Paramount’s fair-haired child, tells a funny one on herself. Sylvia arrived in the old hometown this week to be present at the opening of “An American Tragedy.” It was her first trip home since she made good in them there movies. Being a person of importance now she felt the need to cash a check (you know how those fan magazine writers do like to eat). As she walked along Broadway three girls gave her the oooh-a-celebrity look and nudged each other. “Ha,” said Sylvia, “guess I’m a movie star,” and up went her pretty little head. But when she arrived at the bank no one would cash her check! “I’m Sylvia Sidney, the local-girl-who-made-good-in-pictures,” she said in a quavering voice. “Never heard of you,” the cashier assured her, and ditto the rest of the staff. Finally a third assistant paying teller identified her. And the check was cashed and the fan magazine writer fed.

It looks like eight to twelve weeks for poor Joan Bennett who was thrown from her horse recently. That’s a long time to stay in a hospital. Joan insisted on riding an unmanageable horse in a film scene. He shied and bolted into a clump of trees. Joan suffered fractures of the spine. Her mother and sister Barbara (Mrs. Morton Downey) flew from New York to her bedside.
Even Heroes

No one thing shows the advance of screen standards more than the hero of today when contrasted with the perfect lily white he-man of the pictures of yesteryear.

**SCREEN heroes aren't what they used to be—a girl can't trust a one of them any more!**

For the 1931 model hero is a devastatingly dangerous individual who garners primroses along with his laurel wreaths and never mentions orange blossoms to the fair maiden by his side! (After all, orange blossoms—the old-fashioned kind, I mean—are going out of style, aren't they?)

In fact, we girls don't know which way to turn to be safe—but who wants to be safe, anyway? Not that we always felt this way—

Back in the days when “Broncho Billy” Anderson rode the range and rescued damsels in distress there were certain standards by which every well-trained hero could be recognized. He was always big and strong—calm in the face of danger—reverent to women. Temptation was just a word in the dictionary to him.

Of course, as the years rolled on, taste in movies changed. The horse-opera, the drawing-room drama, war spectacle and gangster film followed each other in successive cycles and many new favorites replaced the grizzled veterans of a thousand chases. But regardless of the time, the place or the film, a hero was a hero still and his motives were not to be impugned.

Francis X. Bushman, Harold Lockwood and Wallace Reid, our first real “matinee idols” followed the good old tradition that heroes be both virile and virtuous.

And even “The Sheik” had strictly honorable intentions.

When Valentino died, and with him the vogue for Latin love, John Gilbert and Ronald Colman became the leading exponents of nobility and unimpeachable character.

Until finally, in keeping with this modern age, the movies grew up! Audiences suddenly became tired of heroes that were too good to be true, and with a newly-awakened adult intelligence, called for screen characters who were human.

This heralded the advent of our current favorites, each in his way unique, each with his own individual appeal, yet each epitomizing a different phase of frailty mixed with heroism.

For instance, there is fair-haired young Phillips Holmes of the boish smile and tragic eyes. In most of his films Phil has portrayed characters possessing some inherent weakness—yet you condone rather than condemn him.

In “The Devil's Holiday” he was the country lad who proved an easy dupe in the hands of the scheming little manicurist. The role of an ill-fated habitué of a Cuban den of vice was his in “Her Man”. “The Criminal Code” saw him as an unfortunate victim of circumstances while his part in “Stolen Heaven” was that of a thief.
Are Getting Human

By Laura Benham

By the time Robert Montgomery is satisfied, "constancy" will be just a word back in the dictionary.

Clark Gable soon will have to call for his mail with a Mack Truck.

Chester Morris makes such likeable weaklings that he usually wins our forgiveness.

But Phil manages always to imbue his roles with a pathos and sympathy that rob them of their stigma. There is something so fresh and wholesome about him—his youthfulness is so authentic—that his screen characterizations are alive with the poignant suffering and soul-stirring struggle that confront all youth.

He is every mother’s son—every girl’s sweetheart, therefore, not to be judged too harshly.

There is a trick to it, of course, and it requires real acting. Our new, 1931 model hero may be a weakling, but he must be lovable. Perhaps we women have something to do with that. We don’t want screen heroes who are too perfect for words (some of us have husbands of our own at home), but we don’t want screen heroes, either, who aren’t “nice”—a woman’s definition of “nice”. That is, we don’t want a hero with whom we can’t sympathize. He can’t be vicious or nasty or mean. We want to feel that he’s misunderstood, perhaps, and that if we were there we might—well—mother him—you know—

in “Inspiration”. His rôle in “The Big House” was that of a weakling and a coward—yet he made even that despicable character sympathetic. And in “Shipmates”, his first starring picture, he had his weak moments, too.

As a general rule, Bob behaves as no self-respecting hero in the past would have done—yet he makes our hearts go pit-a-pat, because we know there are men like that. Of course, if they tried their wiles on us! Well, anyway—

Of an entirely different type is Fredric March who cannot rightly be called a “weakling”—even a lovable one, though he has little in common with heroes of the past. Rather, it is a quality of utter irresponsibility that has brought him the most distinction.

Freddie appeared in any number of straight-from-the-shoulder leads and was “just another leading man” until “Laughter” came along. In that, though, he ran contrary to all precedents of how a gallant Galahad should act, he was delightfully [Continued on page 66]
GARBO "Played the Game"
Look Where She Is Now!

It is the business of every publicity department to "build up" the girls until they become well known to the public. To get these names printed the still photographers take shots of the hopefuls in the company of the great, or in comedy poses, leaving on planes, or kissing locomotives. Anything, in order to get the girl's face and name printed. When Garbo was unknown, when instead of being the ideal and worshiped model for all American girls, Greta was just a little girl from Sweden, the publicity photographers bossed her around and posed her this way and that. And because the Great Garbo was truly great, she saw the wisdom of the plan and did her best to suit them.

These publicity still photographers are imaginative boys, who aspire to be great cinematographers; but the lad who posed Greta Garbo as a runner about to enter a race must have had the foresight of a crystal gazer. Enter the race she did, and in but a few years she has placed herself so far ahead of any star that ever lived that she has become a cult, and almost a legendary princess in her seclusion.

But those were the days! Imagine ordering the Garbo to come out into the studio yard and be jumped over! But she did it. She did not decide to go home when there was necessary work to do. If

The coach of the University of Southern California gave Greta the gun and how she has been going ever since!

Can you imagine Garbo plink-plunking? Or lined up with John Burk and his mates? (Cute shorts) Yet once upon a time they jumped over her! Garbo, who now towers above all, an inaccessible star!
Interesting Publicity Stills of
the Screen's Greatest Star
When She Was Just a Girl
Trying to Get Along

By Eliot Keen

one admires the great art of this actress, one must also admire the humble willingness of Greta from Scandinavia. In a very strange part of a strange land, she did as she was told to do. She filled the little spot they had chosen for her, but ever thinking in her own mind that she would "show them" sometime.

When that day came she found that a hundred humiliations had given her Art a smoldering intensity. And sure enough, as the parts got better, Greta proved herself to be so great an actress that no longer could any one command her. The camera boys felt dumb in her presence and doors swung open before her as she moved through the studio, respected by all because she was and is a great artist.

Greta Garbo has not made a "Publicity Still" for three years.

Beautiful, successful, talented Garbo, for whom in "Mata Hari" the great Novarro will become just a leading man

Whooo-oo! Friendly Greta and the new fur coat. At the right the Metro lion notes the beginning of the Garbo withdrawal
Sylvia Sidney
The Little Girl With the Big Emotions

Just when the big authors have gone in for drama along comes Sylvia to make these suffering girls seem very real; and that's Art

By Radie Harris

MEMORIES.

SIX YEARS AGO... a performance of "Prunella" given by the Theatre Guild School... in the audience—fond parents, doting relatives, third string critics and a few Broadway scouts... on the stage—a fifteen-year-old neophyte playing in the title role... an exquisite interpretation... everyone anxious to learn her identity... finding it on the program... Prunella... Sylvia Sidney.

A year later... the opening night of "Crime" at the Morosco Theatre... with a Broadway cast... James Rennie, Chester Morris, Kay Johnson, Kay Francis and Kent Douglass... Al Woods worrying about his ingenue lead, a newcomer, Sylvia Sidney... the last act... cheers, bravos, curtain calls for the "newcomer"... Al Woods puffing contentedly on his cigar.

After the play... a party given in her honor by her parents... crowds of Important People... adulation and homage... Sylvia, falling sound asleep in the midst of it.

The next morning... press notices... bouquets tied in superlatives... "local girl makes good". So overnight, FAME... and not even old enough to be kissed!

More memories.

A summer stock engagement at the Elitch Gardens in Denver... her leading man, a charming albeit unknown actor, named Fredric March... "Gods of the Lightning"... with Charles Bickford... Alexander Woolcott calling her "a miniature Cornell"... "Nice Women"... George Jean Nathan, breaking all precedent by remaining for the third act... "Bad Girl"... Vanity Fair giving her a full page portrait.

The winter of '29... turning down the leading role in William Brady's production of "Street Scene" to accept a motion picture contract with Fox Films... appearing briefly in "Thru Different Eyes".

Three months later... returning to Broadway... loathing Hollywood... vowing never to return.

The winter of '31... returning to Hollywood... replacing Clara Bow in "City Streets"... loving Hollywood.

So overnight a star of Paramount importance... and not even old enough to be kissed!

Such are the memories that surge kaleidoscopically through my mind as I try to put Sylvia Sidney on paper. Although of Russian descent, Goya might have painted her—jet-black hair—eyes, pools of Mediterranean jade—luscious vermillion lips—and a figure as well curved as the Indianapolis [Continued on page 68]
In This Lies
TRAGEDY

The Bitter Dregs of His
Unhappy Love Affairs
Have Poisoned
John Gilbert's
Self-respect

By
Edward Churchill

This is the tragic story of a tragic figure.

This is the bitter chronicle of a beloved character in motion pictures who today holds the sympathy of the world in his hands and who sees those hands as empty. It is the pitiful tale of one of the most glamorous, colorful, brilliant and misunderstood men of the screen.

The man I write about has been called selfish, and insipid.

He is actually shy, self-conscious, sensitive and easily hurt.

Today, he is one of the most talked about men in motion pictures and he stands at a dividing point in the highways of his life, alone and disharmonized.

The man of whom I write is John Gilbert.

He has worked for fifteen dollars a week.

He is working for ten thousand dollars a week.

For months at a time, he has not worked at all. And it irks a man not to work.

He finds that the joy has gone out of his work and he isn't quite sure why he is working today.

He has turned in performances which would have damned an extra. He has scored with performances which will be marked down as among the greatest in the history of the silver screen—we all remember "The Merry Widow", the Gilbert-Garbo pictures and "The Big Parade".

He was once an idol. He knows that.

He still is an idol and won't admit it to himself.

His strange feeling of inferiority, the weight of one disappointment after another, the shattering of his illusions and his beaten heart conspire to make of him a self-ordered and self-imposed hermit. He is a hermit, mentally and physically. When he infrequently visits those who know the fineness and the goodness in him, he comes quietly and soon leaves.

But his heart and his soul and his spirit, no matter whom he may seek as a companion, still walk alone.

This is the Gilbert of today.

He harbors an unhappiness which is too great for him to defeat, of himself, and too deep to be explained to those who are nearest and dearest to him. The tragedy of this is that they might be able to help him lift himself out of his mood. But Gilbert's friends are helpless.

What his end will be I cannot predict. Nor can those who know him better than I. Of himself, commenting on his entry into pictures years ago, he has said:

"I had found a job in motion pictures. Ariel had begun to play for me, and I, sure of his capture, chased madly after him. But I did not catch him. I never will."

Ariel stands for a song of peace, happiness and content.

Today, the man who penned these prophetic and pathetic lines lives alone in a lonely house on the deserted reaches of Malibu Ranch. He is alone with the boom of the surf and the fainter, mellower sounds of memory. He is silent—[Continued on page 74]
Billie Dove has prematurely gray hair and has had for years. Does she hide it? No, it is a part of her personality

Little defects in people often make them more human and lovable.

Little defects in motion picture stars are often worth a million dollars.

A crooked smile, a touch of gray in the hair, a snub nose, an extra large (passionate) mouth, a high cheek bone, even a generous supply of avoirdupois, or the reverse, a skinny figure, have been worth many thousands of dollars in the film market.

Sometimes teeth, sometimes a pair of beestung lips, eyes that do not quite match, a wrinkled brow, deep hollows in the cheeks, or under the eyes, have pointed up otherwise classically perfect features and made them individual, interesting, intriguing on the screen.

Long, long ago, clever women learned that what might on the surface appear to be a serious flaw in countenance or figure, could be turned into a terrific asset.

Nowhere has this age-old secret of charm been more exemplified than in the picture colony.

Did you ever stop to think, as youmoaned your snub nose, and sighed for

Although too old for little girl parts, Mary Pickford has been obliged to play rôles with which she has little sympathy

Did you know that Joan Crawford is far from being a perfect beauty?

the profile of a Garbo, as you gnashed your teeth and lamented your penchant to freckle, as you cursed the scales the day after a big chocolate fudge spree, that the loveliest creatures of filmland are usually lovely because they are not classically perfect?

That most of them wouldn’t stand a chance in a national beauty contest? That they couldn’t get within a mile of the judges’ stand in a Miami pulchritude event? That they wouldn’t stand a ghost of a show to win a blue ribbon when posed beside Miss Long
Million Dollar Defects

It takes talent to succeed in Hollywood but it takes genius to capitalize a handicap

by Muriel Babcock

overhearing two of mother's callers discuss them, of hearing one remark thoughtfully, what a shame it was that Mrs. Swanson's little girl had such big teeth, that they would handicap her all through life. I didn't tell mother, but I cried for days.

"Even today," Miss Swanson confided, "some people think my teeth false, and one of my most embarrassing moments occurred not long ago, when a young man who had imbibed too freely, rushed up to me at a party, and pleaded in a thick voice, 'lemme see those false teeth of yours!'"

Yet, analyze the Swanson face. What makes it the tremendously interesting thing it is? The languorous, graceful Billie Dove, with the soft melting eyes, and the curving figure, has gray hair. Not black flecked with gray, but out and out gray, such as your grandmother and great aunt possess.

Does this bother Billie? Does she resort to the dyeing parlors? No, she keeps it gray she says because:

"The [Continued on page 64]"

Bebe Daniels has succeeded in making her one fault forgotten in the blaze of her personality

If Dolores Costello hadn't hated her nose so much perhaps she would not have married the perfect profile
Screen Stars or just girls—

Linda Watkins
She's a Modern Girl with a Starry Future

LINDA appeared at a New York party last winter with a beautiful Chanel gown on backwards. (It wasn't a backless model, thank goodness!) A Paramount scenario writer thinking (oh, yes, they do) that poor little Linda didn't know about such things took her in the corner and told her about Chanel models. "I like it this way," Linda informed her and that settled that. And that explains a lot about Linda.

She was born in Boston, Mass., May 23, 1909, but when she was only a gurgling tot of four weeks her family moved to New York and brought her along. Even then she was planning to become a screen actress some day. She was educated at Lincoln School, Teachers College and the Theatre Guild School where she showed much promise. Her first play was "The Devil and the Cheese" in which she played neither the devil nor the cheese. Then came "The Ivory Door", a season of stock in Columbus, Ohio, and "Trapped" in Chicago. This led to a season of Ibsen revivals with Blanche Yurka, and New York began to Oh and Ah about the little Watkins girl. Her big stage success in the leading role in "June Moon" brought her a Fox contract. Her first assignment was the title role in "Sob Sister".

Linda is five feet, four and a half inches, weighs 108 pounds, has blonde hair and blue grey eyes. She is unmarried and lives with her mother.

Irene Purcell
From Indiana. Now, Hoosier Favorite

IRENE PURCELL'S earliest ambition was to be a nun or a nurse. So it was almost certain she would be an actress. Mr. and Mrs. James Purcell did right by their little Irene and sent her to the best schools in Hammond, Indiana, where she was born, and then on to St. Mary's Convent in Wisconsin, and thence to Anna Morgan's School. It was here that Irene began to wonder about footlights and experiment with grease paint.

Irene arrived at her screen job by way of the modern ladder. The days when the girls went in for extra jobs having passed, she went for stage experience and sought it where variety would be the handmaiden of knowledge, and that is "in stock". There were parental objections, of course, but when Irene got a job with George Arliss in Chicago the frowns turned to smiles, and even to proud beams.

She served her apprenticeship in stock companies and graduated from small parts to the leading roles in "The Great Necker", "Cross Roads", and the Belasco stage success "Dancing Partner". It was while she was appearing on Broadway in the latter that M-G-M, who always has an eye out for little reddish blondes who weigh 108 pounds, invited her to make a screen test. Came "Just a Gigolo" with William Haines and "Man in Possession" with Robert Montgomery. That screen test must have been successful.
Fate Looks Over the Debs

Judith Wood
Her Success is Certain,
She's a New Yorker

WHEN Judith was seventeen her mother took her to Paris for two years to study art. Unlike most Americans in Paris she learned to speak fluent French which ultimately resulted in her Paramount contract. As the bogus countess with the perfect French accent in "It Pays to Advertise" she caused the Paramount executives to sit up and sign up.

But while she was waiting for opportunity to knock she indulged in nearly every type of commercial art work. She posed for magazine illustrations and advertisements and her face rapidly became as well known in the magazines as it is now on the screen. In her off moments she designed costumes for the Cherry Lane Theatre in New York and became an actress as a side line. The critics gave her rave notices so she decided to try her luck in Hollywood and after a screen test won the leading role in "Children of Pleasure". Since then she has appeared in "The Divorce", "Soldiers and Women", "It Pays to Advertise", "The Vice Squad", and "Women Love Once".

Judith has blonde hair and green eyes and weighs 120 pounds. She was born in New York City and her father is Merle Johnson, well-known cartoonist. She's just past the voting age.

She started in pictures as Helen Johnson, but the old numerology bug must have bitten her for soon after she signed her Paramount contract she blossomed out as Judith Wood.

Peggy Shannon
She's Good Hollywood News Already

SOME people live in New York apartments for years and never know anything about the family next door except that they have a loud speaker on their radio and get a quart of Grade B every morning. But Peggy Shannon had been brought up on the back fence social life of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, the state that made the slow train famous, and she just had to talk to somebody. She chose the girl next door.

Her new acquaintance invited Peggy to go back stage with her for the thrill of it and just to complete the thrill and knock the little girl from the country out cold introduced her to Ziegfeld, the maestro in person. "Who's Ziegfeld?" asked Peggy. Earl Carroll and George White have asked that question—but never before has a beautiful red head with an oh-so-pretty figure shown such ignorance. This immediately made Peggy a novelty and a roving publicity man took her picture with the great Glorifier. The next day the newspapers with their customary accuracy announced "Ziegfeld Signs Arkansas Beauty", and Ziegfeld, being a gentleman and a scholar, had to put Peggy in his show to keep from making the newspapers out a lie.

Peggy went dramatic and played in fifteen successive failures. Paramount signed her and sent her west where she arrived just in time to replace la Bow in "The Secret Call." Then "Silence" and "The Road to Reno."
“Smooth” Ladies

When they possess a quality as indescribable and irresistible as the bouquet of a wine—they are “smooth”. It is the latest slang and the highest compliment.

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

THE Queen is dead! Long live the Queen!

Once again the style in screen stars changes...

And it looks very much as if the modern Circe would prove the most potent charmer of them all.

Long ago we had Theda Bara, Virginia Pearson, and Louise Glaum. We had generously curved ladies with big smudgy eyes who wore gowns that had flowing trains and sleeves, but which were noticeably inadequate otherwise. They were supposed to be ladies with a Way about them. But I’ve never met the man who actually wouldn’t have run away from their counterpart as if she were a plague. Men, generally speaking, prefer their women straight and at least seemingly conventional.

Then, quite recently, we had Clara Bow and Alice White and a long procession of Cuties who rolled their big blue, black, green or brown eyes and kept their hips syncopated. Flaming youth! It! Need I go on?

We had, too, the little flapper, charming enough in her own way but completely lacking in individuality. Cast in a mould. A pretty little puppet who waited around in a more or less appealing and decorative manner until the handsome hero was ready to take her into his strong arms for the fade-out.

Today, however, another quality is the key that unlocks the golden door to Fame. Something else again. Something very different. Ruth Chatterton has it. Greta Garbo. Norma Shearer. Tallulah Bankhead. Marlene Dietrich. Constance Bennett has it too. It’s an indescribable quality as subtle and irresistible as the bouquet of a rare wine or the seasoning of a chef’s sauce. It can best be described, I think, as a beautiful shining...
STAR RISING in the West

GRETA GARBO

FROM respectful fans the Garbo admirers have changed to violent partisans. So much so that Garbo moved her Hollywood residence again. She resented the sightseeing busses. How Garbo-like and lady-like for her to withdraw quietly, having no controversy with the vulgar
ANNA MAY WONG

After her sensational cinema triumphs in London and Berlin, Anna returns to America in the "Daughter of the Dragon." Her real name is Wong Lu Tsong and she was born in Los Angeles, the daughter of a — Can you guess? — laundryman. Anna when twelve years old broke into pictures with Nazimova in "The Red Lantern" and became our first Chinese star. Last Winter in "On the Spot" on Broadway a Paramount contract found her again.
JOAN CRAWFORD

BLONDE Joan in a pretty frock way down to her dancing toes is our best ad for marriage and stardom. She has been called the Venus figure of the screen and that's flattery for Venus. She has danced in many a night club and in many a picture, and still dances—but mostly for joy. "The Mirage" is her next adventure in giving delightful reality to ethereal visions.
He was born in Pittsburgh of French parents. His college was Cornell. Menjou enlisted at the beginning of the war as a private and returned from the war a captain, having served in the ambulance corps in Italy. (Did you read Hemingway’s "Farewell to Arms"?) Menjou can whisper in English, German, French, Spanish and Italian. He has just finished "The Great Lover"
BELA LUGOSI

The mysterious Lugosi is now a bachelor for the fourth time, and still some mystery left. He is now a naturalized American citizen, although his Hungarian childhood made him familiar with witch tales and vampires. He eats neither sugar nor butter. "Dracula" has established him, and his appearance in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" is awaited with shudders of delight.
ARE These Our Children?
which is being produced by Radio will bring dark Arline and fair Roberta in out of the gladiola field to bloom in our own theatre. Arline confesses that she's in love. What about you, Roberta?

ARLINE JUDGE (left)
ROBERTA GALE
ELEANOR BOARDMAN

She's an authority on interior decorating, but for exterior decorating she just climbs on the wall and finishes off the whole landscape. If you do not remember her in "The Crowd" you can see her now in "Women Love Once", and more delightful than ever. "Dover Road" next.
She has played in quite a number of pictures already and you no doubt saw her, either in "Son of India", "Guilty Hands", "Sporting Blood", or "Hell Divers" or perhaps in all. She knew them when, which perhaps has helped to keep her unspoiled with her sudden success.
MADGE EVANS, Veteran Troup

She Used to Toddle Onto the Set; Now She Could Strut a Bit Only She Isn’t that Kind

By Frank Wheelwright

MR. RIPLEY ought to sit down and talk with little Madge Evans. For she is certainly a Believe-It-Or-Not girl if there ever was one.

For six years she was a motion picture star yet never saw Hollywood until a few months ago.

Her film career began as far back as 1917 yet she isn’t quite, twenty-one now.

John Barrymore’s leading lady at the age of thirteen.

She remembers John Gilbert as a script clerk; Josef von Sternberg as a cutter; Clarence Brown herding extras; Evelyn Brent as Betty Riggs . . . ad infinitum.

Motion pictures have grown up since Madge first toddled on the set of the old World Film Corporation over in Fort Lee, N. J., to play in “Sudden Riches”. So has Madge. Like the film industry, there are some things she would like to forget.

For instance:

You surely remember the blue-eyed elf who perched upon a snowy bar of soap, gazed appealingly at countless millions of people in subways, trains, street cars, and in magazines and billboards, asked:

“Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?”

Well, hide Madge’s blushes, she was the fluffy darling!

“Now, a leading lady experiencing a meteoric ascension to fame in talkies, Madge wants to leave those childhood things behind for the moment.

“I would like to become known for something besides soap,” Madge pleaded. “Ah,” we reminded. “But think of poor Leila Hyams—they still call her the ‘Listerine Girl’ on Broadway!”

“I know,” she murmured, “but there’s something else I haven’t told . . .”

Relentlessly, we dragged the truth from her reluctant lips.

“I also advertised beer!” she moaned weakly.

“But was it—er—good beer?”

“Oh, yes. The best”—(this somewhat proudly)—“It was Anheuser-Busch beer . . you remember that?”

We did . . .

“Well, Anita Stewart and I posed for their calendar. She was sixteen. She posed as my mother. It really was artistic—even if it was for a brewery. But why must I bring all those things up again? Yes, I posed for Charles Dana Gibson but that was sometime later, after I made my début on the stage.”

Oddly enough, while Madge was telling of playing with John Barrymore in “Peter Ibbetson”, a silent picture, she was dabbing make-up on her face to make ready for a scene in “Guilty Hands”, a Bayard Veiller mystery drama, in which she is leading lady with Lionel Barrymore.

Before that she had played with Ramon Novarro in “The Son of India”—the film that marked her return to the screen.

“Everything is changed,” she went on. “When I started out here to work [Continued on page 70]
The Cook's Night

By
Harry D. Wilson

The cook's night out in Hollywood is the big night of the week. Many of the best known stars are excellent cooks. They can toss an omelet or concoct a new spaghetti dish along with the best of high-powered chefs.

While they are seen several nights a week dining in some smart café or club, they generally gather a few choice friends around when the cook steps out and make kitchen whoopee with great results.

When Caruso was the big opera personality, his fame as a chef was secondary only to his golden tenor voice. Enrico never boasted about his voice, but he would certainly tell the gang how good he was at making a sauce that turned spaghetti into a wondrous food.

Whether or not Caruso set the style for artists indulging in kitchen orgies, the struggle for cooking supremacy goes on merrily in the film colony.
When the Stars Try Out Their Favorite Recipes

When Gary Cooper and his mother, Mrs. Henry Cooper, confer about a real Montana rancho meal

Only a few weeks ago Leo Carillo put on a barbecue at his Santa Monica rancho that is still being talked about. Carillo is one of the best cooks in the colony, specializing in Spanish dishes that are his by virtue of recipes inherited from a long line of Spanish ancestors. Leo has a faithful Chinese chef who has almost forgotten the art of oriental cooking for the fiery Spanish dishes that tickle his master’s palate.

According to Harry Bannister, cook’s night out means the best meal of the week for him. For then his famous wife, Ann Harding, slips into the role of chef, displaying a rare culinary flair.

Ann does not pay a great deal of attention to the kitchen activities of her home except one night each week—Thursday. She is a firm believer in hiring capable employees and letting each one attend to the department of which he is in charge, and believes this principle should apply to the home as well as any business enterprise.

On Thursday nights however, Ann prepares a meal fit to tempt a king—or what is more important to her, one that delights the palate of Harry. Thick, juicy steaks, French fried potatoes, onion soup, a salad with roquefort dressing—are some of her [Continued on page 76]
HE'S SORE because HE'S A HIT

A FEW months ago the public, outside the metropolitan area, had never heard of Monroe Owsley. The sensational success of "Holiday" was released and, in the rôle of the sottish brother, he scored almost as great a success as Ann Harding. Since then he has worked with scarcely a day off between pictures. "Ten Cents A Dance", "Free Love", "Honor Among Lovers", "Indiscreet" and "This Modern Age" have followed in rapid succession.

"But," Monroe groans, "I've played exactly the same part in every one of them. It's—it's— it's ossifying, if you know what I mean. And I'm sick of it. They're not going to 'type' me. I'll go back to the stage first, and do the things I know I can do, even if it means giving up my contract."

The day on which this interview took place, his spirits were at an ebb. It was the day after a double holiday and, according to Monroe, he had spent it in sleepless worry over what course to take.

"Life out here," he continued, "is de-vitalizing. It isn't only the climate that saps your strength and energy, it's the treadmill you're on in this business. You make a hit in a part and you think 'Fine. Now I've got a swell start, it'll be easy from here on.' It is—like fun. Because you happen to be good in one particular part, producers think you can't do anything else and they go blithely on, casting you in carbon copies of that same part. You stagnate.

"I was all puffed up about the part in 'This Modern Age' and gave it all I had. It was something different. I got the girl in the end. Now, they've rewritten the whole thing and Neil Hamilton gets her. That burns me up. I never get a girl. "When I signed this contract they promised me I wouldn't be typed. But look what's happening."

I pointed out that the most successful people in pictures are those who confine themselves to the parts they can do best.

"I can do other parts equally well," he persisted, "if they'd give me a chance. I did romantic parts on the stage before I came into pictures."

"Yes," I argued, "but the picture public doesn't know it. Certain people like to see you play heavies and they go to see a picture featuring you because they're tired of seeing sugary heroes. If you change your type they'll be disappointed and you'll have to build up an entirely new public."

"I don't mind playing [Continued on page 70]"
JAMES CAGNEY was only eight years old when he developed some playmates who later ended their careers in electric chairs.

At the age of twelve, Mae Clarke wanted a new dress, and she became a soda-jerker and a candy-packer before she accumulated the necessary cash.

Ivan Lebedeff might still have been kissing hands at the throne of the final Czar of Russia had not an inopportune revolution taken place.

Joan Bennett never went hungry, because both her father and mother were stage stars—and the combined weekly income was sufficient to send her to a finishing school in France.

ENVIRONMENT!
Famous criminologists often have commented upon the subject. “Birds of a feather” etc., is an ancient “saw”.

Yet background means a great deal to those who are coming into the movies nowadays. It’s the rôle you really make good in that is hailed by Hollywood as the one that revealed your true personality.

In other words those who score today, must live rather than play their characterizations.

The public talks about “types” —dangerous things at the best—that “make” and “break” our idols!

Jimmy and Mae and Ivan and Joan can tell you more about that situation than any other four persons in Cinematown. They have just eased themselves into starring contracts as a result of their early upbringings. Jimmy at Warner Brothers due to his outstanding work as the hoodlum in “The Public Enemy” . . . Mae at Universal because of her superlative performance in “Waterloo Bridge” . . . Ivan, “to the manor born,” offspring of the privy counsellors to the Czar and Czarina of Russia . . . Joan, brought into the world as one of three sisters by Adrienne Morrison, the wife of Richard Bennett, both of them drawing fleshy pay checks from footlight producers.

So we’ll cut back to this fellow Cagney, first!

JIMMY was born in New York City July 17, 1904.

His father was an auditor employed by a chain of drug stores.

But Cagney, Sr., lost his position.

There were four boys and an infant daughter. Pa Cagney, being old-fashioned, enjoyed his glass of beer on the way home each evening. He purchased it at the corner saloon.
Early Environments Shape the Greatest Screen Roles

Jimmy's dad told his troubles to the owner of the neighborhood "oasis". He offered the auditor work as a bar-keep.

Because he was somewhat more brilliant than his brothers of that white-coat-and-apron period, it wasn't long before a brewery financed the elder Cagney in a "place" of his own.

That epoch brought about an exodus of the Cagneys from the lower East Side to the Yorkville district of New York. Perhaps the infant James didn't appreciate it at the time, but it was the acquaintanceships he developed there that provided him with the understanding of life that finally led to his screen prominence.

The "gang" went to school—and fought each other's battles at recess and after hours. The "toughest" members of that "outfit" of Jimmy's succeeded in a business way or in the professions.

Jimmy, too, grew up, and, graduating from Peter Stuyvesant High, entered Columbia University. Meanwhile, he had been working his way, first as an office boy on the New York Sun, then wrapping packages in a department store.

He insisted upon being an artist—paint portraits, you know—so he enrolled for the fine arts course.

He was well on his way when tragedy hit the Cagney domicile. His father died.

That meant Jimmy not only had to finance his education but also contribute to the support of his mother, a trio of brothers and a baby sister. Never had he found time to participate in college sports, but that didn't mean he wasn't a baseball player. As a matter of fact, he was drawing ten dollars a game as shortstop on a semi-professional team.

More income was necessary, though, if he would continue at Columbia. A friend asked him if he could dance.

"Sure," replied this confident Jimmy who up to the moment had never taken a step on a ballroom floor. That response, however, led to Jimmy joining the chorus of "Pitter-Patter," a Broadway musical comedy hit.

But he didn't give up his place on the team.

Johnny Russo went to his death in New Jersey—the penalty for having slain a bank cashier. Jimmy Cagney knew that killer as one of his playmates in Yorkville. It was rather a jolt to this Columbia student to find the newspapers featuring the tragic end of one of his boyhood pals.

Jimmy's nine was sent to Sing Sing shortly afterward. There they were to play the prison team—inside the stone walls, of course.

Before the contest the visitors were shown about the institution. The death cells had been reached.

"Hi, Cagney, what's the idea of hi-hatting me?" came a voice from the "row." Jimmy replied, and there, with only the steel bars separating them, he saw Peter Heslin, condemned to die for the shooting of a policeman in Brooklyn.

Jimmy shook hands with the blue-eyed lad he had known years before.

The ball game got under way, and Jimmy was at bat. The arm of the Sing Sing pitcher wound for a speedy curve.

"Want it fast or slow, Jimmy?" called the convict-twirler.

Jimmy took a second look at the fellow.

Before him stood "Red" Russell, another of his childhood crowd. "Red" it seems, had been Peter Heslin's companion the night the Brooklyn cop was killed.

Johnny ... Peter ... "Red" ... gone the route ... murderers all.

"Certainly, I should be able to play gangster roles," the auburn-haired boy told me. The other day as we sat in the living room of his Hollywood apartment, from the big front window of which he gazes up into the hills that afford sites for the residences of Ann Harding and Jack Gilbert and John Barrymore. "But being a picture addict myself I can find many a laugh in the fellows who have scored success in such characterizations."

"A gangster isn't the hard-boiled person Wally Beery made him in 'The Secret Six' and as Chester Morris portrayed him in 'Alibi'. It takes a comedian to do the job and put feeling into it. That's why I say Jimmy Gleason plays the role on the screen the way those playmates of mine did it in real life."

"The gangsters, as I know them, are soft-spoken, charitable to the extreme—except when a 'job' is to be done."

"As I look back to

[Continued on page 80]
"If," says Pat, "I hadn't been there, and IF he hadn't been there—" Just luck you see, no credit to him at all, at all.

Pat of the Milwaukee O'Briens

By Marquis Busby

Now some folks say that there is no such thing as Fate. If you were to talk from now until doomsday you couldn't convince Pat ("Front Page") O'Brien that Fate hasn't played a leading part in his career.

To begin with Pat is Irish. Some people are Irish and don't look it. Others aren't Irish at all and look it. Pat is Irish and he looks it. And how? Speaking of the map of Erin—it is stamped all over Pat's good looking face. The Irish sort of believe in wee small folks, will o' the wisps and banshees that howl in the dead of night. With that heritage of Celtic lore in his blood, there is little reason to wonder that he feels grateful to a kindly Fate for guiding Fame—not to his doorstep but to the theater where he was playing in New York.

A year or so ago Lewis Milestone, Marion Davies, and a group of Hollywood people were discussing a play to attend that night in New York. "The Green Pastures" was their choice. Milestone had already seen it, but he rode to the theater with his friends, planning on dropping into some nearby playhouse and joining them later. Across the street twinkled the lights of "The Up and Up".

Milestone went in, and what is more important to this story, he saw Pat O'Brien in the play. He did not forget him when he began to cast about for a player to fill the Hildy Johnson rôle in "The Front Page," that amazing, bombastic comedy of newspaper men.

"That's how I got the assignment," Pat explained. "It sounds like the long arm of coincidence, doesn't it? If my play hadn't been right across the street from 'The Green Pastures, and if Milestone hadn't already seen that, it isn't likely that I would be in Hollywood now. I never dreamed of pictures as a career.

"Of course it helped, too, when I discussed the picture with Howard Hughes' representatives, that I had made many of them. They are everywhere, from Maine to San Diego, but I still can't reconcile myself to O'Brien of Milwaukee. It would be like Toplitzky of Belfast.

"After grammar and high school Pat entered Marquette University in Milwaukee, and started to study law. It didn't interest him but football did. O'Brien was a mainstay of the Marquette teams, and his picture landed on the sporting pages long before it appeared in the dramatic sections.

Routine courses never held his interest. He admits that he changed his college courses every semester, but he tried to stick it out to please his father and mother.

"I suppose the show business was in my blood," he said. "It has always fascinated [Continued on page 73]"
Names that
Hollywood Local News Often Reads Like World Beating Sensational Stories

On January 10, 1930, Robert Montgomery, motion picture actor, was arrested for appearing on the streets of Hollywood in an intoxicated condition. He pleaded Guilty, with extenuating circumstances, claiming the liquor was given to him on a motion picture set during a banquet scene. The judge was well aware that intoxicating liquors are prohibited in the studios. In pronouncing a ten day sentence his Honor declared the defense insufficient.

Two weeks later, Hollywood newspapers featured in banner lines the tragic suicide of Dorothy Lee, who killed her lover before turning a pistol on herself. The item created a sensation in the film colony, where Dorothy was born and raised. Hundreds of sympathetic notes and menus of beautiful flowers were sent to the home of Dorothy's parents.

On the very same day, Douglas Fairbanks was jailed for vagrancy. One lone, thin dime represented his worldly capital. The judge took pity on Doug and provided him free board at the county workhouse for thirty days. Following his release, Fairbanks was warned never to return on penalty of a longer sentence.

According to Hollywood police, William Boyd is a bad actor. Last year he committed almost every minor crime in the category, ranging from petty thievery to wife beating. Six different times he was sent to jail, the aggregate of his sentences being seven months with no time off for good behavior.

While returning from Agua Caliente, John Gilbert partook too often of moonshine in San Diego and was arrested. Something was done about his case and he escaped punishment. The police records of the city make no mention of the incident, which probably makes John happy.

B. Washburn became a suspicious character in Los Angeles on St. Patrick's day. He was apprehended while loitering around an exclusive girls' school. Washburn claimed to have been there on business but the judge decided it was monkey business. For ogling the pretty students, Washburn was fined twenty-five dollars.

William Haynes' arrest for burglary came as a de-

Dorothy Lee had the ghastly experience of receiving the funeral flowers sent to her home.

I WALKED into a Hollywood barber shop one day recently and Rudy, my favorite chop-and-trimmer, stared at me as if I were a ghost.

"I thought you were dead!" he exclaimed.

"Not quite," I remonstrated, "but if this depression continues . . ."

"The newspapers said Dorothy Lee killed her lover," Rudy interrupted.

"I knew she was your wife and I thought . . ."

"Just another case of mistaken identity," I laughed. "Two Dorothy Lees, I mean. It is hard to appreciate how often such similarities cause confusion in Hollywood.

"What do you think, for instance, when I tell you that Robert Montgomery once spent ten days in jail for drunkenness? Will you believe me if I swear that Douglas Fairbanks was sentenced for vagrancy by a Hollywood police judge and William Haynes narrowly escaped being imprisoned for burglary?"

"This is no joke; it is gospel fact. Those things actually took place. The cited cases are not only authentic but many others, involving equally famous screen names, appear on the Los Angeles police dockets."

Before I left the barber shop, I promised Rudy I would discover as many strange name mix-ups as possible in order to prove to him that a rose by any other name may not be so innocent.
The news story that started the big laugh

Buster Keaton holds the newspaper that caused him much embarrassment

cided shock to his friends. No one suspected that he had suffered so severely in the stock market. Friends came to Bill’s rescue and convinced the court of his innocence. He was released with a reprimand.

Clara K. Young, actress, was docketed in the Los Angeles police court last November on a charge of shoplifting. She was caught sneaking out of a department store with a valuable fur concealed on her person. Clara’s plea was that she needed the fur for motion picture scenes. After taking her story under advisement, the judge sentenced her to prison. She was later paroled under promise of future good behavior.

A few weeks ago Tony Moreno engaged in a six-round boxing contest at the Hollywood light stadium. Not being as good as his opponent, Tony was knocked out in less than three rounds.

Fortunately, all of the above facts, while they involve famous names, do not actually refer to the stars in person. The truth is that they are other people with names similar to the cognomens of screen celebrities. Most of their stories were confined to Hollywood papers, due to the fact that there is little outside interest in criminals merely because their names happen to be similar to those of film kings and queens.

There are many humorous instances of name mix-ups. When Frank Keaton, in prison and condemned for the murder of a Los Angeles business man, was adjudged insane, the newspapers carried banner lines. Buster Keaton received scores of newspapers from jokesters. Unfortunately, thousands of people outside of Hollywood did not realize that “Buster” is Keaton’s real name. Therefore, because the comedian happened to be featured in newspapers about that time with one Kathleen Key, fans throughout the world decided that the insane man was none other than their favorite laugh doctor.

Esther Ralston recently opened a beauty shop in Hollywood. At its inception, she called it “The Ralston Shop”. So many letters reached Jobyna Ralston praising her shop that the owner of the place shortly changed its name to “The Esther Shop”.

On Hollywood boulevard there is a ladies’ dress store bearing the name “The Rita Roy Shop”. Tourists confuse this name with that of Rita LaRoy, Radio Pictures actress. Every week she receives scores of letters from people seeking knowledge about gowns sold at her shop, desiring positions or wanting advance information about new fashions.

In the everyday walks of life, numerous amusing similarities may be found. In addition to Robert Armstrong, the screen actor, there is a Robert Armstrong who sells bonds. The John Boles who operates a pressing and cleaning establishment is not the John Boles who sings beautiful love songs in sound pictures.

Charles Chaplin and Charles Farrell are realtors. Neither is interested in a film career. Gary Cooper, according to printed records, is a married man and he pilots a locomotive for the [Continued on page 68]
BAD GIRL
Rating: SPLENDID
Fox
Vina Delmar’s best seller has been brought to the screen despite its rather daring theme. The picture is filled with a constant stream of wisecracking and quarrelling between a young husband and his wife, all because they are about to become a father and mother. But underneath all the smart remarks you will find a lot to think about. Sally Eilers and a newcomer, James Dunn, are the young couple.

SPORTING BLOOD
Rating: GOOD
M-G-M
Everything else has been glorified and now the horse must have his day. Of course, it’s another race-track yarn, but one so thrilling and so full of heart interest that you will be crazy about it. The story’s about a horse and a girl (Madge Evans) who meet up with a crooked gambler and sink to the depths of shame; but both are thoroughbreds and both come through with flying colors. Lew Cody and Clark Gable give good performances.

THE MIRACLE WOMAN
Rating: SPLENDID
Columbia
This is a brilliantly directed study of modern evangelism that is bound to cause a lot of discussion. It’s a powerful story of regeneration that is full of pathos and human appeal. In this picture Barbara Stanwyck plays the rôle of a young daughter of a clergyman who is killed by hypocrisy. In her resentment she becomes the tool of an unscrupulous show man. But love straightens out everything. David Manners is the boy.

SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE
Rating: SPLENDID
M-G-M
Another Greta Garbo hit. Another Clark Gable sensation. Garbo runs away on her wedding day, falls for another man and runs away again. Joining a circus, she falls in love—another disappearance; then marriage, then love again. Sounds confusing, doesn’t it? But it is all beautifully done in the usual grand Garbo manner. Clark Gable is marvelous. Jean Hersholt, John Miljan and the entire cast are perfect. Garbo-Gable—what a team!

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Rating: EXCELLENT
Warner
George Arliss again gives one of his superb performances, and again reminds you that he is one of the greatest of motion picture stars. The story deals with the life of the great statesman of the nineteenth century, Hamilton is “framed” for political reasons by the supposed wife of one of his henchmen. He reveals all, at the risk of losing everything he holds dear, to protect his country. Doris Kenyon, Dudley Diggs, June Collyer and Montague Love are in the cast.
WATERLOO BRIDGE
Rating: EXCELLENT
Universal
Here is a fine, beautifully enacted drama of the late war. The story is of an English music hall girl, who, with the war, is going down and down, finally plying "the oldest trade" on Waterloo Bridge. She meets a young, idealistic soldier who doesn't know what she is. He falls desperately in love with her and she hasn't the heart to reveal her past. Finally there is no way out—and then the tragic end. Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass are grand.

BOUGHT
Rating: SPLENDID
Warner
Sophisticated Connie Bennett in her best picture. The story is an ever-important one—the girl who wants lovely things, social position, and all that. But there must be "no shadows on the wall" when she marries. This, however, doesn't work out just as she had planned. Miss Bennett is perfectly grand in this picture with plenty of allure. Ben Lyon is the boy who waits, and Raymond Milland is the social scoundrel. Richard Bennett, Connie's real father, plays her reel father.

THE BRAT
Rating: GOOD
Fox
Sally O'Neill in her come-back picture. Here she plays a little street waif who is shoved into a night court for failing to pay for a meal. Of course, she is taken in by a handsome author and given free reign of his estate. She repays him for his kindness by spreading a Pollyana-like sunshine about the place. The story is rather silly in places, but you will love Sally. Allan Dinehart and Frank Albertson are good in support.

POLITICS
Rating: GOOD
M-G-M
Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, having done nobly by the stock market in "Caught Short", now go in for politics. Marie, with Polly as her capable manager, runs for the Mayorship of a small town and gets involved in all sorts of political and household battles. There's a small riot of laughter as Marie and Polly are at their best. There's a nice little romance running through it with William Bakewell and Karen Morley as the love interest.

TRANS-ATLANTIC
Rating: GOOD
Fox
This is another crook picture but far better than any you have seen in a long time. Edmund Lowe plays the part of a suave, interesting chap of shady dealings. Earl Foxe heads a gang of tougher gentlemen of the gats who are after a certain banker and his securities on board a big boat bound for Europe. Jean Hersholt, as an ancient lens grinder, is also mixed up in the affair. Lois Moran and Greta Nissen give good performances.
THE GREAT LOVER
Adolphe Menjou is in just the right sort of rôle in this picture. He's a gay, adventurous opera singer who falls in love with a pretty American girl who is studying music. To win a place on the opera stage, according to the story, one must first surrender to the delightful Menjou. The girl has a sweet heart and the old battle of career versus love is fought again. Irene Dunne, Bacallanova, Ernest Torrence and Neil Hamilton make up the well selected cast.

CAUGHT
Louise Dresser brings that grand character of Calamity Jane, a tough gal of the Wild West, to the screen in magnificent fashion. Louise heads a band of bad bandits, and a noble youth (Richard Arlen) seeks to capture her, not knowing that she is his mother. She saves his life and is last seen riding away, still sought by the law. There is a bit of romance interwoven. Frances Dee is the girl. Louise Dresser gives a splendid performance.

SIDE SHOW
In this picture Winnie Lightner has the proper locale of a circus for her rough-house antics. But alas, she turns out to be one of those sappy heroines who gets the right man in the end. Winnie plays a general roustabout, doing everything from the bearded lady to high diver when necessary. She's keeping a kid sister in school, but the lass joins the show and fails for a Barker, giving Winnie plenty of heartaches. Evelyn Knapp is the kid sister.

FULL OF NOTIONS
Wheeler and Woolsey as a couple of vaudeville actors out of work manage to get hold of a drug store which they proceed to run in a rather hysterical manner. The villain wants control of the store and gets them in trouble—all of which causes much laughter. In fact it's all quite crazy, but the laughs are there, so what? Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Woolsey have some new wise-cracks, and the cast, including Dorothy Lee and Jason Robards, is okay.

LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE
Those who enjoyed "In Old Arizona" may like a similar yarn. There isn't much to it—just the story of a girl (Dorothy Burgess) who hires all men with the usual complications, some rather well done and others not so hot. Leo Carrillo is a fascinating villain, and Johnny Mack Brown always manages to be a pleasing hero. Slim Summerville almost steals the show with his comedy. A nice picture—if you haven't anything else to do.

MURDER BY THE CLOCK
As a mystery thriller this picture is great! The shivers start with the opening scene—an eerie graveyard—and from then on murders happen with breath-taking regularity. To reveal the plot would spoil all your fun, so better run see it for yourself. And see it from the beginning so you won't lose any of the thrills. Irving Pichel is grand as a half-wit, and Sally O'Neil and Regis Toomey, Lilyan Tashman and William Boyd have the leading roles.
THE SECRET CALL
Rating: FAIR
Paramount
This picture is important only because it introduces Peggy Shannon, Clara Bow's successor, to the screen. The story's about a big politician who has ruined the girl's father; the girl seeks revenge by becoming a telephone operator in the politician's hotel. She holds the key to a mystery with a phone number. Good old melodrama, and really exciting in spots. Richard Arlen is the love interest. Ned Sparks as a hard-boiled reporter gets most of the laughs.

THE MAGNIFICENT LIE
Rating: FAIR
Paramount
This picture is Ruth Chatterton and nothing else. If you're a Chatterton fan you will hug it to your heart, if not, you'll probably be bored. There's a weak story and it unwinds at a slow pace with little action. Series of circumstances entwines a wise cafe singer (Ruth) into impersonating a French actress to appease a blind boy. Of course, she eventually falls in love with the man she is fooling. Ralph Bellamy and Stuart Erwin are splendid.

THE WYOMING WONDER
Rating: FAIR
Fox
If you like hard-riding, plenty of action, beautiful scenic shots and the average Western story, then put this one on your preferred list. There is a mystery to intrigue you, and daring leaps with horses to send cold shivers down your back. Galloping George O'Brien is at his dare-devil best in this picture and is well supported by Sally Eilers, Rita LaRoy and James Kirkwood. A safe bet for the kids.

THE GIRL HABIT
Rating: POOR
Paramount
It isn't Charley Ruggles' fault that this comedy isn't particularly funny. Poor Charley is given no support at all. And the plot is as thin as a ham sandwich in an automat. Charley is cast as a rich young man who likes to flirt, and his bride-to-be is trying to cure him. Gangsters and Sing Sing get involved in the idea. In fact, all kinds of goofy things happen but they prove only mildly amusing. Don't blame this on Charley.

LULLABY
Rating: POOR
M-G-M
Get out your handkerchiefs, girls, this is a weeper. Neil Hamilton is up to his old tricks again—luring a pretty girl away on the pretense of marriage. And to Paris, this time. He disappears, and Lewis Stone is left to look after comely Helen Hayes who has a baby and a lot of disillusion. Helen has to become a bad girl to be a good mother, or something like that. It's all so very sad. When the boy grows up he believes his mother dead. Oooh!

THE ALBANY BRANCH
Rating: GOOD
Educational
Here is a genuine rib-tickling, short comedy, guaranteed to bring out the laughs. Tom Dugan, a sporty salesman from Albany, and his sweetie, Pert Kelton from the five-and-ten, are invited to a swanky social function by his employer. The comedy revolves around the blanders made by the two in the frigid atmosphere of high society. Frank Eastman is the hero. Pert Kelton is highly amusing.
HEAVY ROMANCE NOTES—Loretta Young, about to be divorced wife of Grant Withers, is doing the heart-fluttering over Ricardo Cortez, 'tis heard about the gossip centers. Ricardo, you probably remember, is the widower of the late Alma Rubens.

DONALD COOK, new Warner Brothers leading man, has been paying constant attention to Evalyn Knapp, pretty player whose back was severely injured in a fall from a cliff. We hear it is wedding bells for them when she has completely recovered.

APPARENTLY the heavy love affair between Howard Hughes and Billie Dove has cooled. Howard is paying a great deal of attention to Lillian Bond, pretty player who is said to have spoiled a Warner Brothers picture to the extent of $75,000. At least, the picture is to be re-made and Lillian will not be in the cast.

GENE MARKEY, who used to be in love with Ina Claire, has been taking Lois Moran around a lot. Gene is rated as Hollywood's most fascinating bachelor.

John Dilloway and Dorothy Jordan are our newest sweetheats.

HOLLYWOOD is all excited over the pearl-shaped diamond ring Ernst Lubitsch placed on Oma Murison's engagement finger. It is quite a dashing stone—and exceedingly expensive. Anyway, Oma—Eddie Bazzell's ex—just blushes prettily when Ernst is mentioned.

MERVYN LEROY, young director, separated from his wife, Edna Murphy, is paying considerable attention to Ginger Rogers, hey-hey girl who is playing leading lady to Eddie Quillan in his new picture.

Funny thing, but Joan Peers is also in the comedy and Phillips Holmes, who used to be quite daffy about Ginger, is now calling on Joan at the studio.

THE Jail House Blues. Lloyd Hamilton shivered when he thought of the local housegow. In fact, the comic almost laughed out of the other side of his mouth. It seems that Lloyd is $15,000 behind in his alimony and ex-wife was in a nasty mood—so much so that she promised him a nice long period in jail if he didn't pay. The jail doors came nearer slamming on Lloyd than he cares to think about.

THE heavy romance between Lew Ayres and Lola Lane is as cold as a villain's heart. Hollywood doesn't seem to care very much, though.

Joan Bennett likes Lew quite a bit, we hear.

SOME old meanie got Sally O'Neil in bad again. It seems there was an auto accident in which a young woman was involved. Accused of being a hit-and-run driver, the pretty young thing gave the name of Sally O'Neil and disappeared. Cops were looking for Sally, who really didn't know anything about the accident, for two days. She finally proved an alibi, but that kind of publicity doesn't do anybody any good. Sally's quite mad about the whole thing.

CLARA BOW came back to the Land of Nod (yesman's heaven) for some dental work. The "It" girl didn't like the idea, but it was absolutely necessary. She's gone back to Rex Bell's ranch for a long stay and to finish her life story.

Loretta Young finally filed suit for divorce from Grant Withers. She waited months after their separation, hoping there might be a reconciliation. Doris Warner, pretty daughter of H. M. Warner, president of Warner Brothers, is getting that way about David Manners, handsome leading man in papa's pictures.

THE eight-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery was critically ill for several days, and Bob, devoted father that he is, remained at the bedside, refusing even to think about studio work.

WALTER DISNEY, creator of that happy rodent of the screen, Mickey Mouse, lost his voice and was rushed to the Hollywood hospital for an emergency operation. Walt's doing nicely and Mickey is quite happy again.
Helen Hayes, Marie Prevost and Neil Hamilton made "Lullaby" but when it was shown Miss Hayes did not like it and so now it is being made over. We hope this charming scene is in the re-take.

THE quiet and partially secret wedding of William Powell and Carole Lombard annoyed the local newspaper men considerably—in fact, the lads of the Fourth Estate are mad.

Bill and Carole tried to hide out and were successful, displaying their disdain for any publicity. It will be just too bad for these two when they want anything from the papers in the future.

ANOTHER of Hollywood’s perfect marriage ships went on the rocks when Dorothy Lee, pretty star, separated from James Fidler, press agent and magazine writer.

Dot and Jim had a whirlwind courtship, two years ago when the latter was handling publicity for the former. Their marriage was "one of those sweet things" that would last—but not forever, apparently.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO’s brother, Albert, had his nose re-built so he could work in pictures, but the jobs were never forthcoming, so Al just forgot to pay the doctor.

Doc got a little mad and sued. Collected $200 when Al was given the undesirable publicity.

THE late Mabel Normand’s home in Beverly Hills was auctioned off for $24,000—much below its actual value.

All of Mabel’s personal knick-knacks and a large collection of antiques went under the hammer. Lew Cody, the widower, failed to show up at the auction. Sight-seers and tourists purchased the treasures greedily.

Despite the current rumors around Hollywood that Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, now using the famous director for divorce, would marry Hans Kraly, former writer for her hubby, she says "nothing doing."

Mrs. Lubitsch likes freedom best, she claims, and will never marry again.

JOSEPHINE DUNN, former featured player, has to go to work again.

Josie quit pictures upon marrying Clyde Greathouse, but marriage didn’t take. She got a divorce and $75 per month alimony, which, as you know, isn’t enough to keep the pretty player in silk stockings.

THE vivacious Conchita Montenegro has made a bargain with Warner Baxter whom she is appearing opposite in "The Cisco Kid." In return for corrections on her English she is helping Baxter brush up on his Spanish accent. As a Spanish brusher-upper I know of none better than Conchita.

"DELICIOUS." Um-um. Maple nut sundae with whipped cream? No—better! It’s the next Janet Gaynor.

Charlie Farrell co-starring picture, and it sounds good to me. George and Ira Gershwin wrote the music. Lines form on the right for two blocks down, please.

WELL, it all depends on the point of view. When Mr. RudolphSelber (Mr. Marlene Dietrich) arrived in New York recently from Berlin he went into ecstacies over his wife’s "eierkuchen" (something you do with eggs and flour).

"She is a beautiful cook," he said in a sacred culinary voice that would make a dyspeptic hungry. "She is the greatest cook I ever saw. She is a fine—how do you say—housewife!" So that’s what you are, Marlene. And here we thought you were a mysterious, exotic, languid siren, the very quintessence of romance. Earl Sparling of the World-Telegram suggests that Marlene "Legs" Dietrich be changed to Marlene "Eggs" Dietrich. There’s nothing like a member of the family to scatter romantic illusions.

GRETA GARBO walked out on the "Susan Lenox" set exactly six times. And "Susan Lenox" is exactly six times a better picture than it would have been.

Barbara Stanwyck says she’s through with pictures—and Columbia who has the Stanwyck name on a contract says she isn’t. Only time will tell.

CHANGING Thelma Todd’s name to Alison Lloyd, due to Roland West’s belief in numerology has developed a new kind of war. Hal Roach says he will still call her Thelma on his title credits in spite of West’s billing in "Corsair." The fans know her and like her as Thelma Todd. Hain’t that anything to do with it?

CLARA BOW, Fay Wray, Mary Brian, June Collyer, Jean Arthur, Fifi Dorsay and June MacCloy have all been released from contracts. This depression is certainly getting annoying. I liked all those gals, didn’t you? [More MacClamor Topics on page 60]
Jean Harlow, the girl who put "Platinum" into the movies
In "A Free Soul" Norma sought to create a character unconventional and independent. To this end she summoned the great coutourier Adrian and instructed him to make such a gown for her which would in the latest fashion express Jan Ashe. This is intelligent and sympathetic use of the skilled assistance that a lavish studio provides for the creation of an artistic triumph.
HE WAS born one of the Van Mattimores of Virginia, but as an Arlen of Hollywood he receives a fan mail that testifies to his tremendous following. Dick was a member of the Royal Flying Corps in wartimes but now he is the skipper of a 52-foot sloop which he pilots as skillfully as he does his own matrimonial craft "The Jobyna"
It's all because of a yachting sequence in her latest starring production "The Mad Marriage" that Helen has gone nautical, you nautical girl you! These Brooklyn girls! When Miss Jergen married Mr. Twelvetrees, she recognized that it was a good idea but that a slight error had been made; so then she married Mr. Woody and now all is oak.
THE little hat of "Romance" has turned the heads of all the girls into "Empress Eugenies". Garbo did it. Look at the portrait above and admire the new hair style. It's the latest and will undoubtedly go over with a bang as did the Garbo bob—with bangs, in fact.
Have you tried Camels?

The steady increase in the sales of Camel cigarettes proves one fact beyond a doubt.

If you try Camels, the odds are very much against your ever going back to your old brand.

So great is the contrast between the delights of perfectly conditioned Camels fresh from the protection of the new Humidor Pack and the harsh, hot smoke from stale dried-out cigarettes, that your decision will be immediate.

The quality is there in the first place, for Camels are a blend of choice Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos.

In factory-prime condition, with their rare flavor and their natural moisture still intact, they are a joy to the smoker.

Now this flavor is air-sealed-in by an outer wrapping of moisture-proof Cellophane, so that no matter where you buy Camels, in any land, in any climate, you are always certain to get fresh cigarettes in factory-prime condition.

And there are other advantages as well. For the Humidor Pack also protects the cigarettes within from dust and germs and weather conditions.

Start the day on Camels. See how much milder they are, how much more flavorful they are, how cool they are to the throat.

No peppery dust to irritate delicate membrane. No harsh, hot smoke from dried-out tobacco to burn the tongue or sear the throat.

Switch to Camels for a day, then leave them—if you can.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons
Columbia Broadcasting System — every night except Sunday.

Camels

Mild... NO CIGARETTE AFTER-TASTE

© 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.
DOROTHY MACKAILL

DOROTHY is wearing a pale blue satin negligee with a fitted bodice and cowl neckline. It is fastened by a rhinestone buckle at the side. Dorothy’s in Honolulu on vacation. This question of which man to marry is keeping her slim and lovely with worrying
It seems that Dorothy Mackaill is contemplating marriage.

Even as these lines are written she may be standing before the altar in Honolulu, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Tia Juana, Agua Caliente or wherever else she may happen to be.

You've probably heard something about it. If you haven't you simply don't follow the news columns in the papers. It is confusing, of course, but at the same time it unquestionably proves that romance is not dead.

But to delve deeply into the matter, I was first surprised to learn that Miss Mackaill was to wed a handsome young actor in a current picture at the First National studios. Then it was off. Just as I was well over the shock she was reported engaged to another actor playing with her in "The Reckless Hour". This, I thought, must be the real thing. Not a flash in the pan like the first romance.

Then the Mackaill went to Honolulu. Press dispatches announced that she had found a new young man who pleased her and would wed him in Honolulu. The actor left behind in Hollywood was as puzzled and confused as you must be if you've read this far. But the new young man of Honolulu found himself waiting at the church while our Dorothy sat serenely on the sun deck of a steamship bound for Hollywood.

She blithely reported at the studio and was informed that her next picture would not go into production for several months. So she booked passage to Honolulu again and before sailing she announced her engagement to still another film actor. He remained in Hollywood.

That's the way the matter stands. I think I've done pretty well in straightening it out for you. It's contradictory, but that's like Dorothy Mackaill. The young lady experimented with marriage some years ago as you probably remember. "It was a rainy day and I was terribly lonesome," she explains. The marriage was a failure. Since then she has declared that she will never, never try it again. Well, hardly ever.

But with all of this going on Dorothy is quite calm and collected. Perhaps I should say diverted and serene. It was only a short time ago that this reporter found her going over some notes concerning ancient marital superstitions. You can see that the study of marriage must interest her. I asked her what she was reading.

"Some very interesting facts on married life and its problems," she said. "Have a cigarette?"

"Not while I'm smoking my pipe," I said.

"That's why I mentioned the cigarette," Miss Mackaill said with her usual delightful tact. "However, here are the facts. Listen to them and like them. Did you know that the brides of years and years ago—it doesn't say here how long—were the target for not only rice, but corn, figs, dates, nuts, coins and wheat? Also flowers. Do you know why they threw flowers?"

"No, dear, why did they throw flowers?"

"Miss Mackaill to you. They threw flowers because—Did you know?"

"Come on," I interrupted, "why did they throw flowers? Don't try to back out now. You started this."

"Did you ever hear of the quaint custom of throwing interviewers?"

"Goodbye nice to have seen [Continued on page 66]"
More Movietown Topics
[Continued from page 49]

SALLY O'NEILL, who has a nice new contract with Fox after her work in "The Brat", was lunching in the Japanese Garden of the Ritz in New York recently. With her was her little niece Pat O'Neil who is "the spittin' image" of Molly O'Day (as we first families of the South would say). "I'll take a peanut butter sandwich," said Sally to Monsieur the waiter who immediately lifted his elegant eyebrows. "—for the child," Sally hastily added. "We have no peanut butter," replied Monsieur, with a shudder, as if the very mention of the word in the Ritzian atmosphere, might contaminate him. But Pat was adamant. It was peanut butter or nothing. But after a long discussion during which Monsieur looked most pained, a compromise in the Pat versus Ritz controversy was arranged. Pat settled for a strawberry jam sandwich, and a movie.

FOR a time it seemed that Virginia Valli was going to be content just to be Mrs. Charlie Farrell. But now she is all ready to start work in "Night Life in Reno". Sorry, girls, but there's nothing prophetic in this. Virginia and Charlie are still most happily married.

THERE are rumors that Sylvia Sidney was seen going places in Hollywood with Junior Laemmle. But when questioned about her Hollywood companion in New York she merely smiled and remarked that it was a beautiful day. Well, you know how those things are.

MARK HELLINGER tells a good one. It seems that a little over a year ago Leslie Howard was authoring and directing a play on Broadway and was muchly in need of a young man to play the love interest. A young man called at the theatre and asked for a job and the producer sent him in to talk to Howard. Howard gave him a try-out and then reported to the producer that the young man he had picked up was utterly impossible in the role of the hero whom women adored. He just wasn't the type. So, said young man was fired. Now it so happened that Leslie Howard and the said young man (oh, I won't keep you in suspense any longer—It's Clark Gable, none other) met in Hollywood, and what's more they were put in the same picture together—"A Free Soul". And talk about your love interest! Why Leslie Howard had to kill Clark Gable before he could get Norma! Well, we all make mistakes.

WTH the fan letters complimenting Charles "Buddy" Rogers on his performance in "The Lawyer's Secret" probably Paramount will renew his contract, when it expires, Oct. 1st. But maybe "Buddy" won't be interested, and it is all because of his musical genius. It is said that the big radio folks, NBC, want him to lead his own orchestra and they believe there is a great future for him as a radio band leader, playing at hotels the way Rudy Vallee did.

So Buddy will not have to worry about anything, as $3,500 has been mentioned as his weekly salary under the new plan. Which way do you prefer your Buddy, in air or in the pictures? There is one thing about it, if he should take the radio job it will be very easy to visualize him when your hear his voice announcing his tunes, or singing, and that's more than you can do with any other band leader.

Desperate Sherwood Bailey Jr. puts 'em on the spot because someone put the spots on him

THERE are ways to get in pictures, and there are ways to get in pictures. Adrienne Ames, wife of a millionaire broker, was precipitated into a screen career without even the bother of lifting her finger, or her skirts. She owes her present Paramount contract to Ruth Harriet Louise, ace camera portraitist. Pretty Adrienne went to Ruth Harriet to have some pictures made. The camera caught her beauty so strikingly that Ruth Harriet sent the studies over to Paramount, and Paramount wisely decided that such beauty would be an asset and immediately signed the amazed and gratified Miss Ames on the strength of her pictures—completely sans screen test and voice test. Now you can well imagine how popular the studio of one Ruth Harriet Louise has become. You'll see Adrienne first in "Road to Reno" and then in "Dover Road"! (are we to have a series of route pictures now?) and decide for yourself what you think of Adrienne's beauty.

AND now it's Theda Bara who wants to stage a come-back in cinemaland. Theda has just returned to Hollywood from a road tour with a stock company in the Middle West and is ready to talk business with the producers. Even in the old days when Theda was lolling around on tiger skins and knocking the male population of America unconscious as the world's deadliest vamp, she was not more seductive looking than she is now. Theda still has plenty of what it takes—and here's hoping the powers-that-be give her a chance to show it.

VARIETY explains the ivy poisoning of twenty-three girls on a party set where they were making "The New Wallingford"—Jimmy Durante is in the picture.

WHEN Gary Cooper landed in New York recently after a summer vacation in Europe he was met at the boat—but not by Lupe. Maybe Wookyce Lupe has a mad on.

Red-headed, freckle-faced Ray Cooke is the Torchy for Educational's popular new series

Ruth Etting having put the Follies in their place (at the top) now undertakes some two reeulers
"I don't mind your knowing it... I am 37"

Says Marjorie Rambeau

Famous Screen Star declares years need not rob you of Youth...

"I really am 37 years old," says Marjorie Rambeau, M. G. M. star. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count. "The woman who knows how to keep the freshness of youth can be charming at most any age. Stage and screen stars must keep their youthful charm. "Above everything else they guard complexion beauty. They know that a lovely skin is always appealing. I've discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap does wonders for my skin. I've used it for years."

* * *

Marjorie Rambeau's complexion secret is shared by countless other beautiful stars of the stage and screen!

In Hollywood of the 613 leading actresses, including all stars, actually 605 use this fragrant white soap. It is official in all the film studios.

Your skin should have this gentle, luxurious care! You will want to keep it youthfully smooth and fresh just as the famous stars do.

Lux Toilet Soap...10¢
comfortably in our familiar surroundings we look anxiously into the mirror to see what the sun and wind and picnic food have done to our faces. Mercy!

Well, cheer up, nothing is hopeless in this day of science. That awful brown skin can be changed to milky whiteness or a satiny cream. "Those tiny sun-baked wrinkles about the eyes can be routed.

And those pores! Poor dears! They are as open as if they had been gasping for breath all summer. Maybe they have.

At any rate, there's a great deal to be done to your face and body before you will look like the sleek, silky, ladylike you who should smile back at you from the mirror. But first make up your mind to this:

Hit and miss measures won't do! They waste your time, your money and your courage. A little burst of interest, one or two half-hearted passes with potions that promise overnight miracles—these are worse than nothing. However, much joy and rich rewards awaits the determined woman who persists.

To get real results you should map out a program of what you need, organize yourself to live up to it and be as efficient about it as your strength of character will allow. For it does take character to see things through.

I must stop here and tell you a little story about Betty Compson whose soft, blonde beauty is the misleading surface of a remarkably strong character and a well-organized mind. I once had occasion to comment upon her thoroughness. She surprised me by saying, "I am not naturally thorough. I have a real battle with myself to see things through. I am always tempted to let things slide after a brave start."

(These movie stars are just like the rest of us, I thought.)

"But," she went on, "I realized that this was perhaps my greatest weakness and I determined to conquer it. I schooled myself to finish everything I start—even little things. I leave nothing unfinished. I have driven myself to complete everything I undertake. But, as I am naturally lazy, I arrange ways and means to make things easy for myself. I make it easy and convenient to do the things I should do."

THIS is the decision of a beautiful and successful woman.

Men talk a great deal about the efficiency of their offices, but in every modern office you will find devices that make efficiency easy by convenience.

How easy it is to say, "Never leave make-up on overnight. It clogs the pores and will ruin the loveliest complexion. Keep your skin clean—clean—clean! We all know this is true and all of us mean to put on a dab of cleansing cream, if nothing else, before retiring—but... . Well, if you have to tip-toe out in the hall to get a clean towel, and collect your beauty tools from the bathroom and other places before you do it, you simply slide into bed and say to yourself, "This one night won't make much difference, I'll make it up in extra care tomorrow."

But you don't.

Then when finally your skin looks much less lovely than your friend's you think you are especially abused by fate. And you say, "Why is it so hard for me to keep my skin nice?" The other girls look pretty without so much effort. (Do they?) I think just as much about my complexion as they do."

Yes, my dear, you do think about it, but thinking and acting are two different things. Your thoughts would be translated into action more often if you had everything conveniently arranged to carry them out at the moment. Your dressing table is the answer.

THE day is past when women feel they must hide their beauty aids. Today, in beautiful, artistic jars and bottles they ornament milady's dressing table. There is no need for chucking them out of sight and therefore out of mind. Today we are proud of being intelligent enough to care for ourselves.

The use of creams is no longer considered an artifice but a sensible precaution. So spread your bottles and jars proudly on TOP of your dressing table where they will come most conveniently to your hand. The more, the merrier!

The convenient dressing table will first of all have a glass top and a good strong light. On it will be, at least, these items—a jar of cleansing cream, a jar of skin-food, a bottle of skin-tonic, astrin gent for older faces, a bottle of eye-lotion with an eye-cup, a bottle of hand-lotion, a jar for cotton, a jar for powder, a bowl for ice, a nail file and orange stick, a tiny brush to train the eye-brows in the way they should go, a small pair of scissors (good ones), a hairbrush and a comb. This is the minimum of things to be kept on top. You, of course, will add, if needed, pore cream, bleach cream, etc.

Their gay labels will reproach you sufficiently to call you back if you try to pass them by. But if you put them out of sight you won't use them enough!

Keep your make-up things wherever you want to. You'd use them regularly if you kept them in the cellar!

I always buy my creams and lotions in large quantities for it saves money in the end. Then, for traveling, I have tiny jars that I fill from the large ones. Where there are several in the family this buying in bulk is especially satisfactory. One family I know buys skin-tonic by the half-gallon. This method makes even the most expensive preparations moderately priced in comparison of quantity.

Be sure your cleansing cream is a good one—a light one that melts quickly—for most of us are pressed for time and patience. Have absorbent cotton pads or handkerchiefs ready to use with your skin-tonic or astringent. You know as well as I do that if you have to go looking for the cotton you'll eliminate that part of the treatment.

The most convenient tissues for wiping off surplus cream come on a roll where they can't stick together, fold up or elude your hand. And do have a waste basket to catch them along with combings and bits of things that clutter up your dressing table. You can get a very attractive waste-basket for ten cents, proving once more that convenience isn't so much a matter of money as it is of thinking.

IF time means so much to you that you cannot devote an hour to your beauty treatment, then see that you get it while you do other things. When you get up in the morning cleanse your face first, then dab on some good skin food and leave it while you brush your teeth, take your bath, put on your shoes and stockings and underwear—then wipe off the surplus, dash on some skin-tonic and you are ready for your rouge and powder. You can use bleaches that way if you don't want to leave them on overnight.

WHILE using a bleach always protect your face with a heavy make-up before subjecting the new, tender and perhaps slightly irritated skin to the sun and wind.

And never forget that ice is one of the best firmers and clearers in the world. Do keep a little bowl on your dressing table for ice. It will remind you to get it and use it fresh!

Convenience is Beauty's best friend. I will guarantee you this—that if you will arrange your dressing table more conveniently you will grow more beautiful for you will care for yourself more regularly.

Write me your individual problems. I am happy to help you solve them.

Next Month—The Three Most Active Enemies of Beauty.
Lupe Velez, screen star, says:

"Enrich your beauty with really *natural rouge"

You can have color which seems your own... but do you? Not mere faint tints, mind you, but colors as deep and rich as you desire.

No great tragedy, you think, if rouge betrays itself? Possibly not. But that's because custom sanctions it, and not because your fastidious desire approves. Then what if beholders—especially men—might actually say of you, "she has the most marvelous complexion," all unknowing that you used rouge. Ah, that is a thought!

Always Complimented. Precisely this praise is the compliment always paid women who use Princess Pat rouge. Nor is it the impossible thing it seems, judging by experience. You see there is a curious oddity about the human skin—never before taken into account. It does not possess definite color. Just try to name it. Actually the skin's tones are neutral, a background! Too, the skin is transparent. When Nature gives you color, she suffuses this neutral background from within!

How Color Comes to Life. Any harsh, flat, color you put upon your face will clash, inevitably. This is known in making Princess Pat—and guarded against. There are, in Princess Pat, neutral undertones that come to life instantly as they are warmed by the skin. Too, the intense, brilliant overtones of Princess Pat rouge have transparency, so that they do not blot out the skin tones. And so you have the secret, the scientific reason. Thus does Princess Pat rouge give its marvelously life-like color. Thus does it harmonize with every skin individually. Thus does your color seem actually to come from within. It is a most remarkable and beautiful effect.

Almond Base for the Skin. And to crown the achievement of true natural color, Princess Pat rouge is made with its own exclusive base of precious almond, to make it good for the skin, to help keep pores fine and the skin soft and pliant.

No woman living can help wanting to try a rouge with all these advantages—one that gives beauty hitherto impossible. Of course, your favorite shop can show all seven shades.

get this Week End Set — SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set for this COVETED and Six colors, nearly a month's supply of almond base powder and five other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Beautifully decorated boudoir box.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago
Dept. 1554-A. Envelope paid. See for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print)..................................................
Street..........................................................
City and State.................................................

*PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, I.L.A., (IN CANADA, 33 BUCH STREET, TORONTO)

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that make the moist surface of lips as well as the outside. Is truly indelible. You'll love it!
Their Million Dollar Defects

[Continued from page 23]

camera picks up lights in it better. The result is a more hasteous, velvety shear than possible with straight black or brown hair. Besides, the gray hair is my own. It belongs to me.9

Billie is right. Everywhere she goes, people are attracted by her striking appearance. Not because she is so lovely of figure and face, for there are many equally well formed, but because she has taken what might be a terrific flaw in her appearance, and let it magnify her natural attractiveness.

Would you let your hair grow gray? Would you be smart enough to do what Billie has done?

Nancy Carroll's cherubic face almost kept her out of the movies. In fact, it did prevent her getting a job in films for at least a year after she had scored a sensational success in a Los Angeles stage play, "Chicago." Then Anne Nichols came along and chose her as the perfect Rosie. Look at Nancy today. Her face is her fortune. It is different.

And did you ever notice Joan Crawford's mouth? It is the largest I have ever seen. It is positively cavernous. Yet to Joan Crawford fans it is beautiful. As a matter of fact, it actually is. It gives character to her face and points those deep, poigniant eyes which have shone to such effect in heavy emotional roles.

Also, did anyone ever tell you that Joan wears size 38? Her shoulders are extremely broad, but in line with her hips, the effect is an even line and a boyish figure, which looks extremely well in smart modern clothes.

Jean Harlow and Constance Bennett have extremely small noses and wrinkled foreheads. The first gives them that petulant air, the second makes for sophistication—the lifted eyebrow!10

Someone remarked once facetiously of Marie Dressler, that she rode to fame on a hay scale. That is unfair, of course, because Marie is a great dramatic actress.

Undoubtedly, however, her extra avoirdupois hasn't hurt her one bit in picture roles. On the contrary, it has been a defect to be capitalized. Her weight makes her more human, more real and likeable.

Mary Pickford has gone on these years and years playing childish roles because, well why? She has a childish figure. She has never really grown up in person, and she always looks like a little girl.

Ann Harding, considered artistically, has not a perfect feature, but she has wistfulness and appeal. Her case is a grand example of two and two making four. When she smiles, she is positively irresistible.

Marlene Dietrich may have perfect legs, but did you ever notice the hollows in her cheeks? Perhaps not, but think now? Do they not give her a haunting, lovely sophistication?

Greta Garbo is unusually tall. Yet her height enables her to wear clothes as few women on the screen. It enhances her willowy, seductive quality.

Poor Polly Moran had to get false teeth not long ago. She was very proud of them. They were so straight and regular, and Polly thought she looked so much better. When the studio executives saw her, they almost died. Polly didn't look funny anymore. She had to go back to her dentist and get him to make a funny, rabbit set for use on the sets.

Bebe Daniels used to worry about her nose. She broke it a couple of times, and on each occasion she asked the doctor to tinker with it, but it has always remained characteristically Bebe Daniels. I think it gives her an oriental look.

Clara Bow's flapper face—not a classical line to it, for a long time represented all that was most attractive to youthful Miss Americas. They copied her flamboyant makeup, her eye-rolling mannerisms, and her poufy mouth.

Dolores Del Rio and Lupe Velez are both endowed with high cheek bones. Neither one of them really typify, as they are popularly supposed to, the slumberous beauties of old Spain or Mexico. Yet the odd unusual look with which they are both blessed, has fitted them for exotic roles in which the ordinary dark-eyed Mexican beauty would be completely lost.

When it comes to really exotic types of the screen, consider Jutta Goudal. La Goudal is really—sh-sh!—very homely. Her figure is not good, her eyes are slanted. Watch her, delicately made up, beautifully gowned, sweep magnificently across the screen, and you think what a strange and fascinating woman.

The best dressed woman, the one individual in Hollywood, who, year in and year out, can be counted on to cause a sensation when she enters a room, is Lilian Tashman. Tashman, analyzed, has hardly a regular feature. By doing unusual things with her clothes, and makeup, by marvelous poise and a certain commanding vivacity, she has made herself unique.

Winfred Westover Hart was chosen for the prize rôle of "Lummox" because she said she could take on I forgot how many pounds, something like sixty, in a less number of days. Who is there among us girls who would admit to a capacity for gaining sixty pounds?

Helen Chandler always sounds as if she were going to weep when she speaks. To borrow a phrase from Robert Benchley, "Sob-in-the-voice" Chandler has gotten many a poignant rôle because of her tearful tenors.

Straight boyish legs won Betty Bronson the title rôle of "Peter Pan", and brought forth the remark from Sir James M. Barrie that she was the ideal elfin type.

Bee-stung lips kept Mae Murray a favorite for years and years. And as you are now seeing the Princess M'dvani again, notice them. They're really nice.

One could go on and on. Even take up the men. Remember Owen Moore's crooked smile and Victor McLaglen's cauliflower ears? Although, of course, as far as men are concerned, the Adonis type is long passe, and you really have to flourish a couple or three defects to get any attention at all.

How about it? Why not take a long searching look into your own mirror? Maybe that long lamented snub nose or those deep set eyes of yours are worth cultivating, pointing up.

If they're worth money in the movies, they ought to be valuable to you. Polish up your million dollar flaws.

Here's Frances Dee, Judith Wood and Adrienne Ames. Hold it!
How to Make Up

...Your Complexion...Your Eyes...Your Lips
...to Emphasize Each Feature of Beauty
Like the Screen Stars Do

Hollywood's Make-Up Genius...Max Factor...
explains how you may actually double your beauty with a new kind of make-up

As Told To Florence Vondelle

"How to enhance beauty...how to emphasize personality...how to attract and fascinate...these are the secret problems of every woman which we in the motion picture colony have studied for twenty odd years," Max Factor told me. "And now we know the answers."

"Every girl, every woman may now benefit by what we have learned...and thus accentuate her own natural charms; yes, actually double her beauty, for she has never really learned how to be more beautiful than she is.

"And this is the art of make-up...to be more beautiful than you actually are.

"Color is the life of beauty...and color harmony is the secret of perfect make-up. This we discovered in pictures...and I created colors in cosmetics to glorify natural beauty and to harmonize with the subtle change of coloring in the different types of blondes, brunettes, redheads and brownettes. Color tones in powder, rouge, lipstick, and the requisites of make-up...created to living types, for such ravishing beauties as Joan Crawford, Anita Page, and other famous stars.

"So, first in make-up, is your individual color harmony...then practice the art and technique of application...how to rightly place a touch of rouge to suit your facial contour; how to deftly blend the eye-shadow; how to apply the lipstick to make the color permanent; how to blend the foundation and powder to give an all-day velvety-smooth make-up...and then make-up becomes a magic wand of beauty.

***

Now you may share, with the screen stars, this wealth of beauty magic. For you personally, Max Factor will create your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up...powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites for every day, in a color harmony ensemble to effect a transformation in you, to bring out every bit of beauty, of charm, of magnetic attraction...and you will receive this book, forty-eight pages on the art and technique of make-up. The coupon below offers you this courtesy...mail it today.

"Cosmetics of the Stars"...HOLLYWOOD MAX FACTOR'S SOCIETY MAKE-UP

This Amazing Book...Free
With Your Make-Up Color Harmony Chart
Scores and scores of feature pictures...millions of feet of film...the glorious beauty of Technicolor...have revealed to you the magic of make-up by Max Factor. Now realize that you may at last know Hollywood's Make-Up secret.

"Color is the life of beauty...and color harmony is the secret of perfect make-up. This we discovered in pictures...and I created colors in cosmetics to glorify natural beauty and to harmonize with the subtle change of coloring in the different types of blondes, brunettes, redheads and brownettes. Color tones in powder, rouge, lipstick, and the requisites of make-up...created to living types, for such ravishing beauties as Joan Crawford, Anita Page, and other famous stars.

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"Cosmetics of the Stars"...HOLLYWOOD MAX FACTOR'S SOCIETY MAKE-UP

95% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studio is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Bulletin)
Crazy to Get Married

[Continued from page 59]

you,” I said, reaching for my hat.

“Oh, don’t go,” said Miss Mackail.

“Listen to this. Did you know that in England several centuries ago—quite before my time, my good man—they would stroll the path of the bride with emblems of the bridalroom’s calling? Shavings were scattered for a carpenter’s bride, sheepkins for a butcher’s, leather settings for a cobbler’s. Scaps of iron for a blacksmith’s bride. Wouldn’t it be fun if they did that today and a girl were going to marry Charlie Paddock? She’d have to leap over hurdles, probably. Or don’t you think so?”

“I beg your pardon?”

“Did you know about the ancient superstition of carrying the bride over the threshold of her new home? That has its survival today in the not infrequent case of carrying the bridegroom, the usher, and some of the guests up the aisle. And that reminds me that another English custom was that the bridegroom had to drink a tankard of beer and then toss the tankard over his shoulder. If it broke, the marriage would be a lucky one; if it didn’t break, the marriage was doomed to failure. Once in a while the tankard would strike the bride’s head and both the tankard and the head would be broken. That was a calamity indeed, for no one knew how to classify the marriage.”

“H’m’m.”

“What did you say?”

“I just said h’m’m.”

“Oh, yes, your cello imitation. Well, I noticed that you didn’t write down any of these facts I’ve just given you, so I’ve apparently been wasting my time. Would you like to take a walk?”

“Thank you so much.”

This reporter got up and was about to leave, but Miss Mackail called him back.

“So sorry. I just noticed your—er—hangdog look. Ginger Ale or White Rock?”

“I’m too superstitious,” I said. “It might mean something.”

And that was the way it was. I’m telling it to you exactly the way it was. But I cannot predict what will happen next. I’m no fool. No one can predict what Dorothy Mackail will do. Perhaps she’s been and gone and done it already. If that’s the case, and if there is a Mrs. Mackail around her Malibu Beach house, then this story isn’t of much use to any of us. Is it? Just the same, please excuse me. I’ve been trying my best to explain to you just how things are. The future to me is something else again. I’m no astrologer, I’m not even a fair palmist.

Dressed In Dignity

[Continued from page 50]

the remarkable part, EVERYONE LIKED HER! Jean has the viewpoint of the modern. Years ago when short skirts swirled nonchalantly above the knees of the post-war flappers, old folks ran screaming in terror—"Look, look, your knees!" What’s the matter with them?” asked the girl of the period.

Whether the fashions began it, or whether Jean Harlow had the idea first and Dame fashion began tearing off her sleeves, waists and bodices, throwing away her collars and fichus to try to catch up with Jean, other pens must tell.

But Jean did more than just lead in the style, she revealed the wholesomeness of mind that made the whole thing a matter of everyday custom. And what poise that required! Curves came to light that had been tucked away completely lost to the world ever since the days of the French court. But Jean carried it all off with perfect aplomb.

Norma Shearer is rapidly taking her place as a style leader. Like Jean she has the modern angle.

We see the naked, untutored savages and realize as we look at them, that it is all in what you have been taught to expect. Well, Jean and Norma have given us a new lesson.

Even Heroes Are Getting Human

[Continued from page 17]

attractive, deliciously human. “The Royal Family of Broadway” further proved his flair for insane gaiety and entirely nonsensical behavior. And it is for his characterizations in these two films that Fred- die will be remembered—and adored.

For while not many of us have quite the same quaint sense of humor that he displayed in “Laughter,” and fortunately (?) few of us are able to give vent to histrionics as he did in “The Royal Family,” at some time or other, every mother’s son and daughter of us would like to “let go” just as Freddie did in both of these films.

Another actor who is liked more for his weakness than for his strength is Chester Morris, for with few exceptions, his roles have been unflattering. As the ex-husband in “The Divorcee,” he was anything but an admirable individual—but who could blame Norma Shearer for returning to him? And in “The Big House,” though he finished in a blaze of glory, he certainly got off to a bad start. Yet Leila Hyams forgave and forgot all his sins—and didn’t we all? For there’s something about Chester Morris that “gets under your skin.”

His appeal is not that of the boy but of the man. He personifies the under-dog—the man who does wrong, not because he likes it, but because he cannot help himself. He is the man that any one of us
might be but for the grace of God.

And because you recognize that quality and are so aware of Morris' very human frailty, you cannot find it in your heart to blame him.

The career of Neil Hamilton offers an illuminating illustration of the present tendency to like our heroes better for their faults than for their virtues.

For a goodly number of years Hamilton had played featured roles and leads—always competently, always uninterestingly. Suddenly, he changed studios—and personalities, as well. From a dependable, too good to be true individual, he became a perfectly charming but thoroughly unreliable person who loves 'em and leaves 'em with grace and finesse.

As the philandering traveling salesman in "Laughing Sinners," Neil does an excellent job of almost ruining Joan Crawford's life—but he does it most attractively. And in "Strangers May Kiss," he causes Norma Shearer more heartaches than did any of her heroes in the past.

Hamilton typifies the experienced, mature man of the world. His irresponsibility is more deliberate than that of Fredric March, his nonchalance is the result of ennui and not of youth, as is the case with Robert Montgomery. Hamilton is the slightly dangerous man that every girl hopes in her secret heart some day to meet. Of course, what she will do then is her problem.

In every studio in Hollywood, what happened in the case of Hamilton is happening now, to a greater or less degree, to countless other old-time favorites. So definite has become the demand that heroes step down from their pedestals that those of our veteran Lotharios who wish to remain in the starry firmament are adopting new personalities and new roles.

Ronald Colman, who was wont to rescue Vilma Banky from turretted battlements with never a doubt or qualm, cowered around in a most unheroic way in "The Devil to Pay." But the heroine still pursued him.

In "Cimarron," Richard Dix, one of our most trustworthy gallants in the past, was utterly undependable—and thoroughly fascinating. Even our own Buddy Rogers has succumbed to popular sin, and in "The Lawyer's Secret," he goes weak and trembling—and becomes, for the first time, an actor.

In fact, the trend to the new movie hero, the lovable weakling, has very definitely set in. And among the most promising newcomers who are responsible for furthering this trend are Monroe Owsley, Leslie Howard, Lester Vail and Clark Gable, whom, if present indications are reliable, you are going to hear—and see—more and more during the next twelve months.

Owsley has been doing bits in the past, usually as the man who (what with a charming gesture!) loses the girl. His rendition of Ned Seton in "Holiday" made screen history and he was much in demand for other roles that required scintillating sinning.

But scintillating sinners and the men who lose the girls, no matter with what charming gestures, are not heroes. Owsley at last is getting a break in Joan Crawford's new picture, now in production. He is his usual weak self at first, but toward the end of the picture he wakes up, gets a grip on himself and in the final fade-out, on the girl, thus achieving his first happy ending.

Clark Gable is the lovable gangster—the weak in spirit if not in flesh sort of person, obviously the unwitting victim of his own baser nature. Yet he has the sullen appeal, the elemental fierceness that makes us women fall. Even Norma Shearer could not resist him in "A Free Soul," though she should have known better. And being no respecter of persons, Gable even put Joan Crawford "on the spot" in "Dance, Fools, Dance."

Lester Vail was in "Dance, Fools, Dance," too—and in that picture, though he started out darkly, he reformed quite nicely in the end. So nicely, in fact, that he almost lost his eligibility to be classed as a "lovable weakling." But in "It's a Wise Child," he proved his fitness for the classification by walking out on his girl, Marion Davies, when trouble threatened.

Tall, dark and handsome, Vail is typical of many young men of this day and age. Men who want to be honorable and play the game square, but who lack the final necessary spark of strength—or courage, if you prefer—to make a go of it.

Which, perhaps, is just another way of saying the "typical new model 1931 movie hero—the lovable weakling." Say what you will, he's a lot more human—a lot more "real"—and going to the movies is going to be a lot more fun now that he's arrived!

---

**Beach-Nut Gum**

_The best proposal between smokes._

You'll enjoy chewing Beach-Nut Gum between smokes. Its clear, cool flavor refreshes your taste sense—makes every smoke taste better—as good as the first smoke of the day. Motorists find that chewing gum relieves the tension of driving. Remember always, there is no gum so flavorful as Beach-Nut.

Made by the Beach-Nut Packing Co. Also makers of Beach-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints.

Peppermint, Wintergreen and Spearmint Flavors.
**REMEMBER THESE EYES?**

First hit on the stage, this blonde comedienne now is winning new laurels in Warner Bros. pictures. She is 5 ft., 4 in. tall, weighs 115 lbs. and has sparkling gray eyes. Name below:

**eyes win love of most men**

"Out of every 1,000 lovers," says the New York Times, "more men fall in love with women's eyes than with any other feature." 

Keep your eyes always clear, bright and alluring by applying a few drops of harmless Murine each day. It enhances their sparkle and quickly clears up any bloodshot condition resulting from late hours or outdoor exposure. 60¢ at drug and dept. stores.

*Joan Blondell*

**MURINE FOR YOUR EYES**

Requires no insanitary eye cup!

**PHOTO Enlargements**

Wonderful life-size enlargement, 4x5, full length or part of group, pets or children. Check how made from any photo, compare. 

Sent in photo and yes! price.

**NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY**

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**Good and For You.**

**Their Names Are News**

(Continued from page 43)

Southern Pacific Railway Company. But he is not Lope’s Gary.

John Gilbert spends his working days in an elevator, going up and down. True, the screen actor has been having his ups and downs for the past two years—but not running elevators.

Am Harding is a widow. Also, she is childless. Helen Costello is making hats for her livelihood. Elinor Faire and Lila Lee are waitresses in small Hollywood eating houses. Elinor refuses to comment on her job but Lila is not so reticent. "I am certain that every day is Halloween," is the way she sizes up her position.

As a drug salesman, Harold Lloyd is a success. William Powell, a janitor, indignantly denies ever having been in motion pictures. Will Hays recently left Hollywood and is not washing windows in Beverly Hills. He is not the Will Hays who washes the industry’s product clean of sin. Jeanette MacDonald may sing for personal enjoyment but she earns her living selling hoity-toity in Los Angeles hotel rooms.

Loretta Young, screen actress, probably counts calories but Loretta Young, the cashier in a Hollywood cafe, counts change. Joe Brown, butcher, declares his job is butchering meat, not film scenes. He is married and has three sons in Hollywood High School. Charles Rogers earns a nice salary washing automobiles. Eddie Lowe often drives his car around for Charlie to clean. Eddie is a chauffeur. Oh, no, not the Charles Rogers and the Edmund Lowe.

Even within the industry there are several confusing similarities. Besides Charles Rogers, the star, there is a Charles Rogers, a producer. Joe E. Brown, the comedian, bows cordially to Joe E. Brown, associate producer. William Boyd, Paramount actor, is a different person from William Boyd, Pathe star.

Postal employees constantly mix the letters of Dorothy Lee and Dixie Lee, Sally O’Neill, and Zelma O’Neill, Sue Carroll and Nancy Carroll, Ed Lowe, actor, and Ed Lowe, scenarist, Lola Lane and Nora Lane, Irene Rich and Lilian Rich, Esther Ralston and Jobyna Ralston and others.

What the letter manager story appeared in newspapers, fans all over the country wrote the screen actor asking if it were true. Most of them believed his explanation but some remained skeptical.

Even his grandfather momentarily lost faith and penned a letter begging Bob to mend his ways before his wonderful opportunities were lost.

Had all of the facts been published, Bob would have escaped unwarranted publicity but the newspapers would have lost a sensational news item. "Robert Montgomery, motion picture actor, jailed for drunkenness," the headlines read. To all lovers of pictures, there is but one Robert Montgomery.

Dorothy Lee fared better. The entire story of how the other Dorothy killed her lover was printed and thus relieved the actress of all responsibility. Nor did Douglas Fairbanks suffer. No one would have believed him a vagrant even if things had not been explained. Doug might possibly be guilty of a hundred other offenses but vagrancy, no!

Burglar William Haynes did actor William Boyd a great favor. Haynes, a skid, has a name differentily Burglar Bill separates his name with a “y.” M-G-M’s Bill puts his name in the middle with an “i.”

It was different with poor William Boyd. Even when poor William Boyd was a tramp, got drunk or beat his wife the fans besieged William Haynes to put Bill off the screen.

Unless engaged in other businesses, screen stars are not listed in the Los Angeles directory. Nevertheless, practically all of their names appear there by proxy. No doubt, directories in cities everywhere are cluttered up with the names of film favorites. An expensive evening may be spent looking for them. Perhaps a Greta Garbo or Marlene Dietrich washes clothes in your home town.

Now that the truth is told don’t make the mistake of blaming the stars for things others do. Have faith in them. They lead a hectic life and can hardly be blamed for mistakes now and then. But not one star, within the past five years, has been guilty of a more serious offense than speeding. They leave law-breaking to their notorious namesakes.

All of which is a lead in to the story that Rudy, my barber, has a much grander name. Believe it or not, he is Rudolf Valentino.

**Sylvia Sidney**

(Continued from page 20)

Speedway.

A striking beauty she is utterly indifferent to her looks. She will powder her nose if you tell her it is shiny, but the odds are ten to one that she has forgotten her compact, Nor does she ever feel made up without lipstick. Her long, straight hair, like London bridge, is always falling down and her dress invariably gets as spotted as a leopard five minutes after she has arrived at a party. On the other hand, she always manages to look so damn attractive that wherever she goes, she is the cynosure of all eyes.

Concerning her work she is equally modest. Few actresses of her age have attained success so early in their careers.

Fewer still, can boast of the contacts she has made.

At an age, when most adolescents are hopelessly in love with Robert Montgomery, Sylvia knows and mingle with the leading lights of the social, literary, artistic and financial worlds. And because she enjoys the stimulus of fine minds, she has absorbed something from each, so that instead of the usual foolish reactions of the young, she has always been intelligent and sane.

People who have worked with her—Rouben Mamoulian, Phillips Holmes, Norman Foster and Peggy Shannon have been enthusiastic in their praise.

"She never looks or 'upstages' but..."
always gives a 50-50 performance." Norman Foster told me after playing with her in "Confessions of a Co-Ed." "Being a trooper, she doesn't resent or envy anyone else his success. There is room for all good actors, is her credo."

Unlike a great many of her conférences, she is proud, rather than ashamed of her humble birth. No old Colonial mansion nor royal antecedents from the Russian Imperial Palace have ever been manufactured for a colorful genealogy. By her own confession, she was born in the Bronx and will even point out the house, short of thirty years, in which she was interested in landmarks. Last year, while she was appearing in "Bad Girl," she decided to live alone. There was no parental objection—there has never been—so she moved into her own quarters and went domestic in a Big Way. A month later, she was signed by Paramount and sent to the coast.

Both Sylvia's mother (who with the exception of Gladys Moran, Lois's mother, is Hollywood's youngest looking parent) and her father (a dentist) have brought up Sylvia with a laissez-faire attitude. Of the Bertrand Russell school of education, they believe in complete freedom from parental bonds. Consequently, from the time she has been able to think for herself, Sylvia has been the captain of her own soul.

Of course, she has played with fire but she has never been burned. When she plays, there are no headlines! She has never been married although a year ago she became engaged and wore an emerald ring for two weeks. By the end of the second week, she had decided that she didn't like emeralds!

Having grown up without inhibitions and repressions, she never resorted to feminine wile. In discussing her the other day, a mutual friend of our remarked, "I often used to telephone Sylvia and extend a last minute invitation to her. Unlike a lot of other girls, who always pretend to be dated up unless you call them weeks in advance, Sylvia never once pulled that line on me. If she didn't happen to be busy, she'd say so without any long-winded, involved explanation of how she happened to be home."

Because she is such a sane and level-headed person, she isn't excessive in her likes and dislikes nor does she boast any idiosyncrasies.

Books are her greatest hobby and her pet extravagance. Whenever she moves, first she notices how much wall space there is for her bookcases—then she asks the rent.

In addition to her wonderful library, she also has a very fine collection of records. Which explains why a portable Sonora is always an integral part of her travelling paraphernalia. Among her likes are (listed in the order of their preference) garlic, toy animals, drip coffee, liverwurst on rye, antique jewelry and shopping in the five and ten. And she confesses very sottvo voice that in her unguarded moments, she is addicted to tapestry and Persian carpet work.

A week before she took the trek west, Sylvia and Iunched together. She talked of her changed attitude toward Hollywood.

"In my last visit, I saw everything through indigo blue glasses. I was so upset by the unexpected ways things turned out for me that it completely prejudiced my viewpoint and gave me a distorted idea of Hollywood and everyone in it. Having profited by that first experience, I'm not taking any chances this time. Now I'm taking along a pair of rose-colored glasses so I can be sure to see everything in a different light!"

Immediately upon her arrival she was put to work—three pictures in succession—"City Streets", "Confessions of a Co-Ed" and "An American Tragedy". In between breathing, her first letter arrived. It wasn't meant for publication but I am taking the liberty of quoting from it anyway. With Sylvia 500 miles away, the worst I can get is a bawling out! Here goes:

"The directors I've had so far have been sensitive, human beings and that's a joy to my soul! It hasn't thought, been altogether smooth . . . naturally, I've struck snags—darned difficult ones where there seemed no way out—but most of them have been technical things such as camerawork, angles, etc.—things that I'm certain with a little more experience and the help I've been getting from everyone can be overcome—must be overcome! Anyway, there always seems to be someone to remind me and give me a nudge before a scene is taken. Gary Cooper helped a lot. That's what's been so perfectly, perfectly marvelous—the help and co-operation I've had from everyone on the lot . . . from Stuhlberg down to the make-up girl—baring none.

"I know you are dying to hear about 'City Streets' and I have seen none of it. I still have a bit of an inferiority complex about seeing myself on the screen and I'm learning all my faults anyway! I don't expect to be able to give a great performance in pictures for at least a year . . . I couldn't. You can't realize the difference between this and the stage and with all I have to learn, it's impossible to do that overnight or even in one or two pictures . . . but I have hopes!"

Another breathing space—and her second letter arrived. Again I quote—again at the risk of a bawling out!

"I am now being faced with a vacation and after nearly five months of intensive work, I'm afraid there is going to be a dreadful let-down. Frankly, I don't know what I'll do with myself. I know this is going to be a dreadful shock to all the friends of the drama but I've practically forgotten about the New York stage. I don't know what I'd do with footlights in front of me again! I'd miss the bedlam of the studio!"

"Hollywood as it is, I know very little about because I have been working so hard, Haven't even been to a Hollywood opening yet. You see, I came out this time with the determination to work, not as a sightseer or tourist! In fact, I've become quite a hermit. I live sort of high up on a hill with a glorious view and once I'm up there, I don't ever want to come down!"

"I don't blame you, Sylvia. From my point of view, you're sitting on top of the world!"
Madge Evans
(Continued from page 35)

for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer I was thrilled beyond words. I had read reams about California and Hollywood in particular but had never laid eyes upon one inch of the country before. My work on the stage had kept me pretty much confined to theatres, cities and stock companies.

"The day I arrived, however, was the only day (so they said) that it had rained in months. Everything was dripping wet, there was no sun and besides I felt lonely some. It was a depressing event, coming as it did as a letdown to my fanciful dreams of what I would see when the train pulled into the depot. I was whisked right to the studio—many miles away, to my complete consternation, and since then I have been so busy with pictures I have scarcely had time to see anything of Hollywood. I did manage to lunch at the Brown Derby once only to discover later it was the wrong one."

"My stage experience is vastly more useful in reading of lines, understanding of dramatic values and poise. In the days I first remember pictures, nothing is so unchanged as was so primitive as compared with what I find now. There isn't one solitary detail left unchanged. I am a perfect stranger to this new industry. Not even the camera was familiar to me. In fact, disguised with what they call 'bungalows', I didn't know where the camera was when I made my first talkie."

"I really can't compare the stars I meet today with those I played with at Fort Lee. There were Robert Warwick, Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton, Montague Love—all those people who were so marvelous to me. Everyone I have played with here has been so very considerate. I do think, however, there was much more fun— or romance, if you'd call it that—in the old, silent days. Everything was so uncertain. Nothing was sure or definite. Players had to be good trouper. They were like prospectors looking for gold. Now everything is so business-like, well-regulated, smooth and thoroughly organized. Of course, I realize the necessity for economic control in any industry. But the old high-miss days seemed more thrilling."

"But speaking as you were of advertisements, there was one I never have a chance to forget posting for. It was for a hat manufacturer who put out what he wanted them to call a 'Madge Evans' hat, named after me. That was years ago. But every month a check still comes with royalties!"

He's Sore Because He's A Hit
(Continued from page 38)

and here's another thing
YOUR BEST FRIENDS
WONT TELL YOU!

In order not to hurt your feelings, they say your gray hair is "distinguished." What a mockery! Gray hair is the symbol of heartbreak age, the secret sorrow of every woman foolish enough to ignore NOTOX. Here is the scientifically correct tinting method for gray hair. NOTOX re-colors your hair a decided new way. Instead of trusting the hair with a "face plate of dye, as do old-fashioned "clear white restorers," NOTOX penetrates the hair and colors it inside the shaft. No "dyes," "artificial look. And your hair remains as fine, lustrous and supple as ever. You can wash, wave and sun NOTOXED hair without affecting its permanence and naturalness. The finest hairdressers and beauty shops apply NOTOX. "Rent a substitute"—a like product does not exist. Buy it for home use at smart shops everywhere.

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NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE

To be used in the production of "Holiday" brought him to the attention of filmland and he came to Hollywood to re-create the same part in the picture.

"Here's another thing," Monroe said, reverting to his grievances. "On the stage they hand you a part. You read it and

he played football and went out for track at West Philadelphia High, Loomis Institute and Bristol High. He prepped for Yale, became a member of the Sigma Lambda Nu fraternity and then went into the R.O.T.C. in 1918. Yale never saw him.

His first job was on a newspaper as a reporter and he poured out copy while playing. He played the role he wanted to play, and it was called 'Madge Evans' hat, named after me. That was years ago. But every month a check still comes with royalties!"
that's the way it stands. If you like it, you play it and if it doesn't appeal to you, you turn it down.

"In pictures, they hand you a script. You read it and think 'swell.' You play it and then go to see the preview. Your best scenes have been cut out. In 'Holiday' —on the stage—instead of ending where Linda rushes out the door to the taxi, it ends with the old maids telling Ned to go to the pier and stop the boat. When Ned refuses, he says, 'I'll go myself.' Ned laughs at him, locks the door and cuts the telephone wires, grabs a glass and says 'To Linda.'"

"It was a grand finish because it shows that Ned wasn't basically a weakling and that he was capable of doing something as big for his sister as she had tried to do for him. But that scene was cut pretty quick in the picture, I can tell you.

"In another picture in which I worked, I had a terrible scene. Although I was doing all the talking, the camera was focussed on the pretty lady lying on her bed with cushions all around to frame her beauty and you saw only the back of my head.

"I've got to get back to the set," he finished suddenly, 'or they'll be waiting for me and raising hell about that.'"

Ralph shook him depart regretfully. Conversation with Monroe is never boring. He says what he thinks, regardless of whose toes he treads on.

Russell Gleason dropped his lean length on the chair opposite me. "'ouche —" he grinned.

But I was in no frame of mind for peruisine. "You know Monroe Owsley?" I asked.

"Oh sure," said Russ. I think Russ must live in Dr. Stork's delivery room. He knows everybody.

"Well, tell me something about him," I demanded.

"There isn't much to tell," said Russ. "He's just like anybody else: a nice guy, plays a fairly good game of tennis—I mean, he can beat me—and he lives on the same street I do. That's about all, I guess.

But it doesn't seem to be all to me. It seems to me that a darning fine actor is being spoiled because the people who run the treadmill are too busy getting up speed to see that the players on top of it are kept in a contented frame of mind!"
Smooth" Ladies

[Continued from page 26]

Why eyes linger on her Blonde Hair

SUCH irresistible golden radiance! No wonder men look and look! That always happens when girls use Blondex. This special shampoo makes blonde hair spring with new beauty, new gleam and lustre. Prevents darkening—safely re-torsuates natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. A Blondex blonde is always in demand. At all drug and department stores.

smootheness. The new star is "smooth". That's it. Shiningly "smooth". Beautifully "smooth".

"Smooth" according to my dictionary is "That which has a surface without irregularities, or roughly, perfectly blended. That in which there is no noticeable break or flaw. That which is polished to a very high degree so as to be lustrous to the eye."

Could there, I ask you, be a more perfect description of the new screen star?

Let us consider them for a minute. They are girls you feel would prove equal to any circumstance. They keep themselves fit. They ride superbly. Their well kept hands rest confidently on the wheel of a car or the stick of a plane. They have brains. And they use them. They are chic. They have humor. They have courage. They have glamour. They are the modern Circe. Their lure is liptorial thinking in eye and exotic trappings. Or in the transient beauty and enthusiasm of slim years alone. The lure of the new star, the "smooth" star, is an enduring thing. It is the fascination of natural which physically, and mentally, has attained her highest point . . . who has made up her clear thinking mind where she is going in Life and is confidently on her way.

When a gripping, dramatic story plays one of these new stars in a difficult situation she faces it with a bon mot instead of hysterics and manages to be one hundred percent convincing.

No wonder these poised girls are cornerbacking all other names on the screen. Just as in reality the girls who have "polished" themselves to a very high degree so as to be lustrous to the eye" are overshadowing all the other girls who thought because a pretty face and slim curves had been enough they would always be enough. Alas, for flaming youth! Alas, for the pretty little flappers! They are too obvious to hold the proverbial candle to this rising race of "smooth" young women.

As far as the screen is concerned the public, that final and absolute authority behind the crowning and abdicating of movie queens, no longer supports a star who isn't "smooth". Miss America will pay the price off the mission only to see lovely "smooth" young women handling all kinds of adult situations as gallantly and masterfully as she fully intends handling any similar situations that arise in her own life.

When the contracts of Mary Brian and Fay Wray, two pretty flappers, expired recently they were not renewed. Mary and Fay are sweet and demure but a girl has to be more than this—much more—to stake any serious claim to glamour these days. The sweet and demure type simply doesn't fit in with the modern trend.

The Paramount Company, which didn't renew the Brian and Wray contracts, is enthusiastic about Tallulah Bankhead and Marlene Dietrich. They make it very evident that they consider these two "smooth" young ladies great assets. Tallulah and Marlene are brilliant examples of what the modern girl aims to be. Therefore they can, in all likelihood, show her a few things. They are her ideal. They Accept Life as if it were a gorgeous game. They play hard. They see to it that they get the most fun out of it. Watching them has brought to their affairs that they've been places and done things. That they know the answers. And because they are one hundred percent capable of taking care of themselves and because they have an easy way of doing things "ladies" once weren't supposed to do. But they remain "ladies" still.

Tallulah Bankhead has appeared in one picture in which she was handicapped by a bolderdash story. But she has caught the public's interest and imagination. She knows how to dramatize herself. On the screen when giving interviews. When appearing in public. When sitting for portraits. And Tallulah's popularity, judging from the two trains and the three telegraph wires, box-office receipts and fan mail, is as up and coming as Tallulah herself.

It is quite the same with Marlene Dietrich. Marlene has appeared in only three pictures shown in American screens but already she is very close to the top of the bright starrry heap. There's a knowing look in Marlene's eyes. She has about her, off the screen and on, whatever she is doing, the quiet power of authority.

Where Jean Arthur, Colleen Moore, Mary Brian and Fay Wray, charming and sweet, have one facet of color Tallulah Bankhead, Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett and all the other girls who are "smooth" are the entire aura. Before you have a chance to weep over one color they flash another. They have the fascination of infinite variety. They are like medleys, mosaics, or mingled silken skeins. But like the rare wines and well seasoned sauces and like the dictionary's definition of smooth, their many qualities are perfectly blended.

Off the screen as well as on the screen the "smooth" stars have a way of dominating the screen. Now let's consider to contrast Mary Brian and Fay Wray with Tallulah Bankhead and Marlene Dietrich.

Mary and Fay are nice girls. But because you almost always can tell exactly what they'll do next they have no great interest. I know of no writer, by way of example, who wouldn't like to do a story about Mary and Fay that would give them a break. But really there isn't anything you can say about them. They're pretty and they have a good mannered. When you've said this you've said everything.

It may be, of course, that Mary and Fay have an individuality and a dash which they have gone to great lengths to submerge and suppress in order to fit into the conventional pattern of the pretty little flapper and not interfere with their screen personalities. If so there's hope for them. They may come back to the screen differently and successfully.

Tallulah Bankhead and Marlene Dietrich, however, in direct contrast are stimulating and interesting. They both have dozens of interesting opinions. Writing a story about either of these girls is a pleasure. If their mothers were self-fashioned
enough to teach Tallulah and Marlene not to monopolize the conversation they've forgotten all about it. And you're glad! That's the important thing! For they have a great deal to say and they say it well, always leading up to their point dramatically. Anybody can talk about herself, of course. But when Tallulah or Marlene, a girl who is "smooth", talks about herself and have her listeners urging her on. These girls have reached out eagerly for life with the result that their youth is enriched by wisdom, experience, and a clear perspective. They have all the attractiveness of a woman of the world without having any of her unpleasant qualities.

Wherever they are, Tallulah and Marlene—and all the other girls who are "smooth" for that matter—have dominated the stage. Because their magnetism and personality make people yield to them as if they were in truth, queens.

They have a flare for dramatizing themselves that inevitably makes them the cynosure of all eyes. They have the qualities of leaders highly developed within them in spite of their youth. They are perfectly at home anywhere... in a kitchen or a great drawing-room, at a Sunday school picnic or at a night club.

And now I'm going to tell you something of a studio secret. Never before have I known the wives of leading men to go into worried huddles over the glamorous ladies to whom their husbands are paid to make love. They accepted the fact that their handsome husbands spent the best part of their lives in the studios with the old-fashioned, exotic vampires, the exponents of flaming youth and the big-eyed flappers without any apparent qualms. But their instincts seem to tell them that the new "smooth" stars are far more dangerous. Not that these girls go in for husband snatching. It is simply that the wives, having met the new stars, recognize them as being colorful and stimulating individuals who well might fascinate anyone seeing much of them. No wonder that the wives of leading men have that worried look.

There's no doubt about it, a new era in charmers is at hand. Today it is the girl who is "smooth" who counts. The pretty little flappers of the screen are completely overshadowed by the "smooth" ladies.

Pat of the Milwaukee O'Briens

[Continued from page 41]

me. Two of my cousins were the finest riders in 'Buffalo Bill's Wild West Shows', and when the show came to Milwaukee I was in the tent as much as they were. I used to watch the performers make up, and follow them with my eyes as they rode through the canvas curtains into the arena.

Pat dropped out of college for a time, and did land a very small bit in "Adrienne," a musical comedy in New York. Believe it or not, Mr. Ripley, George Bancroft is one of the screen's biggest good bad men, was a singing comedian in that show.

Milwaukee remembers Pat best when he came back from that excursion into Manhattan's theater world. He directed numerous amateur productions around Milwaukee—the Association of Commerce show, the Junior League and Milwaukee Country Club revues, and finally the Milwaukee Pageant of Progress.

"I had just enough taste of direction in those days to know that I didn't want to continue in that line. I wanted to be an actor. I dropped out of Marquette again and enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York."

"My first job after I left school for good was with a small traveling repertory company. We played all over the country—down through the south in towns where you hadn't seen a stage play in years. We set up our scenery in cow-webby opera houses, above butcher shops and under-taking parlors. And we never knew from one day to the next when we would be completely broke and out of a job. I learned the real rudiments of acting from James Gleason when I joined his stock company in Milwaukee. Lucille Gleason and Robert Armstrong were also in that company."

It hasn't been any rose-strewn path to theatrical fame for Pat. It took him a long time to get to Broadway, the mecca of every actor. He would be in shows during out of town tryouts. They always turned into weak, filtering pieces which ended in Cain's storehouse instead of those famous showhouses which dot the white-light district of Times Square. Then it would be back to stock again—small cities in New England and the middle west.

He was in "A Man's Man" in New York, also "Henry, Behave" and a long run of 47 weeks in "Gertie." For the first time in his acting career he achieved mild solace in his life. He was able to join the Lamb's Club and talk about show business with the theatrical great.

Pat played Dan McCon in "Broadway." You remember Dan, the soft-spoken cop who whispered the famous words—"pull yourself together, kid." "Broadway" was an event, too, for he met the pretty little actress who is now Mrs. Pat O'Brien.

During his last season in New York before coming to the cinema coast, he played in "Overture" and "The Up and Up." "Overture" was not long for this world, but his performance in it was rated as one of the ten best of the current season.

Right now he is playing opposite Irene Dunne in "Consolation Marriage," at the Radio studios. He is still under contract to Howard Hughes, but there are little voices being put which may place him permanently on the Radio roster of stars.

Pat has a rich, Irish voice. He speaks softly, but to borrow a phrase from Theodore Roosevelt, "he carries a big stick." An Irish temperament is not to be trifled with, and when Pat hits 'em they stay hit. He is about thirty years old, six feet tall and of sturdy build. He has a ruddy complexion and auburn hair. As I have said before, you'd almost know his name was O'Brien. Sure and it's a go-grand name, too. And it's a fine lad who bears it.
In This Lies Tragedy

(Continued from page 21)

She knows how!

She is too clever to let dab, dull hair spoil her attractiveness. Her hair is always soft, lustrous, radiant with tiny dancing lights—the subject of much admiration—and not a little envy. She wouldn’t think of using ordinary soaps. She uses Golden Gilt Shampoo.

*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Gilt in addition is camphor, gives your hair a fashionable “tiny-tint”—see little kid—out much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair! 25¢ at your dealer—or a FREE sample will show you the difference. Send for it now!

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Name.
Address.
City . . . State.
Color of my hair:

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Banister for October 1931

[Article about Hollywood and the acting industry]
been the tremendously poignant struggle he has made to find love. It has been futile.

It is ironic, too, that while he has been hailed as a "great lover" on the screen, he has been unable to hold that delicate thing, a woman's love, in real life. This is one of the mysteries of his perplexing career.

His first love was a little extra girl, who was crushed to death just as his love for her died, at Inceville during the filming of a spectacular production. A wall collapsed on her and Gilbert saw her, dying, being carried from the debris to an ambulance.

This was his first great tragedy. The girl was desperately in love with him—and he was only eighteen.

His first wife he met in a boarding house before the war. She was genteely impoverished. She was beautiful and she was charming. She had Mississippi mansion and plantation and southern skies as a background. He lived with her, but he never really knew her. At marriage, it seemed to him that she had found love. And he, as a man, thirsted for love and understanding just as he, as a great screen lover, searched on the screen for those two divinely precious and yet wholly ephemeral commodities. A few months revealed that although he and his wife were physically side by side, that mentally they walked on different sides of the street.

She went away. A divorce followed.

Leatrice Joy, at this time, was little more than a friend. He never found this first attraction to her. This was the most beautiful and the least passionate of all his loves, according to legend. As they rose to fame, their love burgeoned.

Today, after the ashes have cooled, he finds that Leatrice has built a wall which separates him from her and from his child, Leatrice II. Leatrice lives at Malibu and studiously avoids Gilbert. She allows Leatrice II to play on the beach, accompanied by a handsome man. Gilbert dares not touch the child, even though he can watch her as she romps in the sand. To friends he has said:

"I wish Leatrice would be kind enough to come and hold my baby in my arms just once."

The proximity of his former wife and his child make his lot a harder one.

The situation is hard to understand.

There was a time in his life when he resented Leatrice and her success. They married. They were divorced.

And in the end—she was beside him, holding his nervous hand at his greatest triumph—the premiere of "The Big Parade" in New York City. After that moment, they fled the noise and the raucous tributes and spent the hours until the dawn together in a tiny café.

Then came Greta Garbo. The glamour that surrounded him for Gilbert has been beneath her cool exterior, the woman. He thought that she might give him that love and understanding which he so needed. The woman who could fill this need would become a part of him.

He was no longer satisfied for this love he held for Greta Garbo—this love which was the talk of the nation. He abandoned thought of a union here after months and months of hoping.

It must be remembered that Gilbert has the hungry heart of a poet. Those whom he adores Gilbert fascinates on the screen do not need to be told this. He is, actually, a man who will roam at nights along a lonely beach or try to find comfort in the beauty of a sunset. He is always seeking, searching—

On the heels of these disillusion— as a tragic end to these earnest explorations into women's souls—came talking pictures. It was a crashing cacophony. And came the perverse rumor, ever gaining in smashing momentum, the report that Gilbert was through. He stood alone. He sought no counsel, and he went through the tortures of the damned as he saw his reputation swept so unreasonably and so cruelly from him.

Ina Claire—the whimsical woman of the screen and the practical woman of the home, ex-wife of Jim Whittaker, newspaperman and playwright—was his next wife.

This strange union set the colony to talking, and the colony has not yet stopped talking. Gilbert, unfathomably, lends himself unconsciously to being talked about.

The union was a sudden one, the wedding taking place at Las Vegas, Nevada. Perhaps Ina Claire was dazzled. No one knows. She merely dons a whimsical expression and a quizzical smile when questioned. Today, Ina Claire lives in a twelve room home at Santa Monica, rented from Marion Davies, as Gilbert keeps his solitary vigil a few miles up the seashore at Malibu. She is surrounded by many friends, the filing application for divorce is one more depressing event in the life of the solitary, melancholy Gilbert.

Gilbert lives in Beverly Hills during the winter months. Of a cold, moonlight night he can hear the lugubrious howling of the Great Dane once owned by his friend, Rudolph Valentino. In the summer, he tries to recapture some of the glamour he knew at seventeen, when he loved an exotic and every inch on the road of life offered a surprise. Irony again. On his solitary drives from the studio to his home, he passes what once was Inceville. It has been erased, with the memories of those early years. Once he, he, the sublime gaudily caps the cliffs where Indians, soldiers and cowboys, senators and thieves, paraded in greasepaint.

It is strange that the Gilbert of today finds himself, in real life, so much like the Gilbert, hungry for love, who fascinated the millions in his hey-day of silent-screening. He is the woman-hungry, companion-hungry Gilbert of the first three reels of a Gilbert-Garbo romance—and the rest of the picture may never be shot. He is seeking and groping to find himself and life and love...

He wants relief from the pain of living mentally and actually alone.

John Gilbert may hang back onto the screen and become the glamorous person he once was. Whatever he once worshiped himself hopes that this will come to pass. But, whether or not John Gilbert does or does not don the toga of glory which was once his, he will always be fascinating to those who know his screen career, his real career, or both.

And he will always be chasing that vagrant Ariel—and never finding him.
The Cook's Night Out

[Continued from page 37]

husband's most favored dishes.

While these nights are more or less of a lark, there was certainly a certain when cooking was a difficult task for Ann Harding. It was when she was sixteen and living at an Army Post with her father, General Harding. Her mother was ill. It was impossible to obtain servants. So through a scorching summer this future screen star presided over pots and pans—and to make matters worse the kitchen and the tin roof! It was nothing unusual for Ann to swell in the kitchen for two or three hours, preparing delicacies for officers and their wives who were about to call, dash to her room, take a hasty bath and dress and then appear in the living room, apparently quite cool and at ease, to substitute for her mother as hostess.

Thursday is also Dolores Del Rio's right in the kitchen. I know, because I called thirty times to find she was busy cooking dinner. I was ushered into the kitchen. There I found her dressed in a simple skirt and blouse covered by a little white apron, stirring a savory-smelling mixture which she called "Huacamole". It's pronounced "Walk-all-mall" and is served with rice.

I asked her how she made it.

"It's easy," laughed the star. "Take half an onion and chop it up fine. Use two tomatoes, one can of green Ortega chili washed and chopped fine, two mashed avocados and two tablespoons of crisco. You fry the onion in the crisco, then add the tomatoes and chopped chili. Cook this for ten minutes before adding the mashed avocados. Meanwhile, make a ring of Mexican rice on a large plate or platter. When the ten minutes are up, stir quickly and pour in the ring of rice. There you have it. Doesn't it sound good?"

"What about this Mexican rice?"

I asked. "How do you fix that?"

"I usually use two cups of rice, one cup of tomatoes, two large-sized tomatoes and four cloves of garlic. Boil the rice in the crisco until it's nice and brown, then add the chopped onion and tomatoes. Stir for five minutes, then add as much boiling water as the rice will absorb. Watch carefully and add a little more water from time to time until the rice swells and is soft. Then cover and place on the back of the stove until you're ready to serve. Be sure and keep the flame very low during the making of this dish. It burns easily."

Amanda, who has been in the Del Rio household ever since Dolores came to Hollywood, reigns over the kitchen. She comes from Sweden and is an excellent cook. She has learned to make many of the Spanish dishes Dolores delights to serve on state occasions, but she admits her mistress can still show her pointers in this art.

Speaking of Dolores' Swedish cook re-

Avalon School of Art

Theatre

lax, you also have it free.

No joke to be deaf.

— Every Deaf Person Knows That

I have deafness, and if you do, too, you know how it is. There's this thing called Deaf Aid, but it's not much good, I tell you. And then you get to thinking about how many others are in the same boat. Most of the time they're not even aware of it. And then you think about what it's like to be deaf in a world where sound is so important. It's hard to imagine, really. I mean, you can't hear the music, you can't hear the birds singing... it's like you're living in a silent world.

But then you remember that there are other things you can do. Like read lips and learn sign language. And that's why I'm here. I want to help others who are in the same situation as me, to give them hope and encouragement and let them know that they are not alone. If you're deaf, you're not alone.

Thank you. —Deaf Aid
an opportunity to prepare them for her circle of friends. Marlene’s little daughter Maria lends a helping hand in shedding peas or stirring the berries. They have a great time together. One of Marlene’s mother’s favorite dishes was German loaf and this is always one of the popular preparations when Dietrich is at the stove. When I asked Marlene for the recipe, she wrote it down carefully. Then, fearful that I could not make it out, she asked one of the studio girls to type it for me. Here it is.

1 pound ham
1 pound fresh pork
1 small onion
1 tablespoon of salt

Force the ham, pork and onion through a meat chopper. Add seasonings and grind together. Add the white of egg and cream and then mix thoroughly. Place four strips of uncooked ham fat on center of square of cheesecloth. Press the mixture into shape and place over the fat. Roll in cheesecloth and tie. Place on trivet in a kettle and add three quarts of boiling water, one-fourth cup of vinegar and a teaspoon of salt. Cover and let simmer two and a half hours. Drain, cool and put under a weight. Serve cold, cut in thin slices.

Louise Fazenda is one of the best housekeepers in Hollywood. She supervises her kitchen and does her own marketing. On Thursday evenings she gives her husband, Hal Wallis, bacon and eggs a la Fazenda.

“Break the eggs into a casserole,” says Louise. “Cover with cream topped with a dressing of grated parmesan cheese. Strip with bacon and place in the oven until the bacon is cooked and the eggs set. Be sure the oven is only at medium heat,” cautions Louise.

When Hedda Hopper’s cook takes a night off, Hedda goes vegetarian. “That’s the night I raid the ice-box,” laughs Hedda.

“I use up all the surplus greens and vegetables, I’m a regular rabbit. If any of my friends happen to drop in, they get a very healthy dinner whether they like it or not. Last week the victims were Billy Haines, Marjorie Rambeau, Edgar Allen Woolf and Laura Hope Crews.

They had a salad of dandelion, watercress, chopped spinach and chervil with chilled quartered tomatoes and dined beets. I served this with a dressing of Wesson oil and lemon juice, seasoned with ground fresh pepper corns, salt and paprika. A healthy dish, all right—plenty of roughage.”

Dick Arlen’s specialty, when hoisting the gallary of his yacht, is eggs à la Windsor. In spite of the aristocratic name, this means poached eggs on toast covered with a rich cream sauce with chopped mush-rooms and a sprinkling of chopped parsley and chives. Eat this if you must, but it’s a waist-line enemy.

Buddy Rogers goes in for Oysters Louisi-anae, a creole dish that Buddy cooks to a queen’s taste. His mother taught him how. It’s the favored dish on the cook’s night out.

Some of Hollywood’s priceless heirlooms consist of pots and pans that have been in the family for generations. Marie Dressler has a casserole that has been in her family for years. Skeets Gallagher still has his old army frying pan. He fries eggs in it and hums “Dear Old Pal of Mine” while the eggs are sizzling. Irene Dunne’s prized kitchen possession is a well-worn chop bowl in which her mother chopped many raisins and nuts for Christmas cakes and puddings.

Cooking is an art that calls for temper-ament, imagination and the flair for seasoning. Great chefs, like great artists, can throw a temperamental fit with the best of them. Cooks and movie stars are somewhat like the Colonel’s lady and Judy O’Grady—sisters under the skin.

Talkies in Tabloid

[Continued from page 10]

Gloria Swanson is good, though a bit kittenish at times, and Ben Lyon's grand.

I TAKE THIS WOMAN
Fair (Paramount)

A pleasing picture that you'll like. The story's about a spoiled society gal whose father sends her out West to avoid a scandal. Of course she fails in love with a cow-hand. But the cow-hand being Gary Cooper, you can question her taste. Carole Lombard gives her best performance to date, and Gary is grand as usual.

JUST A GIGOL
Fair (Paramount)
The humor is rather forced in this picture about a lad who poses as a gigolo in order to test the purity and virtue of the woman his uncle has picked out as his future wife. William Haines seems self-conscious as the man, and Irene Purcell doesn't help matters much, either.

KICK IN
Good (Paramount)
Clara Bow goes dramatic but Regina Toomey gets all the breaks. He plays an ex-convict who tries to go straight, and Clara's his loyal wife. Opinion will be divided on this, but given a better script and a more modern story, it looks as if Clara will crash through in her next drama. Regina Toomey steals this one.

LAUGHING SINNERS
Fair (M.G.M.)
This may draw fans on the strength of Joan Crawford's acting, but it isn't up to the standard of her recent pictures. She plays a cabaret girl who joins the Salvation Army to blot out the memory of a great love. When she meets the man she loved, she falls again. Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton are the men.

LAWYER'S SECRET
Good (Paramount)
You don't have to be a buddy Rogers fan to admire his simple and sincere acting in this one. He's no longer a sweet youth, but a coward willing to see an innocent man sentenced for murder rather than confess his own complicity. Clive Brook is a little too self-righteous as the lawyer, and Richard Arlen has only a small part, so Buddy walks off with the picture.

BAD GENIUS
The Good (Warner)
A powerful picture with John Barrymore turning in an impressive performance. He plays a cripple who longs to be a great dancer and fulfills his own dreams through a foundling whom he trains. There is a blood-curdling climax.

MALTESE FALCON
Fair (Warner)
Bebe Daniels is the nominal star of this mystery picture, but she hasn't much to do. Ricardo Cortez is interesting as a fast-thinking detective who solves the mystery behind a number of murders committed in an attempt to get hold of the Maltese Falcon, a statuette filled with precious stones.

MAN IN POSSESSION
The Good (M-G-M)
Robert Montgomery in his second starring picture. He's a gay, irresponsible lad in "deahl Lunnun" who becomes a sheriff's assistant when his father turns him out of his house. He takes possession of the home of a young society woman whom his brother is trying to marry, believing her to be rich. Lots of light, amusing comedy with Irene Purcell and Charlotte Greenwood helping out with the fun.

NEWLY RICH
Good (Paramount)
Here's a grand burlesque on Hollywood child stars with Jackie Searl as the pampered lad with golden curls who never forgets his "public." Mitzi Green becomes Jackie's leading lady and the fun begins. Louise Fazenda and Edna May Oliver as Hollywood performing artists. Performances and you'll rock in your seats with laughter.

NIGHT ANGEL
The Good (Paramount)
A hopelessly unbelievable story with Nancy Carroll going dramatic in a big way. It's about a vice prosecutor (Frederic March) who falls in love with the daughter of a woman who runs a vice den and commits murder to protect her. You probably won't like Nancy's new hair cut.

NIGHT NURSE
Good (Universal)
Barbara Stanwyck as a night nurse in a big hospital gets involved in a series of strange adventures when she is sent to take care of two youngsters who are ill. The heroine of the picture has to take a sock on the chin. Clark Gable and Ben Lyon give good performances.

PHANTOM OF THE PARIS, THE
Good (M-G-M)
No longer the great lover, John Gilbert proves himself a darn good actor. He plays a young musician convicted of the murder of his sweetheart's father. How he escapes, finds the real murderer and wins back the girl makes an exciting story. Leila Hyams is the girl.

REBOUND
Good (R.K.O.-Pathé)
If you like sophistication you'll like this one. Hank Harrison plays a modern girl in love. Not much action but lots of smart repartee. Robert Ames is the hero.

RULING VOICE
The Good (First National)
A gangster film that's slightly different. Walter Huston is a first rate racketeer who decides to give up the racket when his enemies kidnap his daughter, Loretta Young and David Manners are the love interest.

SEED
Good (Universal)
A tear-jerker which most women will enjoy and most men will consider just sentimental tripe. John Boles doesn't sing but goes dramatic. His childhood sweetheart understands his yearning to write, so he leaves his wife and children and goes with her. Sometimes they call this "field work for material." Oh these writers! However, he has his filling at life and the ink pots, and after he has cooled off a bit he remembers the little wife at home. In later years he returns and realizes what a bitter mistake he has made. Lois Moran gives a touching performance as the wife.

SMART MONEY
Good (Warner)
Edward G. Robinson gets fascinating and high-powered performance in this story of a small-town gambler who invades the big cities and makes good—also as a gambler. But he's nuts about blondes and through them the District Attorney gets him and signs him up for the Big House. The picture is almost as powerful as "Little Caesar." James Cagney is good in a minor rôle, but Robinson is just grand.
Silver Screen for October 1931

SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE

Chevalier’s best picture since “The Love Parade.” Only Lubitsch could have directed it. It’s sophisticated entertainment about a lieutenant who loves an entertainer in a beer garden but is forced to marry a princess. Claudette Colbert is lovely as the lieutenant’s real sweetheart; but Miriam Hopkins plays the part of the princess with both humor and pathos.

SON OF INDIA

Ramon Novarro is hopelessly handicapped by an involved and implausible story. Ramon plays the son of a jewel merchant of India who in love with a beautiful American girl whom he cannot marry on account of racial prejudices. Madge Evans is the girl.

SOUWAN MAN, THE

Audiences have been crying over this tear-jerker for eighteen years, and it’s still a touching story. This time it’s Lupe Velez who plays the Indian girl who falls in love with the English nobleman who comes to America to go to war. Warner Baxter is excellent.

SVENGALI

One of John Barrymore’s best bits of acting. He makes the character of Svengali a truly haunting one. There is excellent photography to help out his brilliant performance as the hypnotist under whose power Trilly has become a victim to the greatness as a singer. Mariah Marsh is a bit immature but lovely as Trilly.

THIS MODERN AGE

Joan Crawford again struggles to rise above a mediocree story. In this one she and her mother belong to a gay crowd in Paris and they go places and do things which shock Neil Hamilton, a pure touch whom Joan is crazy about. Disillusioned he throws her over and she broken-hearted goes off with Monroe Osweiler who isn’t so respectable. You’ll like Joan and bear with the picture for her sake.

TRANSGRESSION

A fair (Radio Pictures) a bit of high-powered flirting with a Spanish philanderer while her husband is working on business. But on the verge of a divorce she discovers she still loves him so they fade-out happily. Paul Cavanagh is the husband and Ricardo Cortez is the Spanish influencer.

UP POPS THE DEVIL

Light, pleasant comedy-drama. Carole Lombard and Norman Foster give charming performances as a young couple, who run into difficulties when the wife becomes the breadwinner and the husband tries to write a novel at home and to do the housework. Sweets Gallagher, Stuart Erwin and Joyce Compton help keep the comedy light and gay.

VICE SQUAD.

This carries a lot of suspicion but it is a good picture. There might have been more power if the romantic side of the story had been soft-peddled. Paul Davidson has the role of a Nobleman with a chivalrous role of a man who becomes a stool pigeon to escape a charge of manslaughter, and who has a chance to come back to his own world if he lets an innocent girl be framed. Kay Francis has a rather wisty-washy part and the enlightened heroines go to Judith Wood, a newcomer.

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A

A feminine spy with a past falls madly in love with a nice chap, William Bakewell. His folks object until her dangerous duties lead to her being shot, and then they let the two marry because he has only six more days to live. Helen Twelvetrees stays right by this yarn, but the yarn doesn’t do right by Helen.

WOMEN LOVE ONCE

Beautiful Eleanor Boardman has a breath of the new in a splendid fashion. She is the wife of a popular young artist who is given a chance to study in Paris by a rich society woman who is infatuated with him. Just as the wife is about to secure a divorce the death of their little girl brings them together again. Paul Lukas is the artist.

YOUNG DONOVAN’S KID

Richard Dix is billed as the star of this picture. He gives a good performance but Jackie ("Skippy") Cooper almost breaks your heart. You have eyes and ears only for him. Jackie plays a youngster left in the care of a gangster. He worships the gangster and is heartbroken when a judge sends him away. If this one doesn’t make you cry, there’s something wrong with your tear-ducts.

YOUNG SINNERS

Thomas Meighan is great in a story that’s just average. He plays a physical culture trainer who brings back to normal a young lad who has been disappointed in love and who has taken to drink as a result. Hardie Albright and Dorothy Jordan are supposed to be the young sinners, but they’re so nice and clean-cut, you just don’t believe it.

“FLOYD GIBBON’S SUPREME THRILLS”

As a natural reaction to gangster films and pictures wherein the dregs of our civilization are explored, the R.K.O.-Van Buren Corporation has produced a red-blooded, short picture, “Floyd Gibbon’s Supreme Thrills,” that will make every American thrill with patriotism. The “Star Witness” was another picture to honor the heroes who love their homeland. These two films stir the patriotic and great credit must be given to their producers Floyd Gibbons’ picture, “Woodrow Wilson’s Great Decision,” is one of thirteen in preparation under the supervision of A. P. Waxman, and consists of carefully selected scenes of the actual events of those drama-crowded war days when America was fighting her way out of the muddle unhonorable ways of international diplomacy, the gentle, clean charity of brotherhood.

Floyd Gibbons talks with his well known rapid-fire radio delivery, and as the war clouds grew darker, Dr. Gibbons, the group editor of the radio station, began his thrilling stories of those times. The shots of the troopships, the barracks and the Asiatic Dilemma led up to a climax to show the greatness of the man who fought to treat friend and foe alike.

Floyd Gibbons is the proud producer who has attempted this and proud again of Woodrow Wilson who gave everything, life included, that Idealism might not perish from the earth.

You Can Be Beautiful

I do two things; I correct every defect. I develop every beauty. Men often come to me with results of more than 100,000 women from that my reputation is to have never failed to improve one’s looks for the better. I make no promises, but I do make you promise to come at least three times a week for an examination and a treatment. For, like beauty, I am a work in progress, and I am always improving myself. But if you promise to come at least three times a week, I will guarantee to improve your looks, no matter how much they may be inferior.
those kid days, Johnny and Peter and  
'Red' were the sissified lads in the crowd.  
Quiet-voiced, gentle, kindly to the  
extreme. The five or ten or fifteen cents  
they had in their pocket generally went to  
someone they figured wasn't eating quite  
regularly.

"Knowing them as I did, I have tried to  
carry them to the screen. In 'Public  
Enemy', I hope I supplied a composite of  
those three boys."  
I had been studying this actor as he  
talked. We had reached the point where  
we were "trading" cigarettes. Our feet  
rested on the same table.

It was then that the question:

"Jimmy, with the underworld cycle over,  
can you remain in pictures?"

"Oh, gee! I want to do comedy! You  
know every time you pull the trigger of  
one of those movie blank-cartridge  
automatiques, it ages you—you can't help  
but think of those fellows who went to the  
chair!"

Incidentally, the Warner family has  
informed Jimmy that, under his new  
contract, he won't have to go to the "hot  
seat" again.

IN "FRONT PAGE," Mae Clarke did the  
counterpart of a girl she knew in an  
Atlantic City soda fountain. Mae's  
service behind the marble counter didn't  
last but a few days, but she did make an  
inensive study of her colleague.
It was Philadelphia that contributed  
Mae to the world, but she was too young  
to recall that period of her life. Her first  
recollection is of Atlantic City, where  
the parental fortune provided her with a  
choice of vocal or dancing lessons. One  
was possible on the limited income of  
Mae's father. She picked the Terpsichore.

The blonde youngster wanted a new  
frock to wear to the academy. The family  
exchequer couldn't stand the strain.

The twelve-year-old Mae solved that  
problem, however, by the simplest expedient  
of finding herself ten dollars a week for  
mixing cooling concoctions in a pharma-

The "front row," Mae told me, "held  
fascination for me that I have never since  
known. Truth is sometimes stranger than  
fiction—and Ethel was all of that.

"She actually cost me my job because  
I was more interested in her than I was in  
the customers who were waiting for their  
chocolate malted milks and strawberry  
sundaes.

"It was a simple matter to find employ-
ment over at the factory where they make  
the salt water taffy. That was another  
ten-dollar job—packing the taffy in  
boxes. I'd have made good at it, had it  
not been for the fact that the girl in the  
next chair was Atlantic City's outstanding  
coquette. She could relate the most  
magnificent tales of modern romance as she  
was living it. Of course, one couldn't  
hesitate to count the men in her life!

"Well, I didn't last long in that place,  
because every time the supervisor turned  
hers back, my compatriot would resume  
her chat, and I would automatically put  
a layer of maple cream in the wrong  
carton."

From the dancing academy Mae went  
to the New York stage—and from there  
she came to Hollywood. Two years of  
obscenity followed her signing with Fox.

It wasn't until she played the gang-
ster's "moll" in "Front Page" that other  
producers began to give her a second  
thought. Caddo's production had made  
her.

Then Columbia summoned her to play  
Moria in "The Good Bad Girl". There  
was a similar rôle in a Warner picture.

Next came the characterization of  
Myra in "Waterloo Bridge", the leading  
rôle opposite Kent Douglas.

With each short journey—from Caddo  
to Columbia, to Warners, to Universal—  
Mae found herself the "street walker". It  
was because she was more interested in  
those fellow-walkers back in Atlantic City  
than she was in that new dress that re-
quired thirty dollars!

She had played the counterpart of real  
personages whom she had studied!

"Waterloo Bridge" is bringing Mae a  
stellar contract!

IVAN LEBEDEVF is born to be a  
diplomat—and had not a World con-

flict brought about a revolt that did away  
with the Russian royal family, he might  
now have been presiding over an embassy  
In Paris or London or Berlin. Not only  
a good-looking chap, but a brilliant one  
as well, this Lubefff!!

Hollywood femininity has been "falling"  
for Ivan, who can kiss a hand with more  
apology than the late Czar Nicholas him-

self. That's been going on ever since  
David Warf Griffith discovered him, a  
dejected young man weeping over a table  
In a Paris cafe. The veteran director  
handed him a roll of currency, a contract,  
and brought him to the United States to  
play in "Sorrows of Satan".

Ivan made good in that production—with  
the general public and the film capital's  
portion of the "weaker sex", at the same  
time. Never, though, did you find him  
entertaining at the Embassy Club or the  
Mayfair.

Ivan's aristocratic mother and father are  
poverty-stricken in Lithuania. The bulk  
of his salary goes to them. They have  
been restored to the style of living to which  
they had been accustomed before the  
Lenin-Trotsky régime swung the axe on  
kingly and queenly back.

Underneath that frowning brow of  
Ivan's, as you see it through the projection  
machine, is a lifelong for laughter that is  
unmatched in Hollywood.

Let's permit him to talk for a few  
seconds—this white-spattered, immacu-
lately-dressed, cane-toting lad from  
the palaces of old St. Petersburg.

"A Russian, I believe," he enlightens  
me, "is a born actor, or at least he is born  
with the love thatcoln everything he  
does. His music is dramatized for him.  
His dancing is dramatized. He goes to  
almost absurd lengths to dramatize  
everything in his life.

"My own bringing up was on that  

The November  
SCREENLAND

On sale at all newsstands October First
order. It was a play begun in childhood and lasting on when I went to the University of St. Petersburg, then on into the Imperial Lyceum of Alexander the First. I was trained for the diplomatic corps, which surely is as near as acting in nature as most things not actually connected with the theatre.

"Going along with that, of course, was military service. At the outbreak of the war I enlisted in the Third Regiment of Dragoons. War is acting, too! You pretend to be brave. You convince yourself that you have a distinguished officer's bearing. You dress carefully, when possible, like an actor dressing for the part.

"Presently they gave me the Cross of St. George, and I was promoted to first officer's rank. Then I went to cavalry school, and won a commission... the flying corps on the Russian front... wounds... prison... Why, throughout life I've never been rid of the notion that I was playing a part!

"Then came those nomad weeks in Paris, Berlin, Constantinople and Vienna, until 'D.W.' sighted me at that sidewalk table out in front of that little café in the French capital—a melancholy young man still poising... still the actor. He brought me to Hollywood... you know the rest.

"All of this background of mine is vitally woven into 'Kisses by Command', my newest production, because I wrote the story myself, and naturally I put into it what I deemed most dramatic and interesting from the tale of my own life. That is, at least, all that Radio studio executives would let me inject into it. I'm glad, now, that they were constantly on the alert to curb me, and separate the things of interest to the world-at-large from those that were principally of interest to me.

"In every role I've ever played, like your well-known silver thread, runs that influence of the past—a silver thread spun not so much by the colorful adventures as by the images of fancy I built at the time, and afterwards in memory, around each happening."

WHEN Adrienne Morrison, a stage luminary in her own right, presented the famous Richard Bennett with his third daughter, there was nothing to worry about financially. Box-offices were contributing a surplus beyond their needs.

"On the way, father and mother drew weekly checks, Joan never did know the heartpangs that Mae Clarke suffered when she wanted that thirty-dollar dress. Joan's governess would phone, and have such a whim delivered—and charged to Richard Bennett's account.

"At fifteen, Joan had had a taste of High School education—and journeyed to Hollywood. Because she failed to enlighten producers of the fact that Richard Bennett's daughter was in town, she passed unnoticed.

"'Pa' Dick didn't fail to hear the details of Joan's journey Westward. He ordered her to pack and travel to Versailles, France. There she was placed in the most expensive of finishing schools.

"Just before she was to receive her "certificate", Joan eloped with John Martin Fox, aged eighteen. Then Adrienne was born.

"Joan involuntarily divorced John and found a way of supporting her baby.

"Richard Bennett was about to open on Broadway in "Jarnegan". There was a principal role in the vehicle that Joan thought she could handle. "Pa" had the same idea!

"It was while "scouting" the New York theatres, that Samuel Goldwyn sighted Joan. He signed her as Ronald Colman's leading lady in "Big Dog Drummond".

"That was Joan's beginning in the films. From Colman she went to John Barrymore, and from there to George Arliss. Then she trod her way to stardom in her own right.

"It was only two days ago that Joan's publicity man and I stepped out to knock a small white pill over miles of grass. Naturally, our discussion got around to the topic of Joan.

"Joan's press expert was talkative.

"Joan has always been in the position of asking for what she wants—and she always gets it. Her father and mother were very indulgent in all matters save that of her career. She is well-educated and has spent her years as the companion of girls from the 'upper-crust' of society.

"But it would be impossible for her to play one of those Clara Bow roles.

"Joan portrays the character she lived in her earlier life... beautifully-gowned, self-contained, queenly. Her aristocratic mannerisms in 'Bulldog Drummond' were natural to her."

"One can learn a lot on a golf course!"

WHEN an actor plays a part that has fallen within his own experience the director can sit down, throw aside his megaphone, and let the actor do his "stuff"—see if he knows the knowledge that a role that has once been lived can never be artificial.

Next Month Silver Screen

Will oblige with the oft requested: —
Life Story of Robert Montgomery
Marx. The author, Eugene Golub, asked the questions and Bob himself told all. Read it and enjoy the days in Beacon, New York, when Bob was a kid.
YOU KNOW the heroic tale of the man who leaped upon his horse as the Johnstown Flood started and did a Paul Revere, yelling, "Help! Help! The dam has burst."

That's how we feel. A deluge of letters has come down upon us and they are much alike. It is quite a responsibility, this riding in front of the flood, telling the movie people what the fans want, and SILVER SCREEN is not insensible to the honor.

The message of the letters is: "Better stories for our stars."

We have talked it over with the producers, and corresponded with them, and were it not for the roaring flood at our heels we would feel that their answers were pretty good.

The producers say that the best stories produced on this earth are hunted down by them and purchased; and usually the writers and all are shipped to Hollywood. Metro mentions Adela Rogers St. John, Kathleen Norris, Ursula Parrott and many others, Paramount lists Theodore Dreiser, Rupert Hughes, Vicki Baum and Ernest Hemingway, among many. First National starts off with Booth Tarkington and ends with Du Maurier. United Artists has Elmer Rice, Sidney (Pulitzer Prize) Howard, Ben Hecht, and if these names do not convince you, they also boast Sinclair (Nobel Prize) Lewis. Radio has a list too, and you know Universal isn't "All Quiet" when it comes to authors, to say nothing of Fox and Warner's.

There is something wrong somewhere. The fans do not like the stories although the producers have the best that money can buy.

The flood has overtaken us and we are one with you. We also think that the stories are not wisely chosen and we are going to try to put into words the beliefs that have grown up in our mind during the years that we have had fan letters addressed to us.

The fans, Mr. Producer, want HAPPY STORIES. Not just a happy ending, nor a logical ending—like the electric chair for a gangster—we want HAPPY STORIES!

Take "Skippy". Was there ever a more charming, decent, clean or emotional story? Take "Daddy Long Legs"—clean, warming.

There may be more Art in sexy, disillusioned drama, but the successful films are the decent ones.

The fans have the money and also they have ideals. Are we right?

* * *

SPEAKING of "Daddy Long Legs" again, you remember the little Cinderella character. She is picked upon and made miserable, yet under such circumstances she is kind to the asylum kids. But there comes a moment when she can stand no more and she relieves her mind, thus winning the notice of the man who ends her poverty—but you know the story, either from watching Ruth Chatterton, Mary Pickford or Janet Gaynor in the part.

This is supposed to be a lower form of art than the realism portrayed in "The Last Mile". According to the realists, dull gray lives remain forever drab. No long-legged Daddy comes to smooth the rough spots and it is all very sad and terrible.

Perhaps they are wrong. Perhaps the Divine Plan does not follow so uninspiring a formula. Let us notice particularly one exception to this familiar pattern. For example, Janet Gaynor herself. Once she was just a little girl with no particular prospects; no more family grandeur than many of us. Then the mysterious Force that governs events stepped in and now Janet Gaynor is known the world around, and for the rest of her life she will be received everywhere with respect. Always she will have the things that she wishes for.

It doesn't seem to us that the theme of the play is any more surprising than the actual facts in the life of the brilliant little actress who plays the part.

* * *

THE very thrilling "Star Witness" of First National has its faults and all the critics will take the trouble to point them out; but faults or not, it says something, something so true, patriotic and inspiring that it brings home to us again the truth that the movies are the power to lead us out of our troubles.

When the old Grand Army veteran calls on the terrified white-collar man to live up to the traditions of America, he makes you realize that there is something to the heroic life that the piousfooted and cowardly may never know.

It reminds us of the second lieutenant who roared out to his men as they started across No Man's Land: "Come on, you. What do you want—to live forever?" He is still alive, very much alive.

The "Star Witness" is the most exciting lesson in courage that we have ever seen.

* * *

IN "The Magnificent Lie" Ruth Chatterton has the difficult task of winning the sympathy of the audience after she has been shown making sport of a boy who is blind from the war. Can you conceive of a producer thinking that the movie fans would forgive a girl who makes a blind man ridiculous?

We remember with emotion the "Dark Angel" of Ronald Colman and more recently Virginia Cherrill in "City Lights" and we think the treatment of these blind characters was sympathetic and true to life.

When you ridicule a blind soldier, what is that, Art?
Alluring eyes

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Maybelline Eye Shadow in delicate subtle tones of Blue, Brown, Black and Green, will greatly enhance the brilliance and expression of your eyes, lending them a suggestion of the exotic and intensifying their natural color. Select the shade of Maybelline Eye Shadow that most nearly matches the color of your eyes. Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil—a clean, indestructible pencil that doesn’t crumble or soil the fingers, will form and line your brows for the finishing touch to a perfect eye make-up. Choose Black or Brown.

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Every girl knows that reducing diets may be dangerous—may destroy the very beauty they are trying to bring. Unless the diet contains iron and roughage, improper elimination may develop. Poisons seep through a weakened body. Headaches and dizziness are frequent. Complexions lose their color. Eyes look tired ... and beauty fades.

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