GRETA GARBO
Psycho-Analyzed!
See Page 20
PARIS SAYS....

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directed by FRANK BORZAGE
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PREVIEWING THE PICTURE PARADE

By Evelyn Ballarine

Let's check up on our film boy friends. We'll start with Rudy Vallee. He's in Hollywood making "Vagabond Lover." Yes, he will sing his own composition, Vagabond Lover, and six other songs too! "Mammy! Rudy! I mean. Now is a good time to tell you the one about Dumb Dora (just try and stop me) who heard so much about Rudy Vallee that she decided to spend her vacation there! We've heard better ones than that, too, oh, well!

Ramon Novarro is at work on "Devil May Care"—and so do we. In fact, we care so much that we are going to tell you that Dorothy Jordan and John Miljan are also in the cast and that Sidney Franklin is directing. Ben Lyon besides being engaged to Bebe Daniels has been engaged by Radio Pictures to play opposite his Bebe in "Her Man." Clever, these producers!

You'd better add the name of Alexander Gray to your movie list because he seems to have clicked. He plays the lead opposite Marilyn Miller in "Sally" and according to rumbles from the coast—he has everything! Incidentally, he played in the original Ziegfeld production of "Sally." On the strength of his work in this picture, his first, Warner Brothers have signed him for the male lead in "Song of the Flame," opposite Vivian Segal. First National have scheduled him for "No, No, Nanette." Now, don't say you weren't warned!

Make way for Billy Haines! He's coming through with "Speedway." Of course, he wins the race—and Anita Page too. Clive Brook just completed his role of that famous detective, Sherlock Holmes, and is to play the lead opposite Jeanne Eagels in "The Laughing Lady." Just as we were getting accustomed to William Powell playing Philo Vance in the S. S. Van Dine mystery thrillers, Metro-Goldwyn comes along with the news that Basil Rathbone will play Philo in "The Bishop Murder Case." We're not complaining because Mr. Rathbone proved to be a good picture in his first talkie. "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." Meanwhile, Bill Powell is in "Behind the Make-up." Come on out, Bill, you can't fool us! Edmund Lowe has been borrowed by Pathé for the male lead opposite Constance Bennett in "That Thing Called Love." Eddie has just signed a new contract with Fox. With "The Cock-Eyed World" such a success Fox didn't want to lose its wise-cracking sergeant. That other marine, Vic McLaglen is in "The Well-Dressed Man," with Raoul Walsh directing. Says me!

Football season is here and to prove it Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is giving us "The Forward Pass," with Loretta Young co-starring. Robert Armstrong continues to give us his swell good-had heroes. His next is a bootlegging yarn with Carol Lombard called "The Racketeer."

Then there's Buddy Rogers in "Here Comes the Band Wagon" on its way. Jean Hersholt and Gibson Rowland are to play together again. It's their first picture since Von Stroheim's "Greed." You'll see them in "Out of the Night," with Lupe Velez in the female lead and Henry King directing. John Barrymore's next is "The Man." It seems to me that this title is going through the process of elimination or something. First it was "My Man," then "Her Man," and now just "The Man."

These men!

Lillian Gish has not sung her swan song to the movies. As a matter of fact, her come-back picture is Molinar's play, "The Swan." Lillian plays the Princess, Conrad Nagel, the tutor, and Rod La Rocque, the Prince. A royal welcome to you, Miss Gish!
YOU’LL SEE "PARIS" IN COLOR — Breath-taking Broadway revue spectacles — glorified beauty ensembles — superbly extravagant gowns and settings — all the glory of their full natural color, reproduced by the amazing new Technicolor process... setting the 1930 style for motion pictures!

YOU’LL SEE A FAMOUS STAGE STAR IN "PARIS" — Irene Bordoni—Paris present to America. For years her name has helped light Broadway... Now for the first time you'll see it on your home-town theatre! Dazzling, sparkling, inimitable, to see and hear her is to understand all the lure of playful Paris.

"PARIS" BRINGS YOU A GREAT BROADWAY HIT — Last season's reigning New York stage hit transplanted to the screen, with all the color, songs and comedy that captivated critical Manhattan. See for yourself why thousands paid $4.40 per seat to see this hilarious story of the frantic love of a great French actress and her "misleading" man!

REASONS why you'll call this the greatest singing-dancing picture ever!

SCREENLAND

MOVIES in the AIR

Screenland is first in line to encourage a closer alliance between two great industries—motion pictures and radio

By Julia Shawell

MOTION PICTURES and radio are two great industries whose futures are so closely allied that within the next ten years one will be dependent upon the other. Development in each field invades the other's fundamental province, and SCREENLAND, acknowledging the present trend and anticipating the future closer alliance, is establishing this department to cover news and information concerning radio as it affects the films.

TEN years ago, radio was looked upon as an intruder which would seriously interfere with the theater, and particularly the movie business. That this supposition was an error has already been proven. With nearly twelve million radio receivers now in use throughout the United States, the picture public has consistently increased, production has expanded, film sales have grown and profits have been comparatively larger. The recent advent of the talkies on the screen was made possible only through knowledge gleaned in radio.

TELEVISION, though still in an experimental stage, is assured. Whether, as the present situation indicates, it will be feasibly marketable in about ten years, or whether unexpected improvements and developments hasten the commercial possibilities, television is a certainty. Already, amateurs throughout the United States are receiving wireless pictures and the broadcasts from Schenectady have been picked up as far west as San Diego. Several large intervening areas have been proven dead spots, however. Television which is a development in the radio field is not to be confused with the wired transmission of pictures which the telegraph companies have already established as part of their regular service. It remains to be seen if television will be used exclusively on radio receivers, or whether it will be part of the motion picture theater equipment.

SEVERAL of the large film companies have already direct tie-ups with stations and chains; Paramount's assumption of control in the Columbia Broadcasting Company, representing one of the three largest radio chains in the world, emphasizes the importance of this tie-up. On the Paramount-Publix hour, for example, all the varied resources of this great organization are utilized for fashioning radio entertainment. With WABC in New York as the key station and with broadcasting wave lengths covering the entire United States, Paramount can reach every hamlet, city and town where Paramount theaters and exhibitors are located.

RADIO - KEITH - ORPHEUM which owns Radio Pictures with its Radio Corporation of America association, has its representation with the National Broadcasting Company and uses a coast-to-coast tie-up twice a week. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is directly identified with WJNE and WPAP in New York which has as yet only a local coverage. Warner Brothers have their own station in California, and First National has been using WGBS in New York to broadcast special premières.

BEFORE the talkies, radio used movie celebrities as name bait on its programs. Prominent players, directors and executive were interviewed. The first imposing entertainment program was the national broadcast from the United Artists

Al Jolson, talkie trouper who wise cracks, sings, laughs and cries all in one breath and his wife, Ruby Keeler, musical comedy star formerly in Ziegfeld's "Show Girl."
Marion Davies is popular before the microphone or away from it. Note the gleeful expressions of Billy Haines and George K. Arthur, not to mention the decorative bit of background, Constance Bennett.

But recently, the movies have been reciprocating and have been drawing for talent on radio names. Practically every prominent radio artist has made a short subject for one of the movie studios. Rudy Vallee, Paul Whiteman and others, have been given lucrative west coast contracts on the strength of their radio popularity. Vallee was made by broadcasting. When his crooning voice first went out from the Heigh-Ho Club in New York, he was unknown except to a few thousand people in New Haven. But he has become one of the best bets on the air and is now in Hollywood making his first feature-length picture, "Vagabond Lover," for Radio Pictures.

RKO resumed its Tuesday night radio programs over WEAP and a national network of stations extending to the Pacific, and is also inaugurating a Thursday afternoon series for women on the same system. Rosalie Stewart has been made director with Graham McNamee as the weekly guide.

Walter O'Keefe, night club entertainer who deserted New York for Hollywood studios, has made a short in which he burlesques Graham McNamee announcing a football game. The subject has been incorporated in Pathé's program feature, "The Sophomore," starring Eddie Quillin.

Another new company—the Jewish Broadcasting Company—plans to operate its own station in the near future. In addition to furnishing the teachings and ideals of Judaism, it will broadcast the best in Jewish and classical music, and will render service to all undertakings for the advancement of art and culture.

Did You Know That:

Adolph Zukor was the first movie executive to deliver an address via the radio? Nearly ten years ago he talked over WJZ from its old Newark studio in the Western Electric Building, and in speaking on the future of the movies never dreamed that his company would some day control that station?

That Charlie Chaplin was one of the pioneers in the era of radio interviewing and that he broadcast brief programs on nearly every musical instrument he could find in the studio, but as a joke on his audience, did not tell them that other men were actually doing the playing?

That although Vincent Lopez was the first orchestra leader ever to go on the air from any station in this country, he is one of the few who hasn't bought a ticket to Hollywood?

That Ramona which brought on the theme song rush, actually popularized the picture of the same name before the production was released, and that Dolores Del Rio sang it in the first big radio program on which it was introduced to air audiences?
News and Views from the Sound Studios

ANNOUNCEMENT that Lawrence Tibbett, famous baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has been placed under contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and will make a picture entitled "The Rogue's Song," lends credence to the belief that sound films will offer outstanding vocal artists an exceptional new outlet for their talents.

"The Rogue's Song," an original story by Frances Marion and John Colton, author of "The Shanghai Gesture," is a musical romance. It will be an all-color production, and will be directed by Lionel Barrymore.

This will be Tibbett's initial venture in the motion picture field. Born in Bakersfield, California, Tibbett lost his father at the age of six, when the latter, a county sheriff, was shot to death in a fight with a gang of bandits. Brought up by his mother, the boy attended high school in Los Angeles, appeared in several amateur theatricals, and made his professional debut with a Shakespearian repertory company. When the United States entered the war, Tibbett joined the navy. Three days after his final discharge he married Miss Grace Mackey Smith, a former Los Angeles schoolmate.

Determined to become a concert singer, Tibbett came to New York. In order that his wife and twin boys could accompany him, he mortgaged all his financial resources and even borrowed money on his life insurance. After five months of arduous study and persistent attempts to get an audition for opera, his efforts were successful, and he was given a contract with the Metropolitan Company.

The singer's first great triumph in New York was scored in the rôle of Ford in Verdi's "Falstaff." The audience gave the young baritone an ovation lasting fifteen minutes, and following that eventful night Tibbett's operatic successes have come in rapid succession. Roles in which he has appeared include those of Telramund in "Lohengrin," Jonic in "Pagliacci," the King in "The King's Henchman," and Capertutto in "Tales of Hoffmann."

Catherine Dale Owen, prominent on the New York stage, will have the feminine lead opposite Lawrence Tibbett when the Metropolitan star makes his screen debut in "The Rogue's Song."

The talking movies are beginning to produce not only assorted noises but also an entirely new array of industrial statistics. After careful consideration of the reports of operations for six months of the current year, Terry Ramsaye, editor in chief of Pathé, admitted that for each second of screen time of Pathé Sound News, the sound recording camions had had to deliver 44.63 tons miles of haulage. Only 0.168 ounce of film is required to occupy a second of talking screen time in the theaters.

"It therefore appears," observes Mr. Ramsaye, "that the jewels of wisdom, oratory and music which we glean in our function of recording current history hot off the griddle of life, run, by assay, about as rare as radium in relation to the ore."

"One sound recording camion has travelled in excess of six thousand miles keeping pace with President Hoover and we have given the public screen just seven minutes of his voice."

Aspirants for screen fame may find food for thought in director Paul Stein's belief that middle-aged extras are easier to handle in groups than boys and girls appearing in the ranks of atmosphere players.

"I have found that extra players past their first youth show less self-consciousness in entering into the spirit of the scene than does the average American youth or maiden who has had limited or no screen experience," says Stein. "There is often a tendency among the latter to giggle, or whisper quips to each other about the action in which they are supposed to be taking place."

"In my latest picture, "Her Private Affair," I directed a courtroom scene in which more than two hundred people were supposed to be spectators. About ninety percent of the group were middle-aged women of mature years. They chatted at the proper times in the manner of real men and women in an actual courtroom, making to each other the remarks which would have been natural in discussing the probable innocence or guilt of a man on trial for murder."

"In handling large groups of youngsters for former pictures, I have often had to work long and hard to get the same natural reaction. It is as though the spirit of play is being stifled in our modern young people, and when an aggregation of them are asked to call it into existence, en masse, they find something ridiculous in the procedure. This is a real hindrance to screen success, and any young players who step from the extra ranks will first find it necessary to eliminate its presence."}

Ann Harding plays the featured rôle in "Her Private Affair," under Stein's direction.

D. W. Griffith, veteran producer-director, will make an epic-type all-dialog feature woven around the life of Lincoln. Griffith, for several years, has had the idea of bringing Lincoln, the man, not the president, to the screen in a story of vast sweep, and what was impossible in silent pictures is now possible through the new medium of...
screen entertainment.
The pioneer director, who is already working out the preliminaries of huge production with his staff, has not as yet started actual camera and microphone activity as a vast amount of research and other work will be necessary before he starts filming what he is ambitious to make the crowning achievement of his long and notable career.

Motion picture studios, cities within themselves, require police and fire protection the same as other communities. At the First National Studios, in Burbank, Calif., a police force and fire department of sufficient size to protect an ordinary city of 25,000 people, are maintained.

The members of the police force, while under control of the studio, are all sworn members of the Burbank police department. They work in three shifts daily, a captain or lieutenant being in charge of each shift.

The police department provides gatesmen, patrolmen, traffic officers and watchmen. A regular day and night patrol guards every part of the seventy-five acre studio.

The department is under the direction of Chief of Police Lou Holtzendorff, formerly a star football player of Columbia, and who has had extensive experience on police departments in cities.

The fire department is directed by Chief A. M. Rounder, for many years an officer in the Indianapolis, Ind., fire department. The most modern equipment is provided, and the department, including volunteers from the studio staff, totals two hundred men, each well trained in his own task in case of fire.

The biggest part of Rounder’s work is in fire prevention. He keeps men on all sets where there is danger of fire, and checks carefully all sources of fire hazard. Only one serious fire has occurred since Chief Rounder has been on the job, and this was confined to one building, which was saved.

With the use of Technicolor, which requires more than twice the lights used in black and white pictures, the fire danger on stages has greatly increased.

Rounder was instrumental in having a new system of ventilation installed in the First National Studio which will prevent any serious danger of fire or spontaneous combustion from the terrific heat generated by the Technicolor lights. With its efficient police and fire departments, the First National Studio has about everything that an incorporated municipality boasts, except a city government, mayor and councilmen.

Do you like them fat or thin? This is the paramount question in Hollywood today. The Mayo Brothers have refused credit for the famous 18-day diet, but nevertheless, the film colony is trying it. Here is what well-known stars have to say:

“The starvation shape is a product of this decade,” according to Monte Brice. “Flesh was never so spurned before. I am on the diet because of over weight, but for pretty girls to starve themselves into skinmines for a fad, is a serious matter.”

“I persuaded my 220 pound cook to go on a diet with me,” says Mrs. James Gleason. “Her food was irresistible. The only chance for me was to convince Marjorie that a dark figure should be willowy, as well as a white one. It works fine.”

Louise Fazenda refuses to diet. “I like to cook too well to diet,” she says. “My roles call for plump old ladies more frequently than svet girls, anyway. Now is my time to laugh at the beauties who kidded me in my Mack Sennett days.”

Robert Armstrong went on, just to be sociable. A friend in New York and Bob agreed to the diet, and they exchange telegrams twice a week to check up.

Morgan Farnley says no one should have to diet. “Pride should keep one thin. No one can be at his best mentally, if over weight. Starve if need be, but keep thin,” says the New York actor.

Mary Eaton never had to diet as she was reared by a careful mother who always watched the proper balancing of foods. “We never had a chance to eat improper food,” says the musical comedy star. “We keep thin without thinking about it—thanks to Mother.”

Two sky birds! Jimmy Granger, stout flyer, tells Ruth Elder how he piloted his plane into this embarrassing position for “The Sky Hawk.” Ruth just married Walter Camp Jr., movie magnate.

He’s her little gum-drop! Joe Abced, two and a half year old Eskimo boy, supports Lenore Ulric in her first talkie, “Frozen Justice.”

Lawrence Tibbett, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will make his screen debut in “The Rogue’s Song,” Hark, hark!
New York chorus girls who have flocked to Hollywood expecting to find an 'easy snap' in pictures are rapidly becoming disillusioned. They find that the work is much more arduous than playing in a single production on Broadway, and that their rehearsal hours are never ending on the studio lots, although, of course, their actual hours of daily work are limited.

In other words, while a girl may go to work at nine in the morning and finish at five in the afternoon, or go to work at two in the afternoon and finish at midnight, she may be dancing in five different pictures at one time, and must know thoroughly the routine for each dance in every picture.

In a Broadway show, once the routines are learned, a girl is usually 'set' for the season, and her hard work of rehearsing is over. In Hollywood she is rehearsing every day, sometimes under different dance instructors and almost always in different pictures.

At the First National Studios in Burbank, Calif., for instance, about ninety girls and fifty boys are now under contract for singing and dancing pictures. While playing in "Sally," starring Marilyn Miller; "Little Johnny Jones" with Eddie Buzell and "Paris," starring Irene Bordoni, they were rehearsing dances for "No, No, Nanette" and other big musical pictures about to start. These chorus people are directed by Max Scheck and Larry Ceballos, noted New York dance directors. Both Scheck and Ceballos have a dozen assistants to aid them in rehearsing and staging the dance ensembles.

When working in a picture the boys and girls have a nine o'clock 'call.' That means they must be in the rehearsal hall in their work clothes, ready to start rehearsing at nine in the morning. Which in itself is quite a task for a Broadway chorus girl, used to late hours and seldom rising before noon.

The rehearsal rooms at the First National Studios are equipped with sound-proof walls. The floors are constructed of a special hard wood, suitable for tap dancing. In each rehearsal room there is a loud-speaker, so that a choral number or dance can be 'played back' to the chorus immediately after it is recorded for practice purposes. In this manner the boys and girls can hear their voices, or the sound of their tapping feet, and have their mistakes pointed out by the instructor.

For the preliminary rehearsals, when the song or dance is not recorded, the end of any available stage may be used. Here, with the huge doors open to provide ventilation, the girls go through their routines with a crowd of workmen standing in the doorway watching the proceedings with extreme interest. It's a far cry from Bryant Hall, in New York, where many New York chorines attended their first rehearsals.

A lone pianist sits at a piano providing music for the rehearsals. She must be a musician with an accurate sense of time, and she plays, from the first script, the actual music which will be used in the number. This music is written on the lot, by the staff of song writers.

The director sits on a low stool in front of the chorus, his eyes on a level with the girls' knees. The girls and also the boys wear an assorted, nondescript conglomeration of costumes. The girls are dressed in bathing suits, rompers, shorts or street clothes. The boys wear sweaters or sweat shirts. Their costumes look grotesque, as compared with the elaborate, tinselled garments they will wear when the picture is made.

These rehearsals may continue for several days, covering a dozen dancing numbers and several productions, before the girls appear in a single scene before the camera. And each dance routine must be letter perfect, for the slightest slip before the all-seeing lens means a scene retaken, and the loss of a considerable sum. It is only fair to say that in the records of 'talent breakdown' which the Vitaphone engineers apply to mistakes of the actors, causing a 'retake,' the chorus errors are greatly in the minority.

Elsie Janis, affectionately known as 'Sweet-heart of the A.E.F.,' American musical comedy and vaudeville star, has been signed to a contract by Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation 'to contribute material, ideas and talent and to supervise production of a super-talking, singing and dancing production with every star and leading featured player under contract to Paramount in East and West Coast studios taking part.'

According to Mr. Lasky the full resources of the company's writing, acting, directorial and technical departments will be placed behind the picture: each director and writer contributing his or her share to the preparation plans.

The modern chorus girl is bearing up as
best she can under the stigma given her in the
days of the Florodora and "beef trust"
choruses.
"It's all a relic of the past, when they
talked of 'perfect thirty-six' and meant 'per-
fect forty,'" declares Frances Grant, one of
the hundred and ten 'big-time' chorus girls
assembled from all over the world by the
First National Studios.
Here are Mrs. Grant's "de-bunking the
chorus girl fable" items in tabloid form::
1. The chorus girl of today who dances
in 'big-time' is not a heavy eater.
2. She does not diet to make her thin.
Her diet is that of an athlete.
3. She is not a 'perfect 36.' Her most
popular number is 32.
4. She takes no exercise except her danc-
ing, which keeps her from getting fat.
5. She never fails to average seven hours
of sleep per night for the six working days
of the week.
6. She practically always enjoys perfect
health.
7. She drinks milk, buttermilk and orange
juice, seldom coffee or tea, and often has
never tasted champagne.
8. She seldom marries a millionaire.
9. She's usually well educated.
10. Her average age is eighteen.

Mary Pickford's first screen grand-
mother, Gertrude Norman, has proved that
veteran screen players can be just as good
in dialog pictures as in the old silent films.
Miss Norman, who plays Mrs. Tobias
Greene in the "The Greene Murder Case,"
Paramount's all-dialog mystery drama, made
her debut with the Edison Company in
"Laddie," one of the first motion pictures
to be produced. Later she was called to
Biograph where a little girl with long curls,
Mary Pickford, was starring on the series
of pictures that made her 'America's Sweet-
heart.' In many of these pioneering pro-
ductions, Miss Norman was Miss Pickford's
mother or grandmother. Since then she
has played in hundreds of pictures.

After a long separation, Robert Arm-
strong and Jimmie Gleason, who made such
a tremendous hit in that phenomenal stage
success, "Is Zat So?" are together again.
These reunited friends are playing the
featured roles in the Pathé all-talking at-
traction, "O, Yeah?" for which Gleason
wrote the dialog—all of which may help
to explain the following conversation over-
heard recently on their set.
Cameraman: "Just a little hotter with
the lights on the back of their necks."
Head Electrician: "Okay. Hey, Pete.
Hit them on the back of their necks with a
coupla' broods."
Bob Armstrong: "Hit who on the back
of the neck?"
Electrician: "You and Mr. Gleason."
Jimmie Gleason: "Is Zat So? Well looka
here..."
Bob: "Now pipe-down, Jimmie. This is
my scrap."
Jimmie: "Oh, yeah?"
Bob: "Yeah. Let me do the talking."
Jimmie: "Listen here, big boy. I'm the
guy that puts 'talk' in 'talkies.'"
Bob: "Is zat so?"
Jimmie: "Yes, zat's so!"
Bob: "Then give me silent pictures."
Jimmie: "Oh, yeah?"
Bob: "Oh, yeah!"

When Meriam C. Cooper's name was
found among those on the passenger list of
the first Graf Zepplin flight, close
friends of the adventuring motion picture
director were not unduly surprised.

Hardly anyone knew that he and his
brother camera-exploer, Ernest Schoedsack,
were filming a picture called "Grass" several
years ago, until that epic of the Bactyari
tribe of Persia had been completed. While
"Grass" was still being pointed out as a
film classic, Cooper and Schoedsack had
slipped away to the jungles of Siam. Almost
a year later they turned up with that tre-
mendous, natural drama of a native family's
battle against the jungle, "Chang."
When they decided to make "The Four
Feathers," without telling anyone their des-
tination, or plans, they embarked for Dar-
Es-Salaam, Tanganyika Territory, on the
east coast of Africa, in the late spring of
1927. A trading ship took them south to
Mikindani, at the mouth of the Rovuma
River. In June they trekked upstream with
200 native carriers and returned in Decem-
ber. They then proceeded on the Indian
Ocean up the African Coast, through the
Gulf of Arden, through the straits of
Bab el Mandeb, and up the Red Sea to
Port Sudan. From Port Sudan they traveled
700 miles southwest to the Nuba Mountains
of the Soudan and finally to the Red Sea
Hills, the land of Kipling's Fuzzy-Wuzzys,
"first class fighting men." There they buried
themselves for eight months and shot 60,000
feet of film, as local background for "The
Four Feathers."
The Best Lines of the Month

From “The Dance of Life”

Bonnie (Nancy Carroll): “Keep on takin’ them falls and you won’t have no more teeth than a juvenile.”

Skid (Hal Skelly): “Don’t worry about me, kid. I’ll be eating corn off the cob when you’re shaking like a vibrator.”

From “The Cock-Eyed World”

Top-Sergeant Flagg (Victor McLaglen): “What are we drilling men for—thousands of ‘em? What are big battle ships bein’ built for? Everything to kill, wound, maim and destroy! Why, half de dough dey’re spendin’ on dem dere airplanes would educatin’ de wold!”

From “The Awful Truth”

Lucy (Ina Claire): “Would you call on me if I asked you?”

Norman (Henry Daniel): “I would not! There is a small restaurant in the business section where for a long time I was in the habit of lunching. One day the food was bad and I had a severe attack of ptomaine poisoning. Nowadays when I meet the proprietor on the street, I nod pleasantly and hope that he is well; but you don’t catch me going there any more to eat!”

From “Fast Company”

Bert Wade (Skeets Gallagher): “Why don’t you really start to take an interest in him yourself?”

Evelyn (Evelyn Brent): “Maybe I will. He’s the first man I’ve met yet that seems to me to be really a man, and not just a collection of vaudeville jokes fixed up by an expensive tailor.”
CONFESSIONS of the FANS

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions about motion pictures. Say what you think about the screen and its stars. We offer $50.00 in prizes for the best letters—first prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00—received before November 10, 1929. By ‘best letters’ we mean the cleverest and most interesting on screen topics, not to exceed 200 words in length. Next best letters will be printed by way of honorable mention. Sign your full name and address, please! Letters should be sent to Confessions of the Fans Department, Screenland Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

The Editor

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

To travel over the world, seeking adventure and meeting strange people has always been to me an ambition which I mean to realize some day. Meanwhile, the movies have acted as a medium between me and my desire.

Often have I glimpsed the crystal clearness of a mountain lake set down like a jewel between its huge green guardians, with their snowy caps, or have been transported to some fairy isle of romance in the South Seas, where the moon is a thing of awe-inspiring beauty as it sheds its rays on the gently moving waters of the lagoon. Then, too, has come before the vision and to the ears, the pulse-beat that is Africa—wild, eternal, the unsolved riddle of the tropics.

I have seen, through the movies, the most beautiful lands in the world. I can only thank my lucky star that there is such an art, and never cease to marvel at the wonders that it brings forth as time goes on. There is more reality and idealism in motion pictures than can be found anywhere else that is touched by civilization in the world.

Virginia Byrd Pearce.
Chester, Va.

Mary Pickford’s voice in “Coquette”—eloquent beyond my words to express; Pat O’Malley’s rich baritone, with just the hint of an Irish burr to it; Louise Fazenda’s delighted and delightful giggle; Paul Muni’s voice, which held me entranced throughout two showings of “The Valentian”; Johnny Mack Brown’s delicious southern accent; Betty Compson’s lifting soprano, and Groucho Marx’s ridiculously irrelevant speeches.

Whenever I think of these, and other treats afforded me by the talkies, I shudder to think of their being taken away from us, and I sincerely hope that my prophecy never will come to pass.

Miss R. Palomsky,
628 4th Avenue,
San Francisco.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

Just a few months ago, I was one of those fans who held out bitterly against the invasion of the talkies, and prophesied that they were just a passing diversion, and would not last. I used all the latest and snappiest arguments to tell just why they wouldn’t ‘click,’ why they wouldn’t last, and why we would eventually return to the all-silent picture.

But now I’m using all the arguments I can think of in favor of the talkies. Here are a few of the most potent reasons for my hasty jump from the negative to the affirmative side of the talkie question:

Davey Lee is one screen star about whom there is no possible argument. Everyone loves him.

Garbo, like some faint, elusive perfume, steals into your heart—and you are charmed by her!
She is somewhat of a mystery; that is why she is so very fascinating. If we knew her every movement, she would only be commonplace. Her appeal lies in the fact that she is different.

Knowing nothing of her real self, it is of the screen Garbo that I speak. Having seen some actresses play a part, we more fully appreciate the Garbo who lives her role. For the time being, she ceases to be Garbo, but becomes the character to be portrayed. A star so talented becomes an artist, and when this is true you not only see a picture, but you feel it as well—her joys are your joys, her sorrows yours, too. You love with her; laugh with her; cry with her.

Garbo's every movement is expressive of deep emotion. A lift of the eyebrows, a curve of the lips, a gesture of the hand, a glance of the eye will turn sunshine to pathos, then back again in lightning-like succession.

I have no fear of hearing her first talkie, for I know that she will do that as superbly as she does all else.

H. L. Parks,
3000 West Avenue,
Newport News, Virginia

Three Loud Cheers!

Three loud cheers for the way in which our favorite film players have made their debut in the talkies. They have proved themselves in my opinion, more capable in this new development than the recruited stage players. And the picture fans have shown that they prefer to see the well-known faces rather than unknowns from the New York stage.

The best of the stage players survive, but the best are few in number. Maurice Chevalier and Al Jolson have made big hits and, perhaps, Ruth Chatterton and Jeanne Eagels. But look at the list of film stars who have given such perfect characterizations since the advent of talking pictures. There's Myrna Loy, for example, in "The Squall"; and Mary Pickford, whose enactment of the title role in "Coquette" was nothing short of perfect. Bessie Love and Conrad Nagel have achieved new popularity by reason of their splendid accomplishments via the talking screen. Corinne Griffith has added glory to her name since first being heard. Ronald Colman proves that he can more than hold his own.

As for the younger players, they have proven that they are just as good in the talkies as some of the more experienced stars.

Ellen W. White,
5247 Florence Ave.,

A Hand to Rudy Vallee

Practically all my life I have been associated with musicians. Being a music critic has made that necessary. I firmly believe that a musical profession is the most colorful, intriguing profession of all. In the past six months I've noticed a change in modern music. Rudy Vallee, I believe, is responsible for that change. With his introduction of soft, sweet music, the blare of jazz is disappearing. Rudy Vallee has started something!

But, because he has started something, I sincerely hope that Hollywood will not try to make a screen actor of Rudy. His place is in music, there he should stay. Understand, I'm not adverse to his making "The Vagabond Lover." I, for one, am anxiously awaiting its release.

Miss Marjorie Howe,
"The Pines,"
Shreveport, La.

Mary Nolan's popularity has increased since talkies have added a melodious voice to her blonde beauty.

Thanks to Talkies

Here's to the greatest entertainment medium in the world—talking pictures. I do not believe that anyone can be antagonistic to this marvelous development in motion pictures after seeing and hearing such wonderful pictures as "Broadway Melody," "The Singing Fool," "Abbi," and other worthwhile pictures.

To those people who have not the means nor the opportunity to see great Broadway productions, a new field of entertainment will be opened. They, too, will be able to see the finest plays and hear the glorious voices of the great stage stars. The scope of talking and sound pictures is tremendous. Its possibilities are unlimited. I look forward to the development of this new art into an educational field as well.

Then too, thanks to the talking pictures, some of our old favorites have not been lost to us, while on the other hand we have learned to know and admire lesser luminaries whose personalities have become enhanced by the beauty of their voices.

Among the actors and actresses who deserve sincere praise are Ruth Chatterton, Norma Shearer, Ronald Colman, Louise Fazenda and Chester Morris.

Gloria Kellow,
245 Broadway, Room 601,
New York City, N. Y.

To Talk Or Not To Talk

I would like to ask all the fans of this department if they think Charlie Chaplin's next picture should be a talkie or a silent one. And I wonder if that dear man isn't thinking very hard about it, too.

Come on, fans, tell Charlie to make it silent! He will be glad to know what you think about it. I love the talkies but you can't laugh out loud and hear a talkie too, and I would like to see more silent pictures. My favorites are Mary Pickford, Douglas

Kenneth Harlan has a loyal band of followers to whom each new Harlan film is a real event.
superior features which the speaking screen has in contrast to the legitimate stage. On the stage the action must be over-emphasized to be made effective. How much more sensitive is the living picture. What delicate and significant suggestions may be made! The quiver of a lip, the hint of a smile, a slight gesture of the hand, the low inflection of a charming voice—all are possible and natural. And there is the flexibility of the screen, flashing from one action to another. Is not one justified in holding to the conviction that in the future some of the great dramatic creations will be on the screen and that the talkie as a vehicle for good entertainment will have no superior?

Bert S. Chewning,
1205 Bennett Ave.,
Kansas City, Mo

A Hand for Personal Appearances

The following statement appeared recently in a local paper: "The value of personal appearances of movie stars in picture houses about the country has long been a mooted question. Sometimes producers feel that these appearances harm the drawing power of a player. Other times they feel that such tours are of real benefit to film productions."

I would like to state my opinion on the subject:

First of all, who isn't thrilled beyond words to sit in the theater and see before them, in flesh and blood, one of their favorite stars?

I have seen personally, such stars as Buddy Rogers, Davey Lee, Lily Damita, Jackie Coogan, Lew Cody, Anita Stewart and Robert Agnew. How I enjoyed their performances! Buddy Rogers did one of his scenes from "Close Harmony" and sang several songs. Davey Lee lisped a little speech in his cute manner and sang "Sonny Boy".

Lily Damita talked to the audience and her French accent was charming. I cannot see where a personal appearance harms the drawing power of a star. Instead, it brings him more admirers, and affords many fans their only chance of seeing personally, their favorite stars. I think Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian form the best movie team. Here's hoping we see, and hear, more of them.

Marjorie Tweddel, 415 E. Euclid Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

Garbo Again!

In an interview Greta Garbo said: "Talking pictures are so far beyond the experimental stage that anyone unwilling to recognize their superiority to silent pictures is either hopelessly old-fashioned or plain stubborn." Miss Garbo has fine intelligence and strength of character. She is interested in making pictures which will be dramatically worthwhile. I believe her opinion of the talkie is sound.

While hearing and seeing talkies recently, I have been struck by the number of
Two years ago, Screenland received a telegram from Joan Crawford. It read: "God bless you! Every other magazine has said I look like Pauline Frederick or a few other girls. You say I can stand alone, on my own feet. May I always merit your praise."

Joan, you're a nice girl; and Screenland is happy to be able to report that you are now a star in your own right, standing fairly and squarely on your own, without the aid of mirrors. You are an original personality and a brilliant actress. There is no star quite like you in motion pictures. Very much the modern girl, yet quaint and old-fashioned enough to work hard and consistently for screen success, you deserve all our applause.

You are a good sport in "Our Modern Maidens" sharing some of your close-ups with Anita Page; and it is your reward that you should shine more brightly than ever in your very first starring picture. May you make many more! P.S. Regards to Doug!

Joan Crawford, Take Stardom and Screen-the Same Picture,
Your Bow! You Win
land's Award with
“Our Modern Maidens”

A new portrait of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. She assumed her new rôle as Mrs. Doug about the same time she stepped into stardom.

She hasn’t forgotten how to dance! Joan Crawford in one of the wild costumes she wears in “Our Modern Maidens.”

Joan is more than a mere whoopee girl. She is a real actress, capable of putting over drama in a great big way.
THE EDITOR'S PAGE

THIS mad movie world! A living electric sign on Broadway brings out the crowds and the reserves, while 26 shapely show-girls spell out the name, "Hollywood Revue," sing a little, and do a few dance steps high above the White Way.

A rowdy and somewhat ribald entertainment, "The Cock-Eyed World," plays to 800,000 people and grosses something like $650,000 in its four weeks' run at the Roxy, a theater which formerly attracted by reason of its superior stage presentations rather than the pictures presented.

Bobby Jones, national amateur golf champion, turns down an offer of $50,000 for two weeks' work making a talking picture.

Bobby Jackson, millionaire script girl, arrives for work at a California studio in a $10,000 motor car.

About 38 years ago Thomas Edison took out his first patent upon a device to produce motion pictures. It was granted August 24, 1891. At that time it was suggested to Mr. Edison that he protect himself by foreign patents as well. "How much will they cost?" Edison is said to have asked. "About $150," was the reply. "It's not worth it," is the reported reply of the electrical wizard. He saved $150 and he might have made millions.

Ufa begins to make talkies in Germany. And to show they are in earnest about it, they have created a new directorial post, that of "Dialect Doctor." The explanation is that English really consists of two languages, English and American, and the chief duty of the Dialect Doctor is to see that results are equally understandable in both Yorkshire and Vermont. For instance, "Swell Baby" in American would be "Bonnie lass" in English. Ufa directors maintain that, as a new language is evolving in the United States, "it is fitting in the highest degree that such an objective entertainment medium as the screen should properly recognize it."

Seven producing companies donate 778,000 feet of feature pictures to the Culion leper colony in the Philippine Islands. The pictures include the best comedies and features produced in the past year. Movie-night is the one gala night for the world's saddest shut-ins—their escape from grim reality.

The cry from the partially-deaf theater patrons against the talkies has been heeded. A device has been perfected to be attached to seats, the operation of which will permit all those not totally deaf to hear the dialog and music of talking and synchronized screenplays.

Dr. Sheldon Shepard of the First Universalist Church of Los Angeles, sums it all up: "We have not yet begun to realize the almost illimitable benefits that will come to humanity from the development of the talking motion picture. There is far more in its potentialities than improved entertainment and widened education. It has that subtle, spiritual something, a characteristic of all true art, which ministers to the inner peace and growth of mankind."

D. E.
TAKING A TALKIE SCENE

How they shoot a sound scene. A bird’s-eye view from the ‘wings’ of the cabaret set of “The Painted Angel” starring Billie Dove, with workmen and technicians preparing the arrangement of lights, cameras, and equipment. Director Millard Webb is seen at table in middle foreground, with Cissy Fitzgerald.
GRETA GARBO

An Amazing Psycho-Analytic Portrait of the Screen's Mystery Woman

How about the lovely Miss Garbo, who has but 22 years to her credit (or debit), a Swedish woman who already has become what the psychologists call the soul-image to the American people, and to many millions besides? Everything about her, so we are told, is mystery. To begin with, her history since she came to these shores reverses the theory that foreign actors are ruined by Hollywood and Americanization; their peculiar novelty wears off; their fire dies; from being passionate they become good sports, and from being unique they become commonplace. But Greta Garbo, while she was always Greta Garbo, has undergone an amazing development, as if she had added to herself only what was best in America and rejected the shoddily.

No amount of success has rooted out her initial qualities, and, were it not for the new psychology with its knowledge of types, we could have no key to her mystery. Her mystery is this: She is genuinely shy, yet she broadcasts herself to the world; she loves solitude and is not a mixer, yet she stands in the glare of terrific publicity; it is not easy for her to express herself to others, yet she is today one of the truly remarkable actresses of the screen. America has, every year, a Prize Beauty contest, and every district of the land sends its favorite good-looker, and from these one is chosen as Miss America. Yet none of these Prize Beauties even faintly resembles Greta Garbo. She is not in any way the typical American beauty, whose symbol is the American beauty rose, shapely, open and frank of face, familiar, a good fellow, a mixer, with nothing in the least mysterious about her. She might live down the next block. Greta Garbo lives in Never-Never Land, and she is more popular, more loved of Americans than any of these.

Her appeal is not direct, like that of an Anita Page or a Mary Pickford; it is subtle, elusive, often unexpected. She is not changeless, like a Norma Shearer or a Marion Davies. Most actresses have what we might call one face. Greta Garbo is a woman of a thousand faces. She always looks different. Spread out a set of her photographs and each is quite different. Here is the face of a very worldly woman, here is the face of an innocent, here is sheer loveliness, even magic; here is something approaching plainness. If we can say that almost every woman moves with a certain rhythm by which we place her—the
athletic motion of a Helen Wills, the comedienne lightness of a Marion Davies—we can say of Greta Garbo that she has a thousand rhythms, as if she were all women in one, as if she were typical of all the women of all time.

Such women are comparatively rare and they correspond with what the psychologist calls the soul-image, that is, the ideal woman, the woman that every man seeks in his dreams, the woman who will mean everything to him; and because she is changeable and varied, so unexpected in her thought and action, so different always, remains forever a mystery. The soul-image type woman, as Dr. Jung points out, runs the gamut of what women have been: from the shady to the light, from the demonic or devilish to the divine. Of course she may not have lived these things; but one senses in her nature all feminine possibilities—the child-like, the naive, the worldly, the irregular, maiden, mistress, wife, mother. She is Mona Lisa with her mysterious smile, a smile that sometimes looks like sadness, sometimes like joy. She is Cleopatra. She appears on the world-stage always as a disturbing beauty, a Helen that launches a thousand ships and destroys a kingdom.

Psychologically this means that the woman is many-sided, instead of being caked and fixed like most of us. She is a mystery even to herself, and hence to men she furnishes the lure of the unknown and her many-sidedness gives promise of rich relationship.

This, of course, does not explain Greta Garbo, so much as describe her.

For explanation we must turn to the problem of types. To begin with, Greta Garbo is an introvert, not an extravert. The extravert is normally well adopted to the world, a doer rather than a dreamer, a good mixer, one who plays the game with a certain lightness of touch; among women usually a good hostess, a good pal, sociable, tactful, charming, 'selling' herself easily, and just born that way. The introvert is the opposite. He tends to withdraw from the world into the world of imagination, of dream, of inner things. Such men and women in the Middle Ages became monks and nuns and retired to the cloisters. Such women sought not 'carnal love' as they put it, but became the brides of the church. The introvert usually isn't a good fellow, he finds it almost impossible to 'sell' himself, he

(Continued on page 107)
The Battle of the
Broadway 'Follies' Graduates
Who'll Win the

By Alice White
HOLLYWOOD ALUMNUS

That is, if you're lucky enough to be in a successful production! I know that I couldn't stand it for a month.

You can sometimes see the effects of it in the girls who come out to Hollywood with all the so-called 'glory' of Broadway behind them! They lack elasticity; they are not adaptable. The studio routine gets them. No wonder some of them fail to fit into the studio life and have to go back to jobs along the Great White Way!

There's one funny thing about this business of the actors and actresses who come out to California full of wise-cracks. They may like to pose as high-hatting the screen, but

(Continued on page 106)
There is no better way of getting into motion pictures—for a girl—than through the magic doorway of the stage.

And I think it is the easiest and surest way. It is the best preparation; it educates a girl in self-confidence, in poise and in the development of her latent talents.

If that was true in the old days of silent pictures (and I believe very firmly that it was), then surely it is even truer in this talking picture era.

And the stage gives a glamour—an atmosphere of romance—which means a tremendous lot to the public. I don't want to be immodest, but if you could see my fan mail you'd realize what I mean!

I remember my own experience so well. I am English, you know; and when I was in my early teens I was like most English girls—sweet and shy and retiring. Yes, I was positively bashful! (My Hollywood friends will find that very hard to believe, but it's true!)

Just the same, I wanted to be an actress, so I went up to London and got a place in the chorus of the Hippodrome. I had everything to learn—and gradually I learned it!

At first they put me in the back row, while I was being trained. Then I was advanced to the front. The show went to Paris, and I went with it. And at that time I first faced the cameras—in a French moving picture that I've never even seen, and I've never met anybody else who ever saw it either!

I was frightened to death, much more so than I ever was on the stage. "No more cinema for me," I thought. "I'm going to America and see..." (Continued on page 106)
Dr. Watson Explains

By Rosa Reilly

"Sex appeal," says Dr. John B. Watson, "is the foundation of life. It is the vital force behind the motion picture industry, as well as all other industries—the one sure road to human happiness." Step up and meet the Doctor!

You all know, of course, that he is one of the most eminent psychologists of America. He is a graduate of the University of Chicago, a former Professor at Johns Hopkins, the founder of the Behaviorist School of Psychology, author of five books on Behaviorism, and a two-fisted, high-powered advertising executive as well.

But that's not the reason I want you to know him. I want you to meet him because he is the IT Doctor himself. He is an expert on how to get your man—or woman, and has all the answers down pat—with words and music. But we mustn't interrupt him. He's going to settle, once and for all, this controversy about whether Sex Appeal is or is not necessary in moving pictures. Listen to what he says:

"The motion picture," continues Dr. Watson, "functions as one of the best of pathological laboratories. In America, just as in other countries, because of the upheaval of the World War, we have lost our sense of security. We wonder why we were born, why we have to work, why our love affairs, many times, turn out tragically. We continue wondering about the uneven economic conditions of life, the different interpretations placed on justice and honor—one for the overlord and another for the underdog. And we end by wondering where we can turn in sorrow, disgrace or defeat.

"To turn our minds from these oppressive thoughts, we all need recreation. But recreation to the mass of the people is often prohibitive on account of its cost. However, there is one relaxation within the reach of all—the motion picture theater. And in these theaters, seeking succor from worries and woes, we find each week over a hundred and ten million people.

"But do they go there because they want to see a news-reel or Ramsey MacDonald, or a cartoon of Mickey Mouse?" "They do not.

"They go because the one sure objective they have in all this uncertain life is the overmastering desire for love and affection. And because, in many cases, these desires are unfilled, they visit the picture houses to grasp what has eluded them. They want to see that lovely, slender person, Greta Garbo, lay her golden head upon the powerful chest of John Gilbert. They want to see that virile man kiss that yielding woman in a way they have missed being kissed. Then they want to go home—to dream. To dream that the person to whom they are married or engaged is leading them through a scene of mutual passion and beauty such as they have just watched.

"In this fashion, the motion picture distills a powerful influence. It acts as a fine emotional outlet for the American millions."

To be specific, let's imagine Mary Hamilton, we'll say. Mary is married to a young lawyer. She was a beautiful, winsome bride, speaking her vows with the low-voiced assurance of first love. But something went wrong with that marriage. Mary can't exactly fathom the reason for
Vital Force
Behind Motion Pictures

Dr. John B. Watson, the Famous Psychologist, Founder of the Behaviorist School of Psychology, Settles Once and For All the Controversy: is Sex Appeal Necessary to the Motion Picture Industry? Read What this Authority Says

Dr. Watson Says:

"The motion picture functions as one of the best of pathological laboratories.

"Whenever I visit a motion picture theater, I don't do so to study the sex habits of the penguins or the geologic structure of the great Antarctic Barrier. I go there for the same reason that a hundred million other people go there—to enjoy youth, warmth, beauty. To see the perfect consummation of masculine strength with feminine loveliness—the one Paradise of which a man may be eternally sure!"
Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore's

The Famous Stars Offer
For the Five Best Letters

John Barrymore and Dolores Costello want to know what kind of a picture you would like to see them co-star in. Costume drama, or modern comedy drama? Can you suggest any particular book or play that could be adapted to suit their screen requirements? For the five best letters on the subject the Barrymores offer five twenty-dollar gold pieces. By 'best letter' is meant the most interesting suggestion written in the clearest and cleverest style.

A new portrait of Dolores Costello Barrymore. Wouldn't you like to see her play opposite her husband?

Neither John Barrymore nor Dolores Costello has ever offered a gift contest before. Mr. Barrymore is one of the most reserved and secluded of all motion picture stars, preferring to let his screen personality speak for him. Personal appearances, interviews, autographing pictures—all such things are taboo. But he is really interested in this SCREENLAND gift contest. It is his first gesture of comradeship towards his many fans. His wife, Dolores Costello, joins him in this friendly offer. $100 in prizes of $20 gold pieces for the 5 best letters.

Address:—MR. AND MRS. JOHN BARRYMORE
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes November 10, 1929

John Barrymore was the star and Dolores Costello the leading lady in "When a Man Loves," adapted from "Manon Lescaut." They have not appeared together on the screen since this picture.
Gold-Piece Prize Contest!

Five $20. Gold Pieces
Answering their Question

Not since "The Sea Beast" and "When a Man Loves" have these two famous stars appeared together on the screen. John Barrymore discovered the beautiful girl who later became his wife when she was playing 'bits' at the Warner Brothers Studio and he was looking for a leading lady for "The Sea Beast." The delicate charm of the daughter of Maurice Costello captured the interest of America's great actor and he requested that the lovely little unknown be given an opportunity to prove her talent in his picture. You all know the result: with the release of "The Sea Beast" a new favorite was born. Dolores Costello's grace and beauty and ability won the hearts of her audiences. The Barrymore-Costello team became one of the most popular combinations in motion pictures. They played together again in "When a Man Loves" and both earned new laurels. And now that Dolores is a star in her own right, and the exquisite love scenes enacted on the screen were made reality when John Barrymore married his leading woman, the Barrymores want their fans to suggest what kind of a picture they should co-star in—costume drama or modern comedy drama; and they will welcome suggestions of any particular book or play which could be adapted for them. The prize offer is $100—in prizes of five $20 gold pieces, for the five most interesting letters.

A close-up of the celebrated Barrymore profile. The star himself prefers to play roles which offer him opportunity to characterize. The famous Barrymore voice will first be heard from the screen in "General Crack," a special production starring America's greatest romantic actor.

The Costello-Barrymore romance is one of the favorite real-life love stories of Hollywood. Like that of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, and Joan Crawford and Doug Jr., the Barrymore romance was born in the colorful atmosphere of the studio, and presents the always-fascinating picture of two great stars turning screen love scenes into the real thing!
At last, the dream of cinematic production—a screen operetta! Not a revue or Follies show of patched-together acts and gags, but a full-length opera with its own story, casts, solos, duets and magnificent choruses.

Nor is "The Love Parade" simply one of our well-known operas like "Carmen" or "The Mikado" translated to the screen. Such operas, like the present screen revues, are essentially of the stage and carry with them all the stage limitations.

Leave it to Lubitsch to remember that the screen has a glorious technique that in the first excitement of sound pictures has been largely tossed aside. De Mille began the renaissance by returning to the tools of his trade in "Dynamite." Now the great German director is making a musical film in which he uses all the triumphs of the cinematic idiom.

Needless to say, "The Love Parade" has been written and scored directly for the screen; and while it is basically an operetta, the action is not confined to the time-and-space limits of a stage. There are, in fact, over fifty sets and locations used, and the songs and dances extend in many instances over several sets.

So much for the mechanical and technical side of the screen's first original operetta.

The most interesting phase of the artistic adventure is that it has brought together three great foreigner-Lubitsch, Chevalier and Guy Bolton. Lubitsch is regarded as one of our greatest directors. (He is the only one whose pictures have ranked among the 'ten best' every year since votes were taken), Chevalier's instantaneous repetition of his European successes has placed him at the top of our screen entertainment, and Guy Bolton's name as an author is famous throughout the operatic world.

A German, a Frenchman, and an Englishman—and an American cast! Who says the war is not over and forgotten? Perhaps the most eloquent evidence is the devotion that has developed between Chevalier and Lubitsch.

The other day I barged over to watch them work. Chevalier was singing a song beneath an apple tree—an amusing song about his out-of-work charms—while Lubitsch sat beside the igloos (sound-
proof camera booths) and smiled in happy approval.

“Chevalier is a wonderful fellow, Bob,” he said as we strolled over to the playback room to hear the result. “He has a fine figure, a splendid voice, intelligence, magnificent art, and above all—sharm!” (Lubitsch still has difficulty with his c’s) “Even his accent, instead of being a handicap, adds to his sharm. And such a gentleman, Bob, don’t you think so? This has been the happiest picture I’ve ever made. Not a cross word or an angry look. Everybody loves Chevalier. He is just as sharming as his screen personality. No wonder he is such a colossal success.”

“It seems strange,” he went on later as we lunched together, “that I have made so many French comedies and this is the first time I’ve ever made one with a real Frenchman!”

“I understand he is the greatest male star of the screen. Do you think his American success will go to his head?” I asked.

“You forget, Bob, he was already a tremendous success in Europe. He gets a big salary here, but he also got one there. No, he is very sensible, and, like his countrymen, he is thrifty and saving. No foolishness, no. Americans think the French are gay spendthrifts. But they are not. Chevalier will take good care of his future.

“You’ll laugh, Bob, when I tell you the greatest kick I get making this picture. It’s correcting Chevalier’s English! Yes, he comes to me and asks me how to pronounce words. Me! Isn’t that amusing? You remember how you kidded me when I first came over. Remember, you printed a story about how I couldn’t think of the word ‘naked’ and said I was just ‘plain’? Well, now Chevalier asks me how to pronounce everything.”

The little episode, however, is not really
Fannie Hurst, author of "Lummox," is delighted with the way her book promises to emerge on the screen.

FANNIE HURST

Says: "Talking Pictures are Here to Stay!"

By Alma Talley

I am delighted with the way 'Lummox' promises to emerge on the screen. I have not yet seen the completed film, cut, edited, etc., but I did see most of it in the making.

Yes, prick up your ears and listen; it's Fannie Hurst talking. Fannie Hurst, the highest paid writer in America, whose yearly income from stories is something we all dream about when we read the success ads. Fannie Hurst, whose fictional characters have animated miles and miles of film.

And this is the author who is actually pleased with what a producer has done to her novel!

You didn't know such things could be, did you? Nor even suspect? The usual picture of an author after viewing his work on the screen is of a man hesitating between gas and a leap out the window. A man with his teeth all gnashed.

"Is this what they've done to my lovely, beautiful story?" he moans. Miss Hurst herself felt just that way about it some ten years ago when "Star Dust" was filmed.

But now, after the filming of "Lummox," there's not a moan from Miss Hurst. Only a delighted smile. For they have done right by our "Lummox"; her brain child has not been treated like a step-child at all.

Perhaps it's those cursed, but popular, talking pictures which are making things look up for an author. Way, way up. For it says right in the author's book just how
The First Interview
on the Talkies
Granted by America’s Highest Paid
Woman Writer

Mary, or Nell—or Lummox—talks, and you know how we all believe anything a book says. And so dialog can bring an author into his own.

Not always of course, even yet. For isn’t there a report that Mary’s and Doug’s new co-starring picture is being advertised “The Taming of the Shrew” by William Shakespeare, with additional dialog by Sam Taylor? Sophisticates are already chuckling at Mr. Taylor cutting into Bill Shakespeare’s laurels like that.

But Mr. Shakespeare couldn’t be reached to supervise his own production.

Miss Hurst was right on hand when “Lummox” was filmed. In fact, she was consulted in the casting.

“I was amazed,” she said, “at the number of actresses who wanted to play Lummox. On the surface she is a dull, plodding creature, with no opportunity to wear clothes. Yet hundreds wanted to play her. It was the most coveted role in years.”

Miss Hurst spoke with justifiable pride. She has the simplicity, the sincerity of greatness. Her voice is rich, musical; and she has the same vivid vitality which comes through the printed page to her characters. She looked very picturesque, with a red scarf tied around her hair, a red silk work smock over her white linen dress. Two Pekingese dogs sprawled at her feet. We sat in a couch-hammock under the trees, behind the hundred year old farmhouse which is her summer home.

“Of course you know how Winifred Westover was selected for the part of Lummox?” she said. “The story has been told before, but Miss Hurst’s version is amusing.

“One day in New York a girl came to see me, just as I was going out. She must see me, she said. She had an appointment made six weeks before. An appointment? Nonsense! I had no record of an appointment. But she had one, she insisted, and she had come thousands of miles to see me—all the way from Hollywood.”

“So finally I agreed to talk to her and she introduced herself as Winifred Westover. I’m playing Lummox,” she said.

“That rather staggered me, because Mr. Brennon and I had been working closely together and he hadn’t notified me of any such decision.”

“You can’t be,” I told her. “In fact, we’re not even sure who’s to make the picture.”

“Mr. Brennon will make it,” she said, “I’ve been praying that he will. And I’m going to play it. He doesn’t know it yet. No one knows but me—and now (Continued on page 96)
Don Juan from Broadway
A ‘Great Lover’ of the Stage Succumbs to the Screen

By Bradford Nelson

Perhaps the talkie invasion has brought Hollywood no more interesting figure than the man who has been known for eight years as the ‘Great Lover’ of the stage.

Gilbert, Valentino, Novarro et al have all had their adherents among the followers of the screen. Stage devotees, however, have been unswervingly loyal to one man, Basil Rathbone.

Over six feet tall, with flashing black eyes and a real profile, Basil Rathbone has brought ‘ohs’ and ‘ahs’ from his audiences without stint during the runs of such romantic successes as “The Swan,” “The Czarina,” “The Captive,” and “The Command to Love.”

The silent pictures didn’t intrigue Rathbone at all. Contracts from movie producers were sent back untouched. He continued to give his services as a great lover exclusively to the stage.

Talkies came, however, and the highly capable Basil, with many others, succumbed.

Where once he kissed before the footlights, today a microphone records his romantic interpretations. And already movie fans are showing great interest in his portrayals. Unknown except to followers of the New York stage, his first picture, “The Last of Mrs Cheyne,” has given Basil Rathbone a picture following over night. The ‘great lover of the stage’ has ‘cheked’ on the screen!

Now he is playing his second talkie rôle, the lead opposite Kay Johnson in William C. De Mille’s picture, “This Mad World.” Day by day fan letters pour in asking, “Who is this Rathbone? Where did he come from?”

When I visited the gentleman in question he handed me a big batch of these letters and gave me that very delightful grin which is so much a Rathbone characteristic.

“This movie thing is certainly a great cure for any one with a tendency to egotism,” he said. “After playing for years before big houses, I thought a few people knew me. Now, however, I realize how very few people the speaking actor really reaches. ‘The Last of Mrs. Cheyne,’ for instance, has only been out a few weeks, and yet I’ve received letters from every State in the Union. On the stage such communications were always confined to the states immediately around New York.

“I’m enjoying every minute of this movie experience, and I hope they’ll like me well,” (Continued on page 109)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

RICHARD DIX and JUNE COLLYER in "The Love Doctor."
Lessons in Lure

Her art doesn't depend upon clothes. And just between us, she could struggle along without the feather duster, too, if she really had to.

Myrna was a dancer before she became an actress. Now she is a good actress who hasn't forgotten how to dance.

Something from "Songs of India" would come in handy right now—if we could only remember it.

Miss Loy lends her grace to Vista phone pictures and the public is properly grateful.
Learn About Lissome Grace from lovely Myrna Loy

Myrna making believe she's Mrs. Samson. We could go right on about Myrna — columns and columns about her!

In Kashmir sign language this must mean "Come on over!"

And this, boys and girls, is her gentle reminder that class is dismissed. "That's all there is; there isn't any more!"

All photographs of Miss Myrna Loy by Fred R. Archer.
CLARA BOW and James Hall in a little specialty entitled: "Love and Kisses." Ssh—it's all for "The Saturday Night Kid."
WILLIAM POWELL and Kay Francis in "Behind the Make-Up." They quarrel, then they kiss and make up—you know!
THE talkies may be known as ‘the drawlies’ as soon as Dorothy Sebastian’s sweet southern voice is heard from the screen.
RUTH CHATTERTON, distinguished star from the 'legitimate,' has been adopted by picture audiences. She's one of the family!
CAN this be Fay Wray? No longer a demure ingenue, but an exciting woman. Read all about the new Fay on the opposite page.
The TRANSFORMATION
of
FAY WRAY
A Sweet Little Girl Grows Up

By John Engstead

filmed with Hal Skelly, William Powell and Fay Wray. It's not Hal Skelly who is the particular reason for enthusiasm. It's not William Powell.

But Fay Wray!

In a quiet, reticent girl is developing the charming woman, Fay Wray. She talks with ease. She cries with ease. She walks with ease. Director Robert Milton shakes his red head with pride because he helped to put her in the important part. The script girl understands the lovely Fay. All the film 'rushes' back the firm belief in their Fay Wray.

A year ago, it was rumored that the young actress was to be dropped from Paramount's contract list. There was no confirmation of the report.

Today, she is still with the same studio. She has moved into a dressing room in the same row with Clara Bow, Charles 'Buddy' Rogers, William Powell, Ruth Chatterton, Evelyn Brent and Gary Cooper.

People ask how it happened.

Some say it's her marriage to John Monk Saunders. Some believe it is a change in Fay Wray herself. Others point out that it is because of the multitude of all-singing, all-dancing, all-more-or-less-artificial girls of Broad-

CONTAGIOUS enthusiasm envelops a certain stage 13 at the Paramount studios in Hollywood.

Every time one of the giant sound doors opens after a scene has been taken, there is a little more of the feeling inside and a little more leaks out.

On this stage "Behind The Make-Up," a dramatic story of an actor's life at home, is being

Fay Wray today—an emancipated ingenue, gay and gallant, the season's sensation in talking pictures.

(Continued on page 108)
For an up and coming community Hollywood is sadly lacking in the development of a colorful criminal element so necessary to the modern metropolis. The lack of 'Little Augies,' 'Scarface Al's,' 'Hip Sing Tongs' and 'Cry Baby' gangs has a markedly deleterious effect upon civic industry. For instance, Hollywood has only one tabloid. And it, poor thing, never has a chance to set a headline more thrilling than 'Man Bites Dog While Thousands Cheer.' Never any really organized massacres. And those 'taken for a ride' merely roller-skate home again!

But Hollywood has its gangs just the same. And, as elsewhere, they are the very heart of Talkie Town. You either belong. Or you don't. Yes, to be a social success in the Cinema City, one prerequisite is membership in a gang.

So now that we have graduated from the underworld to society in two not-too-long paragraphs, here goes for advice on What a Young Goil Should Do To Enjoy Gang Life in Hollywood.

Well, First of all, try to get an invitation to Marion Davies' beach home. Just try to get one. That's half the fun. It adds a sort of tang to the game. And if you are successful, you're in for a flock of fun that you'll never forget.

Someone pulled the bonmot: "Marion Davies Closes Beach Home—Hundreds Made Homeless!" This, however, was rather poetic license, or something. Because even though Marion's hospitality has included guests in four-figured numbers, three figures of 'em never came back. And even the one remaining re-fill order would be carefully weighed before welcomed to the inner circle. To be included in the Davies coterie, it is necessary to have something. Not money, or beauty, or any of those things; but facile wit, a charm of personality, a modicum of mental agility. Consider, for instance, a few of the regulars to whom Marion would introduce you: Charles Spencer Chaplin, the Marquise de Gloria, Wild William Haines, George K. Arthur, Bebe Daniels, Adophe Menjou, Seena Owen; brilliant directors whose names seem to mean so little to the fans writing celebrities like Bess Meredith,
Life! But It's All Good, Clean Fun

Frances Marion, Louella O. Parsons, Agnes Christine Johnson and even Madame, herself—Madame Glyn, of course. There is conversation. And good things to eat. And many interesting things to see and do. A good time is had by all, and there is no indignation except on the part of those who aren’t invited.

Yes, I should say that if you can get into the Marion Davies set you’re of the socially elect in Hollywood.

Then, of course, there is the Manor House on the hill. Here dwell Massa Fairbanks and that perfectly ador’able Mary Pickford. This is a sort of cross between the American Consulate at Swatow and Queen Marie’s summer place. On Fourth of July the American Consulates run open-house whoopee for visiting dignitaries. And when any of these are in town, Doug-and-Mary do a Jimmy Walker with keys to the city and a dignified olfa podidra of entertainment. Prince Whoasis—you know whom I mean, the kid brother of that nice-looking chap who’s always falling off horses—was a guest at Pickfair, and as for Duchesses and things, they fairly crawl up your sleeves.

Then there are visiting delegations of “Coquette” contest-winners and accompanying newspaper women, and once in a while a kind of Inaugural Ball when hoi-polloi clutters up the place like Congressmen in the East Room of the White House. Mary and Doug are seldom seen at Hollywood festivities, and excepting selections from the United Artists group there is little intimate entertainment activity visible.

Before Florence Vidor said ‘yes’ to that fiddler, and before Dick Barthelmess demonstrated his matrimonial courage, she and Dick and his pal, William Powell, and Ronald Colman (Ronnie, they call him) used to get together for a feast of reason, and probably a little caviar or corned-beef or something. But that’s shattered now, as is the Foreign clique over which Emil Jannings and his Gussie reigned with rod of iron. The great Yannings’ told a dozen Mittel-European stars what they might do and what they might not. And meantime he bustled around the house in his pajamas, unconcerned as a baby. It may be added that many a temperamental gypsy has been called on the Jannings’ carpet for indiscretion, and lectured soundly.

Before her marriage Lina Bas...

(Continued on page 110)
There is a question that stalks, ghost-like, through the highways and byways of Hollywood. Appearing and disappearing, causing some to shiver and some to rejoice, some to ignore; yet there it is, just the same!

What is the question that lurks in the pleasant paths of Pictureville? It is this: will the vivid and lovely visions of the screen, these mysterious beings who make us laugh and cry, hate and adore—these glamorous creatures we call stars, eventually pass forever from our notice?

Now why, you ask, should I get that idea after all these years of star supremacy? The answer is talking pictures! Talking pictures that have changed everything else in Hollywood are at last checking up on the stars. Are they going to get away with it?

When I decided for one reason or another that there was something to the idea, I burst about asking questions of everyone I met. Actors, directors and executives "What about the star system," I demanded, "Is it tottering?"

Almost everyone stood pat on the notion that the sound screen would have as many great personalities as the silent. Their reasons for their belief alone had interesting differences.

And yet, and yet—in spite of what they said I found that production plans in almost every cast bore out my hunch; and one company is planning to do away with the star system altogether! So it is really a crisis, and a spectacular one.

John Robertson, who has given us some of the finest pictures ever made, believes that as long as there are human beings there will be idolatry of strong personalities. "But the public will choose its own," he said. "The only stars worth the name have been exalted by public opinion. Man-

Dolores Del Rio, Mexican accent and all, has survived the assault of the exacting talkies.

Evelyn Brent believes that stars will be less important in talking pictures than in the old silent days. And she's a new star!

Ramon Novarro thinks the fate of a star in the future hangs on his ability for characterization. Novarro is safe.
DOOMED?

Like, Through the Highways and Read the Answer

agers have never been entirely successful in forcing stars on the public, and with talking pictures it will be practically impossible.

"For one thing, while talking pictures take some thing away from the mystery surrounding the stars, making them more intimate, more touchable, it also strengthens the sincerity of the adorer’s feeling. He refuses to accept a personality he is not really attracted to, no matter how much publicity he reads about the beauty, charm and marvelous abilities of that star. If Mr. Adorer doesn’t think so he won’t stand for the imposition."

Fred Niblo, the distinguished director, was inclined to take an opposite view; yet when we got to arguing I found his ideas on the subject were about the same as Mr. Robertson’s.

Mr. Niblo felt the star system was unbreakable, human nature being what it is. But he qualified that statement with another. He thought there would perhaps be a weeding out of stars due to talking pictures. Some personalities improve with the added quality of sound and others are dimmed by it. Both men feel that a well-balanced cast is a necessity in sound pictures.

Edmund Lowe elaborated on this thought by saying that sound pictures could not be the succession of flash-backs that were both possible and popular in silent pictures. A scene is a scene, just as it is on the stage; and although it may be but a few lines, if it isn’t played well it won’t mean a thing. In the old days they could flash back to a girl for a second and if she was pretty that was all that mattered. Now, the gal has to be able to read lines intelligently or she won’t do.

Corinne Griffith also thinks a strong cast a necessity in talking pictures. It makes for better entertainment, and whatever strengthens the entertainment qualities of a production is a step upward and should be observed. Corinne thinks talks demand the best from every department, not acting alone, and when crudities are all ironed out the world will have finer entertainment than it has ever had.

Evelyn Brent (Cont. on page 98)
A year ago Bryan Foy, then a director and supervisor of sound at Warner Brothers, was talking to a group of people around a luncheon table at the Montmartre in Hollywood. He was using plenty of adjectives in telling about a girl whom he prophesied would ride the crest of the wave in the talkies. He intrigued the listeners with his enthusiasm over the "It" in her voice; the understanding in her interpretations.

From that small luncheon table group—there were seven or eight—word spread throughout Hollywood. Long before Foy's picture was finished, Warners were besieged with requests from various companies and directors, to let them run off some of the scenes in which the girl, Lila Lee, played.

Once the film was seen the Foy enthusiasm caught on. Contracts were proffered to Lila from all sides. I first met Lila several months before the Foy luncheon. In those days she was disconsolate. She had not had a job in months and she felt she was licked—through pictures.

Her career had been one of such easy ascent from the time she was a baby of four, when she appeared with the Gus Edwards show, "School Days," on through the days when at ten she was a star in motion pictures. Life was easy. Success was handed to her without a struggle.

Hollywood Calls her 'The Girl with the It Voice.' This Frank Story of Cuddles' Courageous Come-Back is More than a Mere Interview. It is a Touching Human Document

By Margaret Ettinger

Then with a crescendo note the crash came. Everything went at once. She had married and had a little son. She and her husband had put all of their savings in a ranch, out in a rich country where citrus fruit grew without any coaxing. There was never any frost in that region, nor any blight. But the frost and the blight hit at the same time and as fate would have it, both Lila and her husband lost their hold on the whimsical fickle machine of motion picture success simultaneously with the ranch disaster.

"There is such a thing as a mortgage coming due," said Lila the other day when we were sipping tea on the terrace of her beautiful beach place, overlooking the Pacific.

"I always thought a mortgage being foreclosed was a good angle for fiction and all right for a motion picture sub-title, but I didn't believe such a thing could actually happen.

"But it did, and the ranch was swept away and with it all my hopes and money."

Then came a two-year period that must have been frightful for Lila. Having been used to success and accustomed to luxury, she felt acutely the meagerness of her existence.

Of course, there were dozens of friends, close friends who didn't suspect the true condition of things. They knew Lila was out of a job, but so were lots of other people.

She had a way nevertheless, all through those lean days, of looking jaunty in a last year's suit; and she had a knack of tilting a two-year-old hat so that it looked smartly new. So she kept her mettle up during those tragic, lagging months.

"I thanked God that it had been necessary in the years that had passed, for me to have a large and assorted wardrobe," says Lila. "There were two full years when the thought of ever having a new hat again would have sent both my head and heart into ecstasies of delight."

"I remember, I kept saying over and over again, 'This is a good experience for you, come on, get a kick out of it. Dramatize it!' But the creditors were endless and I became so sensitive that I felt when I went with old friends that they looked on me as a failure. I know now that was not so; but it's queer how one's mind works.
immediately depression hits, and how, try as you may, you do get the feeling strongly that the world is against you.

"I did the worst thing I could have done under the circumstances. I stopped going out, refused invitations and became morose. I know now that many of my friends tried to help me. But I shied away from them, thinking they were patronizing me, pitying me. Can you imagine such ingratitude?

"Fortunately for me a few of them refused to be so ruthlessly cast aside. Probably they suspected true conditions because they did everything possible to bring me out of myself.

"I made, during this time, one 'quickie'.

"Then I met Bryan Foy. We had known each other as kids when we played on the same bill—he with his father Eddie Foy and I with Gus Edwards.

"Brynie had come to Hollywood and was with Warner Brothers. I had read of his good fortune in the papers, but do you think I would have gone to see him? There was that old pride of mine standing in the way, saying, 'He has succeeded—you have failed.'

"Finally, one day, quite by accident, we met. His friendliness, his real delight at seeing me, the fun we got out of talking over old times, buoyed me up.

"I was half hysterical when he suggested I come over to the studio for a voice test, that he had a part in his next picture, 'Queen of the Night Club,' for me.

"I can't begin to tell you what Brynie did for me," said Lila.

"Not only was he responsible for getting me the job, which was a god-send, but he gave me confidence in myself when my grip was almost gone.

"It is one thing for a director to direct a person who is full of assurance and quite another matter to take one who has lost her nerve and courage.

"Yet not one day passed that Brynie didn't say 'that was great, kid,' or 'Lila, your work is corking.' He probably didn’t think so at all, but his terrific understanding told him that was exactly what I needed.

"He did more than that. He went everywhere and talked about me. He told producer friends, actor friends, director friends that I was a great actress.

"Even now, and that is a year ago, people tell me, 'Oh yes, Brynie Foy told me about you. He thinks you're a great actress.'

"You know how it is in any business and particularly so in motion pictures, where everyone is more or less closely associated. If one person of importance says you are good, everyone else is willing to be convinced that you are."

That picture was the turning point for Lila. She has worked constantly ever since. She reached a very high note in "Drag" in which she played an intensely interesting role opposite Richard Barthelmess.

She has created a new screen personality. Whereas she was once identified solely with ingenuous and 'sweet young thing' parts, she is now cast in highly emotional parts. Perhaps those years of 'time out' have made her a better actress by building her character and giving her up emotionally.

I asked her what element she thought most important as a force to success.

"Two factors can be responsible," she said.

"The one is need. Dire necessity will drive you on to do something. Necessity puts the fight in one, of course.

"Then there's the other thing. Wanting to accomplish something because some person believes in you. That pushes you on and you are feverishly eager to click because of their belief in you.

"All during that period of my trying to come back, there was Brynie. I couldn’t fail because he believed in me and I wanted to make good for his sake. The pressure of necessity was there also, driving me on."

Personally, I believe there is no one in Hollywood who isn’t thrilled with Lila’s success. She is such a popular, attractive, wholesome, outdoor person.

She is tall and willowy slender, and at present is more than usually tanned, because, as I mentioned (Continued on page 99)
THE HOLLYWOOD REVUE

All-Dialog

Thirty stars in one show! It can't be true. But it is. Along about the 20th star you may be a little dazed but I can assure you that you are seeing absolute, authentic stars as nearly in person as possible. The revue is in color, all-singing and dancing—and positively no doubles!

This is probably the most expensive show ever staged for the screen. It fairly bristles with stars: Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Bessie Love, William Haines, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Lionel Barrymore, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Gwen Lee, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler, Anita Page—stop, stop! I can't bear it.

It has Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. It has Shakespeare. It has—oh, everything. Marion Davies dresses up in her soldier suit and sings a song. Marion is a vision and I wish she'd hurry along in her first talkie. Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy appear in a magic act, culminating in Oliver's slipping on a banana peel and a close-up in which he says pathetically: "I faw down and go blop!" (my favorite scene.) Norma Shearer and John Gilbert enact the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" with due regard to the sensibilities of possible Shakespearean students in the audience; and then please everybody by burlesquing it, directed by Lionel Barrymore. William Haines is so really funny in his scene with Jack Benny you wish you could call him back for an encore. This Mr. Benny, by the way, looks good to me. The role of master of ceremonies in a revue like this is a thankless one; but he is singularly inoffensive. Charles King croons a Mother song. Conrad Nagel sings a little, clowns a little—all without losing his customary calm. Bessie Love, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler, Cliff Edwards, Charles King, and Gus Edwards trip the light fantastic with convulsing results. Joan Crawford has a nice voice. There's an Albertina Rasch ballet and hot stepping by other choruses. Marie Dressler has a number called "I'm the Queen" and pretty nearly convinces her audience that she is the queen of this show. She's a great trouper.

Marie Dressler and the chorus in "Hollywood Revue."
The Cock-Eyed World

All-Dialog

"The Cock-Eyed World" is breaking records—for theaters and frank fun. Motion picture audiences have been polite long enough. They want to have a good time. "The Cock-Eyed World" gives it to them. It is rough and racy. It says right out all the things that "What Price Glory?" only hinted. You had to be a good lip-reader to know what Captain Flagg and Sergeant Squirt were saying to each other in the war picture. But all you need to get the general drift of the repartee in "The Cock-Eyed World" is good hearing and a little imagination. It’s bold and brazen, and how they love it! At the Roxy in New York where I saw it in its third week of record-breaking business—I couldn’t get in before—I was surrounded by nice, quiet, home folks, who sat there clucking and uttering other disapproving sound until they forgot to be refined and just let themselves go in good, robust laughter.

"The Cock-Eyed World" is motion picture America’s revolt against puritanism. It is downright indecent. It has scenes which Rabelais would have loved, and probably did. It has bawdy farce and on the other hand, scenes of shameless sentiment reminiscent of "What Price Glory?" It is a box-office phenomenon. One of the best newspaper critics in New York reviewed it the day it opened and raised horrified eyebrows. It wouldn’t go, he said. It is still running as I write this, and to show what they think of its pulling power outside Manhattan the Fox Company have booked it in their other theaters for at least two weeks’ run instead of the customary one week. You go to see the picture and figure it out for yourself.

Raoul Walsh has directed in the breezy and buoyant style demanded by the material. We resume relations with Flagg and Squirt in their soldierings here and there, from Brooklyn to Nicaragua. And when they fight they fight; and when they love—well, they fight some more. Jean Bary is the Brooklyn blonde; Lily Damita, the tropical temptress. Lily appeals to both boys in a big way and they are rivals for her fickle favors. There are farcical scenes in Mlle. Lily’s boudoir.

Next season: "The Cock-Eyed World Boys in Paris."
**HALLELUJAH!**

All-Dialog

An impressive scene from "Hallelujah," with Daniel Haynes as Zeke exhorting from the revival train.

**If** the talking pictures never scored another triumph, "Hallelujah" would justify their existence. For this negro epic is beyond doubt a masterpiece. King Vidor, who sprang to greatness as the director of "The Big Parade," has been known as the most promising of all picture directors. He has registered with the classes and the masses. Critics have watched him. The public has waited for his pictures. And he has proven again that he stands head and shoulders above most of the men directing today. He is a young genius working in a new medium. "Hallelujah" is the hardest task he could have set himself; but his amazing accomplishment is the answer to those few who still deny the motion picture a place among the arts. Whether you will enjoy "Hallelujah" is another question. It is big—powerful—and often painful. But it must not be missed. The story of Zeke is a black man's struggle against sin—his temptations, his trials, his defeats and victories. He becomes a preacher, conducting revival meetings—only to yield again to his dusky siren. We follow him through his wanderings which finally lead him back home, to his Mammy and Pappy. The revival scenes with their pulsating music are the most startling ever filmed. They are pictorially magnificent and dramatically shocking. Daniel Haynes lends his splendid voice to Zeke. The vibrant little Nina Mae McKinney is the Clara Bow of her race—an amazing natural actress. You needn't be ashamed of your movies, now that "Hallelujah" has set a new artistic standard.

**The AWFUL TRUTH**

All-Dialog

Boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen, and friends: meet the Missus! Meaning Mrs. John Gilbert née Ina Claire. She makes her talking picture debut here, and "The Awful Truth" is that she would be hailed as a great talking picture star even if she hadn't married our Jack and had all that publicity. Pathé can pick them! Last month Ann Harding; now this dazzling, brilliant and beautiful person, Ina Claire Gilbert. Her initial talkie is not an important picture, perhaps; but she makes it significant with her inimitable acting, her blonde piquancy, her sly humor, and—not least, ladies—her amazing wardrobe. Never have you seen clothes like this! Ina retorted when a New York exile in Hollywood exclaimed over those Manhattan clothes: "New York, nothing! They came from Paris." And they look it. As a fashion show and nothing else, "The Awful Truth" should be seen. But there is more: it is expert comedy, rather fragile, about a delightful divorcée; slow in spots, but mostly diverting, and always amusing when Miss Claire is on the scene. A new leading man, Henry Daniel, has an interesting voice. Ina Claire is one of the potentially great stars. Hurry back to Hollywood, Ina!
Gold Diggers of Broadway

Don't miss this show! It is the best amusement of the month. And when I say that I am not forgetting such a masterpiece as "Hal-lelujah," such a box office wow as "The Cock-Eyed World," such an expensive pot-pourri as "The Hollywood Revue," it's my conviction that "The Gold Diggers of Broadway," judged simply and solely on its merits as good entertainment, leads them all. The test of the amusement value of a show is: do you get to fidgetting before it's through? Or do you sit there for two hours and forget yourself and then, when the lights go up on the final fadeout, blink and think: "Why, it can't be over so soon?" "Gold Diggers of Broadway" offers a full measure of evening's entertainment; but it seems short. It is gay and rollicking; spontaneous and unforced. It is a feast of beauty. Dazzling scenes in color. Comedy scenes, as funny as any you've ever seen. Love scenes with a nice naturalness. And tinkling tunes of the type that will send you whistling out of the theater, if you're not careful. What a cast! Lovely little Nancy Welford, a welcome newcomer, has what movie musicals need: grace, charm and a real voice. She's a find. Ann Pennington dances. Conway Tearle comes back. Nick Lucas croons. Winnie Lightner clowns and sings—she's the star feminine comic of the talkies. Albert Gran is grand. "Gold Diggers of Broadway" is a gorgeous show.

The DANCE of LIFE

All-Dialog and Color

This is the long-heralded talking picture version of the popular stage play, "Burlesque." And it looks as if it will be even more popular in its celluloid version than it was on the stage. The medium of the motion picture affords the opportunity to paint the colorful background of the burlesque troupe—the stuffy dressing rooms, the cheap hotels, the tawdry shows—in strong, bold strokes. And the original Skid, Hal Skelly, repeats his stage success. This Skelly is a weird person to pick for a movie favorite. He is tall and awkward and homely. He doesn't seem to act. But somehow, before you know it, he has won you. He's lovable. He's pitiful. He's real. There is one scene in which he does some of the finest acting I've ever watched on the screen—the scene of his goodbye to Bonnie, when he is leaving to accept a big-time offer in New York. Nancy Carroll as Bonnie is good; but it is Skelly's scene. It approaches greatness. This tale of the hoofer with a weakness for liquor is a tolerant, wise and sophisticated show. There are revue scenes in color—songs—dances—chorus girls, both of the Broadway and burlesque variety. Another picture of backstage life, but this one is different—you can count on it. It has some of the real smells and savors of life behind the scenes.

Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll in "The Dance of Life," the talking picture version of the stage play, "Burlesque."
HER PRIVATE LIFE

All-Dialog

Ta-rah-ta-rah! To 'ounds! To 'ounds with the Mad Varicks. And see Lady Helen Varick—ixnay, it's Billie Dove—taking the edges at one bound on her black charger. "Her Private Life" gives some sort of an idea as to what makes Merrie England so top-hole merrie, what with its fox hunts, its blue-blooded aristocracy, its card tables, and its well-bred boredom.

A handsome Lady Helen is Billie Dove whose private life we peer into. Here is a Billie dowdier—I mean lovelier than ever, whose technique before the microphone seems to improve with each talking picture. You're going to enjoy a song sung to Billie by Walter Pidgeon, for Walter becomes the exciting part of the love interest when Billie comes to America after divorcing her blundering husband—Montagu Love. A splendid performance is contributed by Holmes Herbert, who endeavors to win the love of the English beauty, then gives her up to the one she loves. Roland Young, the stage favorite, fits about in a role in which he is wasted—I fancy he's getting some microphone and camera practice, don't you know!

Now here's a real murder case for you!

The Greene Murder Case

All-Dialog

Now here's a real murder case for you! Not one little murder, nor even two—but four! Four fine, juicy, elegant murders in one picture. "The Greene Murder Case" is the very best of all the mystery dramas so far. It is better than the book. In fact, so much better that when author S. S. Van Dine saw the picture he must have felt pretty silly to be confronted with a better climax than he offered in the book. At last, a picture that goes the book one better! The director has managed to maintain the brooding chill of the old, old mansion which shelters so many unhappy and uncongenial souls; one by one, you watch them drop off—until there are only a few left. And pretty soon, you begin to wonder if you won't be the next, even if your name isn't Greene. It is then that the soothing presence of Philo Vance makes itself pleasantly felt. What would we do without Philo? Particularly as played so superbly by William Powell. Good old Fido—I mean Philo. When he sets to work to unravel the mystery of the disappearing Greenses, you may rest assured that the murderer will be brought to book—wherever that is. But if you didn't read the book, you're in for a real shock. The cast is excellent, especially Morgan Farley, Florence Eldridge, and Jean Arthur.
WOMAN TRAP

All-Dialog

Here's an out-and-out melodrama, one of the grim-and-gripping kind. If you like that sort of thing, you'll fall right into the "Woman Trap." It has Chester Morris in one of his now famous bad boy rôles, and Chester is enough for me. I could watch him indefinitely — that graceful panther-like tread, that sudden brave turn of his sleek head, that — here, here! Chester is running right away with me, and I can't let that happen, fun or no fun. Mr. Morris is one of the three stars of this film; Hal Skelly and Evelyn Brent are the others. Hal and Ches are brothers — Hal a policeman, Chester a crook. Of course younger brother gets into trouble, testing Hal's devotion to duty. But in the end it is the crook who straightens things out so that justice, and Evelyn, may be served. This is no part for the subtle Miss Brent. She is wasted on a regular-girl rôle; she should always be cast as a suave and silken siren. It's Chester's show as far as I'm concerned.

Evelyn Brent and Hal Skelly in a scene from the grim-and-gripping melodrama, "Woman Trap."

My, my — what will these young folks do next?

Our Modern Maidens

Silent

My, my — what will these young folks do next! Things weren't like this when "Our Dancing Daughters" were mere slips of girls. The well, but not so favorably known younger generation seems to get younger and giddier with every new picture. Their latest fling is "Our Modern Maidens," which is a sort of sequel to "Our Dancing Daughters" in that it presents more adventures of Joan Crawford and Anita Page, in new guises. And it is Joan Crawford's first starring picture, the reward of her good-bad behavior in that first flaming-youth film. Or maybe it wasn't the first; it may have been the 116th, for all I remember. You lose count after a while. It's a good vehicle for Joan, and swift-moving entertainment all the way. Joan plays the ring-leader of a little band of whoopee artists, which numbers among its members such popular players as Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Anita Page, Josephine Dunn, and Eddie Nugent. Then there is Rod La Rocque, as the man of the world whom Joan captivates. Just to prove they're all quite, quite modern, Doug Jr. and Anita Page stage a little romance of their own on the side, when Doug is supposed to be in love with Joan. Therefore that gay and gallant young lady nobly gives up her boy friend to her girl friend — only I suspect that she knew that Rod was waiting all the time. Joan is splendid. She is sincere, dramatic, and always interesting, with a newly-added patrician appeal.
We, Patsy and I, had gone down to Wesley Ruggles' new summer home at Malibu Beach. That's where picture stars go, just to be themselves.

Wesley has a new house, with a lovely walled-in garden at the back, with a charming sun-parlor where the sun can hit it in the morning, and where he has his breakfast. Out in front is a broad terrace, looking over the ocean.

Clara Bow lives next door. Harry Richman was there at her home that afternoon, and all afternoon they played Harry's records on the phonograph.

"And I don't know any deeper devotion than that!" remarked Patsy.

Kathryn Crawford, Wesley Ruggles' fiancée, aided him in receiving at the party, which was in the nature of a house-warming—that is, if one warms houses in summer time.

Guests already overflowed the house when we entered, and we found others sitting on the terrace or on the beach before the house.

We said hello to Mrs. Neil Hamilton, who was wearing a suit of beautiful blue and white silk pajamas. She said that everybody wore pajamas at Malibu nearly all the while—that even if you were married there, probably the bride, in a white veil, would be wearing white silk pajamas!

Laura La Plante came up just then, and Mrs. Hamilton reproached her for not wearing pajamas also, reminding her she had promised, but Laura declared, "This is my summer dress,"—indicating a pretty white silk sports outfit—"and if I don't wear it now it will be winter and I'll have it on my hands."

Neil Hamilton wasn't there, being away on his yacht.

Kathryn Crawford was looking daintily radiant in green organdie. She is one of the loveliest and most popular of the film
By Grace Kingsley

actresses, kindly, charming, witty.

We asked Wesley when the wedding was coming off, but he generously exclaimed, "I'm ever so much older than Kathryn. I wonder if it would be fair to her!"

We hadn't thought about that, Wesley being one of those perennially young people, vital, energetic and alert. Besides he is really not old at all — only of course Kathryn is around eighteen, which makes any man over thirty seem a bit venerable, perhaps.

We found Walter Catlett out on the sand, and he was telling about a monkey owned by a friend of his, Ray Raymond, and of the amusing things the animal did.

"He missed his vocation of actor by one generation!" commented Walter.

Walter told us of the dire fate that befell Gershwin because of his, Walter's, singing in "Lady Be Good."

"I never knew the lyrics and I can't sing," averred Walter. "So Gershwin sold only one million copies of the song, 'Lady Be Good,' instead of five million."

Gertrude Olmstead joined the little crowd listening to Catlett, and

(Continued on page 104)
New York might be likened to an Achilles. It has its vulnerable spot, but it's in the heel and hard to find. Once in a while, however, somebody strikes that vulnerable spot and New York succumbs from her subways to her towers. Every tenth person treading on her concrete pavements is looking for the tender spot; the rest are satisfied to have steak to go with their mashed potatoes.

While the Big City might be said to be as cold as the steel in the girders of her big buildings, when she softens, she does it right, with two-inch headlines on her front pages, names etched in electric lights and her throngs eager to give the victor the glad hand.

Helen Kane, born within one of the boroughs, the neighborly Bronx, poked around New York from the time she was fourteen, and only a little over a year ago hit it square in the heel, so to speak. But with that one stroke, the city literally crumbled up and fell in her lap.

Instead of smiling at New York, Helen Kane pouted a provocative, puckered pout at it. Instead of using sophisticated terms to woo it, she muttered half under her breath a soft "Boop, boopa, doop." All the chimneys pricked up their brick ears and harkened, for when had they ever before heard a baby voice sing, "Boop, boopa, doop?"

Today over a couple of million phonograph records are grinding out 'boop, boopa, doops'; radios are broadcasting Miss Kane's singing, and last but not least, the 'mikes' in Hollywood are being tickled in the diaphragms as she shows them a few new vocal tricks.

In a cozy, five-room green stucco bungalow of doll-house proportions in Beverly Hills, with an orange tree or so in the backyard, one maid in its domain and a studio piano in its living room, Miss Kane has taken up her abode while she makes her two pictures for Paramount, to whom she is under contract. In order not to interfere with a musical comedy career, her contract reads that she makes two pictures in the east during the winter and show time. With her are her sister and her five-year-old nephew.

Noted for a baby voice that can sing naughty little songs and just make them sound cute and funny, she looks exactly as she ought to look. She is just so high with round, round hazel eyes that look up at you appealingly. Wisps of short black hair curl around an oval face. She is cuddly, with bona fide curves in a town gone diet mad. Her way of talking in a baby voice is as natural as breathing to her. Like everyone else she was born with a baby voice, with baby looks and with baby eyes, only as she grew up—but not very much up—she kept certain tones in her voice, held onto (Continued on page 100)
HERE'S the Baby-Talk Girl of Broadway, Helen Kane, now a sweet sensation in the singies. Boop-boopa-doop!
DOROTHY MACKAILL in a brand-new rôle, as a gay Senorita. With her, who wouldn't be willing to build castles in Spain?
THIS woodland nymph is really Marilyn Miller, who makes her screen debut in the all-color, singing and dancing "Sally."
FREDRIC MARCH is of the new school of screen heroes. He has agreeable manners and a soothing voice. He can stay!
CORINNE GRIFFITH refused to be daunted by the 'mike' menace. Result: she is a greater star in the audibles than ever before.
FOOTBALL, football! Loretta Young is inspiring Douglas Fairbanks Jr. to score a touch-down for the honor of First National!
NORMA TALMADGE and Gilbert Roland may always be relied upon to supply their admirers with potent love scenes—like this!
A (Hop)—Scotch Holiday
Josephine Dunn Goes In for Athletics

Josephine is discouraged. She has added and added and still she says her figure's all wrong. Excuse us, Josephine—but it looks very good from here.

In our day hop-scotch was never like this. But then we never played it with Miss Dunn.

All photographs of Miss Dunn by Ruth Harriet Louise.
You would never expect to find the aristocratic Lew Stone sprawled on a divan in the sunny living room of his beach house, a week's stubble on his jowls, roughly clad in woolen pullover and corduroy trousers, a pungent pipe dangling from his lips, would you?

Well, he wasn't!

The suave gentleman of the screen is quite the gentleman—and equally suave—in his home—properly barbered, properly groomed and properly puffing a non-nicotine cigarette.

Around Lew's beach bungalow is a wall which he doesn't need. For the wall of reserve he has built about himself is quite sufficient to keep out the unwanted. Few people penetrate beyond that wall. Lew keeps his thoughts and private life to himself. It is shared only by the diminutive circle into which his magnetic personality has drawn those whom he chooses to call his friends.

They tell a story about Lew that may or may not be true, but it's illustrative, nevertheless:

There was a formal party in a very formal home. Several hundred guests were at the affair, playing bridge, dancing, enjoying open-house hospitality.

Along toward the end of the evening, a belligerent individual stepped out into the cool patio and came upon Lew Stone silently smoking, regarding the moon as it rode in silvery grandeur above the tips of the whispy cypress trees.

"Don't blame you for coming out here," growled the intruder. "This is a bum party, eh? Whose joint is this, anyway?"

Lew flicked an ash from his cigarette, glanced quickly at the man and shrugged his shoulders.

"Mine," he replied simply, and walked away.

Lew Stone is the acme of gentility. Always affable, ever discreet, never unbending from that poised reserve that is reconciled only with his great love for the military. Indeed, if Lew has any regrets whatever as he looks back over his long and glowing career, it is that he did not yield to his first flame of desire, to be a soldier.

Reared in a military school, Stone graduated just in time to join up for the Spanish-American war (oh, yes—he's that old!) Continuously since that time he has cherished that association and never has broken his contacts with the army, remaining in reserve units, priding himself upon his records as a horseman, rifleman, fencer, boxer. When the World War came, Stone again donned khaki as a military instructor, emerging a major, a rank he holds today in the Reserve Corps.

It is a strange fact that Stone, at an age where most men are at the carpet-slipper and fireside cycle, is as great an attraction for women as in the days of the old Burbank Theater on Los Angeles' Main Street, when he was the reigning matinée idol of the West.

Lew himself sniffs at the very mention of sex appeal. He would not care to analyze his magnetism for the opposite sex. In fact, he is more gratified by the letters he receives from men and elderly people. You see, he went all through the 'mash note' stage many years ago.

Whenever he wants to get away, Lew unlimbers the gear on his yacht—a sturdy belly-beamed craft—and stands out to sea with no particular destination in mind. Hermisillo, Ensenada, Guadaloupe Island, Magdalina Bay—almost any port along the dreamy Mexican coast will do. There he cruises at will, anchors where he will and does as he will. There is no one to intrude. Whatever is to be done will be done Mexican style, manana—which means it won't be bothered with!

On a recent sea jaunt, Lew stopped in at Catalina Island to see the new Wrigley aviary of tropical birds. Smart as an admiral's barge, his trim launch swirled to the yacht club dock, and Stone stepped (Continued on page 99)
On Location
By Helen Ludlam

John Boles and Bebe Daniels in one of the many beautiful love scenes from "Rio Rita," the vivid musical romance.

We're off to the "Rio Rita" location!

To the most gorgeous country, with lovely rolling hills that remind one of Maryland except that they are not so green. A graceful Spanish hacienda had been built as the home of Rio Rita, with patios, balconies and winding staircases that were enchanting. Gardens had been planted and large trees transplanted to add to the beauty of the place—magnolias and accacias and a quantity of flowering shrubs. Near this set a wooden shed had been built for the comfort of the orchestra. It wasn't a shed exactly. It was a roof with adjustable canvas flaps on all four sides which could be arranged as awnings whichever way the sun moved.

When I arrived Bebe Daniels was having her hair dressed in her tent dressing room. These dressing rooms are the cleverest I have seen. Made of heavy and attractive striped canvas they, too, had the adjustable sides that let a current of air through the place and kept the sun from its victims. There were about fifteen of these tents all furnished with wicker furniture, dressing tables, lounge chairs and couches for the noon hour siesta. Some of the extras and bit players were enjoying a game of bridge in an unused set, the tavern, which had been shot the week before. It had not been dismantled, for there is always the chance that there might have to be a retake, and strings of garlic, chili peppers, salami and Mexican hats hanging from the rafters and any available outjutting beam. Graceful ollas supplying cool water for the thirsty ones were sitting about on benches or on the flagstones. I thought the term olla was known to everyone until I asked how to spell it and to my amazement I discovered that not one person knew what I was talking about except the native Californians. Just why they should have the monopoly I can't see, because these containers were found on every ranch in the country in the old days. But perhaps I'd better explain what they are. Long ago the Indians discovered that by mixing and baking a certain kind of red clay they could make a jar that kept water as cool as the spring from which they drew it, no matter how hot the weather or even if the jar is exposed to the direct rays of the sun. The California water companies have adopted the method and make their coolers of this same clay, only with the modern craze for adulteration they don't make the con-
with Bebe Daniels for "Rio Rita"

Beauty—Color—Songs—Bebe! Come Along on this Alluring Location

tainer one hundred per cent clay so the water isn't as cool. The word olla is pronounced ayya.

At the scene of action five or six horses pranced in front of the cameras mounted by fierce desperados bent upon entering the senorita's domain—for no good reason, you can be sure. In real life the 'desperados' were very nice men indeed, most of whom had little knowledge of horseback riding and none whatever of how to crash a lady's home. But we are in the movies, and in the movies we do many strange things! The smallest horse held the largest and fattest man. Isn't that always the way? As he galloped down the hill for another 'take' the side lines roared with laughter. "I'll bet that horse isn't laughing so hard," said Don Alvarado. "Gosh, no! He's sway-backed already," said one of the grips. But the pony kicked his heels so I took it for granted that he was cheerful and undismayed.

"Rio Rita" is Don Alvarado's first talkie and he is very excited about it. In "Rio Rita" he plays Bebe Daniels' brother and a very handsome young blade he is, though don't tell him I said so. I'm just letting you in on a secret—he's really handsomer off than on the screen. He is not at all the delicate-looking youth that his fine characterization of the 'fire and ice' man in "The Battle of the Sexes" might lead you to believe. He is lean and sinewy and looked as if he might be a difficult person to worst in a scrap.

I didn't see John Boles until almost time for lunch. He had been doing some hard riding during the early part of the morning and had gone to his tent to change and get a rub down.

We had lunch in the mess tent that was large enough to shelter four hundred people—and just the week before it had been asked to do so when the chorus were working. The sides of this tent were also elevated as awnings so that instead of being hot as most tents are it was delightfully cool.

I don't think I ever saw a more luxuriant location lunch. Two kinds of salad, salami, cold ham, cold tongue, cold roast beef, hot soup, hot or iced tea and coffee, milk and ice cream. It was swell, and served by the McHuron caterers. They brought everything out in chuck wagons, one with a charcoal incubator. It is quite a trick to keep so many people comfortable in so isolated a spot, two or three miles from a habitation of any sort. Two hundred and fifty five-gallon bottles of drinking water were used daily as well as one thousand pounds of ice, Justin McClosky, the assistant director,

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Come Along to the Quaint Norman-French Farmhouse that Laura and Bill Seiter call Home!

"It's a great racket," and so is this tennis court on Malibu Beach where Laura La Plante's new home is located.

How Laura La Plante Entertains

By Jason Carroll

We started in Hollywood, drove through the bewildering beauties of Beverly Hills where scores of picture stars and other celebrities reside, on through Bel-Air and the famed Riviera until we finally dropped down over the Palisades at Santa Monica. But we had really just started. We drove on past the beach clubs and public beaches where thousands are seen daily, bathing or acquiring their sun-kist tans, on through the new Castellmare region on the high cliffs, on and on past Topango canyon, the ruins of the old Ince-by-the-sea studio, until finally we found ourselves approaching Malibu.

Here in this exclusive spot, nestling between towering purple mountains and the booming breakers of the Pacific, is the far-famed beach rendezvous of the elite in the Hollywood picture colony. But we didn't tarry here. The goal of this story, the end of the rainbow, was still ten miles further on, over the new State highway which runs along the ocean from Santa Monica, through the immense Rindge rancho which has just been opened to public traffic after long years of litigation.

Ten miles more, making exactly thirty-six miles from Hollywood! During this mileage one may still see something of the old West, real cowboys ridin' herd on some stray cattle, both horses and riders stopping to stare curiously at the never-ending stream of metal monsters which have invaded their domain.

Finally, we dropped down off the cliffs to gaze upon a large bay, where only an occasional cottage dotted the primeval shores. There is a lighthouse, next a steamboat, and further off, nestling against a point, a picturesque Norman farmhouse. The keeper of the lighthouse is Pauline Frederick, the captain of the steamboat is a wealthy businessman, and the dwellers in the quaint Norman farmhouse on the beach are Laura La Plante and William A. Seiter. We had reached our destination!

What price seclusion? Laura and Bill actually live in this far-away spot. It's beautiful beyond dreams, but
Laura and Bill are working folks. They work from ten to twelve and fourteen hours at their studios when they’re making pictures, and as they are highly popular in their respective professions of star and director, they are always working. Yet they cheerfully drive approximately seventy-five miles six days out of every seven to enjoy the absolute seclusion of the night or day at their beach home because they love it with a love that is easily understood, once one has seen this exquisite retreat and thrilled with the peace and comfort of it all.

"Isn’t it great to be so far away from the hurly-burly of Hollywood—and yet so near?" asked mine host, Bill Seiter, as he settled down in an immense easy chair. Laura hied herself upstairs for a siesta, before making preparations for the influx of guests on the morrow, Sunday.

"I drive down here from the First National studio in an hour and Laura can make it in the same time from Universal. Of course," and he grinned, adding a knowing wink, "it takes much longer going back. For pure enjoyment we wouldn’t trade this little home for all Beverly Hills. We have to spend one night in town at our apartment in the Country Club Manor, and darned if we don’t feel all cooped up. Tell you a funny one about Laura. She used to have a dickens of a time getting from our city apartment to the studio on time when she had an early morning call, and now she almost gets there in time to help the janitor open up in the morning. This is the life, buddy—nothing but vim and vigor, and believe me, you need gobs of that in these hectic days of making movies that talk, sing, dance, or what have you!"

Suiting actions to words, Bill donned his tennis togs which consisted of the necessary part of a bathing suit, whaled the daylight out of the writer two out of three sets, and then led a dash, in which Laura joined, into the booming surf. We swam out to a

(Continued on page 111)
“Hollywood—where men are men and women are glad of it!”

Credit Eddie Buzell with that wise crack, as well as many others. Eddie is the original wise-cracking kid of Broadway. And, like all the other stage stars, he’s in the movies now!

I saw Eddie after he returned from Hollywood, where he made “Little Johnny Jones.” “The movies can have me; I’m theirs,” says Eddie. “If they like me as much as I like them, it’s a real love match.”

Eddie’s life in Hollywood was made exciting because of the fact that he had to ride a horse, for the first time, in his role of jockey in the picture. He formulated some rules of equine etiquette a la Emily Post, as follows:

“Mount from the horse’s left side. A horse considers it a serious breach of etiquette to attempt the reverse.

“Gather the reins firmly in the left hand. The stronger grip of the right should be reserved for holding the saddle. You’ll need it.

“Begin conversation with your horse in this manner: ‘Whoa, Ginger. Steady, boy. Easy now. Hup-hup-hup-hup-hup!’ (The latter part of the conversation will come naturally, for your mount has started to trot. Hold tongue well within teeth to prevent removal by jogging motion.)

“Now you must post. Posting is a purely defensive move. It will come naturally enough after you have trotted for a few minutes. You simply transfer part of the wear and tear to your feet by standing in the stirrups.

“On leaving the horse, try to hold the body limp. This avoids broken bones; only a few bruises are likely to result.”
Eddie Quillan came up to the Screenland editorial offices while he was in town, just to say hello. Dad Quillan came with him; and you should know Dad; he's a real character. He is Scotch, and when he talks you can easily imagine you're listening to Harry Lauder. But Dad isn't on the stage any more. He and his family used to be popular in vaudeville as The Four Quillans. But now all the kids are in the movies—especially Eddie, who is Pathé's particular pride and joy. Eddie is a little fellow with a handsome head and a grave air of responsibility—at least, he was awfully serious when I saw him. Perhaps the strain of personal appearances—five or six a day—was to blame. Anyway, he was very much in earnest, with the gravity of the very young. It was Dad Quillan who sprang up to illustrate with a few spry steps some of the routine that Eddie does in his act. The younger Quillan has a very professional manner for one so young; he talks about his work with the

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MAKE-UP

The girl of today expresses her personality through the medium of make-up carefully applied, and chosen with an eye to the subtle art of accenting her natural beauty.

By Anne Van Alstyne

Last month we discussed different types of skins and I promised to go on from there with a talk on make-up. But before we begin this dissertation I want to state, girls, that an unhealthy or neglected skin cannot be made beautiful by the use of cosmetics alone. Powder and rouge never can take the place of proper skin care. But if you will adopt a system of wholesome living, intelligent skin treatment and careful cleansing, you can acquire a good skin if you haven't one already. And when you have it, hold that pose—as the movie directors say—and don't spoil it by using make-up so obviously that it destroys your natural beauty. And don't go to the other extreme and use none at all!

Cosmetics probably have been used ever since there was a woman in the world. The Egyptians of the Old Empire, some thirteen hundred years or so before Tut-ankh-Amen knew about cosmetics, for we have it on good authority that 'the painting and rouging of the face was as important to them as their clothes—and even the deceased were not happy without seven kinds of salve and two sorts of rouge.' And the learned gentlemen who busied themselves a few years ago in digging up Palestine found that about thirty centuries back women had the usual assortment of cosmetics and priceless alabaster bowls to keep them in!

But, no matter how ancient the practise, painting and rouging the face did not become popular with the best people until quite recently. Courtesans from Marc Antony's day to Elmer Gantry's painted and powdered. Actresses used cosmetics as a
part of their stock in trade and grand dames followed their colorful example. As time passed, and modern life marched along, great hosts of women began pinching their cheeks and biting their lips to produce color.

Then specialists appeared with special preparations and more or less good results. Women began to realize that beauty must be more than skin deep. Dental surgeons and oculists got in their good work. Beauty specialists improved and multiplied. The hard-boiled complexions of thirty years ago are but a memory. Women have learned the gentle art of make-up. The neatly tinted girl of today has learned to express herself and wear rouge and lipstick at the same time. And this is how—as Mr. Kipling might say—make-up came to be "just so."

Every woman, in this modern age, needs cosmetics. She may be ever so beautiful, but there comes a time in every woman's life when a few dabs of powder and a bit of rouge will go a long way toward helping her physically and morally dejected soul. I don't mean that cosmetics will save her soul, but they won't ruin it, and they will cheer it up. And they will hide, temporarily, at least, the effects of fatigue and illness.

And the comforting thing is—if comfort is needed!—that science and the law have combined to protect the woman who depends upon toilet preparations as she depends on her daily bread. No longer does one need to doubt the purity of creams, powders and other beautifying agents. Whether displayed in the beautiful salons of the famous beauty specialists, at the corner drug store or in the department stores, every reputable brand of cosmetics today is scientifically made and is composed of ingredients that must measure up to a high

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Come into the Kitchen

A Comedy Queen the World Over, but in Hollywood They Know Her as a Culinary Artist

LOUISE FAZENDA’S FAVORITE RECIPES

COOKIES

2 cups butter 1 cup sugar 1 cup finely chopped almonds 2 egg yolks

Grated rind and juice of ½ lemon 1 teaspoonful baking powder 2 cups pastry flour 2 teaspoons vanilla

Cream butter and sugar, stir in egg unbeaten, add lemon, vanilla and nuts. Add 2 cups of the flour and all baking powder. Mix well and add as much more flour as needed. Bake thin in moderate oven.

PRUNE CAKE

1½ cup prunes, stewed and chopped 1¼ cup sugar ½ cup pastry flour 1 teaspoon soda ½ teaspoon baking powder ½ teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon cinnamon 1 teaspoon nutmeg ½ teaspoon cloves ½ lemon extract 1 egg and 2 extra yolks 3 tablespoonful sour cream ½ cup butter

Cream sugar and butter, add eggs, beaten together, add prunes, extract and milk. Sift all dry things together well and add to first mixture. Bake in layer cake tins about 30 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream.

Louise Fazenda suggests the cookie-and-tea treatment to every director who has come to dread the zero hour from four to five.

LOUISE FAZENDA, comedy queen!
Louise Fazenda, culinary queen!

Nearly all the world knows her as the first. Hollywood recognizes her as the second and will tell you she is as expert a cookie maker as she once was a pie tosser in the early days of her comedy career.

“No, I never make pies,” said Louise. “A pie to me is something soft and squishy that you either throw at someone or that someone throws at you. I see other people eating and enjoying pies. But I always lean toward a roll or a good substantial cookie. Somehow I cannot imagine custard pie being a pal for the palate of anyone who was identified with the old Sennett comedies. Can you?”

Cooking—particularly cookie cooking—has always been a hobby of Louise’s. It isn’t the actual preparation of

This exclusive beach cottage is the habitation of Miss Fazenda’s prized possessions, two Scotch and Irish terriers.
BUTTERSCOTCH ICE BOX COOKIES

2 cups brown sugar
1 cup butter
2 eggs
1 teaspoonful cream of tartar
1 teaspoonful soda
1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 teaspoonful salt
3 1/2 cups cake flour
1 cup chopped nuts

Cream sugar and butter and add eggs, one at a time. Beat well. Sift all dry ingredients together and add. Shape into rolls 2 inches in diameter and 6 inches long. Wrap in oiled paper and place in ice box. Bake any time after 24 hours, in thin slices. Cut with knife. Bake in cookie tins.

FUDGE

2 squares bitter chocolate
2 cups sugar
3/4 cup milk
2 tablespoonsful light corn syrup
2 tablespoonsful butter

Hold out butter and vanilla and cook all else until soft ball forms in cold water. Remove from fire and add butter and vanilla. Do not beat until almost cold. Then stir until ready for buttered tins. If fudge sugars when cold, put back on fire, add small quantity lemon juice, 2 tablespoons vanilla and 1 tablespoon corn syrup. Treat as before.

delicious dishes that absorbs Louise so much as that
intangible bond of friendliness which the personally cooked dish creates.

Louise may work all day on a talkie set at First National. But she isn’t too tired to make that sample dish of fudge that she promised Dorothy Mackaill.

You are liable to telephone her at 9 o’clock at night and learn from her maid that she is engrossed in stuffing 18 squabs against tomorrow night’s dinner party.

“Oh, I like to do it,” is Louise’s explanation. She has been cooking since her school days at the old Los Angeles High School when there was no maid or cook in the Fazenda family. Now, when every luxury is at her finger tips—well, there is a certain combination of condiments that lifts squab out of the bird class into something approximating the spiritual in cuisine, Louise will tell you with a twinkle in each eye.

“I remember how it was when I was a little girl and watched my grandmother on entertaining afternoons. Everybody usually sat around stiff and formal until tea and cakes were served. Then the self-conscious atmosphere seemed to disappear at once. There is something about people eating together that creates a certain little intimacy between them.”

Louise discovered this early in the game of her comedy-making days. She would make cookies and cakes and bring them on the sets in the old Mack Sennett studio. She could not forget the birth date of the most reserved player in the cast. We have it on the authoritative statement of any number of responsible persons that she never let the birthday of any player in

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THE SPIRIT OF "PARIS"

Only a French sophisticate like Irene Bordoni, actress of smart musical comedy rôles, could wear this 'ostrich' gown designed especially for her first Vitaphone production, "Paris." This graceful bouffant gown is of gray chiffon velvet trimmed in sequins and ostrich feathers. The striking headdress is developed in sequins and matching plumes.
The talkies bring Jimmy Gleason and Bob Armstrong together again, in a talking comedy called "Oh, Yeah?" Is zat so!

YEAH? YEAH!

Robert Armstrong Speaks his Mind about Talking Pictures

By Joseph Howard

Armstrong declared that he very rarely sees a talking picture which does not interest him in some detail, even though the entire production does not appeal to him. He contrasted this reaction to that he felt for silent pictures.

"Either I liked a silent picture or I didn't like it. If I liked it, I kept my eyes open. Otherwise I was likely to fall asleep. Now it's entirely different with talking pictures. I invariably find some little characterization or some clever innuendo of voice that holds my interest even though the production as a whole does not come up to expectations. I find this feeling general among a lot of people with whom I have discussed the question."

Armstrong said he believed the great danger imperilling talking pictures is their tendency to be too mechanical. The man who controls the sound apparatus is not an artist with his eye on the picture as an artistic whole. He is interested only in seeing that each sound has as nearly perfect recording as is possible.

"I can explain this best by telling of an incident that happened to me during the shooting of 'Big News.' I played the role of a typical newspaper reporter. Now it would have been ridiculous for (Continued on page 102)
"What Picture Shall We See Tonight?" Let

tion and Guide You to the Worth-While

**Man and the Moment**

There's more fun in following the conventions than in defying them, might be the moral, if any, drawn from the new Billie Dove-Rod La Rocque opus, written by Madame Glyn. Billie—just a nice girl from a small Iowa town—gets mixed up with a jazzy, ginny, yachting crowd. Climax comes when Billie's clothes are found in La Rocque's bed room the morning after a wild party (shame on you, Billie) by a night club blonde out to ruin Billie's rep. Later, in the battle heat La Rocque breaks through a glass swimming pool revue to rescue his wife—you knew it all the time—from another man's arms. Fitzmaurice takes this impossible peach parfait of a tale and whips it into a mildly amusing comedy, saved by Billie's beauty and charm.

**The Gamblers**

H. B. Warner and Lois Wilson are the featured talkers here. In this supposed behind-the-scenes story of stock market manipulations we find George Fawcett and Jason Robards mixed up in crooked deals, with Warner, the bank examiner, married to Lois, who still loves Robards. Not a cough of truth in this carload of film.

**Madonna of Avenue "A"**

The beauty of Dolores Costello and the talent of Louise Dresser can't save this melodrama. Dolores is in a private school, and mama, Louise, is doing business in a low Manhattan dive to pay the bills. Grant Withers, a bootlegging Lothario, falls for Dolores but mama has him framed and jailed away. A happy ending for daughter, an unhappy ending for mama.

**The Constabule**

A baby comedy feature with Andy Clyde, Harry Gribbon and Thelma Hill pulling funny surprises faster than you can laugh. Thelma's gone and got herself graduated from college. Pa wants her to marry the village constabule—but Thelma objects. A robbery and a race between a Ford and a hand car which bursts the last button off the vest.

**Hungarian Rhapsody**

Filled with beauty, young love and Magyar melodies. Lil Dagover, the luscious vamping wife of a general, flirts with Willy Fritsch, a Lieutenant, whom Dita Parlo, a country girl, loves. This triangular romance staged in rolling Hungarian wheat fields with picturesque peasants and harvest festivals as a background, is a film worth seeing.
Screenland's Revuettes Answer Your Questions in Screen Entertainment, Talking or Silent

**Fast Company**
Funny gags, lively songs, plenty of love making, in this baseball story, one of the first to be filmed by the talkies. Lardner wrote it, Sutherland directed. Jack Oakie is the hero, a dumb country boy who loves to eat. But hot Evelyn Brent takes his mind off his food. Oakie's the Home Run King when he can keep his eyes on the ball and off chorines and gamblers. 'Skeets' Gallagher, Gwen Lee, Sam Hardy, Chester Conklin support Jack and Evelyn. High lights of the film come when Oakie gives a speech over the radio—only to learn 'mike' is disconnected; and when you see and hear the big game of the World Series with Jack doing a Babe Ruth. Mike Donlin and many old-timers of the Diamond are among the technicians and extras in this snappy picture. Don't miss it.

**The Drake Murder Case**
Another movie murder, and a well-knit one. Amateur sleuths can have fun trying to guess the outcome. There are courtroom scenes in which Forrest Stanley—remember him?—as prosecuting attorney, and Robert Frazier for the defense do splendid work. The defendant is a lady with a past. Director Edward Laemmle makes the most of his material.

**Half-Marriage**
A hotsy-totsy picture, full of boudoir stuff, studio parties, and country club dances. The high light is where Olive Borden is pursued out a studio window ledge by said menace who clutches, wavers, falls—forty feet below. Morgan Farley, from Broadway, Ken Murray, and Richard Tucker ably support Miss Borden. An exciting picture well worth seeing.

**Ticklish Business**
Shylock called the turn on this one. He said, "If you tickle us do we not laugh?" And that's what I say on this talking comedy. Monte Collins and Vernon Dent start tickling us from the time the film unrolls. It's the story of a ham song-writing team whose best artistic efforts are busted up by the wife. A safe bet for anybody's evening.

**The College Coquette**
Just another college picture! All the old ingredients are here: a girl expelled because she tried to save her room mate's honor, hops and dates and the college coach falling for the dear little collegiate Lorelei. Ruth Taylor, William Collier Jr., and Jobyna Ralston put up a good but losing fight against a story without merit.
At last there threatens to be another epoch in the style of men's clothes. Not since the days when men outdid women in a sartorial display of silks, brocades and laces has there ever threatened such an open revolt as seems to be in the air now. And for once Hollywood didn't start it! We don't blame the men—we've often wondered why they didn't do something about boiled shirts and high, stiff collars long ago. Now the thing seems to be for the gentlemen to go about in their pajamas!

Hollywood has had so much to worry about recently that the subject of new clothes for men hasn't been given paramount consideration; but Sam Hardy is going to sound the Masquers on the subject and George Fawcett thinks that pajamas of a conservative cut in silk pongee, linen or flannel wouldn't be a bad idea at all. Nick Stuart hopes they won't start wearing shorts because he thinks they would be ugly, but the collars certainly should be altered. They are the things that cause all the discomfort. Eddie Lowe thinks it is all a tempest in a teapot. He's perfectly satisfied with men's clothes as they are. But then Eddie wears his 'soup and fish' with as much ease and grace as a lounging robe, and has made quite a name for himself thereby, so perhaps he shouldn't be chosen to speak for the rest.

* * *

Norman Kerry had been in England just three days when he got a cable from Universal to come back pronto and step into his old role in "Phantom of the Opera," which is to be done as a talkie. So Norman hurried back. Not alone into his old part, but into his same old dressing-room as well. It is number 107, and when he went to the Western Costume Company there was the old suit which fit him just as it did four or five years ago when the silent picture was made. Not so bad, Norman, not so bad!

* * *

The Brown Derby is giving the Montmartre Café some competition. The film stars go there more often than anywhere else right now and seem to feel perfectly at home, for they appear in costume and make-up during the lunch hour frequently.

Lupe Velez dashes in looking like a little gypsy in a bizarre creation, and Gary Cooper with her. For a minute we thought Gary had on make-up, too. He sported a three-day beard and a tramping outfit that looked as if it had led a hard life. "Oh, is that Gary Cooper?" cried a disappointed fan who had evidently expected to find him in faultless flannels or something.

Just the old shock of finding that our idols are flesh-and-blood folks as we are, and that they like to bust around in old clothes sometimes, just as we do. The only difference is that we can slip out once in awhile and get away with it, whereas a screen celebrity can never be himself unless his nature is great enough to let him treat the world as his family, as Gary occasionally does.

Enid Bennett was standing at the door of her husband's office on the Metro lot when she caught sight of Bessie Love walking toward her dressing room. "Why," she said, "I thought I was the only person in the world who had an Indian blanket coat just like that, and look at
Bessie Love with the twin of mine!

Enid Bennett’s husband is Fred Niblo, you know, and they just returned from an automobile tour of the northern states and Canada. While in Canada Mrs. Niblo bought her coat of an Indian and she never supposed that anything like it would ever reach a Hollywood shop. But everything travels nowadays. There is no standing still any longer.

By the way, the films are trying to persuade Enid Bennett to come back. So watch out for her.

Who says that once a picture goes the rounds it’s through? Marion Davies chartered the Film Arts Theater on Vine Street to give a benefit week for orphans of war veterans, and ran some of yesterday’s successes as attractions.

The enterprise is in its third week and still going strong! You have to stand in line sometimes for three quarters of an hour and one friend of ours was turned away at the end of that time because the house was full.

The first day of the benefit offered “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse”; the second offered “The Kid” and a midnight performance of “Broken Blossoms.” Then followed “Blood and Sand,” “The Sheik,” and other favorites, as well as a quantity of old Mack Sennett comedies made in the days when Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver and Charlie Chaplin were members of the cast.

Movietone weddings seem to be the thing in Hollywood today. Movietone recorded the nuptial vows at the weddings of May McAvoy and Anita Stewart, and was about to record Harry Langdon’s when something went wrong with the mechanism at the crucial moment. The heavy load on the electric transformer plunged not only the home of Alice Calhoun, in which the wedding was held, into total darkness but the whole of Benedict Canyon as well.

For once the principal actors in the scene didn’t have to wait until the electricians did their stuff, for everyone scurried about and dug up enough candles to carry on with. And although Harry and his bride will not have a strip of sound film to remember the occasion by, the soft light of the candles stamped a lovelier memory of the scene than the grinding of the cameras would have done.

An old friend is coming back to Screenland. Remember Charlotte Merriam when she starred in Vitagraph pictures? Well, she and Rex Lease got married and it didn’t go so well; so, although each still thinks the other is marvelous, they decided to part matrimonial company. And now Charlotte is back on the job again and just adoring it. Her first picture was “Pleasure Crazed” for Fox; and she has just finished “Second Choice,” in which she plays the girl who gets Chester Morris away from Dolores Costello. And you must admit that a gal has to be pretty good to get a boy away from the fair Dolores, once he has definitely looked her way.

The other day we were driving back from the beach when a swanky-looking touring car passed us arrogantly on the left driven by a chauffeur. The top was down and the occupants of the back seat were too engrossed in one another to notice that they were passing friends. We honked frantically, whereupon Patsy Ruth Miller and Tay Garnett looked around.

“Look,” cried Pat, taking Tay’s face in her two hands and turning it so that we could see. Tay was growing a moustache!

More honking made us all turn and there were the Gleasons bobbing along. Jimmy was driving, Mrs. Gleason was beside him and Russell and the pup were on the back seat. Pat had to show off Tay’s new attraction to them.
She was on her knees by that time, turning Tay this way and that, the better to exhibit him. All this while we were clipping long Sunset Boulevard of a Sunday afternoon if you please, by some miracle keeping our wheels untangled. But our frantic gesticulations and screamings to each other from the three cars at last attracted so much attention a traffic jam threatened unless we broke away.

Pat and Tay will probably be married by the time you read these lines, as the wedding is set for September and the invitation list is being made out.

Breakfast Club the other morning for some ham and eggs. She created a bit of a stir as she made her entrance because she is a very lovely blonde—so lovely that when people first see her it takes their breath a little.

Near the entrance stood a small group of men dressed in white with shirts open at the throat. They were very brown. They, too, looked at the young lady but she dismissed them after a casual glance and a mental note since she did not recognize them: “Some of the new Mexican help, probably.”

Feature her embarrassment when the ‘Mexican help’ turned out to be Joseph Schenck, Harry Richman (Clara Bow’s boy friend), and Douglas Fairbanks!

Joe, Mary Pickford’s favorite pet, is no more. Joe was a macaw, given Mary by her mother who brought it with her from South America. For years Joe has occupied a large outdoor cage back of Mary’s bungalow on the United Artists lot. He made friends with everyone in his sleepy, grouchily way, and all of us who used to stop and pass the time of the day with him will miss him. Mary and Doug have left for Europe, where they will install Mary’s niece, little Mary, in a school in Switzerland.
Over Universal way John Robertson is directing "The Shanghai Lady" in which Mary Nolan is featured. That nifty little lady was dressed just as you would imagine a white girl living by her wits in China would be dressed. Saucy blonde curls with a captivating scarlet tam cocked on one ear; cream silk blouse and scarlet jacket and skirt to match, so short and scant that its mother would blush if she saw it.

The company works at night and sometimes Mary does not get home until the early hours of the morning. On one of these occasions, Mary, too tired to change and remove her make-up, drove to the Roosevelt Hotel where she is stopping, just in her working clothes. As she asked at the desk whether there were any messages for her she noticed a girl and her young man eyeing her in an interested fashion. They evidently lived in the hotel too, for they waited with her for the elevator. When Mary saw they were "taking her big" she rose to the compliment and flashed some of the terrible imitation jewelry she was wearing at them. "Hot Dawg!" said the man. The girl froze until Mary thought they were going to have to turn on the steam to thaw her out.

"These picture people!" she heard the girl remark as she left the elevator at her floor.

"I suppose I should be careful how I look when I go in and out of the Roosevelt," Mary smiled, "but I couldn't resist teasing them when they fell so hard for the way I looked. They

for November 1929

Hollywood has as many beauties as Broadway. Donaive Lee, Ruth Morgan, Evelyn Pierce and Colette Moore are the four picked by Samuel Goldwyn to play in Ziegfeld's "Show Girl."

never did get on to the fact that I was in costume."

** **

"Are you coming to our party?" asked Vivian Duncan of Screenland's representative. "You were invited two months ago, remember? We don't know when it is going to be, but sometime soon. You see, I like the mountains and Hymie (meaning Rosetta) likes the ocean, so to have any peace we rented two houses. Mine's on a hill in Hollywood and Hymie's is at the beach and the party will progress from one house to the other."


The three husky musketeers are Nick Stuart, Charles Farrell and Richard Keene—rivals for screen roles at the Fox studio, pals in private life.
have much to do that day so she could be sociable, but Rosetta
was cramming lines and rehearsing like a little war-horse with—
whom do you think? Crane Wilbur! Yep. He’s back on the
screen because he happened to be just the type for this part. Not
exactly a villain this time. He was rather a nice person, I should
say by the action of the scene we saw. A trifle stern, but
honorable.
Crane has been directing and writing for Metro all summer.
He wrote the scenario and dialog for “Lord Byron of Broadway,”
which William Nye will direct.

A certain actress from the cast not yet used to Hollywood con-
viviality asked some friends to tea. She asked a friend of her
mother’s to drop in too. But the friend had lived in Hollywood for
many years and did not go to parties. The young actress saw the
older woman a day or two afterwards and said, “My dear, you
were quite right not to come to my party. I never saw such a
party in all my life. I asked about 150 people to drop in between
three and six for tea. About 400 came, and do you know what
time we closed the doors on the last lingering guest? Four o’clock
in the morning! Yes, ma’am! They ate everything in sight and
drank everything but the swimming pool. Not only that, but

I didn’t know half the people who turned up.”
We’re afraid the little lady was a victim of
our chatty custom of dropping in for a good time
wherever we see lights and cars. That’s all
—just wanted to make her feel at home and
welcome!

Mary Pickford has never stopped loving “Tess
of the Storm Country.” John Robertson, who
directed Mary in that popular old play, was visit-
ing the United Artists Studio and Mary spied
him coming down the drive. Planting herself
directly in his path she demanded with arms
akimbo: “Now what air you a-doin’ on this lot?”
And do you know who got a start in that
same picture besides the handsome Lloyd Hughes?
Well, do you remember Ben Letts, the terrible
villain? And do you remember who played him?
Jean Hersholt.

One is apt to meet the stars out here in Rolls
Royces or Fords. It doesn’t make much difference which Hollywood has gone plumb crazy over Henry’s product. Almost everyone has a ‘new Ford.’ We were hustling down Western Avenue trying to get ahead of the stop signal and another Ford was trying to do the same thing to cross Western. Neither of us could quite make it. Who do you suppose was driving the other Ford, all by her little self? Mary Pickford. And that same evening we were driving with Danny Danker and Margaret Ettinger when a Rolls that was trying to park its unwieldy length in a space too small for it in front of the Roosevelt almost crashed into Danny’s new La Salle in an outward lunge. And who should be getting into the Rolls? Mary and Douglas Fairbanks.

In a recent picture Rex Lease had to have an argument with a lion. The animal was afterward named after him. One day Rex went in to the cage and the lion, whose foot slipped on a board, lunged heavily toward him. “Even the people outside the cage were scared,” said Rex.

“Were you scared?” someone asked.

“Was I scared? With a four hundred and fifty pound lion coming my way and me locked in his cage? Say, I was scared for two days — and I don’t mean maybe. I didn’t know he slipped. He had just been fed and when he leaned my way I just figured that I looked like more!”

First National got together a marvelous set for “Lilies of the Field,” starring Corinne Griffith. It was a cabaret supposed to represent the mechanical age. There were revolving wheels and disks bewildering one with their dizzy light. All the girls and boys were fixed up with the most astounding costumes, also to represent machinery.

Cissie Fitzgerald, a generation ago the toast of two continents, plays the older actress who gives the young ones good advice. “Don’t drink, my dears,” she tells them, “unless you are with a man. In that case it may do you some good. But don’t drink alone. It won’t get you anywhere.”

Miss Fitzgerald was resplendent in a black velvet gown with a dozen or more diamond ornaments emblazoning her bodice. We noticed that the redundant lines of her figure brought back memories of women as they used to be. “It’s the corsets,” that lovely lady smiled.

By the time you read this, Janet Gaynor will have become the bride of Lydell Peck, the young lawyer who has been her devoted swain for a long time. Here’s happiness!
ASK ME!

An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

By Miss Vee Dee

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish, an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, Screenland Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

FLUFFY of Toronto. I thought you'd be back again, you little ball of eiderdown. Information is the thing. I have it and you want it. Well, here! Roland Drew's real name is Walter Goss. He was born in 1903 in Elmhurst, L. I. He is no relation to Don Alvarado, whose real name is Jose Paige. Don was born November 4, 1904, in Albuquerque, N. M. Joan Crawford was a dancer in Ernest Young's revue, "Innocent Eyes," in 1922 in Chicago; and later in Shubert's "Passing Show" in New York City before going into pictures. Some of the stars send their photographs free, but I'm not telling such and such for I do not know.

Ida L. M., Budapest, Hungary. Friendly greetings and many thanks for the beautiful letter. All the things you say about my department are true. Oh, no, I'm not boastful—some of the other contributors to this magazine are good, too! Your favorite, Clive Brook, was born June 1, 1891, in London, England. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. His mother was an opera singer and his wife, Mildred Evelyn, also English, used to be an actress. He was in films in London for two years before appearing under contract to Thomas Ince in 1924. "Interference" is the first talking picture his favorite has appeared in. Write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lonely Brunette from Brier Hill, Surrey, Eng. Cheer up! You can always turn to my department for consolation—and the latest dates and weights. William Powell was born in Kansas City, Mo., on July 29, 1892. He has dark brown hair, grey eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 168 pounds. He has had a long stage career, fitting him admirably for the talkies. Besides the films you mention, he has appeared in "Feel My Pulse," "Partners in Crime," "The Drag Net," "The Vanishing Pioneer," "Forgotten Faces," and a few talking films, "Interference" and "The Canary Murder Case." You can reach Olive Borden at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Alice from Atlanta, Ga. I see many new faces this month with whom I'd like to shake hands—no mean feat, I assure you. Katherine MacDonald appeared in "Old Loves and New." Barbara Kent and Greta Nissen are not married. Mary Astor is the wife of Kenneth Hawkes. Laura La Plante is Mrs. William Seiter in private life and Buster Keaton and Natalie Tallmadge are happily married and the parents of two husky boys.

Norma K. of Bellevue, Pa. Ready to pop a lot of questions, are you? What is this anyway, a scream test? Lionel Barrymore and Charles Delaney played the two principal male characters in "The Thirteenth Hour," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film. Clara Bow, Charles Rogers and Richard Arlen get their pay checks and fan mail at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Just Me from Toronto, Canada. So you think I'd make a marvelous actress? I'd rather be an actor, if you won't mind; and if you do, I'd rather be one anyway, like Wheeler or Big Boy. George Lewis played in "College Spirit" with Dorothy Gulliver. You can reach him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. George was born in Mexico City, Mex., on Dec. 10, about 24 years ago. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. His wife is Mary Lou Lohman, a non-professional. You can write Gary Cooper and James Hall at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Edmund Lowe at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Conrad Nagel and Patsy Ruth Miller at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

M. M. S. of Maze. Ramon Novarro appears in "The Pagan." His tenor voice is heard in native songs which are a part of the film. Dorothy Janis is the girl who got paid for listening in. Lucky kid. Greta Garbo has golden hair and blue eyes. Her next film will be a talking version of "Anna Christie." Dolores Costello has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her latest release is "Second Choice," produced by Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Fran of Chicago. Favorable comment is

Ben Lyon, always a favorite, who will play opposite his fiancée, Bebe Daniels, in her next picture.
New Magic in Make-Up
For Every Woman

What Hollywood’s Screen Stars Know About the Magic Beauty Power of Make-Up, Now Revealed by Max Factor, Filmland’s Make-Up Genius.

Discover How You Can Double Your Beauty With this Priceless Secret.

By Florence Vondelle

WOUL] you like to know how to gain a radiant beauty more alluring than the fascinating vision of your fondest dreams?

Would you like to know how to give to your cheeks a complexion color that rivals the blush of a rose?

Would you like to know how to give to your eyes a luminous sparkle; how to accentuate their size and surround them with the shadow of mystery?

Would you like to know how to give to your lips the irresistible warm red of life and love?

And would you like to know how to harmonize each make-up essential...your powder, your rouge, your lipstick and other requisites...into a rarely beautifull ensemble of color harmony, blending with your complexion as perfectly as though Nature had again taken the artist’s brush to create a masterpiece, in your own likeness, of beauty, of charm, and of personality.

This you may know, and more...for Max Factor, Filmland’s genius of make-up, will unfold to you the magic of make-up as it is known to Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Laura La Plante, and the host of screen stars in Hollywood.

Max Factor will create just for you, a make-up in color harmony...for this is Hollywood’s beauty secret. Under blazing motion picture lights, Max Factor discovered this secret of beauty in make-up...and he originated colors in powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials to blend in color harmony with every complexion coloring. Pronounced perfect by stars and studios alike, Max Factor’s make-up is insurance of faultless beauty in the feature pictures you see.

Likewise, in Max Factor’s Society Make-Up, based on the same revolutionary principle of cosmetic color harmony, you will find, as have the screen stars, a magic beauty power in every-day make-up.

Let this new way to instant beauty be unfolded to you by the creator of make-up for famous screen stars. Accept this priceless beauty gift...your own complexion analysis, your own make-up color harmony chart and a copy of Max Factor’s book, “The New Art of Society Make-Up”

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in “Marianne”

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Make-Up by MAX FACTOR

Marion Davies, whose beauty and vivacious personality have held you entranced, will be even more fascinating than ever in her new, all-talking picture, “Marianne”.

Marion Davies, who would never even think of using any but Max Factor’s Make-Up says in a note to Max Factor:

“In the make-up ensemble, as in the costume ensemble, each essential must be in color harmony to create a becoming effect...and this I believe, is the beauty secret of your Society Make-Up”.

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sweet to our ears and eyes and you'd be surprised how much we can digest. Gary Cooper worked as an extra for one year in pictures before he got a part in an independent company in a two-reeler. His first notable role was in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" with Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. Mary Brian was the girl in "Brown of Harvard" with William Haines. Bill, one of the wisest wise-crackers of Hollywood, has been in the movies since 1921 after a successful screen test for the old Goldwyn company. His first part was a small one in "Three Wise Fools." Ralph Forbes' American screen debut was as one of the brothers in "Beau Geste" with Ronald Colman and Neil Hamilton in 1926. Ralph was born Sept. 30, 1902, in London, England. His wife is Ruth Chatterton, former stage star, who appears in "The Doctor's Secret" with John Loder, and in "Madame X."

Connie from Canada. You think I must be quite a joker—I may be but I don't always get what's coming to me for my jokes, at that. I may be lucky. You can write to Arthur Lake at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Sue Carol at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Neil Hamilton at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Leatrice Joy has signed a contract with First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Write to her there.

Sally of Riverside. My worthy page is one of give and take—I give you all the information and you take it with pleasure. Colleen Moore was christened Kathleen Morrison 26 years ago. She was born in Port Huron, Ohio. Sue Carol's real name is Evelyn Ledbetter and her home town is Chicago, Ill. She is 20 years old and not related to Nancy Carroll. Nancy was born Nov. 19, 1906, in New York City. She is the wife of Jack Kirkland, scenario writer. Phyllis Haver was born Jan. 6, 1899. Her real name in private life is Mrs. William Seeman. She was married recently in New York City and when you read this Phyllis will be honeymooning in Europe. Her last Pathé film was "The Office Scandal." Her first for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was "Thunder," with Lon Chaney.

W. L. R. from Calgary, Canada. Is it any trouble to ask questions? You can't prove it by me—I answer 'em. Barry Norton, known in private life as Alfred de Biraben, was born June 16, 1901, in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He has brown eyes and dark brown hair. You can reach Barry at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. He played with Emil Jannings and Ruth Chatterton in "Sins of the Fathers." His new picture will be "The Exalted Flapper" with Sue Carol and Irene Rich.

Sunshine from Marion, Ind. With a name like that, you're as welcome as the bloom of youth or a letter from Greta Garbo. Marion Davies was born Jan. 5, 1900, in New York City. She weighs 120 pounds and is 5 feet 6 inches tall. Molly O'Day is 5 feet 2½ inches tall and her latest official weight was 118 pounds. Molly comes back in "The Shore of Shores." Sally O'Neil is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 102 pounds.

Catherine of Cincinnati. Must you send a quarter to all the movie stars before you can get a picture of one? I can't answer for the effect it would have on you but a stunt like that from me—well, I'd be broke for life. Lupe Velez played with Gary Cooper in "The Wolf Song." You can write her for a photograph at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Warner Baxter was born in Columbus, Ohio. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 168 pounds. His wife is Winifred Bryson who is seen on the screen now and then. Since "In Old Arizona" was released, Warner's fan mail has caused a big sales commotion in Uncle Sam's stamp department. You can write him at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Miss Claire of Toronto. I may be a great help in the hour of trouble but I can't regulate and assist in the romances of Hollywood. Charles Rogers is not married to Mary Brian but Ben Lyon is engaged to Bebe Daniels. Ben was born Feb. 6, 1901, at Atlanta, Ga. Gary Cooper isn't married—yet.

Ida from Tonters, N. Y. You're right, this is the page for the fans, by the fans, and believe it or not, the stars like to read it, too—I mean they really do. Al Jolson is under contract to Warner Bros. for bigger and better mammy films. His latest is "Says it with Songs." Wheeler is the youngest member of "Our Gang." His real name is Bobby Hutchins and he was born March 29, 1925, at Tacoma, Wash. He has light brown hair and blue eyes. His first screen appearance was at the age of 21 months in Buster Brown comedies for Stern Bros. Clara Bow is reported engaged to Harry Richman, popular Broadway.

R. L. K. of Birmingham, Ala. Some of the stars do not broadcast their ages and your favorite, Bert Lytell, is one of them. But with that grand voice of his what does mere age matter? Bert is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and dark blue eyes. He is said to be engaged to Grace Mencken, sister of Helen Mencken. (Continued on page 91)
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Picture a profuse procession of revue spectacle scenes in amazing settings... superbly staged chorus dancing numbers... the flashing wit of Winnie Lightner... the charm of Nancy Welford... the astounding dancing of Ann Pennington... the crooning of Nick Lucas... love scenes as only Conway Tearle can play them... a story that had New York gasping and giggling for one solid year... and you have only begun to imagine the treat that is in store for you.

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Thousands of women who have discovered the secret of Winx—who have made of their lashes a soft, colorful setting for their eyes—will welcome this new product. First, because they can now carry it about with them, as casually as they do their rouge and powder—safeguarding their beauty day as well as night. In addition, this new form of Winx assures more natural loveliness and beauty.

A quick, pleasant brushing of Winx along the fringe of your lashes morning, noon and night will bring about a miraculous change. With a little water, moisten the brush and flick it across the Winx cake. Stroke the top lashes upward and the bottom lashes downward. To prevent “bending”, make certain that the brush is thoroughly rinsed before each application. When properly used, Winx will not clog or stiffen the lashes. It is actually indiscernible. Lashes seem naturally long and lustrous—eyes naturally lovely. Each fleeting, subtle expression is enhanced.

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"YOUR EYES ARE . . . HALF YOUR BEAUTY"
seasoned air of an old, experienced trouper. “The Sophomore” was playing at the Paramount in Brooklyn; and Eddie was kept busy regaling the audiences with Quillian quips and steps.

Two of our loveliest ladies have left us for London—but only temporarily, thank goodness. Gloria Swanson and Gertrude Lawrence are both sojourning in merrie England, and each has a combined business and pleasure jaunt, and Miss Lawrence to play a limited engagement in a new play called “By Candlelight,” which she will bring home with her when the short London run is completed. Leslie Howard will play opposite her, and I can't help wondering when Mr. Howard is going to make a screen debut. It’s about time, for he is one of the most ingratiating personalities in the modern theater.

Gertrude looked grand and gorgeous all in green when I saw her. She remains positively the perfect little girl. She was gay at the prospect of appearing at the London premiere of her latest picture and felt that it was her best performance. And even more thrilled to be seeing Hank again—the Marquis, you know, who has been abroad for several months as foreign observer for Joseph Kennedy, Gloria’s manager.

The Paramount studio will miss Gertrude Lawrence like everything. She is probably the most popular star who has worked there for a long, long time. Charming, kindly, always good-natured, she might be an ambitious beginner instead of a celebrated international star. The studio is still talking about the party she gave for her co-workers on “The Gay Lady.” Her first talking feature should be a huge hit.

If there isn’t Phillips Holmes! How times change. It seems only yesterday that I was talking to Taylor Holmes about his children. And now one of the children appears on the screen. He has brown hair, blue eyes, and poised young man, with a background of Cambridge and Princeton, a present of a Paramount contract, and a very bright future, if we can believe all we hear of Phillips’ prospects.

I think I can safely herald a new idol in young Mr. Holmes. If he gets the right parts, he’s sure to develop into a real star. He meets all the requirements, and he has something essentially his own, besides: a poetic personality. Now don’t misunderstand me. I’m not saying he is unattractive. She is most certainly attractive like that. He is a very robust, modern young man. But there is a romantic quality about him that I’ve never noticed in any of our very American young leading men. And he has a whimsical sense of humor. In fact, he looks the way A. A. Milne should look, if you know what I mean.

He came east to play in “The Return of Sherlock Holmes,” starring Clive Brook. “I considered it a pretty compliment, letting me play in a Holmes’ picture,” smiled Phillips.

Walter Huston is a refreshing person. I’d say he doesn’t look at all like an actor—except that no real actor ever does! He is good-looking, a bit of a purist, so he has little patience with the more theatrical way. He’ll tell you all about his grown-up son and how proud he is of his literary talents. And when he returned from Hollywood after playing Trampas in the all-star talking production of “The Virginian,” he spoke of Richard Arlen and his wife—what a splendid young couple he is. And the two seem to have hit it off from the start, and there are some more pictures. Didn’t you like him in “Gentlemen of the Press” and “The Lady Lies?”
standard of purity and efficacy. And beauty specialists today know all about skins and how to treat them individually and scientifically.

So that's said. No longer the question is, "Shall we, or shall we not, use rouge, lipstick and powder?" But, "Which, out of the thousands of现有 powders, will best suit my skin?"

And that is partly settled for us, too. Because never before have women had such scientific guidance regarding rouging and powdering in ways of beauty. Never before have so many people been engaged in the service of beauty. The problem of artistic make-up is not hard to solve, for there are powders, rouge and lipstick for every coloring—luscious, glowing colors, some of them; others exquisitely dainty, made especially for fine-textured skins.

In the first place, make-up should not call attention to itself. It should counter-feat nature, but not be confused with her. "Please tell me," writes a girl every now and then, "how can I make up to look like the movie actresses?" Could she see an actress made up behind the camera she would realize that she does not want to look as the actress looks while she is wearing the exaggerated movie make-up. But, if she could see the same actress on the street some day, she would find the actress wearing discreet make-up—just enough to accentuate her natural coloring—because she has learned that the best effect is gained by using just the amount of make-up needed, no more.

Don't choose your powder and rouge because your best friend chooses it. Use it with such good results, or because you like its fragrance and color. Choose it because it seems to have been made just for you. Don't get the idea that white or pink powder is the only suitable powder for blondes, that dark skins need to be lightened by powder, that deep red rouge is worn only by older women and that eye make-up can be used only at night.

Some experts contend that the blonde with the fair skin is the only woman who can wear flesh powder successfully, yet rachet or natural-urelle suits many blondes. There are rare transparent skins—usually they go with pale gold or red hair—which need a careful blend of white and pink. A delicate cream powder to bring out their delicate beauty. To achieve this artistically, dust the face with white powder, the cheeks with pink, and over all a dusting of natural creamy powder of light texture, which gives a really natural effect.

The very delicate blonde must be carefully made up. Her make-up must not assert itself. Her powder must match or blend with her skin, and she may have just a soft coral-flush for her cheeks, a trill of pink for her lips, a touch of blond tinge for her eyelids, a discreet courtesance for her eyebrows and lashes, particularly if they are very light. A blonde too, might be very lovely with pale orchid powder and geranium colored lipstick and rouge. Orchid powder, by the way, suits only those whose skins are naturally fair, and should never be used in daylight.

The brunette, unlike the blonde, may accent her coloring. In powders, an olive or brown or pinkish tan will become her, or peach, ochre or mauve. Her powder should never be lighter than her skin. If anything, it should be a shade darker. She may emphasize her lips with coloring, particularly if her mouth is lovely. And while she may wear a bit more rouge than her blonde sister, it must not be exaggerated. Natural loveliness is the rule in the smart world today. Geranium rouge and lip-stick is becoming to nearly all faces, and is an especially flattering evening shade for every woman. Red raspberry is flattering too, to every type of skin. Many brumettes look well in a deep rose for daytime wear, and an orange shade at night.

Recently I saw a French powder—very pink when applied in conjunction with an ivory-toned powder gives the effect of a very light rouge. It is not even a suspicion of an artificial make-up and it is quite lovely, especially for a very young or an older woman who would like to improve the natural color tone of her skin. This pink powder should not be used with natural or flesh powder. The best effect is obtained through using rachel or ochre.

The in-between girl is fortunate in a way, because she belongs to no distinct type, and may choose from the powders and rouges created for blonde and brunette skins the combination that best suits her. As she is not a distinct type, there are no set rules for her to follow. She has only to use her common sense and intelligence to achieve a beauty all her own. For instance, if she happens to be an in-between with regular features, dark hair and a rose-pale skin, she may turn this liability into an asset by leaving her face colorless, using no make-up at all except on her lips. This make-up is distinctive, but the mouth must be well-shaped it is to be thus 'featured.'

Before applying make-up, prepare your skin for it. The skin must be perfectly clean, and the foundation preparation, whether it be a stiff or thin cream or in lotion form, must be suited to your own skin texture. And don't fail to use an astringent refreshing lotion or cold water, lest the pores become enlarged. As to the texture of your powder, heavy, light or me-dium, that is up to you. For there is no rule that applies to all types of skins.

In applying make-up, remember that a full face may be given the appearance of slenderness and prettiness by a little deep rouge on the edge of the cheeks and very little over the surface between.

An oval face should have the rouge applied very lightly to the cheek bones. A delt touch to the sides of the ears—just enough to make them glow—enhances the charm of the face.

If your face is long and narrow, width and charm are added by bringing the rouge to a point on the cheekbone, making it broader just below the center of the cheek. Never allow the rouge to touch the temples. When using rouge, shade from the edges into your normal color. Work in a very little at first with an upward movement, then a little more if you think you haven't got enough. As the edges are usually more colorful in order to break any conspicuous outline. A skillful touch of rouge low on the chin will tend to soften the effect and make it inconspicuous.

If your skin is dry, a cream or rouge is best and stays on well. In fact, I heard quite recently of a paste rouge that stays on indefinitely. You can work the color right down to the skin, if you wish, or stop at the rounded form of your cheeks, and shade off before the powder is applied.

It doesn't much matter whether you apply rouge or powder first—but a soft, natural effect is never produced if you would achieve the radiance of a perfect make-up. If you have a good color in your eyes, and your hair, and they are inclined to be dry, rub a white lip-stick over them gently. If you wish to touch up your lips with a little color, do not smear it on, but apply the color to the base of the lips and then, to the corners, blend color until it is not conspicuous.

Some girls like to use liquid rouge on the lips first. Put it on with an orange-wood stick wrapped in cotton, shaping the mouth with it carefully. Finish with your paste or lip stick. Use color on your lips sparingly. You can make or mar the beauty of your mouth by this application.

If you want to know more about make-up, about shades and colors and the Guidance to different types of skin, write to me. I will be glad to tell you all about them.
"I like these talking comedies. There are always a lot of laughs in them!"

"I do, too. They're often the best thing in the show."

What is "the best thing in the show"? It's the picture that amuses you, entertains you, most, regardless of its length. And now, since the film talks, it is oftener than ever the short comedy.

Jack White has made millions laugh with hundreds of silent comedy hits. But now his comedy creations are immeasurably funnier with talking, appropriate music and natural sound effects.

In his pictures, and in all of Educational's Talking Comedies, six laughs now grow where one grew before—and they are still more surely "the spice of the program."

Millions are finding these talking comedies "the best thing in the show." Watch for them in the leading theatres.

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"TRUSTING WIVES"
"PRINCE GABBY"

LUPINO LANE
TALKING COMEDIES
"BUYING A GUN"
"FIRE PROOF"

TUXEDO
TALKING COMEDIES
Jack White Productions
"SOCIAL SINNERS"
On Location with Bebe Daniels—Continued from page 67

And there was Bebe, a luminous, dusky-skinned maid, the richness of her complexion and costume blending perfectly with the flower motif and olive-hued habitation in the background.

She was sweet and clear with a purity of tone that is a rare gift. She sang with perfect unselfconsciousness. Of course, everyone since "The Desert Song" knows that John Boles can sing, so his fine work as the hero in "Río Rita" will not be the surprise that Bebe's will. The men not in costume had peeled off and were amusing to see in their undershirts and the big Mexican hats we all wore to keep ourselves from sun stroke.

"Brother Boles said director Luther Reed, who calls John that, "are you all set?"

"All set," said John from the background where he remains partially hidden watching Bebe for the first part of the scene.

"Okay, then. Turn them over!" shouted Mr. Reed.

"Hey," yelled a grip who was straddling the roof peak and balancing a reflector which lighted the scenes below. "There goes your tin!" and a splintering crash told of an overblown reflector at the back of the garden. Three men sprang to the rescue, crying "We're on it" as they ran.

The second time the scene was shot I heard it from the mixer's booth and it was great. Then I went back to the set, for not being of a mechanical turn of mind I enjoyed seeing and hearing it at the same time a little better, although I know it is a terrific honor to be allowed in the booth and I did appreciate it.

But after the second 'take' things began to go wrong. You know in a theater the orchestra leader is a little below stage level and directly in the centre, within the range of the eyes of everyone on the stage. In a studio or on a location that can't be, because of the cameras. The orchestra in this case was on the side. If the conductor, Victor Baravalle, stood facing his orchestra, which he naturally had to, would have his back to the singers. He therefore had to perform a few gymnastics, turning sidewise from time to time so that Bebe

Director Mervyn Le Roy, with Edna Murphy and Eddie Buzzell—leading lady and star respectively of "Little Johnny Jones." Edna is also Mrs. Le Roy.

And I have always heard that Bebe was a clever girl. She can outmatch almost any other girl in Hollywood for wit; she has used rare judgment, I am told, in the decoration of her beach houses which she builds, rents and sells; she has been known to outlast bankers, lawyers, writers and what have you at memory contests; and she is, I am also told, a shrewed business woman. So Bebe, besides having a good mind, must use it.

"I studied an hour every day," she said, "and practiced a few minutes before and after my lesson. I just adore it, and shall always keep it up.

She is so happy over her change of parts that it is marvelous. And everyone who knows her and I am sure the fans who saw her in "Monsieur Beaucarie" with the ever-loved Rudy Valentino, are delighted for her. She has such power for dramatic expression, such appeal for romantic drama that it seems a shame she should have been denied it these many years. Yet she is probably the richer for her experience in comedy parts.

"All ready, Miss Daniels! We are playing the obligato this afternoon," announced an assistant.

"Fine, said Bebe, and turning to me added: "Three months ago I thought an obligato was a salad dressing!"

But for the sake of those who do not know her let me add that although Bebe didn't sing until three months before she stepped into "Río Rita," she did know plenty about music and her home was quite a gathering place on occasion for musicians. Sitting under the beach umbrella in back of the cameras I had the greatest thrill I ever had on any location when the first strains of the beautiful "Río Rita" duet floated through the air. There we were miles away from anywhere, surrounded by hills and sky and clouds, the cooling breeze Californians can almost always count on in the afternoon allaying the fierceness of the sun, and in that balmy air to hear this lovely music played by a thirty-five piece orchestra conducted by Victor Baravalle who directed the original Río Rita company at the Ziegfeld Theater in New York!

told me.

After lunch everyone lazed around a bit John Boles went to his tent for forty winks and a chance to look over the dialog for his next scene.

After a curious thing about the 'mike' terrifies actors. I suppose because it is such a formidable, final instrument. It records every little mistake, and mistakes cost the firm money. In their eagerness not to make mistakes the actors make more than they ever did in silent pictures. Just getting accustomed to a new technique, that's all. After a few months of talking pictures they forget all about the 'mike'. But at first! I know several tried-and-true actors with years of stage and screen experience who go perfectly blank before the mike, spoiling scene after scene. And even such fine trouper as the Duncan sisters were scared stiff when they made their first talkie tests. Don Alvord took me over the location and showed me all the points of interest. It was like a little village with tents and sets scattered all about. We even saw a bald head for a first aid kit and several electric fans. I wondered why a hospital tent should be necessary.

The week it was very hot here—115 in the shade! We were doing all the chorus work and seven of the girls passed out in one day. They had to be revived and brought back to town," Don told me. All the hills surrounding the location had been decorated with prop cactus and miniature dwellings. The nearest of these was a little anvil to stand the bright in, the smaller ones in the distance just grand for a playhouse.

"What a swell time a bunch of kids would have playing in those," some one remarked.

Just about that time Ben Lyon came bursting upon the scene in his new Dupont which he was so proud of he couldn't wait until Bebe got home that night to show it to her.

Ben seemed to be taking his new car very seriously. He wore a beret—'just to keep the foreign atmosphere,' he said. We all tramped over to Bebe's tent then, her coiffure being completed just a few minutes before.

Mrs. Morando, the wife of Bebe's vocal teacher, Otto Morando, was with her. Madame had come out to lend moral support to Bebe who had to sing the "Río Rita" duet that afternoon.

While Bebe is said to have had a lovely voice as a child, she had not taken it seriously; but when she was given the part of Ráné she beheld her to learn how to sing. She had worked every day for three months on her voice before the picture started and her teachers were delighted with her progress. Mrs. Morando, a Latin, is a very enthusiastic person and told me eloquently that Bebe, besides having a very beautiful natural voice, had been able in so short a time to handle the rôle like an experienced singer. "You shall see!" the vivacious little lady cried, "you shall see this afternoon when you hear her this time! I must confess I took some of it with a grain of salt, although I know what a good teacher can do with an apt pupil in a short time. And I discovered later that the Morandos must be fine teachers or Bebe could not sing as she does sing with so little instruction, nor how clever she is.
and John could see him. Even then it was hard. Bebe had to sit with her profile to the orchestra and John, who was standing up, was supposed to be looking down at Bebe, so what could either of them see of the leader? Precious little!

Well, twice John stopped the scene because he thought he was out of step with the orchestra, and once Baravalle stopped because he thought John was out of step.

"Say, what is this, anyway?" said Luther Reed. "Are we going to play hide-and-seek here all afternoon. Gosh, I'll have to stop the next, or I'll feel slighted!" John was pacing up and down on the set. Baravalle was pacing up and down on the right and Luther Reed was pacing up and down in back of the cameras. Then they all stopped pacing at the same time, and with everyone holding their breath the scene began and proceeded to a smooth finish.

"And I'll bet that when they go to check up, the first take will be the one they will use. That was a pippin," remarked one of the musicians.

"Baravalle has a great personality, hasn't he?" asked Ben, who had noticed that I watched him almost as much as the players. And what Ben thinks of Bebe's voice—well, I want to get to the beach this afternoon for a swim, so I'm just not going to write it all down!

For Bebe's convenience as well as to save time, a full-length mirror and portable makeup table had been brought out to the set and between scenes she rearranged her hair and assured herself that her costume was all right.

One meets extremes in luxury and inconvenience in a studio. While a director hardly has a cigar out of his pocket before there are three lights ready for him, and a star has a chair placed under him no matter where he may be, others can stand for hours with nothing offered them or even permitted them, for it isn't technical to sit on the props, but the floor. This does not apply to writers, however!

Roaming about we found Solidad Jimenez who played the mother of Dorothy Burgess in "In Old Arizona." I asked her what she was playing in "Rio Rita," remembering her excellent work in other pictures.

"I am playing extra work," she announced. "And I play extra work till they pay me the salary I want for parts," and she mentioned a sum that I did not think at all unreasonable concerning what other character women get for such important roles. "Why should I worry about parts?" she went on. "Extra work—I have no trouble. No lines to learn, no worry, no responsibility. Parts—I have to get up four o'clock in the morning to be made up at nine in the studio. I have no car. I get good salary but I am a type and sometimes I get a part for months in between times. That is why I want more when I do play parts. Extra work—I work every day!"

"Don Alvarado, he is my good friend and he say I should play parts, but I no do. You remember that speak I had with Eddie Lowe in 'In Old Arizona.' Well, you should have heard all the speak they cut out! Mucha, mucha speak. 'Cause why? I no know except it was too long. I speak better accent than Americans. But why not? I am Spanish! Funny if I could not speak Spanish accent. You wait and see in 'The Cock-Eyed World.' I have much speak with Eddie Lowe. In extra work I don't have to worry whether they cut my speak out or not," she said with amused eyes. "So I do extra work till they pay what I want!"

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you. I've been praying for weeks that I'd get the part, and I will.

"We've been putting on weight," she went on, "so I'd look like Lummox. I've studied and studied the book. Does this sound familiar? And suddenly, to my astonishment, she began reciting lines. 'Aren't these Lummox's very words?' she said.

"'I don't know. Are they?' I hadn't the faintest idea whether they were or not. You see, after a book is finished and published, an author gets quite detached from it.

"'Get the book,' said Miss Westover, 'and read it.'

"'So I got a copy, and sure enough, not only did she know all that Lummox said but she had memorized every word of the book. Every single word.'

"'You see,' she said, triumphantly, 'I am Lummox. I've been Lummox all my life. And I'm going to play the part.'

"She went to Mr. Brenon with the same story, and he asked me what I thought of her. 'She undoubtedly has a quality that is Lummox,' I told him. 'But in appearance—I'm not so sure.' You see, when you create a character, you have a clear mental picture of her. I see Lummox as a big, inarticulate clod. Miss Westover is obviously not that. But she had more of the intangible qualities we needed for Lummox than anyone else who tried for the part, so we finally decided she should play it."

Miss Hurst's brown eyes are constantly animated as she talks. Expressive, full of life, very vivid.

"When I was in Hollywood," she said, "I met Miss Westover if she was coming to New York for the opening of the picture."

"I think so," she said, 'I haven't seen New York in years.'

"'But,' I said, puzzled, 'what about six weeks ago when you came to see me?'

"Yes, but I didn't go anywhere. I didn't see New York at all. I stayed in hotel room the whole time waiting for your telephone call.'

"'My telephone call?'

"She nodded. 'You see, I had prayed that you would send for me to play Lummox, and every day I expected you to do it.'"

An amazing story, as Miss Hurst told it, even for Hollywood, that incredible city where anything can happen, and sometimes does.

In fact, there are several amazing aspects about the filming of "Lummox." One of them is that the author's presence was wanted on the lot.

"When Mr. Brenon invited me to Hollywood to stand by in the making of the picture," Miss Hurst continued, "I was astounded. A director actually wanting the author around! Authors are usually the fifth wheel to their picture productions.

"'You don't want me,' I told him. 'I don't know anything about the mechanics of movie making. I don't want to be in the way.'

"Oh, yes, Mr. Brenon insisted, he did want me. He needed me to make sure that the intent and spirit of 'Lummox' were transferred to the screen.

"And when I got to Hollywood, I found that my cooperation really was wanted. Mr. Brenon practically threw the scenario out the window, and carried the book itself around to work from.

"Where's that dialogue come from? he'd say, during some of the spoken lines. That's not the way it is in the book.' He was determined to follow the book as closely as possible. Oh, there had to be a few changes, of course, because making technique is quite different from novel technique. But Mr. Brenon was charming about it: he'd explain why certain changes were necessary, and always the reason was a very sound one.'"

Of course all through Miss Hurst's conversation, you get the feeling that, being a great person, she is not given to the petty quibbling of petty authors.

She explained with pride: "All during the time Mr. Brenon and I worked together, we had only one tiny 'mix-up.' That was because we didn't have any equipment.

"We protest, many of us; largely, I think, because it's new. We like to run along in our comfortable grooves, doing things just as we did them last year or the smart month. The radio, the automobile, the airplane, were once tiresome innovations, but no one could laugh them off! Here they are, all over the place.

"Talking pictures can't be laughed off, either. They'll soon seem quite natural. The silent film belongs to yesterday; we don't live in yesterday. We live in today and tomorrow.

"So, intellectually, I realized that my Lummox, like other movies heroes, would have to speak his piece. But the conventional side of me sighed a little for an old-fashioned silent version of my inarticulate heroine. But I can't complain of the result.

"And that is another factor in making "Lummox" a film of surprises. The author is pleased. Yes, the picture is full of ironical touches. Miss Hurst's most inarticulate character is her first to be presented in the talkies. Miss Westover comes out of retirement and plays her way into the role. Mr. Brenon, as director, actually wants the author's cooperation. And Miss Hurst presents the beaming picture of an author delighted with the filming.

"'Lawa, massa,' the movies must be saying, like the old lady in the nursery rhyme, 'surely this can't be it!'"
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Is the Star System Doomed?—Continued from page 45

Dixie Lee is looking over her pretty shoulder at a lucky somebody! Can it be young David Rollins? Ever since Dixie and Davey met while both were filming "The Fox Movietone Follies," Cupid has been busy, if we can believe what we hear from Hollywood. Anyway, Dixie is one of the sweetest girls and David one of the nicest boys in all screenland.

I once heard a great lady correct her little daughter. "Never say you are not all-bred. Talk about things, not people," she said. That's the difference.

A great artist attracts by the interest he has in his work—his ability to give a personality in the character and give it life. Such people will always draw others to them. Their appeal is to a secret something in everyone that is touched. It isn't that nameless but compelling. They are not thinking of that when they are doing their work; they are reaching up, above them selves, trying to touch or stir our untouchable and bring it back to you who watch them. They can't quite do it, but their striving and their sincerity has let you glimpse for a moment something truly wonderful. They bring a bit of the infinite to you, and you do homage to them because of it. And you may think it is the beauty of the girl or the strength of the man, but the way he makes love or something; it isn't that. It is that little thing called Spirit. And you can't describe it.

Mary Pickford is passionate, but interested in her work. No matter what else happened to her she used it all to make herself a better, a more understanding actress. Mary Miles Minter was loved and respected in life, and that's why Famous Players couldn't make her a great star. They were licked before they started because Mary wasn't really interested.

Perhaps fans and producers alike are beginning to realize that you can't put a round peg in a square hole. And you can't make a star out of a person who is not star material. They may be ever so valuable as strong supporting players and much happier personally in this capacity. I talked with two recently-made stars who were very much upset by what they called "the system." When they were just featured players they were given a variety of parts. Now they know they will always have just one type of part to play, and they don't think they can survive it.

"After a player has had a chance to show his or her stuff," Dick Arlen told me, "the public; the producer know through the box office whether that player is 'jake' with them. The producer doesn't have to do any boosting. He just has to make sure they are in the right place and in what it can see its new favorite. And the public doesn't care whether that player is billed as a star or not."

While Paramount let three big stars go to other companies, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, Adolphine Menjou—they created a flock of new stars to replace the old. Time will show whether the new twinkle will create for themselves an entirely new following.

No matter what is said to the contrary, talk about the starlet becoming a star through the box office. It is all bunk. Mary Pickford is in "Tess of the Storm Country," Now these announcements are qualified. They read, "The popular Angeles Featuring Billy Droste, Edmund Lowe, Farrell MacDonald and Cissy Fitzgerald. "Lilies of the Field," starring Corinne Griffith, with Eve Sothorn, Virginia Gilmore, Betty Boyd and Jean Bart. "The Dark Swan" with Lois Wilson, H. B.

and Betty Compson think the stars will be less important than in the silent days. The story will matter more than ever before.

A picture exploiting one personality will not be so popular. The rest of the cast will be more carefully chosen and developed. Development of the story, characterization and business will also be given more careful attention.

Evelyn Brent thinks talks detract from the glamour of a star because of the indifferent photography still necessary on account of the lighting. It is a mechanical problem, and how we miss the beautiful photography of old! "Redemption" is just one instance of the new casting system, though the most worthy one I recall at the moment. With John Gilbert appear Conrad Nagel, Eleanor Boardman, Renee Adoree in leading parts, and other well-known people in smaller roles. Almost every cast today features three or four big featured players. From a source I promised not to quote I was told that one organization thinks that's the only way to get talking pictures over at all.

Imagine the embarrassment of these producers who have invested millions in sound picture equipment if talking pictures hadn't, after all, come to stay.

A propos of this declaration Fred Niblo had a rather startling experience to relate when he and Mrs. Niblo returned from their vacation tour of the northern States and Canada. In every town they were bombarded with objections to talking pictures and hopes that the silent pictures would come back!

Mr. Niblo thought one reason for this was the poor recording due either to the operator, the acoustics, or the theater mechanism. The dialog he heard was faulty and blurred, enough to handicap any picture. Right here in Hollywood this sometimes happens. You hear a scene in the studio and it is beautiful. The same scene in the theater is something else again.

Estelle Taylor had an original thought on the star system subject. Her thesis is that talking picture stars will be a survival of the character actor. Whereas a star could be a star if she were beautiful and had a good story, talking pictures demanded more than that. A player who can characterize cleverly, can twist and turn a well-worded phrase, will have the best future chances of popularity.

In other words, the days of the beautiful-but-dumb have passed.

Ramon Novarro also thinks the fate of a star hangs on his ability for characterization. If he plays different types of parts an actor must make them human, appealing, believable. The screen will always have its sun gods and goddesses, its Pickfords, Niblos, Garbo's; its Chaplins, Colmans, and Gilberts.

What makes them star material and what makes other charming and talented people, who have sometimes done better work, merely good strong support? Is it that they haven't had their chance? Their break? Oh, no. Not often because they have had fine parts. And if that were true why wasn't Mary Miles Minter the biggest star in the business, as Famous Players thought she would be when they signed her to take Mary Pickford's place on their program?

At the moment, then called Famous Players, spent a fortune trying to make Mary Miles Minter the greatest star in motion pictures. But they couldn't do it. Why? Many people thought she was far prettier than Mary Pickford. Why didn't the public give her the adoration they showered upon the other Mary?

Perhaps no one will ever really know. But not long ago I heard one of the greatest if not the greatest star discoverer in the business, enumerate the qualities he thought essential to the makeup of a star. This man's name was Mack Sennett.

"I have never seen a man or woman rise to stardom who didn't have a strong and also an personal interest in themselves," said Sennett. "Where others watch the clock with their minds filled with the party they were to attend that night, these potential stars asked to see the rushes, and they would criticize themselves unmercifully. They sat off and looked at themselves just as a painter suits up his canvas or a writer reviews his manuscript."

An actor does his work through himself. The screen actor has the advantage over his brother from the stage, for he can 'see himself as others see him' if he is not too gummed up with conceit, and the big ones never are.

All types of people are prone to talk about themselves. Actors are not alone in this vice. The difference between the great ones and the small ones is that the little man talks about himself and the big one talks about his work.
Warner, Olive Borden, Kathryn Williams and others. 'The Virginian' with Gary Cooper, Dick Arlen, Mary Brian and Walter Houston.

In other words you see a whale of a cast in almost every picture; and that, far from detracting from the interest of the leading player, enhances his or her value. If a player rises head and shoulders above these talking picture casts you can be sure it is something in them. But it is the public that finds that out and keeps them on their pedestals. There may not be so many luminaries in the future; but those that do shine will be real stars, worthy the name, and surrounded by a challenging cast.

The New Lila Lee

Continued from page 47

before, she has a place at the shore where she goes on every available day off and where she has sunned herself into a bronzy brown.

She has done a series of interesting characterizations during the past few months and has just finished a delicious part in Somerset Maugham's story, 'The Sacred Flame'. The Misfits have some plans for her for the next few months, during which time she is to make three pictures for them.

Lewis Schuyler Stone

Continued from page 65

ashore with Freddy Fralich, his closest friend and business adviser.

The road to the big cage is perhaps a mile from the landing stages, a winding road limned against an opalescent sky with flaming eucalyptus, fronded palms and rocky spires. To Stone it was peaceful, restfully sylvan and inspiring after a week aboard his ship. Sea legs needed stretching and Stone and Fralich shook out with great strides. They hadn't gone over ten feet when Stone was stopped by an autograph album. No sooner had he started again when a hand-shaker appeared with a whole family similarly addicted. In one mile, there were exactly sixty-eight halts for autographs, handshakes, remember-when's and aren't-you-Lew Stones.

Whatever Lew felt beneath that unrolled reserve of his, only Stone himself knew. Outwardly, he was all smiles, cordial and appreciative of the attention his presence created among the tourists. Too much a gentleman to suggest the annoyance he must have suffered, Stone shook all the hands there to shake, scribbled in all the books offered, remembered all the things he never had to do, parted all the children on the head, and went back to his boat without having seen the birds.

They said of Lew Stone a couple of years ago that he was through. His sex appeal, it was whispered, didn't hold them any more. Then M-G-M came along and signed him on the dotted line and he smashed big as a talkie player, perhaps the greatest success he has ever known.

Today Lewis Stone is bigger than ever. Can it be that white hair, aristocratic sophistication and age expectoration means more to the ladies than young blood and chiseled chins?

Just ask Lew. We mean, you ask him.

He's not too much of a gentleman to soak you on the nose!
'Sugar' Kane — Continued from page 36

some of the ways and some of the looks. Above all, she is not effete, either in her mannerisms or her dress, as one might expect of a widely publicized baby-voic girl to be.

In conversation she speaks in a voice that is as light as thistledown and with a range that climbs to the top of the stairs. Given a topic, she talks on as earnestly and as seriously as a judge, as if to offset her baby type. She goes in for neither flounces nor ribbons, but for modish sports and streets ensembles.

"Everyone seems so surprised to find me sensible, and you know, I am really a very sensible person!" she explains. "I have an older brother and an older sister and though the baby of the family, I was always the sensible one while they were the giddy ones."

"My baby voice is natural with me. That is why people accept me and my work, and why little children love to mimic me and sing like Helen Kane does. When I was in the theater, their mothers used to bring them to me and once a week I would take the little tots out on the stage and hold a contest. I get letters from youngsters all over the country, and I am very proud of my young fans. I put on a real baby type, and to put it over. But woe be to the tall, large girl who assumes baby talk and baby mannerisms. She only appears ridiculous. Personally, I do not think there are many things more impossible than forced baby ways.

"As for men liking baby voices, they like them when they're natural, and sometimes they even like a little baby talk. It is not wise, though, to give men too much baby talk. It is better to talk sensibly with them. While they like the baby type, I notice that it is the other type that they marry."

Though the baby of her family, Miss Kane never had much chance to be bashed for she left school at the age of fourteen to go to work. Never were funds plentiful in the modest Bronx flat, but when the mother contracted a serious ailment which she was never to recover, there were doctor's bills to be met, drugs to be bought and additional comforts needed. Miss Kane stopped attending St. Anselm's Convent to help defray these new bills.

She tried all the variety of jobs which New York offers its untutored girls. She was packer in a department store. She was a clerk here and a file clerk there. But always some childish prank cost her her job. Once she worked in a place where rolls for player pianos were made. As the new song sheet came in and were made into rolls, she learned them. One day the boys in the office put her on top of one of the desks and begged her to sing for them. Never needing much coaxing, she burst into a tuneful number just as the boss entered the room.

When she went home that night and told her mother that she had lost another job, the mother replied, "You'll never be able to keep a job if you keep on with that singing."

After her working hours, it was Miss Kane's custom to sing everywhere that she had the opportunity, at church benefits, festivals and bazaars. She and two boys had worked up a little act, and the trio became well-known in the parish. When the Fordham Theater on the Keith Circuit held weekly amuse acts from the neighborhood, the parish sent these three.

By coincidence Miss Kane's first professional experience was a baby type dressed in gingham checked rompers and singing real baby songs such as "Down by the Old Swimming Hole." The act was retained for three days, at the end of which time, each child was paid $10.

"From that time," said Miss Kane, "I was stage-struck! I wanted to sing. I figured that if I could make $50 like that, I could make more.

"So I started out on a tour of the theater agencies. Day after day I trudged from one to the other. I could not get in a chorus, because I did not know how to dance well enough. I had never taken a dancing or singing lesson. Finally, one afternoon, as I sat in an agency waiting room, Chico, one of the four Marx brothers, came in and saw me.

"What can you do?" he asked me. "If you do, come on up to the Fordham Theater with me and meet the boys. They had an act called 'On the Mezzanine' which they were going to do, and they were looking for cheaper players. They needed a girl to sort of poke fun at. By saying that I had had experience, I was given the part that I had my first speaking lines, but no songs.

"The pay was $60 a week and the company was going all the way to the coast. I wanted to leave the company. I was always, from my mother, but the $60 looked mighty big to me. It was the first time that I had ever been away from home, and the first time that I had ever been on a stage. I was half frightened to death and very lonesome. Out of each $60 check that I received, I sent home $40, so I lived very cheaply on the road.

"I had had no experience with make-up before. In the company was a beautiful blonde, who used blue eye shadow. I thought it was wonderful, I piled it on and all the rest of the make-up on my face until I must have looked like a freak."

"When the company returned to New York, the Marx brothers were offered an English booking, which I turned down. My mother told me to go as I might never again be able to travel to Europe. She wanted me to have the educational advantages of such a trip.

"It was terrible leaving for that trip. She cried and I cried. When I reached the dock and prepared to board the ship, I was stopped because I did not have a special slip signed by my father giving an under-age passenger permission to leave the country. The boat sailed and I followed it three days later."

"When I reached Liverpool, I scanned the faces of the crowds, but not a familiar one did I see. I did not have much money with me, but sufficient to pay my passage to London. There I took a taxi and asked to be taken to a hotel. Of course, they took me to the most expensive one in the city. My heart was broken, but I was so tired that I was too exhausted, tired and blue to think about the cost. Finally, I was rescued and told to move as I would never be able to pay for more than one night's lodging."

"Happy for me, the act only played abroad for one month."

"Again I went on the road. This time
I was one of the six girls in an Orpheum act called "Stars of the Future," I sang, "How'd You Like To Be a Kid Again?"

When this show returned to New York, I determined to stay in New York so I could spend more time with my mother. She seemed to be getting worse.

"I tried my best," they said well and let me spend the entire day at home, beside giving me an opportunity to sing. For a slight reduction in salary, I was relieved from sitting at the tables with guests and was allowed to leave at the end of the act.

"The whole time, I was ambitious to get in musical comedies. That was my star. To me, there was nothing beyond musical comedy.

"It is funny, but I did not start out by saying to myself that I was going to succeed. With me, it was always, 'What can I do to earn more money?' Other girls with me would be so ambitious. They would talk vocal and dance lessons between shows, with the desire to do something big. That never entered my head. I only thought of my mother and how my wages would lessen her suffering.

"True, I did work hard, but not studying. Experience is the greatest teacher in the world. When I finally did get an opportunity to sing before a great audience, I walked out on stage to my own stage with assurance. It was an assurance bred from singing no matter what might be going on. In some of the cheaper night clubs, I had to make my song heard along the din of dishes and the occasional shout of an hilarious person.

"There came a six months period when I didn't work at all. My mother was very, very sick, and since my sister had married and had her own stage to look after, I was the only one left. Finally, our funds got so low that I was forced to return to the night clubs. I worked in the Club Richman, operated by Harry Richman. Then I went with Shubbert's 'A Night in Spangles,' singing a bit.

"Right around the corner from this show was the Biltmore Theatre, which was putting on elaborate stage shows. At the end of my act, I slipped over to the theater. It is such a mammoth organization that I could not just go by one man and try out. I went back again and again, each time singing before a different man, until I had given ten auditions. At last I stood before Paul Ash, whose orchestra was playing at the theater.

"He was such a big man and I'm so little, that as I looked up at him, I sang right to him making my voice as baby-voiced as possible. With a song of My Weakness Now, putting a 'boop, boopa doop!' at the end of each line, I let myself go. I put everything into that song. He liked it and gave me a change.

The new show opened at 11 o'clock Saturday morning, with a packed house and all the critics in the front row. On the first 'boop, boopa, doop,' the critics sat up straight in their seats. On the second 'boop, boopa, doop,' they reached for a pencil and a piece of paper. By the third 'boop, boopa, doop,' they were racing for everything from their respective city editors. The late editions of the evening papers and the early editions of the morning papers carried the news that there was a new find in the gold-mine of talent on Broadway. She was 'made' in twenty minutes.

"I was interviewed and photographed," said Helen Kane, "and everybody asked me if I had been all right. I told them that I had been right in New York."

Four days after the memorable Saturday, she was signed as an exclusive Victor artist. Within seven days the name Helen Kane was in electric lights on the famous street. As it twinkled in and out and the crowds were murmuring about the success of the city's latest darling, the invalid mother was wheeled into the theater to witness the first flush of her daughter's success.

Although Paramount offered her a big contract to stay in vaudeville, she accepted an offer to sing a bit in "Good Boy," a musical comedy. The bit was a sympathetic one of a chorus girl as 'fresh as paint,' who was in love with her producer. Miss Kane sang with just a touch of pathos the humorous songs, "Don't Be That Way," and "I Want To Be Loved By You." The part grew and grew until it became the lead.

One night as she was singing in "Good Boy," and seeing her dream as a musical comedy lead come true, her mother died, and she lived long enough to see the little girl that she had told to 'go on out and be a star, then, if you want to,' make the grade. After Miss Kane's death, she turned her whole work with a fury born of the desire to have no time left to think of anything or to feel anything.

Every evening her baby voice completed its day at the gayest place in gay New York, the Club Cananova, which was really Helen Kane's club in all but name. At one of the tables one night, her talent was Richard Dix. He was so impressed with Miss Kane's work that she found herself singing another plate in the air by working during the day in the Astoria studio of Paramount in "Nothing But the Truth." So was her day! musical comedy, night club, recording for Victor, talking pictures.

Upon the completion of the picture, she signed Paramount contract. She has just completed "Sweetie," a musical romance of campus life, made in Hollywood with Nancy Carroll, Stanley Smith, Jack Oakie, Austin and Stuart Erwin. As a student in a girls' school very much interested in a nearby boys' school, she has ample opportunity to provide comedy and to sing her baby-voice songs. Her next picture is to be "Pointed Heads," in which she will be featured with William Powell and Fay Wray.

Thus do people hear the famous baby voice in 33-cent picture houses, in $2 vaudeville houses, in $10 musical comedy shows, and in expensive night clubs. Her salary ranges from the tiny to the big, her records to the blaze, sophisticated frequenter of night clubs.

Does a baby voice pay? "Boop, boopa doop, doop!" Vamps are skating in vats in Hollywood, and the sirens are spending their evenings playing solitaire, for Helen Kane is making the world safe for the baby-type by building a career on a provocative basis and a soft, baby-voice. "Boop, boopa doop!"

You have seen and admired the Garbo insert in this issue. Next month, Charles Sheldon's handsome portrait of Ronald Colman, and every month thereafter a similar insert of a great star. Watch for your favorite!
me to enunciate my lines like an Oral English student. One scene called for me reading a wire story. It was a paragraph in length, and the only words necessary for the audience to hear were the girl's name and 'custody of the police.' I mumbled through the paragraph, being careful to bring out, however, those two points.

"When the scene was played, the operator in the sound box complained that there were only about three words in the whole paragraph that he could understand...I told him, 'Sure, they're the only words you're supposed to hear.' But try and make a technician understand that!

Armstrong is not worried over the future of synchronized films. He is confident the new medium is gradually taking a definite and permanent place in the world's entertainment.

"Growing pains—that's what's happening to pictures right now. You make allowances for human beings to pass through the awkward stage and the period of readjustment. Why not give the same break to the movies?"

Who will be the talking picture directors of the future? Armstrong says they will be the stage directors who have combined their theater knowledge with the technique of the motion picture and the film directors who have absorbed the art of the legitimate stage. The combination of the two mediums will be the happy solution, according to Armstrong.

"The most amusing thing to me is all this talk about a 'microphone voice.' When an actor goes to a studio looking for a part, the big question seems to be 'Have you a microphone voice?' There would be a big laugh if an actor applied for a job with a New York producer and any one asked the actor, 'How's your voice? What do you want to know is 'Can you act?' That's the way I feel it should be about talking pictures. The microphone can pick up any kind of voice. But the camera cannot supply a lack of talent.'

Armstrong has worked out a plan whereby a film producer would be able to gauge the timing of laughs in a comedy.

"On the stage, we 'feel out' the audience at each performance. Maybe last night we got a big laugh after such-and-such a line. Using that as a gauge, we hold that the next night to give the spectators a chance to laugh. Maybe they don't think it so funny as did the audience of the previous night. Then you have to bring on your next line quicker to fill up the gap.

"The big handicap in making film comedies is that you are never sure of your timing. A few people on the set are your only judges. Pretty soon the whole picture is shot and in the can and no chance to adjust the timing of the funny lines. My idea would be to use an average group of people for a representative audience on the set. Seat them in front of a revolving stage which has been divided up into as many sets as the picture requires. Have players in the several sets going through the lines, with the director on the sidelines closely watching the reactions of this representative audience. The round revolving stage would facilitate the movement from one scene to the next, since each set could be 'dressed,' prior to the beginning of the trial performance.

"It is my contention that such a procedure would save the producer a mint of money on each comedy.

Talking pictures will improve, the young actor believes, when the present practice of using two directors on one production is discontinued.

"Of course, it is necessary to some degree right now. The stage director rehearse and directs the scenes in which dialog is used. The director of the old silent picture school handles the other parts of the picture. The result, I think, is diversified. One brain in charge, with others working under his supervision, is the logical way to secure a unified effect. And this applies to bridge building or any other form of endeavor just as it does to picture making."

Like James Gleason and every other stage player who finds the motion picture industry a vitally worth-while field in which to work, but who still has the inevitable soft spot in his heart for the footlight world, Armstrong is of the opinion that pictures can never supply the satisfaction that comes from performance on the stage.

"In the legitimate theater, the audience is something that comes in laughing at 8:30 in chifons and booted shirts, paying a good price to be entertained and hoping they will be given a chance to enjoy themselves. Their gala spirit reaches across the footlights and brings about a corresponding reaction among the cast. It is like a challenge which must be fulfilled.

"But of course, we actors know we can't have everything. And most of us feel mighty grateful to pictures for opening the door to so many things that the actor tied down to Broadway can never enjoy. Look at this tax! A swim every morning. Look at this muscle! A chance to play tennis just about every day in the week. Look at this married finger! Got that while typing!"

"Mother moves into the new house I bought her in order to keep her in Hollywood. You know, she came out from New York to visit me and I thought up the house idea as a good way to make her want to stay. It's this chance to live like 'regular people' that makes us grateful for the work we've had in pictures."

Janet Gaynor says: "Here's wishing at you!"

Yeah? Yeah!—Continued from page 77
Louise Fazenda

Continued from page 75

Louise admitted her practise has a sharp, sword-like quality to it. Suppose there were several women in the cast who do several things as pleasant as she does. I make things as pleasant as you for as you might. The answer to that is in flipping the pages of the cook book to the most fascinating and delicious cookie recipes and urging the results on the ladies in question. They lose their slim outlines and jeopardize their careers and think what a lot of satisfaction there is in that for you!

Miss Fazenda says she would like to suggest the coffee-and-tea treatment to every director who has come to dread the zero hour from four to five in the afternoon—that period when the cast dumbs and the tempo of enthusiasm sags. She has seen it work like magic in her numerous pictures where she has persuaded the director that a cookie a day will keep the doldrums away.

When a film player in Hollywood avoids scales and reveals a surreptitious interest in the 18-day diet, it is a fairly certain sign that he has just finished a role in the same picture with Louise Fazenda.

And with the comedienne making pictures at an almost startling rate this year, it will be a surprise to everyone if one slim figure can be found on Hollywood Boulevard by 1930!

Chevalier—Lubitsch—Success!

Continued from page 29

a joke, for when foreigners learn our lan-

guage they learn it better than we do. I

found this out when I helped Lubitsch and

Hans Kraly title "So This Is Paris." They

both caught me up many times on my

casual and idiomatic English.

Furthermore, Lubitsch not only coaches

Chevalier; he is constantly correcting the

English of the American in his cast. He

cannot always enunciate properly, but he

knows the way the word should sound.

The other day the 'mixer' came down out

of his glassed conning tower with his

brows puckered. "Mr. Lubitsch," he

said, "that fellow's voice recorded well,

but I couldn't understand a word he said.

Was he talking Siamese or Arabic or

what?"

"Did it sound that way?" smiled Lub-

itsch.

The mixer regretfully admitted that it

did.

"Good! That's just how I wanted it to

sound. He's an Asiatic Ambassador of

no particular country," I confidentially

told our mythical kingdom, so I just invented

a language for him.

Such a solemn fellow naturally lays him-

self open for a joke and of course Lub-

itsch pulled one on him. They were to

register the whine of a dog and at the

last minute Lubitsch substituted a cat. In

the playback room the director pretended

to blow up.

"What's the matter with you sound

fellows?" he exclaimed. "I register a dog

and it comes out like a cat!"

"I told you, Mr. Lubitsch," replied the

crashfellen mixer, "that I thought the dog

you had selected was too old!"

"It's too bad the 'raspberry' that followed

was not recorded."

The tremendous cost of sound pictures

has caused the producers to speed up on

production to such an extent that "The

Lover's Paradox," a $600,000, 1929 picture,

was shot in seven weeks—$16,000 a day! (Now

grab a camera and a mike and go out and

make a talkie!)

"Too fast, Bob, too fast!" exclaimed

Lubitsch. "We worked from sixteen to

eighteen hours a day and we are worn out.

Now I can relax a little while cutting, but

those poor sound fellows—they go right

on. Something must be done about it.

"But we were happy!" he added with

a shrug. "I gave the crew—everybody,

including painters and grips, a big dinner

over in Glendale after the final shot. We

had a grand time. They are all fine boys.

That's why I think the picture will be a

big success. Everybody in it was enthu-

siastic! Wait till you hear some of the big

choruses. And Chevalier! Ah, stupendous! A

great artist, Chevalier. And such shams!"

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM THE STARS!

Watch for the next, the December issue of Screenland, out

November 5th, in which the most popular stars of the screen

offer Christmas gifts to our readers, to express their apprecia-

tion of your interest. Remember—December Screenland!
we noticed her hair was growing long.

“Yes, my husband, Bob Leonard, likes me in a long bob,” she explained, with a comical sigh. “I’m giving him a break this summer, while I’m at the beach, and nobody to see me.”

Richard Barthelmes’ yacht was sighted just then. We watched him anchor out in front of Ray Rockett’s house, further down the beach, and swim to shore to visit Rockett.

John Boles was chatting on a wicker divan with Shirley Mason and Skeets Gallagher, while his wife went in swimming with a crowd, including Viola Dana. Viola joined us for a while, but Patsey reminded her that she would say the same if she had just come up from under the ice in Alaska.

William Seiter was working. He and Laura own a home near Topango Canyon beach, not far from Malibu. She is taking piano lessons, she said—her practicing mercifully drowned out by the ocean’s roar.

We spied Pauline Mason, a charming young actress to whom Skeets Gallagher is supposed to be engaged. She had just escaped being drawn into a dead contract by which she said, at which game a crowd in the card room, including Al K. Hall, the writer, Charlie Kenyon, the playwright, and Sidney Howard, author of “The Silver Cord,” and “They Know What They Wanted,” and other famous writers, were engaged.

“I never could hope to compete with that bunch!” exclaimed Pauline.

Pauline is a slim, tanned girl, with a lot of elusive charm, and she is being taken to Hollywood’s heart.

Bebe Daniels came a bit late, with Ben Lyon. They are very much devoted to each other, and I’m sure will wed ere long.

Eddie Sutherland was a guest, and Bebe was kindly calling him her father.

Eddie Boies, watching the catching sight of Laura told us about Laura kissing a bald-headed man in the Elks’ Parade.

Dorothy Sebastian was riding in the parade right behind Eddie, and she told us, “Dorothy was kissing all the babies that were brought to her during halts in the parade. Bill Seiter kidded her by fetching a bald-headed man to the stop, for Laura to kiss on his shiny pate!”

Sally Eilers came with Eddie. The two seem to go on about a great deal together these days.

Mrs. Bert Wheeler was there, and Olive Tell, with her husband, Henry Hobart, Barbara Pierce, Ann Gayonna—who is going to be a great hit in pictures, say the wiseacres—Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Johnny Farrow and Lila Lee, Sidney Lanfield, who is Shirley Mason’s husband, Thelma Todd and a dozen others.

Wesley is going to build a tiny wharf in front of his house, and then people like Viola Dana, who is a regular mermaid, and had been in swimming twelve times a day, can have a convenient diving place.

Every once in a while a strange dog would pop up on the premises, and Wesley told us that not long ago he had twelve dogs at one time.

“Anybody that knows of a dog without a home just sends him to me,” explained Wes.

As evening drew on, everybody assembled in the house, and a buffet supper was served.

After supper, John Boles and Kathryn Crawford sang a ballad, their voices blending charmingly. Kathryn was in the Los Angeles production of “Hit the Deck,” you know.

Mrs. Bert Wheeler danced one of her amusing clogs, but Skeets Gallagher turned down his invitation to sing, declaring that on Sunday he wanted to forget all about work. Mrs. Neil Hamilton, who was there to fer a concert pianist, played enchantingly for us. Neil is a pianist also, you know, so that the bond of music is great between them.

Both Bebe Daniels and John Boles had to leave around nine o’clock, because they were working nights in “Rio Rita.”

The party broke up around eleven, and we all voted it a charming evening, as we sped homeward, along the Santa Monica coast, where the ocean was reflecting the thousand lights of the houses along the beach.

“I want you,” said Anita Stewart’s sweet voice over the telephone the next day—“I want you to come to my wedding. We are having only a few people.”

“Well, isn’t she a darling to include us!” exclaimed Patsey, who was having tea with me at the time.

We knew of course that the quietness of the wedding was due in large part to the illness of Anita’s beloved brother George, and to the tragedy that lately overtook her sister, Lucille Lee Stewart, when Lucille’s husband was killed in an aviation accident.

The wedding will be in the Chateau Elysée, where so many of the picture stars are living at present, and we found a number of guests already gathered in the private drawing room and in the garden under the trees.

Some of the guests, too, were already gathered in the patio, where the ceremony will be performed.

“Oh, there’s the bride!” saucy Priscilla Dean exclaimed sotto voce, as she pointed out a certain window high up in the church tower.

Sure enough, there was Anita, looking out of the window of her apartment.

“If I have to marry my husband again, I’ll be correct in my wedding dress and costume!” Priscilla. We said we certainly would.

You know Priscilla was married to Liest. Leslie Arnold a couple of years ago, but his former wife, whom he thought he had divorced, came into court a few months ago, demanding a cancellation of the divorce proceedings. So poor Priscilla doesn’t know whether she is married or not.

Gertrude Olmstead and Robert Leonard were among the guests, and Walter Lang came with Mrs. Wallace Reid, while other guests included Tyler Brooke and his wife, Eddie Egan, Anita’s manager, and some of the bridge-room’s, George Converse’s relatives by marriage, especially her brother, Barones von Romberg and Prince Prince; and there were Mr. and Mrs. Abram Lehr, Grace Gordon Nolan, Mrs. Stewart, Patsy Borson, Ben Bard and Ruth Roland, and a few others.

Presently there was a hush, and the orchestra inside began to play. “Here Comes the Bride,” they sang, as the young lady left the terrace of the bride-room. George Converse, and preceded by Lucille Lee Stewart, matron of honor, and by the Prince, who was best man, appeared.

Anita looked lovely in a sheer green
Rolf Armstrong, whose portrait of Greta Garbo graces this month's cover of Screenland, belongs to motion pictures in more ways than one. Besides being the outstanding artistic interpreter of the screen beauties, he is the uncle of the popular actor, Robert Armstrong. Welcome to our family!
The Battle of the Beauties

Continued from page 22

they're all pretty anxious to get into the game. I've noticed, and they all have that "woe-begone, forsaken look when they have to go back to 'the legit'"

The theater and the movies are two different arts; at least, that's the way it seems to me. I'm not a profound student of that sort of thing, and I can't define the difference with a lot of words that I'd have to look up in Mr. Noah Webster's thrilling pages; but I know that the technique of the stage is one thing and the technique of the screen is another.

The stage is still. There are a thousand things that you want to do, but can't. On the screen you can do anything!

And as for being 'glorified' just because you are in a Broadway musical show—well, the girl who makes a hit in the motion pictures is seen and heard everywhere! If she sings and dances well, the whole world soon knows it. If she has beautiful hair or eyes or legs, the whole world soon knows that, too.

Many of the Broadway beauties who have recently arrived are content to keep on carrying jumpers and meeting Johnnies at the stage door.

"Beautiful but dumb" is a phrase that they inspired.

Now, out here in Hollywood, the more beautiful you are the better; but if you're dumb you just can't get by. Some of our Broadway celebrities are just beginning to see the light. Everyone of them has had to face the fact that they are up against a new proposition. The old stuff that they knew doesn't go. No matter how famous they may be at home, and how dear they may be to Broadway audiences, they're just greenhorn to the studio people.

In the studios something new is happening every day. No long, deadly-dull "runs" for us! We make a scene once and for all; and just because of that, we are able to put into it a freshness and a spirit that makes all the difference. This constant change of occupation keeps people alert and

on their toes.

Broadway really must be a nice street. I've never been there, but I hope to see the Great White Way soon, and find out for myself whether it's really so hot. From the reports that I learn, it must be a great place to play: but for work as an actress, give me Hollywood! And Hollywood isn't so bad at a playground, either.

Lots of people hate to have to acknowledge that the stage has died, that the screen is the art of the future. So why bother to learn a dying technique? What possible value can that have if you really hope to get on the movie bandwagon?

This is the twentieth century. If Shakespeare were alive today he would be writing continuity and dialog out here in Hollywood; and when his day's work was done you'd see him at the Montmartre, just as he used to hang out at the Mermaid Tavern! (I must admit that that thought isn't original. Ian Keith, who is one of the deepest Shakespearian students in this country, suggested it when I was looking over my shoulder while I banged this article out on my typewriter. But I'm sure it's true.)

After all, these things can best be tested by results. Some of the stage stars who have tried their luck in pictures since the talkies came have been flops. You can look through the records and verify this for yourself. Don't be blinded by the few dazzling exceptions. The great majority of them have found that their precious stage training didn't carry them so far.

But all the old screen favorites of the silent pictures have continued to hold the hearts of the public, because they knew what they were doing and what the people who have made the movies what they are.

And that's why I think the way to be a movie star is to act in the movies and not bother about the glories of Broadway.

That's my story and I'll stick to it!

The Battle of the Beauties

Continued from page 23

if I can get into the Follies."

You see, my bashfulness was disappearing. I was learning to take myself (shall I say) at my own face value. So I crossed over to the studio, as bold as you please; and when I landed in New York I saluted the Statue of Liberty, took one good upward look at the skyscrapers, and then marched into Flo Ziegfeld's reception room.

"I'm Dorothy Mackail of London," I told the girl at the desk, "and I want to see Ziegiel!"

It worked! He is one of the hardest men in the world to see, but it worked! And I got the job.

Face value again, I suppose. I knew now what it was all about. And, by the way, when I joined the ranks of the glorified girls in the Midnight Frolic they gave me Jacqueline Lorraine's clothes to wear. Jacqueline had just left the show. She, too, entered the movies through the theatrical gate, as so many others have done. Follies girls, living in the spotlight of publicity, learn how to handle themselves. They are the observed of all observers. If I hadn't succeeded in becoming a glorified girl, Edwin Carewe would certainly never have seen me and offered me a movie contract. So I owe my whole American career on the screen to the fact that I took up the stage first; and I haven't forgotten it. Of course, there are stage stars who have failed on the screen, but I think this was because they could not adapt themselves to the strenuous job. There are not because they did not know their stuff.

Gratitude, I think, is the chief of all virtues. It is the one that I am proudest and happiest to claim for myself. When I hear some of the Hollywood stars, who owe their first popularity and first big chance to the fact that they were playing behind the footlights, represent the stage, it makes me, well, jolly sick!

Where would they be if the theaters hadn't given them their start? Of course
they might have gone all the way out to California and starved to death trying to get a job; but we know what happens to all the hundreds of girls that try that! Nothing is more heart-breaking than the sight of all those young people, so hopeful, so eager—and practically all of them being_nth blasted out.

No, I haven't forgotten that the stage gave me my start, and my opportunity. And I haven't forgotten that Marion Davies, Antoinette Perry, Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, Billie Dove and Mae Murray, and dozens of others who have made their mark on the silver screen were once Follier girls.

The girl who has had stage training knows how to speak, how to walk. If she is really gifted, she knows how to act!

And there is another side of the matter, that is: I don't think, because of her being a profession, she has a chance to develop as a complete human being.

It seems to me that if any one has the chance to develop as an artist, it is the stage-trained girl, and that she has a right to be allowed to develop. I can't help but think that the future of the stage-trained girl is brighter than that of the picture-trained girl.

And this seems to me as true in the way of the stage-trained girl as it is true in the way of the picture-trained girl.

So I'm all for the stage as a preparation for the screen, and I love the screen more and am going to keep on giving it the best that is in me. And of course I have no intention of believing that the life of the stage is any less glamorous for the many splendid actors and actresses who have made their debut on the movie lot and have learned all their lessons there. It just seems to me that they have learned quicker, and been spared many disappointments and heartaches, if they had begun as I began—behind the footlights!
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The Transformation of Fay Wray
Continued from page 41

Her story reads like this:

Fay Wray was one of five children. She is a Canadian. She attended Vidor High School in Salt Lake City and later attended Hollywood High School. Her parents are intelligent. They did everything they could, but one fails far short of the atten-
tion. So she came to motion pictures straight from her school books with little back of her but burning desire. She didn't have baby hair and the tons of beautiful hair that she wore so well.

Thevon Stroheim discovery. That almost ruined her. She was in the same class with many another "find." She received great masses of publicity before she appeared. Before ever seeing her on the screen, the director brought her onto the stage of her pictures and in newspapers and magazines. Everyone de-
veloped his idea of her until a totally dif-
f erent actress was considered to be Fay Wray. Fay Wray might have fared worse than the others. The public read and waited for long over a year for von Stroheim's discovery. Finally she appeared in "The Street of Sin" and "The Legion of the Condemned." Some persons may have been disappointed in the girl of so much difference from their own daughters.

Until recently, Fay Wray was the quiet girl in the background at the studio. She did her work rather seriously. So, sweetly, apologistically and definitely she kept away from the public and the press. Her mother was not of the usual motion picture variety. But Fay was protected Fay from the world. It was always her decision that overbalanced her daughter's.

Then, suddenly, when one called at the Wray bungalow, Wray greeted: "Fay has gone to the beach for dinner. She is going to a theater afterward and won't be home until late." Then it became known that the daunting Saunders was escorting Fay Wray to very exclusive parties and dinner dances.

Now, John Monk Saunders is the type of person one would think ever paid much attention to quiet, shy girls. He is now in his late twenties. He holds the undisputed record for being the best-dressed, best-looking writer in Hollywood. He was a Rhodes scholar. He has degrees from the best colleges. He has traveled over the world. He always had known women of the ultra-smart world—lovely, gracious, charming and posted on every trend of fashion. Saunders drives high-powered open roadsters. He is intensely interested in automobiles. He is the author of best-seller novels. He is the author of the original story for "Wings." He has been rumored engaged to several of Hollywood's actresses, famous as heart-breakers.

During production of "The First Kiss" in Maryland, Saunders managed to find business in Washington and suddenly dropped down to Chesapeake Bay and married Fay Wray. The news was a shock to Hollywood. Gossip wondered how long it would last—this romance of the sweet girl and the handsome writer. When she returned, she hadn't changed very much. She had vacations between pictures. When her mother came to Ferrage, the Saunders leased her home and the little girl became mistress of the lovely Vidor mansion with its spacious grounds, fine views of the sea, a large pool, and a tennis court. During her vacations, she spent many hours with her husband: absorbing his ways of think-
ning, looking at life from a different angle, trying to understand the various parts of the world. Saunders is an expert tennis player. So he taught Fay the game every day of her vacations. They went riding. She drove his fast car. She read his books. Gradually she changed. She managed her home wisely. There is a housekeeper and a cook but Fay manages all the main things of the home. She learned to decide matters entirely by herself.

On the screen, "The Four Feathers" noted a small change in Mrs. John Monk Saunders. Along came George Ban-
croft's "Thunderbolt," which was also

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("The Four Feathers")

"Arlington Operated"

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NEW YORK CITY

The transformation of Fay Wray continued from page 41.
Don Juan of Broadway
Continued from page 32

enough to keep me! It's much harder work than the stage; for instance, these close-ups, medium shots, microphones and so on—it takes a day to photograph a line which is over in a minute in the theater! But it's a great thrill, particularly the contact with the vastly enlarged audience of the screen. One thought that was nothing so gratifying as the hand applause of the theater. Now, however, I reach greedily for newspaper reviews from all parts of the world and use them for the next installment of my fan letters. The tremendous penetration of the screen is the most exciting thing I have encountered in my long theatrical experience.

We've let Basil talk; now let's talk about him.

He has a perfect right to all the adulation he has received for his interpretations of great romantic roles. You see him is that rare type of male who is equally well liked by both men and women.

Charming in every way, a woman calls charming, courteously, physically graceful, gracious, in his speech, Rathbone is at the same time very much a man's man. Demo- cratic, he does not 'play down' to his lines. He talks to anyone who interests him. This characteristic has won for him the most difficult accolade of the studios. The actors, directors, laborers, electricians, all hard-boiled to the nth degree, have unanimously voted Rathbone a 'great guy.'

A man of very wide experiences (we will tell you more of them in due course), he is an exceptionally remarkable conversationalist. As a result, in three months he has become one of the two or three most popular heroes in Hollywood. Folks like to go to the home of Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergeere, because they know that they won't be bored.

Rathbone's very charming nature is perhaps best described by telling of his personal reactions towards the talkies. 'I'm frankly scared stiff,' he told me. 'I've never seen one, and can't imagine later (he is an exceptionally remarkable conversationalist. As a result, in three months he has become one of the two or three most popular heroes in Hollywood. Folks like to go to the home of Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergeere, because they know that they won't be bored.

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The Gangs of Hollywood

Continued from page 43

Bessie Love’s sports outfit was won by MISS ESTHER BRENNER

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Ronald Colman's tennis rackets and balls were awarded to

MISS PRISCILLA KENTHAL

4235 South 18th Street, Flushing, Long Island, N. Y.
Let's Talk About You!

*We assume full responsibility for this page.*

*We asked the Editor to reserve it for us; and asked her to name the deadline. Since the Publisher always has the last word, we requested the page to be inserted without editing of any kind. This is the first time we have ever exercised our control; but since this is an intimate talk with Screenland's readers, it's in a good cause and we feel justified!*

*Less than a year ago Delight Evans, a slip of a girl in her early twenties, was writing Screenland's reviews. She was called before the magazine Board of Directors one day, told that she was to be elevated to the post of Editor of Screenland, and asked what she was going to do about it. She caught her breath. But she recovered the next minute and answered:*

*I'm a movie fan and always have been a movie fan. I know what we fans really want in the way of a magazine devoted to pictures. I know what I'd like to see in a screen publication and I think I'm representative of the millions of movie-goers. I'll surround myself with an editorial staff composed of writers who know and love the movies as I do. I'll ask them to write sympathetically yet revealingly about Hollywood stars and studios. And the first thing you know, the best writers in America will want to write for us. The best artists will want to paint for us. The most important people in and out of pictures will be glad to see their names in Screenland. And we'll have the biggest circulation of any screen magazine!*  

*The little girl took a large order! But her promise has been fulfilled. Screenland's circulation has doubled, and is still growing by leaps and bounds. Let's look at this issue:*

**Rolf Armstrong's** vivid conception of the inimitable Greta Garbo is on the cover. This master artist, whose vibrant covers created such a sensation on College Humor, will give his best work to Screenland's audience.

**Charles Sheldon,** renowned portrait artist, whose delicate, refined, charming portraits for years graced the covers of Photoplay, our esteemed contemporary, this month in Screenland in an insert good to look at for all time, gives us his version of Garbo. Whereas Armstrong sees her as an inscrutable siren, Sheldon visualizes her as an angelic beauty. We have commissioned Charles Sheldon to do a series of portraits of the famous men and women of the screen, to insert in our pages.

**James Oppenheim,** distinguished psychologist and author, inaugurates in this issue, with his searching psycho-analysis of Garbo, a series of analyses of the screen's most important and potent personalities. Next month, Ronald Colman.

**Dr. John B. Watson**—who does not know him?—in an interview with Rob Reilly, settles the screen sex appeal argument that has been raging in newspapers and magazines.

**Fannie Hurst,** incomparable novelist, stimulates Screenland readers in an intimate interview with Alma Talley.

**Herbert Knight Cruikshank,** scintillating writer on screen topics and brilliant biographer of screen stars, whose unique style calls forth from his readers the praise: "Good to the last word!" will be heard from this month and every month hereafter.

**Rob Wagner,** who writes for the Saturday Evening Post, gives Screenland the benefit of his close contact with pictures and picture people.

**Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore** pop an interesting question and offer even more interesting awards for the best answers from our readers. Next month, Christmas contest gifts from Greta Garbo, Al Jolson, Harold Lloyd and other great stars.

**Miss Vee Dee,** our wise-cracking information bureau. **Anne Van Alstyne,** our beauty expert. Last but not least, Delight Evans' Reviews, most widely read and quoted of any screen criticisms.

**New Feature.** This issue also introduces Screenland's Radio Department. We believe that radio and the screen will prove inseparable—indeed, these two forms of entertainment are already so closely interlocked, that what with producers' programs on the air, and television signals flying around, who knows what will happen next? Screenland is the first screen magazine to jump aboard the band wagon!

We've talked about what we're giving you.

Now, you talk about Screenland!

The Publishers
CLAP yo' hands! Slap yo' thigh! "Hallelujah" is here! "Hallelujah" the great! "Hallelujah" the first truly epic picture portraying the soul of the colored race. Destined to take its place in filmdom's Hall of Fame along with "The Big Parade," "The Broadway Melody" and "The Hollywood Revue." King Vidor wrote and directed this stirring all-negro drama, this absorbing story of the colored boy, indirectly responsible for his young brother's death in a gaming house brawl, who becomes a negro revivalist; of his devotion to his ideals; and of his craving for a seductive "yaller girl." The soul of the colored race is immortalized in "Hallelujah." Every phase of their picturesque lives—their fierce loves, their joyous, carefree pursuit of happiness, their hates and passions—finds dramatic expression against vivid backgrounds of cabarets, cotton fields, gaming houses, and humble shacks called home.

Daniel Haynes, noted Negro singer, plays the central character. Nina Mae McKinney, a beauty discovered in the night clubs of Harlem, has the leading feminine role. In addition, the celebrated Dixie Jubilee Singers and other noted performers sing the songs of the negro as they have never been sung before. Don't miss this tremendous event in the history of the screen!

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Horsemen have a saying that "blood will tell," and the same principle applies to most of the good things of life... good clothes, good manners, good society, and good tobacco... For the essence of all fine breeding lies in a capacity for selection. And the delicacy and mellow fragrance which are so characteristic of Camel Cigarettes are the result of one of the most painstaking processes of selection in the world.
MY DEAR, I've discovered the most amazing new Kissproof Lipstick! I put it on once in the morning and know my lips will look their loveliest all day long, no matter what I do! You don't believe it? Here, try Kissproof, my dear—you won't need lipstick again today!

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"...One of the loveliest of all the melody films, the most exalted score yet to be sung in the audible pictures... Audiences are going to find it a thing of joy."
—QUINN MARTIN, World

"...An especially fine example of vocal recording...adroitly interspersed with jollity and extremely clever photographic embellishments. The principal songs are charmingly rendered."
—MORDAUNT HALL, Times

"...it recalls sweet and pleasant theatrical memories...it is of such stuff as dreams are made on...glorious music."
—IRENE THIBER, News

"...boasts big sets, mob scenes, elaborate color sequences...has been produced on a very lavish scale."
—ROSE PELSWICK, Journal

"...the most mellowing stuff that has made its way into the movies since Von Stroheim lifted the Merry Widow's face...principal waltz is pure delight."
—JOHN S. COHEN, Sun

Broadway contributes the stars, Hollywood the lavish and splendid settings, and Vienna the enchanting melodies of her greatest living composer, Oscar Straus—to make "MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD" the most glamorous song romance ever conceived for stage or screen!

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COVER—Alice White. By Rolf Armstrong
THE FLAPPER FAN’S FORECAST.
   By Evelyn Ballarine
   Movies in the Air. By Julia Shawell
   Confessions of the Fans. Letters from Readers
   Honor Page — Gloria Swanson
   Janet Greets You. Janet Gaynor
   Editorial. By Delight Evans
   Screen Favorites Inspire the Artists
GOING HOLLYWOOD.
   By Margareta Tuttle. By Gene Markey
   Colman Psycho-Analyzed. Ronald Colman.
   By James Oppenhearn
THE PRICE OF THIS STARDOM.
   By Betty Boone
   Charlie Chaplin. By Bob Wagner
TALKIES: A LIBERAL EDUCATION IN LOVE.
   By Herbert Cruikshank
HOW THE STARS SOLVE THEIR PROBLEMS.
   By Helen Ludlam
THEY TRAVELED 114,000 MILES TO GET INTO PICTURES.
   The Dancers.
   By Bradford Nelson
SCREENLAND’S SPECIAL GIFT SECTION
   Greta Garbo Gives a Gift for Beauty
   Al Jolson Says “Merry Christmas” with Songs
   Billie Dove’s Beautiful Neglige
   Harold Lloyd’s Holiday Greeting
   A Fur Coat from Evelyn Brent
   George Bancroft’s Doggy Christmas!
   John McCormack’s Golden-Voiced Gift
   Rolf Armstrong — A Portrait
   Larry Comes Back. Larry Gray.
   By Jean Cunningham
THE THEME SONG’S THE THING. By Rosa Reilly
TEN YEARS FROM TODAY—WHAT?
   By Ralph Wheeler
PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN. Clive Brook.
   By John Godfrey
SISTER ACT! Shirley Mason and Viola Dana.
   By Jason Carroll
HOLLYWOOD GETS MARRIED! By Grace Kingsley
ON LOCATION WITH “SWEETIE.”
   By Helen Ludlam
DANCING GIRLS OF HOLLYWOOD.
   By Keith Richards
GARBO’S NEW SCREEN LOVER. Lew Ayres.
   By Myrene Wentworth
RONALD COLMAN — An Insert in Color.
   By Charles Sheldon
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
THE SPIRIT OF THE DANCING SCREEN.
   Portraits by Anton Bruch!
   Blanche Sweet — A Portrait
   Nils Asther — A Portrait
   Claudette Colbert — A Portrait
   Betty Compson — A Portrait
   Dolores Costello — A Portrait
   Armida — A Portrait
CHEZ TALMADGE.
   Norma Talmadge and Company
   Mary Brian — A Portrait
   Kay Francis — A Portrait
   Lola Lane — A Portrait
   Charles Farrell — A Portrait
   Kay Johnson — A Portrait
   She’s Not the Type! Kay Johnson.
   By Joseph Howard
DELIGHT EVANS’ REVIEWS
GOOD LOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS. Screenland’s Beauty
   Department. By Anne Van Alstyne
   In New York. By Anne Bye
   Come Into the Kitchen with Irene Bordoni.
   By Sydney Valentine
   BEST LINES OF THE MONTH
   Louise Dresser’s Ten Commandments.
   By Liska Lewis
   Let’s Go to the Movies! Screenland’s Revuettes
   Hot from Hollywood. News and Gossip
   ASK ME. By Miss Vee Dee
   IDEALS— AND OTHER THINGS. The Publishers
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F. H. Knight Time over the Columbia Broadcasting System.
Looking Over the Future Films

By Evelyn Ballarine

WOOHOO! Yippee! We're wild, we're western! Pating Tom Mix and, of course, Tony, too.

This outburst is due to the fact that we are going to have a few western soundies. George O'Brien and Sue Carol have 'gone western' in the interests of "The Lone Star Ranger." Won't little Sue look cute as a cowgirl—and as for Georgie, well, as a two-timed he-man he's great, so imagine, if you can, what he'll be as a two-gun man! And that's not all. Mrs. Wallace Reid is producing a western, too, "The Dude Wrangler." George Duryea, Lina Basquette, Raymond Hatton, Francis X. Bushman and Sojin are among those present. And "The Virginian" with Gary Cooper, Mary Brian, Richard Arlen and Walter Huston, is with us right now. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will still continue to be screen lovers even though Janet is now Mrs. Lydell Peck. Janet and her new husband are honeymooning in the Hawaiian Islands and Charlie is making personal appearances with "Sunsidine Up." When they get back to Hollywood they are to begin work on "Budapest" with Frank Borzage directing.

Ex-Governor Al Smith's life story is to be made by Fox Films. It is reported that he may play the lead in this film. And that gets our vote. The producers won't have to worry about a theme song for this talkie—East Side, West Side will do very nicely, thank you.

Greta Garbo's next and last silent film is called "The Kiss." Lew Ayres, a new-comer, has the male lead opposite La Garbo. Watch him! You won't mind—he's extremely easy on the eyes. They've put William Boyd into another uniform. This time he's a United States cavalryman in "His First Command." Boyd has glorified every sort of uniform; in fact, he's been everything from a prince to a policeman. Dorothy Sebastian has the femme lead opposite him in this colorful story of cavalry life.

James Murray pulled one of the prize roles of the season. He is to play the lead in the screen version of "All Quiet on the Western Front." Louis Wolheim and Edward Robinson are slated for important character roles. This is to be a womanless picture. Lewis Milestone is to direct it.

Here's something to cheer about. Harry Langdon has made friends with the "mike." He's at the Hal Roach Studio making two-reelers. "Hotter Than Hot" is his next, with Thelma Todd as his film girl-friend.

D. W. Griffith is preparing an all-talking epic screen romance around the character of Abraham Lincoln. Also, he will present in parallel action an interesting story built around the career of the eccentric John Wilkes Booth, the actor who assassinated the President. No cast has been selected as yet.

Things the stars are doing all for art: Mary Brian bobbed her lovely hair for her role in "The Children." Richard Barthelmess has taken up Chinese, the most difficult of all languages, in connection with his role in "The Son of the Gods."

Blanche Sweet is learning to tap-dance. She is coming back in a picture for Metro-Goldwyn, with Tom Moore playing opposite her. An original story of New York night life is the theme of the picture.

Colleen Moore learned to play the harmonica. Her next picture is "Footlights and Fools," with back-stage atmosphere.

Silent pictures that are being re-made into talkies: "Lilies of the Field" with Corinne Griffith. Miss Griffith also played in the silent version of this picture a few years ago. Marion Davies is giving us "Duley" as her next. Constance Talmadge played in the silent "Duley." Metro-Goldwyn are to re-make "Tin Hats." This time it's to be a single-dance.
Develop the Powers of Attraction that are Dormant within YOU!

Daré tells you HOW!

NOW, you, too, may know the supreme joy of utter personal loveliness—for lovely ladies are MADE, not born! Now you can know—and use—all those invaluable and subtle beauty secrets of the world’s most beautiful women. Think what it would mean if you were able to decide, in a few moments, with the aid of an amazingly clever chart, just which type of woman you definitely represent—and were given the most complete and accurate suggestions on how to achieve the greatest originality and individuality in expressing your type! In dress! In manner! In physique! In mentality! In soul! The incomparable Daré tells you all these things—and more—in her two new books, Lovely Ladies, The Art of Being a Woman!

You too HAVE Charm Poise - Personality - Beauty!

DEVELOP THEM!

Every woman—no matter how plain and uninteresting she may think herself to be—actually does possess all those qualities of fascinating charm and magnetism that she envies in other women. You possess them, TOO! They are latent within you—hidden away—sleeping—and you need only know how to arouse them and develop them in order to turn all your dreams of captivating beauty and charming loveliness into actual realities! The seed of beauty is there—nourish it and tend it as you would a lovely flower and it cannot help but blossom into exquisite loveliness!

Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.
Dept. L-1812, Garden City, N. Y.

Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.
Dept. L-1812, Garden City, N. Y.

You may send me the two-volume set of Lovely Ladies by Daré. I will either return the books or remit $3.50 in full payment within a week.

Name

Address

City State
MOVIE fans who have been waiting for Greta Garbo to walk into their living rooms by way of wireless, flappers who have anticipated the sudden and realistic apparition of a smiling John Gilbert on their boudoir walls some rainy night, must hold their hopes longer. Television, in spite of optimistic reports to the contrary, is still in its elementary stage and is due for a long period of experimentation before it is commercially marketable. That much was indicated at the Radio World’s Fair held in Madison Square Garden, New York, recently.

THE intense interest of the public in television and the extreme optimism, partially warranted by glowing accounts of new discoveries, was emphasized at the radio show. Many new devices and improvements in the industry were slighted by visitors in favor of the radio television demonstrations. Annunciation that Bebe Daniels, Irene Bordoni, Estelle Taylor and others were actually to record visibly as well as vocally on the new invention drew thousands to the exhibit. These stars did not appear and their appearance was interesting but the recording was not what might have been expected.

WHAT the public supposed it would view was suggested by the inquiries and commotion People interested had been led to believe that Miss Daniels and her associates would be seen in life-size moving figures projected by radio on a screen that might be installed in theaters or in any home.

THAT is the ultimate aim of television but the present condition in this new link between moving pictures and radio is far from its intended purpose. The idea of having Richard Dix obtrude his athletic form into a Kansas parlor some harvest night is a swell idea for the Kansas farms. And a lumber camp in Oregon might be considerably cheered by the sudden appearance of Clara Bow in one of her hula-hula moments.

But right now, the unsatisfactory substitute is a foot-square likeness which can be broadcast from especially equipped wireless stations and received on rare and highly expensive contraptions. These pictures are being sent out frequently from Seliemenyde and Pittsburgh but they are quite like the television broadcasts which were tried out during 1927 and 1928.

IF the demonstration at the Radio World’s Fair represents the latest phase of the television, then few or no strides have been made in the past year. There has been the intimation that recent progress in both size of the picture which may be sent and the clarity and range of the broadcast were not shown at the Fair but may be expected at a later special demonstration.

STILL on the subject of television, it is just as well that ardent radio and movie fans may not see some of the singers who claim their favorite theme songs over some of the most popular wavelengths. The idea of getting the combination of a microphone voice and a camera face is going to present some problems when visual radio finally arrives. In one of the big Manhattan studios the other night a divine voice was lifting lyrics of The Pagan Love Song and it was fortunate the enthralled listeners didn’t see the fat Don Juan who was broadcasting. The Pagan Love Song, by the way, which Ramon Novarro so romantically sang in his picture, “The Pagan,” topped all other sellers among the music publishers a month ago. A good song injected in an entertaining picture became such a favorite radio number that every set owner knew the tune by heart before Novarro’s vehicle had reached his town.

Leo Reisman, whose syncopating rhythms are the rage now, broadcasts for the RKO hour on the National Broadcasting Chain.

FOR the first time a motion picture producing company with air affiliations has had an official radio orchestra to interpret its own music on a national hook-up. Leo Reisman, whose syncopating rhythms are the rage in New York, moves over from the exclusive Central Park Casino every Tuesday night for the RKO hour on the National Broadcasting Company chain. Reisman, who introduced a new note in dance music, provides a musical background for the broadcast presentations, and gives his own renditions of the songs sung by Radio Pictures stars in their screen productions.

THIS is the year when the union of radio and the cinema is proving almost a monopoly in the entertainment world.

Bebe Daniels’ voice, broadcast from California, was a major attraction at the Radio World’s Fair in New York. Bebe sang three songs from “Rio Rita.”
Broadway—Mecca of millions... now the round-the-corner resort of all America, thanks to Vitaphone!

Vitaphone obliterates the miles that used to separate you from the Street of Streets, and brings Broadway to you.

From the world’s great stages, Vitaphone is transplanting the most celebrated singing, dancing, and dramatic stars and “acts” to the screens of thousands of theatres.

Check up on the attractions at your local Vitaphone theatres every week. Events are on the way which you will not want to miss. The Vitaphone sign on a theatre is a trusty guide to the best of good times. It guarantees not only perfect voice reproduction, but also the foremost stage and screen stars in productions of the highest calibre. Look for it before you step up to the box-office.

Vitaphone is the registered trade mark of the Vitaphone Corporation

You see and hear Vitaphone only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures
CONFESSIONS
of the FANS

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

For three years I lived the life of a heroin, content to stay at home, care for my boy, my mother, and then my father who became suddenly ill and passed on. I shall not go into details as to what happened before that period except to say that I was shut out from the outside world with many arduous duties to perform was heaven in comparison.

However, I emerged from this state by slow degrees and one day I went to see Janet Gaynor in "Sunrise." It woke me up, and the following week I went to see "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." I cried more than I laughed at that picture. My next attempt was to see "Street Angel," and I was completely won over. In other words, the characters in these three plays have stirred in me the desire not only to live again, but to sympathize with those who suffer, those who laugh when their hearts ache, and those who still have faith when they have become utterly disillusioned.

Needless to say, I am now a movie fan.

Ida Freyman,
2135 N. 33rd St.,

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

Only in fairy tales does the ugly duckling turn out to be a beautiful swan or the words:
"Mirror, mirror upon the wall
Who is the fairest, fairest of all?"
Bring the answer:
"You are fairer, by far, my queen
Than any woman the world has seen."
When as a child I first noticed my lack of beauty, I was transported into a glorious dream-life as I lived the life of the little children of those first crude but inspiring movies.

Then, as I grew older, the pictures became more and more a part of my existence. Possessing an imaginative mind and a love for beauty, I soon found that each beautiful woman in that silent dream-world was myself.

And now, with my own dull, flat voice I speak vibrantly and sing. I am something more than a lovely shadow drawn across my hungry vision. I have color, tone and life.

Alone? Not I! I am courted and beloved of the world's most famous lovers. My children live and roam through beautiful homes. My heart beats triumphant through a thousand vanished hardships.

This is the fairy tale I live in my imagination. In reality, I am a rather forlorn old maid.

Hortense Lloyd,
Holbrook Hall,
Long Island City.

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00.

Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes December 10, 1929. Address Fans' Department, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.
The Editor

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

What a wonderful stride the motion picture industry has taken. Talking pictures are the most interesting and unique form of entertainment in the world today.

For instance, take that record-breaking picture, "In Old Arizona." Without sound it would have been just another western. With sound, it took the audience from their everyday surroundings and made them feel that they were actually unseent participants in the dramatic tale of Tonia and her two lovers.

Many of us have dreamed of the day when we might see the actual spots where so many famous events occurred. Now, we sit in a vast theater and see the presidential inauguration; a Japanese orchestra playing in a far-east garden; the changing of the old guard at Buckingham Palace; the slow mournful rhythm of the drums; Italian peasants dancing their native dance to the tune of an accordion; the King of Spain sending his greetings to America; a Yale football game. Many other wonderful things.

Automobiles have been driven more than a hundred miles an hour. The Graf Zeppelin has gone round the world in twelve and a half days. We have radios and talking pictures. What next?

H. Hope Leonard,
6257 Lankershim Blvd.
North Hollywood, Cal.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

Why should there be any objection to doubles for stunts, acrobatic feats, long shots, or to trick photography in pictures? Our screen players possess charming personalites, pleasing voices and hilarious ability. Must they also be opera singers, ballet dancers, and flag- pole sitters? Must the leading man know how to build bridges and churches just because he has taken the role of an architect in his latest picture?

Even the most realistic motion picture comes to the audience through a glamorous haze of unreality and illusory grandeur—bringing a fascinating release from a humdrum, every-day existence. If the powers that furnish this entertainment and relaxation can make their picture program more effective by means of voice or personal doubles, or by any illusion so perfect the spectator himself cannot detect the substitution, where lies the fault, the criticism?

More power to the powers that are able to produce such legitimate, enjoyable diversions,

Mrs. Berniece Jackson,
520 West Elm St.,
Ludlow, Ky.

Even Grandmothers!

Sex appeal seems to be stirring up much controversy at present, and in my estimation it is so one-sided it is pathetic. And before I say any more about it I want to state that I think some one should hand Mr. Gilbert Seldes a great big lemon, or should it be a present of IT?

I think Mr. Seldes has a very wrong impression of what sex appeal or IT stands for. Don't we all go to see our favorites—the persons who particularly appeal to us? What screen star is popular who has no sex appeal, or IT? What would the picture business come to if the players were drab and sexless? We would all stop seeing pictures.

For me, the more IT they have, the better I like them. Give me Madge Bellamy, Clara Bow, Betty Compson, Joan Crawford and that gorgeous French lady, Lily Damita. Why, even my grandmother who is very reserved and sedate just craves...
For the Screen Stars, a Genius Developed this New Kind of Make-Up

Under Blazing Studio Lights, Filmland's Make-Up King Discovered a Magic Way to Enhance Personality, to Double Beauty

Now This Make-Up Secret, the Sensation of Hollywood, is Offered to You... to Every Woman... by Max Factor

In the magic land of pictures, there's a magic way to beauty... and its known to every star in Hollywood. A new kind of Make-Up... conceived by imagination and produced by genius... by Max Factor, wizard of make-up in Filmland.

And now you may share this wonder beauty discovery... you may share Hollywood's Make-Up Secret.

"New beauty for every woman lies in the discovery of cosmetic color harmony. It is the secret of perfect make-up," says Max Factor.

"If powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials are in perfect color harmony with the individual complexion, beauty is magnified. If not, the effect is off-color and grotesque, and beauty is marred. This we proved in tests under the glare of studio lights.

"And, to vividly emphasize personality, the color must be individualized... the color harmony must be perfect for every type, for every variation in blonde, brunette, or redhead. Then, of course, there are tricks of make-up, too, which not everyone knows."

On the screen, before your very eyes... in feature pictures starring Janet Gaynor, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Laura La Plante, and the host of stars in Hollywood... has flashed the faultless beauty of make-up by Max Factor. The beauty that thrills... fascinates... holds, and remember that in every feature picture released from Hollywood, Max Factor's Make-Up is used exclusively.

And now you, as in a wonderful dream, will play the part of a screen star, and receive from Hollywood's Make-Up King... your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up, in the powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials created by Max Factor for the stars, for you, for every woman, for every day.

You'll at last discover the one way to vividly emphasize the allure and magnetism of your personality; to give to your own natural beauty a charm and fascination which until now has remained hidden. Simply mail the coupon to Max Factor, who will analyze your complexion, chart your own make-up color harmony and send you his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up".

MAX FACTOR'S Society Make-Up
"Cosmetics of the Stars"... Hollywood
A Hand for Alice White

I cannot understand why the fans are so meager with their support for that cute little damsel, Alice White. To me, Alice is a regular girl who has the will to win and although perhaps moving slowly, she is nevertheless getting there—both office receipts have proven that.

I have tried to find the reason why more fans do not express their appreciation for Alice, and all I get in response are a few remarks about her personality. To me, Alice is just as beautiful as they make them, and even though she doesn't come up to this ideal in the eyes of some fans, it is poor sportsmanship for them to ignore that fact that Alice is a clever actress. She started at the bottom and has worked her way to the top sheerly on her own merit. So let's not forget, fans, it is up to us to keep her there. Let's give the little girl a hand.

William Donnachie,
1530 North St.,

A Slam for Talkies

I've strained my ears long enough. One never knows when some of this talkie machinery will go wrong.

It's not only been in one theater; it's been in several. In "Syncopation" a large crowd had the pleasure of hearing Barbara Bennett and Bobby Watson gradually lose their words until they were speaking each other's line. I lived through that, but revived in time to get to "Broadway Melody" wherein Charles King laughed and went out, slamming the door behind him. We heard the chuckle when he had had time to cross the street, and as some one else opened the door, we heard it bang shut. This thing of having to fit the right notes to the right actions is 'wearing' on our so-called aesthetic souls and is a strain on our intellects. And I'm tired of hearing noises like the flic of a cigarette lighter sound like the wrecking of the Town Hall.

All this was bad enough, but the blow came in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" when a sound like a fast express train three inches away cut out all conversation for half the play.

So I try to high heaven for silent pictures again. Talkies are too uncertain!

Rebecca Whitington,
711 South Washington,
Crawfordsville,
Indiana

The Debonair Menjou

What a relief the talkies are proving, cutting out those voices and personalities which do not register, bringing to light many of our old favorites and oodles of new, clever players. I notice that practically every fan letter is for talkies. If any thing is printed against them, one usually can tell from the letter that it was written by a proverbial grouch!

For instance, Adolphe Menjou—regardless of the number of good silents he has made, which one of them compares with his first talkie, "Fashions in Love"? Adolphe, the delightfully debonair Menjou, is a hundred-fold more Adolphesque in this all-dialog picture than anything in which he ever has appeared. His accent is perfect.

We are all anxiously waiting to hear Ina Claire, Lew Cody, (where is Lew?) Claire Windsor, William Farnum, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and William S. Hart. Please page these favorites.

Mrs. C. R. Deweey,
33 West Third St.,
Jacksonville, Fla.

"Drummonditis"

Never has the individuality of Ronald Colman been so vividly personified as in "Bulldog Drummond." The magnetism of his voice is compelling, and that devil-may-care twinkle in his eyes reveals his sense of humor heretofore concealed behind a serious countenance. Who can deny that the talkies are not an advantage to the players as well as the audience?

Mr. Colman's mother, just before her death, heard his voice for the first time in several years when she saw "Bulldog Drummond." We know, that his voice thrilled us, but we can have no possible conception of what it meant to her.

Let us extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Colman for the loss of his mother, and may her memory inspire him to even greater success.

Mrs. Mildred M. Benson
1927 West Tusco,
Canton, Ohio.

Just Home Girls!

Methinks Alice White and Anita Page, glorified screen children, owe David Strong quite a few kisses for his write-up in October Screenland about their home tie and parent love. He turned the trick without bringing to the fore their enticing physical attributes!

It registered one hundred per cent with me because up to then I had a sneaking suspicion that ladies with IT temperaments were always too sophisticated to be capable of any deep-rooted love except for bank notes of robust dimensions, their feather and Pomeranians. How wonderfully refreshing to know that in this age of emacipated Eyes and things synthetic and jazzy, our Alice and Anita remain loyal to their kinsfolk. My Borsalino off to them. Only. I'm not so sure about Alice's cute observation to the effect that men are vain and recent women with intelligence. My little missus has her quota of gray matter and we are great pals, even if she has had but twenty-three birthdays while I, the cradle-robber, have marathomed past forty-eight milestones.

Albert S. Howard
551 West 148th St.
New York City
Do you want the Truth about Night Club Hostesses?

Are they as bad as they're painted—or are they Painted Angels? Are they on the square when they play around? Does turning night into day turn their hearts into cash registers?—Come to Billie Dove's own night club and find out!

"The Painted Angel" will show you a new and more exciting Billie Dove, in show-off costumes, doing song and dance numbers that are just as clever as she is beautiful. You'll see and hear an honest-to-Broadway night club show—with the cover charge "on the house." And you'll see what goes on when the lights go off, and sham turns to sorrow, and a world-famous beauty finds that love has made her the biggest "sucker" of all!

"The Painted Angel"
Singing. Dancing, for the First Time in
Billie Dove

100% TALKING... SINGING
with EDMUND LOWE from the story, "Give this Little Girl a Hand"
by FANNIE BURST

Directed by Millard Webb. With 5 new song hits you'll want to learn, including "Only the Girl," "That Thing," and "Everybody's Darling."

"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of the Vitaphone Corporation
Welcome Back, Gloria! "The Trespasser" is a Shining Testimony to Your Splendid Talents

She has always been a commanding figure, for all her dainty stature. Gloria Swanson began as a bathing girl and worked her way up to DeMille drama, in which she became world-famous for her exotic personality and her ability to wear weird clothes in striking fashion. Some stars would have let it go at that, content to remain a lovely mannequin. Not Gloria! She kept on climbing. She developed her versatile talents as dramatic actress and comedienne, until she ranked as one of the leading stars of the screen.

Stars may come and stars may go—and don't they!—but Gloria remains an outstanding and impressive personage. She is in a class by herself. Her unusual features and enigmatic eyes give her rare and lasting charm. One is never bored by Swanson!

"The Trespasser" presents Gloria with a real rôle—that of a very modern girl who dares to find happiness in her own emancipated way. Gloria, herself a young mother, is particularly appealing in scenes with her screen baby.
Thank Talking Pictures for Revealing a New and More Glorious Gloria, with a Vibrant Voice

The Swanson prestige was sufficient to warrant her embarking on her own, with her own company. It was then that her career wound into uncertain paths. Few stars have been able to go it alone. "Queen Kelly" has never been released. Came the talkies—to give fresh inspiration to the gifted girl. She had a voice, and used it. She studied singing and the happy results are apparent in "The Trespasser," establishing Gloria Swanson once more as a czarina of the screen. Long may she reign! Our best wishes!

Did you know that when Gloria first started out in pictures her nose was regarded as detrimental to her success? Now that pert and characteristic feature is admired by poets and envied by other women, because it belongs to Gloria!

You will not be disappointed in the Swanson voice. It sounds as interesting as she looks! Somehow it matches Gloria's unique appeal. She sings a pretty little song called "Love" with real distinction; while her speaking voice is admirable.
Janet Greets You

The Holly and Mistletoe are but Symbols. They Stand for sincere Good Wishes and a Yule-tide Greeting from Janet Gaynor, one of the nicest girls we know.
WILL ROGERS says:
"A horse doctor is the smartest kind of doctor in the world, because he has to know where his patients hurt. The horse can't tell him!"

Will, as usual, said a mouthful—Beechnut, please. The same is true of talkie producers. They must be the horse doctors of their audiences. They must gauge to the split second when the spectators will react to speaking scenes, give them time to digest the dialog, and then to settle down for the next bit. Audience reaction is one of the puzzles of talking motion pictures.

And from the audience point of view—I hear on all sides comments and complaints about the difficulties of concentration in a talkie theater, what with neighbors who never do recover from the comedian's last wise-crack or else miss it altogether and spend the rest of the evening asking: "What was that he said?" Add to this problem that of faulty acoustics and imperfect sound projection and you have the one real menace to the complete and permanent success of the talking screen. More and better manners in the audience, please! I'll keep quiet if you will!

WHAT THEY THINK!

Winston Churchill:
"The motion picture is a new institution of education spreading all over the world, providing a new process of education and civilization for all peoples. The motion picture is an essential part of the forward march of civilization, and as such is standing in opposition to the brutal passions and hatred which even in our time have wrought conflict between nations."

Pola Negri:
"The talkies are the thing the public wants, but the public will soon get tired of them."

George Bernard Shaw:
"The talkies have come to stay."

Lillian Gish:
"Whatever the public may feel about movies as they used to be before the sound innovations, I insist we achieved certain beautiful things. I mean that there were moments of beauty in pantomime and beauty in photography. Much of what we did was poor, but if the silent movies had had more time to develop, we might have made a really great and individual art in them. For myself, I still cling to the thought of creating those moments of beauty in pantomime."

ROY J. POMEROY:
"Talking pictures will eliminate the stage within 5 years. The stage at its best is a box with lights and painted scenery. Talking pictures present a moving photograph of real things on a stage that is life itself."

LATEST DEVELOPMENTS!

OVER HERE:

Lon Chaney, who said he would never make a talking picture, is now making a talking picture.

Fox's Grandeur Film, which permits the photographing of scenes at a distance while also giving a full view of the expression on the face of every player in a scene of great scope, is a sensation. It allows a latitude and depth never before possible on the screen. We predict that when combined with color the new wide film will completely revolutionize the industry.

OVER THERE:

Talkies are the new craze in Paris. In one theater an all-dialog film from Hollywood has been shown to a non-English speaking audience and they loved it!

Mitzi, musical comedy actress, returns from her native Hungary reporting that the first talkie shown there resulted in a great public clamor for legislation to prevent future showings for fear they might replace the 'legitimate' theater and destroy native Hungarian art. How about Vilma Banky from Budapest? Native art personified!

Elinor Glyn is producing her own talking picture in England, to be called "Knowing Men."

Western Electric has made its 3,000th installation of sound equipment in a theater in Barcelona, Spain.
The Screen Offers an Opportunity for Character Studies of Feminine Beauty

Pauline Starke was selected by Harrison Fisher as having one of the most perfect faces in pictures.

Lily Damita, piquant French actress. We have seen Lily and she didn’t look anything like this. However, Kees-Van Dongen, the Franco-Dutch modernist who created this impression, has a right to his own opinion.

Norma Shearer looking as she would look if she stepped from the frame of a portrait a la Sargent.
FAVORITES ARTISTS

World's Noted Artists Have Preserved for Posterity These Cinema Celebrities

Vilma Banky, ideal beauty of the screen, is an ideal subject for the art of Baron Michele Pizutto.

Vilma Banky

Bennett the third—Miss Joan, daughter of Adrienne Morrison, actress, Richard Bennett, actor, and grand-daughter of Lewis Morrison, celebrated player of classic roles. A portrait of the young actress by Abram Poole.

Lillian Gish, as exquisite on canvas as she is in reality. From a painting by Best-Maugard.
GOING

Why do people ‘go the climate?’ And is famous writers here One says ‘No!’ The

By

Margaretta Tuttle

Who can take Hollywood or leave it

The result is amazing. In every drawing-room, over every dinner table, the most fascinating stories are told of success that comes and goes, of fame that makes fortunes over night, and sears character by day. You listen and say:

“Tomorrow it will be I of whom this story will be told.” You watch one of the Picture Kings sitting in his counting house counting out his money, and you feel it flung into your own hands for no other expenditure of effort than the use of your wits—and a little luck.

A little luck—this is the drink of Hollywood. Hollywood is built on the Romance of Luck. It is such a Great Gamble. Tomorrow you may win. Meantime get yourself out to Studio and Market Place. You won’t win at home where nobody sees you. If you have work to do, put it off until the studios close. Then when the studios close there are the dinners where Those-Who-Buy must eat. Take yourself to these dinners. Here Luck sits with you. Many a story is sold with the after-dinner coffee, and many an actor’s future is made over the salad.

Now if you combine the gambling atmosphere with a thousand stories of those who win, and if those who lose never assign their losses to their own lack of worth, but to luck, you have something that goes to anybody’s head. If those who lose are always putting on their best clothes and gaily and bravely trying again, you have something that goes to anybody’s heart. I would not dare stay in Hollywood more than six weeks if I expected to go on writing stories. I never do stay there longer. I could not work if I did. I would be swept into gambling. I would be dragging out what I had written in my sophomore year and seeking a chance to offer it to those who buy. Indeed I know one of the sanest women writers in America who did just that—and sold. A good many pictures are founded on stories written in immature moments.

Those who buy get exhausted;

(Continued on page 119)
Hollywood?
Is it inevitable?
Two debate the question.
other says "Maybe!"

By
Gene Markey

Who is as enthusiastic
as a native son

I like Hollywood. I would rather live here than any place in America. (And, strange as it may sound, I have practically nothing to do with the Chamber of Commerce!) A year ago it seemed incredible to me that anybody should want to exist outside the island of Manhattan. New York had everything—and what it didn't have could be reached in a few days on the big steamboats. Now I feel a little sad when I think of the poor benighted cave-dwellers trying to get along in the shadow of Manhattan's topless towers.

I like Hollywood. And it isn't just the climate. There are pleasanter climates—but at the moment I can't think of one.

Cynics from the east insist that Hollywood resembles Coney Island. I prefer to think that it resembles one of the hill towns of Italy. (Of course, Italy can get along without electric signs and hot-dog salons.) Architecturally—in spite of early Renaissance filling-stations and restaurants built in the shape of ice-cream freezers and derby hats—the houses out here are more suited to the surrounding country than the houses one finds anywhere in America, save in New England and the old South.

There is, one must admit, a certain story-book unreality about Hollywood. That blithe comedienne, Miss Beatrice Lillie, was once heard to remark that it looked like a stage setting, and that she always expected to hear a stage-manager shout "Strike!"—and see the whole place collapse.

Hollywood is fantastic. It is a Cinderella city. Alice in Wonderland—with a dash of Dostoevsky. For beneath its gingerbread surface grim tragedy lurks. Scoffers have called Hollywood 'The Port of Missing Menti-ality.' 'Heartbreak House' is a truer title; though Mr. Shaw would never let them use it. However, the tragedies do not stalk the streets. Hollywood crowds are as cheerful as the ensembles of a musical-comedy.

For a writer Hollywood is a perfect place in which to work—if he can find the time. Of course, coming here from New York I found it at first somewhat too peaceful. The quiet was disturbing. But I soon remedied that—with the aid of a few sound-effects from the studio. Outside my window I placed a machine that accurately reproduced the roar of elevated trains, the clatter of taxi-cabs, and a motif of shrill traffic whistles. By having my rooms over a garage I was able to duplicate the fragrance of New York air, and I installed a patent dirt-throwing device, which automatically showers me with soot. A handsome lithograph of Grant's Tomb on the wall, completed the illusion. Just like being in New York!

I do not miss New York. The vibrant life, the tingling something that one feels in New York, is perhaps not to be found in Hollywood. Hollywood, however, is easier on the nerves. Theaters, restaurants, places, people, a certain grace in living—these make the atmosphere of a city.

In New York last season I saw only one good play. And all the good plays, in time, reach this frontier. There are some admirable restaurants in Hollywood. There are some charming people. I have even found, in Beverly Hills, an English tailor, quite as

(Continued on page 114)
As Garbo among the women, so Ronald Colman among the men. I said last month that the lovely Garbo is of the soul-image type of women, that is, the all-women-in-one type, the type that is many-sided, that runs the gamut from the devilish to the divine, a Helen of Troy, a Cleopatra, a Mona Lisa. This is the type of woman who is the ideal in the hearts of men; and, one might add, having such 'infinite variety,' she is neither the daughter type nor the mother type. She is neither the clinging vine nor do men go to her to seek solace and comfort.

Ronald Colman appears to make the same appeal to women that Greta Garbo does to men. Naturally, however, he is unlike her in many ways. The soul-image type of man must have a dash of Don Juan and the devil in him, be somewhat mysterious, be a lone wolf, and be a master of words. He must be somewhat heroic and many-sided. He is the Anthony who is outlawed by Rome, the soldier, the eloquent lover, the light-hearted buccaneer, the sophisticated man. In a recent contest in SCREENLAND the query was put as to whether Ronald Colman should play the role of the romantic lover or that of the sophisticate. My own answer is both, and then some. There are more Colmans than these two. There was, for instance, the Colman in 'Beau Geste,' the typical English gentleman and soldier, masking his emotions, meeting death with a beautiful gesture, thoughtful, reserved, but showing glimpses of deep hidden feeling, a man with superiority written over him. But that isn't all of Colman. He is not the typical Englishman because he is somewhat introverted. The typical Englishman adapts with ease to the world, is an easy mixer, and is far from shy. He is well extraverted. Though one might not believe it, watching him in pictures, Ronald Colman is rather a self-conscious man, rather a shy man, he is somewhat self-centered and introspective. He isn't the good mixer at all. He cannot adapt himself to life with ease. It would be hard for him, for instance, to make a quick change in his manner of living. It would be hard for him to 'sell' himself. He is more introverted than extraverted.

Besides that, the typical Englishman is guided by reason and by thinking. Ronald Colman is intuitive. He has sympathy and understanding. He has, besides, depth of feeling. Technically, I believe he is an intuitive-with-feeling type; a man in whom intuition plays the lead, and feeling plays opposite.

Such men, as a rule, can play many parts in life because of their quick understanding. They get the other fellow or his enterprise; they have hunches about the possibilities of new undertakings; they identify themselves with the business afoot and are rapid in taking on the part assigned to them. They are good as salesmen, as brokers, as pioneers, or any job requiring tact, understanding, and daring. But often, if they are somewhat introverted, and like Ronald Colman, shy, self-centered, finding adaptation to the world hard, they play the things that other men live—that is, they become writers of stories.

While Ronald Colman is an introvert, like Greta Garbo, he has made a good development of the extraverted side. He has had the discipline of an English upbringing that requires of a man that he be reserved, superior to circumstances, a good fighter, and a gentleman.

The Real Colman Revealed in this Psycho-Analytic Portrait
Psycho-Analyzed

By James Oppenheim

in which they are the adventurous hero; they write plays; they go on the stage or into the movies as actors. In the acting the shy man is lost and the real Colman appears.

In the case of Ronald Colman this ascendency of intuition makes him, like Greta Garbo, more spiritual than sensuous. The lover is there, but women are drawn to him by this fineness, this subtlety, this promise of understanding; and by the rich feelings hidden beneath. But while he is an introvert, just like Greta Garbo, he has made a good development of the extraverted side. He has, of course, had the discipline of an English up-bringing that requires of a man that he be masculine, reserved, superior to circumstances, a good fighter, a gentleman before the world. Above all, it requires that life be played as a game and with good sportsmanship. Ronald Colman has these qualities.

It is this that makes him so many-sided. Women feel that there is a mystery about him, and this mystery, I take it, is that they know there is more to him than shows on the surface. When he is light-hearted and gay, as in "Bulldog Drummond," one feels a seriousness underneath. When he plays an ardent rôle or dangerous one, as in "Two Lovers" and "Beau Geste," one feels that there is another Colman taking it all lightly. He is emotional, yet cool; he is shy and yet brave; he is self-conscious and yet laughs himself off; he is a poor mixer, a man who tends to solitude, and yet, gives himself through his art to the multitude and that eye of the people, the camera.

Because of his strong qualities he appeals to men and wins their warm admiration; because of his many-sidedness, the hidden something, now shy, now light, now deep with feeling, he appeals to women and wins, often enough, their love.

Compare him with Jack Gilbert and you see at once the difference between the regular man and the soul-image type of man. Jack Gilbert is as lovable in his way as Mary Pickford in her way. But Gilbert isn’t a Colman, any more than Mary Pickford is a Garbo. Jack is straight shooting. You picture him as fighting, loving, having a practical side, mixing in, hiding mighty little, simple and all there. No mystery. He is like the (Continued on page 111)
So You Would Like to be a Movie Star!

The PRICE

By Betty Boone

Renee Adoree arrives at the studio at eight forty-five A.M. and the gateman reminds her she is fifteen minutes late for work.

This being a motion picture star is a real business.

It's a job, and not always a white collar one, either.

The rosy path of stardom is not so glittery and spangled as it looks from the far distance.

If you should tell Miss Brown, who teaches a howling mob of fifth-graders their reading, writing and arithmetic, that the lovely ladies of the screen spend longer, harder and more nerve-wracking hours at the job of stardom than does she in her school-room, she wouldn't believe it.

Neither did I, until I talked to a few of the favorites of film fortune, and watched them at work.

I was still suffering from the delusion that the ladies of the screen had nothing to do most of the time but sit on a cushion and eat strawberries and cream without even the bother of sewing a fine seam, when I happened to be invited into Norma Shearer's dressing-room one morning.

Miss Shearer was reading the day's schedule.

"But, Miss Barrett," she protested, turning to her secretary, "there aren't enough hours in the day to fill all these appointments!"

"I know it, Miss Shearer," the efficient Miss Barrett smiled, "but each one is important, and I thought that by doubling, we could take care of them all."

By turning detective, I discovered that that same scene was being enacted every morning in a half-hundred orchid and silver and green dressing-rooms.

That seems to be one of the main problems of the star business—doubling forty-eight hours into the narrow confines of twenty-four.

The dignified banker at his mahogany desk, the astute lawyer in his tome-lined office, the erudite college professor in his book-filled study—not one of them has anything on the dainty, dimpled darling of the screen when it comes to actual work and concentration.

These young women have an honest-to-goodness job on their slim hands, a job which requires every minute of their time, every ounce of their energy and concentrated effort.

If they let down in their hectic routine, if they neglect their jobs, it means a speedy and complete professional death.

If she hasn't time for this or that, if she refuses to make or keep appointments, if her face does not greet all comers with a sweet and charming smile, then the word is passed around that 'So-and-So is getting high-hat and up-stage.' The magazine and newspaper writers direct their pens at other and more affable stars, the photographers use their flattering skill on other players. So-and-So finds a greased path waiting for her slide into oblivion.

Just speak to the stars about the bed of roses which is
of this

STARDOM

And then—lunch! But luncheon is all part of the day's work, too, for Renée's vis-à-vis is none other than an interviewer!

Below: 'still' photographer and fitter pursue the star and snatch a few moments of her time, while the study of the script goes on forever.

Ready for the day's work. Dividing her attention between director, shoes, and hats isn't easy, but Renée does it!

popularly supposed to be their resting places in the rarified atmosphere of the stellar regions!

"Bed of roses!" echoed Norma Shearer over her too-full engagement pad, as she talked to a studio executive on the phone, okayed some costume designs and put the finishing touches to her make-up, all at one and the same time. "I have to go into secret retreat without telephone or address, in order to find time to read the new stories which have been selected for my approval."

Greta Garbo, cornered in the fitting room where she was being molded into gray chiffon, threw up her hands in Swedish horror.

"Rest!" she exclaimed, "there is no such t'ing as rest in the moving pictures. From morning to night, and night to morning, there is something, always something, to do!"

I found Joan Crawford pacing the stage between scenes, repeating over and over in a whisper the lines for her next talking sequence.

"I have to steal the moments I spend with Dodo," smiled Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, "and now this constant studying of talkie lines fills every hour of the day. If you don't know your speeches, it's just too bad."

Still I wasn't convinced. These vivid, glowing girls are always too daisy-fresh, too sweet and charming, to be such slaves to business.

It's just some more hard-working bunk, handed out to a greedy public, quoth I wisely to myself. Then I glimpsed Renée Adorée, rushing madly by, pursued by a maid, laden with boxes and bundles.

"Where you going in such a hurry?" I hailed the vivid French heroine of many dramas

"I'm on my way to a fitting now. Then I am scheduled for some publicity pictures, and I have to be back on

Read This and You May Change Your Mind!
Heigh-ho for the Life of a Star!

"I think orchid chiffon would be prettier than green georgette."

"I'll be glad to see him, but he'll have to come down to the set."

"I'll steal a minute at noon for that sitting."

Talking, talking into the mouth-piece, while making up, reading a pile of morning mail, having her hair dressed and speaking through the half-open door to a procession of message bearers.

It made me dizzy!

At nine o'clock we were on the set, accompanied by Ellen, the maid, the make-up box, and the script.

Director Nick Grinde pulled Miss Adoree into a chair and sat down beside her.

"Now, here's the first scene, Renée" he explained, "you come in——".

Then into rehearsal—rehearsal for lights, rehearsal for cameras, for microphones, for action, for lines for everything. Over and over again.

On the sidelines, awaiting a moment of Miss Adoree's time, stood a designer, her hands filled with colorful fragments of cloth; a member of the publicity staff with three newspaper writers in tow; a still cameraman waiting to grab some pictures, and Ellen with a newly-arrived pile of hats and slippers for Renée's approval and selection.

When the scene was finally 'shot,' Miss Adoree turned to the waiting horde. One by one she consulted with them, smiling, cheerful, interested. Without a murmur she rushed through the stage door into the sunshine to pose for pictures with two clamoring visitors.

Then back to the stage and the round of rehearsals for another scene. Another importuning gang arrived, to stand by and wait for Renée's first moments of freedom.

the set in half an hour," she called over her shoulder, not stopping in her flight. "Sorry I can't stop. Come down again."

Here was my golden opportunity really to investigate this work business.

Valiantly I raced after the Adoree's flying footsteps.

"Do you mind if I come down tomorrow and just trail you around?" I panted.

"No, of course not," she smiled, "if you can stand the gaff."

"What time do you reach here in the morning? Eleven o'clock?" I asked, keeping step.

Then she really stopped in her mad onrush.

"Who do you think I am, a banker?" she smiled. "If I roll in later than eight-thirty, even the gate man says something about my tardiness."

So, the next morning at eight o'clock, I was waiting by the huge Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gates.

Renée arrived in the midst of Goldwyn-Mayer extras.

Gone was one of my most cherished illusions. I had always imagined the 'big shots' as arriving at the studios in leisurely luxury.

There was nothing leisurely about the brisk and business-like Miss Adoree, who nodded good-morning to one and all, and darted dressing-room-ward on high French heels.

In a twinkling her street frock was exchanged for a dressing-gown, her riotous curls were pinned back under a protecting band, and her busy hands were smearing grease paint over her face.

The telephone bell rang incessantly.

"Yes, I'll find time to see her."

"I'll be glad to talk to her at luncheon."
It's Great—if You Can Stand It!

from the cameras.

"How do you stand it?" I gasped, as she paused beside my chair for a minute, while Ellen powdered her nose and brushed the mop of her hair.

"It's all a part of the day's fun," she laughed as she rushed back into the glare of the lights.

Luncheon!

"Back on the set in an hour," ordered the all-powerful assistant director.

"Now you can relax for a minute," I encouraged her, as we dashed through the stage door.

"Relax!" she mocked, with that delicious trace of French accent, "don't be silly. First I have to sit for a group of fashion portraits, and then I am scheduled for a luncheon interview. Just try and relax."

She was gone in the direction of the portrait studio.

A half hour later I saw her in a corner of the dining room, gaily pouring tea and chatting with a strange woman in a green hat.

At one o'clock she was back on the set, ready to repeat the hectic routine of the morning.

At the end of a scene Miss Adoree walked over to where Mr. Grinde was directing the resetting of some lights.

"May I leave the set for a few moments to have the final fitting for my dress for the country club scenes?" she asked.

"We can't spare you now, Renée. We'll be ready for you in a few minutes. Fit the dress over here."

The prop boy brought a screen. The fitter and her pins were summoned, and a cloth-of-gold gown was crushed into final and perfect lines on the Adoree figure.

"Miss Adoree, I want you to meet some friends," one of the studio executives requested as Renée stepped from behind the screen.

"Ready, Renée," called Simon Legree Grinde. "Heavens, your make-up is all streaked. You'll have to fix it before we shoot."

Mad rush to the dressing-room. Hasty rubbing off of old face. Hurried putting on of new.

On our return trip to the stage, I doggedly trying to keep pace with her footsteps, she was stopped three times, once to pose for pictures, once to make an appointment for another interview, and the third time to promise a personal appearance at a charity bazaar.

Then back to the stage.

At six o'clock the assistant director called "Dinner!"

Nick Grinde walked over to where Renée, Ellen and I were gathering up the day's paraphernalia.

"We'll have to take the added sequences tonight, Renée. I'm sorry." His words fell like the crack of doom.

"But I have a dinner engagement," Miss Adoree protested.

"Sorry. You'll have to break it. Back on the set at seven."

Miss Adoree sighed, then shrugged her shoulders. "Well, that's that!" she laughed.

When we reached the dressing-room, there were more telephone calls, more visitors, new make-up to be applied.

"Aren't you going to eat any dinner?" I asked as the hands of my faithful wrist-watch approached the hour of seven, and my system called for food.

We'll order some (Continued on page 127)
All About Charlie's New Picture and What he Really Thinks of the Talkies

Despite the Gethsemane he has passed through in the last two years, Charlie is looking wonderfully well. His black hair has erased ten years from his age. He had to dye it for his picture. A daily smearing of mascara was too messy and irksome. He was wearing white tennis trousers and a white sweat-shirt.

All afternoon we sat in his little 'conference cottage' and talked our heads off. One of Charlie's insistent quirks is that he is utterly and completely selfish and is interested in nobody's work but his own. That's what he says. But if there is any angle to my business or domestic affairs that he doesn't know about, it could be written on a postage stamp. Whenever I discuss a story or article I am writing, he will grow as excited as a school-boy and the chances are he will call me up the next day with a corking suggestion. He has been thinking about it all night.

As to his selfishness and inconsideration of others—well, his own organization is an utter contradiction of his egoistic pose. His whole

Since starting my own little magazine—"Rob Wagner's Beverly Hills Script" (adv)—I haven't had much time to barge around Movieland, and in consequence have seen little of my old playmates. But as I had promised Screenland a story about Charlie Chaplin and his new picture, I just grabbed an hour off from my cosmic editorial duties and beat it down to his studio. I expected to get my stuff in about fifteen minutes and then be back on the job. I was with him for eight hours!

It was my good—or bad!—luck to find him not working and when Charlie is not working he doesn't want anybody else to work, and when two non-workers like us get together there are no end of colossal problems that have to be solved—religion, politics, love, and of course, Art with a capital R.

The great comedian as his best friends know him—loyal, kindly, charming.
crew has been with him for years and if any of them drift away during his interminable troubles they always drift back. Charlie's loyalty to his old friends is one of the most charming things in his character.

Well, after pumping me dry about my new journalistic adventure, advising me on its finances, suggesting schemes to get subscriptions and even offering to write for it, we finally got around to his work. Naturally, the big question was: how is Charlie to meet the new idiom—talking pictures?

"I must admit, Rob, that they fascinate me, anger me and frighten me. Of course, they are here to stay, but not, I think, in their present expression. It's so new that few people know what it's all about, and so far most of the results are artistic bastardies. In drama they are trying to marry the conventions of the theater with the realism of the screen, and the result is an illegitimate child."

I have not the space to tell of his generalizations regarding the problem as a whole, so I'll get down to his own immediate problem.

"By far the finest marriage is that of pantomime and music. It always has been, but heretofore all we could do was to have some one score a picture to well-known themes and then hope that the organist would play them. You know what happened in the small towns—the high-school girl played anything she wished and usually out of all harmony with the action."

"Now, however, we can absolutely determine the music and as it is part of the mechanical projection, nobody can change it and the smallest theater will hear it just as completely as the Roxy."

"This is a wonderful thing for me, and even though I'm using no dialog in my picture I think you'll find that the musical accompaniment will satisfy all expectations for 'sound.'"

"Furthermore, I am using no popular airs; my music will be just as original as the picture, for I am writing every bit of it myself! I am having it scored and orchestrated as I go along and every movement and gesture is accompanied by its own musical theme."

"Yes, I have a 'theme song,' but it is not registered in the usual way. No principal sings. I, in my character of Charlie, first hear it as a phonograph record. You get the title from the disc itself—Wondrous Eyes, by Charles Chaplin. The song is strongly impressed upon me so that later, when I fall in love with the little"
TALKIES: a Liberal

Every Man, Every Maid May be Tutored of Fitting the Right Word

By Herbert

It's love that makes the world go round. So they say. And who be we to question an accepted truth. But every axiom must have its corollary. So it is fair to assume that old earth's amorous dizziness is influenced in some degree by the quantity and quality of that romantic passion which occasions its revolutions. By simple logic it must be deduced that the near future will witness a violent increase in the planet's vertigo. Caused by a new influence upon an old emotion—the effect of talking pictures upon love. And lovers.

We lay no claim to distinction for the prophesy. It is suggested by the words of wisdom which recently tumbled pearl-like from the lips of Filmdom's Pharaoh, Louis B. Mayer. During a visit to the White House, said Mr. Mayer to Mr. Hoover:

“Sound pictures will cause English to be the universal language... when people talk the same language... understanding will reign. Think what it will mean when such studies as history and geography are taught through the sound pictures!”

But he didn't go far enough. He neglected to state that understanding is the foundation upon which lasting love is built. And he omitted to stress the fact that without love there would be neither history nor geography.

While the teaching of these subjects through audible photog-

Gilbert and Garbo, B.S. (before sound.)
They used a different technique in love making in those days.

Charles Farrell's "I love you" to Janet Gaynor is whispered directly to every woman in his audience.

In "The Cock-eyed World," Victor McLaglen makes tempestuous and audible love to Lily Damita, his temperamental sweetheart.
Education in LOVE
by the Talkies in the Technique into the Right Place

Cruikshank

for December 1929

Walter Huston's ardent lips croon sweet nothings to the willing ears of his lady love, Claudette Colbert.

Alexander Gray gives vocal rendition of an old story to Marilyn Miller. She's only pretending to stop him.

"I love you, you love me," says Larry Gray to Davies. A tender love scene from their new picture, "Marianne."

raphy presents wide scope for thought, imagine the result when the talkies give the world lessons in love! Not the Graeco-Roman type of the silent screen, with its catch-as-can clinchings and its primeval wrestling, but the finely civilized and highly specialized art through which a man may win a maid—or maid a man—by virtue of the soft cadences of 'sweet nothings' murmured by ardent lips to waiting ears.

American men have been called boorish lovers. But the talkies will remold each nearer to the heart's desire. Tomorrow's dawn will shine upon a race of romanticists talking of love with the tongues of troubadors. And English will be the language of Don Juan and Casanova.

The moon-eyed Stephen need no longer stand with burning words stifled in his inarticulate throat while some juggler of phrases elopes with his Chloe. The momentous syllables of proposal need not be stripped of romantic verbiage to a mere 'Barkis is willing.' Every man will be tutored by the talkies in the technique of the ever-living lovers of all ages—Abelard and Antony, Launcelot and Leander, Dante and D'Artagnan.

The talkies synchronize the action of the most accomplished heart piflers to the lyric words penned by the world's masters of romantic rhetoric. And for a dime, ten cents, the tenth part of a dollar—or whatever the admission price may be—experts give lessons in love throughout the by. (Continued on page 106)
At this season of the year most of us begin checking up on ourselves, rather as the missus looks over the monthly budget, to see where we have fallen short and whether something can't be done about it. Everyone seems to get big-hearted or philosophical around this time, even though they sometimes forget all about it as soon as the New Year's party is over!

This isn't going to be about the new resolutions the stars make every year, because most resolutions are made to be broken. No one can, just by sheer force of will, live up to all the newly-turned leaves with a snap of one's fingers. An uplift in one's actions, if to be of permanent adoption, comes from a sincere and thoughtful desire to rise. If the desire is really sincere everything in nature turns to help the struggler. Even opposition must be used as a ladder to vault to the top. It is only the half-hearted fighter who declares the world and everything in it is against him. He is licked before he crosses the threshold of his journey. Some people may say it is a lack of faith; others that the breaks weren't right; still others that luck was against them. I believe that it is none of those things so much as a lack of sincerity and singleness of purpose.

The world looks upon many things as impossible. Yet certain inventors worked quietly away on ideas that came to them and as a result we have our steamboats, our trains, automobiles, radios, motion pictures and airplanes. In limitless mind many ideas abound. Those who tune in on a few of them, open up their own minds to the thought that nothing is impossible. We all can do this. The only reason we don't is that we think we can't. And this stubborn idea alone is the reason we stay grubbing along in our own little individual ruts.

What has all this to do with Hollywood? Plenty! Just as you and I have our enemies, so have the stars. Because they have risen to stardom it means that they have overcome many obstacles in themselves and their environment. But the way they have met these difficulties can be applied to any trouble—whether you are acting for a living, selling ribbons over a basement counter, raising a family, or trying for social distinction.

When I asked Gary Cooper how he got the best of
Here are Secrets of the Stars for Overcoming Difficulties

**Ludlam**

"Almost any difficulty can be overcome by ignoring its existence," believes Gary Cooper. Gary has tried it—and it works!

his troubles, he smiled and said, "I haven't any."

"No, really," I said. "I'm serious."

"Come on and thrash it out at lunch, shall we?" he invited.

We did.

"When you have a wall to jump, how do you take it?"

I asked.

"By not thinking that it is a wall. Almost any difficulty can be overcome by ignoring its existence."

"But sometimes things come into the life of a person that they can't ignore. The difficulty seems too tremendous."

"When anyone lets himself think that he's out of luck!"

Gary was perfectly serious, as I was. "It takes much longer then to overcome it. No one can overcome anything while in a negative state of mind. If you have anything to do the only way to accomplish it is to keep the idea firmly and forever in your mind and bend every effort seeing it through. Let everything else go. Forget all things that have nothing to do with the task you have set yourself to accomplish. Don't let yourself be undermined and weakened and swerved from your course by giving your thought and strength to anything else. And if you do this you will win just as sure as the sun rises.

"If a thing needs decisive action there is always a right time to do it. "A fight is often lost by impatience."

"That sounds pretty swell," (Continued on page 126)
They Traveled 114,000 Miles To Get Into Pictures
The Duncan Sisters Arrive

By Bradford Nelson

Hollywood is the greatest Mecca for beautiful and talented men and women the world has ever known. Charm in both masculine and feminine form floods to the palm-bordered Los Angeles suburb from all over the world. Beauties come from India, Siberia, Italy, France, scores of countries.

To none of them, however, does the banner go for having traveled the greatest distance to get a film contract. This championship belongs to two girls who were born and raised not three miles from one of the biggest film studios.

"Sure, we had the movie bug like all the other girls," says Rosetta Duncan of the Duncan Sisters, "we knew of Bessie Love, Phyllis Haver, Ramon Novarro and a lot of others going direct from high school to success in the studios.

"But Ellen Beach Yaw had become a friend of the family. She inspired us with a desire to become opera stars—and that was the end of our early screen ambitions!"

Today the Duncan Sisters are finally film luminaries. They did one previous picture, en passant, as it were, but their present contract is their first film venture of a permanent nature. Unless vaudeville and revue contracts become too alluring, the great fun-makers are in the pictures for good.

They traveled over 114,000 miles to get to a studio in their own home town!

They have been in every city in America.

They were a riot in England, particularly when the Prince of Wales 'cut' (Continued on page 112)
Merry Christmas

Screenland's
Special Gift Section

Wheezie of Our Gang brings in the Yuletide wreath.
Gretta Garbo likes this country and its people; and because she is sincere in her desire to please she wants your candid opinion. Do you want her to do talking pictures, or do you want her to remain silent? Write a letter answering her question, and giving reasons for your answer. The best—that is, the clearest, cleverest, and most concise letter will win the prize.

In Sweden, Greta Garbo's native country, they make much of Christmas, in the good, old-fashioned way. And Greta remembers many of the kindly customs of her northland. She has also come to know and love our new-fashioned Christmas and all that it stands for: a sincere desire for peace on earth, good fellowship, new friends. And so she offers this intimate, beautiful gift to the unknown friend who writes her the best letter answering her question. If a girl wins the gift through her writing talents, Greta will be pleased. But the gift offer is also open to the sterner sex; and if a man wins, well, he is lucky to have such a distinguished Christmas shopper as Greta Garbo!

ADDRESS—GRET A GARBO
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes December 10, 1929
Above: the famous Garbo smile. In other days this smile would have started wars and wrecked cities! Now it spells 'box-office!'

Left: Greta Garbo at her dressing-table, holding the mirror of the toilet set she is presenting to the writer of the best letter in her Screenland gift contest.

This DuPont Lucite 10-piece boudoir set in its durable case is in the Ming pattern of translucent sea jade, almost a perfect reproduction of the costly porcelain made centuries ago in far-off Cathay.
Music is Al Jolson's language. Through this medium he loves to give people pleasure, to inspire, cheer, and entertain. That's why he's offering this Brunswick phonograph with 8 records of his own inimitable songs—a Christmas gift that you will appreciate every day in the year because of the enjoyment it will bring.
A L Jolson's Christmas gift is a portable Brunswick phonograph built into a compact cabinet of durable metal with padded covering of tan leatherette. It is 16½ inches wide, 15 inches deep and 8 inches high. The instrument has all the tone-reproducing features for which Brunswick is notable, including an all-metal reproducer assuring great range and pure tones, a wide-area tone chamber enclosing the tone and increasing the volume. Other assets are an automatic stop, a noiseless motor, a large record-carrying capacity, and it plays all records. Now: here's the question you must answer. Which of Al Jolson's songs that you have heard do you like best, and why? It doesn't matter where you heard them—from the screen, the radio, the phonograph. Write Al a letter, answering this question; and the best, that is, the most sincere and concise letter wins the prize.
A charming Christmas gift—from lovely Billie Dove to you! Write the best letter answering Billie's question and you will win this exquisite negligee of satin and lace, especially designed and made for Miss Dove to give to a Screenland reader.

BILLIE DOVE'S

Billie Dove wishes you a Merry Christmas! Not only that; she offers tangible evidence of her Yuletide spirit in this charming negligee—so smart and dignified that it may also be used as an informal hostess gown. The writer of the best letter will win the gift. Here's the question you must answer: Would you like to see Billie Dove play a character speaking with a foreign accent? Answer yes or no, and give reasons for your answer. The cleverest and clearest letter will win the negligee.

What girl wouldn't be delighted to receive this dainty present on Christmas morning?
Doesn't Billie look provocative in her own Christmas present? The negligee is so cleverly designed that it will be becoming to any type of figure. And whoever wins it will prize it doubly because Billie Dove selected it and wore it just this once.

Beautiful Negligee

Billie Dove is the essence of smart femininity. Anything she wears or sponsors is sure to make smart woman-kind sit up and take notice, not to mention mankind! Doesn't this fascinating creation look just like Billie? She didn't buy for herself, but for you—her Christmas gift to some fortunate film-fan friend. She is posing in it for your special benefit so that you may see what a lovely thing it is. The body of this luxurious robe is of peach satin, rich and heavy in texture. Fine chiffon with a wide border of cream-colored lace in exquisite pattern forms the gracefully-flowing sleeves, while the fan-shaped lace insert in the back adds grace. Yours, for the best—meaning the cleverest and most concise letter answering Billie's question.

Address:—BILLIE DOVE
Screenland Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes December 10, 1929

Billie's beauty makes this negligee more lovely, and the negligee sets off Billie's beauty!
Screenland presents Harold Lloyd in his new role of Santa Claus. With sound and effects! Harold felt the Christmas spirit stealing over him and got in touch with us immediately. "How about a little gift?" he asked. "Go right ahead, Mr. Kris-Kringle," we replied. "But where's your white whiskers?"

Harold declined to dress up because he said he hoped he was a good enough actor to get across his feelings without going into a disguise. We agreed with him. Especially when we saw the gift he had selected, to be presented to a Screenland reader who writes the best letter answering his question: Do you think Harold Lloyd should play in more than one picture a year, or would you rather wait for his yearly offering? Give reasons for your answer.

As you know, Harold makes one picture a year. He wants to know if you consider this a good plan and why; or do you think he should come through with a few more of his comedies, and why. Tell him in a letter, and the sincerest, cleverest and clearest letter will win the wrist-watch.

Address:—Harold Lloyd
Screenland Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes December 10, 1929

Harold selected this watch himself and liked it so well he made himself a present of another just like it. "To a film friend from me," says Harold. "And from me to myself!"
LLOYD'S GREETING

This picture of Harold is just to prove that comedians have their serious moments, too.

This is a close-up of the Hamilton wrist watch which is Harold Lloyd's gift to the writer of the best letter. It is a very modern model, has 19 jewels and is 14-karat gold.

On his days off Harold plays with one of his many Great Danes.
A FUR COAT from
A Gift with the Christmas Spirit!

Evelyn Brent, that alluring lady who has just achieved stardom, celebrates by offering a smart fur coat to a Screenland reader. What could be nicer?

Evelyn is wearing the gift coat. It is of slate lapin, one of the very smart 'new' furs, and is lined with gray flannel. It's reversible, and may be worn inside out if desired. The designer evidently had in mind the changeableness of woman, giving her a chance to change the color or the texture of her coat whenever she feels like it.

All photographs of Evelyn Brent by Russell Ball.
EVELYN BRENT
Write the Best Letter and It’s Yours

Evelyn Brent is one of the best-dressed women in motion pictures. Evelyn says that when a woman feels well-dressed it bolsters up her self-confidence. (According to that, Evelyn must always be self-confident!) Knowing every woman’s weakness, and at the same time being of a practical nature, Miss Brent decided that a fur coat would be just the thing to offer in her Christmas gift contest. So she went to Greer’s, a smart Hollywood shop, and purchased the lovely fur coat you see in these pictures. If you want Evelyn’s brand of self-confidence and want to spend a very comfortable winter, write the best letter and win the beautiful gift!

Miss Brent is offering this beautiful gift for the best answer to the following question: Can you suggest a book or play which you think would make a suitable screen starring vehicle for Evelyn Brent? Give reasons for your selection. By ‘best letter’ is meant the clearest, cleverest, and most concise. Evelyn hopes to find suggestions of value from this gift contest, for she is a conscientious artist.

Address:—EVELYN BRENT
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes December 10, 1929

Evelyn Brent went to Greer’s, one of Hollywood’s smartest shops, to select the fur coat which she offers to a SCREENLAND reader. Here is Evelyn looking at her choice with Howard Greer. It’s one of the smartest fur coats of the season!
Ever since George Bancroft made "Thunderbolt" he has had a new hobby—dogs! Oh, yes, the little dog who worked with him in that picture is his inseparable pal now. "He may or may not have a pedigree," says George, "but I love him just the same!" When George decided he wanted to give a dog as his gift to a SCREENLAND reader, he made up his mind to find the swellest dog he could, so he selected Sidlaw Mighty, the cutest little Sealyham terrier that ever yipped, with a pedigree longer than he is. Write the best letter to Mr. Bancroft and win this indestructible Christmas gift. By 'best letter' is meant the most sincere and concise answering George's question.
If you don't like pups don't enter this contest!
Sidlaw Mighty is a fine dog, with proof not only in his pedigree but in his character. He is lovable, frolicsome, and at the same time loyal, staunch, and true. The question you must answer: Do you like to see George Bancroft playing gangster or businessman roles? Give reasons for your answer. We all know that Bancroft is splendid in any type of part. However, you must have a preference. Make your selection, write your letter, send it in—and then 'let George do it.'

Address:—GEORGE BANCROFT
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
'49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes December 10, 1929

Bancroft has gone completely 'bow-wow' and doesn't care who knows it. He wants some dog-lover to win Sidlaw Mighty through this contest.

How would you like to find little Sidlaw in your stocking on Christmas morning? If you love dogs you'll love him; and he will be a credit to you and yours. A Sealyham terrier is an aristocrat of dogdom—faithful, loyal and oh, so smart!
John McCormack, truly great figure in the world of song, will make new friends through Fox Movietone, for which he is now making his initial production.

John McCormack's Golden-Voiced Gift

The Great Irish Tenor Greets his New Friends, the Motion Picture Audience
The Victor record album which John McCormack presents together with 12 autographed double-faced Victor records of his songs, to the winner of his Screenland contest, is very handsome. To the left and right, you can see the appearance of the album; it is of genuine brown cowhide, with elaborate gold tooling, with 12 pockets for 10-inch records. Every music lover would appreciate such a gift, with the added value of the McCormack autographs—rare indeed.

Below, the album when open.

John McCormack! There is glamour in the very name. He has sung his way into the hearts of the world; his magnificent voice is enhanced by the charm of a whole-souled, generous personality. Thousands have heard him from the concert stage. Many more have collected his Victor records. And now he will reach his old friends and make many new ones through Fox Movietone, for which he is making his first motion picture. He wishes to extend holiday greetings to Screenland readers through this gift contest. He will present an elaborate gift album containing 12 autographed double-faced McCormack Victor records for the best, that is, the clearest and cleverest letter giving the writer's impressions of John McCormack based on:

1. Hearing him sing in concert. 2. Hearing him sing on Victrola records. 3. What you expect of him on the Movietone. The titles of the songs on the 12 double-faced records are as follows:

Annie Laurie; Auld Sooth Songs; Dear Old Pal of Mine; Little Mother of Mine; I Hear You Calling Me; Mother Machree; Just for Today; The Holy Child; Marchela; Silver Threads Among the Gold; When You and I Were Young; Bird Songs of Eventide; Little Silver Ring; Mother, My Dear; Brown Bird Singing; Fairy Story by the Fire; Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal; Because I Love You; Far Away Bells; Just a Cottage Small; Through All the Days to Be; Sweetest Call; Moonlight and Roses.

Address:—JOHN MCCORMACK
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes December 10, 1929

John McCormack with his wife at Moore Abbey, his estate in Ireland. All the exteriors for his first talking-singing picture are being made in the Emerald Isle.
A PICTURESQUE study of Rolf Armstrong, America's most brilliant portraitist of beautiful women.
Larry Comes Back

A Favorite Boy-Friend Finds His Voice

Don't bring a frown to old Broadway,
You've got to clown on Broadway.

Larry Gray's eyes searched out the 'mike' hanging ominously over his head as he sang. Perspiration poured down his face. His throat muscles quivered as he swelled tonal volume.

It was the first time the number, destined to be a hit of hits, had been sung for recording.

Tour troubles there are out of style, For Broadway always wears a smile.

Larry was making a test for the leading part in a big backstage musical-movie built around the song. He needed the job. The breaks had been all against him since the talkies began. He had even done dog pictures! Now, here was his big chance.

A million lights, they flicker there,
A million hearts beat quicker there.

Lucky he had a voice. He could sing, and self-confidence was a great help. But who wouldn't be nervous and excited under such trying conditions. Everything had gone wrong with the sound gadgets. Since early morning he had been singing the song. And until now they hadn't succeeded in squaring off for a real take.

No skies are gray on the Great White Way, That's the Broadway Melody!

"Okay, cut!" shouted Harry Beaumont, beaming brightly. "That sounded swell, Larry!"

Larry mopped the beads of perspiration from his face and sank wearily into a chair on the big sound stage.

"Gosh, I hope so!"

Larry felt pretty chesty during the next few days. The lead in "Broadway Melody!" He sang the song with his morning shower, whistled it all day long and sang it as he thumped his bungalow piano in the evenings.

The test was ready. When it was run, the executives filed out of the projection room with solemn faces. (Continued on page 111)
"The theme song," says Al Jolson, "is one of the greatest wholesale hits that ever struck Broadway—and points south, east, north and west."

These songs are, as you know, speck' numbers composed for special films, so that the audience may carry away with them, in unforgettable melody, the heart of the picture. No sooner had Charmaine, written as the theme song for "What Price Glory," back in 1926, started to break publishing records, than men and girls throughout the country began writing theme songs in their spare moments, hoping to break into the big money. Film producers were deluged with compositions. Editors of magazines received many letters asking how such songs could be marketed.

Maybe you yourself have a song you would like to have published. I've had one in the back of my head for a long time that I'd like to bring out into the light. So to discover just what chance we would have of getting our efforts accepted, I went up to see Mr. Edward Morris, the young, blond and handsome man, who with his pal, Lewis Warner, takes care of Warner Brothers' song business, and asked him to give us the low-down.

"Evangeline," composed by Al Jolson for Dolores Del Rio, made a big hit. And wait till you hear John Barrymore burst forth in song in "General Crack!"

A high spot in the song industry is reached when Al Jolson sings "Sonny Boy" to Davey Lee.
SONG'S the Thing

On the Screen Today, the Play is Not the Thing
The Theme Song is the Heart of the Picture

Lewis is the son of the President of Warner Brothers, and Edward the son of the Vice-president. These men, in their early twenties, handle the vast ramifications of the Witmark Publishing Company, bought by Warners some months ago. But they did not achieve these high executive positions because they were sons of the big bosses. From the time the two boys were seven years old, during holidays and in summer time and after they graduated from college, they had worked in the Warner organization in nearly every capacity. Therefore when the big revolution came in the musical publishing business and men were needed who understood film conditions from the ground up, the two youngsters were picked for the job. And nowhere could we find better authorities for telling us just what chances we beginners have of making the theme song grade.

At his office, in a tall corner building at the spot where Fifty-fifth Street intersects Broadway; where executives, composers, librettists, secretaries, stenographers and office boys surge back and forth in tidal waves of musical excitement, Mr. Morris said:

"I never like to discourage young talent. But if I tell the truth, I'm bound to say that Bull Montana has more chance of snatching away John Barrymore's dramatic crown than a beginner has of selling a theme song to the average moving picture producer or music publisher. There have been cases—but they've been mostly accidents. However, there is a way, about which we will speak later. But first let's consider just what the producer is up against.

"Do you realize that today there are seventeen big movie plants producing eighty-five talking pictures, necessitating one hundred and forty-three songs of totally different character? When the picture executives set out to hire men to write these songs, from past experience they found that the best talent in the song writing industry is their only hope. So they acquired this talent wholesale.

"As the theme song developed from a modest success into an absolute craze, the picture producer reached out and bought major interests in most of the large musical publishing houses."

So now it is easy for us to understand how unprofitable it would be for these big movie companies to send out and buy your little love song or my little love song when right here to hand, Mr. Producer can procure Irving Berlin; Walter O'Keefe—the man who wrote Henry's Made A Lady Out of Lizzie; Erno Rappe, the famous Kapelmusiker, who directs the Roxy Orchestra with right hand and with his left knocks out such knock-outs as Charmaine, Diane, and Angela Mia; to

(Continued on page 116)
Ten Years from

Noted Film Directors Foreshadow Developments in Talking Pictures, Startling Innovations Along Lines Unique and Scientific

Clarence Brown, who was a mechanical engineer before he was a director, says that eventually a screen will be unnecessary.

King Vidor states that new methods in drama rather than its reproduction are the most important changes to be brought about.

And the flickerless pictures, in natural colors and with perfect reproduction of sound, make the entertainment literally a copy of actual life.

This is just a guess—one of many—as to what the screen will be like in the future.

Famous directors say it's a little hard to conjecture just what form the talking picture or the stage either, for that matter, will take in the future, for there are so many possible forms.

Television is much spoken of as a possible form of future screen entertainment. Cecil B. DeMille, master director, sees in it at least a new form of news-reel.

"As to television," he says, "I think it is entirely too early even to venture a guess. One thing is certain, I don't think such an invention will ever keep people from the theater. The desire to leave home on one or two evenings a week to seek entertainment is too strong. Of course, television may be developed on a large scale for theater use, but its main value will be for the theater. I can, for example, visualize an inauguration of a president which we would see and hear in our neighborhood theaters at the moment the new executive is taking his oath of office."

DeMille sees in the new talking picture a peril for the legitimate stage, though he is still personally loyal to it.

"Ten years from now," he says, "we may have no legitimate stage. No one can exactly prophesy the future, but it is evident that the stage, the old stage, is seriously threatened unless it shows more constructive and creative tendencies than has been the case in recent years.

"Let's go to the movies," you will remark of an evening in 1939 or thereabouts. And you go up to your private hangar on the apartment house roof and nose your electric plane in the direction of down-town.

Guided by a shimmering light from the sky you will make a landing on the landing field of the movie palace, check your plane, buy your tickets and enter.

And what a movie palace!

When you emerge from the tunnel-like entrance you find yourself in the center of a great semi-circular dome. Overhead is sky and all around are moving pictures, the characters walking, talking; and you turn this way and that as the characters appear on this or that part of the great circular screen. The voices are localized and are heard all over the circular screen from whatever point the characters appear. The audience seems to be the center of action that embraces the whole world—sometimes in the middle of a block of houses; sometimes in the center of ranges of mountains.
"The stage need not die. It can combat the talking pictures and ride parallel to them, by striking off into absolutely new fields. It may bring a distinctly new type of legitimate theater, just as we are approaching an ultimate type of talking picture theater which will differ widely from the extremely wide houses needed now for ocular pantomime production."

Fred Niblo, who directed "Ben Hur," sees in radio practice and broadcasting chains a possible new form of theater for tomorrow. "There will probably be key theaters," he ventures, "in the great cities, where talking pictures will be presented under ideal conditions, with absolute perfection of projection and sound reproduction, and with the running of the film timed for laughs and audience reactions by watching the audience itself.

"Then, by remote control, the projectors and reproducers in all the theaters on a 'chain' connected with this master projector will be run in synchronization. In other words, the theaters, like the radio chains, will all be controlled from the central broadcasting station.

"The result will be that the audience in every theater will have the same audience reactions. When a joke is cracked they'll hear the audience in the master theater laugh, and laugh with it. Nothing is so infectious as laughter. And a joke isn't ever funny unless it is laughed at. And so with the other audience reactions."

Tod Browning, director of Lon Chaney's weird fantasies, sometimes called 'The Edgar Allan Poe of the Screen,' agrees with Niblo in part, but goes a step further. Browning has been experimenting with television, and believes that the production in a chain of theaters will be by means of radio and television.

Niblo believes this will be used more in the homes than in the theater. "I think it will be used in homes, with short subjects and diversified programs, much as the

(Continued on page 120)
He doesn’t like Agua Caliente, airplanes, or first nights! A new study of Clive Brook.

Portrait of a Gentleman
An Impression of a Modest Actor, Clive Brook

By John Godfrey

OUT west in Hollywood, where boys are motion picture producers and girls reveal their love lives, one man is trying to be himself. He doesn’t like Agua Caliente, airplanes, or first nights. He doesn’t like trick clothes, or pink town cars. And he doesn’t keep it a secret. He’s Clive Brook.

There are three different Clive Brooks. One is the cultured, cold and sophisticated actor the public knows. He plays Russian spies, lovers and doctors with the same even degree of fine acting. The second Brook is the man some of Hollywood’s wise ones think they know. The third Clive Brook is the real person acquainted with about two dozen people in America.

Consider the first Clive Brook which the public sees. He has never burned up the celluloid with his passionate love parts. He doesn’t think he is suited to win the bouncing flapper of high school days in the diffused fade-out. He’s right. His love on the screen is distributed in moderation, as is everything in his life.

Whenever the public goes to a Clive Brook picture, it knows it will not be disappointed by an inadequate performance. His name insures an intelligent picture in which he never attempts to steam up business for the “Oh-how-I-love-you” sort of flapper fan letter.

And the Hollywood Clive Brook? It must be said at the beginning that the English
people are the most exclusive in the screen colony. Clive Brook is one. Ernest Torrence, Ronald Colman, John Loder, their wives and friends are others. They are all very much alike. They are all very quiet. They all have beach homes. They are all tennis enthusiasts. Brook has the only grass tennis court in California. Masses of honeysuckle cover the high wire fence which surrounds it. Illuminated by electricity, the spot is the scene of the colony’s favorite sport, midnight tennis.

None of the Hollywood Britons goes out of his way to make an acquaintance. It’s just his nature. The few men Clive Brook knows well are the Englishmen of his circle. To the great majority of Hollywood, he is unknown. And many persons have never seen him. Retiring modesty must be an old English trait! At least it is new to Hollywood, where rumors are dished to the world in headlines.

A petted star of Broadway traveled east on the same train with Brook when he left recently for England. “High hat!” she said of him when she returned to Hollywood. “Who does he think he is that he can’t let anybody see him? Why, he had all his meals served in his drawing room and never came out until the last day!”

Because he has never borrowed a suit or a tie from another actor on the lot; because he doesn’t discuss the love affairs of the colony when he makes one of his infrequent visits to the studio, because he never yells at mechanics or slaps carpenters on the back, and because he doesn’t spend hours thinking up wisecracks to pull on his friends, it has been said that Clive Brook is just a little high-hat. It’s not that: it’s English modesty.

But many people, unknown to him, admire him for his supreme modesty and indifference. He seems to have that fatal fascination of a charming, yet inaccessible man in his thirties. Despite his interesting intelligence, his charm is his extravagant manner. He knows the art of being old-fashioned, of offering assistance and compliments. One feminine writer of the colony visits the studio as often as she

In “The Return of Sherlock Holmes” he is seen as Sir Conan Doyle’s famous detective hero, and contributes some of his finest acting.

possibly can when Clive Brook is working in a production. Secretaries would have to be discharged if he came to the studio very often. It is the real Clive Brook these girls know.

His extreme consideration for others is remarkable. Instead of making interviewers set their time to his, Clive Brook puts himself at the convenience of the writers. He is always punctual. Naturally, he makes a very favorable impression. He treats representatives from national magazines and high-school papers with the same respect. One writer from a Los Angeles newspaper interviewed Clive Brook after work at one o’clock in the morning and said he never received such great material from such an accommodating man in all his experience.

Brook is an actor because he always loved the theater, but still he is quite in doubt as to just how he manages to get on in a  (Continued on page 121)
Introducing Shirley Mason and Viola Dana, two of our most popular picture girls in their first screen appearance together, entitled "Almost Twins." Let's go!

"Almost Twins" is apropos of the sisters Flugrath after studying those measurements. It is safe to say that Shirley and Vi are the most petite of sister screen stars. Ever since their babyhood days they have been like two peas in a pod in their physiques—but all here the matter ends.

Despite their unquenchable adoration for each other they have been individualists of the first water. There has been nothing 'twin-ny' about their careers. Always they have stood on their own dainty feet, making their own ways as individual stars. They made up their minds as stage children, and how they have stuck to it!

Result: today we have Shirley Mason and Viola Dana making their first appearance on screen or stage together as sisters, in "The Show of Shows," the revue which has just been produced in Technicolor by the Warner Brothers. In this revue of revues the "Sister Act" is one of the novelties of the show. Besides Shirley Mason and Viola Dana, there are Dolores and Helene Costello, Alice and Marcelline Day, Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day, Sally Blane and Loretta Young, Alberta and Adamae Vaughn, and Marion and Harriet

Shirley Mason:
Height 5
Bust 31½
Waist 23
Hip 34
Thigh 20
Leg 12½
Ankle 7½
Foot 3½
Arm 9½
Waist 5½
Hand 5
Weight 97

When Viola was eight and Shirley was five, and both were in "Rip Van Winkle."

Shirley Mason, a child of the stage, is right at home in the new song-and-dance pictures.
ACT!
By Jason Carroll

Viola Dana:
Height ........... 5
Bust ............. 32½
Waist ............ 24
Hip .............. 35½
Thigh .......... 20
Leg ............ 12½
Ankle ........ 7½
Foot ........ 3½
Arm ........ 101
Wrist ........ 6
Hand .......... 5½
Weight .............

Lake. That’s a real sister act!

But, as this yarn concerns Shirley and Vi in their first sister act, we’ll confine ourselves to the exciting debuts of the erstwhile movie stars in genuine song-and-dance. If you don’t think they can tap, buck, sing and stomp, take in “The Show of Shows” and you’ll see Shirley and Vi do their stuff with all the ease and grace of musical comedy stars.

This interviewer caught up to the vivacious sisters one day in the studio rehearsal room when they were doing their stuff under the tutelage of the dancing maestro, Larry Ceballos. The latter hailed me, enthusiastically. “If you want to see a great sister song-and-dance team, watch Vi and Shirley do this number. They’re a knockout.”

Then, he whispered confidentially, “Say, these girls didn’t need any instruction from me. They go through their act like real hoofers. They got it easily in five minutes. And say, do you know what’s unusual about their sister act? They each have such distinctive personalities that you have the feeling of watching two clever stars working together as a team.”

Ceballos said it. Now I could understand why Shirley and Vi have always stood on their own, reserving their “sister act” for their private lives. They have personality plus.

Interviewing the two of these half-pints together is like trying to play interlocutor to a couple of end-men wisecrackers (Cont. on page 118)
Patsy Ruth Miller and her brand-new husband, Tay Garnett, the young director.

The Screen Colony's Social Life Centers Around Its Happy Marriages

"Do you believe in vibrations in rooms?" Patsy the Party Hound whispered to me. "Well, if you do," she went on without waiting for an answer, "you're bound to tell me that you feel the vibrations of a wonderful spirit of friendliness and good will pervading this church. "And weddings," she continued, "don't have to be frozen to be beautiful."

"I see," I told her, "you are becoming wedding-conscious!"

Patsy Ruth Miller was to be married to Tay Garnett, the writer and director, and when we arrived the church was nearly filled with people. Patsy Ruth and Tay have hundreds of friends.

Johnny Farrow, looking very handsome in his dress suit, had escorted us to our seats.

"I hear that Lila Lee and Johnny will be the next to wed," Patsy said, when we had settled ourselves.

Harold Lloyd and his wife Mildred sat across the aisle from us, along with Mildred's mother and little Gloria Lloyd. Gloria insisted that her famous dad lift her up high so that she could see everything that was going on. She is a rather silent, wide-eyed child, with a smile only, really, for her father.

"She always laughs at the gags in his pictures, too, I hear," remarked Patsy.

Afterward Harold told us that Gloria was tremendously observing—that she had seen, he said, a great deal more than he had.

Gertrude Olmstead and Robert Leonard sat in front of us, and across the aisle was Ruth Roland; and there was Joe Jackson and his wife, who used to be Ethel Shannon before she married Joe, had a baby and settled down; and we caught a glimpse of Donald Ogden Stewart and his wife. Donald himself was once reported engaged to Patsy Ruth Miller, you know.

"I wonder if all Pat's old admirers are here," remarked Patsy. "I guess not, though, because the church simply wouldn't hold them."

Lucille Webster Gleason and her son Russell were in the crowd, and there were Eddie Horton, Lillian Rich—who has just come back from starring in English pictures—May McAvoy and her husband, Maurice Cleary, Eddie Lowe and Lilian Tashman, and scores of others.

Suddenly the big organ there in St. James' left off playing inconsequential airs and went into the wedding march, and the wedding procession was on its way down the aisle.

Helen Ferguson was matron of honor, and looked very lovely, although we knew that deep in her heart she must be remembering how short a time before,
for December 1929

Gets Married!

By Grace Kingsley

comparatively, she had been a bride herself, and of how very lately she had been bereaved through the death of her husband, William Russell. Virginia Fox and the other bride’s attendants came next, including Lois Wilson, who declares that she is becoming a professional bridesmaid!

“I shouldn’t wonder if some man some day would get the inspiration, when he sees how lovely Lois looks as a bridesmaid, of kidnapping her and carrying her off as his bride,” whispered Patsy the Party Hound.

“Well, I don’t believe she’d stay if she were stolen,” I answered, “Lois is awfully choosy, you know. That’s why she isn’t married now. Just heaps of hearts are strewn on her way.”

Lila Lee came along just then, looking not in the least solemn, as bridesmaids usually do, but casting smiles this way and that, as though, after all, one shouldn’t take weddings so hard!

Then we thrilled when we saw Pat!

All the gorgeous footage of the white veiling couldn’t conceal nor could the solemnity of the occasion entirely submerge that sparkle which is one of Patsy Ruth’s principal charms.

She was leaning on her father’s arm, he looking very distinguished in his frock coat and the rest of the formal trappings. And of course the bridegroom looked handsome. The best man was George Green, and the ushers were Kenneth Thomson, Tom Buckingham, James Gleason, Paul Franklin and Patsy Ruth’s brother, Winston. (Continued on page 122)

Mary Eaton and Millard Webb. Just married!
Their romance started in the studio.

Standing: Pearl Eaton, Katherine Robbins, bridesmaids; Marilyn Miller, maid of honor.
Lower row: Edward Mills, train bearer; Doris Lening, flower girl; Mary Eaton Webb; Evelyn Mills Lerring, ring bearer; and Barbara Webb, flower girl.

May McAvoy’s wedding party. See Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, Lois Wilson, and—oh, yes—the groom!
Gather round, boys and girls! Your picture has been made at last—the first musical college romance that has ever been written and produced for the talking screen. And who do you suppose took a sock at it? George Marion, Jr., the writing fool who has made you laugh at his titles for years. This is his first attempt at dashing off lyrics but you never heard better ones. The honor of writing the piece is shared with Lloyd Corrigan, who is no slouch, either, when it comes to tickling your risibles and doping out a swell plot.

The company went on location at the Uplifters' Club Polo Field, if you can imagine that for a hard day to take! It's between Hollywood and the beach, almost to the water, in fact, and during the lunch hour half the cast played hookey for a swim, which cooled them off for the afternoon.

There were Nancy Carroll, Stanley Smith, Jack Oakie, Helen Kane, William Austin, Wallace MacDonald, Stuart Erwin and a lot of others. Six hundred high-school students on the bleachers to do the cheering, turning actors for the few days it required to take the football scenes, and maybe you think they didn't get a kick out of it! Their own team played the game, with Stanley Smith, who never played football in his life, having to pull a fast one to keep up with them. Because, of course, he was supposed to be the one who wins for the dear old Alma Mater and with it the love of his girl, Nancy Carroll—you know. Nothing new about the hero winning the girl. But what a yell you would raise if he didn't, after all his hard work! And after all, it isn't the
Boys and Girls, Here's a Collegiate Musical Movie for You. Fun, Football—and Everything!

By Helen Ludlam

and football scenes in the summer, and bathing pictures in the cold weather. They just don't seem to have any sense of time at all!

The high-school gang seemed to be far more interested in Helen Kane than in Nancy Carroll, which surprised me a little, because Helen is new in pictures. As she walked by the bleachers they called beseechingly to her to turn around and look at them. She laughed in her baby voice and waved to them in the baby way that has made her name famous from coast to coast. Helen is unique, absolutely.

"Come on, boys, snap into it," called Frank Tuttle, who is directing the opus. "All you girls and boys on the bleachers look at the players—take your cue from the action of the team for your cheers and disappointed exclamations."

In this picture Nancy Carroll finds herself in a dilemma. A very young girl herself, she is bequeathed a boys' school and becomes principal of it. What a break for the boys!

Looking very chic in a leaf-brown suede coat and vagabond hat, Nancy sat on the first row of the grand-stand and followed the action of the team. When she saw that something was wrong she ran over to the little group to talk to Stanley Smith.

Of course Stan irons out the trouble and wins the game. One bunch of boys takes Nancy on their shoulders and another takes Stanley and march around the field; but the young lovers get together at last and clinch for the final close-up.

(Continued on page 114)
DANCING Girls

Extra Girls Chosen to Decorate Elaborate Extravaganzas
Step Out Like Accomplished Chorines

"Extra, extra!" the boys are shouting.
"Beautiful Extra Girls Find New Way to Break Into Pictures."

No longer need the pretty little youngsters who flock to Hollywood with dreams of becoming screen stars, face the bitter disappointments of the extra lists who are turned back at the stern studio gates.

They have found a Papa Bountiful. Or, rather, he has found them. His name is Larry Ceballos, and he's the youthful daddy of dance production in the new singing-dancing-talking pictures.

When the spectacular musical revues and comedies flashed into popularity overnight, Hollywood faced a serious problem. Where would the chorus girls come from? Where the stage uses only thirty to sixty chorines, the elaborate pictorial extravaganzas require anywhere from one to three hundred to put it on right. And there weren't that many chorus gals in all Hollywood!

In the studio restaurants and around the sets, the dance producer constantly beheld lovelier girls than he ever had seen when he was selecting chorines for his Greenwich Village Follies in New York, or for his Music Box revue in Hollywood.

"Whence came these lookers?" he inquired persistently of the ones in the know. "Extras, extras, nothing but extras," would be the indifferent response.

Then and there Larry had a big idea. He spoke to all the girls. When he introduced himself by asking them if they could dance, most of them just stammered and stuttered "Gracious, no." They meant that they couldn't dance to suit the requirements of a Larry Ceballos. They had seen his snappy revues in theaters, and they were scared! Their dancing had been limited to whooppee places where one steps a collegiate caper with more enthusiasm than professional grace.

But Larry Ceballos has always been noted in the show world for his resourcefulness, as well as his originality in dance production. Besides, this handsome little Spanish-American has a way of inspiring confidence. He reassured them. He knew that such pretty girls simply must be able to dance. First thing they knew they had steady jobs. Papa Bountiful persuaded the Warner Brothers and First National to sign his selections to contracts. Extras no more, Ceballos' chorines are...
of Hollywood

By
Keith Richards

decorating marvelous shows and are face to face with future opportunities to become screen stars after all.

"Did you ever see so many beautiful girls?" the proud dance producer asked me. I never had, even in my wildest dreams. At that moment I was looking at approximately three hundred and fifty lovely girls, mostly of the flapper age.

"Say, if a New York stage producer ever saw so many pretty chorus girls all at once he'd die of the shock," continued Ceballos. "I ought to know, having spent many hard years picking and training 'em. Of course, I'll admit that most of them had higher ambitions, but now they're all happy. They have discovered that they can dance after all, and what modern girl doesn't like to dance?

"My training methods have always been simple, and I confidently believe I can teach any girl, who is graceful, to dance. Do you know that this ballet has been rehearsing only a week, and that sixty of the girls have been dancing only that long?"

It really is amazing. Ceballos hypnotized most of them into believing they could dance, and then he made them step like experienced chorines. These erstwhile extra girls are getting such a kick out of dancing for Ceballos that many of them are determined to follow dancing careers.

Originally, Ceballos had twenty-four chorus girls who had been with him for three years. He had trained them perfectly. They are the nucleus of his choruses. They help him train the novices. They are now accomplished danseuses, capable of all sorts of ballet dancing, although Ceballos specializes in syncopation.

Most of the girls you will see in "Sally," starring Marilyn Miller; in "No, No, Nanette," the sparkling musical comedy; and in "The Show of Shows" are these extra graduates who have been selected by the unerring eye of Ceballos.

No higher praise could be bestowed upon the far-sighted dance producer than to say that the girls in these beautiful ballets and ensembles look as if they had been dancing all their lives.

"We are only just beginning," confides Ceballos. "The future of musical extravaganzas and comedies on the screen is now firmly established but to date we have been experimenting. Once (Continued on page 115)
Introducing
Lew Ayres

By Myrene Wentworth

Mexicali Rose, stop crying—
I'll come back to you, some sunny day.

Painted ladies salted their beer with tears in the old Climax Café across the border in Mexicali as the baby-faced tenor crooned the plaintive melody. He was just a kid. Seventeen years old. Drifted down to the border resort to pick up some change after giving up his medical course at the University of Arizona. Lewis Ayer was his name. He changed it to Lew Ayres because they all pronounced it Loose Air. "I made all the border places," he admitted somewhat shyly. "I played all over Tia Juana, you know, sobby things that made them cry. They liked to cry and paid swell dough for it."

Lew, now twenty, today is one of those rare sensations that makes Hollywood sit up and take notice. Coming out of the nowhere, this wistful boy banjo-singer landed in the east of Greta Garbo's new picture, "The Kiss," playing the part of her youthful lover.

"Gee, she is wonderful," he said. "I was scared to death when I walked on the set but she made me feel right at home and helped me tremendously. One cold look from her and I would have fallen through the floor."

We recalled that day when Lew went into his first scene with Garbo. It was a scene where he had to rush in and embrace her madly.

"And I hadn't even been introduced to her," he said with an imagine-my-embarrassment gesture.

Lew dashed into the set, red through his make-up, sweat dampening his brow—a classic one, by the way.

Miss Garbo saw his discomfort and took his arm, turning to Jacques Feyder, the director.

"Would you mind making me acquainted with this young man?" she inquired laughingly.

From that time on, Lew apparently was perfectly at ease, although his previous screen experience was confined to a tiny bit in a college picture. Not even a day's extra work preceded.

"When I was a kid I always went to movies and Douglas Fairbanks was my idol," Lew related. "I was movie-struck when I was six years old. I still am. When I was twelve, however, my ambitions changed. I decided (Cont. on page 109)
Ronald Colman.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

CHARLES ROGERS and JEAN ARTHUR in "Here Comes the Band Wagon"
Hollywood is the new Paris! Artists flock there because they know they will find beauty, and beauty of a rare kind. There is youth—and color—and form. There is life! And now that the screen is singing, and dancing, and shouting, and splashing in a gorgeous sea of natural color, the artists are in ecstasies over their opportunity to capture something of this gay spirit of Talkie Town.

The stairs to screen stardom are being climbed today by the dancing girls. Every studio has its group of hard-working youngsters who drill and dance for your amusement. Surely, out of this ballet of beauty, there will spring a real star, typifying the new musical motion pictures.

These girls are practicing their dance steps while waiting to be called before the camera for a scene in "Paris," which stars Irene Bordoni. Grace—youth—delicacy! Bruendl has admirably captured their eloquence. Is it any wonder the audible screen entertainments are becoming more and more popular?"
Dancing Screen

ANTON BRUEHL, the famous artist-photographer, journeyed to Hollywood to track down the spirit of sound in her lair. He succeeded. He caught the elusive sprite in her most radiant mood and presents these portraits as the result. They show the gallant little girls of the studios working to record their beauty in singing and dancing celluloid. The First National Studio is the scene.

Degas himself would have loved Hollywood! Bruehl presents this particular picture by way of reminder that the dancing dolls are not merely decorative. They know their stuff! The lithely acrobatic young lady is a member of the chorus of Corinne Griffith's film, "Lilies of the Field," just warming up to her work.

A young star whose charm has often been caught by the cameras, but never more vividly: Olive Borden. According to Anton Bruehl, she is one of the most exquisite attractions in all screenland, for she has a piquant grace that is not often found. That makes it practically unanimous, doesn't it?
BOTH girls and boys go in for berets now! Here's Blanche Sweet wearing hers, and if you'll look across the page you'll see—
Nils Asther sporting his. Nils is a happy man these days, because Vivian Duncan has promised to become Mrs. Asther.
CLAUDETTE COLBERT is scoring a hit on Broadway this season—as usual!—and repeating her triumphs in talkies.
BETTY COMPSON'S presence in a picture is a sure-fire indication of its success. The girl’s a little gold mine!
IS Dolores Costello 'to be or not to be' in a talking film with friend-husband John Barrymore? That is the question!
A SIREN from old Mexico, Armida, will join Lupe and Del Rio in the race for Latin honors. She sings, she dances!
Gilbert Roland and the parrot both look sea-going. But Gilbert draws the line at the bird's salty vocabulary.

Pretty Polly! And pretty picture star! Norma is just going in for talkies, while the parrot is an old timer.

Left: these charming Talmadges! Mrs. Talmadge, affectionately known as 'Peg,' with her daughters, Norma and Constance, her son-in-law, Townsend Netcher, Connie's husband, and Gilbert Roland, on the terrace of Norma's new house.

A beautiful boudoir for a lovely lady. If this is Norma's beach shack, we'd just like to see her town house! Can those be books on the table? Yes, and all the pages are cut, too. Norma really finds time to read.

CHEZ

Norma Invites You to Her New Beach House
TALMADGE

Step Up and Meet Miss Talmadge and Company

Just after a swim, and just before a real sun tan, Norma spends much of her time between pictures at the beach.

Right: Just a little gray home in the west! The new Talmadge beach house at Santa Monica boasts a swimming pool in its front yard. Whenever Norma and her guests tire of it, they can step right out the front door into the ocean!

Norma wearing the latest in lounging pajamas, of white satin with wide pleated trousers.

A view of the sun room with its comfortable furniture and inviting air of true hospitality. Perfectly appointed, Norma's new house yet has the atmosphere of the home that is really lived in.

All photographs by John Miehle
We hear that Mary Brian, the girl from Texas, has been going to the movies lately with Rudy Vallee. Well, who wouldn't?
KAY FRANCIS, the first talking vamp of pictures, has a technique all her own. Very, very dangerous—and delightful!
LOLA LANE, from the stage, already has won a small army of admirers by her clever, charming work in the Movietones.
MRS. FARRELL'S little boy, Charlie, from up Massachusetts way, is making quite a name for himself on the screen—yes, sir!
AND still they come, from the stage. But as long as 'they' are as gifted as Kay Johnson, they're welcome.
She's not the Type!

She is Different, and That's Why Kay Johnson is a Sensation in Hollywood

By Joseph Howard

Kay Johnson is Hollywood's newest riddle.

She is a so-different person, with a so-different personality.

The wiseacres of the screen capital can't make up their minds where to place her in their long-established player classifications. Kay and her personality don't fit into any accepted groove.

This perplexing young woman, who made such a startlingly sudden jump from the footlights to the screen, isn't a 'type.'

Hollywood likes types. It likes to paste a nice label on its people, put them in a niche and keep them there. Kay won't be labeled or put in a niche.

Hollywood is worried. And you may believe it or not, it takes a lot to worry that all-seeing, all-hearing, all-knowing suburb of Los Angeles!

Kay Johnson is neither a flapper, a sweet young thing, a vamp or a comedienne, these being the four familiar types, with variations, of course.

In the first place, Kay is tall—taller than most of the women players. At one glance, Hollywood tore up the flapper label. Screen flappers are short of stature as well as of skirt. A svelte, young woman five feet and seven inches tall, is most assuredly not short. And the smartly-clad Miss Johnson demands that her skirts be designed to cover her knees.

Her voice, with its cello-like depth and its violin-like clarity, closed forever the 'sweet young thing' niche. To occupy that place, Hollywood demands dulcet tones and honey-sweet words. With the first vibrant word uttered by Kay, the second label fluttered back into place.

As for the third category, well, it's her eyes, nor reclines in perfumed longues. No vamp is a vamp in does all these things, and does them.

Kay looks at the world through eyes. She walks with the spring and athlete. Her vital energy keeps her of chairs, rather than sunk into cu.

So that classification was out.

There remained only the last—comedienne. Even Hollywood didn't consider that, Hollywood which will consider almost anything.

Kay is just Kay, in a class by herself.

She isn't beautiful. According to accepted screen standards, she isn't even pretty. She is tall and sveltely angular. She has a frankly large mouth and a nose which defies the familiar 'tiptilted' and 'piquant.' It is unashamedly Romanesque. But she is personality personified. Greater than beauty or prettiness is her charm.

She first burst upon Hollywood as the girl in the stage play, "The Silver Cord." Her story might be just another myth from a press agent's pen, if it were not so absolutely true.

Cecil B. De Mille happened to drop into the theater where "The Silver Cord" was playing. For two acts, his eyes never left Kay Johnson.

"I've found her," he sighed in contentment, as the curtain swished down at the end of that second act.

"Found who?" asked his companion, ungrammatical in his surprise.

"The lead for 'Dynamite.'"

Wherefore, being C. B., he did not hesitate. He called an usher, scrawled a few words on a card, and dispatched message and messenger to a young woman, who at that moment was calmly changing into her third-act gown, blissfully unaware that fate and the talkies were stepping into her life.

"You see," Miss Johnson explained later, "I had come to California on my honeymoon."

When Kay speaks of honeymoons, she says smiles, displaying dimples such since the days of Dorothy Dalton. It be well to add, is the bride of and director, who deserted the stage

John, I had expected to give up the personal appearances when a particularly strong. I had planned to settle down good and efficient wife, believing that

(Continued on page 111)
All-Dialog, Singing and Dancing

The first night of this picture on Broadway was an exciting occasion. Crowds pushed and shoved good-naturedly in front of the Gaiety Theater. They were obviously waiting for something or somebody. So I waited, too. Pretty soon an elegant car drove up, and a man stepped out. It was Alfred E. Smith—one of New York's favorite sons. The crowd gave him a cheer—he smiled—and then he passed into the theater. And the crowd still waited. There must be someone else coming! Such a stir and buzz I hadn't heard since the last time Mary and Doug attended an opening. Sure enough! Another car stopped—a handsome young man poked his silk-hatted head out—the crowd rushed toward him. When he saw the mob he looked a little scared and drew back. Then he seemed to feel the friendly spirit surging up to greet him, and stepped right into the swirling mass. Eager hands seized him. He was half-carried, half-pushed across the sidewalk and into the lobby. Girls thrust, autograph albums at him; one woman patted him gently as he was rushed past her. Men and women, they grabbed him and held him until the officers on duty came to his rescue and propelled him into the theater. And inside—more fans, who had paid admissions for the first night of "Sunnyside Up," appeared with more albums, and even when he had gained his seat they followed him. Charlie Farrell, the Massachusetts kid from Hollywood, was on his first trip to Manhattan, and he was the town's idol that night.

So what did that first-night crowd think of "Sunnyside Up?" They loved it, of course. Charlie in person gave it all an extra glamour. And as the film unfolded its hilarious humor and tuneful songs and snappy dances it carried the crowd with it. The Cinderella story of Mollie Carr, east-side Irish lass who wins Jack De Puyster for her permanent boy-friend, has been told before under various aliases; but you would have thought it was a fresh idea, it was so enthusiastically received.

Janet Gaynor sings in a sweet baby voice such sure-fire song hits as Aren't We All; while Charlie joins her in If I Had a Talking Picture of You. Sharon Lynn leads the Eskimo number in which the chorus is so hot it literally melts the ice—on the Grandeur film and in the audience. De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson, three melody boys from Broadway, wrote book, lyrics, and music; and included just about everything they could crowd into one screen musical show. But I wish Mr. Fox would let Broadway boys be boys and save Janet and Charlie for his "Seventh Heavens." The delicate paths of these two talented youngsters is too rare and fine to be drowned out in the boisterous boop-a-doop of Tin-Pan Alley.
Climb Up on My Knee, Dummy Boy!

The Great Gabbo
All-Dialog

Now don’t confuse this with The Great Garbo, whatever you do. Garbo is Greta than Erich Von Stroheim as Gabbo! Yes, Erich—the man you love to hate.' Here is Erich coming closer to pulling an Al Jolson than one would believe possible. He doesn’t exactly sing Climb Up on My Knee, Sonny Boy; but just the same, Dummy Boy is on his knee; you can see it with your own eyes if you don’t believe me.

Herr Doktor Von forgets directing and essays the rôle of a ventriloquist, and what is a ventriloquist without his dummy? The great, great Gabbo is minus a soul except when his better self speaks through the mechanical mouth of Dummy Boy. Gabbo himself is so heartless he even fires Betty Compson out of his act—Betty, who has done so much for the talkies! You can believe Gabbo is sorry before he’s through. But then it’s too late. This is the first time a ventriloquist and his dummy perform for the talkies. A magnificent idea gone somewhat stale. What’s the matter with James Cruze? Von Stroheim finds his voice and loses, for me, his sinister charm. Betty Compson is splendid and amazingly versatile, going so far as to do an adagio dance. There are big numbers in color of a musical revue with usual embellishments, but one tires of seeing ladies of the ballet walking up and down stairs in intricate drills. They don’t seem to be getting anywhere, the poor dears!

THE LADY LIES
All-Dialog

A new angle on the eternal triangle, believe it or not! "The Lady Lies" is a sophisticated and fascinating picture, with Walter Huston as a merry widower, Claudette Colbert as a lovely lady, and two clever children occupying the corner of the triangle usually held down by an aggrieved wife. Good direction takes the story over the rough roads and makes the downward path lead upward so that everyone is happy after several exciting hours and no end of emotional stress. Before the picture finishes Mlle. Colbert must win over Mr. Huston’s children, and I’m going to give you one guess—not three this time—as to whether she does it effectively. She won you, didn’t she?

The comedy relief, and not in name only, mind you, is well taken care of by Charles Ruggles, in the happy rôle of an inebriate in the clutches of a blonde cutie. It’s ungrateful to bring it up now, of course, but I can’t help hoping that Mr. Ruggles will before long be given an opportunity to prove that he can be just as funny when sober. I recommend "The Lady Lies" as additional evidence that the talkies arefitting our celluloid infant into his long trousers.

Sophisticated and fascinating

Claudette Colbert, Tom Brown, and Patricia Deering in a tense scene from "The Lady Lies."
Three Live Ghosts

All-Dialog

Robert Montgomery and Joan Bennett in "Three Live Ghosts."

Honest, sincere, and courageous drama

Richard Barthelmess has given us a daring picture in "Young Nowheres"—a picture without a theme song, a single orgy, a ballet of beauties in their tantalizing scanties, and without a single sensational incident. And this just about suits me for a change. "Young Nowheres," I must warn you, will warm the cockles of your heart and make you believe this old world isn’t such a bad place after all. It is an honest, sincere and courageous drama utterly lacking in the cheaper appeals that glitter temptingly under the label of 'box-office appeal.'

Here is the prize underdog of the month, Dick as a helpless, beaten little elevator boy in a New York apartment house, a fellow neither colorful nor heroic.

"Young Nowheres" is a story which is difficult to put on paper—just the sentimental romance of the boy and girl, suffering from poverty, who have no place to go to be by themselves, no place to whisper their shy confidences. The boy’s one spurt of daring comes when he has the thought to take the girl to a cozy apartment in his building—the owner being out of town—where they can have a fire in the fire-place and cook their own dinner in the kitchen. An evening—and Christmas Eve, incidentally—by themselves. Then there is the sudden arrival of the astonished tenant, who insinuates disgraceful goings-on and has the youngsters haled into night court, where the boy tells the story which is unfolded on the screen.

Dick gives a beautiful and sensitive performance, one of the finest I have yet seen in talking pictures; and Marian Nixon is wistfully lovely as the girl. Bert Roach, as an inebriated gentleman, is very, very funny. Thank Director Frank Lloyd for this gem of a picture.

Young Nowheres

All-Dialog

Marian Nixon and Richard Barthelmess in a scene from "Young Nowheres."
The Girl From Havana

All-Dialog

Just a happy family of crooks and detectives in this; but if you can tell one from the other you are a better sleuth than I am. And it's educational, too—we're treated to a trip through the Panama Canal—(pardon me while I wisecrack: it's funny one of the crooks didn't pick the locks on the canal.)

There! I'm all right now; back to business: a band of crooks have pulled a very neat hold-up in a jewelry store, and Paul Page—that nice boy, of all people!—seems to be the master-mind whether we like it or not. Crooks start for Panama—see map—with plunder. Now in Havana—see Perfecto—who but Lola Lane turns out to be a very pretty detective who is on the scent of these crooks. It's about time now for the theme song, and Detective Lane, passing herself off for the moment as a cabaret girl, warbles obligingly, which is all right with everybody because she really can sing. The action piles up when one of the crooks falls for Lola; and Lola falls for Paul. It's just like one of the good old serials, only all dressed up in new smart clothes. I had a good time with Lola and Paul in Havana; they must come and see us sometime.

Glorifying the American Newspaper Man

Big News

All-Dialog

Glorifying the American Newspaper Man; or, The Boy Reporter at Bay. When I see Robert Armstrong ornamenting a movie newspaper office I want to write my own theme song, entitled: "Sob sisters, why are you blue?"

Mr. Armstrong is one of my favorite actors and I have not been at all backward about declaring myself. He may not be handsome; his Irish profile falls far short of the godlike; but he is so human, so disdainful of manners and cheap tricks, that I raise my chapeau to him in all kinds of weather, cold in the head or no cold in the head. "Big News" is his latest, and it is good entertainment—not brain-taxing, not spectacular, but melodramatic, amusing, and never dull. Armstrong is a young 'old newspaper man' whose pretty wife, Carol Lombard, leaves him because of his general unreliability—though that really isn't fair of the girl, because she could always find him at his pet speakeasy. Soon after this jolt comes another; the boss fires him, and he walks out—into the sweetest little story ever told, a nice murder. Our Robert solves the mystery, reveals the murderer, writes his best story—and wins back his wife. And you get the impression that such goings-on are mere child's play compared to what the real newspaper man goes through as he pursues his daily duties.

My only quarrel with "Big News" is that they have fallen for the fallacy that most newspaper women wear funny clothes and flat-heeled shoes and go about slapping everybody on the back. I worked on a newspaper once and I was always catching my high French heel in the headlines. It isn't fair.

Carol Lombard, being a Mack Sennett School graduate, needs no advice as to how to look beautiful; but I do think she has something to learn about dramatic art. Gesture Six is a good gesture; why stick to Gesture One?
THE GREAT DIVIDE

All-Dialog

Those wide open spaces where men are men have gone microphones. The men are men, all right—but they’re all singing theme songs. Ask your auntie if she remembers “The Great Divide” when it was a stage smash; and then tell her that Stephen Ghent, the hero, is now singing At the End of the Long, Long Trail to Dorothy Mackaill. (Excuse poetry; just an accident.) It’s all right with me and I’m sure it will be all right with auntie, for Ian Keith as Stephen gives an excellent performance. Dorothy Mackaill does not fare so well. Senorita Mackaill is one of our favorites; she can be charming and seductive—but in “The Great Divide” she is obliged to be merely a good example of bad manners. There are colorful scenes of the Mexican fiesta which are a treat to the eye and ear, and Myrna Loy contributes a song just to prove that Mexican vamps can be musical as well as ornamental! But “The Great Divide” is not a dramatic smash on the screen, perhaps because the drama of the Gay ’90’s and the modern theme song were not made for each other.

THE TRESPASSER

All-Dialog

Scotch transit Gloria Mundi—and Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and every other day that “The Trespasser” plays. That it will have a long run is a foregone conclusion. For one thing it brings Gloria Swanson back to the screen after a long absence. For another, it is an absorbing, dramatic entertainment which manages always to be interesting. Gloria’s career in the sound pictures will be even more colorful and complete than her past career in the silent drama. She is a potent personality, one of the highly individual stars on the screen; and now that she has found vocal expression she becomes twice as exciting. She has definitely grown up, and the talkies make it possible for her new personality to achieve distinction—for maturity is no longer a curse on the celluloids. Depth, experience, character have suddenly become important, and Gloria Swanson has found a fine medium for her striking talents. Her voice is thrilling; what’s more, it is really good. She speaks her lines with assurance and power; she sings her little songs with feeling and charm.

Edmund Goulding has done wonders with a story that might easily have become a trashy confession tale: that of a brave young girl who dares to have an ‘illegitimate’ child, to “live her own life.” When the baby is a husky youngster she encounters his father again, and the rest is a dramatic solution of their problem. The direction is superb. The acting—by Gloria, Kay Hammond, Purnell Pratt, Robert Ames, and Henry Walthall, in the order named, is splendid. “The Trespasser” must not be missed.
S P E E D W A Y

All-Dialog

I f you want speed, here it is—in person. Billy Haines is the spirit of wild young America or what have you. Devoted as I am to the Haines ebullience, I can't help wishing they would let our favorite boy friend romp in other pastures just for the change. And when I say change, that's what I mean. His company would pick up much more if the boy wonder were permitted occasionally to vary his methods in pictures; to remind his public that he is vastly more than a mere play-boy, capable of excellent performance in more subtle forms of entertainment. Crash—boom—zam—wow! And other cartoon ejaculations meaning that I have just been set upon by Mr. Haines' ardent followers and am being cuffed for my impertinence in daring to suggest that King Bill can do wrong. I'm not blaming him; I'm just suggesting. I admit his abilities as the premier smart-aleck of the ages; but I insist that he is much more than that. Oh, well—let it go! "Speedway" is a brisk and buoyant auto-racing comedy that keeps you whirling around the Indianapolis track until dizzy. Ernest Torrence is good, as always; and Anita Page is still positively the prettiest ingenue in the world.

MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD

All-Dialog

B ring on the dancing girls—again! All right, there they are. You can have your dancing girls and I'll take J. Harold Murray. He is the handsome tenor who sang "Rio Rita" for Ziegfeld on the New York stage; and his heroine in this movie musical show is Norma Terriss, who sang for Flo in the original Manhattan cast of "Show Boat." Yes, yes—I know that John Boles sings Rio Rita on the screen; and Laura La Plante plays Magnolia in pictures; but why did you have to bring that up, anyway? You'll have us all confused in a minute; and we want to enjoy "Married in Hollywood." There is something in this show for everybody. You may prefer the lovely lilting Viennese music by Oscar Strauss. You may enjoy most the elaborate ballets of the stage scenes. You may immediately adopt Norma Terriss into your family of film favorites, and I won't blame you because Norma not only sings beautifully, but she is sweet and natural, and you can't say as much for every Broadway prima donna. As for me, I'll stick to my story and look at and listen to Mr. Murray—big, blond, and vocally impressive. The story? If you insist, it's a Hollywood co-starring combination of "Graustark" and "Cinderella." J. Harold, a royal prince, meets Norma, a singer, in Vienna, falls in love with her, and follows her to Hollywood. I can't very well keep you in suspense about the ending when the title gives it away, can I? And I do love to kid you! "Married in Hollywood" has all the stinkiness of the old-fashioned stage operetta which, transferred literally to the screen, may try your patience a trifle. But there's always the music—and Norma—and—J. Harold Murray.
Good Looks for

Gifts Which Thrill Feminine Hearts with Their Promise of Daintiness and Charm

As time passes, Christmases seem to come closer and closer together. When we were very young, we hung up our stockings on Christmas eve and rubbed our eyes to try to keep them open to see Santa Claus come down the chimney, only to wake in the chill grey dawn to find that once more he had put it over on us by stealing in just at the minute we were taking a teeny wency nap.

So there was nothing to do but wait and try again next Christmas which seemed ages and ages away. The years passed, and we never did see Santa Claus, yet we kept right on believing in him and still do—at least, I hope we do. But now, instead of next Christmas seeming ages away, it comes, goes, we turn around a few times, do just a few of the things we had planned, and here it is again!

Soon the stores will be full of fascinating things and we will be urged to do our shopping early. That's why I'm asking you now, what do you want, and what are you planning to give for Christmas?

Well, what about good looks—for yourself, and for your friends? Most of us could use them, couldn't we? I remember a few years ago some earnest person wrote about the destructiveness of the holiday season on woman's charm. The strain on her good looks and disposition in trying to keep up under our false sense of Christmas, the aftermath of resentment and disappointment which is the result of a season of mere giving and taking—urging us to omit Christmas from our private calendars!

But I know you don't want to do that. I, for one, would as soon think of trying to cut out spring from the calendar as to try to cut out Christmas. Christmas, like life, is what we make it. Under its tinsel and color are happy memories, gifts which are symbols of love given gladly. Despite the cynicism, we do believe in Santa Claus, and we're not afraid of losing the true spirit of Christmas. But, lest we are tempted to become so frazzled in our efforts to make the holiday season the merriest ever, let's make a month-before Christmas resolution. A resolve that we will give our best selves for Christmas. A self that is fresh, rested, well-groomed, with a

Perfumes suited to the type, the mood, the costume. Billie Dove has them all.

Anita Page finds an atomizer a handy way to combine perfume with personality.
CHRISTMAS!

Miss Van Alstyne Will Answer by Mail any Question You May Care to Ask

By Anne Van Alstyne

disposition that has kept its sweetness, generosity, sense of humor, and faith in the ultimate good. Let us make this a part of our giving.

Now, about good looks for Christmas. Wouldn't it be wonderful if some good fairy could send them to us, daintily wrapped in a Christmas box, or if Santa Claus could go about distributing what we want most on Christmas morning? A pair of mischievous grey eyes with long curling lashes for the quiet girl who writes me that she looks and acts and feels dull, yet she just longs to be popular. A Cupid's bow mouth in a holly box wrapped in red and gold ribbons for the girl who frets and frets over the shape of her mouth. A beautifully molded chin with a guarantee that it never, never will double itself. A lovely soft forehead without a pucker in it. Shiny, naturally waving hair.

Oh, well, this is only supposing. But, considering the universal desire for beauty, we can do the next best thing. If we can't hang good looks on the Christmas tree, we can pass them on, at least the makings of them. Real helps that will emphasize the charm one already has and cover up the lack of those one hasn't. There is not a feminine heart that will not thrill to a gift which promises to impart to its recipient a bit of personal daintiness or charm. And the comforting thing is, these gifts can be purchased at any time as the shops always offer alluring possibilities for beauty gifts. We can "do our Christmas shopping early," or we can do it at the last minute if we have procrastinated and are at our wit's ends to know what to give Nancy Lou or Patricia Anne or grand-aunt Susan.

First, let's consider powder. Delicately scented, softly clinging, just the right shade and consistency for the skin that is to wear it. Include a vanity powder bowl of colorful glass to match the color scheme of your friend's dressing table and the gift will have the personal touch one likes to give at holiday time.

(Continued on page 108)
They Come East for a Rest—and All the Rest!

Oh-la-la, oui, oui, and other Gallic expressions! Manhattan has gone absolutely Parisian, believe it or not. And just because a tiny, trim little French woman stepped off the train at Grand Central!

Irene Bordoni is her name. You're right—she should be no novelty to New York; she's been a Broadway star for ever so long. But somehow a flyer in films brings a celebrity nearer and dearer, if you know what I mean. We all feel now that we really know Mlle. Bordoni, whereas we were a little in awe of her before. She's really an important star, you see; and somehow one doesn't get so chummy with stars in this town as one does out in Hollywood. Anyway, her sojourn in the film colony making "Paris" has made La Bordoni a movie star, and she is extremely obliging about posing for publicity pictures, and seeing interviewers, and all. I know, because I was one of the interviewers! Not at all the super-sophisticated lady I'd imagined her, but friendly and vivacious and straightforward, she has a real sense of humor, American brand! She became an American citizen sometime ago, she told me.

"I like Hollywood so much!" she said, her brown eyes dancing. "It is like the South of France, where I was born. I feel at home there, more so than in Paris or New York." What an admission for a French charmer!

Bordoni is very proud of the fact that not only did she learn to swim in the pool on her Beverly Hills estate, but she even taught her two French maids the gentle aquatic art! She took up tennis, too. She's nicely tanned,
By Anne Bye

and it's becoming, with her very black banded hair and big velvety eyes. She once had a yearning to play tragedy, she confided. But it was not to be!

"My funny nose and laughing eyes," she explained, "would make the public laugh even if I attempted a tragic rôle. So—I am satisfied if they are!"

I hope you all saw Dolores Del Rio some place or other on her personal appearance tour with "Evangeline." Because if you missed her, you denied yourself a real treat.

What a pity the camera can't capture all of Dolores' potent charm! She's so much prettier and daintier than she is on the screen. And she has a sort of suave fire that is absolutely unique among the movie girls. She's a sort of devilish lady! (Don't misunderstand me, Senorita!)

She stopped in Manhattan on her round of appearances and I never saw her look so well. Her chum, Claire Windsor, came east and stayed with her, and you never beheld a lovelier picture than these two made together—the dark and glowing Del Rio, the pink and gold Claire. Wise girls—they should always do a sister act; the beauty of each so perfectly sets off the other.

You probably heard rumors of Dolores' engagement to Ted Joyce, master of ceremonies in a Pittsburgh theater.

Well, I'm afraid it's just another one of those reports. Dolores met him while she and "Evangeline" were playing at his theater, and they liked each other. Then when she was in Brooklyn with her picture he was master of ceremonies there, too. But she says that they are 'just good friends,' so that, decidedly, is that. (Continued on page 110)
Come into the Kitchen

The Famous Star Tells Some Secrets tried and true, to add Zest and

By Sydney

The foreign stars are bringing a Continental sophistication to the dinner tables of the film metropolis!

Emil Jannings and Ernst Lubitsch brought German culinary kultur into Beverly Hills. Then came Lya de Putti, Victor Varconi, Vilma Banky and Alexander Korda with their Hungarian traditions; Ramon Novarro, Dolores Del Rio and Lupe Velez, hot from Mexico just across the border; Greta Garbo and Nils Asther, true to their Swedish inheritance, and so on through the list of foreigners who have invaded California kitchens.

It remained for Irene Bordoni, however, to popularize the French table at its best. Miss Bordoni is a true cosmopolite. She has lived in nearly every country in Europe and knows what each has to offer, but remains loyal to the chefs de France.

During the filming of "Paris," Miss Bordoni became one of the most popular hostesses in the film colony. She entertained liberally and well, and being of a generous nature, she attributes much of her popularity to the adroit catering of a French cook who has been with her for the past ten years. Whenever Miss Bordoni goes, her cook goes too. The French actress insists upon being nourished by experts.

In accounting for the success of her dinners, Miss Bordoni says that they are in reality a result of years of experimentation during which harmonious combinations have been worked out. Her cook has been trained, much like a chemist in a laboratory is trained, to know correct blendings and how they may be achieved.

The French actress compares the average American table to a vaudeville show—good in spots, but lacking in harmonious unity; whereas the French menu is carefully graded from hors d’œuvres to demi tasse. What we need in this country, according to Miss Bordoni, is a proper balance instead of an over-abundance. She cited our Thanksgiving dinner repast as being typical of the American culinary ideal, and said she knew of no country in the world capable of offering a more lavish spread, the only drawback being the human capacity for food. In the larger cities, particularly New York and Chicago, where the influence of European chefs has been the most potent, she finds a tendency to curtail on quantity and to concentrate on an intelligently selected variety of delicacies.

Miss Bordoni referred to her first tour of the United States when she was impressed by the contrast in different states. In most European countries, she said, there is something approximating a national diet, but here, owing to the vastness of the territory and the variations in temperature and soil, as well as racial inheritances, this uniformity is lacking.
with Irene Bordoni
of the Chefs of France—Recipes, Flavor to the Dinner Table

Valentine

La Bordoni can sew as well as cook, and designs many of her own dresses.

The New Engander represents one school of cooking; the Southerner another; the Midwesterner, another and the residents on the Pacific Coast still another. Of these, Miss Bordoni found the Southern cook the most advanced in the art of pleasing the taste with a rich variety of well-seasoned food.

According to Miss Bordoni, a nation's civilization may, in no small measure, be gauged by the output of its kitchen.

When asked for the secret of the world-wide popularity of French cooking, Miss Bordoni said that the fame of the French kitchen should be attributed to 'a certain something,' characteristic of the French temperament. The French chef has an intuitive feeling for the nuances of flavor, hence the dominance of French sauces.

"A good sauce requires imagination in its planning," says

(Continued on page 124)

MADEMOISELLE IRENE BORDONI'S FAVORITE RECIPE

TOMATO-PEACH SALAD A LA PERSHING:

Chill as many firm, middle-sized, sound, ripe tomatoes as you have service. Peel carefully, and using a sharp knife, cut a slice off stem end, then make at blossom ends, two cuts at right angles, running cuts at about two-thirds of tomatoes' thickness. Dredge with salt. Drain cut side down in a cool place thirty minutes.

Have chilled, firm, ripe freestone peaches peeled, and put on center of a nest of crisp lettuce leaves, half of a pitted peach open side down. Put over convex peach, a drained tomato, cut side down, and, with thumb and first finger of each hand, press it down on the peach, thus parting the section of tomato like the petals of a flower. From opened center remove seeds and drop just a tablespoon of cream mayonnaise. On this arrange in petal shape, some slices of bananas. At the base arrange a wreath of overlapping banana or peach slices, and, with a pastry bag and star tube, garnish with cream mayonnaise.

Add all the ingredients thoroughly chilled and set at base in center of petals, a fresh strawberry.

The colorful breakfast room in Miss Bordoni's Beverly Hills home where the star's own French cook serves eggs Benedictine.
The Best Lines of the Month

From "Why Leave Home":

Jackie (Jean Barry): “Don’t introduce me to any more architects. The last one I went riding with left his blue prints on my neck!”

From "The Lady Lies":

Joyce (Claudette Colbert): “Is he always like that?”

Rossiter (Walter Huston): “Always! He was born with a silver flask in his mouth.”

From "Big News":

Steve (Robert Armstrong): “You’re not going to tell me it’s raining outside!”

Vera (Cupid Ainsworth): “No, I sprinkle myself every morning. It keeps me fresh.”

Margaret (Carol Lombard): “Drinking is a mental habit—you actually get more stimulation out of tea.”

Steve (Robert Armstrong): “Yeah, and then you turn into a Chinaman and open a laundry.”

From "Sunnyside Up":

Bee (Marjorie White): “Well, now that John Gilbert’s married, who is your suppressed desire?”

Molly (Janet Gaynor): “Rin-Tin-Tin!”

Left: Janet Gaynor; and right, Marjorie White, in "Sunnyside Up."
LOUISE DRESSER'S Ten Commandments

1. Have faith in your mirror, though you doubt your friends.
2. Let your first glimpse of the day be heavenward.
3. Have confidence in your power to make or unmake men.
4. Cultivate common sense, woman's glorious gift.
5. Smile honestly, and obey God's command 'to give.'
6. Give happiness, and reap the reward a hundredfold.
7. Take nature as your model of beauty.
8. Do not spoil everything by overdoing; rather leave something undone.
9. Believe in beauty, and all things will become beautiful.
10. Acknowledge goodness and blessedness, and enjoy life fully.

By Laska Lewis

Louise Dresser as she was twenty-five years ago, when she was the belle of Broadway.
Fancy flying—the best I ever saw. A real air saga, with the United States Marine Aviation Corps providing the thrills and Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee the romance. The fight between nine bombing planes and the Nicaraguan general commanding his guerillas is tremendous. But the big spot is where a pilot crashes spectacularly. Not a sad film, but swell.

Another of these back-stage hoofer stories, this time featuring Mae Clark and Lee Tracy, as the married couple. Josephine Dunn does her usual vamping act but Daphne Pollard, a hard-boiled blonde seal trainer, and Stepin Fetchit, the back-stage porter, win the humor laurels. A human climax, where the wife, as a famous Hollywood star, is reunited with her husband.

Blackmail
A breath of something different is this all-dialog picture, fresh from England, which opens with a fine staccato quality as Anna Ondra, a lovely Hungarian girl playing the English heroine, stabs an artist in his studio. Anna’s fiancé, John Longden, happens to be a detective on the force at Scotland Yard—the detective headquarters of Great Britain. Torn between love and duty, love for his sweetheart on one hand and his duty to Scotland Yard on the other, Longden helps Anna conceal her crime. The highlight of the film is the excellent performance of one Donald Calthrop, as a blackmailer, who attempts to extort money from the young couple. Nearly every movie fan will enjoy this interesting story which brings British life and customs, and picturesque spots of dear old London.

A lot of our old friends are in this one—Madge Bellamy, George Lewis, Margaret Livingston, Vera Reynolds and Norman Trevor among them. George is an only child, with Madge so much in love that she takes a job as maid in a neighboring house. A lot of hocus-pocus, with papa, Robert Ellis, running wild. Madge gets her Georgie and the audience gets relief.
**Why Leave Home?**

When husbands go out in search of chorus girls, what is the remedy? Why wives should seek distraction with college boys. But, we want you distinctly to understand that the wives are nice ladies—and the chorus girls, too. In this Sue Carol-Nick Stuart all-talkie we have the stage play, "Cradle Snatchers," made over, with a few of the hotter features omitted. The hit of this movie is David Rollins. As a bashful college boy studying architecture, he is a riot. Pretty little Jean Barry sets the speed for the film. Sue Carol is cute and vivacious as one of the peppy chorus girls and pert Dixie Lee gives a nice performance, too. A harmless little spectacle with the younger generation whooping it up and the older ones wishing they could.

**The Careless Age**

Loretta Young and young Doug Fairbanks who made such a tremendous hit in "Fast Life" again warm up the screen. But this time, despite their excellent team-work, owing to a certain sophomoric quality in the story, the film falls short of its predecessor. Pretty theme song, Melody Divine, and excellent direction make it worth seeing.

**The Hottentot**

Eddie Horton in an all-talkie taken from the popular yarn. Eddie is good in this horsey story, including the steeplechase and everything. The top notch of humor is reached when Hottentot, the horse, gulps a meal of apples and water, and provides much merriment. Patsy Ruth Miller and Douglas Gerrard, playing a butler, do good work.

**St. Louis Blues**

That old song favorite, St. Louis Blues, dramatized by an entirely colored cast, into a picture full of color, speed, tragedy and song. Bessie Smith, the dusty contralto, sings in a way to wring your heart. A treat all around, for when those negroes tune up and sing in the speak-easy sequence, it's a dramatic choral which no Russian art choir can surpass.

**The Argyle Case**

Thomas Meighan's debut as a talkie star in a mystery melodrama full of secret service agents, counterfeiters, sliding panels and dictographs. Tommy is assisted by Lila Lee, looking remarkably pretty and speaking well; H. B. Warner, and Bert Roach and Zazu Pitts, a comedy team. Meighan's voice is excellent and his work lends conviction to an unconvincing plot.
One day recently we saw a mob of extras patiently holding their ‘spot’ in a garden scene, waiting for a cue. Finally, Micky Neilan yelled to the mixer, “Why the delay?” And from some distance away, yelled through the loud speaker, came the reply: “Believe it or not, Mr. Neilan, I’m waiting for a street car!”

No, Norma Shearer Thalberg isn’t going to be a mama. “Honor to whom honor is due,” and in this case, the honor is Mrs. Howard Hawks’, wife of the Fox director and sister of Norma whom she strongly resembles. “I don’t feel that I can successfully combine motherhood and a career,” said Norma when discussing the rumor of her prospective motherhood. “When I have children, I want to settle down and give them my undivided attention.”

The other night we saw John Boles drinking a limeade at the drug store opposite the Chateau Elysee. “What are you doing out alone at this hour of the night?” we asked. “My wife is a bridge fiend and I hate it, so I went to see ‘The Single Standard,’” said John. That’s the wild life these Hollywood actors lead.

The opening of “Marianne,” starring Marion Davies, was probably the most distinguished premier ever seen on the Pacific Coast. It was more like the New York opening of a much-talked-of play, not a movie. The Mayan Theater, turned into a movie palace for the run of “Marianne,” is a small house, and the audience was necessarily a select one. All seats were at a premium and bids ran high, but the house was sold out a week before the opening. Marion bought almost the entire first floor for her friends. Everyone was there, not only the stars, but celebrated people from professions other than the theatrical world, including Winston Churchill, the noted British statesman.

Hal Roach’s Gang admitted a new member recently in the person of Edgar Kennedy. Edgar will
HOLLYWOOD

Studio News and Star Gossip

not replace any of your favorites. He is merely an added attraction. Mr. Roach and Mr. McGowan, their patient director, have thought for a long time that there ought to be a cop on the job to help them out in disciplining the gang and now they have him.

Mrs. Richard Arlen, wife of the Mayor of Toluca Lake, California, was brought into court for calling a gentleman names in a theater. What do you think of that? In other words, the play Joby Ralston was appearing in didn’t meet with the approval of the bench, and the whole cast was arrested! Why, Jobyna!

I had to copy this all down so’s I wouldn’t make a mistake and I hope I have it straight.

Ben Lyon has been presented with wings of the 478th Pursuit Squadron, of the 322nd Pursuit Group, of the Air Corps of the United States Army Reserve! There now, I guess that will hold you for awhile! He has, in addition to this, flown all the hours it is necessary to fly to be a transport pilot, and is now studying navigation and meteorology.

In his free time he makes motion pictures. His next, is for RKO and Bebe Daniels will be his leading lady. They’ve changed the name of the picture twice so far, so what’s the good of my telling you what it is? It will be something else before this dries on the press. Oh, yes, Ben and Richard Dix too are studying singing with Bebe Daniels’ teacher, who is a wow. His name is Otto Morando.

P. S. Just as I was about to send this off, Ben called me up and said he wasn’t going to do the RKO picture after all! I was scandalized.

“What’s the matter? Have you and Bebe had a fight?”

Mr. Santa Claus’s little girl, Nancy, all dressed up for Christmas Eve, has been up and down chimneys distributing toys. Oh, Nancy—where’s ours?
Carol Lombard's gown is too tight to sit down in, so this clever 'support' was devised by the studio on which she can relax between scenes.

I asked.

"Lord, no!" said Ben. "But Howard Hughes takes this time to begin again on "Hell's Angels," and I gave my word I'd see the darn thing through to the bitter end, so I have to cancel the RKO picture."

William Fox opened up two new buildings at Fox Hills. One was the Laboratory of Engineering Research, containing departments for the electrical laboratory, research laboratory, maintenance department, drafting room, and organ room. The other was the Café de Paris, a swanky restaurant. Lois Moran, after a graceful speech, unveiled the tablet on the building for engineering; and Mlle. Fifi D'Orsay did the honors for the Café. She prefaced the unveiling by a song entitled 'Give Your Baby Lots of Lovin', and put the song over with a bang. Maybe you think the important thing about a song is a person's voice. Fifi doesn't think that and proves her point.

Juliette Compton, who appears in "Woman to Woman," with Betty Compson, tells a good one on herself. When she first went to London the furnishing of her house was a serious occupation. At one very exclusive shop she was intent on a selection of chairs. There were three that attracted her eye, all in a row against the wall. She had been allowed to roam at will, but in a moment a very attractive salesman came up with two ladies who also were attracted to the chairs. All three women tried them out, sitting first in one and then in the other until it reminded Juliette of the fairy tale. "We are like the three bears," she laughingly told the ladies. "You are the big bear, you are the middle-sized bear and I, being the smallest person here, am the little bear."

The lady on her right looked somewhat shocked, Juliette thought, but the lady on her left whom she had tagged as
the big bear laughed heartily and enjoyed the joke immensely. When they went out the salesmen came to Juliette and said in a frigid voice, "Madame! You have just called the Queen of England a big bear!"

Paramount recently had such an unfortunate experience owing to the temperament of one of its actors. Not only temperament, but depravity. Everything has been done for this young person. He has his special chair, made higher than the average because he isn't so tall; he has his special room with a canopied bed where he may rest during the time he is not working; he has a Paramount limousine at his disposal to take him to and from the studio—in fact, everything possible has been done for his comfort and happiness. And what does he turn around and do? Why he goes into a tantrum and screams himself right off the set while the director, Lothar Mendes, was trying so hard to get the scene finished. And all because his bottle was a few minutes overdue! Some folks have no sense of propriety or gratitude at all. So that you will be able to watch this inconsiderate young man closely I will tell you that the picture he is appearing in is "The Children." His name is Donald Smith and he is nine months old.

A very attractive young lady visiting Hollywood declared Richard Dix the most adept person at subtle compliment she had ever met. As the young lady hails from the sunny south it means something, for there are few men in the States who can turn a more graceful compliment a pretty girl's way than the lads from Dixie.

"Richard Dix told me," she said, "that the girl he marries must have a sense of humor; and then he almost killed himself laughing at some of my poor little jokes. He said, too, that the girl he marries must have a brain, and then during the discussion of one or two serious subjects he became enthusiastic over my angle on them, declaring that my viewpoint was 'profound.' Of course he didn't mean a word he said, but wasn't it charming flattery?"

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For December 1929

Carlotta King, a new screen warbler, made her debut in "The Desert Song." Her husband, Sydney King Russell, is a poet and song writer.

After playing in British productions for the past eight years, Juliette Compton is back in Hollywood, playing in "Woman to Woman."

A 'Cook's Tour' of Fox City, conducted by Will Rogers and Irene Rich. They are showing their children and Fred Stone's youngsters the wonders of the studio.
Dimitri Tiomkin, noted pianist-composer, and his wife, the famous Albertina Rasch, are busier in Hollywood than they ever were in New York, which is saying something! The composer, familiarly known as 'Dimtri,' will write special vocal numbers for sixteen ballets for M-G-M this season, while his wife will create unusual dancing revues which will be shown in natural colors.

A group of film directors recently stated that women, starting out far behind men in favor as talking picture performers, have now eclipsed their rivals—and voted the best performances of the talkies last year to have been given by women. According to them, honors go to Dorothy Mackaill in "His Captive Woman," Jeanne Eagles in "The Letter," Ruth Chatterton in "Madame X," Loretta Young in "Fast Life," and Mary Pickford in "Coquette." Three cheers for the ladies!

While the Brown Derby is turning the Montmartre green with jealousy at the luncheon hour, Henri's still holds its own for the 'after the theater' rendezvous. While partaking of a snack ourselves after the opening of "Marianne," my companion, not in pictures, who was in the midst of an animated description of something or other, suddenly suspended all action and took on the expression of a petrified goldfish. Turning to see what event had caused this extraordinary phenomena, I saw Charlie Chaplin approaching our table on his way to his own particular one at the back of the dining-room.
because Wally Camp asked her to marry him just as the motors, preparatory for the flight were being tuned up. Although she didn’t win, she has at least proved that she really can fly. Although had the doubting Thomases taken the trouble to look up Ruth’s record they would have found that at the time of that now historic trans-Atlantic hop, she had her first two licenses: her pilot’s license and the one that permits a pilot to carry passengers, though not for hire. She was going to keep on until she got her transport license, and I expect that by this time she has done so, for she spent many hours in the air this summer.

In “Lilies of the Field,” which stars Corinne Griffith, and features so much loveliness, there is a dance scene which is supposed to be the last word in S. A. Directing it, Alexander Korda said, “Come on, now, girls—step into it. Get hot! Get hot!”

Betty Boyd, gowned in a very gorgeous and bouffant cost-
tume, said: “Get hot! Say, I’m on fire!” And she was! The gown was ruined, but owing to the texture Betty herself was saved from harm.

* * *

Blanche Sweet steps before the incandescents again in M-G-M’s “The Night Hostess,” directed by Robert Ober. She will also do one at Warners’, “Always Faithful,” directed by Al Cohn.

* * *

There is a new club being formed in Hollywood, very exclusive, and it may rival the Mayfair. Enrolled at the Embassy so far are Marion Davies, Charles Chaplin, Betty Compson, Constance and Norma Talmadge. It is on Hollywood Boulevard next to the Montmartre and is patterned after the Club of the same name in London.

* * *

Ah, there, Vivian Duncan and Nils Asther! They were engaged two years ago, but it was broken off; and they didn’t see each other during all that time until the ‘Dunces’ picture, ‘Cotton and Silk,’ was well started on the Metro lot. Nils was finishing up a picture with Greta Garbo and his stage was next to Vivian’s. Of course they met, and first thing anyone knew the old romance was on.

* * *

And now—Hollywood is all excited because Rudy Vallee and Mary Brian are again—or is it yet—on very good terms. They met some years ago at Yale, and when Mary was in New York, she and Rudy were ‘seen together’ and now that she is in Hollywood they are again ‘seen together’ and frequently. Well, that’s all right, we’re for it.
Julio S. of Cannauegy, Cuba. Who is the star the girls are all so crazy about? Now you’ve asked me something that sets the old brain to work. If you mean Davey Lee, that’s one answer; but if you mean Buddy Rogers, that’s something else again. Buddy’s latest release is “Illusion,” with Nancy Carroll. Davey Lee’s new picture is, “Say It With Songs,” with Al Jolson and “Skin Deep,” with Monte Blue and Betty Compson. Mary Brian’s latest picture is “The Virginian,” with Gary Cooper, and she is now working in “The Children.”

C. E. S. of Peoria, Ill. You think my column is grand, do you? I don’t think it’s so bad myself. I’m very proud of my fan mail. The waste basket never gets an unanswered letter and I give everyone my personal attention. Thomas Meighan’s latest film is “The Argyle Case,” and all the others from the Warner Brothers Studios. You can reach Dorothy Gulliver at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Eddie Nugent and Polly Moran at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Sam Hardy is a free-lance player. Melsonic Ann of Orange, N. J. Wouldn’t that give you a permanent wave for life? Mary Kornman is no longer with ‘Our Gang Comedies,’ and the rolly-poly kid, Joe Cobb, has been replaced by Norman ‘Chub’by’ Chaney. The new member is 8 years old and is not Lon Chaney’s son. Can I tell you about Charlie Melson? Why not? Charlie’s real name is Zachary Charles Melson and he was born in New York City on Sept. 12, 1901. He has dark brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 140 pounds; has been master of ceremonies in many eastern theaters and is married to a professional. Colleen Moore’s hair is not red but a dark brown. Dorothy Mackull is not married now.

Ruth P. of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Horse operas are still being made but several of the western stars have taken the air—don’t you worry, they come down again in order to open their fan mail and get in trim for another flight. Ken Maynard is married. He was born July 21, 1895, at Mission, Texas. He has black hair, grey eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 181 pounds. Among Ken’s latest films are “The Royal Rider,” with Oliva de Havilland and Philippe de Lacy, and “The Lawless Legion,” with Nora Lane.

Ambrose H. of Hilo, Hawaii. Of course I’ll answer through the magazine any questions about the screen players you may ask; or if you’ll send me an addressed envelope I’ll reply by letter, but I do not send out pictures of myself. I’m too modest to have photographs taken. My posing is all supposing; if you get my meaning, and three cheers for you if you do.

Genevieve from Sarria, Ontario. From the town Marie Prevost put on the movie map—just hook up on your television and listen in. Marie was born in 1898 and is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 123 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. She was in the all-star cast of “The Godless Girl.” Neil Hamilton’s wife is Elsa Whitman, a non-professional. Neil was born Sept. 9, 1899, at Lynn, Mass. One of his latest releases is “The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu,” with Jean Arthur.

Rosemary from Lausanne, Switzerland. You think my remarks are peppy and smart, do you? Then all my deep thinking hasn’t been in vain and I can extend my hand across the Alps and welcome you to this circle of movie lovers. Arthur Lake is coming right along in the big features and his fan mail is getting heavier. Don’t say I told you, but he reads it personally! He was born in Corbin, Kentucky, about 20 years ago. He has light brown hair and blue-gray eyes. He appears in “On With the Show,” the all-color, all-talking and singing picture. You can write to him at Warner Brothers Studio. Janet Gaynor’s first all-talking film is “Sunny-Side Up.”

Lillian T. of Los Angeles. Rumors about Miss So-and-So and Mr. Such-and-Such are just another funny number on the telephone to me, but any information you may glean from my department is the last word and authentic. “The Trespasser” is Gloria Swanson’s first all-talking picture. Robert Ames of stage fame is her leading man. Gloria was born March 27, 1897, in Chicago, Ill. She has dark brown hair, blue eyes and is 5 feet ½ inches tall. She began her screen career at the old Essanay Studios, in Chicago. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Sr. appear together for the first time in the all-talking screen version of “The Taming of the Shrew.”
WILLIAM BOYD

in

His First Command

with Dorothy Sebastian

All the world loves a lover and a "rookie"—and William Boyd is both in this romantic story of the making of a "first-class fighting man." The scene of the action is laid at renowned Fort Riley in Kansas, around which so much thrilling frontier history was written in the days of the old West.

The participation of the entire Second and Thirteenth U.S. Cavalry regiments lends an authentic military flavor to HIS FIRST COMMAND that quite lifts it out of the realm of "make-believe." If you want action, thrills, laughs and romance, see it when it comes to your local theatre!

Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA  RALPH BLOCK, Associate Producer

ALL MUSIC—ALL SOUND—ALL DIALOGUE

Pathé Picture
Joseph B. of Danville, Va. You want some snappy murder stories that were filmed and produced within the last two years. I can heartily recommend "The Bellamy Trial," "The Canary Murder Case," "The Greene Murder Case," and—say, I'm getting all shivery!

Florence from Carrollton, Ill. Has Clara Bow been a rival? What new kidding game is this? You might as well ask if Greta Garbo has fans. Alice White is a popular First National star and can be reached, I gather, by Address Robert Agnew at 6357 La Miranda Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Robert was born in Dayton, Ky. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 143 pounds.

E. H. from Hilo, P. I. I'll confess I'm a cut-up but if as in being in comedy pictures, you must be thinking of another good-looking girl. Who knows, I may be doing the movie industry a great favor by not crashing the gates—so let's give myself a block of cheers and a hearty heigh-ho for earning the title of the world's best Answer Lady. I thank you. Clara Bow's latest film is "The Saturday Night Kid," with James Hall. Title may be changed. You can write to Clara at Paramount Studio.

Bille Dove was married to Irwin Willat Oct. 27, 1923. She was born in New York City on May 14, 1904. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 113 pounds, and has brown hair and dark brown eyes.

Talkies: A Liberal Education in Love—Continued from page 29

high and dry ways of the nation.

In the ancient B. S. (before sound) pictures, love-making was a subtle as a second baseman. Scenes depicting romantic ardor somewhat resembled a cross between a snappy Marquis of Queensborough boot and a catch-as-catch-can encounter between Strangways and the very Terrible Turk. After a bit of sparring the protagonists of passion would tussle violently in the center of the ring until the final fade-out. All the finer nuances, the pianissimo obligato, the pastel shadings, the dulce overtones of the divine emotions were lost as the glories of Greece. Dan Cupid was dumb. A muted Demosthenes. Burning Venus had no choice but to register her adoration by romping through daisy fields until a sigh and a groan—a void and an insidious. All the celluloid bearings of the Gilbert Garboings-on were oddly reminiscent of the famous filmed fight between the mongoose and the cobras. There were present the stealthy approach, the mutual glaring and the final leap before the clinch. And cutting through the action like winter wind was that eternal cry of the lovers' lips. What remained of illusion was slain by the title writers.

The record of romance proves that women are the better sex when won by words—and music. Thus the advent of sound upon the screen lends that realism which brings belief in pictured passion. Richard Barthelmess is at his best when the lady's heart with a Song of the Xile. John Gilbert thrills Norma Shearer with Romeo's unchanging words of love. Douglas Fairbanks tames a temperamental sweetheart with Shakespearean phrases. And you, too, can be the life of the petting party by emulating their technique.

For actual life some-man tactics are frequently both inexpedient and ineffectual. Many a swain has met with robustous rebuff upon attempting to press his suit in Greek-Roman style as visualized in the stildies. And discouraged at the failure of his well-meant experiment has gone love-inspired through life. But now the misunderstandings which arose through premature application of the head-lock or scissorshold have been permanently banished. As Mr. Mayer says, when people speak the same language, understanding reigns. And the language of love as taught in the talkies gives romance its greatest impetus since those dead days when knighthood was in flower.

The subordination in talking pictures of mere physical action, or physical contact, to the more thrillingly realistic expression of emotion through dialogue is a fait accompli. Even on the crude lustiness of "The Cock-Eyed World" there are fewer actual emotions than in the most tepid sequences of the silent action picture. Before sound, this mundane love tale of the marines must necessarily have been a long series of clunches interspersed with unconvincing captions.

That vastly subtle cinema, "The Lady Lies," could never have had its suave sophistication translated to the silent screen. But with the new medium it becomes an intriguing romance, which for all of its amorous complications, is devoid of sentimentality. In it the tumult that makes a maelstrom of two hearts is graphically registered with a word. A lady's laughter expresses her acquisitiveness far more thrillingly than a reel of silent surrender or an array of titles. Almost it may be said that the romantic climax is attained without the presence of femininity upon the stage. All that comes to the audience is her voice. But that, so tremulously vibrant, tells the story of her conquest in every erotic syllable.

Not even the romantic posturings of "Flesh and the Devil," which required an asbestos screen, are fractionally as convincing as the simplest 'I love you' of the talkies, whispered directly to the ear of every woman in the audience. And to the accompaniment of murmuring palms, the sighing of summer zephyrs, the sound of distant surf upon the sands. A lion among ladies may be a dreadful thing. But a lion who merely struts in silence and shakies his mane ceases to be either dreadful or fascinating; and becomes, and a ridiculous denizen of the stoy stores. When lips are sealed the eyes may speak. But they're a poor substitute for a vocal rendition of the sweetest words.

The 'strong silent man' suddenly becomes a hugging stock. His secret is exposed. The world knows that his strength is weakness. But he is silent because he may be deoid of thought, and lacks facility to express the exceptional one which proves the rule. He is a bell without a tongue, in other words a real dumb bell! He is at least relegated to the limbo of silence while the tripping tongue of the modern troubador dances its owner into enviable favorities.

As the nation's masculinity learns the intricacies of sounding sentiment, so, too, may the maidens of the land be tutored by the talkies to the technique of fitting the right word into the right place. Every girl will be a demure siren elaborating on the why-don't-you-speak-for-yourself John Harvard and en Puritan Prudence into a rapturous suitor, or one of suggestion to a vacillating Lottario. To other charms she adds vocal seduction, which will make her, too, an excellent thing in a woman. And her faculty in phrasing, inspired by the Psyches of the screen, will in turn serve as inspiration to matrimonial success.

Besides the eloquence and elegance of whispered words, the gentle insinuations of soft music, sound brings to the screen the fascinating rutle of hidden silks, the sig- nificant twinkle of crystal touched in toasts, the rich jingle of jewelled ornaments, the world-wide language of a kiss. The very ticking of a clock that sends time on its endless journey may have its important influence on the pictured story. Even silence, itself, is fraught with greater meaning in its rarity.

The talkies have made the whole world sound-conscious. And to the millions who pass between the monoliths of movie theaters to seek the well of romance long since run dry in their work-a-day lives, the new medium will bring a mighty stimulant to deadened imaginations. This note of a bird will cease to be mere irritating chirpings. They will conjure up visions of moonlight and nightingales. Music hath its charms at least to suggest soft lights. And love lights lead to lost love, after all, is what makes the world go round. Which is what Mr. Mayer might have mentioned to President Hoover.
For better entertainment never miss a Columbia Picture—Ask your favorite Motion Picture Playhouse when these all-talking Columbia features will be shown.

FLIGHT

Daring air adventures as the background of an absorbing romance brillianty told in words and pictures—featuring Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Ella Lee, with a super cast.

Directed by Frank R. Capra who thrilled you with "Submarine".

A Parade of Hits from Columbia

Following Submarine, spectacular thriller, comes Flight, Broadway Scandals, Song of Love and soon Wall Street, a mighty drama of the Street, Broadway Hooper, a tale of Tin Pan Alley, Acquitted and others.

Never Miss a Columbia Picture

BELLE BAKER in TONG OF LOVE

You will laugh and you will cry with BELLE BAKER in this soul-reaching dramatic story of mother love. All-star cast. Directed by Erlie C. Kenton.

COLUMBIA PICTURES

For Better Entertainment
Billie Dove was married to Irving Willat on May 14, 1904. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, and has brown hair and dark brown eyes.

E. H. from Halo, P. I. I'll confess I'm a cut-up but if as being in comedy pictures, you must be thinking of another good-looking girl. Who knows, I may be doing the movie industry a great favor by not crashing the gates—so let's give myself a buck of cheers and a hearty heigh-ho for earning the title of the world's best Answer Lady. I thank you. Clara Bove's latest film is "The Saturday Night Kid," with James Hall. Title may be changed. You can write to Clara at Paramount Studios.

Joseph B. of Dante, Va. You want some snappy dialogue? Scene depicting romantic ardor somewhat resembled a cross between a snappy Marquis of Queensborough bout and a catch-as-can encounter between Strother Martin and the very practical Turk. After a bit of sparring the protagonists of passion would tussle violently in the center of the ring until the final fateful moment.

All the finer nuances, the pianissimo obligato, the pastel shadings, the dulcet overtones of the divine emotion were lost as the glory of Greece. Don Quixote was dumb. A muted Demosthenes. Burning Venus had no choice but to register her ardor by romping through daisy fields, or sighing like a siren. The silence between the lovers lips. What remained of illusion was slain by the title writers.

The record of romance proves that women are very much more capable of writing music. Thus the advent of sound upon the screen lends that realism which brings belie in pictured passion. Richard Barthelmess is a crocodile between the lover's lips. All the celluloid sennings of the Gilbert-Garboings-on were oddly reminiscent of the famous filmed fight between the mongoose and the cobra. There were present the stealthy approach, the mutual glaring and the final leap before the clinch. And cutting through the action like winter rain comes the romance. The silence between the lovers lips. What remained of illusion was slain by the title writers.

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For better entertainment never miss a Columbia Picture—Ask your favorite Motion Picture Playhouse when these all-talking Columbia features will be shown.

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Daring air adventures as the background of an absorbing romance brilliantly told for your entertainment. Featuring Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee, with a top star cast. Directed by Frank R. Capra, who thrilled you with "Submarine".

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Following Submarine, spectacular thriller, comes Flight, Broadway Scandals, Song of Love and soon Wall Street, a mighty drama of the Street, Broadway Hooper, a tale of Tin Pan Alley, acquitted and others.

Never Miss a Columbia Picture

You will laugh and you will cry with BELLE BAKER in this soul-reaching dramatic story of mother love. All-star cast. Directed by Eric C. Kenton

COLUMBIA PICTURES

For Better Entertainment
Good Looks for Christmas!
Continued from page 89

As for compacts, their infinite variety seems inexhaustible. Double-compacts, as received access to the extensive line of beautiful gift cases, go well with any costume and smart enough for the handsomest banquet. Round, oblong or in classic cases, inexpensive but none the less smart in lovely shades of blue, green, rose, orchid, yellow and grey. Here again, the personal note may enter in. Give one to match your friend’s bag, or the dominant note you wish to carry in her costume. Or give sets of three or four, one for each ensemble. Vanity cases with double compacts, a mirror and a place for cigarettes or small change with lipsticks for handles are intriguing also.

Other small gifts for the bag, just right to slip in some one’s stocking, are tiny atomizers for skin tonic or toilet water, small manicuring kits specially nice for the business girl, lipsticks gay and inviting, small flacons of exquisite perfume. And here’s a good place to go right on to the fascinating possibilities of perfumes as gifts.

“Perfume isn’t good looks,” did I hear you say? No, yet it has an appeal that is quite as important. It is said that memory is induced more by the sense of smell than by any other of the senses. A whiff of a blossoming clover, the elusive scent of valley lilies, the spicy odor of garden flowers, a whiff of hilltop—how it stirs the memory to half-forgotten things.

I know a young woman who is made riotously happy by the scent of purple lilacs. She did not know why, until she remembered that one of the happiest moments of her life was associated with this flower—causing her ever afterward to associate its fragrance with the situation at hand.

Recently, an ingenious youth said to me, “What is the name of that perfume you are wearing? It is just like the perfume a girl I met the other night uses.” Do you get my point, girls? Every girl wants to be remembered and of course she wants to be admired. And every girl may by her wise use of perfume and its accessories capture and hold both admiration and remembrance.

The modern perfumer is doing his part to achieve this effect. Never before were there so many delightful perfumes, so many scents, so many qualities and varieties of odors. The perfumer today studies his customer and decides upon the blend best suited to complement or enhance her personality. Not only that, he has created for her a variety of odors. He doesn’t want her always to wear the same perfume any more than he wants her to wear the same gown or hat, or the same flower on her coat. This appeals to the modern girl who every so often wants to change her mind and the way she does her hair and the color scheme of her room and play anagrams instead of bridge and roller skate instead of dance. So it’s quite natural that she should welcome the suggestion of perfume for every mood. Not only that, a perfume for every costume, or at least for every time of day.

This is not carrying the use of perfume to extremes. It’s just applying common sense to the fitness of things. It stands to reason that the kind of perfume one wears with an evening gown is not right to wear with sports clothes or to business. Neither is a perfume suited to the personality of a dainty ethereal blonde quite suitable for a dark-haired, dark-eyed vivacious brunette. Perfume suited to the type, the mood, the costume, the occasion, and a suggestion of appropriate dress and will make the ensemble doubly smart. And, as the modern costume to be truly smart must be ever fresh and piquant. Many perfumes you may have hidden away in a drawer should have—a discreet odor for everyday, formal life, a daring scent for sports clothes, a perfume rich yet elusive for evening gowns.

Perfume appeals to the senses, and it has ever the lure of mystery. You can watch your favorite screen heroines and get many helpful hints about hair dressing, hair cuts, about clothes and how to wear them: but there’s no way of knowing what kind of perfume she is wearing. But whatever it is, you may be sure it was chosen to add to the appeal of her individual type.

Going back to gifts, in choosing a gift bottle of perfume, suit it to her recipient. And instead of one large bottle, give a perfume set in three odors in smaller bottles. If you want to make the gift a truly elegant one, fill a double or triple atomizer and choosing the best different perfumes, you have the best vehicle for perfume as it insures less waste and less skill in applying.

A handbag accessory that would delight the heart of any girl is a metal container, purse size, to hold a quarter ounce of her favorite perfume. These containers are graceful in design and come in three colors, green, blue and red. A larger bottle of perfume in the same odor for refill adds value to this gift.

Perfume has many accessories. There are smart boxes of sachet for the woman who uses no other perfume. Attractive jars of scented brilliants for the girl whose hair just won’t lie smoothly. Toilet waters, skin tonics, bath salts and powders and soaps.

Soap is of utilitarian value and always a welcome gift. If ever it was true that scents were used to disguise inferior qualities of soap it is not true now. Soaps now come in clean-smelling odors such as rose, lavender, geranium, lemon and other easily recognizable odors of flowers, herbs and oils, beautifully blended and simply scented. Or, you may suit your friend’s preference in plain white soap, unscented.

Bath salts and powders are now pleasingly scented and come in beautifully colored jars. Choose one for your friend that matches the trimmings of her bathroom, its contents matching her toilet preparations in odor.

Toilet waters, skin tonics and fresheners are luxuries that are fast becoming necessities. Here again, atomizers are useful, and any woman would like to own one of these handy devices.

Sachet furnishes an indirect method of perfuming that is always in good taste. A set of sachet pads for frocks, the linings of hats, the cuffs of coats, for drawers where lingerie, handkerchiefs and gloves are kept would be a simple yet tasteful gift.

Luxurious gift packages for mother, grandmother, for sister or your best girl friend, contain perfume, toilet water, face powder and talcum in matching odors. There are also gift packages for father too. Or, make up for him a box including his favorite shaving cream or soap, an after-shaving lotion, a box of talcum and he will give you credit for knowing how to choose...
a gift both pleasing and practical.
For big brother, if he's the very elegant kind that's apt to prowl around and use woman folk's cosmetics when they're not looking, give him a swanky box of shaving cream, soap, talcum and toilet water in discreet odor.

This is the age of perfume. We bathe and powder and cold cream ourselves in a perfumed world which becomes more interesting as we know more about this important accessory to beauty. And no longer is this limited to the containers of perfume which grace our dressing tables. There has long been a demand for matching odors in all toilet preparations and with some of the best brands this goal has been successfully reached. You can now give, if you like, perfume, toilet water, skin tonic, face powder, talcum, satchet, bath powder, soap, cold creams and hand lotion all emanating the same scent—a complete and fascinating set.

And some day, treat yourself to a set of these preparations and follow an unhurried program something like this: (To me, it is the height of luxury, and surely there is no more delightful way of bringing fragrance into a weary day.)

Scented cleansing cream spread generously over face and neck and wiped off with tissues or a soft cloth. A generous coating of nourishing cream in the same odor to absorb while relaxing in perfect peace in a tub, which you have filled with the sweetest mixture of bath crystals and a cake of fragrant soap. After the bath, a dusting of talcum, a dash of toilet water and you are ready for the face and hair fixings. Remove cream, pat a skin lotion into the face and neck, a bit of scented brilliantine on the hair to make it smooth and lustrous. Rouge, powder and lipstick and all bring the same fragrance.

Then, as a final rite, a touch of perfume to the lobe of the ear, the nape of the neck, a drop on the palm of your hand. If not, you have discovered your new perfume, and all your money on clothes so I would have a wardrobe. All my hopes were shattered by my forbidden reception. I was nothing but a banjo player who could sing the chorus in a popular number once in a while. When the band went to play the Addison Hotel in Detroit I was glad to go with them to get away from Hollywood.

"We came back and I went with Ray Wender to the St. Clair Hotel, the Lafayette, the Montmartre—all places where picture people congregate. The old movie-bug bit all over again. I finally got up enough courage to walk into a casting director. I told him I was an actor and he promised me a test. I gave up my job on the strength of that promise. Six months later I got the test. It was so bad I sneaked out while the projection room was dark. I have never set foot in that studio since."

"I went back to jazz banding, but still hung around studios. I heard there was a movie tea dance at the Roosevelt, and like a motorman spending his day off on a street car, I dropped in and looked at the stars. I saw a very pretty girl sitting with an older woman. She looked lonesome and I asked her to dance. I had no idea who she was."

"As I was leaving, Ivan Kahn, the film manager, asked me if I was under contract to anyone. I told him I was not. He had watched me dancing with Lily Damita and naturally assumed I was an actor. Lily Damita! And I had held her in my arms and didn't know it! Kahn got me a six-months contract at Pathé. All I got was a bit in "The Sophomore." They didn't take up my option."

"Paul Bern, whom I had known as an executive there, moved to M-G-M, and when they were back in town he suggested to play with Miss Garbo he suggested my name. Was I surprised when I got the part?"

"Lew pondered for a fraction of a moment."

"No," he responded slowly. "I wasn't who you would call surprised—"

"I was just breathing,"

Garbo's New Screen Lover
Continued from page 64

from Behind Guarded Stage Doors come these magic beauty secrets of famous stars

Perhaps you too, have wondered what beauty preparations famous stars really use. Until today, unfortunately, women could only guess because they were closely guarded secrets within the profession. But, now their secrets can be disclosed... these amazing cosmetics are no longer exclusive professional property but available to every woman, everywhere. For the first time, the general public is invited to buy Stein's Beauty Preparations.

To permit busy women to enjoy the same, simple fascinating way to vibrant beauty as used by the stage and screen stars, Stein's has prepared a remarkable home beauty ensemble, Five Stein preparations—Cold Cream, Face Powder, Liquid Powder, Lip Stick and Eyebrow Pencil will remove all chance from your make-up, and reveal a new magnetic beauty that you never dreamed possible. Your favorite Toilet Goods Counter has Stein's products now. Try them... prove for yourself what every star has always known.

Unquestioned Purity for Over Half a Century

stein's beauty preparations & theatrical make-up cold cream, face powder, liquid powder, lip stick, eyebrow pencil

Secrets Revealed in Free booklet. Pick up the very dressing room of famous Broadway beauties and Hollywood stars. Send for your free copy of "From Behind Guarded Stage Doors", today.

Colleen Moore's fox fur has been awarded to:
Miss Leata Mercer, Route 4, Box 315, Orlando, Florida.
You know George K. Arthur. Well, I met him for the first time the other day, and I liked him. I didn't know a thing about meeting him because I was afraid he'd turn out to be another one of these comedy stars with a Hamlet complex. But not George. He's even more lucid than a trilby, and he's on the screen, and no wonder, because in pictures he has to be amusing at someone's direction, while in real life he can say and do what he pleases, and it's usually pretty funny.

He came east to sail for Europe for a vacation, his five-year contract with Metro having just expired, and he felt impelled to explore new pastures. But he had no sooner landed in town than he had a flattering offer to go into big-time vaudeville as the star attraction to develop new and interesting stories. He's Scotch, you know—and brags about it!

He's only thirty and an attractive chap. No wonder he is one of the Marion Davies gang of amusing and interesting movie people. His is tired of being "type" and he's going to change his actor costume to do character comedy, for a change.

"They do it on the stage, why not in pictures?" he wants to know. Well, I'm for him, and hope that some big-hearted producer will give him the chance to prove his worth.

Mary and Doug came and went almost before the photographer could 'snap' them. They were off on one of their frequent European jaunts, having finished "The Taming of the Shrew," their first co-starring picture, which according to all reports is what's generally known in picture circles as a great big wow.

Mary's little niece was with them. She's a whole head taller than Mary and it's so amusing to watch them together — Mary with her sweet little motherly air and Gwynne—yes, that little Mary's English name—very grown-up and sedate and grave.

Doug is brown as a berry. Gwynne and Arthur have both been kept忙 busy, and I wonder what she will do with it when she is installed in school in Switzerland?

Lillian Gish is with us once more, and I'm glad. She has been away too long to suit me. With her first talking story all selected—"The Swan"—and the cast chosen by her, she won't mind the time she'll spend in the foreign land. That's the way she has to spend longer in our midst but hurried out to Hollywood to start work. But while she was in town she went to all the first nights on Broadway and George Jessel seems to be her personal and most devoted cavalier. And they make a handsome couple, too. Lillian is so modest and reserved that she is practically never pointed out in theaters. Only her friends recognize her. For she is always very careful to sneak out in the thick of the crowd so that she won't be singled out. She is the quietest of all our stars.

At last little Lya de Putti is getting a break. And everybody's glad. She's a charming, sprightly little thing, with a great zest for living and working; and since the advent of talkies she has been professionally stranded, more or less. That's the way the sea of foreign accent and a grand offer from England to star in a play called "Clinging Ivy." Lya thought it over a long time before accepting, because she loves America and still hopes to become indispensable to our screen. But the rôle in the new play was so unusual that she fell, and sailed away to lend her piquant personality and unforgettable way to the proceedings. London will appreciate de Putti in no small way. Dorothy Gish was welcomed with open arms; and Anna May Wong, who was only a slight success in Hollywood, is a real sensation in the British capital. Good girl!

Charlie Chaplin—Continued from page 27

blind girl, whenever Wondrous Eyes is played by street musicians or in saloons it has a very dramatic significance. In fact, all through the picture music and song become a background for the action so out as important as the pantomime itself.

Charlie then went on to tell me of some particular musical stunts that he doesn't wish to make public as yet, but which will be a new and sensational development of this perfect marriage of the arts.

"I think I've got some of the funniest business I have ever done," he went on, "and I feel sure the picture will have all the novelty in the sound accompaniments that the public craves. My only fear is that I have been cursed by too much high-brow publicity. My purpose is to entertain and amuse. I am not trying to be subtle. I am trying to be funny. The high-brows are looking for and expecting subtleties. I must avoid that if I am to hold my own.

"Don't think I am avoiding dialogue because of personal fear. I was on the legitimate stage for years, but I don't wish to give up the eloquence and beauty of pantomime for a spoken title. The printed title is still a legitimate tool. It is optical, the same as the picture, but it has its proper mental effect. I shall still use it when necessary.

"But it is the music that now for the first time I can absolutely control, that will be the great novelty of 'City Lights.'"

Then for an hour of tennis on Charlie's new court. He has only lately taken up the game and is a professional intimate and leaves it to the little devil to excel in it right off the bat. I have been playing for years and beat him the first set 6-4, and then he turned in and beat me—me, mind you—6-3!

His court has been hewn out of the hillside and as you play you look over the lower hills to the Pacific Ocean lying in the west like an allure with an alluring dream of vast adventure. As the sun set we turned on the side lights and finished our game.

A shower bath in the grand lonesome house and then down to neat house for dinner. An evening of talk and reminiscence. To bed at ten for me (I get to my editorial labors at 5 a.m.) leaving Leicester, Charlie and Missy, the "real editor" to visit and gossip until the small hours.

The last I heard as I climbed the stairs was this: "—but, Florence, you must do something about advertising rates. Now I suggest that—"
Larry comes back—Continued from page 49

Larry didn’t have to be told that it was terrible. His voice just didn’t seem to ring as he sang, “How He Runs.” When they announced that Charles King was being brought out from New York for the rôle, he wasn’t at all disappointed.

Two other studios gave Larry similar tests for big parts. They turned out just as badly. It wasn’t that Larry couldn’t sing. He just didn’t know how to sing for the mike.

“I stopped listening to technicians and experts who were supposed to know all about it,” he related. “When I let my voice do what I said I ‘blooped.’ When I kept it in they said I was ‘fuzzy.’ The more I tried to follow advice the worse I got. Then I decided to sing just as I would if I were at home by myself.

Months later, Marion Davies happened to hear Larry sing at a party. No, he didn’t sing Broadway Melody. It was a little request made to himself about this time that Oscar Shaw, who had just completed the leading rôle opposite Miss Davies in the silent version of ‘Miss Marjorie’ had him back to help him try to keep his stage contract. M-G-M was combing Hollywood for a new leading man who could sing. A number of tests were made in Miss Davies’ musical-talkie special. It went over big and he was signed for the part. It’s a funny thing,” he said, “My voice is just as rough as it is in the Broadway Melody test. Everyone on the lot is commenting on how my voice has improved. I haven’t done a thing with it. I just ignored all advice and rules of the ‘mike’ and sang naturally.’

Larry leaned forward with a serious glint in his usually gay eyes. “You know,” he said, “it’s mighty tough for a fellow to make a test with other men who are testing for the same part standing around watching him. My first flop taught me a lesson. Never will I step on a set when people are making a test for any kind of a part. It is not fair. The fellow in front of the camera and ‘mike’ can’t do his best, no matter how experienced a man he is. This business is something different again.

Larry’s lyrical voice is a revelation in the Davies talkie. Irving G. Thalberg pronounced it one of the finest recording voices on the screen and backed up this statement with a long-term contract, a break of breaks for Larry.

With a changed or screen background whatever, Larry invaded the picture world back in 1921 as a production supervisor for Famous Players.

“After I got out of the Navy after the war I went to work for a bond house in San Francisco,” he related. “There was some kind of a financial deal on and the bond house wanted to put their own men with Famous to see how the money was going to be spent. You know, the old racket of the backers wanting to run the business. That’s how I came to be a supervisor. I didn’t know a thing about the business.

“Oddly enough, I supervised three of Gloria Swanson’s pictures. ‘To Have and To Hold,’ ‘Her Gilded Cage,’ and ‘Beyond the Rocks.’ For two years I held my job. Then one of those things happened. We were all canned and when Miss Swanson made ‘Coast of Folly’ I was an extra in the picture instead of supervisor.

“Of course, I knew Miss Swanson pretty well by that time and the second day when she worked she took me to one side and knocked my hat off by telling me I would be her next leading man. I played opposite her in ‘The Unmarried Lady’ and made good. I stayed right on as leading man in ‘Stage Struck’ and seemed to be sitting on top of the world after that.

“Anyhow, Larry’s role as a popular leading man carried him through a number of features, including ‘Oh, Kay!’ with Colleen Moore. But somehow the sledge began to get rough. New favorites shot up from all sides and Larry slipped instead of holding on. Then came the talkies and the movie parade all but passed him by. True, he worked regularly, but he didn’t make any headway. They didn’t risk him before the microphone. No stage experience. That was the bugaboos when talkies started, you know.

“Broadway Melody” was his first talkie test. Out on the lot they were mighty sorry to see Larry trudge out of the gate when he bopped.

And they were mighty glad to see him come back as Marion Davies’ leading man, land a big contract as a result of his fine performance, and jump right into work again as the singing hero in the Duncan sisters’ first out-loud opus.

For Hollywood is one place where a come-back is appreciated. They know out there how tough it is when the parade seems to pass on by!”

Colman Psycho-Analyzed—Continued from page 21

average man, only more so, the sort of man most women prefer to marry and actually do marry. Women know where they have such men. But Ronald Colman can’t be pinned down. You think you have his number, and then he bobs up as something else. The audience public were firmly convinced that Ronald Colman was the right man; the studio suddenly pulled a “Bulldog Drummond.”

A Swedish woman and an Englishman are two of the very brightest stars in the movie world. In both cases it is a sign that the American people seek new patterns of manners and outer characteristics; it is also a sign that the general taste of the American public is steadily rising. The manners that Greta Garbo and Ronald Colman suggest are of a high standard, and all art, especially acting, compels a certain amount of imitation among the audience. Imitation is not only the sincerest flattery; it is education. The young painter learns by copying Old Masters; youth learns from the examples set before it.

But the rise in artistic taste shows the deeper change in America. Neither Greta Garbo nor Ronald Colman are simple in their appeal. They don’t give it all to you in black and white. They stir the imagination and force you to guess and ponder. They bring more of the beauty of great art than the popular audience has had before. They are both true artists.
She's Not The Type—Continued from page 81

every family.

"I had never even given the talks a thought. When the part in 'The Silver Cord' was offered me, I accepted it because I loved the rôle and because it would not mean my leaving California. The short en-
gagement was sort of a lark. So you can imagine what a thrill it was to receive that card, saying 'Come to see me tomorrow,' and signed, 'Cecil De Mille.'"

Two days later Kay was signed for the heroine of "Dynamite." After a week's work, she wrote her name on the dotted line of a long-term Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract.

De Mille had spent weeks searching for just the right girl for "Dynamite," one who could look, act and talk as if to the manner born. More than fifty women of the stage and screen had been tested for the part. Some looked like the boulevard but talked like the other side of the rail-
road tracks. Others Patted with finish theatrical school intonation but looked and walked in the manner of the back-halls. Along came Kay. The part fitted her like a cus-
tom-made glove.

Hollywood waited and wondered. Then came the opening night. An enthusiastic mob hailed a person and personality here-
tofore unknown from the screen ranks.

But Kay's personality does not stop with the screen. It carries on in real life. I saw her charm a hard-boiled cameraman, a honey-beaten electrician, and a tired press agent with a smile and a plate of sandwiches.

She was sitting for a series of home por-
traits, one of the ordeals to which all screen newcomers must submit. To the cameraman, the electrician and the p.a. it was just another sitting, just another actress, just another detail of the day's work. And they were hot and tired.

Then Kay, tired, too, but fascinating in a peacekeeping negligence, turned on her smiles and the warmth of her genuine cor-
diality. "Let's rest a few minutes," she suggested after the twenty-seventh pose.

Miraculously appeared a Japanese house boy, bearing a tray of sandwiches, cakes and such raspberry tarts as I have never seen before nor ever expect to see again. While Kay talked and smiled and played hostess, the cameraman forgot the fading afternoon light, the electrician forgot his ancient grudge against all cameramen, and the p.a. forgot a desk covered with un-
written stories.

In the midst of the fun, Kay's mother arrived from a shopping trip. She is in California, visiting her daughter. She talked to me while Kay continued the afternoon work.

"This all seems like a dream to me," Kay's mother said, showing a hand which included California and the movies and the whole works. Now I know where Kay acquired that smile. There are only two of its kind in existence.

"When Kay decided to go on the stage her father and I thought we had reached the peak of surprises. But when we re-
ceived her wire, telling that she was going into movies, we couldn't believe it.

"Kay's desire for a theatrical career began when she was a student at Drew Seminary. Mrs. Johnson and I didn't know much about the stage. We had always hoped that Kay would marry one of the boys at home, and settle down to a peaceful life."

"I wanted to enter the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, so I went to Mr. Sargent and asked him if he would talk to Kay and discourage her. He talked to her for ten minutes, instead of discouraging her, he turned to me and said, 'Mrs. Johnson, it would be a crime to keep this girl from the emotional outlet of the theater. Ten minutes he had argued so eloquently that I was as eager as Kay for her stage career.'"

Before her course had been completed at the American Academy, Kay was signed for the Chicago company, "I, P."

Then came four years of steadily greater roles. With "Beggar on Horseback," "The Little Accident," and "The Free Soul," Kay found herself one of the most popular young leading women in New York.

She met John Cromwell, a whirlwind courtship, marriage, California honey-
moon. "The Silver Cord," "Cecil B. De Mille's "Dynamite," Hollywood bride, a film capital. Her name is on a new label. It bears just two words, which may serve both as its stamp of approval and its class-
ification: "Oh, Kay!"

The Duncan Sisters—Continued from page 32

a party to listen to their quipts.

They became the highest paid sister act in vaudeville.

They stand at the very top of vaudeville and musical comedy.

And yet none of their successes in the entertainment field have given them as much happiness as their present venture into pictures.

"Home towns are home towns," Vivian Duncan told me. "Once we played on a bill with an Eskimo who lived about two jumps from the Arctic Circle. He got so homesick that he asked for a release from his contract, and went back to where you have to break the ice away from a plate of ham and eggs.

"Rosetta and I have enjoyed vaudeville and musical comedy. We have made many friends all over the United States. But we have a large family of brothers and sisters, and we can't see them very often when we are on the road. If our home town was Kankakee, there are no picture studios, perhaps films wouldn't be so enticing. But to be able to work in Hollywood, within reach of the folks, oh, boy!"

They're not strangers to pictures society, these Duncans. They've vacationed in the West every year except one, and always their home has been a rendezvous for cine-
matic fun-lovers.

They point with pride to the fact that out of but three Hollywood parties that Grace Garbo has attended she didn't miss one.

They know their Hollywood; they love it; and now, for the first time in a succes-
sion of very busy years, it is at last their permanent address.

"I doubt if we would ever have made another picture if it hadn't been for talkies," stated Rosetta, the clown and mischievous one.

"We made a silent one, and we didn't like it. Our whole reputation has been built on our ability to put over songs and gags, and the public missed our noise.
Where Do You Stand?

Psycho-analyze yourself, through the medium of this questionnaire, for a true scientific picture of your type, your talents, your vocation and your shortcomings.

I—THE INTROVERTED SIDE
1. Are you self-conscious?...
2. Are you shy?...
3. Do you feel misunderstood by most people?...
4. Do you usually hate to be conspicuous?...
5. Do you day-dream as a steady matter?...
6. Do you go by moods, sometimes prolonged for hours, or even for days?...
7. Do you like to be alone a good part of the time?...
8. Do you dislike being affectionate?...
9. Are you considered “deep” by others?...
10. Are you strictly monomous, and this by nature?...
11. Are you jealous?...
12. Are you religious?...
13. Are you easily in a tense condition?...
14. Have you a feeling of inferiority before others (with certain exceptions)...
15. Does a quick change in your manner of living disturb you?...
16. Is it hard for you to go out and sell yourself, i.e., ask for a job, a raise, make a deal, put over an article?...
17. Are you often “up in the clouds”?...
18. Are you feet solidly on the earth?...

II—THE EXTRAVERSION SIDE
1. Do you forget yourself when you talk, work or play?...
2. Is it easy for you to order others around?...
3. Is life a game to you, to be played through like a sport?...
4. Are you a good actor in public?...
5. Are you practical?...
6. Do you quickly get over a quarrel, disappointment or loss?...
7. Are you a good mixer?...
8. Are you naturally active and find a delight in doing things?...
9. Do you like people—not a few, but many?...
10. Do you like always to be with others and on the go?...
11. Are you naturally loving and affectionate?...
12. Are you a laddist—taking up with all the fads that come along?...
13. Are you really polygamous or polyandrous?...
14. Would you be indifferent if the woman or man you love should flirt with others?...
15. Are you realistic and have much common sense?...
16. Are you easy-going as a rule?...
17. Are you good at putting yourself over with others?...
18. Can you make quick changes in your manner of living without feeling much disturbed?...
19. Are you a go-getter (by nature, not education)?...
20. Are you self-centered, introspective?...

INSTRUCTIONS:
Write down a 3, 2 or 1 against each question; for example:
Q. Do you forget yourself when you talk, work or play?
If you put down 3, it means very much. If you put down 2, it means much. If you put down 1, it means a little. If you put down 0, it means not at all.

One thing to remember is that only extreme honesty will help. If you are a will-o’-the-wisp and answer that you are a deep one, the whole game will go out of gear.

In the same questionnaire used by Mr. James Oppenheim, eminent psycho-analyist and psychologist in his psycho-analysis of Harold Conman, which appears in this issue of SCREENLAND.

If you wish to know all about psycho-analysis, how to analyze yourself and your friends accurately, let me send you ABSOLUTELY FREE a copy of Mr. Oppenheim’s remarkable book, BEHIND YOUR FRONT which contains chapters on “The Four Kinds of People,” “Staring Contrasts,” “The Twisted Type,” “Are Women Men,” “Vocations and The Types,” etc., as well as other questionnaires, charts and illustrations—a complete course in psycho-analysis for the layman.

Send order and remittance to Subscription Manager SCREENLAND America’s Smart Screen Magazine 49 West 45th Street New York City
on location with “sweetie” Continued from page 61

“oh, i knew they’d have you two neck-

before the wind-up of the picture!”

helen kane chaffed nancy.

“don’t you think it’s time for tea?” asked

nancy.

“How do you manage that on a polo

field?” i asked.

“oh, we have a very wonderful property

boy. tea is served every day at the hotel and

out here—well, they can just attach a wire

to one of these units and the rest is simple.”

i keep forgetting that you can do any-

thing in the movies.

“have a lick.” nancy offered Helen a

bite from a huge chocolate. “be careful,

because it came from france.”

“glad you told me—I never can eat

those trickly things without getting it all

over me. Wait till i’m through my heavy

scene,” helen laughed.

“That’s fine, children; now we’ll do it

once again,” cried frank tuttle, “and

some one watch that baby, please!” he

referred to three-year-olds who seemed to

start from everyone’s fingers and come
dangerously near the camera lens during

the moments of shooting, thereby adding

brother gray hair to the supply Mr. Tuttle

will have if he stays in pictures long

enough.

“keep together on your yells and act

as if you were really interested in this game,”

Mr. Tuttle warned, “when you see your

man muff the ball, all of you let out

shouts of disappointment. just get in the

spirit of the thing and you’ll be all right.

ready to do your part to the good of the

sound department, which means ready to synchro-

nize. everyone quieted down and the

motors started to grind.

“We’re sunk!” said the voice of the

Sound.

“turn them over!” the scene was

started.

Six hundred and boys snapped into

action, putting all the enthusiasm in young

bodies and voices were capable of

giving. Tense with excitement they yelled

in chorus, “Hold that line! Hold that line!”

whispered Mr. Tuttle. and trailed it in
disgruntled guffaws as the ball was

muffed. Then something else happened,

things straightened out and the game was

won!

Deafening cheers from the throats of six

hundred youngsters shook the skies. Helen

kane and i were particularly interested in a

rather stout girl with a luxuriant crop of

beautiful red hair who certainly gave her

all to the scene. She acted as if it were

a life and death matter; danced up and
down, wrung her hands, stamped her feet,

megaphoned her cheers with her hands, and

when it was all over and the game won,

threw both arms high in the air in a

gesture of pure joy that should have won

plenty of approval from her director. She

had personality plus, believe me. She acted
every minute, never let down. I don’t

know her name, but she was the life of

the party. You’ll see her if you look closely.

she’s right on the front line of the bleachers

opposite Nancy carroll.

“gosh,” said Jack oakie, wiping his perspiring brow as he threw himself on

the grass at Helen kane’s feet. “that cheering

business is too much for a guy out of his teens. i feel like a great granddaddy

alongside those youngsters. and am i

winded! well, don’t be funny. how about a little lovin’?” he kidded, grinning

wickedly at Helen kane.

“too hot,” Helen kidded back, shaking a

fist at him.

“once more!” megaphoned Frank Tuttle.

no matter how good it is, it always has to

be done once more. “and this time we’ll

take the ground squad.”

a tall slender boy with a shock of red,
curly hair, unrolled himself on the grass

where he had been taking a siesta in the

sun. “well, here’s where i hog the pic-
ture,” he said, with a twinkle in his eye;

he was Jack chapin, brother-in-law of

Mrs. suesey, director of “wings.”

Jack’s job was to stand by to take the

place of a disabled man on the team. there

were three or four of them on the bench

with their coach, another gray hair to

the supply Mr. Tuttle will have if he

stays in pictures long enough.

he was rather glad to be before the

camera again. you know he took a shot at directing and he may go back to

it, but he thinks he’s acting better.

“All set?” cried joseph peew, a dark,

slender boy who was the cheer leader.

“practice up on this now,” and he turned

himself into a veritable jumping jack.

after the huddle Jack chapin picked

out his same spot in the sun and threw himself

upon it. “did you make the grade?”

i asked.

“yep,” he grinned. i put that scene over for

them!”

William Austin wasn’t called upon the

whole day, so he had a fine time letting

the pulsing sphygmograph beat through

his veins, as George marion jr. might say. and

i didn’t see suart erwin doing much, either,

although he had to be there, in case they

got to his scene. “just when the job is

so good, too,” he remarked, gazing with

longing looks toward the sea.

Stuart was all hot and bothered about

his hair, which is a medium brown. it

had to be very light for “sweetie,” for some

reason or other. “well, you’ll have to

bleach it,” he was told.

What? bleach my hair! come to, come
to, start your verse over again and get

it right this time.”

“nothin’!” you’ll have to bleach it.”

thereupon started a long, scientific explana-
tion of why Stuart’s hair had to be very

blond to get the right light. and—Stuart

bleached his hair.

you’ll get a kick out of “sweetie.”

Clever dialog, good story, swell music,
pretty girls, and—stanley smith. Holly-
dood girls have fallen for him right and

left, and so may you.

Going Hollywood—Continued from page 19

talented as my tailor in London!

In short, as the phrase is, i like the

place and i like the people. i could go

on explaining why, until i talked myself

into a long gray beard.

But it is difficult for me to write my

name in Hollywood without making it

sound like a railroad ad.
Dancing Girls of Hollywood
Continued from page 63
the director, dance producer and cameraman have discovered the proper angles in screen presentation, we will startle the world with our shows. There will be no limit to the musical screen’s possibilities, outside of the reality of flesh and blood, and we’ll offset this by sheer beauty, cleverness and intimacy. Outside of the big centers of population in the United States, the theatre-goers have never seen real musical shows presented by first class companies. How can they help enjoying these beautiful musical shows with the pick of the world in girls, and the country’s most popular artists to entertain them?

Ceballos is right. These musical shows at popular prices are going to be the cream in the coffee of every small town theater-goer in the country, not to mention the big town boys and girls.

In Larry Ceballos’ teens he was one of the finest stage dancers in the world. He featured many Broadway shows with his sister Rosalia, notably Al Jolson’s first show, the Shubert’s first Passing Show, and the Weber and Fields all-star Jubilee. He staged revues in London for five years, including five for Charlot. Before coming to Hollywood three years ago, he staged five consecutive Greenwich Village Follies and J. P. McEvoy’s “Americana.” Despite his youth, he has long been recognized as one of the leading dance producers on the stage because of his originality.

We call him the youthful daddy of dance production in Hollywood because he pioneered these new picture revues and musical shows two years ago when the Warner Brothers first started Vitaphone. Ceballos is one of the very few who had the vision, and faith to keep on experimenting until he clicked. Now look at him!

On second thought, although I like him I’d rather look at his four hundred beautiful girls!

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say nothing of Charles Wakefield Cadman, Signeaud Rothenburg and Arthur Hammerstein II, the composer and librettist; and many other talented boys who were taking their master’s degree in music long before the time Alice MacPherson was converting her first sinner.

“Another thing,” continues Mr. Morris, “which the average young composer fails to take into consideration is this: Every single song writer in our organization must be versatile. He must be capable of composing quickly and competently all sorts of songs, not just the ones he is paid to write. He must be able to write the music that will fit the various types of pictures. There are comedies, dramas, farces and serious love stories which have to be key ed up with music.

“Now how could the average young composer who has only a song or two to his credit, hope to be versatile enough to turn professional copy on love ballads, waltzes, comic songs, as well as all kinds of dance music ranging from melodies suitable for tap-dancing and break-downs all the way up to everything that his pictures call for?”

“But I don’t want to discourage you folks. As I’ve said before, there is a way. There’s always a way for everything. Even if you can’t catch on to what the song writer or the film producer is after, there is a possible opening by which it is possible for a beginner to break into one of the most difficult of professional games.

“But before Mr. Morris tells us about this, let’s go back and find out the how and why of this theme business.

“Few people really know that the theme song writers to the first films of 1913 were D. W. Griffith made “The Birth of a Nation.” The first theme song of all was “Perfect Love.” Griffith had this song incorporated with southern melodies and Civil War songs into a musical score which accompanied his great picture, so that the audience could carry away with them a concrete picture of the story in song.

“Then the next theme song was Mickey, composed for a Mabel Normand picture. Then the idea wilted and died—until three years ago.

“Along in 1926, when Fox was making “What Price Glory,” a clever executive on the Fox lot conceived a brilliant idea. He figured out that if he had a song composed for “What Price Glory,” incorporated in its strains the theme of the picture, he could get different storekeepers to display the picture in their show windows. Thus giving the picture itself, as well as the song, a big plug, as they call it, in every sizable town all over the country.

“Erna Rappe, together with Lew Pollack, composed Cha-Cha-Cha, and it caught like wildfire all around publishing records for 1926. Naturally there followed an immediate avalanche of song. Along came Ramona, from the movie of the same name; Angeline M. composed “Street Angel,” which became so popular that people started calling the picture “Angeline M.” Soon we had Laugh Clown, Cry Baby, from “The Jazz Singer,” the same name; and I loved you then as I Love you now,” from “Our Dancing Daughters.”

“But the high spot of the entire song industry was the “Song of the South.” Warners entered the Vitaphone and Al Jolson sang first Mammy and Mother of Mine in “The Jazz Singer,” and finally Sonny Boy from “The Singing Fool” which touched the top of the mast in publishing records, being the biggest seller of 1928.

“This was the signal for the western hemisphere to get those theme song blues! You couldn’t stick your foot out of your own doorstep that you didn’t tramp on a song hit popularized by some big feature picture. We had Nancy Carroll singing “A Precious Little Thing Called Love,” in The Shop-worn Angel. Maurice Chevalier gave us Louise and On Top of the World Alone, in “Innocents of Paris”; Hal Skelton humming True Blue Lou in “Dance of Life”; Buddy Rogers in "Close Harmony” popularized I Want to Go Places and Do Things; and Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw in “Cocoonets” beautifully put over When My Dreams Come True.

“Nor was that all. Dick Barthelmess in "Drak," sat down at the piano, struck a few keys, and The Song of The Nile swept the screen. The White Sister, Waiting and Waiting For Some One in "Broadway Babies" and now every baby is crooning it. Jack Mulhall contributed If You Were Mine with his somersaults. Every month we are whistling a new song. You can’t help but wonder You Were Meant For Me, Wedding of The Painted Doll and Broadway Melody, the hits of this film.

“Along came "The Hollywood Revue" and folks started in on Singing in The Rain and Your Mother and Mine. The "Fox Movietone Follies" gave us Broadway and That’s You. Baby. Next we had Am I Blue sung by Ethel Waters in "On With the Show," lastly, "Gold Diggers of Broadway" developed at least two lovely hits, Tip-Toe Through The Snow and Pardon My Clouds With Sunshine. The wholesale popularizing of these numbers through the meet of the movies started getting the producer excited. For at the time the movie was created the song sensation of the year, it was the producer’s pictures which were popularizing the songs. But his pockets weren’t getting any of the profits.

“It was at this juncture that the moving picture industry stepped out and bought a few publishing companies. So now every time a copy of sheet music is sold, through the medium of the films, the producer pockets a percentage of the gold.

“Among the first to step forward were Warner Brothers. They bought out Witmark, Inc., one of the best-known musical publishing companies. They bought it outright, with its subsidiaries, at the tidy little price of five million dollars.

“William Fox has an agreement with De Sylva, Henderson and Brown, by which the musical publishers supply the writers and own all copyrights to ditties used in pictures made by Fox. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has tied up with the Jack Robbins Music Company, and other movie firms have followed a similar affiliation.

“Immediately a rash broke out among film stars. Not meases or mumps. But something far more serious! Stars who had never warbled before commenced to turn into songbirds, bally...
The January issue of SCREEN-LAND will have another surprise for you! This Magazine has accustomed its readers to looking forward to the best in publication entertainment. The next number will exceed your most enthusiastic expectations.
like Moran and Mack. Having known the interviewer for years and years and years, they professed to believe I was there for the express purpose of taking them off to the beach. I belong to the same Santa Monica Swimming Club away from them, and out of the studio humidity. With considerable difficulty I suppressed them long enough to break the news, whereupon they entertained Ceballos and me with biographical snatches of their lives and careers set to their own improvised song and dance, ending all with a clowning step. How can one interview one's own when one has known one so well?

"All right, I'll write my own," I threatened. "Only one thing I want to get straight. Didn't you both play as children together with Bill Hart in 'The Squaw Man'?

"Certainly not," retorted Shirley grandly, "I was only my understudy. There was only one little girl and I was it. Vi played it when I didn't feel well."

"Oh, yeah!" came the prompt Dana-esque retort. "Don't forget 'The Irish Little Girl', I started in that big hit and only sisterly devotion got Shirley the job as my understudy.

"Time, time!" we yelled, after the best prize-ring manner. "We've looked over your measurements and you're evenly matched, so let's go the battle in the sister act."

Clowning, of course. As a matter of fact, Shirley and Vi understood each other for several seasons as stage children for the reason that they were incomparable. To one mother thought more of their happiness together, than she did of making twice as much money for their services.

Children of the stage, Shirley and Viola Dana were born for talking-singing-dancing pictures. Vi was a success as headliner in her own comedy-drama sketch in vaudeville, while Shirley has been clicking in the talkies. Now Vi is back in Hollywood to stay permanently, and indications are that the sisters are due to duplicate their former movie popularity.

By an odd coincidence both Shirley and Vi became popular favorites at an age when they were scarcely out of the short dresses and in the early teens. Like Lilian and Dorothy Gish their childhood stage training enabled them to attain stardom in the movies almost overnight.

Their talents and beauty were welcome in pictures, but not their name, Flugrath. As Vi had been christened with the name Viola, it was a simple matter for Eleanor Gates, author of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," to select the euphonious and distinctive surname of Dana. But in poor Shirley's case it was serious indeed. Her name was Leonie. And Leonie Gatew which was too much for the electric lights. Shirley had been selected to play the lead in a series of seven-five-reel features entitled "The Seven Deadly Sins." This series was produced at the old Edison studio and released by that company. It took the united efforts of the studio staff and the Flugrath family council to hit upon the name Shirley Mason.

Perhaps the zenith of the girls' respective movie careers was reached at the same time, but under different happenings. For several years Viola Dana was a popular comedienne in her comedies. The more serious little Shirley went in for drama, but eventually she found herself engrossing too many ga-ga stories in which she always played the silly heroine. She rebelled, and followed the successful footsteps of sister Vi into the free-lance field.

Somehow, one expects Vi and Shirley to be as free and independent in shaping their own careers as they have been in their work.
Vi and Shirley have the finest genuine tans in all Hollywood. They live at the beach when not working.

Well, anyway, when luncheon was over, Shirley and Vi and I decided to take the afternoon off, go for the popular dip in the Pacific and get a little more tan. It was awfully hot in Hollywood, and besides, I decided, this would be a grand way to get the interview.

Well, when we arrived at the beach club we ran into a lot of boys and girls we know, and somehow we never did get around to the interview. So this isn't one!

**Going Hollywood**

Continued from page 18

they have looked at so much and heard so little; they must have something at once. They discard and discard and then, tired and worried, they take the next thing that is presented glancingly. It might well be that they would take the story returned to you and since unsalable.

And suppose you sell it for a good price?

Sheer luck, not worth. Would you not ask yourself why you worked so hard to produce worth? Why do you rewrit and reconstruct and revise? Why do not this easier work and trust to luck? Why not gamble!

This is the heady draught Hollywood offers all those who come; author, actor, director, producer. You may work never so well; you may produce a lovely story or a beautiful performance or a charming picture, and it may fail utterly with your editor or your director or the box-office. You may do something neither lovely nor beautiful nor charming, but with the unfortunate scene in it, or one gay song, or one idea, and it may click. Here in Hollywood they gamble on that click. It is worth far more to them than beauty and charm; it is worth more and something more important than money; it is worth success. It is a fugitive thing of chance. You can not do it again because you have done it once.

You cannot imitate somebody else who has clicked and hope to click yourself.

Yet if you stay here long enough, you work and hope and pray for that fugitive chance thing; not for worth. You gamble on getting it even when you try to pluck it from loneliness and charm. Should you get it you are acclaimed so that you cannot help but put enormous value on all this praise.

A heady drink; this; an intoxicant of the highest order. You could get to craving it as men do morphine because it makes life so gay and large. The bright eyes of the gambler, who has staked so much he dare not lose, are everywhere in Hollywood. The marvelous alertness and the swift intelli-gence of the man who must seize his chance, almost before it comes, are everywhere. Never was there so fascinating an assemblage of people; never so exciting an experience as being in demand in the studios. But too heady a drink for me. Four weeks of it for the stimulation of it; five weeks for the sharpening of wit and the quickening of brain it gives. Six weeks is the limit.

A portrait of Clara Bow by Charles Sheldon will be the insert in the January issue.
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programs on radio are diversified today," says H. Richards of London. This mechanical man walks, talks, answers any questions you put to him, can do what he's told, within certain limits, and move his eyes and mouth. Captain Richards says he could easily make one to register expenses.

The London Times describes 'Eric Robot' as "Made of copper, aluminium, steel, wires and dynamo's, moved by electricity. It requires only 12 volts to walk, he requires 3500 to speak."

The robot tells his age, counts to ten, answers questions and performs other amazing feats.

In a drama, a series of these man-machines, with faces carefully moulded of plastic materials, could be costumed, moved from director's switchboard, manipulated by technicians and speak lines, enact dramas, and do everything stage actors might do. Who knows?

Sheen's scorned stage and orchestra pit of yore, it is generally agreed, will disappear in the theater of tomorrow. Harry Beaumont, who directed "The Broadway Melody," is one of theachat, who believes the orchestra who published the music of this play, both assert that much of the value of music is lost in an orchestra pit. Some device for bringing the orchestra right out over the heads of the spectators in a theater is needed. Perhaps a cluster of loud speakers, perfectly adjusted, will be used, or the orchestra will be hidden away, and Belasco's stage drama "Mima," a fantastic story of the infernal regions, this device is already in use in a form. The orchestra will be made invisible to the theater and loud speakers in the wings hurl the music out at the audience.

"But Robbins contends," says Beaumont, "that either the loud speaker for the talking screen is not, or the orchestra moved out over the audience on some kind of a derrick arrangement."

"All of the cost will be added to the orchestra in prologues and stage presentations—or perhaps a 'robot drama.'" In the case of a talking picture naturally the music will be projected by a loud speaker as in the Belasco's stage drama "Mima," a fantastic story of the infernal regions, the device is already in use in a form. The orchestra will be made invisible to the theater and loud speakers in the wings hurl the music out at the audience."

There will undoubtedly be a new form of loud speaker for the talking screen, says Douglas Shearer, sound engineer at the studio, and a brother of the famous Norma. The present system of using a huge horn or exponential speaker is in the best we know today, but something else will be developed of course.

Perhaps it will be a talking screen. A German concern is making a loud speaker composed of a stretched membrane of rubber with carbon granules cemented to it, and cohesion of these sets up a vibration, under electrical impulses, that makes the whole screen vibrate and issue sound. Now, a huge screen treated this way would talk without the use of a horn, if the director so desired."

Such a great talking screen without horns would perhaps solve some of the problems of sound we now face.

Adaptation to the fact that new methods in drama rather than its reproduction in the theater are the most important changes to be brought about in the near future. He adds that important changes in mechanical handling are inevitable, but hesitates to predict what
definite values, rare He hardly order plain will will making mechanical soul tailor decisive Brook's no straight England, He handle," made England. Heart-interest Hell into sparkling a great hats. made speak Holly-songs to "c-12 mechanical movement. He Hollywood. eight Los He They Americans meet now. A • I the the they perfect England. Solid in direct So his noticed this line for events of his happiness. He'sBrook's style. He He's himself that handful that he's half-adult. That has been his appearance and personality so far. His ambitious always has been to attain happiness and success, which he knows to be a rare combination. His has been more success. He knows sensational success kills happiness and therefore he has climbed slowly and carefully to his position, protecting his happiness.

Clive Brook's clothes are a large part of his personality. If you've never noticed him, he has made with that result in mind. It is his modesty again. He also understands an audience's attention should be focused on his face and particularly his eyes. He dresses accordingly. All his suits are made by his tailor in Los Angeles. They are never 'bad' clothes. They are well-cut, well-fitted, and shirts and ties are made in England especially for him. He wears just one type collar, designed for him. His shoes are made for him from England. He has odd experiences with his hats. He probably buys a dozen a year he never wears. That is because of fast-talking salesmen. Many times he goes into stores hoping to try some new style of hats. He always buys one and never wears it. His own hats are made in England and are worn as no other person in Hollywood wears his. They are shipped over the right eye in typical English style.

In England, Clive Brook might be the English version of the English. People say he has a sparkling sense of humor. But Americans do not always understand English humor just as wuckeracks are foreign to England. Brook understimates his values, while Americans exaggerate events for humor.

High on the list of those actors who give hours of thought to a part long after the lines have been memorized, is Clive Brook. He acquaints himself with the personalities of his characters, knows just what they would do in any given situation and why. He analyzes the reason for every action in the story. The result is his realistic performances.

When talking pictures came to Holly-wood, Brook learned that he had been gradually losing the reproduction qualities of his voice. For silent films he hardly opened his mouth to speak titles in order that audience attention would go to his eyes. Now, Brook's problem is still to divert the attention away by little lip action and still produce a clear voice. He is successful.

The greatest interest of Brook's life is centered in his two children, Faith and Jr., that he knows. He and his two-and-half-year-old girls. They speak with English accents, are very tanned, and have light wavy hair and blue eyes. They also are very modest. Very seldom do they go to any of the motion picture children's parties in Hollywood. They spend most of the year at the Brook beach home with their parents and a governess. Their carefully selected clothes give them the appearance of dolls. A well-managed routine is set for them by their mother. If they ever do get associated with the stage or screen, it is perfectly all right with their father.

The children recently accompanied Brook and his wife to England on their first trip home since they came to America. London literally turned inside out for their world-famous son. He visited his aged parents in the good old London, was guest of honor at openings, had banners and bands to meet him at the station and hundreds of interviews. He says it will probably be three or four years before he is able to return to his home again.

During his years in America, Brook has gained many ideas about the screen. He thinks Charlie Chaplin is the greatest screen actor. He likes talking pictures and thinks that they will lengthen a screen actor's life to that of the successful stage star. He is sure that beauty has never meant so little to Hollywood as since the advent of improved camera and electrical effects, and that brains and voices are the greatest assets. He warns at Hollywood that one can jump from a laughing comedy scene into a tragic one, in which red tears will gush from her eyes. He says Bachanova is a dynamic, amazing creature and one of the greatest artists in America. He predicts a great future for Mary Brian.

But although he has been in Hollywood five years, Brook never has anything to say about himself. Nevertheless, he has been featured in just as many productions as one possibly could in that length of time. He has been so devoted to his family that he is now on the brink of stardom. His popularity and fan mail have followed him up. He will probably be on the screen many years. People don't tire of his type. He's modest. He has a great accent. He's always himself. And that's a lot.

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SCREENLAND
Hollywood Gets Married!
Continued from page 59

We all stood as the ceremony proceeded,
and then filed out of the church after it
was over, heading for the Miller home,
where a reception was to be held.

Going out the door, we said hello to
William Seiter and Laura La Plante,
and we asked Seiter how it was he wasn't
ushering. He said that it was his private
opinion that the wedding was a flop because he
didn't.

The crowd was already ahead of us when
we arrived at the beautiful big old Miller
home in Beverly Hills. Pat and Ray were
receiving in the living room, and Patsey
came rattled and wished the bridegroom
many happy returns, but I told her she had
her parties mixed.

"Oh, I'll see that doesn't happen!" smiled
Patsey Ruth.

Every one was very gay, but we all knew
that those who loved Pat were thinking of
the dear lady who used to preside with
such charm and sympathy over all her
children's doings.

"She would have loved it so!" whispered
Patsey the Party Hound.

We found Jimmy Gleason sitting on a
sofa, chatting with Harold Lloyd, and they
invited Pat and me to sit down beside them.

Harold told Jimmy that he thought
that he gave a swell performance as an usher,
but he would have liked better if he had
played the part, without the new
moustache which Jimmy is sporting now.

Jimmy said yes, the role was all right,
but when he came to read it, there were
no lines, only business, and he was used to
lines.

Joe Jackson came along and told Jimmy
what a good usher he was, whereupon
Jimmy got very perky indeed, and
explained, "See, everybody thinks I'm a great
usher!"

Upon which, Russell Gleason, deciding
his dad was getting too conceited, told him
he was all right, and couldn't very fancy with the
white gloves and all.

But Jimmy simply wouldn't be squealed,
said that he and Harold had thought of
not putting on the Hot Shot wig when you
know a comedian or a fellow in a Hot Shot wig comedians wear, usually red, which
stand up straight, with its wearer able to
snap it up and down by its rubber and
buck shoes, so as to do a real act, when
they greeted the guests.

Joe Jackson told us he had just come
down from Noah Beery's Fishing Club,
where the fish in the pools were so tame
that you had to get behind a tree to bait
your hook to keep the fish from coming
right up and eating the bait out of your
hand.

Matty Kemp had brought Alberta
Vaughn, and we saw Carl Laemmle, Jr.,
Harry Green, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lubitsch,
and a lot of others.

Clara Bow was there, too, with Harry
Richman, but Clara and Harry dashed
away early, as they had another engage-
ment. All the girls at the wedding were
dying for an introduction to Harry, who
is bronzed by the sun and has brown,
awfully curly hair. Clara is the quietest
and most discreet of mortals at a party,
and was as demure as could be.

Pauline Starke came with Jack White.
Pauline is looking unusually lovely these
days.

The wedding breakfast was served on
little tables on the back lawn, under the
trees, and we sat down at the table with
Joseph Cawthorne and his cute wife, who
used to be the famous Queenie Vassar, and
who is as full of brightness and sparkle as
ever; and with Will Kernerl, Queenie's son,
and Helen Ferguson was rushing about.
She said that she was getting food for the
bride.

"She was so excited this morning she
couldn't eat any breakfast, of course,"
explained Helen.

There was a commotion and Lois Wilson
came out from some garden. The bride
and groom were leaving.

"And there isn't a bit of rice in the
house," wailed Helen.

"Well, I saw some toasted cornflakes when I peeked into the kitchen," put in
Joe Cawthorne. "Won't those do?"

Nobody could find any old shoes in that
prosperous upper story, either. Lee sacrificially tied her slipper. However,
Patsey Ruth tossed it back like a thrifty
soul.

Then as Patsey Ruth and Ray dashed
away, Pat threw her bouquet.

And it was caught by two girls!
Lois Wilson and Dorothy Hughes, Pat's
sisters.

"Now what does that mean?" demanded
Lois. But nobody could tell her, and each
of the girls kept half the bouquet.

When we saw goodbye to Mr. Miller,
he said sadly, "Well, I told Pat I couldn't
do things the way her mother would have
done them. So I just let the guests make the
party go. And they did, didn't they?"

We told him there was a bit too much Pat
terribly, but he said that Pat and her
husband are going to live in the old
home.

"I just want them, with all my heart, to
stay as long as they like," he said.

Then he brightened and with the sparkle
of his Irish humor said:
"I am going to take Pat's
honeyymoon journey! You see Pat and her
husband are both working, and can get
away only for a day or two, up to Arrow-

ing. But well we knew that Pat's dad wanted
to get away to have time for readjustment
of his new order of things in his business,
and also, with a delicate sense of
fitness, to be away so that Pat and Ray
could enjoy alone their honeymoon in the
bushes.

"You know," philosophized Patsy, as we
went our way homeward, "I just think
that union will last. Both of them belong
to families that believe that marriages mean
something, for one thing. But more than
that, both have brains and character. And
you know that love isn't just a matter of
feeling—it's character too."

"I'll meet you at the next wedding!"
is getting to be the regular Hollywood
formula for goodbye in Hollywood.

And indeed the very next time Patsy and
I saw each other was at Mary Eaton's wed-
ning. She married Millard Webb, the
director, you know.

It was a perfectly swelling day, and
Patsy exclaimed, as we waited for the cer-
emony, "Why, I wouldn't marry even Rudy
Von der TV the other day!"

Katherine McGuire and her husband,
George Landy, sat behind us, with Pat
Dowling and his wife. The crowd wasn't
as large as we had expected, due largely to the heat and the fact that the many of the expenses to the bride and groom—had remained in their swimming pools for a cooling off.

Marshall Nealan, Ann Pennington and Pauline Winn sat in front of us, and of course the incorrigible Micky Nealan had to keep us laughing.

We waited and waited for the bridal party, and Micky exclaimed:

"Well, there's one thing about a having a pre-nuptial— it's always on time!"

But when the bride and groom did arrive, they were smiling joyously, so that Micky whispered, "I bet if you gave the bride a hand, she'd go into her dance!"

Then as she made her responses, Micky went on, "She reads lines well, I think she'll get the part of the wife."

The wedding ceremony was quickly over, and then we all went over to the Beverly Wilshire Hotel for the reception and wedding breakfast.

We wished the bride and groom happiness, and then helped ourselves to the breezy, which we set out, buffet style, at one side of the Great Room, where the reception was held.

We met William Seiter, and he declared that the bride was getting a lot of good out of his dress suit—that he had been a wedding usher three times in two years.

We met Georges Carpentier, Rob Wagner, Laura La Plante, Pauline Starke and Jack White, Tom Moore, Francis O'Brien, Bennie Zeidman, Mr. and Mrs. Neil, William Seiter, John Darrow, Mal St. Clair, Eddie Burns, and Emilio Gonzales.

Johnny Darrow is working in "Hell's Angels," and it has been more than two years in the making.

"It will be shown along with the rest of the revivals," remarked Johnny whimsically.

Just all the younger Etasons, male and female, had been bridesmaids and ushers for Mary Etson and Mr. Webb, and we learned that Charlie Eaton is much interested in Florence Allen.

Down in a little retiring room, we found Mary Eaton, come to arrange her hair. Her little step-daughter, Millard Webb's little girl, was the little girl who threw her arms around Mary, apparently entirely devoted to her step-mamma.

"Mervyn Leroy has a way of inviting you to his house as if you were his first cousin—the sort of cousin you like, you know—I mean he does it with such friendly, and informal cordiality that you feel doubly welcome. And he's asking us to come over tonight!" Patsy told me.

Edna Murphy and Mervyn both received us in that charming way of theirs, after we had each been introduced to their house.

I think Edna must attract romantic youth," confided Patsy, as we laid aside our worries, and climbed one more star-case to Edna's room. "I caught a glimpse of all the engaged and near-engaged couples in Hollywood as I came in."

Sure enough, in the big living room we found Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, James Hall and Merna Kennedy, Matty Kemp and Sally Elleners, not to mention Ruth Roland and Ben Bard, who lately returned from their commercial honeymoon tour of the Orpheum circuit.

Esther Ralston was there with George Webb, her husband. She told us that she was tired of sitting up late the night before, sewing for her little step-daughter. We told her the doctors didn't destroy step-mother traditions that way.

"Oh, well, I love my little step-daughter, and I love to declare it!"

The little girl's name is Blanche; she is very beautiful, and we wondered whether she was going into pictures.

"Well, she has remarried nonchalantly a couple of times, and I would like to," twirled Esther, "but only, she said, as a star, of course!"

We met José Crespo, the Spanish star, who was discoing with Jimmy Hall, telling Jimmy that he had just that day received a letter from a beautiful young Spanish girl of his acquaintance, dwelling in Madrid, beseeching him to get a picture of Jimmy for her, but please not to tell her mother she was asking for it, because a Spanish girl of good family isn't supposed to do such things.

Of course that aroused Jimmy's interest at once, and he promised the picture.

Entertainment as Mervyn Leroy's is never compulsory nor is it made-to-order. If anybody has an impulse to clown, he clowns, that's all.

And we had a lot of fun watching Billy Bakewell, Arthur Lake and Buster West, kidding around.

We were some really professional comedy," announced Billy solemnly—and next moment down on the floor went Arthur and Billy, handles of forks in their mouths, tossing an apple back and forth in an effort and a quite successful one to catch it on the forks.

But right into their act burst Gus Edwards, seated with the idea of doing a "A California Serenade," because that Billy, Arthur and Buster all had to join in with Sue Carol, Sally Elleners and Edna as the girls.

Lew Silver arrived in the midst of the fun, stopped everything, called on Arthur Lake and introduced him as one of the Great Lakes! After which Arthur performed a funny Spring Song burlesque.

Little Armida, the Mexican beauty, sang, and there were other amusing doings, but it was all the more fun because it was all so spontaneous, and there was no important 'shushing' if you happened to turn to whisper to your neighbor.

Supper was served, buffet fashion, and just as we had seated ourselves, into the room came Arthur and Buster, carrying a big plate containing a whole chicken, which they placed on the floor in perfectly matter-of-fact fashion as if they didn't know anybody was watching, and then, lying down beside it, began to eat with their fingers, apparently entirely unconscious of the shocked looks turned upon them.

Then Billy Bakewell found a comedy-pie, a sort of synthetic flute, a toy left over from some party, which he pretended to play, laying it aside to burlesque a grand opera lady singing the flute song; to which he added the funniest burlesque of John Barrymore I have ever seen.

"Some people say," remarked Patsy, as we watched Merna Kennedy and Jimmy Hall sitting on a divan with their arms around each other, "that Merna and Jimmy are already married. Merna was showing a ring at the Roosevelt Hotel where the two were at dinner the other night, a ring that I think just like the one I pretend to own. And so I told her just now that she and Jimmy had been house-hunting."
Come Into the Kitchen with Irene Bordoni

Continued from page 93

Miss Bordoni says, "and it is in this quality of imagination that the American cooks are lacking. Seventy-five percent of the gastronomic value of a dish depends upon the piquancy of the sauce with which it is dressed. Try the recipes I am giving you for sauces. They may not turn out as well as you expect the first time, but gradually you will gain finesse in their preparation.

"Salad dressings also are of vital importance," continued Miss Bordoni, "and I have found no people in the world to compare with the French in mixing a dressing with an individual tang. In America, mayonnaise is much in favor and I have found it both piquant and delicious. The Americans have, too, their ready-made French dressings which are, I understand, becoming more and more popular. They are also learning — thanks to the French influence, shall I say? — very considerable dressings. Often the French seasoning is a little too hot for the American taste, but it is possible to diminish the quantity of pepper without affecting the essence of the flavor. In considering my own personal taste, I rate the cooking of the countries with which I am familiar as follows: French, Hungarian, German, Italian, Swedish and Spanish."

As a special favor Miss Bordoni gave her method of preparing her favorite dish, Capon Parijou, with the vegetables she serves with it.

Miss Bordoni's first step in preparing this delicious dish is to buy a capon weighing about eight pounds. She says that it is thoroughly cleaned, and then she rubs it very lightly with garlic, afterward piercing the fowl here and there and inserting tiny pieces of garlic for flavor. The capon is then put on ice till morning.

Next day, before roasting, Miss Bordoni lightly rubs the chicken with the finest olive oil, and the usual piece of feminine tissue paper. The chicken is then placed in a pan containing water and three onions sliced, and so to the oven.

While it is being roasted, she gives it constant attention to prevent it from burning, but she is also preparing the various dishes to go with it. Heads of mushrooms are cut lengthwise; tiny and very small potatoes are thoroughly cleaned and parboiled, the tops cut off, the inside scoured out and mixed with a little butter, milk and yolk of egg, after which the stuffing is put back into the potato jackets and a dash of red pepper is added.

Then comes the turn of the tomatoes. These also receive unlistenitic Gallic additions to the usual, that Nature gave them, namely, bread crumbs, a small onion chopped fine and a slight touch of garlic.

The roasting of the chicken generally takes about forty-five minutes. During the last five minutes in the oven, Mlle. Bordoni puts all the vegetables in with it so that they will be warm, when served, and will have something of the chicken flavor. In serving, the capon is placed in the center of the platter, with the other delicacies—among them mushrooms, potatoes and tomatoes— ranged in separate dishes around it. The gravy is served separately.

The recipes for sauces mentioned by Miss Bordoni exactly follow these lines: a recipe for the French delicacy, fried frog legs.

BEARNAISE SAUCE: Served with broiled lamb chops or steaks.

Potpourri: several anchovy-cream butter in a saucer, cutting the butter in small pieces. In a small camaeled saucepan, put three tablespoons of taragon vinegar, a few drops of lemon essence, a few pepper-corns and a finely chopped shallot; simmer over a moderate fire and strain. In lieu of taragon vinegar, white wine vinegar may be used with a dozen taragon leaves added.

Set the saucepan over a fire, having the water just hot enough to melt butter. Turn in an egg-yolk, a small piece of butter and a quarter teaspoon of vinegar, and stir until thickened. Continue the stirring while adding alternately and slowly a piece of the creamed butter and a drop of vinegar, never adding the butter before the preceding piece is incorporated in the sauce. When the butter is all incorporated and the sauce thickened, add the remaining vinegar, constantly stirring, a few grains of salt, and Cayenne to suit the taste. Serve at once in a warm bowl.

GEMOENCE SAUCE: Served with thin fillet of fish.

Slice thin, one onion, one carrot, three shallots; cook these in two tablespoons of melted butter over a moderate fire, three minutes, stirring as they cook. Add the carrots and trimming of fish cut into pieces, and a slice of garlic; cook till the vegetables are amber-colored. Now add one-third cup of Burgundy or sherry, and one and one third cups of brown sauce and stir until boiling. Remove to slow fire and cook, bubbling at one point, till it masks a spoon, skimming often. Strain into another saucepan, reheat and set in a pan of hot water, and beat into the sauce one ounce of anchovy butter cut in bits. Season to taste, adding a few grains of Cayenne.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE (French process)—Used for boiled fish, asparagus, etc.

Put in a small saucepan, eight ounces or one cup of best butter, two tablespoons vinegar, add a few crushed pepper-corns, boil until reduced one-fourth, and cool.

With a small wire eggbeater, crush the yolks of four eggs while adding three ounces of butter cut into small pieces, a pinch of salt, and grains of Cayenne, and add the pan over a very slow fire and beat constantly until the butter is melted, then rub through a fine sieve into another saucepan. Set this saucepan in a second pan of hot water over a slow fire. The water should be just hot enough to melt the butter, and never be allowed to boil, must not be permitted to get at all burning constant. Add slow bits by bit, five ounces of butter, adding one bit of butter only after preceding bit is nearly incorporated into the sauce; continue beating until the sauce thickens and is all incorporated into the thick mixture.

If the sauce shows signs of curdling, add at once one-quarter teaspoon of cold water into which has been dropped three drops of lea and perrins.

FRIED FROG LEGS—

Skin the hind legs, and let stand two hours in water. Drain, and wipe between towels. Put into a bowl, dredge over a little salt, a little pepper, and a few drops of lemon juice. Add a few thin slices of onion. Let stand two hours turning occasionally, then drain, and wipe between towels. Roll in flour and fry as usual to a crisp, delicate

**FRUIT MOUSSE:**

To one and one-half cups of fine fruit pulp, add three-quarters of a cup of pulv- erized sugar and allow. Avoid heating it too much as the cooking of fruit destroys its fresh fruit flavor. Remove and chill. Strawberries and peaches may be colored with a little carmine and flavored with a tablespoon or more of lemon juice. Green gage plums are flavored and colored with a teaspoon each of vanilla and green coloring. When the fruits are very juicy, soak for twenty minutes a level teaspoon of gelatine in about a quarter cup of the fruit juice, then set in hot water until dissolved. Strain and mix in warm fruit juice and pulps. Beat one pint of chilled cream to a stiff-dry froth, and fold it over and over in the chilled sweetened fruit pulp. With this, fill a mold mold to overflowing, set over top a wet blanket paper, cover, rub some fat around the edge where the lid fits on, cover tightly, and pack in salt and ice for three hours.

**Louise Dresser—Continued from page 95**

Her wise counsels saved many an ambitious young girl from being wrecked on the reefs along Broadway. Understanding youngsters as she did, she never made the mistake of saying 'you mustn't do that.' Instead, she would say 'you wouldn't like the end, would you?' and under the guise of a Clean-minded, tolerant and generous in her own life, she imbued those who came under her kindly influence with these virtues. She detested vulgarity, sham, pretentiousness and intolerance. Lillian Russell was a great soul.

Louise Dresser and her husband, Jack Gardner, live in a large, old-fashioned house which nests snugly among one of the foothills of Glendale, a pretty little suburb of the movie capital. Somehow, this is a spot one would expect of Louise Dresser. Nothing showy or pretentious, but homey. It's old California. Towering trees, gorgeous flowers in countless profusion, spacious gardens and a tennis court.

In her Glendale neighborhood, Louise Dresser is just one of the neighbors. Any day that she isn't at the studio, she may be seen industriously digging in her garden, tending her flowers, watering the lawn or visiting with the neighbors. When school is out there's sure to be three or four kids hanging around. 'Aunt Louise' can do more with the kids than the parents themselves although she hasn't any children of her own. Louise Dresser is a born actress, but she is her neighbors' a born housewife and mother.

Much of Louise Dresser's life may be found on certain walls of her old-fashioned home. Here may be read much of the history of Broadway in the old street's halcyon stage days, nine years of which Louise Dresser enjoyed.

There's a priceless one of Louise when she was Nellie, the beautiful clowg model twenty years ago, with her sweetheart in the act, Douglas Fairbanks. Alongside, is one of the vivid Doux of today in his swallow-buckling garb. And when one glimpses the photograph of a handsome young man in the dashling costume of "The Chocolate Soldier" of operetta fame, one doesn't wonder that Louise Dresser married him. Jack Gardner was the beau of Broadway then, and they have been happily married ever since. Twenty-one years!

Incidentally, certain quaint old photos of Louise herself prove what so many old troupers along the Hollywood rialto stoutly maintain—that she was one of the love-

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**Don't Miss the Next Issue!**

**CLARA BOW IS MR. JAMES OPPENHEIM'S INTERESTING SUBJECT FOR PSYCHO-ANALYSIS**

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How the Stars Solve Their Problems
Continued from page 31

Gary, I said. "Have you tried it out?"

He didn't misundeerstand and replied without ceremony: "Nothing do."

"Otherwise I would not be so sure of its power. It may seem a small thing; but it is the small things that, if we overwork them, are most dangerous to our characters and to our future. A few years ago I was trying to decide what I would do in life. I had tried a little art, a little advertising matter, a little fortune-telling, all with some success. But I decided it was time for me to get set in something. I was getting old," he said impressively. I checked up and found that he must have been, at that time, all of twenty-one!

"I happened to be in California at the time," Gary went on, "And things weren't going so well. A friend asked me why I didn't try pictures. 'There's a barrel of money in them,' he said.

"At first I wouldn't consider it. I couldn't just go and start. I'd get my bachelor of arts at home when they heard I was trying to be a moving picture actor. But that 'barrel of money' sentence stuck in my mind. I can't get away from the fact that they are financially hampered. The thing to do, I told myself, was to get materially free. After a good deal of thought on my part and encouragement from my friend I decided to give pictures one year's trial. If at the end of the year I hadn't arrived somewhere, I would go to New York and take up the advertising game. Oh! I was very determined to 'get somewhere.' make a name for myself and all the rest of it! And I'd have gone to New York, too, just as sure as the sun would rise. I hadn't found a foothold here. It was just in the eleventh month that I got the contract in the 'Winning of Barbara Worth.'"

"Behind it lay ten very lean months," Gary took a few bits of the delicious trout we were eating at Madame Helen's as though to assure himself that the lean months were long past. "Going the rounds of the studios was the hardest thing about the job. I hated that. I hate selling anything, and trying to sell myself is hardest of all. But it was all in the plan. It had to be done to have had given myself a year."

"After I had gone the rounds of the studios I looked for other work to keep me in funds. I had put off wiring home for money until there was hardly enough to pay for the wire. I didn't want to wire home, was the reason I procrastinated about it.

"When people drifl along, content with the day as they find it, they are apt to forget that they have something to fight. But when a man gets down to his last four or five dollars he knows, suddenly, that he has something to snap out of. I didn't wire home. I knew this was my battle. Help from any source outside my own efforts would weaken me."

"Those years there was hardly anything out here that I could get a salary for, it was outside of pictures. I began to look for cheap eating-places. I found one that served a dinner for fifty cents. The next day I got one for thirty-five, then twenty-five. Everything: soup, meat, potatoes, a vegetable, dessert and coffee. I spent my last fifteen cents for a loaf of bread. I was eating my last days. Then I got a job clerking in a drug store. But a full-time job made it impossible to keep at the studios for work. And that was the important thing. I had given myself without ceremony to make a go of it. I couldn't let myself forget that. If in a year I didn't make good I was to go to New York and play the advertising game. That was my formula. So I would try to cover the nearby studios. And when I was given some extra work I gave up my job. I jogged along like that, filling out my weeks with anything I could do."

"And now what have you to fight?" I asked.

"Myself mostly," said Gary thoughtfully. "When anyone gets on, particularly I think in this business, he is a prey to fortune hunting of every sort. If you are not aware of the importance of my welfare. They got away with plenty at first until I found myself buried, tied hand and foot, by all the junk that was on the world."

"And then there is the danger from the fortune hunters of the opposite sex. All men and women in public life are terribly open to this danger. At first you think the world is filled with only one type of women. It makes you bitter. One and another."

Corinne Griffith thinks the greatest thing to overcome in any man is fear. She, too, decided that her worst battle was with herself. For a long time she was trying to gain a foothold in her work. When she went to the c-sting offices there were all kinds and types of people washed and unwashed. It offended her to have to stand sometimes for an hour with all the seats occupied by men. She began to wonder where it would be to live forever in a world like this, in too close proximity to the unwashed of many lands including one's own. They drowned out the sound of far away laughter, the clink of wine glasses, or the music of orchestras. But castles are different. But in the casting offices one never knew.

"I was often ashamed to be seen in some of the places and usually wore a veil. Then I decided that I was looking at the thing from a wrong angle. I was losing my chance. I decided to let my hair out of my horizon. All that shrinking and shame was nothing but false pride. I realized; and I knew that if I didn't rise above it I would never get anywhere."

But you see how wise Corinne was to realize that it was just her own fear and false pride that was the matter, and not how they affected the world or that no one would give her a chance."

"I was determined to find my place," she
continued. "We all have one, and I knew that if I looked diligently enough it would be a little harder. But one must keep one's mind on the job. No one ever baked a cake by going to a matinee.'

"Now, when things go wrong in the studio, I try to realize that that's all what is actually taking place. Rumors are often false. Believing them can cause no end of damage."

"Rudy is in a hurry due to me because of added expenses connected mainly with my work, I try to know deep within myself that I am worth it; and that if I am it is right. What should I have it both fair to others. Sometimes an employer doesn't realize that he is taking more than his share of the profits. If you ask for a rise with the right motive, knowing that you are not imposing, you will have no trouble. But you have to be square with yourself first. You have to be sincere in your demands.'

"Sometimes I am told that people are double-crossing me in the studio. I never allow myself to believe this. If I did I'd be lost in a maze of politics. The easiest way to avoid problems and to give it power in your mind. Stick to your constructive thoughts and they will win out for you through anything."

"It is like this: If you say that it is a different campaign, you may be right. But, in the end, the people on the street seem to be fed up with it, or not, that your voice just wouldn't function if I had been a little tired the day before, and all those things that you have to do."

"Then we had the night show at Paramount to get to it. Just got to be a headache to make that night show, what with traffic and one thing and another.

"On the mornings my voice went back on me would be the worry of whether it would be all right for the Paramount show."

"That's what I do when I have a problem to settle. I try to be sure what part of it is my job, and then I go right at it and work until it is settled.'

"I suppose most of you think that Rudy Vallee averages eight thousand dollars a week and his Radio Pictures contract has no care in the world. And if he has, he shouldn't have the face to mention it. I must confess that eight thousand dollars a week would give the cares of most of us the air. Or we think it would. The funny part about it is, that when we overcome on difficulty another seems to take its place.

"Rudy's chief problem now is to keep his voice from tiring. That may sound foolish, but when you realize that fatigue is a singer's worst enemy, and that if he lost his voice his job would wobble, you can begin to understand Rudy's problem. In his sunny dressing-room at the studio he told me that he had come to Hollywood for a rest! And then he outlined his New York program, but it mildly, did put a bit strenuous. Hollywood actors often have put in twenty hours at the studio, and while it tires them out they have not. But, usually the performance that Rudy was called upon to give.

"Our regular hours were from noon to three o'clock in the morning. On the mornings we recorded it became nineteen hours of work. It meant getting most of us out of bed at eight-thirty, depending upon what part of the city we lived in, to get to the studio. Rudy was referring to the phonograph recording, not radio or motion picture."

"It may not sound much," Rudy went on, "but say that quite a few shows a day at the Paramount Theater and covered two night clubs after that, at which time our programs were broadcasted. But I want to tell you that to be key up five times a day to concert pitch, mentally and physically, with your clothes pressed for each performance—well, it gives you not one moment to relax. There is all that time between shows but you can't do anything—"

"I mean you can't go anywhere. There is nothing to do but stay on the job. Then on the mornings we had the records to cut, and we could not have the day go through with it or not. Sometimes my voice just wouldn't function if I had been a little tired the day before, and all those things that you have to do."

"That's what I do when I have a problem to settle. I try to be sure what part of it is my job, and then I go right at it and work until it is settled.'

"The Price of Stardom—Continued from page 25 sandwiches sent down to the stage," was there replacing the lady of leisures.

"And there we ate, our trays on the arms of our chairs, Renée mumbling her lines to herself, between munches of chicken sandwich.

"At eleven I said good-night to her at the gates of the studio. "For heaven's sake, go home and get to bed." And she smiled and went.
Ideals—and Other Things

We often feel we would like to publish all of the correspondence that comes to Screenland from its readers.

It would be a conclusive demonstration of the truth of our editor’s oft-repeated assertion that screen-play audiences and screen magazine readers constitute the intelligent and substantial portion of the American public. This constant stream of letters likewise pleases Screenland because our readers know that this publication reflects their own higher order of intelligence, and leads us to believe that Screenland is their favorite magazine devoted to the screen and all of its doings.

Occasionally some of our readers fall into a strain of comparison. They tell us that they enjoy Screenland more than they do Photoplay. Now and then some write that they prefer Photoplay to Screenland.

In the spirit of approaching Thanksgiving and Christmas, let us venture this timely observation: Let our readers not fret their hearts out as to which of these two leading magazines is superior to the other. We too have a profound admiration for our esteemed contemporary, just as we confidently feel that it holds us in equally high regard. Each in its own way, Screenland and Photoplay, serves its separate function in fostering a lively interest in the world’s foremost form of entertainment. Each should try, we believe, to measure up to the high ideals of the other, all to the pleasure and profit of the great and growing circulation which both are enjoying.

Believing that our readers are always interested in the personalities of those whose genius contribute to the making of Screenland, America’s Smart Screen Magazine, we present this month among our pages an interesting portrait of Rolf Armstrong, now recognized as America’s premier portrait painter, whose Screenland covers have been pronounced by art lovers as both strikingly beautiful and beautifully striking.

With like expression of appreciation we introduce in portrait Rosa Reilly, a member of Screenland’s staff of writers, whose monthly articles are constantly winning plaudits from our readers.

After all, however, we continue to remain sensibly keen to the reactions of our ever-increasing audience. Each word of praise finds its responsive chord in our editorial policy. Every constructive criticism spurs us on toward our fixed goal—that of making each succeeding issue more entertaining, more attractive, more interesting than the one before; truly to deserve the name we have chosen:
Cecil B. DeMille, director of a hundred hits, has made in Dynamite what will be considered his greatest screen achievement. A thrilling drama which explodes the hypocrisy of the modern Babel called Society. Dynamite digs through the outer veneer of sham, pretense and glitter—and gets down to the bed-rock of human emotions. Charles Bickford, Conrad Nagel and Kay Johnson give the best performance of their careers. All-talking. Also silent version.

What a cast! More stars than there are in heaven! A glittering, gorgeous, spectacular revue—the kind you would pay $6.60 for on Broadway. Marion Davies, John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, William Haines, Joan Crawford, Buster Keaton, Bessie Love, Charles King, Conrad Nagel, Marie Dressler, Jack Benny, Gus Edwards, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike), Anita Page, Polly Moran, Gwen Lee, Brox Sisters, Albertina Rasch Ballad, Nataka Nattova & Co., The Rounders, and a chorus of 200. A remarkable all-singing, all-talking, all-dancing picture. The hit picture with the song hits!

Here is the picture that Broadway went wild about—Hallelujah, the greatest drama of its kind ever produced. Directed by King Vidor, who made The Big Parade—this stirring drama of the Southland immortalizes the soul of the colored race. Daniel Haynes, noted Negro singer, and Nina Mae McKinney, a beauty discovered in the night clubs of Harlem, lead an all-Negro cast in this remarkable production. One of the classics of the screen that will never die. Don't miss it! Hear Irving Berlin's "Waiting at the End of the Road."
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"THE TALKIES"—Collins and Dent give you a funny glimpse into a talkie studio in this Mermaid Comedy.
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The New Show World is Paramount!

The Greatest Name on the Talking, Singing Screen!

Today, a new world of entertainment is yours—better than Broadway, greater than the screen was ever before—THE NEW SHOW WORLD—with the best of Stage, Screen, Music, and Radio combined. And it’s yours to see and hear and enjoy right in your own neighborhood—but at its best only when it’s a Paramount Picture! Because The New Show World is Paramount! The greatest stars of stage and screen are with Paramount! The foremost authors. The leading showmen and directors. The greatest music composers, song writers. And behind all is the greatest name in entertainment—with the resources, organization and man-power to produce the world’s greatest talking, singing pictures. That’s why the name Paramount is your guarantee of the highest quality in talking, singing entertainment, just as it has been for 17 years. In The New Show World, as always before, "If it’s a Paramount Picture, it’s the best show in town!"

TUNE IN! Paramount-Publix Radio Hour, each Saturday Evening, 10-11 P.M. Eastern Time over the nation-wide Columbia Broadcasting System. Hear your favorite stage and screen stars!
Fascinating EYES
SPARKLING fascinating eyes and the allure of youth can be yours. Just use Katherine Mac Donald's Lash Cosmetic. It makes lashes appear long and luxuriant yet you don't have to make up. Absolutely waterproof, lasts all day and night, and will not bleach her to graying. In just the same beauty, appear to be her productions. Of course, he has complaints the one sketch. He be to French to they go. "What a charming story, Arthur," he said in the screen. Now he's the one — the painting — for the first time. "The Marriage Playground," Miss Tashman plays the ultra-sophisticated mother of Mary Brian.

Lilyan usually plays a 'mama' but this time it's a matter of no doubt she'll prove to be one of the most interesting and best-dressed of all screen mothers.

Cecil De Mille is going to direct a musical called "Another Saturate." Roland Young has been chosen for the male lead but Madame has not been selected as yet. It has been said that vaudeville would be the key of the talkie but it seems to be just the reverse. Aren't some of our former silent favorites going in for vaudeville for the training? Even Buddy Rogers, who has already clicked in the talkies, is taking a turn in vaudeville. Irene Rich, Leatrice Joy, Charles Murray, Claire Windsor, Carmel Myers, Basenova, Carlotta King and George K. Arthur may be seen in the two-act. Theda Bara is to appear in a sketch. Wonder if this means we'll be seeing Miss Bara in talkies soon?

Edie Lowe has been borrowed from Fox for the male lead opposite Dolores Del Rio in the Bad One. "They haven't received together since 'What Price Glory?' In the new picture Dolores is the French cabaret entertainer in a waterfront cafe frequented by American sailors and our old friend Sergeant Quit becomes the sailor boy friend."

Which reminds us that there's to be another sequel to "What Price Glory?" and "The Cock-Eyed World," called "New Women," also. "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Our Modern Maidens" are to be sequelled. "Our Blushing Brides" is the next.

New faces may come and old faces may go but Betty Compson keeps leading the talkie parade. Her next is "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," with Chester Morris as the Sergeant and Herbert Brenon directing. Betty will be the only girl in the cast but there'll be no complaints about that.

Don't know whether this would go under the heading of New Year's resolutions or not but Charles Ruggles, the screen's funniest audible drunk, is going 'on the wagon' for his next picture, 'Let's Go Native,' an opetta. The only whoopee Charles expects to make is with a ukulele.

Here's a bulk of good news — 'Fatty' Arbuckle is coming back to the screen! His pal, Jim Cune, is going to direct his come-back picture. And if you like his first talkie there'll be more to follow.

Listening in on the Talkie Sets

A NEW YEAR — new changes — new faces, new jobs and whatnots and why not?

You've got to be good to keep up with the movies these days, what with all the new faces from the stage and our old favorites changing the color of their hair. Olive Borden not only sacrificed her crowning glory for a stunning bob but she had to be her to her role in "Dance Hall." Laura La Plante dyed her hair brunette for the feminine lead in "La Marcelle." These girls should have swapped jobs or hair! Fringle is a blonde in "The Night Parade." Even the men don't escape — Grant Withers has dyed his hair red for "Back Pay," and for technicolor reasons. Lawrence Tibbett, recruting from grand opera, had to have a permanent wave for his role in "The Rogue's Song." When you see him in this picture he'll probably be your permanent rave! Even Charlie Chaplin dyed his graying locks black, temporarily, until he completes "City Lights." It's the thing to do! We wouldn't be at all surprised to see little Farina as a bald with freckles in one of the Our Gang operas!

"Journey's End," a Tiffany-Stahl picture, with Ian MacLaren, a newcomer to pictures, in the leading part, and "All Quiet on the Western Front," a Universal picture with James Murray, William Bakewell and Louis Wolheim, are now in production. Both are war epics and have no women in the casts. One of pictureland's pet pastimes is to tell some movie-struck girl that she's 'just the type' for the feminine lead in either of these pictures. Even without that encouragement thousands of girls have applied for the jobs. Oh, well, it wouldn't be at all amusing if they did insert some feminine sex appeal!

Antonio Moreno is playing a bold-bad man for the first time in his career in "Romance of the Rio Grande." Oh, Tony, how could you!

Marie Dressler is to play a dramatic role for the first time in her career in Garbo's "Anna Christie." We hope Marie won't desert the stage to ful her. She's too good a comedienne to go completely dramatic.

And Lilyan Tashman is to play a mother for the first time. In "The Marriage Playground," Miss Tashman plays the ultra-sophisticated mother of Mary Brian.
If you have cheers, prepare to give them now. For with George Arliss in "Disraeli" the art of Talking Pictures enters a new phase!

Experts have been predicting that it would take ten years to perfect the audible film. The experts were wrong! For here is that perfection, achieved by Vitaphone years ahead of time!

Not only has Vitaphone transplanted every atom of dramatic power, superb suspense, and rapier wit, that made George Arliss' "Disraeli" one of the historic stage successes of the century...It has done more than that...In a single stride it has not only attained but actually surpassed the stage's artistic standards, which thousands felt the screen could never even equal!

The fascination of the footlights fades before the larger lure of mammoth settings—Vitaphone's crisp, telling dialogue—and a George Arliss of heightened stature and new intimacy, exceeding even the amazing brilliance of his classic stage performance.

Come! See for yourself! Let Vitaphone put you "on speaking terms" with Disraeli, amazing man of destiny who rose from obscurity to control a modern empire—all because he knew how to handle women—especially a Queen.
Gloria Swanson broadcasting two songs from her first talking picture, "The Trespasser." Gloria's voice from the screen has surprised and delighted her audiences but her friends were not surprised, for they knew she had been studying singing for two years.

Wide World

MOVIES IN THE AIR

The Friendly Arts, Motion Picture and Radio, are on Talking Terms

By Julia Shawell

When it was a certainty that talkies were a fixture in the entertainment field and film producers were frantically signing up all likely voices the natural thing was to look to the radio for some vocalists. A feminine warbling and masculine refrains that could keep a 1929 family in its own home certainly must have charm and appeal, so thought these flicker magnates and the broadcast studios were scanned for talent.

Unfortunately when vocal assets are distributed often there is a shortage of other physical attractions and the camera continues to make its requirements, regardless of the demands of microphones. You can't synchronize a face that would stop an eight-day clock with a voice that makes placid husbands think of long roads bordered with orange blossoms and lighted with a silvery moon.

The public didn't have to wait until television to realize that the voice isn't everything. Talkies proved to them that golden notes can be emitted from mouths that were never meant for anything but singing.

Early short subjects that should be kept as memoirs of groping days in the audible films prove to what length directors went in photographing any animated figures which could be counted on to record pleasing sounds. There are early Vitaphones of the two-reel types with heroic tenors delivering the most engaging love lyrics. Their notes are perfectly controlled but not so their girths. And scrawny sopranos who sound like feminine divinity but look something else again. Finding the types who could vocalize properly became a serious matter of elimination, a process that happily has kept step with the movie public's developing sense of discrimination.

But the movie-makers have only been learning in the past six months what it took the broadcast officials six years to master. All the tricks of recording, all the essentials of effective broadcasting can
be applied to the audible movies. The films can absorb all the technical information which radio can offer but unfortunately there is only a small proportion of radio talent which is available for vocalized acting. Their happy combination of a voice and a camera personality is found, the owner is on the way to fast and lucrative fame.

Some of these known radio figures will never manage anything but novelty shorts. For instance there is Ernest Harce, one of the Happiness Boys. For years Harce had developed his understanding of the stage. He never achieved any material success until the radio waves sent him across the continent as one of the most popular of all the radio artists. His popularity is due to an earthy, vibrant voice at its best in stirring sentimental numbers but he doesn’t even slightly resemble Jack Gilbert.

Vigga De Leath who was one of the first women ever to manage a broadcast station has a soft, crooning contralto that is flexible and thrilling but she isn’t all the Garbo type.

Of all the announcers in America there is one who for five years was deluged with fan mail. He had that something in his voice which gets listeners-in particularly the impressionable women. Letters of admiration, notes of frank courting, gifts of pleased appreciation piled on his desk at the big Manhattan studio. He was the ‘it’ man of radio, the unseen shiek of the air and he counted his followers by the thousands.

The same man, he says, made him a short. It might have been a noisy advertisement for his dentist or a moving signboard for the hair restorers or one of those ‘before’ pictures where the physical exponents might use. He made only one short and he has had no offers to hero through a seven-reel feature. He’s a radio personality and his place is behind the unphotographed microphone as he has sadly learned.

VOICES often give false impressions of persons. Many a captivating voice has been attributed to an Adonis figure when really it belonged to a middle-aged man of no romantic dimensions.

HOWEVER, there is one person who doubted in both fields and manages to keep up with his rapidly growing horde of admirers. Rudy Vallee is the outstanding example of what radio and properly applied gift can do for an ambitious young man. He was an unknown saxophone player who had quite a nice voice when he became the leader of his orchestra in Don Dickerman’s Heigh-Ho Club, N. Y. It is true he had been quite engaged in Yale days as a back in Gilda Gray’s slimy days at the Rendezvous he had been a clever manipulator of the musical toppling iron. But when he put a megaphone to his lips and crooned Deep Night, the stunning females filled the living rooms of the nation. In Broadway language he ‘wowed’ them with music and held them with his romantic memories. For months he was the reigning Prince of Wales in his own air domain.

Instead of this singing Romeo varied. There were those who thought he must look like Ronald Colman. Others who thought of him as an illusory Ramon Novarro. Interested listeners were quite sure he could pass for Richard Barthelmess. In appearance he is none of these movie celebrities. He is a new type of shiek as his RKO picture, The Vagabond Lover will prove to his widely scattered public.

AUDIENCES seeing B. A. Rolfe and his well-known orchestra doing their jazz stuff on celluloid may not know they are gazing upon one of the finest radio veterans who years ago sought a career in an entirely new field only to have it lead back to the camera. Rolfe was associated with Jesse Lasky in the pioneering days of the flickers but he sold his interest in the early producing company and drifted into the musical field. He played with Vincent Youmans for several seasons, gaining a reputation as one of America’s best cornetists and gained a lucrative popularity in Broadway hotels and restaurants. He became quite a fixture on the radio and when the talksies came into vogue was asked to record some numbers on Vitaphone. Even though he had to give up his movie career. Just when he was rather despondent about his future, radio officials discovered he had an excellent voice for broadcasting and he has been on the Manhattan station several times a week for the past few months.

Leo Feist CO., one of the most important song publishers has added pictures to its recording list. It is printing. Mae Murray’s song numbers in “Peacock Alley” are among the American releases which this company has on its present schedule.

Thirty years ago Congressman Sol Bloom was an ambitious young song man. But then his thoughts turned to politics and he had for remembrance only a song Sun Dance, the folly of his musical youth. Not long ago he visited a theater in Washington and there on the program in a Fanchon andMarco unit was included his own brain child. When a Capitol station heard it was a Congressman’s composition the selection was broadcast.

In the Broadway era of Harry Cohn’s life he, too, was in the song publishing business. Not only did he plug hits but he even wrote them and it looked like Tin Pan Alley would hold him for his own when he went movie and now is vice-president in charge of production at the Columbia Pictures Hollywood Studio.

So, even in the early days before radio and movies had any apparent kinship there were the ties that bind. And now with television experimentally achieved and commercially on its way, with the talksies dependent upon microphones and sound equipment for its recording and with an involved interchange of ownership and management and an exchange of talent the two industries are closely allied. And really there are “Movies in the Air.”

In the early days before radio and the films had gotten together there was a feeling of antagonism on the part of the radio industry he feared that radio would keep people at home when otherwise they might be spending their money at box offices. The United Theater of New York City was the first to recognize the value of a tie-up. While other movie houses were looking with fear and distress at the broadcasters, Major Edward Bowes and S. L. Rothafel made a connection with WEAF. The Capitol was the first theater in the world to send entertainment into the air by remote control direct from the theater.

Roxey, as Mr. Rothafel is better known, made his international reputation through his radio activities. Seven years ago the Capitol inaugurated the initial experiment and the returns were so satisfying the radio program became a regular weekly feature. Every Sunday night since then the radio broadcast has been carried by the ether waves from the big Capitol building. Artists who are now well-known in the films and on the stage got their first fan following from their broadcast under the guidance of Roxey.

As far away as the South Seas, in remote villages of Scotland, in Africa, in fact, all over the world, people first heard about Broadway movies during the Capitol family hour.
An Original Movietone

Sunny Side Up

IT was Jane's own fault, right from the start. If she hadn't quarreled with Jack Cromwell that Fourth of July morning, he would have stayed at Southampton with the "four hundred" instead of rushing off in a huff to New York to mix in with the "four million."

If he had stayed where he belonged, he probably would never have set eyes upon sweet Molly Carr. He'd never have been watching that black party up in Yorkville, or fallen under the spell of Molly's magic voice and twinkling feet during her song and dance number.

But that number started Jack thinking. Molly had looks, grace, manners, and remarkable versatility. What was the matter with inviting her down to Southampton as a special guest entertainer for his mother's Charity Bazaar?

Molly liked the idea, too, when Jack put it up to her. Like many another shop girl, she had had her day dreams of life among the idle rich. More than once she had envisioned herself the bride of a Park Avenue millionaire, with a summer home at Newport, and all the maids, butlers, Rolls-Royces and pleasure yachts in the world at her beck and call. It would be fun to play the part of a society bud, even for a little while. And then—she liked this particular young man. Even now, his picture, clipped from a Sunday paper, had the place of honor on her dressing table. All in all, it was too good to pass. Molly would go and she'd even do more. . .

In order to help Jack bring his light-hearted sweetheart to her senses, she would pretend there was an affair between them. She'd make Jane jealous, for Jack's sake.

THE Charity Bazaar is on. Molly and her friends have been living in a rented home on the estate adjoining the Cromwell's and are all ready to take part in the entertainment. Between Jack and Molly, everything has been working out as they planned. Jane is a bit suspicious, and more than a little jealous of Molly. It seems to her that Jack pays more attention to this little outsider than her presence in his mother's Charity entertainment really necessitates. It is hardly likely that he would forget his social position and fall in love with a nobody—and yet, men do strange things. She'd better watch her man before he does something foolish! Perhaps a word to Jack's mother . . .?

IT is Molly's turn to go on. The stage is set for her number. By now she is actually in love with Jack, and her emotions run riot as she hums to herself the duet which they are about to sing. She doesn't know that just a few moments before, Jane has managed to patch up her quarrel with Jack and that they are to be married soon.
Suddenly she is confronted by Jack's mother. What is there between her and Jack? Is it true that Jack is paying the rent for the home she and her friends are occupying? Does she not know that Jack is engaged to a young lady of his own set and that an affair with a girl of no social antecedents is unthinkable? She must leave at once, the moment her number is finished. That is the best thing for her own happiness and Jack's!

Of course Molly leaves. She has tasted life as Society lives it. She has had her day—and she has helped Jack recover his sweetheart. Molly leaves and Jack doesn't know why—until . . . . . . . .

But we mustn't tell the whole story here, otherwise you would miss much of the enjoyment of the great surprise climax of "Sunny Side Up" when you see it at your favorite theater.

It's the first original all talking, singing, dancing musical comedy written especially for the screen. Words and music are by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, authors of such stage musical comedy successes as "Good News," "Manhattan Mary," "Three Cheers," "Hold Everything," and "Follow Through," so you know what kind of music to expect when you hear "Sunny Side Up"!

David Butler never directed a better picture. Leading the cast are Janet Gaynor, who plays the part of Molly Carr, and Charles Farrell as Jack Cromwell. Farrell has a splendid baritone voice which will certainly add thousands of new friends to his long list of enthusiastic admirers. And you simply must hear Janet Gaynor sing to appreciate the remarkable scope of this young artist's talents. Then too, there are Sharon Lynn, Marjorie White, Frank Richardson and El Brendel, and about 100 of the loveliest girls you've ever seen in a musical comedy anywhere! The scenes are laid in upper New York City and at Southampton, society's fashionable Long Island summer resort.

All things considered, "Sunny Side Up" is far and away the most entertaining talking, singing, dancing picture yet produced. Six dollars and sixty cents would hardly buy a ticket for it on the New York stage—but you'll be able to hear and see this great William Fox Movietone soon, right in your own favorite local motion picture theatre, at a fraction of that price.

(ADVT.)
CONFESSIONS OF THE FANS

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

Twenty-one years! What progress! From the seedling whose roots gathered nourishment from a multitude of nickels and dimes to the mighty tree of today whose branches have spread to cover all lands and all peoples—bearing a universal fruit of entertainment, comfort and education. And now the talkies! More progress! The workers in the land of the flashing screen are truly keeping step with the advance of civilization. In appreciation of the untiring efforts of that army of men and women who with diligent care nurtured the seedling of twenty-one years ago, I dedicate this poem:

In Retrospect
The movies are of age at last;
They're twenty-one, I hear,
Since first upon the screen they cast
The plays of yester-year.
The Mirror and the old Bijou
On Main Street's gay white way,
Were movies that they took me to
In times of yesterday.
Two gun-men and the slap-stick art
Shared each their equal right;
Mixed cries and laughter formed a part
In shows of yester-night.
At age of twenty-one, 'tis true,
The movies learn to speak.
A far cry from the old Bijou
In the days of yester-week.

Harrington Barrus,
340 Ferndale Avenue,
Birmingham, Michigan.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

Having spent most of the twenty-four years of my married life in a series of mining towns away from the city and the people I had always known, the movies were nothing less than a God-send to me. They took me for the time back to places and people I loved.

It was not exactly the sex appeal (set forth by Dr. Watson) that was the safety valve in my case. Sometimes it was the living room of a modern home, sometimes a lovely gown, and often just a new hair cut that saved the day for me.

When the talkies arrived we had moved to a better location, but my first thought was for those women who, like myself, had listened for years to a jargon they couldn't understand, or to broken English that grated on raw nerves.

How wonderful not only to see the pictures but to hear refined, cultured voices speaking one's own language!

Mrs. J. E. Boyer,
Salineville, Ohio.

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes January 10, 1929. Address Fans' Department, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

A few months ago I was ready to shed tears when I read that the producers were letting our favorites of the old days go and replacing them with all stage talent. But there has been no such revolution after all. In fact, in many cases the talkies have enhanced the value of our old friends—Bessie Love, Lila Lee, Richard Arlen, Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, many others.

It's a fifty-fifty proposition! A stage actor may know how to use his voice better, but this is offset by the camera training of the film actor. Sarcely any actors have failed because of poor voices in comparison with those who have been left behind because they lacked screen magnetism.

There are many items, to my mind, which count more for the success of an actor than a wonderful voice. His intelligence, his personality and the way he uses it, and we must not forget the tremendous sympathetic response called forth by effective lines.

Smashing hits have been made by individuals in both factions, but I believe that any actor or actress scoring a big success must have that elusive IT quality, whether you want to define it as that or not.

Elizabeth McLean Andrews,
227 East 46th Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

The moving finger writes and having writ moves on——— So with the moving picture. To appreciate the appeal of the moving picture, one needs perspective—a long view.

With two older brothers I saw my first picture, "The Moving Magic Lantern," in 1895. The screen was wavy, the actors were wobbly, but we thought it very wonderful. We saw it as a novelty as we had seen the arc lights at a circus in 1878 and heard the phonograph-nickel-in-the-slot at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893.

One brother went North to search for gold, the other went East to teach. The next time we met, we went to see "The Miracle Man." There we sat—one brother

a grizzled old 'sourdough,' tough as hide and hard as nails, sniffing like a two-year old, tears rolling down his cheeks. The other, a staid university professor, adding superlatives to absolutes as recklessly as any freshman.

"Betsy," said my brother from the North, vigorously blowing his nose. "I remember 'The Moving Magic Lantern.'"

"Elizabeth," said my brother from the East, wiping his rimless glasses, "Betsy Compton is a thing of beauty and a joy for—well, if not forever, for as long as memory lasts!"

Elizabeth G. Winter,
13 Westlake Avenue,
Auburn, N. Y.

A Veteran Speaks

We are wondering what part the moving picture industry plays in helping disabled veterans. We do not see the actors and actresses often, but we love and admire each and every one as they come to visit us by way of the screen.

We are not in a position to criticize, we leave that to those who view them with more critical eyes than ours. But we do hold a place for them all in our hearts and hope some day it will be possible for some of the actors to visit their silent army of well-wishers and boosters.

R. J. Seel,
U. S. Veteran's Hospital,
Livermore, Cal.
The Talkies Did It!

I’ve always firmly contended that I’d rather ‘save my movie money, put it together at the end of the month and see one good show.’ I preferred the stage for such reasons as Jeanne Eagels, Ruth Chatterton, Basil Rathbone, Richard Bennett, Irene Bordoni, and on down the list of real artists.

Now, however, a miracle has happened. I can get what I want in the movies and without having to save and wait.

"Broadway Melody," to which I was literally dragged, converted me. I saw it twice. Five other talkies have strengthened conversion, "Old Arizona," in which Warner Baxter’s voice had the same effect on me as a marvelous Hollywood Bowl Symphony; "The Letter," in which Jeanne Eagels did the very finest bit of acting I’ve ever witnessed; "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," in which Basil Rathbone charmed as he did in his "Command to Love" on the stage; "Interference," in which William Powell came to the front with a bang; and "Salute" in which George O’Brien, Helen Chandler and the complete cast were so exceptionally good it would be difficult to divide honors.

Screen Satisfies Need

In everyone’s heart there are certain secret and cherished ideals. No matter how drab or prosaic a person may appear, within him there lies suppressed emotions which would, if it were possible, express themselves in a blood-quickening adventure, a beautiful romance, or an accomplishment of great deeds.

To most of us these are impossible, perhaps because of duty, lack of opportunity, or some necessary factor in our makeup. So it is to the screen that we turn for expression, and there we find our emotional satisfaction, experienced by proxy, it is true, but satisfying none the less.

John T. Rood, Jr.,
Gellineau Street,
Malden, Mass.

Occasional Silent Pictures

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." This has been proven true by the advent of talking pictures. I do not believe however, that this applies to the stars themselves. I think rather that it will be a case of the survival of the fittest.

Speaking pictures provide variety to suit the tastes of all the fans. There are the sophisticated comedies, such as "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," uproarious comedies such as "The Cocoanuts," and "Nothing but the Truth" offers still another brand of humor.

There’s no denying that sitting tensely, listening for every word, sets one’s nerves on edge. I, for one, seldom leave the theater after seeing a talking film without a slight headache and nervous fatigue, and I have heard this complaint from others. But as the mechanism of the talkie machine is perfected step by step no doubt this trouble will be overcome.

The talkies will never have the soothing effect of the old silent pictures. As the former become more familiar the latter will become quaint and charming. Though I’m all for the talkies I do hope that the producers will give us occasional silent pictures to soothe tired nerves.

Miss Una B. Cowan,
1155 Burnaby St.,
Vancouver, B. C.

Betty Compson, Artist!

Long ago, when just a little girl who thought she was a big girl, I went to see Betty Compson in "The Miracle Man." Tom Meighan was fine, Lon Chaney clever—but Betty Compson! I longed then for the day when I could know her as real. The day came, and it left me with joy in my heart and a sob in the throat.

In "On With the Show," I knew Betty Compson as real. Her voice reaches out to one, holds one. To call her an actress seems unjust. She doesn’t act, she lives her part, giving the finished portrayal of the artist.

To my mind, there is no comparison between the silent and talking movie. The first is just a moving-picture. The latter is reality.

Mrs. J. P. Cummings,
Main Street,
Succasunna, N. J.

Honolulu Speaks

Way out here in the Pacific where the calm blue sea washes the shores of an island filled with enchantment, there are cinema lovers who love and dream of the players who make the world happy with their appearance on the silver screen.

When we see these players we love them, laugh with them, cry with them. Always they keep aflame that candle of love in our hearts. Here in Honolulu we have accepted the talkies and have had the joy and wonder of hearing our loved ones speak and sing before us.

Sammie C. Elsissy,
Shop 70,
Pearl Harbor, Oahu.

"In Old Arizona" established Warner Baxter once and for all as a great screen favorite.

If these talkies are a sample of what is to come, then I’m for them—now and forever!
Betty Winnder Fajen,
329½ S. Rampart Blvd.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Silent Drama Preferred

Your honor page gives me much concern for players who might have graced it, had they been gifted with the tricks of speech which talking films demand. Excellent artists have been 'benched' because of this defect, while third-raters have risen from obscurity over night. That the stage is gradually taking control of the screen and that public imagination has been captured by the sudden trend of events is obvious.

Although many fans have voted in favor of the talkies, I am in a position to state that the talkies never will replace the silent drama. For instance, in the English speaking world, much of the American wit and humor is not understood—words used here are termed slang outside the U. S. A. Talkies turned into silent pictures for the benefit of non-English speaking countries will be a failure because the talking slows up the production. The theme songs sung by movie favorites with Vitaphone accompaniments are holding public imagination more out of curiosity than anything else.

I am waiting for this bubble to burst, so we can get back to the silent drama with its beautiful sub-titles, accompanied by the soothing strains of organ or orchestral music—which is far more natural.

William Donnachie,
1530 North St.,

Corinne Griffith’s admirers find much to applaud and appreciate in "The Divine Lady."
She was born with beauty and a sense of humor. And she has the good sense to retain the former and develop the latter! With the result that after a long apprenticeship playing routine heroines she has worked her way to genuine stardom and real popularity.

*It is Screenland’s sincere conviction that no other star could have played the picturesque Marianne as pungently as Marion Davies.*
Marion Davies has arrived. "The Fair Co-Ed" and "The Patsy" established her as a clever comedienne; but it remained for "Marianne," her first talking picture, to present her as a versatile actress, a player of power and poignancy. Not merely 'cute' and 'sweet,' but potent and important.
It does look like it, what with Miss Davies' first talkie creating a polite sensation just about the time that the Yuletide spirit permeates her audiences. Marion is a gay and gallant Miss Santa Claus, and if your own seasonal shopping seems endless, consider the Christmas list of this girl who has more friends than any one in Hollywood!
WELL, it's all settled. There is no longer any argument about motion pictures. They're in!

Einstein says it. Yes, the gentleman who understands the theory of relativity—in fact, he invented it. One of the world's foremost scientists has extolled motion pictures as a great art!

Einstein in Europe cabled his friend, Professor Roerich, in New York upon the occasion of the opening of the latter's "art" cinema that "motion pictures have no equal in training the child—that the art cinema can serve the cause of universal peace by presenting the horrors of war to a greater advantage than ordinary pictures." That's the only thing Einstein ever wrote that I can understand.

William Fox has finished his first twenty-five years of moving picture work. One of the great figures in the industry, he started with a capital of $1,666, and now he has amassed a fortune which he himself acknowledges is "tremendous." All because he knows what the public wants to see—and to hear. His 'Movietone Follies' is now in its 14th week in Stockholm, Sweden—the original English (that is to say, Hollywood!) version, which is probably understood by comparatively few of the customers. His Movietone has penetrated to Greece, where, in Athens, the 100% Movietone sound policy has proven a great success—with dialog entirely in English! Fox has inaugurated an all-newreed policy at the Embassy Theater on Broadway, New York, where, for the first time in film history, fiction films will be passed up for authentic camera reporting. An interesting experiment. And now let's see what Mr. Fox has to say for himself. At an age—30—where many men would be ready to retire or, at least, to spend the rest of their lives resting on gilt-edged laurels, William Fox has formulated three ambitions. They are important to him. They all center around the one subject—education. Education in the schools, education in religion, and education in the sciences. He contends that the talking screen can further the worthy purposes of education more effectively than any other medium. He says: "The eye is the short cut to the brain, and pictures will supply a short cut to
NOW and

What a Whale of a Difference Just a Few Years Make!

Marion Davies. Above, today; right, as she looked in the days before she became the screen's leading comedienne. Discounting the change in styles, Marion is younger and prettier than ever, the princess of piquancy.

One of Norma Shearer's chief charms is her sleek, beautifully-shaped aristocratic little head. Her slick coiffure helps her to achieve the effect. That's why Norma looks so different now from her old self, shown in the lower picture at the right.

Left: Lewis Stone, Twice! Mr. Stone as he looked when he first made a success on the screen; and, extreme left, as he looks right now. It should be noted that the immaculate Lewis no longer poses with the Lord Byron collar effect. Here indeed is a matinée idol whose appeal has strengthened with the years.
These Stars have Grown Up—and For the Better, Too!

Bebe Daniels was a cute kid then—above, to the left. But Bebe Daniels today—golden voice, gorgeous personality—is a much more potent proposition. That for the good old days!

When Joan Crawford made her movie debut she was known as Lucille Le Seur, left, below. And she had long fuzzy hair and considerable curves. Metro changed her name to Joan Crawford, and she changed her figure to the elegant model admired and envied today.

Well, well, Richard! Dix hasn’t changed so much at that. When he first came into pictures he was the boyish young man pictured at the right. Now, he is the familiar hero of the further picture. But it’s the same old smile that people pay and pay to see. His latest? “Seven Keys to Baldpate.”
When the movies first began elevating school-girls, clerks, salesmen, chorus girls and cloak models from social and financial obscurity to the opulence of stardom, it was a quaint old Hollywood custom to put on plenty of swank and whatnot.

In those days a star never stepped outside of his or her palatial domicile without a brass band walking ahead for the regal procession. Automobiles had to be at least a block long and came in only two colors: fire engine red or canary yellow. Press-agents built pedestals sky-high upon which to perch their clients, and biographical nightmares were ground out in reams. Ancestries fell from mythical family trees like over-ripe fruit in a neglected orchard.

The lady star never bathed except in champagne or milk or a million dollar pool. She ate only robins' breast for breakfast, served upon platinum platters. Her new evening wrap was designed especially for her by Poiret and cost $250,000. Or something like that!

The man star was a modern Hercules and took his morning exercises at 5 A.M. in his onyx swimming pool in which only pure vichy water, shipped from Baden-Baden was used. Beautiful countesses were wont to duel over him whenever he visited the Riviera and he was reported engaged to more celebrated women than he ever heard of personally.

And the lady vamp! Born in the shadow of the sphinx! Her early life shrouded in mystery. Solitary in her habits, unapproachable—or if she condescended to be seen in one of her less temperamental moments, surrounded by an atmosphere of luxury, rare perfumes, dim lights,

Yes, even Greta has her frivolous moments when she isn't vamping till heady.
clothed in clinging garments—a setting subtly planned to add to the lure of her mystery.

But alas! Today motion picture stars are different. They are themselves. They are human beings who do the very same things in the very same way that other human beings do.

Press-agents tell the truth—not the whole truth, perhaps—but the truth, anyway. Stars will ride in flivvers and enjoy it. They will shop in the market that sells potatoes five pounds for a quarter instead of the place where you only get four pounds. They have likes and dislikes and are not perfect. Some are old meanies and have bad tempers. Some are just low-brows and can't help it. Others are high-brows and can't help that, either!

It wasn't so very long ago that Lew Cody was urged to 'throw' a dinner party for a flock of newspapermen and writers and was tickled with the idea.

"And what are we having for dinner?" the original sponsor asked on the night of the big party.

"Corned beef and cabbage!" replied Lew.

"What?" groaned the studio attaché weakly. "A cheap meal like that?"

"Cheap nothing!" said Lew. "I paid 34 cents a pound for the best corned beef in the market. It's my favorite meal and if it's good enough for me, it's good enough for my guests and anyway, I don't want to pose in front of a lot of regular boys as a high-brow when I'm not and they know it!"

Today, Lew's corned beef and cabbage dinners are famous. Stars beg for invitations and the newspaper gang invite themselves regularly. (Continued on page 100)
Will PICTURES bring

By Rosa Reilly

"The moving picture is the greatest force in the world," says the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, "for helping to bring universal peace to all nations and to teach each man on earth the true meaning of Love."

His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovich, cousin and brother-in-law of the late Czar of Russia, and distinguished author and lecturer, tells Screenland his views on the high mission of the screen.

Previously, as I had stepped out of the elevator on my way towards the Grand Duke's rooms, I could not realize that I was about to speak with a man whose steps had echoed down the marble stairs of the Winter Palace. A man whose lips had brushed the hands of nearly every Queen and Princess in Europe. A man who had married the Grand Duchess Xenia Alexandrovna, the eldest sister of the Czar, siring six noble sons and one gentle daughter. A man who during the holocaust of the world war had complete charge of the aviation forces of the ill-fated Russian Empire. A man who had for many years lived in the inner circle of the head of a nation of two hundred million people. A man who had been honored and hunted, distinguished and doomed. A man who now has given up leisure and riches to visit many lands, and like any circuit rider in the early days of our own country, to go from town to town helping the people to a better understanding of the religion of Love.

As I knocked at the door of the suite, I expected to be received by a secretary or a valet. Instead an exceedingly tall, exceedingly slender, exceedingly gentle-spoken man, opened the door. The first thing I noticed about him was the breadth between his eyes and the height of his forehead. He was simply dressed in a gray lounge suit, a white linen shirt with a soft collar, a black tie fastened down with a gold safety pin, and gray silk and wool stockings. His feet were thrust into comfortable leather, soft-sole slippers. He held a cigarette holder in his hand. It was the Grand Duke!

We sat down. He offered cigarettes. I could not draw my eyes away from his features. The spiritual cast of his long lean face was broken by the magnetism of his eyes, the strength of his large well-formed nose, and the worldliness understanding of his wide, generous mouth. I had heard that the Grand Duke was sixty-four years old. But he gives the physical impression of a man of forty-five, despite the fact that he has undergone tragedies which would have destroyed a weaker man—or a man of no spiritual understanding.

"Although I am not a moving picture—fan, do you say"—the Grand Duke continued, "still I believe films are the greatest power in the world for spreading the love of nation for nation, of brother for brother. As I look back I see the good accomplished by that magnificent picture 'Ben Hur.' By 'Intolerance.' And by 'The Miracle Man.' Perhaps 'The King of Kings' comes in the same category. But I could not bear to look at it. It hurt me to see a physical embodiment of the Saviour, even though from a dramatic viewpoint it was well done.
GRAND DUKES AND volume of the world's spirituality.

THE BULGARIANS, ANNE, AND the rest were Finns, Mongols, Poles, Turks, Tatars, Armenians, Kurds, Persians, Roumanians, Georgians, Gypsies, Esquimaux, Yakuts, as well as Germans and Jews. To bring a constructive government out of this chaos was beyond the power of one man.

"But I am not here to discuss politics or ethnology. I am here for a lecture tour, at

(Continued on page 96)
Rudy and the radio are fast friends; in fact, the radio gave Rudy his break, and now Rudy gives you a break by offering the gift for a letter. And the best letter answering his question will win it. Here's the question: What is your favorite Rudy Vallee Victor record and why? By this method Vallee can find out what type of song you prefer, and since he writes some of his own music it will help him greatly. Now take out your pen or typewriter and get to work! By best letter is meant, the clearest and most sincere. Heigh-ho, everybody!

RUDY and Rudy Vallee himself, sans saxophone or megaphone! He won his public first through radio and victrola records; now he increases his following through his films.

Rudy and Sally Blane, his leading lady, in a scene from "The Vagabond Lover," his first feature picture for Radio Pictures.

Rudy Vallee's voice is something to write about, so get busy! You've heard him croon his songs and must have a favorite Vallee number. Which song would you request Rudy to sing for you and why? Is it Vagabond Lover, Honey, or S'posin'? Tell him briefly and clearly in your letter.

Here are the titles of the fifteen double-faced autographed Victor records which you will receive with the radio:

Weary River; Deep Night; Sweet Suzanne; Honey, Lover Come Back to Me; Coquette; By and By, Sweetheart; My Time to Your Place; Underneath the Russian Moon; The One that I Love; I'm Just a Vagabond Lover; I'm Still Caring; Every Man's a Honey-moon; Huggable Kissable You; S'posin'; The One to the World, Heigh! Everybody, Heigh-He; Miss You, Baby, 0k; Where Can You Be; You're Just Another Memory, Pretending; Where are you, Dream Girl, Me Querida; On the Alamo, That's When I Learned to Love You; A Kiss to Remember, Perhaps; The Album of My Dreams, You Want Lovin' But I Want Love; Lonely Troubadour.
Gift of Song

Screenland speaking! We are broadcasting Rudy Vallee's latest offering, so tune in! A handsome electric Victor Radio—a combination orthophonic and radio—model RE-45, and a set of fifteen double-faced autographed Rudy Vallee Victor records are yours for writing the best letter.

Rudy is very enthusiastic about talking pictures and says if you enjoy his picture, "The Vagabond Lover," as much as he enjoyed making it it should be a huge success.

Rudy Vallee and his Screenland gift. This handsome electric Victor Radio and combination orthophonic victrola—Model RE-45—and fifteen double-faced autographed Rudy Vallee records are yours for writing the best letter.

Rudy tuning in on the gift radio. Believe it or not—that's Greta Garbo at Rudy's feet—on a Screenland cover, of course! Rudy is a very busy boy; when he isn't writing music he's broadcasting, or making talking pictures, besides playing nightly at theaters and night clubs.
E
very now and then an artist is born. An artist who paints no pictures, writes no verse, shapes no clay, and sings no song. But an artist nevertheless. An artist who moulds human beings, keeping them young and warm and beautiful. Such an one is Sylvia Ulbeck. Sylvia of the magnetic hands and lusty laughter. Tiny, golden-haired, pretty Sylvia who keeps the film beauties of Hollywood fit.

You've never heard of her? Well, that's not so strange. Sylvia does her work in the wings of life, not on the open stage. Quietly, absorbingly, hour after hour, Sylvia works over her clientele—the most glamorous clientele in the world. For most of Hollywood's greater stars are numbered among her 'babies,' as she calls her patients.

Gloria Swanson, Alice White, Norma Shearer, Ruth Chatterton, Eleanor Boardman, Ina Claire, Ann Harding, Marion Davies, Laura La Plante—what's the use of going on? Nearly every one of the stars you love has passed through the magnetic hands of Sylvia Ulbeck, the little magician from far over the seas from Copenhagen, Denmark.

Sylvia hasn't a long string of degrees after her name. But that doesn't keep her from being under contract to the Pathé company at a salary of $400 a week, where her job is to help the stars keep healthy and beautiful, and the directors and executives well and full of pep.

How does she do this? With stringent diets, copious medicines and monotonous exercises?

Not a chance. Sylvia doesn't admit a drop of medicine, will not permit any freak diets, and does not inflict any exercises.

How then?

With her hands and her laughter alone.

Mrs. Ulbeck graduated as a nurse before she was twenty. Then she became a masseuse. But first of all she was and is a humorist. However, let her tell the story her own way, although I can never hope to transcribe for you her accent. Having studied in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany, and England, every time
she opens her mouth you

catch familiar sounds from

all languages.

"I am," says Sylvia, "a

humoristic person. The

first time I go to see a

client I must make her

laugh. If I can't, then I'm

no good.

"My treatments are

simple. I give five kinds:

nerve, gland, heart stimu-

lation, colon and facial.

But we speak here only of

the simplest.

"I place my patient—

head towards the foot of

the bed. I take off the

clothes. I look her over.

I see first if the heart is

good. If so, I begin.

'Ummm!' I say to myself,

'here is a bit of extra flesh on the hips that you don't need

at all. We take that off! So! I put that person through

the ropes. If they are not good sports and can't stand

little punishment—yes, punishment, for eating too many

sweets, for not exercising—I will not treat them. They

must do as I say. So I

knead, like bread. I ham-

mer. I circulate blood so

muscles draw up tight, and

flabby conditions are

corrected. I do not stretch.

I keep muscles firm—what

you say—taut. I go over

every part of the body but

the stomach. After forty

minutes or an hour have

gone by, according to how

much the person needs me,

I commence on the face.

"First I clean it with

pure mineral oil cream

which I make in my bath-
tub at home.

"Then gently, very

gently, I tap the nerve

centers. No pulling mas-
sage. No hot towels.

Gott nein! Hot towels for good and all are out! I apply

my massage cream. Not cream really. It's a combina-
tion of almond oil, oil of roses, and clover oil. Next, I

wash face with my face wash. Then I put on my astring-

tent. This acts as powder base. (Continued on page 94)
Hollywood Holds

The Screen Favorites have their Encounter with the counter-march. This time it is the stage folk, and not those who have been used to walking the ties from tank to tank, but the real rococo actors and actresses of Broadway.

The reason for the up-and-down-hill parade is exactly the one that motivated the authors—the wage is alluring but the goods delivered don’t fit.

"Why?" you ask. "Aren’t the talkies just the same as a stage performance?" Only in spots and not at all in technic.

Some day Hollywood may get it into its excited young head that the motion picture, silent or audible, is a distinct and separate art with its own syntax, punctuation and methods of expression. The authors have learned it. Sam Merwin told me frankly after a six months’ trial at Lasky’s that he didn’t believe he could ever master the technic of motion pictures. Maybe, some day, the producers will get hep!

In the meantime we have been noting the thrill of terror that runs through the hearts of old screen favorites as they contemplate the invasion of Big Broadway Names that are here to take their jobs away from them.

We noted the same ‘scare psychology’ ten years ago among the scenario writers when all the big literary authors arrived. At that time Jeanie MacPherson, C. Gardner Sullivan and Jack Cunningham were no

The Noble King of France,
He had ten thousand men,
He marched them up a hill one day
And he marched them down again.

That ridiculous military maneuver happened in the long ago, but history is ever repeating the performance.

Perhaps you remember the march of the ‘imminent authors’ and how at the siren call of Sam Goldwyn that immortal battalion marched out to California to write stories for the screen, did a couple of scenario flip-flops, and then marched back again. Most of the marchers felt—and said (oh, how they said it!)—that they had been wretchedly treated in Movieland. But on the other hand very few of them wrote a screen story that was worth a penny a foot.

Now we are witnessing another march and
HER OWN
Emerged Victorious from Battalions of Broadway

doubt tossing on their pillows. For who were they?—mere Hollywood names. Not one of them had ever written a best-seller or even a second-best-seller. Yet after the storm passed they were still on the job and have been sitting very pretty ever since.

So we'll venture to predict the same thing will happen to old screen favorites, for stage folk, with few exceptions, are already beginning to flop. Their trouble, of course, is technical; they do not know, for instance, how to change the tempo of their action in relation to the distance from the camera. They do not know lighting and they do not know screen make-up. In fact there are thousands and thousands of tricks that old screen actors have learned through years of bitter experience of which they know nothing.

But ah, their voices! Stage actors have learned to speak their lines! Yes—for the stage. But not for the screen. On the stage they had to master the difficult technic of 'putting their lines over' the footlights so that they would reach the furthermost seats in the balconies. No such problem exists in the talkies, for the microphone, only a few feet from their mouths, so sensitive that it 'picks up' even their breathing, performs that service for them. That is why mere extras are constantly stealing scenes from famous actors with big, magnificent voices.

Furthermore, the typical stage voice has become conventionalized. And whereas these conventions may be acceptable in the theater they become pompous and affected in ordinary conversation, and it is ordinary conversation that the talkies are trying to reproduce. Having been trained for years in precise and aggressively cultured diction, the actor has learned to talk—like an actor! Furthermore, with the necessity of over-emphasizing gesture—in order to 'get over' the footlights—they are too unctuous both in speech and pantomime for the screen. Last night I heard and saw a great stage star 'cawnting' and 'chawncing' all over the works and accompanying her theatrical diction and pronunciation with the most overacted gesturing, the falseness of her performance being emphasized by the underacting and natural speech of a film-trained leading man playing opposite her.

Why, for instance, did Irene (Continued on page 92)
The Psychologist Thought: 
“What is There to Analyze?”
But he Discovered that the
Screen’s Storm Center is a 
Fascinating Contradiction

When I was first asked to make a psycho-
analytic portrait of the irrepressible Clara Bow, I thought: What is there to analyze? 
I could hand her a permanent card marked ‘Miss America Plus,’ or ‘Youth of the World XXth Century,’ or, and entirely by way of compliment, ‘Clara Bow.’ Vitality, optimism, a big dash of sensationalism, a quick play of changing emotions, an outdoor above-board quality, a good sport and pal, a beauty that is feminine in its softness but charged with a disturbing energy—she seems the very embodiment of modern American youth of the feminine variety. She is a go-getter, she puts herself across with a bang; everybody likes her; some young men go mad about her; she is a natural little boss; she is blessed with common sense; she is easy-going and an excellent mixer.

“We have her number,” the great audience thinks. Who doesn’t personally know someone like Clara Bow, a little American storm-center, making things fly, pepping up parties, leading on adventures, the old gun-shooting hell-raising pioneer blood coming up to punish a cocktail or go hickety-split in a car in the dark, terrifying her male companion? If women have the upper hand in this nation—and some people think so—we could rename the country Bow-land, an apt description of a passing moment.

And yet such is the variability of human nature, that in the description above, I have only scratched the surface of Clara Bow’s character. She has favored Screen-land with answers to a questionnaire, and here are some of the things she says about herself:

I am extremely self-conscious. 
I am very shy. 
I feel that I am misunderstood by most people. 
I hate to be conspicuous in public. 
I sometimes sulk. 
I sometimes go by moods, prolonged for hours, even for days. 
I like to be alone a good part of the time. 
I am considered deep by others. 
I am somewhat jealous. 
I am easily in a tense condition. 
I have a feeling of inferiority before others.

There is a fascinating contradiction here: a bold go-getter who is shy; a young woman who is a good mixer, a hale-fellow well-met, yet who is self-conscious and feels inferior; an easy-going beauty who is tense; a good sport to whom life is not a game but something serious and even harsh; someone liked by all, yet who feels misunderstood by most. In short, someone who puts herself down as 33 parts an introvert: that is, someone ill-adapted to the world, a dreamer rather than a doer, an inferiority feeling person; to 42 parts an extravert, one who is well-adapted, naturally active, and naturally successful. The numbers run close together: 9 parts more extraverted than introverted; that is, a complicated character whose nature pulls back just a little less than it strides forward; a fear that causes a crouching back and then a blazing leap toward its object; an inner conflict between don’t and do, between failure and conquest, between fear and courage.

Some time ago—too long ago to remember well—I read the autobiography of Clara Bow. It was sad, even though it was interesting reading. The trouble with autobiography is that we see ourselves through a mist of personal emotions, and the painter who knows how to make a likeness of himself is a rare one. Clara wept on her own shoulder, or the reader’s and described her life as a tragic one, from the cradle on. She knew poverty, shabby clothes, and the sniffs of her playfellows in Brooklyn; she knew disappointments in her struggle to rise from a non-entity to a world-famed star. It read like the life of Eleanore Duse, Sarah Bernhardt or Joan of Arc. Clara said she laughed so that she wouldn’t cry, she jazzed to keep from sinking
Psycho-Analyzed

By
James Oppenheim

Clara the introvert: a complicated character whose nature pulls back just a little less than it strides forward.

down in despair.

The facts didn’t agree with this self-portrait. I saw the Irrepressible One in half a dozen pictures and I’m sure Clara couldn’t fool the camera all of the time, nor the public either. She simply sizzled with an energy that swept all before it. Her laughter rang true. That delightful and even dazzling streak of toughness in her was racy, of the earth and of the times.

But I had the experience, just the other day, of seeing (and hearing) “Dangerous Curves.” Then I saw that there was more in Clara Bow than we had thought before. She has developed remarkably, even in the space of a year: she is more truly an actress, she reveals a greater depth of character. She has all of the old bounce, impulsiveness and laughing energy; the blood of jazz runs in her veins; but she has revealed a fund of deep and moving tenderness, a passion that is strong and devastating, a new subtlety of action that is convincing. She was content in a good part of the show, of which she is the star, to remain a little in the shadows while the Kleig lights glared on Richard Arlen. The strain of self-sacrifice that ran through the part was more than a pose.

We may take it for granted then that Miss Bow’s answers to the questionnaire were sincere, whether wholly accurate or not, and that they connect with the dark shadow that lay over her childhood. For a girl to be sneered at by her fellows, to have to wear shabby clothes often enough causes the inferiority complex, the feeling of being little, naked and no good, and hence tends to make the person somewhat introverted— withdrawing a bit from life, shy, hating unpleasant publicity, somewhat self-conscious. But this feeling of inferiority sometimes awakens a counter-feeling of extreme intensity. Just as fear and the feeling of helplessness often send a man into a rage, bringing up even an abnormal courage, so the feeling of inferiority sometimes brings up an ‘I’ll show them all yet’ feeling, a burning ambition, a dream of changing shabbiness for splendor, of rising from a non-entity to a world-fame.

This is why the contradictions in Clara Bow’s nature have brought her to the top, even the feeling of inferiority, of being unable to do it, bringing up powerful resources, reckless courage, an ability to overcome great odds, a laughter conquering tears. Or to put it technically, one with somewhat of the introvert in her who extraverts even more daringly and actively than the normal extravert. That is why I called her Miss America—Plus. The Plus comes from that vaulting ambition, that never-say-die recklessness.

Besides that, if I were to place Miss Bow as a type, I should say that she is, like most women, mainly guided by feeling, feeling being the leading function, but sensation running a close second. She is not only charming, delightful, sociable, quick in her judgments, all due to her developed feeling, but she has played sensation heavily, the sensual element, the love of the spectacular, the itch to get a kick out of everything, the love of change and danger. Feeling is more quiet, as witness, say, the nature of Mary Pickford. Sensation uses the loudspeaker and puts on a wow of an act. It was by depending largely on sensation that Clara Bow put herself across, and kept overcoming her fears and feeling of inferiority. But her recent development has been in the growth and maturing of her feeling and the evidence of more intuition.

If she can go on taking the “Dangerous Curves” as well as she did it in the picture, she will cease being merely Miss America, the Girl with IT, the reckless and beautiful sensationalist, she will become a rarely good actress, of unusual artistic power, with depth and understanding, winning a deeper affection in the public’s heart. But she will always be Clara Bow, the spirit of youth; in a sense the American spirit which hardly knows how to spend all its overflowing...
Could YOU Pass

Passing the Combination of Screen and Talking Picture Makes the Well-Known

By Barton

"We even have scouts searching and questing for the elusive spark. Directors, assistant directors, writers, attaches of the casting office, in fact, almost everybody on the lot are commissioned on our staff to keep their eyes and ears open.

"Character and personality is given more consideration than beauty, and the subject must have a voice that not only registers satisfactorily, but that can be trained or cultivated. Before the advent of all-talking pictures, the selection of possibilities was much easier than

"For many are called but few are chosen!"

Passing the combination of screen and voice tests for a role in an all-talking production at a motion picture studio in Hollywood, makes the frequently mentioned acid test, by comparison, seem like child's play, or a Regent's examination a simple pushover.

Crashing the studio gate, guarded by an ice-cold attendant, is, comparatively speaking, an easy matter, but passing the "combination"—that's a test.

The rigid and meticulously careful process of elimination is often heartbreaking, but, at the same time, it is most interesting. Let James Ryan, director of the test department at the Fox Studio, with twelve years of experience behind him, tell the story in his own way.

"There are several steps to be taken before the actual test is made," said Mr. Ryan. "First, the subject must be found. New faces must be located and we are constantly on the lookout for talent. My staff is always on the alert for screen prospects. We scan the faces of those we meet socially, those on the street, at the theater, in restaurants, hotels, even in church! We call our staff the Christopher Columbus Crew of Talent.
the Talkie Test?

Voice Test for a Role in an All-Acid Test Seem Like Child's Play!

Griffiths

it is now. Today, the applicant must possess the 'combination' of face and voice.

"By reason of my experience, we generally determine by an interview in my office if an applicant even has possibilities. Some are eliminated before they reach the testing stage. Quality of the voice, the conformity of the features and form, expression of the eyes or mouth and personality are the prime factors. Sometimes a defective eye will be offset by a pretty mouth or a marvelous personality will outweigh a photographic defect. Few people are absolutely perfect. The law of compensation in face, figure and fashion has its play here also.

"For some reason, small girls like Janet Gaynor and Lois Moran possess more appeal than a girl of more robust stature. Some girls appear quite ordinary, but on the screen they are transformed. It seems as if their spirit shines out under the camera's eye and the mike's ear. Only a severe test will determine if O. K. or N. G.

"Before all-talking pictures were made, character and personality as well as beauty were required. Now we must also consider the timbre and pitch of voice and the manner of its registration on others' ears. The silent screen artist was compelled to express the heart through facial expression, but now in all-talking productions the heart must be expressed through not only the visage, but the larynx, tonsils, adenoids and buccal cavity have their say!

"When we are satisfied that an applicant has possibilities, the first step is to send her, or him, to the make-up department, supervised by Charles Dudley, where she is skillfully prepared for the test.

"If the candidate passes inspection, she is taken to the test gallery where we shoot 50 feet of film in making a... (Continued on page 101)
Everybody who achieves success in any art is, by very virtue of this success, a critic. But sometimes an artist isn't a great critic of the art he excels in. For instance, there's Lawrence Tibbett.

Tibbett is one of the greatest operatic baritones in the world today. His name is known wherever music is. And he says he's a good critic of plowing!

He got his experience early, for he was born on a farm near Bakersfield, California, at the lower end of the great San Jeaquin Valley. The farms which in his day were plowed over, and yielded raisin, grapes, or grain, are now a forest of towering oil derricks, and black gold is hauled from the once pastoral scene where raisin trees blossomed and onions grew in truck gardens.

And, just as the old farm metamorphosed into the hiding place of unsuspected millions, so did the farmer boy. He studied music, sang on the stage, won his place in opera and triumphed. Not long ago he paid a flying visit to his old home town, on route East on a concert tour. They turned the school children out to strew his path with flowers—children from the very school, among others, where he used to be 'kept after school' when he didn't study his lessons. Such is fame!

Lawrence Tibbett, Opera Star in Talking Pictures, knows his Onions and Raisins

By
Myrene Wentworth

Tibbett, conquering the citadel of grand opera, is now storming another citadel. He is starring in talking pictures, widening a breach in the walls for other singers to follow him. He is the vanguard of opera in the new art of the talking screen.

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios he is acting and singing his way through "Rogue's Song" as a swashbuckling gypsy lover. He sings songs by Lehar and by Herbert Stothart, riding his horse in colorful costume and through colorful adventure.

Great pains are being taken with this production, for it means a great deal to the screen. Lionel Barrymore is directing it. Catherine Dale Owen, beauty from the New York stage and recent leading lady for John Gilbert, is his heroine. Hedda Hopper, Marion Schilling, and other celebrities of the screen and stage are playing with him. And incidentally they didn't engage Tibbett just as a singer, for he is a superb actor as well.

When news came to the studios that the opera star was on his way, studio attaches and (Continued on page 95)
Clara Bow.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
RAMON NOVARRO and DOROTHY JORDAN
in "Devil May Care"
Corinne brought back thirty French berets in different colors.

One of the thirty berets is of white kid, severe but sporty.

An interesting spangled crystal head-dress for evening wear.

Extreme left: Miss Griffith in Worth's favorite evening model for 1930, in the new shade of yellow called marshamallow rose.

Left: Lenief created this suede leather sports coat for Corinne.

Corinne's Agnes turban may be draped three different ways.

Presto! Flaps may be drawn over ears; strings tied snugly in back!

Side flaps may be turned outward; strings tied under chin.

GRIFFITH'S CLOTHES

Extreme right: Corinne wearing a Poiret tea gown of shell-pink satin with rhinestone-beaded chiffon sleeves.

Right: Corinne brought back this sports costume from Paris.

Patou created this unusual sports ensemble for Miss Griffith. The white leather coat has a zipper fastening.
All the lure and mystery of the screen’s most potent personality is reflected in this new study of Greta Garbo.
UNTIL talkies came along, John Boles was just another leading man. Now he is the romantic hero of movie musical comedies.
JOSEPHINE DUNN may be a haughty, naughty girl in pictures, but here she is just a school-girl out for a holiday.
IT IS reported that Grant Withers, Hollywood's handsome sheik, is engaged to Loretta Young. How about it, Loretta?
HEDDA HOPPER has green eyes and a gorgeous personality; and she endows her screen characters with distinction and charm.
THOU WOW!

Hedda Hopper, erstwhile Quaker Girl, is Now the Smart Sophisticate of the Talkies

By Ralph Wheeler

HEDDA HOPPER'S hobby is men.

She admits it. She is proud of it.

"Men with a capital M," she added, "not New York men or Hollywood men, but men, generally!"

One hand gestured in the general direction of the entire masculine world.

"As a general rule men are much more interesting than women. Of course, there are exceptions, but they only serve to prove the rule. Don't you think so?"

I didn't know exactly what I thought. But I agreed. Everyone agrees with Hedda. It may be her throaty, staccato voice which does it. Or it may be the color and force of her personality.

If Hedda's hobby is men, it's another example of the old axiom, 'Turn about is fair play.' Many members of the sterner sex seem to be greatly concerned in making a hobby of the fascinating Hedda. Everywhere she goes, she becomes immediately the center of a group of admiring masculinity.

Until I met her, I believed that such women lived only in the imaginations of writers of fiction and plays. She has been places and seen things. She is still going and seeing. Her sheer joy in life and people is contagious and stimulating.

Hedda has green eyes. She would. I believe that the histories credit Cleopatra and Lilith with eyes of the same jade hue. Hedda's eyes are slightly slanting and usually narrowed. When she looks at you through those quizzically drooping lids, you remember that you need a manicure and hope that your hair is not too noticeably uncured.

To Hedda, dressing is an art. Her clothes speak the language of simple sophistication. This day she was wearing a lemon-colored sports outfit. It was perfect from shoes to soft felt hat of the same golden shade. Its lines—well, after looking at that costume I no longer wondered at Hedda's successful pursuit of her hobby.

But Hedda wasn't always the woman of the world whom the screen, Hollywood Boulevard and Fifth Avenue know today.

Ask Altoona, Pennsylvania, about a girl named Elda Furry. Altoona will tell you the story of an entirely different person.

Elda was not born to the lemon-colored flannels and the smart drawing-rooms of our Hedda. She knew only the grave simplicity of a Quaker household, a quiet-speaking and devout world which shunned the gaieties of life.

Can you imagine the svelte Hedda in a Quaker bonnet and fichu? Neither can I. But she wore them until she was eighteen years old. Then she ran away, changed Elda to Hedda, discarded the cap and fichu for clinging satins and tailored flannels.

"I guess it was the desire for life and success, which really persuaded me to run away from home. The first stirrings of my hobby so to speak," Hedda smiled, thinking of that young Elda, who dutifully spoke her thees and thous while dreaming of the other world beyond the Quaker hills.

"I went to school in Pittsburg, and there I met a girl who was playing in the chorus of a New York musical comedy. I used to sit hour after hour, listening to her exciting stories of Broadway, the bright lights, the gaiety.

"After she went back, she wrote me frequent letters, urging me to try my luck in New York and promising to help me find a job. So I ran away from home, finally, leaving a note on the pincushion in the prescribed manner. The only way in which the story differs from the regular ten-twenty-thirty melodrama is that I did not come home in a snowstorm without a wedding ring.

"The girl made good on her promise. I landed a job in a chorus. For three years I kicked and danced and learned what the theatrical game was all about. When I look back now on that ignorant, (Continued on page 111)
The demands of talking pictures have somewhat cramped the style of the picture folk these days, but they have at least made provision for their play-time so that when they do get a minute they can take full advantage of it.

Play is as important as work. Life is a game. Just as we tackle tennis or parchesi so are we apt to tackle the graver game of life. To play a good game one must first enter into the fun of the play, learn the rules, then play straight. There is no fun when somebody cheats. So it is in life. The lad who laughs and plays straight wins happily. The lad who cheats may win the game, but with it goes, not happiness, but a sour sort of satisfaction. He may win several games, but the funny thing about cheating is that it lets you down at the most embarrassing moments, when to win may mean life or death for you. Parents could do their children an infinite service in life and in business just by teaching them the right way to play their games!

All of which hasn't a whack of a lot to do with Hollywood playrooms, but it is sort of down that street!

Some of the stars take playing very seriously and dip into everything. Others, like Ronnie Coleman, are content with a tennis court, a racket and one or three companions. The serious ones build houses, rooms, porches or gardens which are dedicated to Play. I suppose everyone knows about Ramon Novarro's miniature theater. Ramon almost never gives a party. He and his friends get more fun out of staging concerts and plays of their own. The theater is a part of his house and seats less than a hundred people.

Bessie Love, on the other hand, adores parties. Her home is on the slope of a hill and from one side, particularly, there is a fine view. She had a porch built, sixty feet in length, which is her recreation room. One side is glassed to protect guests from the wind that always blows and is chilly at night. It is furnished with a decided leaning toward Indian art. There are enormous wicker rockers
and runners attached to the walls, so one can comfortably sit on the floor propped with cushions. There are little cactus plants all along the railings and when there are goings-on in the evening the place is flooded with the soft light shed by votive candles.

Bessie said the first thing she did when she and her mother moved in was to give a party. "There wasn't a stick of furniture in the house except a piano and two little iron beds, which eventually found their way to the maids' rooms. Not a chair—not a dresser—nothing! I didn't tell the girls I hadn't any furniture because I knew if I did they wouldn't dress. And I hate not to have the girls dressed formally. I don't mind the men coming in flannels and business suits, but I do like to see the girls dressed up at a party.

"Eddie Brandtatter catered for me and when he arrived to look the place over and see what had to be done, his expression was about the funniest thing I ever saw in my life. But he did a swell job. He fixed a very low table which ran the whole length of the porch and then he got all the pillows he could lay his hands on in the whole city of Los Angeles and stacked them all over the floor of the porch and living rooms. There were hundreds of

them. I love them, anyway. Much more comfortable than chairs. 'Bigger and better pillows' has been my motto ever since."

Julia Faye pays all her social debts in the summer time because her playroom is a garden. In the winter she can have seven or eight guests for dinner, but no big parties, for her dining-room table only holds ten. The garden is walled in and lined with conventional flower borders for which her mother does most of the planting herself. At one end is a barbecue from which the dinners are always served. Under a pergola there is a place for musicians and there are four sections of flooring which are laid down covering the whole lawn for dancing. Julia has two young cousins whom she declares got far more (Continued on page 104)
Olive Borden is not married, and is not even sure that she has been in love, but she has her ideals.

The clinging vine is a pretty myth that men dream of because it makes them feel strong and superior," states Olive.

Olive Borden believes love can't be catalogued and draws conclusions on the world's oldest emotion

You Can't

By Ruth

Love and matrimony so often prove ephemeral in Hollywood that any tips on how to make them permanent are valuable.

Not so long ago, an intrepid soul rushed into print with the news that the girl who would hold her man must keep him busy taking her around and keep him poor spending money on her.

Which rule is repudiated by two of our youngest, handsomest and most popular stars.

"I wouldn't have a man I had to hold!" cries Olive Borden, her dark eyes flashing. "It seems to me like playing games with the most sacred thing that can happen to you. Love shouldn't be a matter of 'If I do this, he'll think I mean that, and then he'll do so-and-so!' Real love should be rooted in sincerity. I'd hate to feel that I had to pretend about it.

"I'm not married, and I'm not sure I've ever really been in love, but like most girls I have ideals. I'd want to be trusted absolutely, and I'd feel there was something the matter with our marriage if I had to worry about holding the man who cared for me."

"Seems like a perpetual escort would get mighty tired of his job," observes Buddy Rogers, sagely. "I like family life. My folks are all coming out to live with me—Dad's giving up his newspaper to come, and he'll manage my affairs—and then I'll leave the Athletic Club and have a home. I'm wild about a home. Why should a man enjoy being dragged out of it every night?

"I hardly know what to think about women. I've never gone with one girl more than a month or so at a time, and I haven't had time to think much about marriage, but just looking at it from the outside, seems like you're more likely to stick if you're good comrades."

"A good comrade who liked the same things, or at least sympathized with my liking for certain things would be nice," admits Olive.

"I've noticed that most men like the domestic type of woman pretty well. I wonder if I'd ever qualify as domestic? I've never had time to find out. But I love the very idea of a home. Not a tremendous establishment, but a real home with a fireplace and real logs, where my friends and my husband's friends would be welcome, and yet where we could be alone, too. I wouldn't like my home to be a roadhouse!"

"I'd like to have it stand for all the sweet, simple, lovely things of life—not for ostentation or formality or keeping up with the neighbors.

"Sometimes I think that the thing that spoils romance, marriage, or any relation is success."

"When people are poor and struggling, they seem to stick together and be sweet about it, but the minute they are successful they seem to grow hard and cold and selfish."
Buddy Rogers says that if marriage is to hold, there must be understanding and good comradeship.

"Looking on from the outside," says Buddy Rogers, bachelor, "I reckon marriage is more or less of a gamble."

Buddy believes the ideal girl should be the mothering type who would consider his comfort. Well, lots of girls would!

'TYPE' LOVE!

Tildesley

Why is that, I wonder? The poor boy remembers to bring home candy on special days, even if all he can afford is five cents' worth in a paper sack, and the girl ponders over what she can fix for him to eat. 'He should have something good—he works so hard!' or 'If I do without a movie, I can afford a better steak for him, he is so brave and sweet!'

"But the minute success runs up its flag, each one suddenly begins to think 'I-I.' 'I must have so-and-so to make up for all I've been through!' I must spend more on myself, people expect it!""

Buddy, believes, however, that many girls feel there is something lacking in an unsuccessful man. From his observation, jealousy is the chief reason for wreck of the marital brig.

"But you couldn’t be jealous if you weren’t playing games with love," asserts Olive. "Great stress is being laid on the value of elusiveness. Keeping them guessing is advocated. It’s just too much for me! I have work to do, and I can’t be bothered wondering what he meant by this or that. If a man cares for me, let him show it, so I’ll know where I stand. This guessing business looks like deceiving each other to me, cheapening love, tarnishing a beautiful thing.

"Why don’t men feel like that? But perhaps they like to wonder."

"Yes, a little guessing keeps one interested," admits Buddy. "But he believes that the ideal girl should be the mothering type, who would consider his comfort and run after him with his rubber bands when it rains. A girl who knows how to cook and sew and run a house, although she needn’t necessarily do any of these things.

"A number of girls as well as men in Hollywood like to be babied," returns Olive. "It makes them feel important to have someone mothering them, perhaps. But as for me, I don’t yearn to bring up a husband. I’ll take him fully grown. I don’t care to be babied, either. I think if a girl is old enough to be married, she is old enough to be treated as a woman, not as a child.

"One of the chief ideals of all men is the clinging vine, so-called. The truth of the matter is that she doesn’t exist. She’s a pretty myth that men dream of, not because they’d really like her, but because they’ve read and heard of her and think she would make them feel strong and superior.

"But if a man’s wife looked helpless and murmured: ‘I don’t know how—you do it, darling!’ every time she was asked to telephone or buy tickets or drive a car, there’d be a different story. The helpless female is all very well at a distance. Men are so used to the independent girl who does something about whatever happens instead of wringing her hands and sobbing, or gently fainting away, that they would think there was'' (Continued on page 105)
It is rumored that some few Broadway stars packed a superiority complex in with the latest dress models when they departed for Hollywood. But Ann Harding is not one of them. Take it from the studio maid and hairdresser who attend her, the star who scintillated so brightly in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "The Woman Disputed," "Tarnish" and other New York successes, absolutely neglected to equip herself with an inflated ego when she came West.

It was on the set at the Pathé Studio where she was working in her second dialog picture, "Her Private Affair," that I learned of Miss Harding's negligence in this respect. Alice, the studio maid, and Gladys, the hairdresser, were chatting just outside the door of Miss Harding's portable dressing-room when the young actress and her husband, Harry Bannister, who plays with her in "Her Private Affair," appeared.

"Well, here's our baby," said Alice in decidedly motherly, albeit not at all 'maidenly' fashion, if one may be permitted a poor pun. However, the friendly greeting seemed to ruffle the beautiful Ann's composure not at all.

"Oh, you sweet things!" she cried. "Here you are waiting for me, after working so late last night."

It seems that Alice and Gladys had worked the previous evening preparing Kay Hammond, who plays an important part in "Her Private Affair," for some sequences in which Miss Harding did not appear. Hence her appreciation at their early presence on the set—a fact, gentle reader, which only too many stars would have taken for granted.

After Gladys had dressed Ann's long golden tresses in a bewitching and very sophisticated off-the-ear fashion, and Alice had garbed her in the beaded chartreuse chiffon gown she wore in the morning's scenes, I found a chair beside the two obvious admirers of the star.

"You like Miss Harding, don't you?" I questioned.

"Like her?" asked Alice. "Who wouldn't? She's an angel. There are no pretenses or little poses about that young lady. And do you know why?"

I did not, but signified that I would be interested in finding out.

"Because she was born a lady," explained Alice in effect. "There are those who scoff at the part good family, good blood and good breeding play in a person's character, but I'm not one of them.

"I've seen stars who started out as the daughters of servants—some as servants themselves. As they climbed to the top of the ladder they felt necessary to adopt affectations and temperamental gestures to prove to themselves that there was nobody higher up than they were. I've read books on psychology in which this is described as 'an inferiority complex,' and I think it's true. In their innermost minds such people are aware that they have not had the advantages of education and environment enjoyed by people who had always had money, so they felt that they had to go to them one better in other ways.

"Now, Miss Harding is entirely different. She is the daughter of a general in the United States army. Her
Ann Harding has Won Hollywood with her Beauty and Charm

family has been one of the finest in the country since the Revolution. She had just as many advantages in life before she began to be a successful actress as she could possibly have now. And when she cut herself adrift from her family to go on the stage, she had a couple of years of decidedly hard going, so she also knows what it is to earn a living and work hard and economize. As a result she is finely balanced. She is equally at home in several different spheres of life.

"Miss Harding is a wonderful actress, but she works hard and gives everything she has to make each part perfect. For that reason, I think she has a great deal of respect for anyone who works hard at whatever he is doing, no matter what the occupation, and who is successful at it. She is friendly to everyone, and it is not a condescending friendliness either, but a real heart-whole interest in the work which is the main interest of someone else.

"Then, too, she is beautifully happy. God bless her, she deserves it! I think it perfectly beautiful to see her and Mr. Bannister together. He is so proud of her youth and beauty and ability, while she defers to his judgment in so many matters, and is just as proud of his work as he is of hers.

"Let me tell you something. A little extra girl who had been married once, very unhappily, worked on this set a couple of days last week. She had been thinking of marrying again—a young business man who seemed to be very much in love with her. But she had been disillusioned once, and she was afraid that it would be the same old story of boredom and lies and wandering apart just as soon as the honeymoon glamour wore off.

"Well, after working a few days around Miss Harding and Mr. Bannister, she told me that she had made up her mind that nothing in life could be as beautiful as a happy marriage, and she was going to take a chance. Now, isn't that lovely? And don't you think it wonderful that they are playing husband and wife in this picture? Their love scenes should be convincing."

"And you don't find that she considers herself a little bit—well, superior—to her director and the screen players in her pictures?"

"Say," Gladys took up the story, "all that girl is interested in is making her pictures as good as she can. She wants to absorb everything anyone who has been in a studio for years can tell her. And I bet she was just the same way when she started on the stage. That's probably why she was so successful.

"You know what a clear, musical voice she has. Well, my dear, after almost every scene she asks the recording engineers just how it sounded to them, so that she can tone it down or speak louder as they think best. She knew all about stage make-up but when she found screen make-up was something else again, she started out to absorb all she could on this subject, too. She knows exactly what she herself likes in the way of clothes, but if she finds that the line or color she prefers might not photograph well, she is perfectly willing to alter her opinions.

"Take her (Continued on page 96)
It isn't the Initial Cost, it's the Upkeep—and Nobody Knows it Better than the Stars!

Jean Hersholt, the character actor, lives in this aristocratic home in Beverly Hills. Here's Jean playing ball with Junior on the front lawn.

The UPKEEP

By Herbert

The stern jurist gazed upon the prisoner. The man had just confessed to murder as a profession.

"Do you mean to tell me," thundered the Law, "that you killed the deceased for a paltry two dollars?"

"Well, Judge, your honor," cheerily responded the felon, "you know it is—a couple of dollars here—a couple of dollars there—!"

No, you're wrong. This is not a column devoted to songs, dances and witty sayings. It is the sad, sad story of stars and star-dust. The gold dust that comes from the silver screen. Comes—and goes. And in its going leaves incredulous amazement upon pretty faces, and dainty footprints on the sands of bankruptcy courts. This is a tale of the high cost of stardom.

Scarce a hand has forced its way into the movie apple barrel but what it has emerged with a fat golden pip-pip. And nine times in ten, just as the initial nibble is being enjoyed, the sardonic voice of Fate is heard to chuckle:

"There ain't goin' to be no core!"

Most of us are in the ten-twenty-thirty class. Our lives are simple, ordered things consisting of a home, a job and Sunday. The three buck salary rise—which should have been five—is something of an event. But it doesn't change us much. Nor does it materially alter our mode of what is laughingly called living. Naturally we wonder how a movie star making five or ten—or even one thousand dollars each week, can ever spend the money. All we would wish for would be, say ten weeks' work at five thousand per—or better yet, five weeks' work at ten thousand per. A grand
In it Comes and Out it Goes—a Couple of Millions Here, a Couple of Millions There!

of their CAREERS

Cruikshank

total of fifty thousand—and we’d retire, you bet. But, listen—there’s a trick in it.

All right—abracadabra and other expressions of magic—now you’re a star! Overnight your salary is increased from fifteen to fifteen hundred dollars a week. What happens? It’s off with the old and on with the new—and that goes right down to your step-ins, or the old cambric athletics. As a princess, or a prince of stardom, you must dress the part. It’s all in the racket. No more fifteen dollar dresses, or thirty dollar suits. Fifteen berries is now the price of an ordinary pair of street shoes. ‘Buddy’ Rogers, not as loose as ashes with his dough, pays from $115 to $165 for every suit. No two pairs of pants, either.

And, of course, it’s bye-bye to the comfy little two-family house, or the four-room apartment consisting of bed, bath, kitchenette and dumb-waiter. The De Luxe Pictures Corporation couldn’t think of having one of its players calling such a simple dump ‘home.’ You must immediately cease to live, and in future reside somewhere. Somewhere in Hollywood, of course.

Now there are lots of cozy places in Hollywood rentable for fifty or sixty dollars a month. They’d have been grand when you were back of the old soda fountain, or pounding the keys. But now that you’re a star—they’re out. After shopping around a bit you may find a modestly furnished place for about $300 a month. If you do, you’re lucky. But we’ll give you a break because you’re new in the game. And that’s more than Hollywood will do.

You’re not a great, big star at $1500 a week. (Continued on page 98)

In H. B. Warner’s library are a pair of lamps which are known to have graced an Oriental temple of Confucius more than 1,000 years ago.

In H. B. Warner’s library are a pair of lamps which are known to have graced an Oriental temple of Confucius more than 1,000 years ago.
Reviews of the
By Delight Evans

RIO RITA

GORGEOUS, glamorous show! The wise ones may tell you that the technique of "RIO RITA" is that of the 'legitimate' musical comedy. But I can't worry about that when I am having such a good time. It's a $5.50 Broadway show on the screen. Luther Reed has directed with speed and sparkle. Music—sets—singing—comedy are all big-time. Bebe Daniels is a sweet sensation optically and vocally as the alluring Rita. Bebe's voice matches her rich and vivid personality. Bert Bushell is natural and graceful. John Boles as the Texas ranger will fire his fans to fresh enthusiasm. The team of Bert Wheeler and Bobby Woolsey contributes unforced and infectious talkie comedy. Bert will never go back to Broadway in person if my applause will help to keep him in Hollywood. "RIO RITA" is a happy marriage of screen and stage talent. Bless you, my children!

DISRAELI

GEORGE, ARLISS talking! The eminent actor brings his "Disraeli" to the screen with highly satisfactory results. It is a refreshing picture, with no theme song except God Save the Queen. The great Dizzy is one of Mr. Arliss' most popular portrayals, and I'm glad that the Warners have seen fit to preserve him in celluloid, with not the slightest concession to 'box-office.' They have their reward—"Disraeli" has turned out to be box-office after all, and in a big way. The Broadway audience I sat with had come to see Arliss in "Disraeli" and knew what they were doing, for they fidgetted during the half hour of 'shorts' which preceded the feature; they were in a hurry to steep themselves in the quieter and quieter times of England's picturesque statesman. Arliss is superb. Mrs. Arliss plays Lady Beaconsfield. Joan Bennett and Anthony Bushell supply the young-love interest.

MARIANNE

My favorite of all the big musical movies—so far. "Marianne" is a doughboy's dream of a lovely war—sheer comic fiction. It aims to be rousing and rowdy entertainment, and it succeeds. Robert Leonard's direction is hearty and human. But after all, it is Marion Davies' own special triumph. She plays a French peasant girl—blouse, accent, and all—and it's the hardest role any screen star has attempted in the talkies. She can't depend upon beauty or wardrobe. She must swing from broad comedy to delicate pathos and back again. It's an acting achievement. And the Davies imitation of Chevalier is a classic. Lawrence Gray is next for honors with a grand singing voice and more masculine charm than you've met before in one talkie actor. He's the new idol. Just You Just Me will be the world's favorite theme song if my whistling can put it over.
Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects the Six Most Important Films of the Month

APPLAUSE

"APPLAUSE"—with and for Helen Morgan! She is a night-club star who has risen to considerable prominence in New York lately. Her film feature reveals her as an important dramatic actress. The girl who can sing sentimental ballads like Can't Help Lovin' That Man, and make you like it with a few flutters of her hands and catches in her voice is an amazing artist. As Kitty Darling, blonde burlesque queen in the picture version of Beth Brown's interesting novel, Miss Morgan approaches greatness. She is Kitty, and that's all there is to it—except, perhaps, a little technique and hard work. Rouben Mamoulian directed with occasional inspiration and consistent promise. He will do better work when he is not so fascinated with camera angles. It's his first picture, Joan Feers, newcomer, is nice. Henry Wadsworth, also new, is even nicer. But—more Morgan!

They Had to See Paris

WILL ROGERS, almost in person! The Rogers personality, such a panic on the stage, never quite registered on the screen until talkies came along. Now Will is a wow. His first talkie is excellent entertainment of the home-spun variety. It's 100% American, all right. Rogers is an American classic and his film is a worthy monument to his well-known wit. He plays a 'new' millionaire whose wife and children drag him to Europe for the 'background.' Once there, Will is neglected for the pleasures of Paris: his wife goes in for society, his daughter for a French count, his son for the Latin Quarter. Will is left alone—no, not quite alone. There's Fifi Dorsay; and she's fun. Rogers shares honors with Irene Rich, who is great. Owen Davis Jr. and Marguerite Churchill are clever youngsters. Incidentally, you may plan a family theater party for this one and not feel embarrassed!

Welcome Danger

HAROLD LLOYD'S first talking picture—and, not to keep you in suspense, you'll like it. The addition of clever dialog makes the antics of the spectacled comedian just so much funnier. "Welcome Danger" is a 'typical' Lloyd comedy in that it is built up carefully, sustained cleverly, and climaxes in a terrific explosion of mirth. The last few reels contain some of his most convulsive comedy. The funniest scene in the entire picture depends upon sound to put it across. Noah Young helps, too, like the leisurely beginning in which we are introduced to The Boy and The Girl and allowed to become acquainted before the siege of slapstick starts. But my favorite scene of all, also dependent upon dialog for its effect, is Harold's bashful attempt to propose to Barbara Kent. It is human and natural and nice. And I hear it was mostly 'ad-libbing.' Smart boy, Harold!
Sweetie

Here's the first collegiate movie musical comedy with Nancy Carroll, Helen Kane, Jack Oakie, and a new boy, Stanley Smith, participating. It's very juvenile entertainment; but unless you are an old fogy who hates boys and girls and can't bear football games, you'll enjoy it. At least it doesn't pretend to be anything but very young and very fresh. A chorus girl, Nancy Carroll, inherits a boys' school—and brings a little bit of Broadway to the classic halls of learning. And who'll complain? Jack Oakie enrolls and changes Alma Mater to Alma Mammy, and has the time of his life. I had mine when Helen Kane sang her balcony song to a frightened Romeo. Miss Kane is the audible Clara Bow. I am all in favor of having her starred. Let's get up a petition. Screenland christened her 'Sugar' Kane and now she's being billed that way. Leave it to us to pick them!

Her Private Affair

Not, as the title might imply, a frisky farce, but a tense drama involving a married lady's indiscretion. In fact, this married lady is so indiscreet as to commit murder—justifiable, perhaps, but nevertheless murder. An innocent man is accused of her crime; her husband is a learned judge; she has a conscience—and so she suffers. Since Ann Harding is the harassed lady, you will be interested and even touched by her troubles. Miss Harding is perhaps the loveliest of the stage stars to crash Hollywood; she has youth, ability, and her own particular brand of potent charm. What I like best about her is her apparent unconcern with her own beauty. She has the naturalness usually associated only with plain women. She gives a notable performance in this picture, and opposite her is her husband, Harry Bannister, a good actor. And those love scenes are real.

Why Bring That Up?

I'll bite, why? Moran and Mack are laugh experts in their line but is their line an elaborate screen revue? Why not make a series of short subjects of these two popular black-face artists and let us listen to their early-bird discussions and have our fun and then let us go home? Of course I know that "Why Bring That Up?" will attract all the admirers of the team, and if they like the surrounding scenery, then tell me I'm wrong. Not that the musical comedy atmosphere in this picture is inferior to that in a dozen other offerings; but the novelty has worn off. Records and radio have brought the Moran-Mack dialog into the home and family clowns have repeated it until it really seems that the team should find a new line. Or the family clowns will have to go to work.

The Painted Angel

Last month Screenland told you that Billie Dove was talking for the first time on the screen. This month I'm telling you that you'll hear Billie sing and see her dance for the first time in "The Painted Angel." Watch next month's Screenland to see what Billie will be up to next! It was in Professor Ziegfeld's Follies that Billie received her initiation into Missus Terpsichore's—and Old Mammy Vocal Chord's—realm, but here this beautiful lady is placed in lavish surroundings that almost out-Ziegfeld Ziggie. And Billie acquits herself in great shape—leave that to her. As a night-club queen, she leads a beauty chorus, bosses the girls behind the scenes, and makes Eddie Lowe's life miserable as well as eventful, besides stirring up strife among the men-folk. Wait until you see Billie's wild-west number, which she puts over with a bang and a boops-dooop.
The Return of Sherlock Holmes

The king of all criminologists, Sherlock Holmes, finds his ideal interpreter in the suave Clive Brook. All Sherlock fans must see and hear the master detective tracking down his arch enemy, Moriaity, in this talkie. Sherlock Holmes, like Peter Pan, has perennial charms, particularly with Paramount's prize English star contributing his excellent voice and elegant diction to the rôle. Another Englishman, Basil Dean, was entrusted with the direction, which moves somewhat slowly according to Hollywood standards, but has some distinction nevertheless. Holmes is called upon to rescue Phillips Holmes—no relation—from Moriaity's clutches so that the young man may marry Dr. Watson's fair daughter. It will amuse you to see the immaculate Clive Brook assuming strange disguises, Harry T. Morey, an old favorite, returns with honors as Moriaity. "Marvelous, Holmes, marvelous!" "Elementary, my dear Watson—elementary!"

Broadway Scandals

This screen musical show will entertain practically everybody, with the possible exception of Georgie White. It is crammed with chorus girls and elaborate numbers employing a run-way over the audience—oh, not your audience, silly, just the audience on the screen. Even so, this intimate number packs considerable kick as Carmel Myers leads it, and the costumes are the sketchiest so far devised for a film chorus. Sally O'Neil is the sweet heroine, Carmel the naughty vamp, and a new young juvenile is the man disputed. I thought he was Buddy Rogers for a minute; but Jack Egan only looks something like Buddy. Jack has a personality of his own, a nice voice, and the kind of appeal generally known as boyish—which means it works. More back-stage stuff, the best scene being that in which the vamp forgets her French accent and goes back, figuratively, to the Bronx. Young Mr. Egan's fan mail will be getting heavier.

A Hollywood Star

Excuse me while I guffaw. Here's a really funny picture. It's Mack Sennett back in his old splendid form and up to new tricks at one and the same time. This short feature comedy is the first burlesque of the talkies. Mr. Sennett presents Andy Clyde as a small-town motion picture exhibitor all a-twitter because Jack Marlowe, western star, is to make a personal appearance in conjunction with his first talking picture, "Rose of the Badlands." The local gentry turn out for Jack and the theater is packed; but alas, after a beautiful speech of welcome the talkie mechanism goes all wrong, and no sound issues from the moving lips of our hero. Anyone who has ever suffered through a talkie that forgot to talk—and who hasn't—will have to be carried out of the theater along about this time. Harry Gribbon plays the comic hero in classic style. An original Sennetter with new ideas.

Jazz Heaven

Not another back-stage picture. That's the time they fooled you! "Jazz Heaven" concerns itself with the output of Tin-pan Alley; but instead of the usual theater atmosphere and endless chorus numbers it offers a pleasant diversion in the way of a boy and a girl in love against the background of a music publishing house. The boy—Johnny Mack Brown—has a voice and a piano and uses both, and Sally, besides the O'Neil charms, has a job as a song demonstrator. It isn't much of a story and it won't surprise anyone in the audience to find the young stars blossoming into radio broadcasters before the picture is over. Joseph Cawthorne as the senior partner of the music publishing company, walks away with the show. This veteran comedian can stay in Hollywood as long as he likes. The theme song, Someone, is hummable and croonable.
The Unholy Night

A mystery melodrama so involved that you can't be sure what it's all about even when it's all cleared up. But mystery addicts may love it, for there's sufficient spooky stuff going on to supply a dozen dramas with scares and sound effects. The picture begins in a fog and some members of the audience remain in one all the way through. A grand cast—Ernest Torrence, Roland Young, Dorothy Sebastian, Natalie Moorhead, Polly Moran, John Loder, and Sojin. Well, it all depends upon your mood—if you crave shocks and Scotland Yard atmosphere you must go; but remember—not recommended to light sleepers.

Salute

A charming, clean little picture about two Annapolis boys and their girl friends: George O'Brien, William Janney, Helen Chandler, and Joyce Compton. Stepin Fetchit supplies the comedy, a football game the excitement, and navy cadets on drill the atmosphere. Not an important picture but well worth your time and ticket. John Ford directed.

A Most Immoral Lady

Don't be frightened by the title. You may take grandma with perfect safety. Besides Leatrice Joy and Walter Pidgeon, there is Sidney Blackmer (Mr. Lenore Ulric) in his film debut, and Sidney almost romps off with the picture. The story tells of a nice girl, Leatrice, whose husband, Sidney, makes her help him blackmail her gentleman admirers.

The Girl in the Show

Adapted from a stage play, "Eva the Fifth," this is not a worthy vehicle for the versatile talents of Bessie Love. Great little trouper that she is, she can't put this weak one over. It's about an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe in which Bessie plays Eva and Raymond Hackett Legree. A good cast wasted on indifferent material.

Hard to Get

Put this nice little picture on your 'must' list. Starring lovely Dorothy Mackaill, with Jack Mulhall and Jack Oakie in the cast, it's a sure-fire prescription for the blues on the night it rained when someone tore up your rubbers. All about a shop girl beloved by an automobile mechanic, who is all agog when a millionaire asks her to marry him.
His Glorious Night

Of course you won't want to miss John Gilbert's first talking picture. It has had a varied reception; some audiences were hot, some cold. Others just laughed. Gilbert's well-known appeal seems not so potent when he speaks his lines. It may be the fault of the story. A romantic costume play was hardly a wise choice for this good actor's talkie debut. It's hard enough to be convincing in plain clothes, and Jack has to appear in a wardrobe of fancy uniforms. He plays a dashing captain in love with a haughty princess — Catherine Dale Owen, who also suffers from an unconvincing assignment. Let's give them both another chance.

Venus

This is Constance Talmadge's latest and, they say, last picture. We hope it isn't true because Connie's glamorous career as a clever comedienne merits a better swan song. Produced on the continent, it stacks up neither as a good Talmadge vehicle nor as an entertaining film. Only probable interest is in the European setting. Sorry!

Evidence

Pauline Frederick at last finds an emotional rôle worthy of her splendid talents. Here she is seen as a wife and mother who is a victim of circumstantial evidence. Yes, there's a court-room scene. Miss Frederick's charm and dignity were never more pleasing. She is ably supported by William Courtenay, Lowell Sherman, and Conway Tearle.

Illusion

Not much for Charles Rogers or Nancy Carroll in this picture. These two youngsters deserve the best material obtainable but they were not so fortunate here. The Buddy Rogers following will hardly take to their favorite juvenile in this rôle of a magician and Nancy never has an adequate chance to do her stuff. Better luck next time.

Dark Streets

Presenting the first dual rôle in talking pictures, with Jack Mulhall doubling for himself. Besides giving Jack the best part he ever had it offers a splendid picture of the underworld, filled with thrills and interspersed with comedy. Lila Lee is charming. You won't blame these 'openers'—I mean this pair of Jacks for falling for her!
GROWING UP

Jean Arthur is on the High Road to Stardom

By John Godfrey

For whatever she is, for whatever she will be, Jean Arthur can thank Jean Arthur.

She is one of Hollywood's most interesting young personalities. By nature, she has a lure of mystery which few American actresses have. By training, she has the determination of a young business man.

Jean Arthur has done what most girls couldn't. Instead of having a manager to act as contact with the outside world, she has fought alone. During these five years she has developed from a rather plain high school girl into an interesting actress who can be classified as neither ingenue, leading woman nor menace, playing dumb-bell flappers and smart debutantes with uniform success.

With "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu," "The Greene Murder Case" and "The Saturday Night Kid" to her credit, Jean Arthur is about to realize the result of her remarkable courage. She worked almost four years before her first chance came, and those years have made her the Jean Arthur of today. She is a sensitive, cultured girl who, one would think, could not stand opposition and defeat for any length of time. But disappointments have given her a calm outlook on life. Nothing that anyone could say about her could disturb her now. It would hurt her, but in these years she has gained the poise of a woman twice her age.

Jean Arthur would have been a college girl today if she hadn't accompanied two of her friends to a commercial photographer's studio during her freshman year at high school in New York City. She was a plain girl with long hair and there were freckles on her face. Nevertheless, when one girl was late the photographer asked Jean to pose for a hat advertisement, and she was given a five dollar bill for the half hour's work. To her great surprise, the developed print showed excellent photographic qualities. Right there her career began. Since Jean was fourteen years old she has supported herself, and has done it well.

With a group of girls under contract to a big film company, she came to Hollywood. Her mother accompanied her, although it was against the entire family's judgment that their daughter become an actress. Jean has a large inheritance of determination, so sweetly and politely she told her folks that she had done well enough and for them to wait and see. Many a time the advice of her family against her career prompted her to go on.

Miss Arthur's initial disappointment in Hollywood was in being taken out of her first important part and put into westerns and comedies for the remainder of the contract. She worked around Hollywood for years. During the first years of the film colony, defeat came so often that Jean finally took hold of herself and realized that those periods in which she was sunk in (Continued on page 110)
JEAN ARTHUR worked hard and never missed an opportunity. Reward: a nice long-term contract and bigger parts.
WILLIAM POWELL has stepped out of character. From suave crook rôles he emerges to stardom as a fascinating hero.
LILLIAN GISH is making her all-dialog picture debut in "The Swan," a romantic comedy adapted from Ferencz Molnar’s play.
ENGAGING grin and athletic prowess are not George O'Brien's only claims to popularity. He is a good talkie actor, too.
JOAN BENNETT can't live down the fact that she's the littlest Bennett. But she's fast growing up into a versatile trouper.
BLOUTES are still preferred on the Pathé lot and Carol Lombard—note the particularly stunning coiffure—is one of them.
BEN LYON is now qualified as a transport pilot. When will Ben and Bebe take that co-starring flyer in films?
LLOYD HUGHES found new popularity when he added a fine singing voice to his other screen qualifications.
The
SURPRISE
VOICE

Lloyd Hughes Discovers he can Sing and Steps into a New Screen Career

By Jason Carroll

"KFWB speaking. This is the First National Radio hour. We have a surprise for you tonight, folks. Lloyd Hughes will sing for you. His selections will be Rose of My Heart and I Kiss Your Hand, Madame. Introducing Mr. Hughes!"

Henceforth, Lloyd Hughes’ voice will need no introduction. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed the Warner Brothers radio station in Hollywood was swamped with telephone calls demanding more of Lloyd Hughes.

Within another twenty-four hours he had triumphantly scored a hit in a singing test at the RKO studios, and won the leading rôle opposite the vivacious Bebe Daniels in “Love Comes Along.” A coincidence indeed, as Bebe’s own surprise voice in “Rio Rita” won her new and greater screen fame.

Within the next ten days, a thousand-and-one letters were received from radio and screen fans throughout the country, demanding the same and more of it. Nearly every writer expressed astonishment that the formerly silent screen star possesses such a splendid voice. (It’s a dramatic tenor, with fine tonal quality, clarity and resonance.)

The radio and picture fans have nothing on the astonished Hollywood studio folks when it comes to the Hughes voice. For several months now Lloyd has wisely held his own counsel around the studios during the making of pictures. Beyond knowing that the player possessed a fine recording voice in speaking lines, the studio staffs were none the wiser. Unlike many who have rushed in where angels fear to tread, the modest Lloyd guarded his secret well, meantime perfecting his voice under one of the finest singers in Los Angeles. He knew he could sing well enough to get by any old time in musical pictures, but he had bigger and better ideas.

Not once in any of his talking screen tests at the studios did he reveal his singing voice. He waited until he was sure he could really surprise his own crowd.

Overnight, as it were, Lloyd has found a new popularity not only with the public, but with the producers and directors of pictures. A handsome screen actor who can speak lines is considered a golden nugget, but when a rich romantic singing voice is added to these qualities, we have an eighteen-karat diamond. Of course, he is not a Lawrence Tibbett, a Rudy Valee, an Al Jolson or a Maurice Chevalier, but he will most certainly please the world of theater-goers with his voice. In other words, Mr. Hughes stands on the brink of a new and exceedingly promising picture career.

One evening after his radio debut the bashful owner of the surprise voice was corralled by several well-wishing old picture colleagues with whom he had often played. He was billed to sing a return engagement by special request.

“What was the big idea in not letting us in on it?” was the most popular and somewhat indignant question.

“Shucks,” stammered Lloyd, “I didn’t think so much of my voice. And I don’t now. Say, I’m just a beginner. If it’s good enough now, after a year’s study, to get me by before the mikes, I’ll be tickled to death.”

It is odd that he has never sung before, nor even indulged in vocal lessons, because of his fine natural voice. Most boys from small towns manage to sing in a glee club or play musical instruments in the town band before attaining their majority. Listen to Buddy Rogers. But Lloyd never did.

“Well, I have done my share of harmonizing with the boys in impromptu quartets, but never seriously. And there is one thing I want"
ON LOCATION
with
MARY NOLAN
By
Helen Ludlam

This is a sort of double-header location. That is to say, it is killing two birds with one stone, which further elucidated, means that the spot John Robertson chose for his location will be of special interest to the fans because it is Noah Beery's Paradise Trout Club.

It is only 88 miles from Los Angeles and the biggest surprise in the world. You go through desert roads with nothing but cactus and sand and here and there a tiny cottage and little patch of cultivation that tells of a brave returned soldier, trying to wrest a living from the government land he bought. Then suddenly, without noticing that you have been going up hill, so gradual is the rise, you find yourself a mile high and surrounded by tall pines. And there is Noah Beery's Paradise.

The company was working along the bank of one of the streams about five hundred feet from the main lodge. The situation was that Jimmy Murray and Mary Nolan had met in China during one of the bandit uprisings. The two Americans had to flee for their lives and fate took this opportunity to bring the two young people together. The girl and boy fought many dangers on their way back to Peking and when I found them they were resting by the side of this charming brook. There had been rain, and Mary, with a brilliant shawl for a garment, had hung up her frock to dry. She had all the comforts of home spread about; an army blanket to rest upon and a portable victrola to cheer her up. They had bummed a ride in an old ox cart and the animals with their native driver were taking advantage of the siesta. Jimmy had built a little fire so the frock would dry more quickly and the two young things were fast falling in love. In fact they were already, but had not told each other so. There was difficulty in that because Jimmy, who had escaped from prison for stealing a loaf of bread to keep from starving, thought that Mary was a great lady and far above him; while Mary, who was a girl of the streets, thought that Jimmy was a great gentleman and far above her! And so Puck and Cupid and all the rest of the woody band were having a fine time watching Jimmy and Mary battle with Nature.

Mary is certainly an alluring young woman and about the biggest chatter-box I have ever heard either inside or outside of a studio! Between scenes her tongue was never still. She was as full of pranks as a ten-year-old child, which amused her little colored maid extremely. It disturbed Mary to see people moving about while a scene was going on. She was lying on her back staring up at the trees while Jimmy went to the spring for water. Each was battling with his own emotions to keep from letting the other know how terribly they were in love.

Because of the delicacy of the scene it was more inspiring to Mary to look up at the trees and the sky and all space beyond it than at people who had nothing to do with the action. As she was rehearsing it her maid walked in front of her.

"Ella!" Mary cried. "Go right over there and sit down! If you don't sit down and stay down I don't know what I will do to you."

She spoke as I have heard many a ten-year-old girl scold its doll. And then she burst out laughing. Ella was laughing, too. I don't want to give the impression that I believe Mary to be a child in everything, because I think that she is a very sophisticated young lady; but
“The Shanghai Lady” Invites You to Come Along and Watch her Work!

Paradise Trout Club. In the picture above you see the crew and Mary while Screenland’s Location Lady looks on.

Helen Ludlam says Mary Nolan is as natural and elfin as a ten-year-old child. She was really afraid to touch these turtles, but finally mustered up enough courage to pose with them.

there is a lot of the elfin little girl about her and it is one of her greatest charms.

In this sequence she is barefooted, and at the end of the scene she started to walk off the blanket when she remembered that she was without shoes. “Ella! Why don’t you pay some attention to your mistress?” she called.

“Here ah is, Miss Mary,” said the girl.

“Well, what are you doing with my slippers and why aren’t they on my feet?”

“Because—” Ella laughed.

“Now, now, no alibis!”

“Lor!” Ella giggled, “Ef ah walks around ah gets balled out, an’ ef ah sits down ah gets balled out!”

“Hal,” asked Mary of Hal Mohr the camera man, “how did I look in that scene? Was the light right on my face? Did I turn my head enough? Was my shawl all right? You know I haven’t much on underneath this shawl. If it comes apart imagine my embarrassment, Hal, if this shawl should come off.”

Well, of course Hal didn’t know (Continued on page 108)
THE PARTIES of
Going Places. Doing Things, Meeting People!

I'm so glad that Leo Carrillo is be-stowing the party concessions to his Santa Monica Canyon rancho on his friends so generously," remarked Patsy. "It was only those old Californians, and the foreigners today, who know what to do with our lovely outdoors."

"What's coming off?" I inquired.

"Beatrice Lillie—Lady Peel in private life, you know—and Leo Morrison are giving a barbecue party Sunday afternoon at Carrillo's ranch. I'm so sorry Leo Carrillo himself isn't here. He's in Australia, you see; but he's coming back to make some pictures."

An old board fence surrounds Leo's acreage at present, but nothing can des-

At Beatrice Lillie's and Leo Morrison's White, Bee Lillie, Ann Greenway, William Arbuckle, Georges Carpentier, Louise Pennington, Bessee Love, troy the natural beauty of the grounds, with their huge sycamore and oak trees, the little stream running through the arroyo, with its clear pools, the ferns and the wild flowers. He is to build a home there soon.

Beatrice Lillie and her beautiful mother, assisted by Leo Morrison, were greeting her guests as we arrived, and we caught sight of a lot of people already gathered under the trees. Miss Lillie looked charming in her sports clothes.

With her had come her brother-in-law, the famous writer on Egypt, Arthur Weigall, and her sister; also her little son, young Robert Peel.

Young Robert, at the moment of our arrival, was asking Hal Skelly if he knew how to skip stones on a pond, and was showing Hal how to do it. He had been running about and had got stickers in his stockings, but hadn't time to stop and pull them out.

Hal Skelly had donned a bathing suit and leaped into the pond, and he and little Bobby presently were chasing the ducks about the water.

Bee Palmer was there, as were also Mr. and Mrs. Mal St. Clair, Marshall Neilan, Jack Pickford, Georges Carpentier, Tom Jackson and his wife, Bessee Love, Ann Pennington, Louise Groody, Ben Gimbel, Vivienne Segal, William Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Edwards, Armida, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Porcasi, Bobby Watson and dozens of others.

"Such a crowd of actors from the stage, just come into
pictures!" confided Patsy.

We ate barbecued food at long tables under the trees—delicious steaks and chops, frijoles (red beans), enchiladas, coffee—and then went back to where we had seen a piano resting under the trees as naturally as if it was nothing at all to find pianos in canyons.

"Remember," Tom Jackson inquired, "when we used to laugh at the lady in vaudeville, doing her act in one, who would say to her partner, 'Ah, here's a piano in the forest—let's sing!' Well, that ISN'T a joke any more."

Bee Palmer was the first artist to oblige. She leaned against a great sycamore and sang one of her naughtiest songs.

Then Bessie Love danced a wonderful little Peter-Panish dance—a sort of pantomime; Joey Ray sang and Jimmie Morgan played the violin.

Bobby Watson pretended to sob as Jimmie played, and begged Jim not to play Pagan Love Song—said he just couldn't stand it.

Then Beatrice Lillie herself sang! And don't think that Miss Lillie's songs need a setting of the theater to make them effective. Her There Are Fairies at the Bottom of Our Garden was just as demurely naughty and effectively comical out there under the trees as it ever was in a theater.

Then she sang one of those brightly satirical songs—a bit of a take-off on Galli-Curci, and I'm sure that the grand opera singer herself would have (Continued on page 106)
Such extravagance! Phyllis Haver’s bathing costume is just like the party dresses girls wear now.

Before sound waves the Pacific kept the picture girls busy. Gloria Swanson and Marie Prevost.

Believe it or don’t, the bathing suit Marie Prevost is wearing was considered very daring when Marie was a Mack Sennett student.

Marie’s all dressed up in her best bathing togs and afraid to go in. Oh, go on!
HAVE CHANGED

Mack Sennett girls taking an Educational course in sun-tanning—all apt pupils.

Photographs by George F. Cannons.

Kathryn Stanley must be cold. Never mind, Kathryn—it's all in the cause of art.

Winnie Law, Mack Sennett-Educational bathing beauty, and what a beauty!

Winnie's gone home and changed her suit to a wrap-around.

Life's just one bathing suit after another. Observe the modish low-cut back and belted waistline.
IN NEW

Big Stars in
the Big Town

overlooking Fifth Avenue. The drawing room was filled with lovely autumn flowers, and Colleen in a plain little black dress with demure collar and cuffs met me at the door.

Sitting down in a big chair with one foot curled under her, Colleen talked about her recent trip to Montreal. She went there to see an old friend, Sister Ignatia, who taught her to play the piano when she was a little girl in a convent down South.

"It’s funny, you know," Colleen said, "as much as I love jazz, I can’t play it. I can only play classical things. But I love them, too. And recently, when I finished my last picture, I spent two grand days all alone at home, doing nothing but practicing Gershwin’s Rhapsody in Blue. But I didn’t learn it quite. It’s awfully difficult, I discovered.

"We’re having a splendid time here in New York," the star continued. "Last night we had dinner with James Montgomery Flagg, the painter, and his wife. Flagg has the most beautiful daughter I ever saw. I’d like to kidnap her. I didn’t know there could be such beauty on this earth until I looked at that three year old girl. She’s like a gold and white angel—absolute physical perfection.

“I’ve been reading a lot lately, too. I try to keep on learning, although when you make pictures so fast there’s little time. I love to read biographies of people who have accomplished big things—like Peter of Russia and Napoleon and Goethe. But most of all I love Donn Byrne, the Irish writer, who died so suddenly last year, in an automobile crash. How I should love to make a picture of his ‘Blind Raftery’—you know the story of the blind harp-

WHAT a surprise! The Colleen Moore of real life is no more the Colleen Moore of the screen than a champagne cocktail is a chocolate ice cream soda. On the screen, Colleen is a sweet vivacious person. In real life—well, in real life, Colleen is as young and as sweet as she is on the screen, but there’s brains in that thar head, stranger, and you can’t get away from it.

Colleen and Johnnie (McCormick) as Colleen calls her husband, were at the Plaza. They had a beautiful suite overlooking Fifth Avenue. The drawing room was filled with lovely autumn flowers, and Colleen in a plain little black dress with demure collar and cuffs met me at the door.

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Colleen and Johnnie (McCormick) as Colleen calls her husband, were at the Plaza. They had a beautiful suite overlooking Fifth Avenue. The drawing room was filled with lovely autumn flowers, and Colleen in a plain little black dress with demure collar and cuffs met me at the door.

Sitting down in a big chair with one foot curled under her, Colleen talked about her recent trip to Montreal. She went there to see an old friend, Sister Ignatia, who taught her to play the piano when she was a little girl in a convent down South.

"It’s funny, you know," Colleen said, "as much as I love jazz, I can’t play it. I can only play classical things. But I love them, too. And recently, when I finished my last picture, I spent two grand days all alone at home, doing nothing but practicing Gershwin’s Rhapsody in Blue. But I didn’t learn it quite. It’s awfully difficult, I discovered.

"We’re having a splendid time here in New York," the star continued. "Last night we had dinner with James Montgomery Flagg, the painter, and his wife. Flagg has the most beautiful daughter I ever saw. I’d like to kidnap her. I didn’t know there could be such beauty on this earth until I looked at that three year old girl. She’s like a gold and white angel—absolute physical perfection.

“I’ve been reading a lot lately, too. I try to keep on learning, although when you make pictures so fast there’s little time. I love to read biographies of people who have accomplished big things—like Peter of Russia and Napoleon and Goethe. But most of all I love Donn Byrne, the Irish writer, who died so suddenly last year, in an automobile crash. How I should love to make a picture of his ‘Blind Raftery’,—you know the story of the blind harp-
ist who loved a woman that the world condemned. I'd like to make 'Madame Butterfly' too. That's a real gamin rôle, only people don't realize it. I like gamin rôles. And sophisticated parts, too. In 'Footlights and Fools' I was a little sophisticated but I'll have to wait to see how my movie friends like it."

Colleen has a tremendous love of art. Among her New York friends she numbers many celebrated artists and spends much of her time here visiting galleries and inspecting paintings in private exhibits.

"I've had a grand time window shopping," Colleen said. "But so far all I have bought is one hat!"

Of all the stars, Colleen impresses me as being one of the most sincere and most womanly. She is absolutely without pretense. And the fame and money she has earned have only intensified her fineness of character and her understanding of the comedy and tragedy of life.

* * *

Up at the Savoy-Plaza, slim Charlie Farrell was having the time of his life, on his first trip to New York.

"I'm crazy about New York," Charlie said, twisting his lank hair around his long fingers. "I never believed I could have such a wonderful time any place. Everybody is simply marvelous to me. And I have met so many different kinds of people—such stimulating people. Sometimes I have a luncheon date with one, a tea date with another, a dinner date with a third, and go to the theater with a fourth. There simply isn't time for all the things I want to do.

"I bought the first silk hat I ever had, here in New York," Charlie exclaimed. "There is no thrill quite like putting on long tails and a silk hat and stepping out! I'm determined to come here often. There's something in the air that peps me up.

"Why, do you know, out in Hollywood, even with the best of intentions, I get in a rut. When the company told me I could come here for the opening, I actually didn't have a thing to wear. I just go around out there in sport clothes and when I got to New York I didn't have any proper shoes at all. I had to go out and buy three pairs!

"I believe the greatest fun I got (Continued on page 102)
Not so long ago, I talked to a director of motion pictures. I don't remember much of what he said about directing pictures, but I do remember what he said about beauty.

"A pretty face is just—a pretty face," he said. "It gets by, but it doesn't get very far. If there's not something underneath, something that shines through, it's not real beauty. Within, without!" he repeated.

That beauty is from within is trite but true. The director of pictures was talking to me about beauty of mind and spirit. I'm talking to you about the beauty that comes from wholesome living and good grooming. I don't believe that even the soul can be beautiful if we don't eat wisely, exercise properly or neglect to cleanse the skin thoroughly.

But after all, it amounts to the same thing. Fundamentals. The director, a connoisseur in beauty, spoke of mental health, of beauty of soul that shines through the face and eyes. I'm trying to tell you about physical health and its beautifying effect on skin, hair and figure. And it all works together, doesn't it?—

right living, right thinking—the foundation of beauty. It's within.

Now, let's treat this question of fundamentals a bit seriously, girls, because it is serious. Whether you want to catch a beau or get a job or keep your husband good looks are an asset. You all admit that. And you can be good-looking. The beauty that comes from wholesome living and good grooming, every girl may have.

Creams and skin tonics help very materially. Powder and rouge cleverly applied do wonders. We couldn't possibly get along without them. But a healthy skin, sparkling eyes and live, lustrous hair come from the foundation. And the ingredients that hold this foundation together are health, intelligence and good common sense. Therefore, our success in maintaining a high quality of balance before all men is largely dependent on how we work, play, sleep, and how and what we eat.

Think of this, girls, before you decide to order an ice-cream soda and chocolate eclair for luncheon, and nibble surreptitiously or openly at rich candies all afternoon so you have no appetite for fresh vegetables or wholesome food of any kind at dinner. Also when you dance four nights out of six and tumble into bed without troubling to wash your face and dash out in the morning after a cup of strong black coffee, totally ignoring the fresh fruit juice and crisp toast so carefully prepared for you.

And here's something else: the people whom you most
admire are the ones who are most careful about right living. Take the movie stars, for example. Probably in no other quarter of the globe are so many exquisite girls and so many beautiful mature women to be found as in Hollywood. But don’t think for one moment that they spend their leisure hours making continuous whooppee. They can’t afford to. The movie stars, more than any other class of people, I believe, realize that they must keep themselves physically fit if they are to retain their charm and vim and the strength to do their work. And any one of them would tell you, as they have told me many times, that regular living combined with a tranquil, contented state of mind are the real, lasting beautifiers.

Now it’s all settled that external treatments alone will not give you the good looks you long to have. Suppose, now, you take stock of yourself. Sit down before your mirror in the clear, searching light of day. What do you see? A sallow, lifeless skin, large pores, pimples and blackheads, dull, heavy eyes? If so, it’s a dead give-away. It means that you do not rid yourself of all the poisons of the body; that your blood is poorly circulated and impure; that the pores and skin glands are sluggish. External treatments help to correct this as I shall explain later. But you must begin at the beginning. From within! Improve your elimination, and your circulation. Get the poisons out of your system. Your skin needs nourishment. It may have it from good blood well circulated.

If you don’t eat the right foods, if the digestion is faulty, occasional constipation becomes habitual. In the effort to rid itself of instructing secretions the system forces into the ducts of the skin matter that clogs the pores, yellows the complexion and dulls the luster of the eyes. Usually, every blemish on your skin is poison which your body is trying to get rid of. There is but one cure for faulty elimination, and that is to get at the cause. Nine cases out of ten, that cause is lack of bulk in foods.

There has been much furor about diet the past few years. Ever since the straight slim dresses came in and we had to make ourselves the right size to fit them—or since the slim straight figure became the vogue and we had to dress to fit it—which (Continued on page 99)
A NEW GIRL

Dorothy Jordan is the Latest Newcomer from the Stage to Make Good in Pictures

By Joseph Howard

She's only twenty years old, with a soft Southern voice and this smile. Welcome, Dorothy Jordan!

The wonder of Balboa when his eyes first saw the Pacific, the gaping mouth of a comedian who has just been hit with a pie, these are as nothing when compared to the surprise with which Hollywood's isolated and startlingly unworldly citizens learned that stage people are just as regular as persons in any other walk of life. Sound pictures are firmly established and the motion picture players have been in amicable or not-so-amicable contact with stage actors for a number of months; but Hollywood's astonishment at the fact that a New York stage actor can be a 'regular fellow' and a Broadway actress 'a good egg' or 'sweet kid' has not yet faded.

Dorothy Jordan can be classed in Hollywood's free-and-easy vernacular as 'a sweet kid.' She came to Hollywood with the most laudatory advance notices. Press agents burned out the bearings of their type machines in their efforts to tell of this musical comedy star who was about to bedazzle the eyes of the Camera Coast. And, then they found out that the little, five-foot-two-inch player that brightened the casts of "Treasure Girl" and "Funny Face" was just a sweet kid with a Tennessee drawl and one of the most engaging grins ever unleashed before a camera. Some of the Hollywood dwellers were even disappointed that she wasn't high-hat and stagey in the way they had expected all stage players should be.

"They all seem to think I'm joking," Dorothy said, in a leisure moment on the set where she is working as Ramon Novarro's leading lady in "Devil-May-Care," "when I say that I'm Dorothy Jordan. They seem to expect some majestic person with a lot of dignity, temperament and poise. They don't seem to realize that it's just as easy for a girl to be successful on the stage at twenty as it is for a girl of the same age to be a star in motion pictures. Why, even Greta Garbo isn't more than a couple of years older than I. She made her first success when she was my age. But, still they don't seem able to grasp the fact that stage success is no more difficult than screen success if you are properly equipped." (Continued on page 97)
It's great to be born wealthy but it's tough to have wealth torn away from you before you are old enough to really enjoy it.

Likewise, a boy who has known money, and then is forced back to poverty, really deserves more credit than one who has always been poor, when he triumphs over adversity and climbs to success.

These two paragraphs epitomize the life of Robert Montgomery, a slim 25-year-old lad with laughing brown eyes who is one of the "big shots" among the new faces which have come to Hollywood in the wake of talking pictures.

Eight years ago he and his brother rushed from fashionable prep schools to the side of their dying father, president of one of America's biggest rubber companies.

Robert Montgomery had never done a stroke of work in his life. When the paternal affairs were untangled it was discovered that a fortune had disappeared overnight, and the two boys were penniless.

Today, from that start, young Montgomery has driven himself upwards until now he is repeating on the screen successes scored on the stage during the past four years. In rapid succession he has had four big talking pictures, "Three Live Ghosts," "So This Is College," Joan Crawford's "Untamed," and Norma Shearer's "Their Own Desire."

He's being talked about. This good-looking boy with the nice smile and the rather unruly brown hair has a personality that has caught on. And, unlike most newcomers to the screen, he isn't starting in small parts. Because of his training on the stage, seventy-two weeks in stock, and such big New York productions as "Possession," "One of the Family," and "Garden of Eden," he is getting talkie leads right off the bat. He's climbing faster than any young man who ever stormed the studio gates of Hollywood, this chap who reverses the usual Horatio Alger formula.

You will recall that the Horatio Alger stories are all about boys who struggle upwards from direst poverty.

Montgomery, however, had

(Continued on page 93)
Come into the Kitchen

'Sweets from the Sweet'—Recipes which Win Applause from All Consumers

If you can mix a cake that is light and tempting, or can make a pie that is flaky and juicy, your culinary reputation is assured.

This bit of philosophy is offered by Mary Brian to those who harbor yearnings to excel in kitchen callis- thencs.

"You may roast a turkey to a crisp, aromatic turn, or whip up an omelet to a cloud of froth, and your skill will go unheralded," advises Mary. "But turn out an angel-food cake that glistens with a white satin frosting, and you will win a niche in the Cook's Hall of Fame."

Mary admits that the soup, salad and meat courses of the Brian family dinners are served without benefit of her personal touch, but the desserts and candies are often the result of several dough-rolling hours, worked into the few leisure moments of her busy production schedule at the Paramount studios.

"Guests appreciate those four-inch-high variety of cakes, and I like lots of appreciation after an hour or two over the fact that she prefers to cook for men, only. Her brother, Taurrence, is the cause for this preference, as it is his generous flattery that sends Mary into the kitchen every Sunday to mix up a platter of pralines or a batch of fondant.

Mary's four favorite recipes are not of the weight-

MARY BRIAN'S

Pralines

1½ cups sugar
1 cup maple sugar

(powdered)

2 cups pecan meats

(chopped)

1½ cup cream

Mix sugar, maple syrup and cream in aluminum basin and boil gently until, when tried in cold water, a soft ball may be formed. Remove from fire, and beat mixture until a creamy consistency. Add nuts, and drop from tip of spoon in small piles on buttered paper. Pour mixture into a shallow buttered tin and when cool cut in squares, using a sharp knife.
 controlling variety, but are guaranteed to win applause from all consumers. They are: sunshine cake, with coffee-whipped-cream frosting, (because this is Taurrence's favorite cake); apple pie, (because it is Taurence's first choice in pies); cold pineapple soufflé, (because this is Taurence's preference in puddings); pralines, (because Taurence likes this southern candy best).

"My cooking activities are rather recent. As a child mother could not interest me in the weekly cookie-baking chores. I preferred to play Indian and pirates with my brother and his playmates.

"When we came to California, my brother missed the good old southern pralines. The western confectioners cannot make a praline taste like buttery syrup as the southern ones do. To please Taurence, I asked a school friend in Texas to send me an old stand-by recipe, but I ruined many pounds of sugar and pecans before I turned out a batch worthy of a public appearance."

Mary's pralines have won studio acclaim since the completion of her recent picture "The Marriage Playground." A small box, made for the six children who worked with her in this production, brought an avalanche of praise from the members of the cast and crew who managed to get a piece.

Mary spent her precious Sundays dur-(Continued on page 111)

FAVORITE RECIPES

SUNSHINE CAKE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Measurement</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Egg whites</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Powdered sugar</td>
<td>1 1/2 cups</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egg yolks</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lemon extract</td>
<td>1 teaspoon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flour</td>
<td>1 cup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cream of tartar</td>
<td>1 teaspoon</td>
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Beat whites of eggs until stiff and dry. Add sugar gradually, and continue beating until mixture is well blended. Add yolks of eggs beaten until thick, then add lemon extract and a few drops of yellow coloring. Sift cream-of-tartar with flour three times. Cut and fold flour into egg and sugar mixture. Pour batter in buttered cake pan and bake forty minutes in moderate oven.
and some of the lessons are taken at the studio in the morning and the three of them have lunch together afterwards in the dressing room.

The practicing had gone on for quite some time one morning, and Cecil De Mille looked up from the patio of his office bungalow, where he had striven for an hour to wade through a manuscript. "Who was it," he sighed, "who said that sound was to be the salvation of motion pictures?"

Winnie Sheehan visited Victor McLaglen on the set not long ago. "It's wonderful, Vic, how many singing voices this sound picture business has discovered, Janet Gaynor has a voice—Charlie Farrell has a voice—"

"Yeah," said Vic, starting to brace himself. "You haven't a voice, I suppose—have you, Vic?"

"No, sir, I have not!" exploded Vic. "And I'm packing up for parts unknown before I'm asked to produce one, what's more."

But a few days afterwards Victor was invited to a dinner party. He went. Winnie Sheehan was there, too. After an excellent dinner a few of the guests found themselves around the piano, somehow, and started warbling a ridiculous thing called, The Duke of Rackiack. Before he knew what he was doing, Vic was at the piano, too, singing at the top of his lungs with the rest of them.

"By Jove," said Mr. Sheehan, "why don't you sing that in 'Hot for Paris?' (Vic's next picture for Fox.) It would be a corking number."

The six feet something or other of Victor McLaglen looked down at the five feet and little over of Winnie Sheehan with beetling brows and lightning in his eyes.

"Nothing doing!" he said, "I'm packing up tomorrow."

But Mr. Sheehan won. After all, it was kind of fun to sing the foolish thing!

Who says directors have no memory? Ten years ago John Robertson directed "The Bright Shawl." In the cast was one Eddie Robinson who has been in just two pictures since then. When he was casting "Deadline" with Joseph Schildkraut as star, Mr. Robertson needed a heavy. None of the general Hollywood names seemed to click and all of a sudden Eddie Robinson popped into his mind. In less time than it takes to write it, Eddie had signed on the dotted line in New York and was on the train bound for Hollywood.

On Bessie Love's recreation porch is a desk. Bessie loves to write. She thinks it is the ideal vocation and when she is 'all washed up' in pictures, as she puts it, she wants to enter the scribbler's field in earnest. She tells, in a little book she keeps for her notes, anecdotes of things that she thinks are interesting, not so much with an eye to the future as to give herself present enjoyment. It interests her to see how many different ways a story can be told—a word here and there changes the whole sense and obscures the true meaning.

"You can travel all over the world, if you are a writer, and take your work along with you,"
said Bessie.

"Just so you keep in touch with your publisher," added a cynic. Bessie laughed.

"Yes, I suppose one mustn't forget the publisher if one is a writer."

We hope Bessie will get her heart's desire, but we don't think pictures will ever be through with Bessie.

* * *

Both Sue Carol and Nick Stuart got a little tired of all the publicity given them about their engagement, I guess—anyhow, although they are still going together, they have decided not to be engaged!

* * *

The youngest vaudeville headliner, Mitzi Green, made such a hit with Paramount in "The Marriage Playground" that the big boss signed the youngster to a long-term contract. Mitzi is eight years old and the first child to be offered a contract by this firm.

* * *

Ken Maynard, thinking his fans would like to see a Pedelton Rodeo, has decided to put one in a picture just for the sake of the boys and girls who can't make the trip to Oregon. Ken's a swell rider; never has had a double for his stunts.

* * *

Gary Cooper is making a hurried trip to New York and will stop off at New Mexico on the return trip to find some frontiersman who owns picturesque clothes that will fit him, for his new picture. It will be a western. On his way to New York he took in the old home town of Grinelle, Iowa, for a college reunion; and from there flew to Marshalltown, Iowa, to see Estelle Taylor's vaudeville act. Estelle and Lupe Velez are great friends, you know, and it wouldn't surprise me much if Gary hadn't taken in the act just to give Lupe some first-hand information of how her friend is going over. They say Estelle is a wow! Of course, Lupe is in Florida doing a picture for Inspiration, and Florida isn't exactly on the way to New Mexico from New York, but what's a few miles this way or that in this flying age, particularly when a boy's sweetheart beckons?

* * *

In "The Vagabond King," starring Dennis King, there will be seen William H. Taylor, probably the oldest picture actor in the business. He numbers 101 years. And he's a bachelor. "If I weren't, I'd have been dead long ago," he says with a chuckle. Not that he has anything against the women, but double harness is just awfully hard pulling.

* * *

An Oklahoma elocution teacher wanted to get into pictures. She took a secretarial position as a means to attain her goal. This isn't always a success; sometimes you just stay a secretary, but this aspirant to fame picked Charlie Chaplin as her boss. And Charlie is a good sport when it comes to helping a worthy traveler. Her first chance came in Charlie's picture, "A Woman of Paris," and she's been going along nicely ever since. She is a character actress. Her name is Nellie Bly Baker and you will see her as Beedle in "The Bishop Murder Case."

There's nothing wrong with their figures! When not busy with algebra or square root in the class-room these girls are working at the Fox studios.

Barbara Leonard, a new ingenue of the screen, at home. The girl so carelessly 'use-ing' Barbara's king is Mrs. James Murray.

Chez Lola Lane! An intimate glimpse of the Fox player in her charming old-world home on a hill-top in Hollywood.
Eve Southern is another actress who likes to write. As Elva McDowell, her own name, she barged into Hollywood from her dad's Texas ranch with a cowboy story which she sold to Bill Hart. She also played a bit in the picture. D. W. Griffith thought she ought to change her name and as long as it was his idea Eve, or Elva as she was then, told him he would have to choose another for her, because she liked so many names it would be hard for her to decide. So, because of her soft, drawling voice, he picked 'Southern' for her last name and when she appeared on the set in costume—the picture was "Intolerance"—he named her Eve. Now don't misunderstand us, please! Elva had plenty of clothes on, although you would never have missed them if she had appeared in her birthday suit, because her hair reached below her knees, so thick it covered her as completely as a blanket, and of the most gorgeous titian coloring you ever saw. Why some producer didn't star Eve in those days remains one of the mysteries of Hollywood. We all know now that she can act, and she has enough beauty for half a dozen stars. But life is like that. Anyhow, Eve plays Pearl in Corinne Griffith's latest, "Lilies of the Field," directed by Alexander Korda.

James Gleason can't see why people keep screaming about what a failure the modern woman is. He thinks if the men had come across with their side of the bargain one hundred percent, the women would always have been satisfied to stay in the home. But when the girls found they had to worry about the family budget as well as keeping the home cheerful for Papa, it gave them ideas. And the funny part of it is that in two or three generations they have, through sheer efficiency, put men right out of many a job. And what's more, they have found it possible to take care of the repopulation of the race. Jimmy hasn't checked up on it, but he just wonders whether the census takers have found less people in the world at the last accounting that were found fifty years ago.

Natalie Moorhead is a beautiful blonde you should keep your eye on. Those who split their sides over "The Baby Cyclone" two or three years ago in New York will remember Natalie; and since coming to Hollywood she has found all doors swinging open for her. She has "Thru Different Eyes," "The Girl from Havana," "A Cup of Tea," and "The Green Ghost" to her credit; and now she is in "Spring is Here" at First National, directed by John Francis Dillon. Natalie is one of those lucky people who don't have to worry about calories. "No matter what I eat, I stay the same weight," she said the other day at the studio commissary. But Natalie is still very young and maybe that's one reason.


"After you, my dear Wesley!" "After you, my dear Charles!" The Ruggles brothers indulged in a little friendly argument when Wesley, director, visited Charlie, actor, on the set.
It may be another twenty years before she will have to do a sister act with a weighing machine.

Juliette Compton is another girl you want to watch. She is as dark as Natalie is fair. Juliette's first American picture was for Tiffany-Stahl; "Woman to Woman" with Betty Compson starring. Now she has been signed for a fine part with Harry Richman in a film which United Artists has already put into rehearsal.

It hasn't at this writing been decided whether Eddie Lowe will really play in the next United Artists Dolores Del Rio starring picture or not. Just a little matter of credits and proper places which has to be worked out satisfactorily to all concerned before the idea jells. After Edmund Lowe's list of brilliant achievements and box office records, there isn't any reason why he shouldn't take as big a bow on the billboards as even the beautiful Dolores. Do you think so?

"It's a Great Life," formerly "Cotton and Silk," the first picture with the Duncan Sisters under the MGM banner, proved such a wow that Metro has been trying for a week to sign the two Scotch lasses to a five-year contract. But while the girls were very happy at Metro, they think five years is a long time to stay in one place, not with one firm, but in one place, even though that place is their dearly loved and native California. The girls are used to the smell of the grease paint and the theater—hustling over the country, every inch of which they love—seeing hundreds of enthusiastic laughing faces in front of them as they cut their funny capers; and these things they miss in pictures. Five years is a long time to stay away from the trouping they adore. We are waiting now to hear what they have decided. A contract will certainly be signed, but not for so long a period of time if the girls can help it.

Edwin Carewe, United Artists producer-director, has transferred his interest in Dolores Del Rio's starring film contract to Feature Productions, Inc., a subsidiary of United Artists.

Four years ago, Mr. Carewe introduced the Mexican actress to the screen and he has guided her screen work ever since. Her elevation to stardom followed production of "Resurrection," which also marked Mr. Carewe's debut as an United Artists producer and director. "Ramona," "Revenge," and "Evangeline" have followed. The sale of his activities in this contract will enable the veteran producer to broaden his activities, and plans for the production of five talking pictures from stories selected by Mr. Carewe are well under way. He may make some pictures abroad.
The Best Lines of the Month

From "Paris":
Andrew (Jason Robards): "Vivienne speaks English. How do you think I got to know her so well?"
Cora Sabbott (Louise Closser Hale): "I've always understood the French could do a great deal with gestures."

From "A Most Immoral Lady":
Tony (Walter Pidgeon): "Who's your girl friend?"
Laura (Leatrice Joy): "A grass widow who gives all her men friends hay fever!"

From "Why Bring That Up?"
Moran (George Moran): "Why, what's the matter with you?"
Mack (Charles Mack): "Oh, I don't know! The doctor told me to take one pill three times a day but you can't do that!"

From "Marianne":
Stagg (Lawrence Gray): "I'm going to tell you a secret. You know what a secret is, don't you?"
Marianne (Marion Davies): "Something you cannot tell to very many!"

From "They Had to See Paris":
Idy (Irene Rich): "Ross'll learn more in one year in Paris than he would in four years at the university."
Pike (Will Rogers): "That's exactly what I'm scared of!"

Will Rogers, Irene Rich, and Marguerite Churchill in "They Had to See Paris."
De Mille’s Magic Box

The Story of an Old Camera
—but What a Camera!

By Charles Carter

Much has been said about the number and variety of things which sprang out of a box opened by an inquisitive lady named Pandora. Modern science, however, is putting to shame the greatest flights of imagination uttered by the original authors of the ancient Greek myths.

In Hollywood, for instance, there is a box through which has passed over $25,000,000 in cash money. Out of this box unknown personalities from a score of different states and countries have scampered to become world-renowned figures.

From this modern Pandora container has arisen from a financial shoestring one corporation valued at over $30,000,000; and it has contributed definitely to the success of three other immense institutions.

This mysterious box is Pathé Professional Camera No. 5, veteran of all the thousands of cameras in Hollywood; credited with having photographed more productions, accounted for more dollars of production cost, and the introduction of more great stars, than any other piece of picture-taking mechanism.

Pathé Professional Camera No. 5 is the proud possession of Cecil B. De Mille. While this director now has dozens of cameras, this antique 'box' occupies the place of honor in his collection, housed in a special vault at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio with which De Mille is now associated.

It was bought for about $1600 in the fall of 1913. $1600 is not much money in pictures today—but then it was over 20 per cent of the total capital which Cecil De Mille and Jesse L. Lasky collected as the nucleus of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, later to become the main production unit of the now enormous Paramount company.

For a year and a half the new Lasky company had no other camera. Therefore the immediate success of the company traces back to the half a dozen original productions, “The Squaw Man,” “The Virginian,” “The Call of the North,” “What’s His Name?” “The Man from Home” and “The Rose of the Rancho”—made at a time when two cameras to a company was an unheard of luxury.

Pathé Professional No. 5 (Continued on page 93)
Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures or people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

Address: Miss Vee Dee, Screenland Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

VALLIE V. of Vancouver. Are you first to tell me my department is a wow? I’d hate to tell you how many are ahead of you with that positive declaration. May McAvoy was born in 1901 and not 1891 as you have been told. John Gilbert was born July 10, 1897, in Logan, Utah. Anita Page is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. Yes, it’s true that Johnny Mack Brown is married and the proud father of Jane Harriet Brown. I can’t give you her weight but she weighs 6 pounds and 6 ounces at this writing.

Put from Silverdale, Wash. I don’t have to turn my heart inside out to show its golden lining. Or is it silver? Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are reported engaged. They appear together in “Girls Gone Wild” and “Chasing Through Europe.” Sue plays with Barry Norton in “The Exalted Flapper.” Sally Ellers, Thelma Todd, Norman Kerry and Jason Robards play in “Trial Marriage.”

Margaret H. of Eugene, Oregon. So you think I am a man because I write like one. Well, well, and I have always tried to impress the fans with my lady-like wisdom! Carol Lombard, whose real name is Jane Peters, was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, on Oct. 6, 1909. She has golden hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 119 pounds. Her latest film is “The Racketeer” with Robert Armstrong. Lupe Velez was born July 18, 1910. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Her name is pronounced Luoo-py Velay.

JAMIE C. of Jackson, Miss. You’re crazy about me, are you? Run along now, this isn’t an insane asylum but a corner on information, by mail, wire, radio or the latest silent device. Lewis Stone was born Nov. 15, 1878 at Worcester, Mass. He has grey hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 174 pounds. The dignified Lewis never had a better role than Stephen Trombolt in “Wonder of Women” with Peggy Wood and Leila Hyams. You can reach him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Leta B. of Deadwood, S. D. Heart of the Hills. Is it bars or gold you have in them hills? David Rollins was born Sept. 2, 1909 in Kansas City, Mo. He has blue eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. He appears in “Fox Movie-Follies” and is on contract to Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Arthur Lake was born in Corbin, Ky., in 1909. He is 6 feet tall and has light brown hair and blue eyes. You can write to him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Just Me from Wallace, Idaho. You think you’d like my job, oh boy and how, do you? Think you could put your finger on about 10,000 players with stage stars jumping into the lime light every day. You don’t know the half of my job. Husbands and wives line up for inspection—Richard Arlen and Jobbyna Ralston, Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, John Gilbert and Ina Claire, William Boyd and Elinor Faire, Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge, John Barrymore and Dolores Costello, Maurice Cleary and May McAvoy, George Webb and Esther Ralston, Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco.

Kitty W. of Edmonton, Alberta, My department seems to have a definite reason for it’s famous chatter this month—who’s married to who and why not? Janet Gaynor was married to LydeLL Peck on Sept. 11. Marian Nixon and Edward Hillman were married on Aug. 14. Nancy Carroll is Mrs. James Kirkland and Bille Dove is Mrs. Irving Willat.

Bobbie Lee from San Dimas, Cal. Do I blame you for losing sleep over Ramon Novarro? That’s a tough break, Bobbie, but I have no advice to offer. We’ll see what can be done about having Ramon on a future Screenland cover. He was born Feb. 6, 1900 in Durango, Mexico. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. He sings and plays the violin. Was on the stage in 1919 with the Marion Morgan dancers. His latest release is “The Pagan,” in which he sings the refrain of The Pagan Love Song.

Jula Mae from Baltimore. Pay me all the compliments you like, I’m the one bright idea without the enlarged top-piece. As far as I know, Buddy Rogers is really as sweet and unspoiled as he appears in his pictures. He plays with Mary Brian in “River Romance,” a Paramount release, and in “Close Harmony” with Nancy Carroll. Barry Norton is to be seen in “Tanned Legs” with Marlene Day. That title may be changed if winter comes. Write to Barry at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cheile of Lahaina, Hawaii. Am I the Webster of the movies? Quite an idea and who am I to refuse such swell publicity? Richard Talmadge appears in “The Bachelor Club.” Some of his older films are “The Speed King,” “Lucky Dan,” “The Cub Reporter,” “Watch Him Step.” and “Putting It Over.”

Robert G. of Waco, Texas. You have a large bouquet for William Powell—hey, Bill, get a load of this! No one in your estimation can beat him in silent or talking pictures. But who may I ask, wants to beat him? He was born July 29, 1892 in Kansas City, Mo. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 168 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He has been in pictures since 1921, his first role being in “Sherlock Holmes” with John Barrymore. Nancy Drexel, whose name is Dorothy Kitchin was born in New York City on April 6, 1910. Lina Basque was born in San Mateo, Cal. on April 19, 1907.

Peggy from Wyclife, B. C. Strongheart, loved by children and grown-ups the world.
over, died June 25, 1929. He was 13 years old and was the first animal to attain stardom in the movies. Miss Jane Murfin, well known scenario writer, brought Strongheart to this country 8 years ago. He had been trained in the kennels of the Berlin police department and had a splendid record in the German Red Cross during the World War. Among his best known pictures were, "The Silent Call," "Brawn of the North" and "White Fang." Rex and Tarzan do their film stunts for Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

A. from Michigan. I thought I had a corner on all honeyed expressions of admiration but I take my hat off to you. Yeah, I think Anita Page is all she is and plus. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet 2 inches tall. She plays with William Haines in "Navy Blues" and in "Our Modern Maidens" with Joan Crawford, Josephine Dunn, Rod La Rocque and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Margaret from Everson, Pa. What do you mean, you're off? We all have our pet raves and Clara Bow happens to be yours. Her next picture is "The Saturday Night Kid" with James Hall and Jean Arthur. Clara is 24 years old and rumor has it that she is wearing a gorgeous square cut diamond on the third finger of the proper hand. The happy giver none other than Harry Richman, another Broadway recruit from musical comedy. Janet Gaynor is 21 years old, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Crawford were married on June 3 in New York City.

Bobbie of Walkerton, Ont. You think Sreenland is a swell magazine. You're right, we sure go over big as Dr. Eckener said of his trusty Zepp. You can write to Alice Day at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., where she is working in "Little Johnny Jones" with Eddie Buzzell, a Broadway stage favorite. June Collyer is Richard Dix's leading lady in "The Love Doctor" a film from the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Evelyn Brent gets her fan mail at the same studio. Margaret Livingston can be reached at Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Renee Adoree and Rachel Torres at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Dolores Del Rio at Edwin Carewe Productions, Tex-Art Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude of Port Arthur, Tex. Will I always answer questions for you? As long as I'm on the job, I'll be your willing slave. Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas, on Nov. 25, 1897. She has brown hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. One of her greatest successes was "The Divine Lady" with H. B. Warner and Victor Varconi. Her next picture is "Lillies of the Field."

Max. A. H. of Buffalo, Wyoming. Drop your bashfulness, throw your eyes this way and take your VanDyke and other fans. Greta Garbo's latest release is "The Single Standard." John Gilbert has signed another long term contract with Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Esther Ralston was Mrs. Darling in "Peter Pan" and Betty Bronson was Peter.

Pebbles from Kypport, N. J. As one Sophomore to another, I accept your pity but what shall I do with it? Clive Brook was 38 years old on June 1. He plays with Olga Baclanova in "A Dangerous Woman" and with Ruth Chatterton in "The Laughing Lady." Norma Shearer was born Aug. 10, 1904. Her new picture is "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" with Basil Rathbone, the handsome Broadway leading man. You can write to Lupe Velez at United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Lupe is to be seen in "Tiger Rose" made famous on the stage by Lenore Ulric.

The Orchid from New Haven, Conn. Join the Orchid Every Day Club and find a glorious bloom out side your door every morning. That's service for you. Colleen Moore was 27 years old on Aug. 19, 1929. She has been in pictures since 1917. Janet Gaynor will be seen in "Budapest" for her next release. Buddy Rogers' new film is "Half Way to Heaven."

E. H. G. of Chicago. Does your movie book belong to the silent or loud speaking variety? Not that it matters. Eleanor Boardman was born in Philadelphia, Pa. on Aug. 19, 1898. She has light brown hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 6½ inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She is the wife of King Vidor, the director. She is in "Redemption" with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. She also plays in "She Goes to War." "The Crowd" was written and directed by King Vidor and the cast follows; Eleanor Boardman, James Murray, Bert Roach, Estelle Clarke, Freddy Fredericks, Lucy Beaumont, Daniel Tomlinson and Del Henderson.

Daisy of No, Canterbury, Kent, England. Do I think you're silly to want to be a pantomist? You are not alone with your ambitions—many American girls crave to be seen and heard on the screen. I wouldn't call it silly, rather a mistaken idea of the easy life of a celebrity. Hard work, long hours and after achieving success, a short time before the public and then forgotten. Whew! What a sermon. The actresses you ask about are of the English stage and I haven't a record of them.

Cecelia E. from Brooklyn. Do I have a flock of little birds working for me to secure all the first hand information that I pass on to you? Ever hear of the dodo birds? Well, that's the answer. George O'Brien, one of the most wholesome of our screen players was born in 1900 in San Francisco, Cal. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 185 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. His four years of work in pictures make a list of films too long for print in my department. His new picture is "Salute" with Helen Chandler, Joyce Compton, Frank Albertson and the colored cut-up, Stepin Fetchit.

V. of, Pottsville, Pa. You don't owe me anything for information—this is a gift both pure and simple. Help yourself. Paul Page can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. He was born May 13, 1903 in Birmingham, Ala. He appears in "Speak-easy" and his last one, "Protection" with Dorothy Burgess and Robert Elliott.

Beautiful Billie Dove has made new friends since the speakeasy have endowed her with vocal as well as optical charms.

Conrad Nagel has long been popular but his splendid voice has increased his following.

A favorite with Miss Vee Dee's correspondents is the gentle and gifted Mary Brian.
Pauline V. of Flatbush. Nils Asther is the merry hefty-ho in my mail box this month and now, Nils, I hope to hear from you. In July 17, 1901 in Malmo, Sweden. He is 6 feet 1/2 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. His latest film is "The Small Blondes," opposite Nancy Kelly. He is the big prettiest weaver from station WHIZ! Have you any more big boys like our price star movie actor down there? Now don't tell me, I know. The winner of SCREENLAND's Masked Cover Contest was announced in the May issue on page 32. To be exact, Miss Margaret Viola Davie, 3130 East Overlook Road, Cleveland, Ohio, was the lucky lady. Robert Ellis was born in New York City. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He was on the stage for 10 years in vaudeville comedy and in stock before going into picture work. He has appeared in "Ladies Must Live," "For Sale," "Montmartre," "Varsity," "Freedom of the Press," and lately "Broadway." Bob has been handed a nice fat contract by Universal as a reward for his splendid work as the villain in the Universal picture version of "Broadway." Vera Reynolds is Mrs. Robert Ellis.

M. E. L. of Milford, Conn. Do I give the correct dates on birthdays and the low-down on all information concerning the movie colony? If this choice bit of slang wasn't out of print, I'd say, I'll tell the world, you've given such cardinals that it hurts. Me for better and bigger birthdays. Kenneth Thompson appears in "Broadway Melody" and in "The Bellamy Trial." A Friend from Atlantic City. You want me to help you out—most of us would like to be thought of as marvellous in the city. All excited over John Loder's flaw- less English voice and everything in "The Doctor's Secret," are you? When this brief cappuccino goes my break, hold everything! John was born in London, England, 30 years ago. He has brown hair and hazel eyes and weighs 178 pounds. His father is Major-General Sir William Love. He made his picture debut—John, Irene H. of West Brookfield, Mass. Why doesn't Richard Arlen ever crack 'em in his pictures? Haven't you seen that famous smile of his? Look again, Irene, you've missed a lot. Richard, Mary Brian and Nancy Carroll are at Paramount Studio, 1454 W. Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif. Joan Crawford was married to Douglas Fairbanks Jr. in New York City in June. Marian Nixon was born October 20, 1904, in Oklahoma City. Her latest picture is "Young Nowheres" with Richard Barthel- mess. Marian's voice registers like everybody's business—swell! I'll say it is. You can write her. Lila Lee is Mrs. H. Colman. Her latest picture is "Young Nowheres." Thanks for the confidence in my ability but even with a Packard sports roadster, I'm doubtful. Loretta is too busy making pictures at the studio. But I'll give you her address and leave the rest to you: Loretta Young, 6465 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., where she spends her working hours. Her latest film is "The Forward Pass." She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, 17 years ago. She has brown hair and weighs 160 pounds. Anita Page gets her fan mail at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., but her home address is unknown to me. She was born August 4, 1910, at Murray Hill, L. I. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has blonde hair and blue-grey eyes. Her real name is Anita Pomares. A Flapper from Los Angeles. Where do all the pretty girls come from? That's something that keeps the boys' girls guessing, if you get my meaning. Sally Blane, Polly Ann Young and Loretta Young are among Hollywood's fairest and prettiest girls. Sally in real life is Betty Jane Young. Loretta is 17 years old and Sally is 19. Loretta's next picture is "The Forward Pass" produced by First National. You hope you get an extra large photograph all autographed and everything from her, for your devotion deserves a reward. Mitzi of Little Rhody. You think every SCREENLAND customer would miss me if I decided to 'go movie'? Never fear, dear reader—as a star I'd continue to be the world's greatest Answer Lady! Fay Wray was Mitzi Schrammell and Dale Fuller was Frau Katherina Schrammell in "The Wed- ding March" directed by Marshall B. Niles. Her address elsewhere in this department. Gary was 28 years old on May 7, 1929.

Hollywood Holds Her Own—Continued from page 27

Rich give such a notable performance in "They Had to See Paris!" Simply because Irene knows her camera; she knows light- ing problems and directs them (unusual, huh, but she does it—love her for it); she knows the different make-ups for different oc- casions. (One does not make up the same for a desert sequence in the blazing sun as one does for a lighted interior; she knows, from long experience, her angles—whether she should turn full-face or three-quarters in a semi-closeup; and above all, she knows how to act and talk naturally—she has no stage training or conventionalities to overcome. Lubitsch says that her quarrel scene with Will Rogers—her "husband"—is one of the finest things he has seen upon the screen. The critics apparently agree with him.

Then take the case of little Bessie Love. In "The Broadway Melody" she's quite a find. He was born within a whole raft of 'stage celebrities. Did she fall down? Not so you could notice it! Without the slightest stage training this young lady who began her career, while still a student, in the Los Angeles High School but all stole the show.

And Betty Compson. Her competition was even more acute. for in "On With the Show" she was starred with two stage favorites right from Broadway, and she made them work mighty hard to hold up their side of the bargain. Go down the list and note them—Gloria Swanson, Clara Bow, Gray, Janet Gaynor, Marion Davies, Charles Farrell, Monte Blue, Conrad Nagel, Sue Carol. Dick Bartholomew, Ronald Colman, Lila Lee—(I could go on for a page! Do any of these oh so new and favorite stars seem to be headed for Hollywood?"

On the other hand you can name on a full breath the stage stars who give promise of sticking. Do you think any of the Broadway comedians, or comedesses, like to push their luck with Charlie Chase or Laurel and Hardy off the screen? As for the old character actors who came from the stage years ago and know their screen technique better than any of 'em—well, they are more strongly entrenched than ever. During the first avalanche of Broadway actors many of them were rele- gated to the sidelines. But what a yell went up from the exhibitors! They didn't know who Harold Timesquare was—they engaged Warner, O'Keefe, Marshall. Noah Beery, Jean Hersholt, Mitchell Lewis. And they got 'em. Many contracts with these old timers were not renewed during the grand march of the Broadway-ettes, and they were picked up by the smaller studios. Now there is a grand rush to get them back. For besides knowing their stuff better than the invaders, they are infinitely better 'box office.'

It has also been interesting to see how these old warhorses have put it over the new performers in the new department for sound stuff. They have been singing, dancing, playing banjos, reciting, ganging and doing their old stage and vaudevillian tricks. And don't think for a minute their fan doesn't stand up with the new Broadway gaggling.
photographed all of the first forty pictures produced by Cecil B. De Mille, and a dozen or more by other directors. On the last fifteen of "The Birth of a Nation," it has been used at some time or other during their making.

While $25,000,000 is the estimated production now which has passed through the slow and old-fashioned F. 3.5 lens of the box, this amount would undoubtedly be doubled if it were possible to compute the former cost made by stars who rose to fame through it.

The Marquise de Falaise, for instance, (Glora Swanson) thought $75 a week an amazing salary when she came from bathing girl comedies to play the lead in "Don't Change Your Husband."

A test was made by this camera of a bit-player in "The Birth of a Nation." The result was the signing of Wallace Reid for leading roles opposite Geraldine Farrar—and the start of the most meteoric and tragic career in all picture history.

Bebe Daniels, in person, seemed a rather awkward youngster—but the Pandora's box of the movies demonstrated that she had a remarkable screen personality. From barely more than a bit in "Male and Female" the black-haired Bebe has soared to the luxury of town cars and a home at an exclusive beach where land is valued at dollars to the inch rather than the foot.

Half the weight and size of the present modernized cameras, and with one-fourth their convenience and range of action, Pathé Professional Camera No. 5 is responsible for some of the greatest technical advances which movies have known.

Credited with being one of the first bits of "lighting" in films is an early scene with Raymond Hatton in "The Warrens of Virginia." Mary Pickford and Jack Holt were the principals of "The Little American" in which the camera participated in the first use of artificial lights to film a night scene (in the Little America—Cuba). It likewise participated in the first successful camera to 'spot' color at will on a picture scene (the illuminated jewel in "The Devil Stone").

Made on one of the basic patents of picture-making Pathé Professional Camera No. 5 has only fundamentals in common with the present. The production cost was $1600, your modern outfit, with all lenses, motors, sound recording equipment, etc., runs its cameraman about $6000. The cameras I had cost that much in 1913 there would have been no Lucky company! drily remarked Cecil B. De Mille, whose first picture, "The Squaw Man," cost $15,000—and brought the financial shoe-string of the tiny New concern almost to the breaking point.

Today four lenses can be changed on a modern camera in less than five seconds.

In 1913 it was a fifteen minute job to put on a new lens. Therefore, the majority of the 6,000,000 feet of film exposed by the old camera ran past a 2 inch F. 3.5 lens, just one-half as fast as the lightning quick F. 2 lenses now employed.

As an example of the rapid advances made in the field of "lighting" of the new era, we are shown a parallel in the bath-tub scenes of the two pictures—made 12 years apart!

Names have been given of a half dozen celebrities whom Pathé No. 5 introduced to film fame—but there are scores more. It met Thomas Meighan, for instance, in "Kindling"; Julia Faye in "The Woman God Forgets"; Florence Vidor, "Old Wives for New"; Noah Beery, "The Whispering Chorus"; Lew Cody, "Don't Change Your Husband"; William Boyd, an extra on "Chariots of Fire"; Ayres, "Forbidden Fruit"; "Fool's Paradise"; Conrad Nagel, Jacqueline Logan, Mildred Harris; "Saturday Night," Leatrice Joy in "The Ten Commandments." Rod La Rocque.

Blanche Sweet, Rita Jolivet, Victor Moore, Besie Barriscale, Dustin Farnum, Theodore Roberts, Robert Edeson, Theodore Kollof, Elliott Dexter, Ina Claire, Marie Doro, Mae Murray, Wanda Hawley, Helen Jerome Eddy, Bryant Washburn and Marjorie Dow are all other famous faces first photographed by the busiest film industry has known.

It doesn't work so much now, this Pathé No. 5. It is old-fashioned in relation to the highly modern cameras which can do everything but mix you an ice cream soda. It can't do some of the very involved trick stuff now demanded, but its fundamental picture-making quality is nowhere impaired.

So it is that Cecil De Mille religiously uses it at some point in every picture he makes and it is his camera in which stood by him when he was pioneering in pictures—and which has made him a fortune beyond his fondest early dreams.

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A New Boy—Continued from page 77

seventeen years of the most de luxe sort of life before Pate handed him a 'sock on the nose.'

He grinned when I talked to him about it.

"I was well on my way to being a very agreeable, well-manered, more or less useless rich man's son," he said. "At that time my dad's death was a dreadful tragedy but the financial failure was the best thing that could have happened to me.

"The saving thing about our situation was that we had been taught not to despise work. We had never had to do anything but dad had always jumped on any tendency we showed towards snotnoseyhood. So when the crash came my brother and I just looked down the rows of the job we applied for a job at the nearest railroad yard as mechanic's helpers.

"After four months I went on a long cruise to the Sandwich Islands. I was bored. When I got back I roomed with a boy named Steve Janney, who was recently killed. He was in the show business, and instead of looking for new work I told a friend into giving me a chance in 'The Mask in the Face,' a William Faversham production. I did seven different characters in this piece, four for delivering week, or the Colonel dollars. Then followed seventy-two weeks in stock, a tremendous experience, and then Broadway again!"

"A succinctly stated, boy, but one which would be all the more remarkable to you if you could see this youngster face to face. He doesn't look at all like one who has worked blindly hard to achieve a success. In fact, his diff in "So This is College" is as brilliant a bit as a vivid, very modern, very self-possessed, very charming young American. To all appearances he has never had a care in the world.

"But let him state his philosophy of life.

"I don't know whether I would recommend my experience for all youngsters," he said. "Certainly I frequently regret that I had to pass up four years in the big university for which my father had entered me when I was still a baby. Also there were many time that I could have gone through an experience, mighty near to making mistakes which might have ruined my life. It is safest to take the college route, to be under the principles of the sinking of the ship. There is no doubt of that. On the other hand the school of life is a forcing school. Through sheer necessity you plunge along faster, if you don't right start. If you can get your head, college can be dispensed with. But it is a great gamble. My boy, if I have one, will go to college. I wouldn't want him to take the chances with his life that I did with mine."

"Sounds like an old graybeard, doesn't he? At twenty-five he has packed more into a life than most men accomplish in fifty years.

Between seventeen and his present age he has fought, and won, the most difficult personal battle he will ever have.

You can take your hat off to Robert Montgomery, who became a stage star, and is doing legendary work in that real live screen, despite the early handicap of being born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

He remembers with pleasure his carefree days; but he looks forward with even keener anticipation to the time when he can enjoy luxurious living again—this time on the money won by the magic of his work as a creative artist.

He was a nice young lad of seventeen, that son of a rubber magnate. But he's a far more powerful personality at twenty-five. His diff in "Gentleman's College" and Andy McAllister in "Untamed."

"I had only had my chance in 'The Mask in the Face' two days when I knew that I never could do what I wanted to do," he told me. "I wanted to progress as rapidly as possible, so I inquired of older actors. They said, 'Go out in stock,' and I did. In twenty-six weeks I did seventy-two different characters in seventy-two different plays, and over fifty of them were old men! This character work, and the whole variety of experience, was my college. It was only college. I left the show business. That sort of thing is hard work, but it all seems rosy in retrospect, particularly as I seem to be getting ahead."
Can Beauty Be Hand-Made?—Continued from page 25

The patient rests a half hour. Then I'm through and what has happened?

"Because of massage, blood is circulating as it should through the body. Cheeks are pink. Eyes begin to shine. The person feels new energy, new life. They can go out and do day's job whereas before I began they were all in."

"Four things my clients must do. If they won't follow instructions, I don't treat them. First, they must cut down on sweets and sugar. No fancy desserts of potatoes and very little bread—and that whole wheat or rye or dark bread of some kind. Second, no liquor. Absolutely not. Third, they must eat lots of fruit. Even fruit with sugar in it. Fourth, all poisons of body must be eliminated regularly every twenty-four hours."

"It is easy to understand," Sylvia continued, "why screen stars need stimulation and recreation of massage. They have so little time for tennis and golf. All day and sometimes all night they stand in front of those terrible lights. Their expressions get set, stiff. And there comes time when they want to relax muscles and can't. That's where Sylvia comes in!"

"And now I tell you about some of my pet stars."

"One night I get home—I had treated fifteen clients that day—my usual average, and I was tired. The telephone ring. It was Mae Murray's dancing partner. He says, 'Sylvia, Alice White—she want you tonight.'"

"'I tell him I can't go. I spend evening with my boys. I have two sons, you know. I want them to go out for me. So I call taxi and go up to Alice's."

"At that time, Alice was a little Peter Rabbit, a little roly poly. She had been working hard with no time for exercise. She was making five hundred dollar a week. Now she make three thousand. I go to her house and Alice having bridge party, I wait ten minutes. Nothing happens. I wait twenty, half hour, hour. I say, 'Look here, Miss White, I busy woman. I treat you now or I must go home."

"Alice laugh, excuse herself from bridge table. And I give her treatment. Such treatment. I rub. I hammer. Alice was good sport. She don't say nothing."

"But next day she don't telephone for me. I think, 'Ah, I'm too much for that one. She want one of these gentle strokers—these persons who won't help that roly poly a bit.' A week go by. Then one night I hear gentle voice over telephone: 'Sylvia, will you come please?"

"'Who this?' I say.

"'Alice White,' she answer.

"'This I ask: 'Did you didn't like me? You try somebody else?'"

"'No, I didn't like you at first,' she confess, 'but I try somebody else and they not so good. Will you come?'"

"So I go. I been there nearly every day since. And now you see Alice in 'Broadway Babies.' She's wonder! Thin, Clear-cut chin line. Slim legs. Slim waist and hips. Ah. I work over Alice! I work hard. We get along fine now. She gave me these pajamas I have on."

"Sylvia was wearing lovely heliotrope pajamas trimmed with green buttons and frogs with her name embroidered in green on the pockets. In it she looked just like a little doll, a little mandarin baby doll. Really, Sylvia looks somewhere in her early thirties, and her older son is twenty-six. Count it up yourself."

"'How do you keep from getting old?' I ask.

"'Shh! Shh! Never mention that word 'old' either to me or to anybody else, and most of all don't even whisper it to yourself. This is woman's day. She may be old in hours—that is, in hours she spend before the camera, in office, or in housework. But she need never be old in years. Refuse to take notice of birthdays. Let the years glide light over your laughing head. And you keep young always—so long as you work, so long as you laugh, so long as you have one person in the world to love deeply and passionately. To love and to work and to laugh—that's young!'

"Tell me how you happened to treat Miss Swanson,' I asked.

"'Well, now, I tell you. Laura Hope Crews—you know Laura, the actress, she one of my clients. She say to me, Sylvia, you must come to Gloria. She is tired."

"'I'm busy till ten o'clock. I full up."

"'Come after ten then,' Laura answer. And so I go.

"'I get to Gloria's house at eleven o'clock at night. Up in Beverly Hills. No Gloria. The butler he take me in a little boudoir. A beautiful little room. All soft divans and pillows. I very tired. I sit down, I fall asleep. I wake up when I hear somebody say: 'Oh, hello! It was Gloria and it was one o'clock."

"'Now Gloria, she is an unusual girl. Very sensible. She can't bear having people touch her. If she likes you well and good. If not, no hope."

"Gloria was very tired. She had been working on her new picture 'The Trespasser'—the one in which she has made such a hit in London. Fourteen hours a day she work out on that lot. Not only acting before the camera, but singing—and she had never sung before. She helped to rewrite the story, she helped to direct. She tried on clothes. She posed for stills. Poor Gloria was worn out. Nervous, tired. I put her in the bed. I start to work. In ten minutes Gloria asleep. Like a baby. So sound as her own little girl Gloria sleeps. And, by the way, if you could see her little girl, you would love her. That child looks so much like her mother it is really funny."

"'I treat Gloria all the time now. And I would have gone with her to London. I wanted to. She need me. But then I was under contract to Pathé and I could not leave. But when Gloria came back, I left everything and came to New York to look after her. That's why I'm here now. She is wonderful. So well and pretty and happy now. And she too have had a lot of trouble. But she never talk about it. Gloria is really a princess, a slim princess, a little aristocrat—reserved, dignified, temperamental, lovely."

"Lots of Pathé stars I treat," Sylvia went on. "I tell you now about Ina Claire—Mrs. Jack Gilbert."

"Just before Ina married Jack, Hedda Hopper called me up one morning: 'You must go to Ina Claire. She need you.'"

"'I can't,' I say. 'I leave now for studio."

"'You must. You got to."

"So I go. I saw Ina years ago in 'Gold Diggers of Broadway,' not the movie, you understand, the stage play. And I know how Ina must look."

"I get to Ina's hotel. She propped up in bed. A hundred pillows behind and beside her. Little silk pillows, lace pillows, satin. She was talking over French telephone, dictating to secretary, telling two maids what to unpack. Clothes, shoes, jewelry, negligees all over place."

"I wait. I wait some more. Finally, I say, 'Miss Claire, I busy woman. I have big day's work to do.'"

"She looked at me—kind of, kind of—quizzical, you say, as if 'Don't you know I'm the great Claire? Everybody wait for Doug Fairbanks Jr. and 'Aloyxita,' his pet and mascot. Al made his talkie debut in 'The Forward Pass.
me." Then all of sudden, she laughed. How she laughed! And I go to work.

"I never have so much fun with anybody as Ina. She real comediene. She laugh all time. She crack joke. She make me laugh. So I laugh and I laugh. And I feel still be at night. And they tell me to come back tomorrow to wedding breakfast. I come back. I was the only one there at the wedding breakfast. There was no other children. No matter what people say, that marriage will go. Ina will help Jack with his talking work and Jack will help Ina with her screen work. It will be happy. I know, too. Some things I feel.

"At Pathé, too, I treat Ann Harding. You know Ann, she play and make big success in 'Paris Bound.' Well, Ann is different than any star I ever saw. She made big stage hit and she come to Holly-wood. But she like being housewife better than being star. She crazy about husband and kids. But she look to get out of overalls and dig in garden. She don't mind getting her face and hands dirty. She is, I think, the sweetest and most loved star of all. And I think, too, she is one of most sincere actresses I ever saw. She gave me a picture and she wrote on it: 'To my beloved darling Sylvia.' That picture go where I go—it stay with me to my last day.

"Carol Lombard is another girl I enjoy treating. I helped Carol, I helped her so much one day Marion Davies passed her on the street and didn't even speak to her. And that is what I speak to everybody she know. But Carol had changed so Marion had not recognized her.

"Tell me something about Marion Davies," I said. "Everybody loves her and loves to hear about her.

"Well, Marion—she's a great one. There's nobody just like Marion. She'd been working hard, too, like Gloria, on her new picture, 'Marriane.' When I went to see her, she was tired. She wasn't laughing. And Marion always laugh.

"It was at her big house in Santa Monica. Like a castle. All filled with gorgeous furniture and high old colonial beds. Now I've only four feet ten and I only weigh ninety pounds, so when Marion got in bed, I say: 'Miss Davies, I need a ladder.' " A light?" say Marion, a cigarette lighter?

"'No,' I answer, 'I don't want a cigarette lighter! A ladder—la-dy-d-e-r—something to undo up to that high bed.'

"And then Marion laugh like anything. So we go all through her dozens of beds rooms looking for a low bed. We can't find a single one. So I climb up on that high bed and on my knees start my job on Marion.

"But now, I must go," said Sylvia, breaking off suddenly. "I must give Gloria a treatment."

"Tell me about just one more star," I begged, "it's so interesting, so different from what other people tell us.

Then Sylvia stopped laughing. Her blue eyes grew serious. I tell you just one more. About somebody who stands close to my heart. Somebody I go through fire for!"

"Who is that?" I asked curiously.

"It is Norma—Norma Shearer. When I go to treat Norma," Sylvia continued, "she was working on 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.' Because of new talkies and new effect it required, she was nervous. Novelty of it made her worried. And she take her work so seriously. A shy lovely girl, Norma is. But I don't think she is afraid that she is stuck up. She is not. She is simple and unaffected, with the kindest heart in Hollywood. I treated her a long time. We grew close together. One day I come to treat her and I'm worried. I can't laugh. I worried about my oldest boy. She notice it and say Sylvia, what is the matter? I never saw you blue be-fore."

"And then I tell her, I open my heart to her. And she help me. How she help me, I can't tell you at the site—this wouldn't like that, but I can tell you I would do anything for her. That girl have my loyalty so long as I draw breath."

"It's like that in Hollywood. You do for people. People do for you. With most of wealth and beauty of the world there, human nature is the same. The woman that want young to be so she'll be loved. The men they want to keep healthy and prosperous so somebody young will love them. They are all children, each one of them. And I love them and I want to be happy. Just like you and me— and everybody else in the world!"

Although Sylvia has time only to treat one or two professional patients and about one hundred non-professional clients who come to her and write to her for advice—which she gives free of charge. If you get in touch with her she'll try to give you a way to go about it to keep young and slim, healthy and beautiful. And you have only to take one look at her picture to know that she has learned the way herself, and what she has learned she shares willingly with her friends and clients. Sylvia is a character, a real personality, one of the most generous and unselfish persons I know. She is an open, above-board, plain-spoken woman; and the beauty that she has retained in her own face and figure she wants to share with the world.

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**A Critic and a Plow** — Continued from page 32

players waited with a little anxiety. Would he be highbrow, as most operatic stars are pictured? Would he be temperamental as most opera stars are supposed to be? Everybody wondered.

Then arrived on the lot a young fellow, tall, slender, and exceedingly regular. He uses all the modern slang, likes aviation, and doesn't pose. He reminds one of a young broker or insurance man—not of an opera star.

The first person he wanted to meet was Clyde Tolson, the studio's camera operator, and he loves to shoot pictures, and about the odds and ends of the new business. He is an ardent screen fan, and, now, that he's in the studio, eagerly anxious to meet screen favorites he has long admired from the silent screen.

He likes horseback riding, and every morning sees him on the beach. When I was a kid, he says, "I used to ride a horse bareback, with nothing but a halter, and I can still do it. A while back I visited some old friends down at Fresno—you know, the grape country in the valley, and I picked out a ranch horse and tried it, just to see if I could still do it. That's where I watched 'em plow the new way. They hitch a gang of plows onto a tractor now and pull it through. In the old days plowing was a fine art. You'd start a furrow, then carefully manipulate the plow in the succeeding furrow so you'd slice off just so much at a time. To keep a furrow straight was a fine art, and required lots of practice. The boy who could do it was quite a dignitary around the Bakersfield country."

Learning to plow a furrow straight was probably his first step toward opera. It takes one, of course, is music, but is eagerly anxious to talk about pictures, a new adventure to him.

He asked hundreds of questions about making films, and Tolson, as an old admirer, is music, but is eagerly anxious to talk about pictures, a new adventure to him.

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At the studios, in his brief stay, he has made many friends. Ramon Novarro wor-
World Peace—Continued from page 21

I went into the Navy. And there I re-

tained until the end. As I married and

my children came into the world, they

asked the same questions that I had asked

years before. And I had no answer for

them. But all this time I was seeking—
hoping for a solution. Then came the

war. The Revolution. Finally with my

wife and children I escaped to the Crim-

ea. But there I was imprisoned. It looked

like the end for all of us. But is wasn't.

I knew them just as I know now that

we were and always will be protected.

Eventually we all escaped, and arrived safely

in Paris.

But I was no longer satisfied to live

as heretofore. I wanted to find the an-

swer to the riddle that had been haunting

me all my life. And I have. It's Love.

Love not for riches or power or fame.

But Love—each man for the other. And

for the bigger that stands outside the door.

It was at this time that I went to the

Peace Conference, where I tried to make

understand the true condition in Russia.

But they had not listened to me.

"I would make every man wealthy—

rich in Love, and comfortable in mate-

rial circumstances, so that he is no longer

terrorized by poverty and not tempted by

wealth."

"This can only be accomplished by edu-

cating the children. And at this time when

Premier Ramsay MacDonald and your Pres-

ident are working for the peace of all

nations, I am so anxious for the people of

America to realize that they must do their

part. It is not alone by treaties and delica-

tate bayonet maneuvers that every man

must help. For peace will not en-

sure so long as man has the lust to fight.

So long as we give children toy soldiers
to play with and send them to military

schools, so long will wars continue. We

must force the cessation of hostilities by ed-

ucating the children—both at home and

in the schools, in the homes and in the

churches. By teaching them less of vari-

ous gods and more of permanent Godli-

ness, as the years roll by we will arrive at

the ideal of peace toward which every

thoughtful man and woman is striving.

"There is no more potent for

educating children than the motion pic-

tures. In five years you understand, there

will be talking pictures in two hundred

thousand churches and parish houses, there

will be watching pictures in one million pub-

lic schools, and all these same talks will be

universally used in the teaching of medicine,

surgery, science, history, art and music.

"More than ever, therefore, is it ne-

cessary that this greatest of present day

industries, the moving picture, with its sis-

ters the radio and the gramophone, should

bring to the people of the world those

things which are essentially good and beau-

tiful."

The Broadway Blonde—Continued from page 47

hair, for instance. She likes to wear it

parted in the middle, drawn over her ears

in Madonnar fashion, and in a coil at the

nape of her neck. But between the pages of

the director of the picture, decided that

this was not sophisticated enough for the

part she plays in 'Her Private Affair.' she

agreed to have it changed. As a result of

her sweetness I lay awake several nights

trying to think out brand new coiffures,

exactly suited to her particular type.

"It's the same way with everyone else.

The cameramen are all crazy about her, and

they pay more attention to lighting and

photographing her than anyone I've ever

seen them work with. She works so hard

herself that she inspires everyone else to

equal effort. Why, I remember one day

when she played a scene in a tight pair of

shoes, which really hurt awfully, rather than

hold up the company an hour until another

couple came out from town. Can you imagine

anyone not co-operating with a girl like

that?"

"That's the deep, dark secret are you three

whispering about now?" she queried as

she sank into one of the canvas set chairs

beside us.

"A matter of secrets, have you any secrets

that your new-found fan public might be

interested in?" I queried in reply.

"I never have secrets," she answered.

"Even if this picture is called 'Her Private

Affair.' They're dangerous. For if they

are really secreted, they can usefully worry you.

And if they cease to be secrets, they usually

worry some else."

"One thing, certainly, that is no secret,

is the way in which Harry and I have be-

come attached to California. Neither one

of us had ever been here until Harry came

with the 'Strange Interlude' company and I

arrived in Pasadena to recuperate from a

strenuous season of playing 'Mary Dugan'

too soon after the birth of our baby. But

we consider ourselves natives, already.

They say that a New Yorker who comes to Cali-

ifornia usually needs to return to New York

before he can get the proper perspective

on this state, but we are so completely fasci-

nated by California, that we don't even

need the New York trip."

For some time, I had wondered just how

and where this new screen star lived. I

had never met anyone who had encountered

her. I have seen her at the Mayflower, at

the Blossom Room at the Roosevelt, or any

of the other bright spots most frequented

by the celebrities of Hollywood.

"Do you live in Beverly Hills?" I asked.

"Bless you, no!" she replied. "As soon

as Harry and I signed our contracts with

Pathe, we moved from Pasadena to the

cutest little place in Van Nuys that you

could imagine. It's not a new place, but

it's homey, and it has a nice garden and

a big yard for Jane to crawl around in and

we have two dogs and lots of chickens

and such flowers. They would be worth a

small fortune in any florist's shop on

Broadway!"

If you have never been in Hollywood, you

must understand just how complicated

Ann Harding had defied all rules of motion

picture existence by not only living in Van

Nuys, but openly admitting that fact. It

might be compared to a famous New York

stage star living in Hoboken. And you

can well imagine what a sensation that

would be!"

"Harry and I have just bought the most

gorgeous lot it is up on the very top of

one of the tallest Hollywood hills," she

continued in her enthusiastic praise of Cali-

fornia. "And we are going to build a home

there immediately, in the theaters, and in

the few days when we are not working, we

pack up a nice lunch, take along a canteen

of water, put Jane into the back seat of the

car and spend the day there clearing off our

lot. It's great fun, but you can imagine

what our friends in New York would say

if they could see us with grime hands and

face working like day laborers for us."

Well, I couldn't, and what's more, if I

had not seen snapshots of them at work,

I would have thought they were playing

some sort of joke on me. But no high-hat

for Ann Harding!
distinctly understood,—(he fixed us with stern eyes and words)—"I never sang in a choir or a night club!"

As this sally brought chuckles from the gang, he added confidentially, "I was driven to it in self-defense. Singing, I mean. During the making of a picture in which I was given a leading rôle, executives went frantically around the studio trying to think of someone who could sing the leading rôle in another picture. They asked me..."

But they never thought of asking several picture actors on the lot who had become popular in the Limelight. Guess they thought we had lost our voices.

"At any rate, I said to myself, said I, 'Lloyd my boy, you had better get busy if you want to stay in this new picture racket.' They won't believe you can talk or sing if you tell them, so you had better be good when you do try to show them.

"When my teacher finally said, 'Lloyd, you'll never be a John McCormack, but you can carry a tune pretty well, and you don't flat any high notes, nor can I teach you that as ready as I ever would be. And here I am, Lloyd Hughes, warbling at everything from I Kiss Your Hand, Madame and Pagan Love Song to For You Alone and Trot's Good-Bye. The girls in the box office, the maids and girls, you have to listen now whether I'm good or not."

Beneath all this light and airy badinage on the stage is the unusually reticent and conscientious Lloyd Hughes. I detected a serious note. Drawing him aside later, I reproached him.

"Never mind running your voice down the scale to the range of my own and a soul for music, and I think it's pretty good. On the level, don't you get a kick out of making the grade with something new?"

The victim looked furiously around.

"Yes," he admitted like a man. "I do. I like to sing, but I don't want such a fuss made of it, though. At least, I want that rôle in that picture and if it takes a voice to get it these days, I aim to please."

"What could be fairer than that?" Lloyd has had one of the most interesting careers of any of the younger players. No less than five Arizona towns can claim him as a native son. He was born in Bishbee, but he was raised and educated in Globe, Douglas, Tuscon and Phoenix. His family brought him to Los Angeles for his high school education.

Lloyd was placed at Polytechnic High School where he became a tennis star and gained a reputation as a splendid all-round athlete.

In those days motion picture companies filled their scenes with such novelties. Lloyd secured his first job as an extra in this way, and he had to play 'hockey' from school to do it. Becoming interested in the pictures as a possible career, the youth secured his first real job not as an actor but in the dark room of a film laboratory. He possessed such a keen physique and made such a splendid appearance that he soon attracted the attention of directors when he played in the extra ranks.

His first opportunity came when another adventurer than the ordinary run of people. It spoils their illusion, although they'd swear that they'd never had any if you were to ask them.

"I was called to a New York hotel to meet a Hollywood movie man," she went on. "When I walked in he was writing at a desk. He looked up and said, 'How do you do, Miss? I answered. 'Isn't this suite 1012?' He said, 'Yes, but are you sure you have the right number?' The poor man had been expecting some person with a lot of vim, vigor and temperament, and in I walked. He later told me that he thought I was a school girl, lost in the wilds of a New York hotel!"

"But I've been on the stage ever since I was fifteen yeas old," Miss Jordan explained. "My folks wanted me to send me to Southwestern University in Tennessee — we're Southern folks, you know — but I decided I'd rather go to the famous Dramatic School in New York. I was just a kid, but I'd been through high school in a hurry, you see.

"Dramatic school wasn't as exciting as I thought it would be," she went on. "I ambled down to the Capitol Theater one afternoon and got myself a job with Chester Hale.

"That wasn't hard to do, as Chester Hale says he can make a dancer out of any girl who has reasonably straight legs and a lot of stick-to-it spirit. I worked awhile for him and then got a job in the chorus of the New York Gaieties. I could sing and they let me try out a single number for them. After that it wasn't hard to get a 'spot' in Twinkle, Twinkle.

"When 'Funny Face' was being produced I went to the rehearsal and asked them if I couldn't sing a few songs for them. They let me sing a couple of numbers and featured me in the billing. I must have got over all right, for when I applied for a job in "Treasure Girl," they gave me a lot to do and a great deal of space on their advertisements.

"How did you happen to get into motion pictures?" I asked.

"It was just as easy as getting on the stage. The Fox studios gave me a part in 'Black Magic.' And then Mr. Douglas Fairbanks says he was a queer fellow and decided that he could use me in 'The Taming of the Shrew.' It was the first time I ever played Shakespeare, one day I got a call to come down to Metro-Goldwyn and take a test. I was horribly nervous, but I guess the test turned out all right, for I got a contract and here I am, playing with Mr. Fairbanks."

It may be put down as a matter of record that Miss Jordan won this part from a list of applicants which numbered more than thirty-five screen beauties.
Although that's four times what 'Buddy' received until recently, and exactly three times as much as Alice White once got. But—yet. However, you must have household help. With your pre-stardom ideas you have no use for swimming pools in force, you confine yourself to employing a couple: the woman to cook and perhaps double as your maid, the man to tend the garden, do the heavier work, and put on the Butler act occasionally. It is necessary that they live in, which means you feed them at a cost of about $100 a month, in addition to paying in the neighborhood of $175 for salaries. But you must have a car. It is as essential as your make-up box. There is no other way to get about. Economically, you'll drive it yourself. You can, if you care to, spread the payments over a year. Let's say to buy it and keep it costs $250 a month. It isn't a Rolls. But it can't be a flivver.

Well! So far so good. And you're quite proud of yourself. You have a forty week contract at $1500—an annual income of $60,000! And you've provided yourself with everything you need (so you think). Clothes at an average outlay of $50 monthly—$6000 a year; a place to live at an annual rental of $3000; the cost of running your home, including the servants, comes to an estimated $7000; and your car sets you back $3000. A total of $17,600. You have $42,400 left. Provided, of course, that De Luxe Pictures exercises its option on your services. Provided—huh!—ruled.

To make sure that you register properly on the powers that be, you immediately hire a publicity man. You can get a publicity man cheaper than you can get a Councillor of Public Relations. They're about the same. Except that a mere publicist's fee is less than a Councillor's. He'll get your name in the papers for about $5000 annually. Naturally, though, to get your picture printed he must have photographs. Take the word of Marie Prevost. Estelle Taylor and other established stars that they are in constant conflict with that. The, you run up to $2000 every fifty-two weeks. Everyone must have exclusive poses. A pose once used cannot be reprinted. You want to give the world the real you—whatever that may be—every month. You must register to stay in the game.

Now you figure you're all set, and there's still over half of your sixty grand left. But you don't know nothin' yet. Through the publicity campaign, and because of your own winsome personality, you become quite popular with the press, the public, the other stars at the studio, the directors and the executives—not only on your lot, but those from Beauford Films, Inc., an outfit several degrees more important than De Luxe Films, as you soon learn.

So you are entertained. And in return you hurl whoopie bids to the press, the stars, the directors, the executives, the bank clerks, and a couple of Elks' conventions. Extra food and drink depletes the bankroll to the extent of $200 a week—if you're moderate. But it's lots of fun—and there's still $27,000 left. Of course, you begin to experience servant trouble around now. The couple you engaged was okay just for you. But both of 'em kick at fixing things for the gang. You take a Filipino boy and a personal maid. Luck is with you and you get them for $150 a month—well under the market price. There's no reason to believe that they eat less than the first couple, so tack on another hundred a month for their maintenance.

You find that the little car isn't quite enough. After all, you need a limousine and a chauffeur to go to the openings where you're put on a place. You're put on a pedestal. You're put on an eminence. And you must register to stay in the game.

Two Young girls! Loretta's little sister Georgina wants to grow up in a hurry so she can be a famous motion picture actress like her family idols, Loretta, Sally Blane, and Polly Ann Young. We'll watch for you, Georgina!

After all, you've heard having jewelry is just like having money in the bank. So it is. Except of course that it costs the interest on the money to wear jewelry, instead of the money drawing interest. And that when you try to sell—you find it's easier to buy. The Malibu place only costs $18,000. But you spread the jewelry payments over a year at $100 a month. Seven thousand more has flown the coop. You've sort of lost track now, but your secretary—oh, didn't I mention that? Of course you just had to have a secretary for your engagements, and the fan mail, and—well, you know—this and that. Well, you're smart enough to handle all the deductions, including her salary of $2000—there's a nice round $10,000 remaining.

Thank goodness for that! Because you've worked hard—and played hard, which is really part of the work—and you really need a vacation, say in Hawaii, during your twelve week lay-off. So you ship the small car and the Filipino and the secretary and the maid and yourself to Honolulu, and have a simple Christmas. You've got just before Christmas to find that you've forgotten gifts for the press, the stars, the directors the executives and the bankers. You're advised at the studio to contribute to this charity and that one. On December 30 your bank telephones that you're overdrawn a few hundred dollars. But that they'll be very—oh, very happy to take care of the overdraft for you.

You're a little confused. A trifle bewildered. You look at this amazing structure that has created itself under your feet in one brief year. You remember how happy you were when it began. Why don't you go bare-legged—happy because you could save on the near-silk stockings that had to be bought on your fifteen dollar a week salary. You wonder who all these people are who 'yes' you—the butler, cook, chambermaid, chauffeur, secretary. You wonder how you ever accumulated the hundred pairs of slippers in your shoe closet—the perfume cabinet with its thousands of dollars' worth of scent—the gorgeous gowns—the cars—the jewelry—the million-dollar stables.

But you're over! You are handed a fine new contract—for twenty-five hundred dollars each and every week! Hooray! You move into a bigger house with a pool—just a small one—at $800 a month. You send East for Maw and Paw and the kids, and set them up in your old home, give them your old cars, servants—everything. Twenty-five hundred bucks a week! More dough than any one in the family ever had in a lifetime! All the things worn more than three times are expressed to Cousin Minnie and Paw's brother-in-law.

And at the end of the second year when the secretary presents the Jan. 1 bank balance you find it's just exactly the amount you used to have in the Christmas Savings Fund back in the days when a dollar was worth a few cents.
A New 'Skin Game'—Continued from page 75

ever way it was, we have heard a great deal about diet. Now, with the new dresses with their high necks and gored sleeves, and whatever we're to have a few curvy—men, they're encouraged. But never again, I believe, will smart women allow a neckline to become or remain fat. What has all this to do with complexion? Wait a minute and I'll tell you. It made for better and clearer skin! If you take such care of your unlovely, I've oily—quite tight. Walking good—depend flesh dust, great—acquire splendid impoverished bed, blackheads. As the unpleasant, you and tell rushing. It dry get remember health off—quite unpleasant. Superb enlarged bed, small is the corrects. Now, business, go close out makes hoot allow cold had. Rinse today Every remain—night of. If your exercise market are particularly far. Dancing, highly watch of. I'll very to see, chin or neglect. The wrong—seasoned eyes,' and about their face, and about——they and neglect it. To cleanliness. Of. We must blame—internal organs, should. I'll miss a part of your skin—better. Today to smoothness. And when the skin needs an oily cream smoother well into the skin at night, it is better to leave the oil free from cream upon retiring, though a small amount may be patted into the neck, around the eyes and at the sides of the mouth where lines are prone to form. Choose a good cleansing cream and skin food. I can tell you of a cream that is both cleansing and nourishing and agrees with all skins and is quite reasonably priced.

If the blackheads persist, use a flesh brush, a very soft, fine one, with soap and water, about three times each week. Use cleansing cream first, and cold water after the face has been well cleansed with soap and water. If this does not banish the blackheads, use a good pore cream. It seems superfluous to add: do not neglect the daily bath. Every girl knows this is necessary to health and beauty. Bathe at night or on in the morning, as best agrees with you.

Do you have a muddy skin, dark circles under the eyes, a skin disfigured by pimples, blackheads, acne and enlarged pores? Write me your particular problem and I will tell you about special treatments and preparations. And don't forget the beauty diet I promised.
They're Only Human!—Continued from page 19

If Norma Shearer were of the old school and confined to interviewers, as she frequently does, that she was just about on her uppers when she landed a job in pictures, the entire film colony would have fallen in one grand swoon. And yet old Norma and all the others have been the effect there was a Clara Bow to relate the story of her poverty-stricken childhood; of the day when she learned that she had worn a bathing suit and knew she had no suitable clothes to go before the camera for a screen test. Clara managed however and passed the test and at an age when most girls are in grammar school was well on her way to success. She has passed many tests since then —among them the supreme test of loyalty. Clara is loyal to old friends. Her confidant and closest friend is her secretary, Daisy De Vec, the little blonde girl who was once her hairdresser.

Marion Davies is one of the best liked girls in pictures, and is not a bit too proud to sit down and play bridge on the set with an assistant director, a property man, an extra or two, or whoever doesn't happen to be working at the time. And don't you love Marion's freckles? In the old days she'd have been going about in a sun hat swathed in veils and carrying a parasol. Not Marion. She just lets herself be freckled.

And Marion isn't the only star who has freckles and doesn't try to do anything about it. Joan Crawford's freckles are quite noticeable even in her photographs unless they are touched up carefully, but somehow she becomes her.

Greta Garbo—the exotic Garbo—is another star who does the unexpected. She's not at all bashful about having her palm read by an extra girl, or piloting a flivver around the beaches.

Charlie Farrell drives a flivver, too, of quite ancient vintage—and is proud of it. And Alice White, whom one would expect to drive a smart, expensive roadster, keeps only a medium-priced car and likes to drive it over rough mountain roads. Incidentally, she lives in a small apartment and keeps only one maid, and admits that she has no desire to accumulate a library of first editions!

Nils Asther drives an old car most film fans didn't know he had his little five-room house wouldn't do for a garage for Oliver Marsh who photographs most of his pictures. Nils likes to eat onions, and does, and he works no nonsense of trying to kid himself or anybody else into believing that his 'art' is everything when he knows in his heart that movie money is what counts, after all.

Nils tells a funny one on himself. "It was just after we made 'Sorrell and Son' that I got my first ticket for exceeding the speed limit and went to court. The judge said to me sternly, 'Have I not seen you before?'

'I felt quite flattered as I thought he meant he had seen me on the screen. I bowed and smiled and told him he probably had seen me.

"'Then, as an old offender I fine you $150,' ordered the judge. 'Thoroughly squelched, I explained meekly that I had never been in court before—that I thought he meant he had seen me on the screen. The judge, luckily for me, had a sense of humor. He laughed safety in numbers, she believes.

William Haines was a haphazard sort of bond salesman before he hit on the movie trail. Charles King of "Broadway Melody" fame recalls the days when he was a street urchin in the toughest neighborhood in New York's old east side and doesn't even blush when he tells of fitting his first stage appearance in the Hurtig & Seaman burlesque house.

Lon Chaney is proud of the stagehands' union card he still carries.

Raquel Torres doesn't hide the fact that she was an usherette before she happened to be picked to play in "White Shadows of the South Sea." Karl Dane is so proud of his carpentering prowess that it's hard to keep him away from the hammers and saws on the sets when he should be putting on make-up. Buster Keaton loves to recount his experiences on the road when he was a family knockout act. And Cliff Edwards, better known as Ukulele Ike, isn't at all ashamed of having worked in one-armed lunch counter counts before he went into Colleen Moore is fond of saying that if she had not had an uncle who knew D. W. Griffith and casually introduced her to him one day, she might have been just a plain home girl. Well, she might have been a home girl but she never would have been plain. Colleen is always attractive, and always was.

Gary Cooper is one of the most unpretentious of the male stars. If he's working in a soft shirt with turn down collar or in a shirt with no collar at all he makes no attempt to dress up at lunch time, or for dinner either if he happens to be working. And Gary doesn't have to. Ann Harding is one girl who is so lovely she seems to belong to the old days when lady stars reigned gracefully on chaise-longues heaped with mauve and sea-green pillows when expecting an interviewer. But she doesn't. Ann is delighted with California because she can have a house and flowers growing that has no inclination for reclining. You'll find her any day working in her garden, and she doesn't care how dirty her hands get.

Richard Arlen and his wife Jobyna Ralston are great for the home life, too. They have a charming house, but they don't spend their leisure time all dressed up waiting for callers. More than likely they'll be outside in smocks or overalls painting furniture or trimming shrubbery or mowing the lawn or laying a walk. Yes, and Jobyna upholsters her own furniture.

And so it goes! Nowadays the stars even admit they are married and have children!
photographic test only. If she photographs in a satisfactory manner, she is turned over to Miss Alice Kelly, dramatic voice instructor, who asks her to read passages from a book or play—anything suitable.

"If the applicant has a good voice and expression and survives this test, she is then asked to appear in a scene with one or more experienced actors. The scene is generally from some play and this time 300 feet of film are shot. The applicant is never required to make an individual test.

"This hurdle having been successfully negotiated, the applicant is then made up, costumed by Sophie Wachner, fashion creator, and supervisor of ladies’ wardrobe and asked to play a character in a scene on an actual set. The best of equipment and 100 per cent facilities are employed in this test.

"The film is then cut and submitted to Mr. Winfield Sheehan, vice-president, and Mr. Hal Wurtzel, general superintendent of Fox-Movietone for their approval or disapproval.

"So much for the dramatic test.

"In the case of a test for a singing voice, the procedure already detailed is followed up to a certain point. The applicant is required to practise one or two songs. After they have been sung and is it decided that the test is O.K., the applicant is asked to go to the studio two days later to sing the same songs with DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, the composers, or Dave SMP, another composer, present to pass judgment.

"In the event of a dancing test, the same routine is followed only Seymour Felix or Edward Royce, well-known stage directors, are on hand to give their verdict as to the result of the test.

"The casting office, of course, selects all experienced actors, but they, too, go through tests in costume before they are finally assigned to a production.

"We take, on an average, 20 tests a day. Some days we do not discover a single candidate, the person who can pass it. I might point out the fact that more than 300,000 feet of film were used up in a recent test in Italy and the result was one successful applicant, while in Mexico City, about 15,000 two possibilities were discovered in 30,000 feet of film.

"Being the Columbus of new faces and voices has its thrills, however, as Winfield Sheehan will tell you if a shrewd enough reporter will get him to talk about Janet Gaynor.

"But discovering talent or genius is one thing and recognizing it on the screen, well, that’s another story—of the eyes and ears of the public.

"Clara Bow Psycho-Analyzed

Continued from page 29

energy, which flings up skyscrapers taller and taller, not just for a good investment, but for that thrill and adventure if, that passed a prohibition law just in order to make drinking an obstacle race. Something a little more exciting than merely imbibing liquor.

All that we ask of Clara Bow is that she keep on being more and more herself and growing up along with the rest of us!
In New York—Continued from page 73

out of this trip was having my father and
mother with me. Papa is a theater exhibi-
tor. He has three theaters but he doesn't
ever get to New York. And to have him
and mama both with me—it's great. Every-
morning I give mama a little check and
say—'Now go on and buy something
something you don't absolutely need.' She
can hardly get used to it. She's so ac-
customed to living modestly in real New
England fashion that she can't get used
to the idea of buying something not a
necessity.
'I'm coming back to this town, you bet.
And I'm going to keep up my singing
lessons. I'm crazy about singing. I'll
ing all the time—if I had my way. And
when I made my personal appearance tour
and I'm going to visit five more cities
on my way home—I sang in every city.
Gee, I hoped they liked it. They seemed
to. And sometimes I got as many as
twenty encore.
'Pictures are like New York,' Charlie
concluded. 'Just when you think you're all
set and going along on an even keel
something turns up which changes the
things. But that's what makes it exciting.
That's what makes films the most wonderful
game in the world. I am so grateful
that I finally got in the movies, for
it began, and for a long time afterward
everybody from the bottom to the top said:
'He won't be able to do it. He's not
the type.'
'But here I am. And here I want to stay.'

Jack Gilbert and his comédienne bride,
Ina Claire, stepped off the boat the day
after their delayed honeymoon trip
abroad. But they only remained in New
York long enough to gulp a cup of com-
moded in nubile, a piece of long cold,
then they were whisked into their compart-
ment, and the train pulled out for the
Golden West.

Gilbert looked fine. Thinner somehow—but bronzed and smiling as usual. He
says he enjoyed every second of his first
European visit. Ina, to whom a jaunt to
Europe is no more unusual than a week-
end at Malibu Beach, walked down the
gangplank looking as if she had had Paul
Poiret, Lady Duff-Gordon and Edward
Molyneux sitting up nights doing nothing
but stitching the one simple suit she wore.

Ina accompanied Jack back to Holly-
wood to get him all settled and happy, and
then she will return to New York for a
few weeks to take care of certain matters
in connection with her stage career.

'She's the answer to the producers'
prayer.'

'That's what they say about Catherine
Dale Owen out in Hollywood. And it's
too, true. Miss Owen, as you all have ob-
erved by now, is the extremely lovely
blonde who plays the princess in John
Gilbert's first talkie, "His Glorious Nick."

At tea, in the lounge of the New York
Ritz, Catherine told me all about it. In
real life, she's the aristocratic type, all
right—a southern girl whose long, fine hair,
deep, blue eyes, slender wrists and ankles
speak eloquently of blue blood.

'I never dreamed of having Mr. Thal-
berg give me a Metro contract,' Miss Owen
explained, as she drank her China tea and
ate her English muffin. 'I never dreamed
even of going on the stage. It happened
absolutely by accident.'

'A few days ago,' she went on, 'my
sister decided she wanted to study for the
stage. So mother signed her up for a
course at the American Academy of Dra-
painting in New York. Then my
sister made other plans. The four hundred
dollars had already been paid for the course
and we couldn't afford to lose it. So I
called the director of the school and asked
him if he would accept her both for the junior and senior courses.

'It wasn't long before the stage com-
pletely absorbed me. A short time after
I graduated, I got a part in a Russian
City,' in which Sesuai Hayakawa, the film
actor, was the star. Then I played in 'The
Whole Town's Talking,' 'The Play's The
Thing,' Balasco's 'Canary Dutch,' Chan-
ning Pollock's 'Mr. Moneyenny,' and
several others.

'Suddenly talking pictures came along.
But, said to say, nobody offered me a con-
tract, although I took several tests. Finally
I made up my mind to get into talks—
contract or no contract.'

But it was before. Miss Owen showed
her courage. Packing perfume and pocket
handkerchiefs, she stepped on the Limited for California.

'Three days and three nights I had on the
train with nothing to do but to think of
the sudden step I had taken,' Catherine
said. 'I thought how ghastly it would be if I got there and couldn't find a job. I
thought of all the hundreds of dollars
I might be throwing away. I couldn't sleep.
I couldn't read. And actually I couldn't
eat.'

It was Monday morning when Catherine
pulled into the Los Angeles depot. Mon-
day afternoon she went to an agent's office.
Monday evening before the sun took its
sudden slant into the west, Irving Thalberg,
one of Metro's big bosses, had her signed
up.

For weeks Thalberg had been trying to
find a beautiful aristocratic blonde to play
the role in Gilbert's picture, Greta Garbo
was up to her long bob in work. And
all the other Metro blondes were either
tied up or not the type. Thalberg had despair-
fully searched for the girl who would
walk into his office. She made such a
hit in her first film that she was immediately
cast opposite Lawrence Tibbett, the famous
Metropolitan Opera star, in "The Rogue's
Song."

This late southern addition to the film
ranks dresses awfully well and conserva-
tively. The day she entertained at tea, she
wore a black velvet dress of striking cut,
a string of small real pearls, and several
gorgeous diamond and emerald bracelets.
With her small dark hat and plain black
cloak with its collar and cuff of softest
sable, she presented a distinguished picture
which made more than one New York
dowager pause to wonder who the new
debutante could be.

In a blaze of glory, Gloria returned to
New York, trailing Paris clothes and Lon-
don honors at every step. In her new pic-
ture, "The Trespasser," which has its
Broadway opening as we go to press, Miss
Swanson has entirely eclipsed her former
successes. This picture was first shown in
London. On the opening night, somebody
thumped up to Gloria in the theater and
 touched her on the arm: 'I'm terribly
f or January 1930

sorry, Miss Swanson. I don’t know what to do about it. I hate to disturb you. It’s never happened in this theater before.”

gloria looked up and saw the distressed theater manager: “What on earth are you talking about?” she asked.

“Why, it’s this crowd. They keep yelling for you. They want you up on the stage. And outside—outside I can do nothing with the people. We’ve sent for more police reserves, but I must apologize,” the manager ended lamely.

realizing that popularity demands no apology, Gloria mounted the stage and was greeted with a reception the like of which the English have given no American screen star.

The world is so excited at the fact that Miss Swanson has developed a beautiful singing voice in her new talkie that people are simply swarming around her. How she maintains her calm, I don’t know.

The first day she was interviewed, Miss Swanson was wearing a dress whose black elegance proclaimed the best Paris has to offer. The portable phonograph in her suite was turned on to Gloria’s voice on the records. Perhaps you know that no talking machine company will allow any doubles to sing for them. Therefore if you buy a record of Gloria Swanson singing a song, it is Gloria in the flesh, or in the larynx rather, and nobody dragged in to take her place. There may be an and have been voices doubled for talking pictures but never for records.

On this particular occasion, the most outstanding feature about Gloria was her new fashion in which she is dressing her hair.

“The way I comb my hair depends entirely upon the type of dress I am wearing,” Gloria explains. “The coiffure must not only be in keeping with the style of the gown worn but also in keeping with the character of the individual. In the days when wigs were the mode, it was an easy matter. But now every woman must either work out a system for herself or depend entirely upon the professional hairdresser.

‘It is my belief that each costume must have its own different style of head-dress. Therefore, I have let my hair grow long again. In that way I can either dress it formally for evening occasion or I can have it arranged the effect of a bob or whatever I desire it—and I seldom do. I believe there is a decided tendency toward the return of long hair.”

Edna Murphy, in private life the wife of Mervyn LeRoy, was in town visiting her folks. Evelyn Brent and Neil Hamilton were two others who breezed in and out again. Evelyn and Neil and Elsa arrived on the same ship, the Aquitania. Miss Brent looked strikingly handsome as usual, in one of those off-the-face turbans, and Neil seemed none the worse for wear after his continental vacation. Constance Bennett arrived on the same train as Mr. and Mrs. Dick Barthelmess, and sailed the same day. More about Dick next month.

The RCA Radiola which Olive Borden offered in the October Screenland has been awarded to Mr. Emory W. Hanlon, 52 Locust Avenue, Danbury, Connecticut.
Playrooms of the Stars — Continued from page 43

use of the place last summer than she did, because she was so busy at the studio. That was when 'Dynamite' was being filmed.

Robert Vignola, known as Bob to a couple of million people, is the friend of the house, built a special playroom in the basement of his house on Whitcliff Heights, which overlooks Hollywood. It isn't exactly a basement because three sides of it are open, but Bob's house, like so many Hollywood homes, is built on a hill, one story on one side and two on another. The room is about 60 feet long with a piano and gaming tables of all kinds. There are specially-built compartments for these so when there is dancing they can easily be put out of the way. On a semi-circular das, the rounded part of which is filled with windows, is a spot for the musicians. Bob is crazy about Hawaiian music and usually has a band there at parties. On the walls are photographs of all the big guns of the film world, and there is one of the most interesting guest books I have ever looked at. It is filled with names, small photographs and personal messages from Julia Marlowe, Sotheth, Irving, Sir Herbert Tree, Oscar Wilde, Mary Pickford, Mary Farkins, and when she became Mary Fairbanks, James K. Hackett, Lillian Gish, and most of the other prominent film players. Bob's latest book is unique in this respect. The artists and cartoonists who have been his guests have used a page of it for their creative art. There is Payne, known the country over as his "Skeeter," a Mexican artist, John Richard Flannigan, Billy de Beck, Walter Lantz, Jimmy Murphy of "Toots and Casper" fame; Rube Goldberg, Bertam Green and many others. Milton Gray drew a ditty cartoon expressive of his difficulties in finding the place. There then are such names as Charles B. Lasky, Humbert Noble, John and Mabel Ringling, Jack Dempsey, Jean Herscholt, Billie Dove and many others of Hollywood's elite. Altogether the book is the pride among toppers in Hollywood.

Corinne Griffith's beautiful winter playroom has ample provision along the walls for compartments holding puzzle games of which she is very fond. She calls it her 'whoopiee' room. She designed the niture herself, seeing to it that there were plenty of those low leather couches which are so comfortable. Almost every kind of到处 are there various kinds of cards games, jack-straws, books of humorous drawings by famous cartoonists and artists: H. B. Lasky, Bert Green, Bridges, Arno, and eighteenth century prints. There are many folding tables, games picked up in Europe, ping-pong and horse race games. There are also many original gambling games. Corinne doesn't want anyone to lose money in her house and even bridge players, if they are a bunch who only enjoy it, if there is a money hazard, are not allowed to play for more than a cent point. For Walter Morosco's benefit there are many musical instruments, for Corinne's room is also a music room. The walls are lined with colored cigarette holders and all kinds of smokers, bowls filled with candles and camphor and stuffed with fruits. In fact, there is everything used with the idea of not to spend a pleasurable evening. On a tiny mezzanine floor, which is used for a library, a door opens out into the 'whoopiee' room. A concealed motion picture projection machine and a hidden screen appear when Corinne wants to play theater manager. The 'whoopiee' room looks out upon a beautiful swimming pool. There are compartments built for a 'Dough' set, the game introduced by Doug Fairbanks, medicine ball, and even foot- pool.

The summer playroom is an outdoor kitchen barbecue. The stove has all conveniences for cooking different things—spits, crates, etc. The dishes are all pewter with ornamental plates to be made by the compartment.

Charles Mack, of Moran and Mack, runs to futuristic things. His whole house is furnished along futuristics lines. The walls of the playroom are of natural materials, and there is a Snooker Table, which is practically an English billiard table. It is red and semi-modernistic. There are all sorts of games, roulette, ping-pong. There are all kinds of pong. You can have a regular brass band.

Lois Moran's room is perfectly charming. It is a combination play, gym and living room. As you enter the room which is 38 by 38 feet, you face a bank of mirrors covering the farther end and reaching almost to the ceiling. This makes the room look twice as long. As you face the street and the windows here are built high up so no one can look in. The other side slants the garden and French windows open into it. At the other end is the large fireplace with a huge davenport facing it, and comfortable chairs. Book shelves line this nook and from the rafters is hung a loving on her trunks. The 'baby' is Lois' little cousin Betty, whom Mrs. Moran adopted several years ago, you remember. She is quite a star about three years old. Corinne Moran has a room for her. Her space is a player piano, a radio and victrola and a bar—ah! Not the kind you mean! This is a dancing bar where Lois practices her dancing and keeps herself in trim. On the polished floor, and except for the corner before the fireplace the room is bare of furniture, leaving plenty of room for dancing. Lois is preparing for a vacation which she is going to take in Europe and Mrs. Moran had her trunks brought into the playroom. It gives you a feel of atmosphere to take the room to have a tiny corner of it reserved for living. You can just see Betty playing with her toys, Lois practicing on her bar, and Mrs. Moran sitting out this and that and the other, having a good time. On top of one of the highest of Beverly's hills, sits Fred Niblo's beautiful home. The playroom here is a curio and projection room as well. It occupies the whole basement floor of the house and is divided into compartments which open into each other. Pictures have taken Mr. Niblo, and his wife, Enid Bennett, to many lands, and they hang the wonderful pictures made by them all over the room. The screen is covered with embroidered tapestry, hidden when not in use. There are collections of hats, flintlocks, cannon spears, few of which can
be duplicated. There are vivid Navajo rugs, snowshoes, ancient moccasins and Indian gourds. The furniture is inlaid with intricate patterns. A totem pole from Alaska stands next to a head hunter's weapons from India. Every country is represented to some degree in this interesting collection. All sorts of games are to be found here, even ping-pong. The Chinese compartment features Chinese and Japanese games. Standing about are antique Buddhas and carved dragons. Chinese embroideries cover the walls. In the billiard compartment the walls are whitewashed to display to advantage the rare Russian samovars, Smoking pipes from heaven temples and even a skull! The atmosphere is extremely informal, from the entrance through the hall of fame, the walls of which are lined with pictures of celebrities from every field of activity, to the impressiveness of the Chinese room. The grown-ups aren't the only ones to find games to their liking either, for the three Nibo children are well taken care of and even have juvenile pictures and comedies to amuse themselves and their little friends.

Harold and Reginald Denny use their Big Bear Mountain cabins mainly for recreation. They are near together, each one surrounded by several acres of ground. Hoot always takes his Hawaiian musicians with him when he throws a party at the cabin because he is as mad about it as Bob Vignola. Reginald Denny's cabin is full of personal history. The living room, which is the playroom, has an enormous fireplace and davenport facing it, and many roomy lounge chairs and coffee tables scattered about. There are shelves stacked with books, about 1000 of them, I should say. The furniture, however, was made to order, and I think it was 'Bubbles'-Mrs. Denny's idea. For instance, a table has a flat top made from a slice of tree trunk. The natural bark rings it. The legs are made of branches. The smoking stands are crooked trophies with two twigs gripping a metal ash receiver. Everything has several coats of varnish, so nothing is rough. There is provision for riding, skating, ice hockey, archery, target practice and indoor card and other games.

Harold Lloyd has an underground passage running from his house to his playroom. Only one side is open and there is a little door and very narrow path running down the side of the golf course far below. Looking up at it you feel like a tunnel room in a medieval castle. There is nothing but four walls so far, because Harold's house isn't finished, but there will be plenty to amuse one, you can be sure of that.

You Can't 'Type' Love

You can't type love. It depends on the way you want it written. If you want it typed, of course you type it. But if you want it written by hand, you write it. And if you want it drawn, you draw it. And if you want it painted, you paint it. And if you want it carved, you carve it. And if you want it etched, you etch it. And if you want it embroidered, you embroider it. And if you want it woven, you weave it. And if you want it knitted, you knit it. And if you want it crocheted, you crochet it. And if you want it quilled, you quill it. And if you want it braided, you braid it. And if you want it plaited, you plait it. And if you want it coiled, you coil it. And if you want it rolled, you roll it. And if you want it wound, you wind it. And if you want it twisted, you twist it. And if you want it squared, you square it. And if you want it cubed, you cube it. And if you want it rhombohedrized, you rhombohedrize it. And if you want it prismatic, you prismatic it. And if you want it octahedrized, you octahedrize it. And if you want it tetrahedrized, you tetrahedrized it. And if you want it stellated, you stellate it. And if you want it facetted, you facet it. And if you want it pyramided, you pyramide it. And if you want it plumed, you plume it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it. And if you want it plumated, you plumate it.
laughed could she have heard it. Somebody in mischievous spirit had set a little bomb in Miss Lillie's head as she sang; and when she had finished taking her bows, she reached for the hat, gave it a mock angry look, and threw it away, exclaiming, "Why, the nasty thing's broken!"

Then Miss Lillie's sister, Mrs. Weigall, played the piano. She is a concert pianist and of course her playing was so lovely that, even at a considerable distance, I was willing to be shushed. An elderly Spaniard with a guitar hugged to his breast, eyed her with all the love of his race for music in her eyes.

Georges Carpentier sang in such an exceedingly delightful and magnetic voice that Patsy whispered, "Who would expect a prize fighter to have such a voice?"

Then Ann Greenway was singing charmingly. Ann Pennington was among the guests, she having come with Joey Ray, and we met Sylvia Fields, too. Sylvia said that she was returning to New York, her contract with Fox having ended, but we can't see how they let such a clever little actress get away from the talkers.

William Nigh, the director, looked over the famous guests with a comically bored face, and then exclaimed: "Well, I don't see anybody here I could use!"

Pretty little Ella Wickersham is a character in Hollywood. She is a beautiful little invalid who spends her life in a wheel chair. Recently she insisted herself who insisted on wheeling Ella about so that she could view the Carrillo ranch! A graceful little gesture that I'm sure Ella will never forget.

Suddenly we heard masculine shouts in the distance, and glancing up we caught sight of Tom Patricola, over on a hillside overlooking the canyon. He was waving an alpenstock and dancing up and down, and Hal Skelly called to him to not do his act so far away from the audience.

We had started away to explore the canyon, when we heard the music of a violin. Turning back we found that the player was a colored man, chauffeur to someone in the party. We thought he would be able to! And Beatrice Lillie shushed us all in order to listen.

Next we decided that we had discovered where Miss Lillie got her comedy talents, for her mother and Fatty Arbuckle did a burlesque grand opera number.

Alice White came rather late, with her newest admirer, Sid Bartlett, but we had no chance to talk to her.

Darkness crept over the canyon, and the smell of the symacores, sweet after the hot sun had gone down, perfumed the evening, as we traveled homeward.

"GETTING houses to match their personalities is what the Hollywood film stars are doing now-a-days," remarked Patsy the Party Hound. "I suppose that is why Mary Duncan is moving into a Spanish house in Beverly Hills. Her types, you know, and that English house she had in Bel-Air didn't suit her dark personality so well!"

"Oh, Mary isn't frivolous like that," I answered. "Besides, she's always the same thoroughbred, rather distinguished."

"Anyway," Patsy said, "we're invited to her house warming. And she gives such lovely parties that if said parties depend on her changing her personality I hope she'll become a regular chameleon so far as coloring is concerned."

The moon wasn't on tap that night, but it didn't worry our hostess in the least. She had just ordered up artificial moonlight effects for her Spanish patio, and it was all lovely.

Mary Duncan and her sweet sister Ann, who looks much like Mary, greeted us warmly at the door.

We found a number of guests already assembled in the beautiful drawing room, among them Carmelita Geraghty. Carmelita said she was sad because she had found out that it was Mary's birthday, and she had brought no gift. Mary hadn't told anybody.

"When I left home my father said that it was bad luck to come to a house-warming without a gift," Carmelita explained, "It's an old Irish custom, you see—and then when I found it was Mary's birthday, too.

Mrs. Lubitsch was smiling slyly, and we found out why.

"When Mr. Lubitsch goes away out of town, he writes on a story, and he always come to pictures from the New York stage.

Colleen Moore was there with her hus- band, John McCormick. They have a beau- tiful new home in Beverly Hills, you know. We asked her what part of it she liked best, and she answered with what Patsy calls a Hibernicism: "Why the garden of course, in other words, the outside!"

Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels were there, all attention to each other, and Georgie Jessel came in alone. He was expecting his wife out from the east, he said, but she hadn't arrived yet.

Georgie was wearing his hair very long, and explained that it was for the picture "The Long Hair is Bad Enough," he said, "but they won't let me smoke those long cigars on the set. I'm supposed to be the wasteful type, and wasteful types, it seems, don't smoke long black cigars. Maybe if they did they wouldn't look so wasteful."

Bebe Daniels was wearing one of those long, floating bobs which make most girls look as if they had just gotten out of bed, but it is very becoming to Bebe.

Bebe has been appointed honorary colon- nel in the Aviation Corps, you know, and has to go out and review the field about once a week. She is learning to fly, and has already done a solo flight.

"I suppose the aviators just hate to have you review their work," remarked Willis Gold- beck, the writer. By the way, Willis was all attention to Mary Duncan.

John Colton and Zoe Akins were there, and Basil Rathbone and his fascinating wife, Ouida Bergere, Hedda Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Marlin, Mr. and Mrs. Al- lan Hopper, King Vidor, Eleanor Board- man, and a lot of others.

Hedda Hopper looked lovely, and as usual was witty and charmingly entertain-
ing a circle of men.

Hedda declared vivaciously, when we
asked her about it, that she had told Mr. De Wolf
Hopper, Jr., that she had told him he
should go and see his father this summer,
but the youth had answered cannily that he
was afraid that if he did, his famous
dad would not speak to him.

"No, he doesn't want to go on the
stage," smiled Hedda, "I don't think he
wants to do anything.

Edward and Lilian Tashman were
there. Lilian strikingly dressed as usual.
Lilian is wearing her golden hair in a
new fashion, tiny plastered curls at the
side, so that she looks like one of those
quaint heads on an old Roman coin.

"My, what a lot of the tried and
tired there are here tonight — all Hollywood
Pyrami and Tiskebe. There are Lila Lee
and Johnny Farrow, Nick Stuart and Sue
Carol, besides Bebe and Ben, and Irene
Mayer and David Selznick.

Belle Bennett was there, very brown, she
and her husband, Fred Windermere have
been yachtting off and on all summer, Mr.
and Mrs. Chandler Sprague, Lowell Sher-
man, Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Knopf, and
Manuel Ricchi, who, you recollect, used to be married to Agnes
Arthur.

The buffet supper was served delightfully
at small tables on a large lawn at the rear
of the house. These enclosed lawns and
gardens, surrounded by high walls, are very
convenient for evening and even for after-
noon parties, and all the new houses have
them.

After supper, a Hawaiian orchestra played
for dancing in the drawing room, and one
of the Hawaiians sang a native song—one
of those songs that would probably cause
us to blush if we knew the translations,
although to the Hawaiians they are just
sweet love songs.

There was a Hawaiian dancer to enter-
tain us, too.

Sue Carol told us that she could give
an imitation—only Nick wouldn't let her.

Nick told us about Sue's independent ideas of how to play golf—how Sue held up
the whole strain of players, when in her
first game, by going and picking up her
ball to place it in a better position!

M. Cornegian, who controls many
theater careers, thought Leatrice Joy
They came rather late, from another party.

Mary Duncan danced a good deal, and
her sister declared that Mary was rather
conscience-stricken because she was having
such a good time at her own party—thought
she should, as hostess, be doing nothing
except to see to it that her guests were
enjoying themselves.

"Oh, I like her that way," declared
Colleen Moore. "If there's anybody that
can make you suffer, it's an over- anxious
hostess.

Standing at Mary's sweet little garden
gate, which opens onto a court which we
cross before entering the house, we had
Mary good night and many happy returns.

"Ott, do you suppose that Cheiro will
read my palm?" inquired Patsy excitedly.

"Of course you are going to try to
beg of him, don't forget to address
him and his wife by their titles, Count and
Countess Hamon!" I cautioned her.

We had been invited to a party which
the famous astrologist and palmist was giv-
ing at his home in Santa Monica, where
he had just moved from England.

When the Count and Countess were in
this country before, we were introduced to
them by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fair-
banks, who entertained them. Cheiro has
composed a book of fortunes which is considered
an authority on the subject for such as believe
in that sort of thing.

The Count and Countess are a handsome
couple, beyond middle-age, charming
and delightful.

They have taken one of the homely old
places in Santa Monica, a couple of miles
back from the sea, and it was there they
greeted us. We found a number of guests
before us.

Jane Wintour was there with her play-
wright husband, Charles Kenyon. Jane
had been entertained by the Count and Countess
when she was in London a couple of years
ago. She told us of the Count's beautiful
London home, and of seeing among the
Count's treasures several autographed photo-
graphs of their Majesties the King and
Queen of England and of the Prince of
Wales.

Countess Hamon herself smiled as she
told us about sending one of the Count's
books to her Majesty; of how royalty may
not receive another presents from their subjects
so even small a thing as a book; of how
the book was returned next morning.

"But we found out," said the Countess,
"that the book was set up half the night
reading the book!"

Which shows that even majesties are
awfully human.

Gladys Unger, the playwright, was pres-
ent, and so were Theda Bara, who is an
ardent student of the mystic, you know—
and her husband, Charles Brabin; Mrs. Sam-
uel Goldwyn, Alec Francis and his wife,
Vivian and Rossetta Duncan, Robert Vign-
ola, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Ilka
Chase, and Jack Hartland, the countess's
son, who plays the piano magnificently,
being a graduate of the Royal Academy of
Music, whose friend, another musician,
Frank Perkins, was also a guest.

There was a lot of interesting chatter,
but the real sensation of the evening came
when, noticing the emotions which the
Countess wore, she told us that she had
been given them by the Khedive of Egypt
for keeping her mouth shut!

Somebody, of course, made the expected
remark—about its taking that much of a
reward to any woman to keep her mouth
shut, but questioning our hostess we found
that, according to the Countess, when she
was a very young and very beautiful woman,
she was kidnapped from her boat on the
Nile! And by the Turkish Prince Yusel,
who was going to present her to his uncle,
the Sultan of Turkey, to adorn his harem.
Her bodyguard was killed, but she was
rescued by a tunny in the Prince's ser-
cvice who took pity on her and whom she
bribed. However, she lived in a Turkish
harem in Egypt for two years, but was
in no way molested. And when she was re-
leased, she did not notify her government!

That was when she was 17.

Peg Talmadge told us that Constance
Talmadge is happy in her marriage,
and has no desire to work in pictures again.
Here's hoping Connie changes her mind.

The portrait-insert in the February issue will be of
Rudy Vallee. And the artist? None
other than Rolf Armstrong!
what he could do about that. One thing he knew; it didn’t come off, and it was all right in the scene. And the light was fine on her face; in fact, it was beautiful.

"Was I always caged, Robert?" she asked her director, "Did I say that all right?"

Mr. Robertson told me afterwards that Miss [female name] was a conscientious worker. "She tries very hard, and there is a sincerity about her portrayal of this girl that is really fine."

Although John Robertson is one of our least exploited directors, he is also one of our best. He has directed many of the biggest stars in the business, both when they were beginning and after they reached the heights. He has contributed, also, a few of our finest pictures. Who will forget "Seren- timentary," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Bright Shawl," "Tess of the Storm Country?" And then there were "Baffle," "A Captain’s Sal- vation," "Classmates," "The Single Standard," and scores of others. His per- sonality is so gentle and so understanding that there is apt to forget he can also make things hum when others begin to take it easy. But he always manages not to hurt any feelings, and from all I hear in and around the industry, the director knows that he is slated for a John Robertson picture he is tickled pink, so to speak.

I asked him about Greta Garbo. I was interested to know, because of the conflict reports that I have heard of her, what the director who has brought the happiest side of her nature to the screen, thought about her.

"She has poise," he said. "Innate poise, Mentally she is terrifically active. Her mind is like a steel trap. She grasps situations instantly and knows exactly what to do with them. You have only to suggest your meaning to Garbo. She is a brilliant woman, but she is slow to admit anyone to her confidence. She has the fidelity of her race. Once she is hurt and her suspicions aroused, forever after she is careful whom she opens her mind to. But when she is sure that you are sincere and friendly, she changes from the silent, sullen woman she is reported to be, and becomes the most fascinating, delightful and natural person imaginable, with a mentality that is startling in its force and comprehension."

"All ready, Mr. Robertson," announced his assistant, Billy Reiter.

Of course there was the usual studio paraphernalia scattered about. Mr. Beery was sitting with his cigarette. He had stepped up at that moment. A generating truck was farther down stream, and a quan- tity of incandescent, reflectors, mike booms, and what not. On a hill near the public highway were stationed two men to check oncoming motors during a take.

"See that caged truck?" asked Sergei Petchikoff, who is a musician, and whose father, is a famous conductor and composer, but who has a yen to learn the moving picture business and has the sense to start from the bottom. "In that caged truck is a string of performers who are to be used to get us over the camp up above. They work on the road. Except for their being forcibly detained I thought they might be in a worse place.

Mary was trying to untangle her feet from the strands of the shawl. "Gee, this is terrible," she said. "I’ll sure never get to heaven in this picture." She stretched out on the ground in the spot marked off for the driver.

"Can’t you lie in a more gracious position, Mary?" asked Hal. "You look like the morgue or something."

"Well, I’ll try Hal, but you know this ground runs around in all directions. I’m just balanced on a couple of bumps any- way.

"All right. Let’s go. Baffle the water!" called Mr. Robertson.

You see there is any quantity of water in a spot that is supposed to be waterless and except for Lone Pine, it is the best I have tasted in the west, or any place else for that matter. Noah Beery was lucky enough to stumble on this patch of earth one time while hunting and bought over a couple hundred acres of it. There is a con- tinuous flow of water that supplies two lines of trout brooks; and underground it is said there is a gigantic natural reservoir, the capacity of which is not even the capacity of which is not known.

Of course the streams all gurgle happily and that’s not so good for sound pictures, so as luck would have it each pool had an edge equipped with an adjustable wooden dam that can shut off water from the pool below. When Mr. Robertson cried, "Baffle the water!" a ‘grip’ stationed at each pool adjusted the dam and the water was al- most completely silenced.

In one scene both Mary and Jimmy had trouble with their lines. It was tried three times and the last one got halfway through when Mary slipped up.

"Cut!" cried Mr. Robertson, "and save that much in case it’s all we get! Now you two kids sit down and study those lines until you know them."

"Well, well, if there’s the Murray family," said Hal Mohr, welcoming Jimmy’s bride, who is as pretty as the proverbial peach.

"I just got up," she said. "Isn’t this place lovely? I slept like a top last night after the cat excitement subdued."

It seems that a mother cat had, with the peculiarity of her sex, chosen the roof of one of the bungalows to give birth to her brood; and the kittens, now nearly two months old, preferred it to any other sleep- ing quarters. It happened to be the roof of the bungalow in which Mary was domiciled, so just as Mary and her maid were falling asleep, a scrabling on the roof frightened Ella almost out of her wits and her screams communicated her fright to her mistress who upheld her end of the duet lustily.

This is Mary’s first picture since her automobile accident and a nurse still accom-panies her. The nurse was in an ad- vice to join the bungalow and when she heard the uproar she slung a robe around her and ran barefooted to the cabin to find out what on earth had broken up. Peering from the edge of the roof were several pairs of gleaming eyes which didn’t re- assure her at all, and she made her way to the two screaming women, experienced to the sound of the mountain lion at least. By that time the whole camp was aroused and Hal Horne, manager and part owner of the Club interests, had arrived upon the scene. Ella gasped out

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**SCREENLAND**

**On Location with Mary Nolan**

Continued from page 67
her story, although it seems she had little to tell; it was just that she heard a horn trying to get into the window and Mary had to go to her aid! Ella was screaming!

Trying to control his laughter, Mr. Horne stepped outside and called to something. Again the scratching and scrambling and he could see the shiny furry bundle that looked so scandalized at all the row these humans were making so late at night.

Holding up the mother and one of the kittens by your little Eliza, Whereupon everyone enjoyed a good laugh and turned in once more.

"There you are!" called Mary to Hal, who was talking to Mrs. Jimmy Murray. "Just fixin’ around. Wanting your time again."

"We know our lines, Mr. Robertson," said Jimmy as he came over to greet his wife.

Earlier in the day I had asked whether he expected to return to New York soon for a visit. You know I’m married now," he said shyly, "and she’s never been there. We’ll have to go so I can show her Broadway.

"Full yourselves together now," said Mr. Robertson. "We’ll be recording a sunset in a minute." And this time the scene got itself played through to the end.

The late Jeanne Eagels must have known what to do as she was preparing for her characterization in "Her Cardboard Lover." Whether she did or didn’t, Mary is just like the girl as Miss Eagels sashayed her in her stage. Everything she did was a delight to her; she ran across the floor in a filmy negligee and looked behind to see how it floated. She was like a little girl in the first time of her own reflection in the glass and fascinated by what she found there. Mary is a real original. At least she was that day, but I had never met her before it may not be characteristic of her usual manner. It might just have been the mood she was in.

I read a lot of literature on the backs of each one of the location chairs. As a rule there is simply the name of whoever it has been assigned to; but one of these reads: "Here’s where Mark’s parks are."

Another, "Our camera man, Hal Mohr, and his assistant."

Mary told me that the reason for the special chair on top of the platform was for her to buy his own chair. Universal is the only studio in Hollywood with such an original idea.

"Did you have to buy yours?" I asked.

Mary laughed. "Imagine my embarrassment when I went to sit down and there was no chair for me! I asked for one and was informed that $3.50 was the price. It was the first time I had been asked for a chair in any studio in Hollywood and the request left me speechless with amazement. I called the front office and there was a chair the next day."

But the rest weren’t so lucky.

They were about ready to shoot when Mary sang out. "Ooh, my toe is cramped."

"Well, never mind," said Hal Mohr, who was wearing a tight turning yellow, which would mean that work was over for the day. "We have enough to wait on without waiting on you. You can stand it for the next take."

And then the light failed.

There was still enough to take stills, when you got out from under the trees, so Sherman Clark, the still man, posed Mary and Jimmy with turtles, which took considerable courage on Mary’s part because she was scared to death to touch them.

Some of the boys played a set of tennis and took a dip in the large swimming pool stretched in front of the lodge. Mr. Robertson took me to see the hatcheries. There are about six with different sizes of trout. Under cover are arranged about two feet deep and ten or fifteen feet long with lilts which you can scarcely see them. As they grow they are put into pools with others of their size. There is constant circulation of water because the pools are connected with reservoirs on different levels with the stream washing through them.

It is an ideal spot for a sound picture or location background. Not a nub is free in the spot—there are dangerous air poops because of the mountains. There is water the year round, beautiful trees and mossy banks, shade and sunshine and clear, pure, dry air. There is a campground of forty people and about a dozen bungalows housing, at a pinch, three each. The lodge consists of a dining room with a dance floor and a recreation room with all sorts of gaming tables and everything to play from parochial to billiards. There is a long veranda looking out over the swimming pool and over the courts, the surrounding mountains and the desert below. Gradually some celebrated people are finding out about the place, renting or buying land from Noah and it is going to be a lovely spot.

We had a delicious trout dinner topped off with apple pie made from fruit picked right off the tree. Everything they serve is club grown except the vegetables, and they are planning to do that next year. Soon there will be a fine hotel which will take care of the increasing demand for accommodations. About all Mr. Beryl had done pretty well for himself. His partner, Hal Horne, has been in the theatrical business for nearly twenty years and he took his business staff along with him to help with the Club. His treasurer was treasurer at the box office, and so on. And they all love their change of location.

Jimmy and his wife walked around in arm, utterly oblivious of everyone and everything about them.

Next day Jimmy was rehearsing the scene where he runs to the brook for water. He was supposed to be terribly upset and ran out of breath though all the crew looked after him.

"Gee," said Milton Krasner, second camera man, "if Jimmy had wings he’d take off, he’s going so fast."

We finished up early and started for home. I had purchased a new suit case of proportions suitable for accommodating all my location outfit, such as tramping boots, breeches, etc., which I usually had to make a separate bundle of. And of course this is the one and only location that I needed none of it. When it was put beside the car waiting it was to be stacked, the property boy caught sight of it.

"What’s that?" he asked thunderstruck.

"The studio organs," I don’t wonder he thought so.

Mr. Robertson, Hal Mohr, Jimmy, Mrs. Murray and I rode down together. Jimmy and his wife sat forward seat with the driver and sang songs most of the way. Mr. Robertson told us about a lady he met in San Francisco who reminded him of a character in one of "Bashful" books. Not long afterwards he went to Europe and met the celebrated author. At luncheon one day he told Ibans about the lady and discovered that the Spaniard did know her and had written his book about her.
The depth of despair did her no good. Gradually she pulled herself out of that frame of mind by believing that nothing was important enough to worry about. Even now there are few things she thinks big enough even to argue about. She has learned to do everything according to the best of her judgment and once a decision is done it is forever. In four years she worked herself out of westerns and into pictures in Richard Wallace's "The Poor Nut." Even good reviews failed to get her more work. Psychologically, defeat is very bad for anyone who has never done it. For her the test of life was not quite sure whether she was good or not. A test won for her a chance for the lead with Richard Dix in "Warming Up." Success in the role would mean a five-year Paramount contract.

Unknown to anybody at the studio Jean could see her way through the test of her life. The director encouraged her, but she was nervous. The years of futile attempts had torn down her faith in herself. She did not know whether she were talking seriously of taking her out of the production, but during one of the scenes she heard someone in back of the lights whisper that this was her day. For days those few careless words snapped into her. A terrific anger gave her excess energy through the day. No one said anything about stopping and she finished the picture. The culmination was a contract.

Hollywood seldom accepts a new girl with open arms. Jean wasn't noticed very much after "Warming Up," but Paramount's renewal of Jean Arthur's contract twice since this picture has given Hollywood confidence in her, and has given her confidence herself.

Like most other persons who have had a hard fight for success, Jean has a keen consideration for the rights and feelings of persons with whom she associates. A few girls in Hollywood are quite as natural as she. She lives with her parents in an old frame house in the midst of a small grove of trees on Hollywood's side streets. The place has all the earmarks of belonging to one of the early settlers. It is comfortable but very plain. There is no gardener. Jean's father likes to water the lawn and keep it trim and neat into warm weather. She spends her winters abroad, but during the summer she is here. On weekends she takes off his coat and digs in the garden. There is no maid in the home. Jean drives her own Chrysler roadster, and lives the life of the average American girl.

With all her determination, Jean Arthur has some of the mystery of a foreign celebrity, an unusual quality for a young American. She is very sure of what she is thinking. Crowds of people meet with her distinct disapproval. At just two of Hollywood's premieres she has ever appeared. She has never seen her with a girl friend or at a bridge party or tea. She takes long rides by herself, or with one of her dogs for company.

All the year round she is swimming at the beach. Every day when she is not working she gets up at six-thirty and takes her dogs to the beach for a swim. Beach clubs meet with her disapproval because of the noise. She has a special place where she likes to go. It has a sign on it with a sign which says "No Trespassing." No one yet has questioned her right to be there but if they did she probably would continue to go. "I didn't think you'd care," and walk away.

Jean's dogs are two of the important interests in her life. One is a wire-haired fox terrier and the other is a Saint Bernard. On mornings when her mistress is working he goes into the hills for a bath in the creek. He climbs on a rock, jumps into the shallow water and swims out. On one of his trips to the hills, he lost his eye in some sort of accident. But the loss only seemed to add to his vitality. Jean says he could knock his head off and still go on in his happy way. The big Saint Bernard is clipped every summer to resemble a lion. Both dogs fall all over the floor when they are being fed. Jean says she never knew until she was in the house.

At the studio Jean attends to her own affairs and keeps to herself. She knows nothing about the studio stars and their uncles. She has an unconscious of their presence. She talks very little except to those she knows well. She spends her vacations alone at some little resort. People are interested in her because she is always well and tastefully dressed but she is seldom recognized.

Travis Banton, fashion creator at the Paramount studios, says Jean is one of the smartest young girls on the screen today. She has a sense of clothes that is born, not acquired. Banton first met Jean when he designed for her Wardrobe in "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu." He made her interesting clothes and she wore them as no one else could. She became more interested in her personal wardrobe and manages to have all the pieces of each costume in harmony. She has the good taste to adopt Banton's ideas to her own personality.

There is in Hollywood a select group of upper-class women. The LOU ELDER, Florence Vidor, Evelyn Brent and Lilian Tashman. Jean Arthur now belongs in this group.

Oddly enough, there is no type of parts that Jean prefers to play. There is only one thing which determines whether or not she likes a rôle, definite qualities which make a part either one thing or another. She liked her part in "The Saturday Night Kid." It wasn't sympathetic, but it was definite. She played a spoiled sister and there was no attempt to make her sweet.

Hollywood people are interested in the fact that Jean has been seen frequently the last year with a wealthy Pasadena youth. No one seems to know him very well. That is another part of her life that Jean tries to keep to herself.

In five years Jean Arthur has experienced more disappointments than a score of girls know in their lifetimes. It has left its mark on her. In her eyes at times one sees the disillusion of one who has struggled for success and found it an empty affair. Undeceived and undismayed, Jean Arthur has come into her own.
Come Into the Kitchen with Mary Brian
Continued from page 79

ing the work on this picture, mixing up large kettles of pralines to meet the demands of those who demand "more." Here are some of Mary's recipes:

COFFEE-WHIPPED-CREAM-FROSTING
Whip until stiff one half pint of heavy cream, add 1/2 cup sugar. Add black coffee to cream. It is a light chocolate color. If the coffee, and sugar thin out the cream, beat until stiff again. Cut sunshine cake in half. Spread frosting between layers, then thickly over entire cake. Serve immediately.

APPLE PIE
4 or 5 sour apples
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon butter
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Few gratings lemon rind
Line pie plate with paste. Pare, core and cut the apples into eighths. Put row around plate one-half inch from edge, and work towards centre until plate is covered. Pile on remaining. Mix sugar, nutmeg, salt, lemon juice, and grated rind, and sprinkle over apples. Dot over with butter. Wet edges of undercrust, cover with upper crust, and press edges together.

Bake forty to forty-five minutes in moderate oven. A very good pie may be made without butter, lemon juice and grated rind. Cinnamon may be substituted for nutmeg. Evaporated apples may be used in place of fresh fruit.

CRUST PASTE
2 cups flour
1/2 cup flour
1/2 cup butter
Ice water
Put flour in bowl, add lard and cut in with knife. When finely chopped add water, to make a very stiff dough, using as little as possible. Cut the butter into the dough, leaving it in rather small pieces. Chill in ice box for several hours or over night. Place ball of paste on floured cloth, pat and roll out.

COLD PINEAPPLE SOUFFLE
Yolks 3 eggs
Grated rind 1 lemon
Juice 1 lemon
1/2 cup sugar
Few grains salt
3/4 cup canned sliced pineapple
1/2 cup pineapple syrup
1 tablespoon granulated gelatine
1/2 cup cold water
1/2 cup cream
Whites 3 eggs
Beat egg yolks slightly and add grated rind, lemon juice, sugar and salt. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Remove from range and add gelatine which has soaked in water five minutes, and pineapple. When mixture begins to thicken, add cream, beaten until stiff, and egg whites, also beaten stiff. Turn into a mould, garnished with pieces of canned pineapple and candied cherries and chill thoroughly. Remove from mould to chilled serving dish and garnish with half slices of canned pineapple and candied cherries.

Thou Wow! — Continued from page 41

childish Elda, with all her supreme confidence and faith in herself and the world, I should.

"Then," she continued, "I decided that I had learned all that the chorus could teach me. I wanted to take a fating in straight drama. Finally I landed the youthful heroine's role in "The Quaker Girl."

After many months as a dramatic actress, this little Quaker girl, who was still more Elda than Hedda, became a prima donna, singing the title role in "The Quaker Girl."

"I knew three high notes and three low notes. In between there was absolutely nothing. But I managed to do fairly well with the half dozen."

"It was during this time that I achieved the greatest triumph of my life," she went on. "The company was playing in Pittsburg, and I persuaded my mother and father to come over to see me. It was the first time that they ever had set foot within the wick'd land of the theater."

So peace was made with the Furry family and the seven minister uncles who forgave her, but never came to see her behind the footlights.

The next step in her career was marriage and a three-year retirement from the stage. She emerged from her taste of domesticity to enter pictures. She has never returned to the stage ever since.

In those three years every trace of the Quaker Elda disappeared. She became completely the polished, scintillating Hedda of today.

She says that she never expects to marry again. She doesn't say that she knows she will never marry again, or may change her mind. And she may not.

"Why should I marry?" she asked, shrugging her slim shoulders. "I have almost everything I want: a home, my son and many friends. Why should I settle down?"

Hedda is so vitally interested in all phases of life, that her mental demands are naturally polyglot. She likes the sophisticated women whom she plays on the screen.

They are interesting these women. They aren't really wicked at heart. Merely bored creatures trying to amuse themselves with life and love. Most women lack the courage of their convictions. That is their weakness. I try to give my screen characters this courage, which is essentially masculine, lightened by a sense of humor and an amused detachment. I want to make them a dash of scarlet in a world of more or less colorless femininity."

If you turn back the leaves of history, you will find that the dashing scarlet women there portrayed are the ones who are remembered. Their dainty ineffectual and feminine sisters are forgotten.

These remembered women seem to have made a successful study and absorbing hobby of the men of their particular centuries.

Do the men enjoy being hobbies? Ask Hedda. She knows!
Sixteen Millions A Day

WHAT food for thought these staggering figures afford!

Sixteen thousand human beings attend motion picture theaters located in every city, town, village and hamlet in America every day, seeking and finding diversion and entertainment!

This stupendous audience—the backbone of American life—consists of every age, every degree of taste and intelligence. When times are good, it’s a luxurious pastime; when the complex affairs of life cause troubled minds, an evening at the theater for a modest admission charge fills up the void until things straighten out. And they always do.

A goodly portion of these many millions have learned the trick of happy living. They know that a fair amount of entertainment is necessary to a well balanced life. They take their screen plays seriously, see to it that these precious evenings aren’t wasted, by keeping abreast of the inside news of what the enterprising producers are doing, and by reading the interesting ‘behind the scenes’ activities of the stars and players whose talents are public treasures. And here, by the way, is where SCREENLAND steps into the picture.

You, for whom this magazine is published, are part of those whose intense interest keeps the producers ‘on their toes’ and spurs the directors and stars on and on in their ambition to make their work worthwhile. Behind these scenes are exhausting days and sleepless nights—and in most instances an unselfish devotion to their art.

And how times have changed!

Ten years ago, almost ten years before talking pictures, David Warfield, one of America’s greatest character actors, had tramped from city to city for the previous fifteen years, playing “The Music Master.” He told the writer of this page that he had just refused an offer of a million dollars to play sob, hear the rest of the audience sob, and perhaps do a little sobbing himself.

In years to come, there will be other Warfields, just as we have Garbo, Swanson, Colman and the rest. They will come up out of the ranks in pictures and from the ‘legitimate’ stage.

The shining stars and brilliant plays of Broadway are finding their way into talking pictures, for the sixteen millions a day will laugh and weep and give them all the ‘reaction’ they need.

And before you close the book, SCREENLAND announces:

Benjamin de Casseres, distinguished dramatic critic, who packs a stick of dynamite along with a genuine understanding of plays and players, commencing with our next issue, will conduct a series of reviews of Broadway productions that may ultimately become big picture attractions.

Nancy Carroll has joined SCREENLAND’s staff. One of the most popular screen stars, Nancy is also a writer—a real writer. She was doing interviews for a New York daily newspaper before she went into pictures. One of her willing victims was Hal Skelly. Little they thought, the interviewer and the pretty interviewer, that one day they would be co-starring in “The Dance of Life.” Appropriately enough, Nancy’s first assignment for this Magazine is to interview Hal Skelly. And no ghost writing, either. The Carroll charm is as fresh and natural on paper as it is on the screen.

“The Music Master” in pictures—a silent picture, of course. He refused the offer because he was more interested in his art than in the money it produced for him—he couldn’t get the ‘reaction’ from his audience—because he couldn’t hear their sobs while he shed his tears as his own voice sobbed. Today, the great Warfield could sit in the audience, watch himself weep, hear himself sob, hear the rest of the audience sob, and perhaps do a little sobbing himself.
ONCE again Cecil B. DeMille has done the phenomenal! Director of a hundred outstanding hits, he has added one more name to his long list of successes. This time he has made what will surely be considered his greatest screen achievement. Never did Mr. DeMille have a more thrilling story, finer performers or better technical resources than in Dynamite, the most exciting picture he ever made!

Dynamite tears down the camouflage of "high society" and exposes its seamy side—its parasitic women—its weak-kneed men—its shameless flouting of decency—its feverish chase after money and forbidden thrills... A thrilling story of an heiress who learns of true love from a sturdy son of toil, a miner—entombment in a mine—almost certain death—the offer of two men to sacrifice their lives for her safety—and finally escape with the man she really loves! Charles Bickford, Conrad Nagel and Kay Johnson in the leading roles give the best performance of their careers. Don't miss Dynamite! ALL-TALKING. (Also a silent version.)
To the manner born

A glimpse through doorways hung with apricot velvet . . . a glance across a gleaming parquet floor . . . and one senses instantly, in this person or that, something genuine, something authentic, as indefinable as it is apparent . . . And it is this quality in Camel Cigarettes which sets them definitely apart in the minds of discerning people. . . . They are so evidently, so delightfully, to the manner born.
Rolf Armstrong’s
16 Screen Beauties

Edgar Wallace

Captain Edward Molyneux
"Why, it's Nancy Carroll! I didn't know she had red hair!"

This fascinating Paramount star—like all your other favorite motion picture stars—becomes a new personality under the magic wand of Technicolor—real, vibrant, convincingly alive! A photograph transformed into a radiant reality!

Black-and-white motion pictures disclose only half the loveliness of handsome women, only half the magnetism of virile men. Technicolor works the miracle that shows the players in their true human colors.

Settings, costumes, landscapes, that were merely "pretty" in black-and-white, become exquisite in Technicolor.

After ten years of intensive research and experiment, the Technicolor process has been perfected. Technicolor's color experts, Technicolor's scientific staff, its cameras and its laboratories are used now by the greatest producers for their finest productions.

Technicolor is a name for the motion picture patron to remember. The process of photographing color and preparing the motion picture film makes the color endure, so that the smallest theatre in the smallest town gives its patrons, with Technicolor, the same beauty of color, the same accuracy of reproduction, that grace the screens of the finest motion picture theatres... Broadway.

Technicolor is natural color.
WILLIAM FOX presents

Janet Gaynor  Dixie Lee
Charles Farrell  Sharon Lynne
Warner Baxter  George MacFarlane
Victor McLaglen  J. Harold Murray
Edmund Lowe  George Olsen
Will Rogers  Paul Page
Frank Albertson  Tom Patricola
El Brendel  Ann Pennington
Walter Catlett  Frank Richardson
William Collier  David Rollins
James J. Corbett  "Whispering"
Richard Keene  Jack Smith
Marjorie White

and 76 other outstanding stage and screen stars in this all-talking, singing, dancing MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

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Story by Sidney Lanfield  Dialog by Edwin Burke
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One hundred of the most scintillating personalities of stage and screen contribute their talents to this all-star, all-talking, singing, dancing musical extravaganza! The most colorful, tuneful, tantalizing show the stage or screen has ever known!

Coming soon to your favorite theater—don’t miss this

FOX MOVietONE
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Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., Executive and Editorial office: 49 W. 47th Street, New York City. William Goldbloom, President; Joseph M. Hopkins, Vice-President; C. B. Mantel, Secretary. Frank J. Carroll, Art Director. Yearly subscriptions $2.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $3.00 in Canada; foreign, $3.50. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1925, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Dunellen, N. J. Copyright 1930.
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The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction of the Academy furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting.

The training is educative and practical, developing Poise, Personality and Expressional Power, of value to those in professional life and to the layman.

WINTER TERM BEGINS

JANUARY 15th

Catalog describing all Courses from the Secretary Room, 252-B, CARNEGIE HALL, New York

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**Sound News**

**By Evelyn Ballarme**

**Shop Talk from the Studios**

What's happened to the co-starring teams? And where, oh, where, are those strong, silent men? Let's blame the talkies if we miss them.

Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell seem to be the only surviving co-starring team. "Playmates" is their next. Gary Cooper and Fay Wray split, cinematically, some time ago—in fact, it was B.T. (Before talkies). Richard Arlen has no screen steady—he 'two-times' with Nancy Carroll and Mary Brian! Nancy Carroll is the feminine lure opposite him in "Flesh of Eve," while Mary Brian takes first place opposite him in " Burning Up." The Greta Garbo-John Gilbert team is a thing of the past as well as the Ronald Colman-Vilma Banky dust. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall parted some time ago, too. It really seemed that Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. would represent the younger set's co-starring team, what with "Fast Company," "The Forward Pass" and "Loose Ankles" to their credit. But now—we hear that young Doug has switched his film affections to Lilian Lee in "Those Who Dance" and that Loretta Young is cast opposite Sydney Blackmer in "Murder on the Second Floor." So that's that for that team, too.

As for the he-men—take Ronald Colman (go ahead and try to take him)—he used to be one of our strongest, silentest, most romantic he-men when suddenly either he or the advent of the talkies broke the spell and the silence. Now he's the talkiest, most whimsical and humorous player in pictures. And Gary Cooper is no longer a strong, silent boy-friend. We must confess, however, that his talkie appeal is more potent and twice as effective. So, are we complaining? No, sir.

Which reminds us that frozen-faced Buster Keaton is going to burst into song in "On the Set" which Edward Sedgwick is directing. And Harry Langdon is going to warble, too. Harry wrote the song which he will sing in his next Hal Roach comedy. William Haines is collegiate again. His next picture is "Fresh From College," with particular emphasis on the fresh, we suppose. Anyway, Leila Hyams is his moral influence in the film.

Go west, young men, go west, for Joan Crawford has 'gone western.' She plays a girl of the wide open spaces in "Montana." Johnny Mack Brown has the male lead opposite Joan and Cliff Edwards and Benny Rubin supply the comedy, not forgetting Rubin's Yankee Doodle laugh which he introduced to us in "Marianne."

Greta Garbo is to have two leading men in "Anna Christie." Reason: she is making two separate films. Charles Bickford has the lead in the English version and Nils Asther in the German version. Greta's next talkie will be "Romance," from the stage play made famous by Doris Keane. La Garbo has been fortunate in the selection of talkie rôle.s. In "Anna Christie," she plays a Swedish girl and an accent is part of the program. In "Romance" Greta plays an opera singer whose lovely accent enhances her charm.

"Swissified," starring Vilma Banky, will also be made in English and German versions.

Jetta Goudal is coming back in a picture for Warner Brothers called "China Lady." This is Miss Goudal's first talkie. It is the story of an American girl brought up in China who absorbs the Chinese customs and mannerisms so thoroughly that she is constantly taken for a Chinese girl. This sounds like a perfect rôle for the exotic Jetta.

Dorothy Dalton is back on a movie lot again after a long absence. You'll see her in "Bride 66," which her husband, Arthur Lakeinstein, is producing, with Lois Moran also featured.

Ethel Clayton is staging a come-back; too. Watch for her in "Hit the Deck."

"McFadden's Flats" is going to be revived with Charlie Murray, fresh from a vaudeville tour, in the title rôle once more. And William Powell again becomes Phil Vance in "The Benson Murder Case."

And another picture without women in the cast! Fox is producing "Men Without Women," an undersea picture with sixteen men in the cast and John Ford directing. This makes three womanless pictures now in production. "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Journey's End" are the others.

Lupe Velez may do "Kiki" as her next. It's a gamin rôle and should be suited to Lupe's particular talents. Do you remember Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman in the silent version? Norma Talmadge is scheduled to do "Du Barry" next.

"Ladies Love Brutes" is the picturesque title of George Bancroft's new talkie. And here are a few more titles worthy of your attention: Warner Baxter in "Such Men Are Dangerous." (It's an Elmer Glyn special). Richard Dix's next radio picture is called "I Love You." Don José Mojica's first talkie is titled — "One Mad Kiss."
February 1930

WITAPHONE
ECLIPSES THE SUN IN SPLENDOR
WITH THE DAZZLING BRILLIANCE OF

THE SHOW OF SHOWS

WITH 77 OF THE BRIGHTEST STARS IN HOLLYWOOD'S HEAVING

Since their first startling introduction of Vitaphone Warner Bros. have gradually massed wonder upon wonder until it seemed that talking picture progress had surely reached its peak.

But now suddenly at a single stride Vitaphone comes forward with an achievement so immeasurably superior to any that have gone before, that the history of screen development must be completely rewritten and revised.

"THE SHOW OF SHOWS" is a connoisseur's collection of the supreme examples of almost every form of stage and screen entertainment.

Only Vitaphone could assemble the names of John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, Beatrice Lillie, Ted Lewis, Georges Carpentier, Irene Bordoni, Dolores Costello, and enough more for 20 average pictures, all on one prodigious program.

And you'll remember as long as you live such sensational features as the Florodora Sextet composed of headline screen stars—the Sister Number with eight sets of celebrated screen-star sisters—the stupendous Lady Luck finale with a chorus of 300 and fifteen specialty "acts."

If you could see only one motion picture this season, that picture should be "The Show of Shows."

Don't dare miss it—for you may never look upon its like again!

A SWEEPING DEMONSTRATION OF THE SUPREMACY OF VITAPHONE PICTURES, PRODUCED EXCLUSIVELY BY WARNER BROS. AND FIRST NATIONAL
How will television in the home affect the motion picture industry? Will it encroach on the financial preserves of the celluloid medium? Will television, projecting its visualized vocal programs into every equipped home, interfere with theater attendance? Will the new etherized pictures on radio waves keep people in their own living rooms, instead of in the movie houses? Will radio in its newest improved form take away from the film industry its income or at least a part of it?

These questions and many more concerning the two great mediums of entertainment are being asked not only by movie fans and radio listeners but by people directly connected with both groups. Conjectures brought up by the recent statements of scientists and engineers that practical television is just a short time away, have caused consternation in many quarters, doubt in others. It's the same sort of doubt that greeted the arrival of movies many years ago, that accompanied daily radio broadcasting ten years ago.

From an antagonistic attitude developed by lack of knowledge as to the purpose and effects of each, radio and movies have been drawn together in the past two years. Paramount has secured a controlling interest in the Columbia Broadcasting Company, one of the two great coast-to-coast chain companies. Who better than the chief executive of Columbia who is in a position to prophesy the future of both industries and to foresee their future closer alliance?

So it is to William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, that we turn for official information and definite views as to the coming relative place of radio and films in entertaining the millions.

The herd instinct, Mr. Paley maintains, is the safeguard for movies and the theater. Radio, he believes, is merely a supplement to the charms of home life but it will never keep people at their own firesides. Man will continue to attend places of amusement where he can mingle with other men. And so, radio will never take the place of the theater.

This clever head of a giant chain of stations is young enough to be enthusiastic and so versed in the requirements and possibilities, aims and purposes of his own business as to know what he is talking about. He points to the fact that people have assembled to be entertained for thousands of years and apparently will continue to do so as long as their kind remains on earth.

On the other hand, Mr. Paley reminds us that radio and the theater are shooting at one goal, the best entertainment for the public at the lowest possible price. In his discussions he dismisses any impractical altruism and treats both industries as money-making institutions in the hands of sound, sensible economists.

Instead of as had been at first feared, radio would ruin the movies by keeping the public at home to listen-in, Mr. Paley says that radio has been a stimulant to motion picture patronage and has been directly responsible for the sound on celluloid. As to television, he comments: "Even when television is perfected on a commercial scale and televised subjects are broadcast into millions of homes, the motion picture theater will gain, rather than lose, in popularity. Television will play a large part in the very theaters that some feel it threatens. Consider what can be done in the field of news reels alone. Imagine seeing flashed upon the screen in simultaneous sight and sound and natural color, an event of world-wide interest as it is taking place! "Visualize world-series baseball games, football games, automobile and horse races, the instant they occur, on supersized stereoscopic screens!"

"I predict that thousands of new theaters will spring up all over the country for the showing of televised news events alone. "Today, the annual paid admissions of motion picture theaters amount to $800,000,000 from an average weekly attendance of about 100,000,000 persons. These figures do not sound like ruination."

Mr. Paley admits no one can predict how far away practical commercialized television reality is but he expresses his confidence that the present generation will live to be entertained by television. "Just as the films have utilized the resources of radio science to give the screen a voice, radio broadcasting will eventually borrow eyes from the master minds of the motion picture laboratories," the Columbia president opines; but he admits it is still too early to decide whether they shall broadcast direct performances from the studios, motion picture performances from film strips synchronized with sound, or theatrical presentations from the stage. He suggests the possibility of using all three types to furnish television with its subjects, together with great news events and sporting matches.

Mr. Paley and others in his field have been asked many times whether the prospect of television carries a threat against theaters all over the world by promising visual entertainment in the home to supplement the audible programs now obtainable on radio. Mr. Paley faces this question and answers with foreknowledge. He has even more material evidence. He replies: "Certainly, the use of the popular little filming cameras and projecting machines, (Continued on page 119)
HEAR HER Again!

You'll HEAR an entirely new and different Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field," with a mellow, lilting voice that will win you from the first word.

You'll SEE a new Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field"—a fast-stepping girl of today doing daring things in daring costumes. "Lilies of the Field," made from a famous Broadway hit, rips through forbidden walls to lay bare the lives of worthless women and faithless men.

It probes the secret places of a mother's heart to find a love far greater than that which lovers know.

Its powerful dialogue, its catchy new songs, its striking chorus numbers, its lovely star, make "Lilies of the Field" one of the most satisfying talking pictures yet produced. Watch for it!

Corinne Griffith
in
LILIES OF THE FIELD
All-Talking-Singing

With Ralph Forbes, Jean Bary directed by Alexander Korda

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

JANUARY IS FIRST NATIONAL MONTH!
CONFESSIONS
of the FANS

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

Life is a scourge to most of us. The moving picture brings a ray of hope—
romance. A morning dew calling this heart-seed to blossom, the withered rose of
other days to enchanting beauty. Audible? They enhance the illusion.
Magic of the human voice. Sweet
witcheries of music and song. And now,
color. Nature come nearer. We see vary-
ing greens of tropical paradises, hear
the silhouettes of the desert stretching away into
a monotone of brooding mystery. Our
hearts are awed by dark expanses of polar
seas with glittering, crashing icebergs
against the intense blue of Arctic
skies.
Now, lovely springtime of a temperate
clim. We feel the running sap in the
sugar maple. A sweet breath comes from
the meadows. A brook! Golden sunlight
plays hide and seek with violet shadows
upon gurgling wavelets. Yonder wheat
field, a sea of billowing, tender green,
is the trygling place of bob-o-link and quail.
Lifting melodies from thistles in the
boughs; a lark fluting intermittent
ectasies among the daisies. The dear sounds of
peace from thicket and grass. Enchant-
ment. Blessed world of make-believe, the
magic screen!

Louise Ann Vester, 6431 Roble Ave.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

Once upon a time there was a little girl
very much like the little girl in “Lucky
Star”, whose life held not much of beauty
—only sordidness and ugliness.
Then a boy—a boy very much like the
one in “Lucky Star” slowly but surely
opened her eyes to the beauty of the world
—to the truth so beautifully expressed by
Keats in his “Ode to a Grecian Urn,”
that “beauty is truth, truth beauty.” The little
girl’s life has been changed by the gospel
of beauty proclaimed by the boy, and who
can estimate the countless number of lives
that may have been changed by the “Lucky
Star”?
Let us have more pictures like “Street
Angel,” “Seventh Heaven” and “Lucky
Star,” and more players like Janet Gaynor
and Charles Farrell. To me, and to coun-
tless beauty-hungry souls, they are like a
Schubert, melody in a world of “Crazy
Rhythm.”

Margaret Wilkerson, 33 Camden Avenue,
Dayton Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

During the past four years I have seen
an average of two hundred and fifty moving
pictures yearly, so perhaps I may be con-
sidered competent to judge their value.
I am the policewoman of a city of about
forty thousand population. We have five
moving picture theaters, four equipped with
the necessary apparatus for talkies.
There are still many people in our city
who are opposed to moving pictures and
we had numerous bitter fights at the polls
before we obtained Sunday movies. At
present there is considerable talk about try-
ing to take them away from us.
This much I know. My work is easier
while there are Sunday movies. Before we
had movies on Sunday we had to cope with
the problem of boys and girls getting into
cars and going to nearby cities, often not
returning until the next day. I know that
there is less juvenile delinquency in a city
where there are Sunday movies for it is
only natural that modern youngsters must
have something to occupy their time.

This is YOUR department, to
which you are invited to con-
tribute your opinions of pictures and
players. For the cleverest
and most constructive letters, not
exceeding 200 words in length, we
offer four prizes. First prize,
$20.00; second prize, $15.00; third
prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00.
Next best letters will also be
printed. Contest closes February 10, 1930. Address FANS’ Depar-
tment, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49
West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR

There is no doubt in my mind that
moving pictures are becoming better all the
time; not only technically, but better in
tone. And they are improving in every
way.

Dorothy M. Springer,
Policewoman,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

I don’t see why theme songs are the butt
for so many silly jokes. Think over the
popular songs of the last year or so.
Remina, Diane from “Seventh Heaven”;
Dream of Lilac Time, Marie, Sonny Boy;
Weary River, many others—all from the
movies. Yet people groan at the mere
mention of a theme song.

The auditory sense recalls memories more
than any other. As I listen to Neapolitan
Nights, the delicate, picturesque beauty
of “Fazil” flashes through my mind; and
I have only to shut my eyes while listening
and I am transported to the Desert Song to
imagine myself far away in the romantic,
startling desert. I, for one, don’t care what anybody says.
I like theme songs!

Miss Lorna L. Slocombe,
16 Hancock St.,
Lexington, Mass.

A Word from Berlin

Some months ago, we saw and heard
our first sound-picture, “The Singing Fool.”
All the people were full of enthusiasm.
We never saw nor heard such a wonderful
artist as Al Jolson. You can be assured
that we all love him, because he is 100%
human. Everywhere you could hear
the two names: Al Jolson and Davey Lee.
Both have found their way into all German
hearts. I have seen this masterpiece of
American film-art four times — and thou-
sands of others have too. You can tell
them in your country that we want to see
and hear more of Al Jolson and others like
him.

Otto Behrens,
Berlin W. 10.
Viktoria Luise Platz 12 pt.

Helps for English Teachers

As a teacher I would judge every movie
for its literary as well as its artistic worth.
Douglas Fairbanks satisfies my ideal in his
choice of material to depict, and in his
depicting of the material selected. He is
surely a lover of good literature as well
as an excellent interpreter of the same.

For several years I have scheduled the
Teaching of “Robin Hood” to coincide with
the appearance of “Robin Hood” at one of
the theaters here. I can give my classes
the story of Robin Hood but he can give
them “Robin Hood” himself. And “The
Thief of Bagdad” is such a thief that my
copy of “Arabian Nights” became dog-eared

S E E N E DLAND
THAT HAPPY PAIR!

Here’s Bessie Love and Charles King of “Broadway Melody” fame.
No wonder they’re laughing and singing!
They’ve made a picture that’s even greater than “The Broadway Melody.”

THE ROAD SHOW

Join the chorus with the hit songs:
“Love Ain’t Nothin’ But the Blues”
“Lucky Me and Lovable You”

Yes, it is even greater than “The Broadway Melody.”
Watch this absorbing drama unfold with its tantalizing tunes and its screamingly funny situations. Charles F. Riesner, the “Hollywood Revue” genius, directed it.
Take a tip. All roads lead to “The Road Show.”

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN"
as soon as Doug gave my pupils a glimpse of the flying carpet.

And who could better interpret the Petruchio of the divine William? I venture the bet that Douglas Fairbanks will popularize Shakespeare in one performance while some professors spend years — and never succeed in 'Taming the Shrew.'

Sue Maxwell,
605 South Broad St.,
Cairo, Ga.

A Paying Investment

I am a home lover and the movies have helped me to make my home more attractive. I have had many ideas and fresh inspiration that aided me in arranging my house and planting my garden.

The movies help to modernize the home. No matter how large or how small your home may be, there are ways you can beautify it. And gloomy days or business cares cannot take away the pleasure you will find in a well-planned garden. Instead of being an expense, it actually pays to go to the movies.

Mrs. A. Svelha,
3215 S. Ridgeway Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

A 'Once Upon a Time' Heroine

I never thought the day would come when I would actually see a flesh-and-blood symbol of all my favorite story book heroines, from Cinderella to the patient Griselda. I have found that symbol in Janet Gaynor.

Such a sweet, tender, unspoiled child of the screen drama! In an art where many actresses strive for an exotic personality, glamorous background and a present full of publicity stunts, it is comforting to find one important player who remains natural and sincere.

Accompanying this natural charm there is an elfin, magic quality in Janet that speaks of wishing rings and fairy spells and all those quaint unreal things that attach themselves to princesses and personages who figure in those 'once-upon-a-time' stories. And now that Janet's prince has found her, there's only one appropriate ending: May they live happily ever after!

Mrs. Wilfred Luther,
5018 Reading Road,
Bond Hill,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

A New Movie Fan

I am eighty years of age and I have seen but two pictures in my life—"The King of Kings" and "On With the Show." They were so wonderful that I have decided to become a movie fan!

My husband has always been in the theatrical business and I have seen a great many fine plays, but none could compare with these two pictures. During "On With the Show" I actually forgot where I was and thought I was seeing a real play with real people.

I greatly enjoyed the singing of Miss Betty Compson; she has a lovely expressive voice; also the singing of Miss Holman in her specialties and the dancing of Joe C. Brown. I hope to see more of these players.

Mrs. Ella J. White,
20 Summerhill Court,
Stoneham, Mass.

Fourth Grade Favorites

It was the first week of school in the Fourth Grade and I, as teacher, was trying to get better acquainted with my pupils so I asked them a few question concluding with 'who is your favorite movie star?'

It was to be expected that they would give the cow boy or wild west heroes their vote but by actual count Buddy Rogers and Clara Bow won out. Then, they asked me about my favorite. I couldn’t tell them of Ruth Chatterton and Jeanie Eagles as they were too young to know them, so I said Al Jolson. And forty-five pairs of little hands gave hearty applause. Sound pictures have brought better talent to the screen and they have developed the better screen actors and eliminated the poor ones. The one big exception is Emil Jannings.

Edith L. Hunter,
213 W. Auglaize St.,
Wapakoneta, O.

New Sense of Values

I was glad to see a picture like "The Lady Lies." It marks a new trend toward freedom from dogmatic intolerance. Such themes as glorifying the loveliness of character of the 'other woman' were always marked as polemic. But why? Must one, because she readjusts her sense of values and maps out a new plan of living which disregards conventions, be pronounced bad, wholly and totally and entirely devoid of virtues?

The movies have always been a source of satisfaction to me because they have followed that admirable advice of Pope’s—"Be not the first by whom the new is tried; nor yet the last to lay the old aside.'”

Therein lies a certain conservative safety, yet a pliability and adaptability to modern thought and demands. How many individuals and concerns would do well to follow this advice!

Opal L. Paap,
3626 C Street,
Lincoln, Nebraska.

This is your department.
Write and tell us what you think of the screen and its stars.
Here is the Kleenex Way to remove cold cream

—it blots off all the surplus cream that your skin doesn't need

Failure to remove cold cream is a grave mistake in skin care. Experts say cold cream should be removed with Kleenex.

**SURPLUS** cold cream should be blotted up from the skin with Kleenex cleansing tissues. Otherwise... in time you'll notice little oily areas around the nose—the chin—the mouth. Then blackheads, perhaps. And pores made larger.

Experts insist on Kleenex because of its amazing absorbency. You don't need to rub and scrub and stretch the skin, as when you try to wipe away the surplus cream with towels and "cold cream cloths."

Kleenex absorbs by blotting

Kleenex is so wonderfully absorbent that it simply blots up every bit of cream your skin doesn't need. Instantly, gently, without rubbing. And it lifts up, along with the oil, any cosmetics or dirt that lingered in the pores.

You use these tissues just once, then discard them forever. Thus, each tissue that touches your face is fresh, soft, and dainty. And there's no problem of stained and soiled towels—and high laundry bills!

The new Kleenex is truly a delight-

**KLEENEX**

Cleansing Tissues

ful toilet accessory. There are pastel tints, very soft and lovely... of pure white, if you prefer. The box itself is a marvel of ingenuity, modern in design and color... and cleverly made to hand our automatically, through a narrow slit, two exquisite tissues at a time (the correct number for a treatment). You see, you can't waste Kleenex. And the tissues are kept absolutely clean till needed.

**More hygienic than handkerchiefs**

Once you know Kleenex you'll find a score of uses for these lovely little tissues. Many use them in place of handkerchiefs—and certainly they are far more hygienic and comfortable, especially when one has a cold!

All drug and department stores have Kleenex. Ask for it at the toilet goods counter. If you prefer to try it without investment, the coupon will bring a generous sample.

---


Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name........................................
Address.....................................
City.........................................State................................
Leading "The Love Parade" is M. Maurice Chevalier, le grand Monarque of musical movies. Gay and Gallic, he wins us as he won the audiences in his own Paris.

Chevalier has come into his own. His new picture presents the flavor of the best French wines and wit. In this prohibition country Chevalier supplies a real need!

Chevalier's grin and engaging talents have made him the idol of the French. When he signed a long contract with Paramount to make pictures in Hollywood he had inserted a clause permitting him to return to Paris at intervals to appear on the stage. Truly an international attraction.

He sings love songs to his heroine as no other musical comedy man can—half-mocking, half-tender, little songs, with a Parisian tang. Right and left, M. Chevalier with his lovely leading lady, Jeanette MacDonald.
Honor Page

Chevalier, salut à vous!

Vive Maurice!

Screenland’s Accolade pour le Mérite to Maurice Chevalier, the first Frenchman to sweep everything before him on American screens. Speaking of international amity, Chevalier does his share in making us feel at home in Paris. While we watch “The Love Parade” we become Parisian in spirit, for the Chevalier charm is a little like the best champagne.

Chevalier in his screen uniform reminds us that he served in the war, and won the military cross.
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

*Hollywood Version*

Dorothy Mackaill’s well known sense of humor prompted her to assume this heroic pose, in which she leads a battalion of studio arc lamps on to victory. Huzza, huzza!
THE EDITOR'S PAGE

You might think, to look at the lines forming at the box-offices to see "The Trespasser," "The Love Parade," "Rio Rita," "Taming of the Shrew," "Show of Shows," and other great sound hits, that the little old world has grown sound-screen-conscious. And you would be right.

Egypt has seen and heard its first musical movie—shades of Cleo! Milan, Italy, world capital of classic opera, has equipped a fine new theater for sound—O sole mio! The former Kaiser may make a movie version of his life. Arthur Bodanzyk, renowned conductor, has announced his faith in films in the following credo: "All of a sudden out of the movies will grow something very great."

"Well, we told them so. It's gratifying to us old-timers of the movie Boosters' Clubs to look around us and see all the big boys sitting up and taking celluloid nourishment. It will do them good. Don't we thrive on it? We struck up the band; now listen to the echoes:

Heywood Broun:
"It seems to me that the pictures, now that they have found a voice, offer a far more flexible medium for the transmission of ideas and emotion than does the old style drama. There is no reason why the very best that is in the boldest dreamers may not be flashed and sounded on the screen. Indeed, it is much easier to be subtle in a talking picture than in a spoken play. The stage is dying, but from the next room comes a lousy squall. Maybe the sound is not always pleasing to the ear. These noises are still incoherent. The talkies, you see, are in their infancy. But it is a bouncing child. I think it may fly high."

Mary Pickford:
"The talking pictures are too talkative. The ideal picture would be a combination of the silent film and the talkies. A universal language is necessary for universal popularity of the talking picture."

Professor Walter B. Pitkin of Columbia University:
"Truth is, Hollywood is a factory town just as Pittsburgh and Akron and Detroit are. Everybody there is a factory worker. And, like most other factories, the workers are picked because they can handle their jobs and stick to them. All in all, Hollywood is one of the least exciting places on earth, once you recover from the myths about it."

Florenz Ziegfeld:
"Gloria Swanson has made the young blood of America look like a bunch of amateurs."

Gloria Swanson:
"There is only one beautiful woman in the movies. That is Corinne Griffith. The rest of us are just types."

Henry Goldman, ex-city censor of films, Kansas City, Mo.:
"I have no dislike for the movies, but having viewed about 60,000 reels of them in four years, I suppose I'm fed up for life. Besides, I learned all the variations of the thirty-six dramatic situations, and I understand that no others have been invented."

George M. Cohan:
"Broadway today is a sample room for Hollywood. They pick and choose and then rewrite, trading only on another's ability to create. They must themselves create for their special medium before they can hew out an artistic niche for themselves. I wonder what they'd do if the members of the Authors' League refused them rights to tinker and rehash. It might be a good idea; it might develop an original scenario; it might eliminate this parasitical tendency."

Arthur Hammerstein:
"The talking pictures have done terrific damage to the stage. I'm going to Hollywood while the going is good. Human flesh is different from the screen, I admit. But who can pay for flesh today? I put $300,000 in every musical comedy and take a chance on losing. Put it in a movie and you can't lose."
Have You

By

Frank La Forge

Frank La Forge is an internationally known accompanist and vocal coach, who has trained many Metropolitan Opera stars. If you want to know the real facts about this voice-canning business read his article.

Now that the screen has learned to talk it seems quite certain that all of our screen folk will have to do likewise or go the way of last year’s leaves. Although screen fashions change nowadays with bewildering rapidity, there is little doubt that sound has come to stay. Breaking the screen’s long silence has been a fly in the ointment to many movie stars. They are wondering whether voices will take with their public as have profiles. The representatives of thirty different nations who draw Hollywood pay envelopes are spending sleepless nights because they will have to learn to speak English ‘as she is spoke.’ In fact, if the United States hopes to continue to supply a world market, movie stars may have to learn to speak three or four languages, as opera singers have long been required to do.

While the question, “Have I a talkie voice?” is challenging all our idols of the screen, it is setting aflutter the hearts of many unknowns who believe they have the vocal qualifications. Who knows what new stars may be made overnight by appealing to ears as well as eyes? This is an age of miracles and seldom has opportunity knocked more loudly on the doors of those who have vocal accomplishments.

The factors that make a voice ‘take’ are not so up in the air as many suppose. I have been working with these factors for a number of years in training stars of the Metropolitan Opera House, most of whom make phonograph records. Canning the voice is not a new process by any means. It has just been hooked up to pictures with a few refinements added. And don’t jump to the conclusion that stars of the speaking stage will immediately get across in talking pictures. Having learned to use their voices, they will, no doubt, have acquired the habit of good diction which is an advantage. But most of them have also learned to throw their voices so that the person perched in the last seat of the gallery will know what it is all about. This habit is a disadvantage to the talkie aspirant since the thrown voice does not record at all well. The process of recording the voice requires a technique all its own and must be learned by all comers whether veterans or tyros.

When Richard Dix, whom I trained in diction, first heard his voice coming back at him he did not recognize it as his. Although the words were his he thought someone else was talking. This is a frequent occurrence partly because a person does not hear himself talk as others do and has usually acquired habits of speech which sound strange when reproduced. Then again, the voice that enters the ‘mike’ does not emerge in the reproduction an exact likeness.

That little ‘mike’—what a strange power it wields! It has come to be a veritable monarch saying thumbs up or thumbs down to the highest or lowest who seek its presence. Let us see if we can find out what will please His Royal Highness.

There are three misteers in this little drama of putting over the voice. They are diction, resonance and personality. The first is absolutely necessary if the words which are spoken into the ‘mike’ can be understood when reproduced. The second makes the difference between a voice that is pleasing and one that is not. The third holds the secret of the voice you’d walk a mile to hear.

Consider diction. The average American is not wholly to blame for the plain and fancy murder he does to the mother tongue. He is usually the victim.

Al Jolson, the first great hit of the talkies, was so accustomed to the 'feel' of a real audience that the dead silence of the film studio almost floored him. Here's Al on the set putting over one of his songs.
A TALKIE VOICE?

Who Knows What New Stars May Be Made by Voice Appeal? An Authority Defines and Discusses the Exacting Requirements of the All-Powerful 'Mike.'

of his environment and picks up the language from his parents and early associates whether they speak well or ill. The brand of talk he learns in childhood generally clings to him for life and there are more than fifty-seven varieties in this broad land. I have frequently guessed the state from which a person hails from hearing him talk.

Then too, if English were more smooth and vocal, as is Italian, and not so peppered with consonants, Americans as well as foreigners would find it easier to speak. Yet these very consonants give the language its spiciness. The trouble is, many Americans slur over the consonants or talk as though they had a bit in their mouths. They do not take the consonant with a kick as they should. For instance, unless you are a trained speaker, when you say 'We've got him,' it will sound like this, 'We gottim.' And yet consonants are not difficult to tame. They may be put in their place with a little effort.

You probably know that these trouble makers, the consonants, are obstructions to the free flow of speech, while the vowels (A, E, I, O, U) as the word indicates, are vocal. Consonants interfere with the voice in various ways. Some of you were no doubt taught in school that consonants are either hard or soft, but this classification is inadequate, to say the least. Consonants are either voiced or unvoiced according to whether or not the voice is used in their pronunciation. If no voice is used the consonant is merely articulated. Pronounce the word thin and you will find that the th has no voice. Then pronounce this and you recognize voice in the th.

Can your friends understand you the first time over the telephone? This is a test of your diction. The New York Telephone Company gives all of its operators special training in diction, stressing particularly the numerals. They are drilled to say the numerals as follows:

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These pronunciations are necessarily exaggerated so there will be the least possibility of a mistake; but in a talking picture they would sound ridiculous. Some telephone operators take great delight in rolling the R in three. One flip of the tongue is sufficient. In Italian, the word caro with one flip of the tongue means dear. With a double R, carro, it signifies chariot. Imagine a telephone operator speaking an impassioned caro to her Romeo and you can see what the result would be! It is well nigh impossible for us to make this fine distinction as do the Latins, pronouncing R as is the custom in this country.

W is another interesting letter. I was taught that W is sometimes a vowel and sometimes a consonant, but experience has shown me that it is always a vowel. For instance, in the word where a peculiar thing occurs. If you will pronounce the word slowly you will see it should actually be spelled hwere as the sound of the H preceded the sound of the W. When followed by another vowel it is more obvious that the W is a vowel.

M is one of the most frequent  

(Continued on page 122)
"My Pal Hal"

Our Star Reporter Makes Good on her First Assignment, Interviewing Hal Skelly

By Nancy Carroll

Editor's Note: And if anyone ever suggests that Nancy Carroll didn't write every word of this story herself, he'd better look out! Nancy is honest—and Irish!

The editor of Screenland took a lot for granted when she asked me to interview Hal Skelly, and to write such facts and impressions as might be forthcoming from such an assignment.

She took for granted, in the first place, that I, a screen player in Hollywood, would help another screen player in Hollywood get a lot of nice, free publicity.

I should be so big-hearted!

She took for granted that I would write nice things about Hal Skelly, when I know so many things that are not at all nice.

It is not my fault if the editor of Screenland has a lot of libel suits on her hands.

For what I don't know about Hal Skelly! Hum!

Well, the editor brought it on herself.

Here goes:

Hal Skelly was born in Davenport, Iowa, and if you can find out the year you’re a better interviewer than I am. He’s no boy, I can tell you that, even though every once in a while he proudly boasts that he is: "New York’s favorite juvenile."

I knew Hal Skelly before he came to Hollywood to play with me in "The Dance of Life." I knew him when we were together in a musical comedy called "Betty Lee," he as one of the principal comedians, I just one of the girls in the chorus.

I wish to say this much for Hal at that time. Everybody in the troupe liked him. He used to breeze in for a matinee or an evening show, always on time, always gay-hearted, and he’d yell: "Hello, kids!" to us as he passed the door of the chorus dressing room.

That seemed a little thing, as I look back on it now, but it was a big thing at the moment. We girls all knew that Hal Skelly was our good friend. It’s fine to have friends.

I left New York and went on the road with a show.
Hal stayed on. Soon we in show business all heard of the tremendous success he was making as Skid Johnson in "Burlesque," a show by George Manker Watters and Arthur Hopkins.

The next time I saw Hal was when Paramount brought him to Hollywood to continue his role as Skid Johnson in the all-talking film version of "Burlesque." For the screen it was called the "Dance of Life." I played Bonnie King, Hal's wife.

When you're a man's wife, even just in a motion picture, you get to know him pretty well! Hal Skelly is a boy; a great, big, happy-go-lucky person who makes friends at once—and keeps them.

We made "The Dance of Life" under trying conditions. Paramount's newly-completed sound stages had just burned, the day after they were completed, and we had to work at night on an improvised stage. In the day-time the noise of traffic outside the studio interfered with sound-picture making.

During those weeks of night work, starting around seven in the evening and generally finishing at dawn, Hal Skelly never failed us. By his unfailing jokes, his happy way of going about things, his untiring efforts to give the best that was in him at all times, he kept us all in good humor and eager to match smiles with him.

Between scenes we would sit back out of the way and talk; that is, Hal would talk and I would listen. It was restful to hear him recount the many interesting experiences of his life.

He told me how it was that he happened to enter the show business:

His first experience was in the attic of his home in Davenport. He took a bundle of altar candles, stuck them in their own wax on the floor for footlights, and entertained his small friends by a series of dance steps of his own inventing.

When he was fourteen years of age the Norris and Rowe Dog and Pony show came to Davenport and Hal got a job leading one of the ponies in the parade. His father, standing on a curb to watch the parade go by, yanked his young son from the line of march and sent him home.

Hal, the next day, followed the show out of town and did not see his father again for fourteen years!

During those fourteen years Hal Skelly wandered the world. First he went to Chicago and secured a small part with the company playing "The Time, The Place, and The Girl." That engagement lasted until one night he was recognized from the audience by his uncle, Senator James Butler, who came back-stage, scolded Hal, gave him some money and told him to get on a train and go home.

Instead Hal went the other way.

He found a place with another circus. Later he joined a carnival company. Then he went into the medicine show business. Vaudeville attracted him for a time. Next he tried his luck with run-down musical shows. Then he made the circuit all over again.

He remembers particularly one season in the south with an itinerant medicine show troupe, headed by 'Dr.' Ruker. Hal was with the Number Two company. The Number One company played a week in advance and specialized in the sale of a liver medicine. The wily Doctor had it so fixed that the liver medicine would give a slight stomach disorder to the customers. A week later the Number Two company came to town and sold them stomach medicine!

This curative was made by combining a little port wine with an Epson Salts solution. It was one of Hal's duties to mix and bottle the potion. This he did in a galvanized pail, stirring the concoction with a wooden paddle. The medicine was called 'Dr. Ruker's Cure A Number One,' and Hal believes that the eminent doctor realized quite a profit from its sale.

(Continued on page 128)
The talking picture,” says Edgar Wallace, “is the best recruiting ground for the theater that the stage has ever seen. I am all for the talkies,” he continued, “for I realize that they are attracting a new kind of audience—a more intelligent audience into the moving picture houses—and ultimately into the stage theater itself.”

The great Wallace—the most popular and prolific writer of mystery tales in the world—leaned back and puffed on his cigarette in its thin polished holder an actual foot long.

Wallace is a big man. He is hearty and human, with the shrewdest but kindest eyes you almost have ever seen. A tall protruding forehead fringed with gray hair juts out like a porch roof over a large nose and long chin, cheeks, jowls and ears. His face is punctuated by the heavy black hairy triangles which form his eyebrows. These rise in acute angles of irony or ripple in bursts of laughter.

Mr. Wallace was in America on a combination pleasure trip and tour of inspection. With him came his wife, his four children, two secretaries and several friends. The drawing room of his Park Avenue hotel apartment looked like a tornado had hit it. The fragile chairs were over-weighted with books, pamphlets, papers, and racing forms.

Two oblong tables staggered under a load of type-writers, wax dictaphone cylinders, magazines, manuscripts, cigarettes, vases holding gigantic chrysanthemums, telegrams, letters, appointment books, and pads.

Over it all, Wallace presided like a silent-footed genie. He rubbed his magic ring and a pretty, fair-haired English secretary appeared:

“Get me London on the telephone, please,” Wallace ordered. “And take this letter. No, make it a cable: ‘Why the devil didn’t you let me know my pet filly was running in the fifth race? Do you think I’m asleep just because I’m three thousand miles away?’

He was interrupted by another secretary. “Telephone message for you, sir.”

“You take it.”

“I can’t, sir. It’s Mr. Colebaugh, of Collier’s.”

“All right, all right—put him on.”

“Hello, hello! Sure, I’ll have lunch with you—but when I get back from Chicago. With this high cost of American living I’m always glad to have lunch. Sure, I’ll have the articles ready. I’m working on them now.”

He picked up the tube of his dictaphone, dictated two paragraphs and turned to his secretary: “That article is all ready now. Type it off, please, and shoot it over to the editor.”

Wallace sat down heavily in his chair, lit another cigarette, about the eighth, and mopped his forehead;

“Let’s see—where were we now? Busy? Oh, it’s always like this! We were speaking about the talkies. Well, as I said, I’m all for ’em—”

“Excuse me, Mr. Wallace, ready with London.” It was
Solves some Mysteries of the Movies

The 'Master Mind' of Detective Fiction is on the Trail of the Terrible Talkies. Watch Out!

By Rosa Reilly

But it has been the exception rather than the rule. However, we have seen our mistake now. And it's all going to be changed. Any country must work out her own salvation.

And that's what England is going to do, pictorially. She may be a little slow. But she always has been sure. And here's something else I want to tell you. I don't hold with the English producers who say we don't get—what is it you call it here in the States?—oh, yes!—a break with English pictures.

"I am convinced," he went on, "that when we send America a good picture the people will receive it in the spirit in which it is sent and will be just in all their criticisms. It's been the fault of English producers, not of American critics, that our pictures haven't gone over so well."

"Are you going to Hollywood on this trip?" I asked.

"No, I'm not. And I rather suspect that out of the many authors who have visited America, I am one of the few who hasn't gone there. But here is one thing that nearly all persons should realize. Never go to Hollywood until they send for you! If you've got something to contribute to Hollywood, whether in acting, writing, directing or in a technical way, Hollywood will..." (Continued on page 114)
Is Publicity Happy Marriage

"Put the Soft Pedal on Happiness!" who hope for Matrimonial

By Ruth

"We're so happy!"

These are the three most fatal words ever uttered in Hollywood, if you can believe the local superstition.

Better to walk under a ladder, sit down thirteen at table or omit knocking on wood when boasting of good luck, than to declare in cold, undying print that you and your husband are ideally mated.

"The minute you are catalogued as happily married, the Jinx will get you," one of our latest brides assured me, while begging that no mention of her own felicity be made.

"Publicity on happiness is fatal!"

Is it?

Well, there's Elinor Faire.

Elinor's romance was the result of love scenes played with Bill Boyd in "The Volga Boatman." They had never met until, as a glamorous princess and a picturesque peasant, they stepped out on the set. Two months and four days after that meeting, Elinor and Bill were sending telegrams of announcement from Santa Ana signed "Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd." And for more than three years interviews with either of them included a reference to their perfect bliss.

"I'd rather miss a good part in a grand story than do without Bill," said Elinor, for instance. "I had made up
Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. She'd have married him even if he hadn't happened to be her boss!

"Stick to your career and you'll stay interesting!" is Laura La Plante Seiter's advice to girls contemplating Hollywood matrimony.

FATAL to in Hollywood? ness!" Advise Famous Film Stars Felicity. Right or Wrong? Tildesley

When they were a happy family. Now they are victims of the Hollywood marriage jinx.

my mind to stay home and settle our new house while Bill made his picture at West Point, but at the last minute the thought of picking out new curtains without being able to show samples to Bill and hear him say he liked whatever I liked, well, I decided I could have a better time with Bill!"

There appeared here and there Bill's views on the desirability of wives adorning the home, Elinor's confession that Bill was her first sweetheart, advice on how to hold husbands, and so on and on, together with pictures of the Boyds in poses of conjugal amity.

The Jinx got them! The 'happily married Bill Boyds' have separated, whether for years or forever nobody knows.

Five years ago, the happy-marriage tag was firmly affixed to the Reginald Dennys, the Noah Beerys, Milton and Gladys Sills. We knew that people could be real pals and sweethearts long after the honeymoon because of these shining examples.

When Marguerite Beery was pasting hankies on the mirrors to save ironing them, Gladys Sills was cooking the evening meal over a gas jet in the little room next door. They had a time making ends meet in their first struggling young-wedded days. They used to like to talk about it when Noah and Milton were famous on the screen.

"It's sharing hard times that tests love," they used to say.

(Continued on page 120)
The fascination of Gary Cooper is that he is an authentic American type, not of the hail-fellow-well-met city-breed so well typified by John Gilbert, but of that pioneer line that was toughened into living with death and living with silence in the crossing of the plains, and of whom Lindbergh is a worthy throwback. It is today a type become somewhat rare. It met the Red Men on prairie and among the mountains, conquered them physically and was conquered by them spiritually. Our pioneers were Indianized, whether because they had to adopt the Indian tactics to fight a to-hell-with death and most cunning enemy, or whether Mother Earth herself made them over into the American soul.

Gary Cooper has kindly filled in a questionnaire which Screenland has sent to the most important stars, and apparently he has no illusions about himself. I have watched him carefully in pictures and seen him play a poor sap who never knew what it was all about and also play an airman whose twinkling eyes showed that he knew every move he was making. But whatever rôle he plays, there are some qualities that repeat. He always seems meditative, slow in action, careful in expression, holding himself just a little aloof from his fellows, and displaying a dogged courage. Heap Indian here! The Indians were notable for their ability to take punishment, for their wilful and careful cunning, for their coolness in action, for their undownable doggedness, for their concentration on one goal to the exclusion of everything else. They met death or dealt it out with heart and soul. It is possible the white men would not have conquered them if the Iron Horse, with its terrific power of modern machinery, hadn't ruthlessly smashed them back. America made the African his slave; the Indian never. He did not have the slave nature. He was a worthy foe, who imbued his enemies with his own qualities.

One feels in Gary Cooper this mixture of the Indian and the pioneer. The pioneer finally, as ranchman or gold-hunter, was a lone-wolf. He lived much with nature, often much away from men, sometimes he made the solitary trek. The Indian villages were very sociable places; but many of the white men who became Indianized, became more or less solitary, acquiring the stern side of the Indian nature.

Gary Cooper's years on a ranch probably deepened this tendency in him. The reader may remember the two psychological types, the introvert and the extravert—the introvert more the dreamer, the inward man, the brooding man, who is often shy, highly self-conscious, and often finds it hard to adapt to the world, to mix easily with his fellows; the extravert more the doer, the mixer,

He is the 'strong, silent man' of the movies. But it remained for the psycho-analyst to reveal the subtleties of a different and deeper Gary Cooper.
Cooper Analyzed

By

James Oppenheim

the good fellow, the man who finds it easy to 'sell' himself or anything else, who feels at home wherever he goes.

Gary Cooper, answering the questionnaire, sets himself down as much more the introvert than the extravert. In fact, he makes the ratio 36 to 23. He sets himself down as highly self-conscious, as exceedingly shy, as feeling misunderstood by most people, as hating to be conspicuous, as a day-dreamer, as more or less of a poor mixer, as rather moody, and as getting easily tense. He only allows himself a fair share of practicality, yet he does on the other hand claim for himself a natural love of activity, of doing things, of being realistic and having common sense.

In spite of the figures, and Gary Cooper's own estimate of himself, I am inclined to think that he is by nature an extravert, and that it is more the Indian attitude and the ranching experience that have made him what one might call city-shy or crowd-shy. He was born, I think, one thing and became another. But even if this is so, he would, under any circumstances, have been slow to action, thoughtful, meditative, dogged. He is not the intuitive type of man who sees things in a flash and is 'raring to go'; nor yet the sensational type who wants excitement and to get a kick out of everything, the natural born fighter, flirt and mixer; nor yet the feeling type man, like Lincoln, who sacrifices himself to a love for humanity. He is, I believe, the thinking type.

He chews the cud of thought, and you can almost see him chew it. The good thinker, like the Indian, concentrates on his goal and excludes everything else. He is inclined to be cool. He is exceedingly masculine. He shuts out disturbing emotions; he works out a system and lives by it. He is orderly, knows exactly what he is doing, and has the courage of his convictions; or, if you will, of his system. He does not cross bridges until he comes to them. Time enough when the bridge heaves into sight. Then he pauses, takes a look, counts the cost, looks for the best way, and having made up his mind, sets across with stubborn doggedness and every refusal to turn back.

But the experience, as well as the blood, of Gary Cooper, have made him less practical than his forebears, less intent on making his heap, less intent on the business side. True, he went into the movies because he saw big money in it, for one thing; but a man of a slightly different bent of mind would have gone into something still more practical. For Gary Cooper has much of the artist, the dreamer in him. Just as he isn't a straight extravert, in fact is more introverted than extraverted, just so he isn't a straight thinking type. He also has moods. He is swayed by deep emotions. He has a love of art for its own sake. Only a true artist could give at one...

(Continued on page 119)
"Now They Can Do Grand Opera!" You Say of the Soundies. But Will They — and Can They?

If you wish to get the goat of the average musician just kid grand opera. He'll put you down as an incorrigible ignoramus or an aesthetic moron. Yet nine persons out of ten consider grand opera a grand joke. The music may be grand, they will tell you, but the scenery! — the singers! — the costumes! All the grand music in the world will not compensate for these optical pains.

Furthermore, the average person laughs at the story and the way it is told. Imagine a big two-hundred-and-fifty-pounder-on-the-hoof singing his heart out in lace panties and accompanying himself on a stingy little mandolin! And imagine anybody wishing to make love to a big broad-backed dame resting in her corsets like a pan of overset dough!

Nor is your Average Man the only kidder of this great art-form. John McCormack is quoted as kidding the pants off grand opera — if perchance it ever wore pants! And no less a musician than Victor Herbert once wrote a grand opera sketch for The Lambs in which the singers took half an hour to announce that 'The house is afire!' and by the time this timely notice was finally understood by the choral ensemble, the house had burned down!

Notwithstanding the ribald esteem in which grand opera is held by the mob, one of the first exclamations that accompanied the success of sound pictures was: 'Now they can do grand opera at a price that everybody can pay!' But can they, and will they? And if they do will it be the same as it is done in the theater? We will answer these questions all together. They can and will do grand
By
Rob
Wagner

Above: Lawrence Tibbett, great baritone, in "Rogue Song," on the screen.

Martinelli's glorious voice has thrilled movie audiences via Vitaphone.

OPERA
SCREEN?

opera, but not in the form that has brought down upon its head the hilarious laughter of the mob.

Europe, which is artistically more daring than America, will no doubt be the first to make the grand experiment of doing grand opera according to its ancient (and perhaps archaic) idiom, but we shall ease into it, gradually change those things that have offended, and finally emerge with an art-form that will be grander than the grandest opera ever heard and seen in the capitals of Europe.

And in doing it, these are the things we shall not do:
We shall not accept the stage limitations regarding locations, sets and scenery.
We shall not offend the eye with singers who are physically unattractive.
We shall not offend the dramatic sense by singing all the dialog.

When SCREENLAND asked me to write this piece I immediately dashed over to the M-G-M lot and had a long interview with Paul Bern who supervised the first near-grand opera that this famous studio has undertaken. Then I went down and gave an imitation of a Metropolitan audience while I sat alone and saw a couple of reels run off.

The production is called "Rogue Song," Lionel Barrymore directed it and Lawrence Tibbett of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company plays and sings the title role. In the cast are other famous singers and they are backed up by a full symphony orchestra of fifty pieces.

The opening shots are all outdoors—the first great triumph over a stage production. (Continued on page 114)
THE Arlen gift is an all-movie gift. Douglas Fairbanks developed the game and the Richard Arlens offer it to you.

We won't attempt to describe the game because a book of instructions goes with the gift but we do know that it combines the best qualities of tennis and Badminton. In fact, 'Doug,' as it now stands, incorporates the most desirable characteristics of various racket games.

Dick says a few sets of 'Doug' each day keep him in trim. However, the game is interesting for pure sport's sake.

And now the only thing that stands between you and the gift is a little matter of a question which Richard Arlen asks you to answer for him. In return for the best letter answering his question, Richard will present the winner with the game of 'Doug.' Here's the question you must answer: Do you think that Richard Arlen should appear in comedy drama, such as his first starring vehicle "Burning Up," or play straight dramatic roles, such as Steve in "The Virginian?" Give reasons for your answer.

Address:—RICHARD ARLEN
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes February 10, 1930

On your toes! If Dick Arlen serves on the court as well as he serves his public he plays a great game.

For speed, 'Doug' has no equal in the entire realm of racket sports, according to Douglas Fairbanks and other fans.

Dick and all the things that go to make the game of 'Doug.' Four rackets, four feathered balls, and the net and everything! It's Dick's favorite sport and he wants one of his fans to enjoy it, too.
A GIFT from the ARLENS

Richard Arlen says if you are a tennis enthusiast be prepared to surrender to 'Doug.' It’s the newest Hollywood racket!

When things quiet down at the studio for Dick and Joby, they dash out to their home at Toluca Lake, where our Dick is Mayor, and play a few sets of 'Doug.' Joby says it’s more effective than the Hollywood diet—and lots more fun!

Now write the best letter and win the Arlen gift. By best letter is meant the clearest, cleverest and most concise letter answering Richard Arlen’s interesting question.

Arlen is always at your service. He wants to know in what sort of vehicle you like him best—light comedy or drama? As you know, in “The Virginian” Dick plays a very dramatic role, and in “Burning Up” he is light and gay. It’s up to you to decide which you like best. Give Dick your sincere opinion and in exchange he’ll give you 'Doug.’ Fair enough!

Joby and Dick at their Toluca Lake home where ‘Doug’ is their favorite pastime. They hope you will have as much wholesome fun out of the game as they do! And they hope, too, that whoever wins the gift will share it with his family and the next-door neighbors, so that everybody will have a chance to play.

All photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Arlen by Otto Dyar.

Just before the battle—we mean, game of ‘Doug’! Whom are you placing your bets on—Joby or Dick? Friends of the popular Arlens form a long waiting line on Sundays to play the game that is generally voted the most fun of any outdoor sport in Hollywood. Such famous tennis players as William Tilden and Mrs. May Sutton Bundy are enthusiastic about ‘Doug’; while Charlie Paddock endorses it and Charlie Chaplin plays it. What a recommendation!
Gloria Swanson and Ina Claire are the best-dressed women in the movies—and two of the best gowned women in the world.

They have learned how to dress because they are true cosmopolites. They know their world. They don't confine themselves to one country or to one métier.

However, I am sorry to say their excellent standard of dressing has not quite been reached by the majority of moving picture actresses, with the exception of Alice Joyce, Marion Davies, Mary Pickford and a few others.

There are two reasons why picture stars—as well as the majority of other women—are not always well-dressed. The first is that they have little understanding of the essential fitness of clothes. The second is that they dress to follow the current mode instead of gowing themselves to suit their own individual style.

In connection with the first point, I can't tell you how often I have observed screen stars on vacation in Paris, starting out for a sight-seeing or shopping trip in the morning, dressed in silk or satin, wearing fancy shoes, many jewels; and, to crown it all, a hat with a fussy bejewelled pin.

But let me say right here that I think these movie actresses are not to blame for their extravagant clothes. They become so accustomed to lavish dressing in pictures than when the time comes for them to lay aside their ostentatious gowns and put on street dress—like many another actor when the curtain falls, it is difficult to cease playing a part.

Of course, screen stars as well as other women, realize that it is outre to dress extravagantly in the morning. No lady of the haut monde in any country approves of over-dressing. Laws of style are like laws of civilization—they vary little in any part of the civilized world. And a lady still holds to certain traditions whether she be walking down Hollywood Boulevard, taking a stroll on the Bois de Bologne, or climbing through a mountain pass in India. They all realize how they should dress, but in the stress of modern life, many grow careless. They become so absorbed in their homes or their careers that they hurry into whatever costume is handiest and rush into the business of the day without much forethought about appearance. That is a great mistake. The world can only judge you by your clothes—at first. Nobody
Women's Clothes?

Reveals Some Secrets of Smartness

Edward Molyneux

will take the trouble to explore the interior of your mind or spirit unless the exterior attracts them. If all young girls realized this, there would be fewer lonely women in the world.

I am known among the designers of the world as a conventionalist. But I think I am not too conventional. Born as I was on my grandfather's estate in County Waterford, Ireland, I early became accustomed to seeing my mother and relatives simply garbed in the morning. They wore tweeds or dark dresses and coats, or suits; plain hats, plain shoes, and their only ornaments were their wedding rings and small strings of real pearls.

In my childhood I believed there was nobody better dressed than the true Irish gentlewoman. I still believe so. For the older I grow the more I realize that dress in certain of its basic essentials is as unchanging as the laws of nature.

One of my greatest pleasures is designing clothes for morning wear. It is one of my real hobbies. So perhaps you would be interested in hearing just what I consider suitable for the hours of the day before the sun has crossed the meridian. Screen stars should pay special attention to this point because what they wear at any hour is liable to affect the clothes of hundreds of millions of women and girls in every country.

Rich or poor, humble or exalted, every woman strives to be well dressed. And for that reason I prescribe the same clothes exactly for the star who dashes out of her bath early in the Hollywood morning and hurries out to an eight o'clock call at the studio; for the Duchesse de Richlieu, rising to drink her chocolate in her Paris town house; for the business girl, boiling a cup of coffee in her little kitchenette preparatory to taking the subway to her secretarial job in Wall Street. Naturally the quality of the material will vary—according to the purse of the purchaser. But all essentials will be the same.

For the morning, simplicity is absolutely necessary. I would suggest a simple dress or suit of rep, wool or jersey, in dark gray, dark blue, (Continued on page 123)
What is Beauty?

Read the Distinguished Artist's Penetrating Analysis and Then Turn to his Gallery of Screen Beauties Beginning on the Opposite Page

By Rolf Armstrong

Beautyon anywheren, everywhere. In an of beauty's countless creations, from the speck of color on a moth's wing, to the granite contour of a mountain range, artists, since the first cave dweller, have found inspiration, and motifs for their work.

Consider the incalculable, consummate beauty displayed just in the cycle of a day. Against the black background of night, is etched the pastel we call dawn, brightening into the impalpable web of a hazy midsummer morning. Daylight intensified, reveals wonder upon wonder—water that shines like tightly stretched silk; trees and clouds in endless patterns; the entire gamut of color, from palest grey to flaming vermillion; sun blazing on beaches yellow and smooth as chamois-skin. Purple shadows of afternoon; sunset; twilight; starlight; moonlight.

Subjects, and problems enough for an artist's lifetime.

Yet occasionally an artist continues to grope his way through this labyrinth, till he comes upon the very climax of subtle beauty, wherein seem combined the essences of all other beauties—magnificent architecture; texture of moonlight; a distillation of all colors, so blended and attenuated that they are no longer colors, but nuances, transparencies; contours elusive as smoke, yet vital, cosmic, characterful—nature's supreme challenge to the artist—a beautiful woman!

And when you realize that this composite, concentrated beauty has the added lure of sex, you cease to wonder that, through the centuries, it has proved such a force that kingdoms, life, love, honor, and happiness have been sacrificed on its altar. Today, since the market value of beauty is probably higher than ever before, a girl, brushed even lightly by its enchantment, may rise, almost over night, to fantastic heights. So women strive for beauty because it will bring them wealth, power, and fame. Men strive for wealth, power, and fame because it will bring them beautiful women.

To try to analyze this beauty, and translate it upon canvas in terms of paint or pastel, has been the lifelong struggle of many an artist. From my own observation and experience, I am inclined to believe that perception, originality, color sense, technical facility—indispensable as they are to the artist—are incomplete equipment for this particular undertaking, unless sustained by sheer physical endurance to work untold hours, face innumerable defeats, and be ready each day to try again. For beside the exacting problem of reproducing precise structure and proportion, there is the riddle of that inner emanation from heart, mind, or spirit that gives individuality to each face, so that no matter how closely their basic structure may conform to the one classic standard, no two beautiful women ever look exactly alike.

The silver screen has always seemed to me a vast canvas upon which masterpieces of beauty might be created. The cinema is more closely allied to the art of painting than is generally realized. Primarily, motion pictures develop a story, build up an... (Continued on page 119)
WHITE

Light could not be painted without it. No other color can take its place.

Mary Pickford
LEMON YELLOW

The tip of a flame. Pale winter sunlight.

Ann Harding
CHROME YELLOW
The gypsy color—primitive, elemental.
Lupe Velez
CADMIUM ORANGE

The glowing combination of red and yellow.

Bebe Daniels
VERMILION

Vibrant; dominating; dynamic.

Clara Bow
ROSE MADDER

Dusky, rich, deep red—color of roses and rubies.

Estelle Taylor
COBALT VIOLET

Evocative of fragile, costly, sophisticated femininity.

Corinne Griffith
COBALT BLUE

Clear, definite, polished blue of enamels.

Billie Dove
WILLOW GREEN
Youth. The color of Spring.
Nancy Carroll
CERULEAN BLUE

Smiling, unclouded perfection of summer skies.

Vilma Banky
EMERALD GREEN

Guy, vivid, daring—a rollicking, sparkling color.

Marion Davies
ULTRAMARINE BLUE

Vigorously direct—color of sunny seas.

Mary Brian
PURPLE

The regal color. Fire of red, spiritual range of blues: transparent, yet with the power and depth of dark tones.

Gloria Swanson
VANDYKE BROWN

The tone of Rembrandt shadows—deep, remote, warm.

Evelyn Brent
IVORY BLACK

Impenetrable, sombre, yet capable of innumerable variations of beauty.

Greta Garbo
For February 1930

The Millionaire Script Girl

She Rides to Work in her Limousine—but She is Making Good on her Own

By Sydney Valentine

In one circle of society she's 'Bobby' Jackson, but the studios know her as 'Gene Searle.

'Bobby' Jackson rides after the foxes, plays polo, bathes in the surf at Deauville, takes a little whirl with chance at Monte Carlo.

Nagene Searle has been saying 'Yes, sir,' for four years to motion picture directors, part of the time 'holding script,' part of the time being assistant director, and the rest of the time writing scenario treatments.

It didn't seem logical for a script girl to come to the studio day after day for over a year in one of three rolling fortunes, automobile aristocrats. A big chauffeured town car, some days. The same chauffeur in a limousine, other days. And a powerful, expensive roadster sometimes, with 'Gene herself at the wheel.

Then occasionally a lawyer, brief-case in hand, consulting with the girl, when the director could spare her or let her retire for a moment to the corner of the set.

So, gradually, the secret came out. 'Bobby' Jackson and 'Gene Searle were identified as the same girl. A big oil company behind the family, and the Jackson-Bell radio behind these cars and other expensive accessories of the 'script girl.'

Interviewed at First National Studios in Burbank, where she was 'holding script' on a talking comedy called "Loose Ankles," Miss Searle gave the whole story willingly enough. She did not mind Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Loretta Young, Louise Fazenda, Inez Courtney and other members of the cast joining in the interview, all asking as many questions as the interviewer.

"It's all very simple," Miss Searle remarked. "I want to be a film director. Lois Weber was my model. Now we have Dorothy Arzner, whom I admire very much."

"Why a film director?" Louise Fazenda wanted to know.

"You could be an actress. Most people, seeing you come in here in that big roadster, mistake you for Laura La Plante, Bill Seiter's wife."

Miss Searle smiled. "I wouldn't (Continued on page 112)
“AND NOTHING

They Play the Game in Hollywood—the Game of ‘Truth’

Hey-hey and hilarious Hollywood.

Headquarters of all-around-the-clock whoopee and hectic festivities—or so the guiltless imbibers of Hollywood gossip supposes. But—

As you've oft been told before, there's lots of home life out west that hasn't nearly as much sin in it as the cinemas would imply. And while we're not prepared to paint the movie colony as a cross between little Eva's heaven and a Y. M. C. A. sitting room—what we are going to do is let you in on a few of the milder amusements that are all the rage at present in screen circles.

If you happen in on a little party in the Beverly Hills section and spot a bevy of gorgeous ladies tearing each other's hair out, you'll know they've been playing "Truths." You might have met the game before at one of these nice friendly blow-outs, where the hostess is always devising a means to bring her guests closer together by introducing something 'really intimate.' Anyway, you'll be interested to know that even as you and I sit around speculating on our favorite movie star, the best looker, best dresser and the rest, so do the boys and girls themselves pass judgment on each other. And their way of doing it is to gather for a session of "Truths." This is how the stars play the game—and we have the dope first hand, together with the actual score-card kept in Eleanor Boardman's hand-writing, on a piece of King Vidor's stationery. Eleanor, as you know, being Mrs. Vidor.

Among those present at the Vidor house following a dinner party, were Gloria Swanson, Lois Wilson, Charlie Chaplin, George K. Arthur, Eleanor Boardman, Josephine Dunn, Harry D'Arrast, who directed many Menjou hits,

Lois Wilson tied with Harry Crocker for second highest score. Lois rates high for kindness and sincerity.
but the TRUTH!

By Muriel Thirer

and Harry Crocker, Chaplin's ex-assistant.

A score-card was drawn up allowing a column for each player, at the top of which was written his or her name. Out in the margin, and reading from the top to the bottom of the page, were listed the qualifications about which the players were going to come clean. They are such items as sex appeal, charm, good looks and so on.

The highest rating that can be given on any item is ten points; the lowest, zero. Each player must fill out a sheet, giving grades anywhere from zero to ten—half tones accepted—to all the participants, including him or herself. After all the sheets are completed, the percentages are added together and divided by the number of persons playing, in order to get an average. And then the final list is drawn up, showing at a glance who rates highest honors for wit, wisdom and all the other attributes that go to make a movie star worth her contract.

Here's how Eleanor Boardman's game ended, and it's the real low-down on what these stars think of each other.

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(Continued on page 118)
DO'S and DON'TS
Who Want to

She's young, she's pretty—and she's one of the most famous and highly-paid writers in the world:
Miss Jeannie Macpherson.

PEOPLE always laugh when I succumb to entreaties, and tell what a girl should do who has aspirations towards the writing of scenarios.

No one ever believes me, but to my mind no young woman should approach the stiff competition of film writing until she has first attended a business college and taken a full secretarial course.

No matter what college degrees a young woman may hold, or how thorough an educational and cultural background she possesses, she needs the direct contact with the commercial drama of the world. Stenography and secretarial work teach order, a first requisite for any writer. More important, however, they take a girl from the clustered surroundings of the home and make her stand on her own feet. Both wit and observation are quickened.

While any business office will have some values, the would-be writer will attempt to get a secretarial job in a newspaper office. Here she can observe the technicalities of gathering news, of assembling the drama of the day. She should keep training herself in writing, until she is fit to accept any vacancy which may occur in the reportorial staff. While I never had a day's training in a newspaper office, I have greatly regretted the lack. What comes as second nature to a reporter has been very hard work for me. Reporters soon learn to take what is vital from the news, and reject the rest. This is a trick which comes only from special training. I value the attribute so highly that I go contrary to my own experience when I urge journalistic work as a writing essential.

The hardest step comes next.

When a girl gets to be a reporter she has attained a certain standing. I say to such a girl, "Forget your pride—and go back to your pothooks again."

In other words, seek a secretarial position in a studio, even if you have to take half the salary. You are 'unknown' as a writer. You wouldn't have a chance to get by the studio gates for the training you need in screen technique.

As a stenographer, however, you are in demand. It is not easy to get into any picture studio, but it is an easier road through shorthand than any other.

Once inside the guarded gates a clever, capable girl will find many situations in which qualities of sincerity and seriousness will give her opportunities to observe technique and, eventually, a chance to 'practice' on a story.

All of this takes a lot of time and hardly fits in with the ideas of the young graduate who looks at a picture and tells her friend, "I could write a picture that good myself!"

What an awakening she gets when she tries!

Let me say to you with heartfelt emphasis that there is no quick and easy road to successful screen authorship. When you are trying to combine human emotions with physical factors such as sets, lights, cameras, etc., you must know certain fundamentals which are not learned in a day, or even a year.

I can hear some who may read this article saying, "She's a hot one to hand out all of this free advice. She never worked that way—she admits it herself."

That's all true, but if I had followed this systematic path as over a score of big woman scenario writers have done, I would have saved myself years of time and much nervous and physical energy.

I went from acting into scenario writing, from $200 a week as a star in my own two-reel pictures, to writing for Cecil De Mille at $25 a week.

I sacrificed $175 a week simply because the man made
Cecil De Mille's Scenarist Gives Practical Advice on Breaking into the Screen Writing Racket

By Jeanie Macpherson

Miss Macpherson going over a scene with the Big Chief, Cecil B. De Mille, in his elaborate and imposing office at the studio. Jeanie has written the scenarios for such De Mille successes as "The Ten Commandments," "The King of Kings," and "Dynamite." She is a thorough crafts-woman, loves her job, and works hard at it.
The Boys and Girls of Movie-land are Always on the Job

There has been a good deal of sputtering done about the hard work of the screen players, particularly since the advent of talking pictures. Every time a writer is in a hurry to see a player they are always prepared to hear, "Well, So-and-so worked till five o'clock this morning, so could you make the appointment at four this afternoon instead of eleven?" And that's likely to go for days. Oh, it happens all the time.

You look at the working schedule and see that a picture which in the old days used to take four weeks to 'shoot,' will be finished in three. There's plenty to read between the lines there. It means working for hours overtime. On the other hand, the players are paid enough to enable them to live in luxury. They can go home to a comfortable house, have their meals served to them in bed if they are that tired; and all the annoying 'little' things are taken care of for them. Such as seeing that things are sent to the laundry, the cleaners; clothes properly brushed; boots shined; stitches taken when a button comes off. Relieved of those cares a girl need not hunt up a plastic surgeon for the fashionable face lifting before her time. Of course, if you must work to the point of exhaustion every day in the year, the luxuries don't loom up so big. There are things to be said on both sides. Anyhow, I thought I'd do a bit of scouting about to find just what was what. The first player I corralled was Betty Compson, who hops from studio to studio so fast it would take a Washington detective to keep tabs on her.

"Hard work never hurt anyone," Betty told me. And of all the girls and boys in Hollywood this past season, I imagine Betty could chalk up the greatest number of actual working hours, and is therefore best qualified to judge. Her energy is inexhaustible, which is perhaps why she is able to stand the grind better than others. Being a free-lance player, during the past year Betty has not had one
day between pictures, and sometimes is working on two at the same time, at different studios. She was one picture girl who could speak lines and whose voice registered one hundred percent over the ‘mike’ at the beginning of this talking picture eruption, and was therefore in constant demand. The limitations of some of the picture players were a handicap to the industry when the fever first broke out. Those who could speak lines were snapped up like diamonds on bargain day.

How does Betty keep up the hard work? Well, this is what she told me.

“IT isn’t the hard work that hurts people. It’s what they do after work is over for the day. If they don’t try to go to parties, or the theater, but will go home and rest, they will live through it. It’s trying to burn the candle at both ends that does the damage.

“When I am working I cut out everything but doing my job. I used to like the good old days that got you home in time for dinner as well as anybody, but the business is having growing pains, and if it makes it hard for everyone until things are settled, there’s no use trying to kid yourself. If you’re working and want to last through the ordeal, do nothing but your job while the picture lasts. There is almost always a day or two between when you can attend or give a party. Not for me, though. I haven’t had a day to call my very own—oh, for months! Even Sundays.”

Everyone in Hollywood would understand what that last remark meant in the Cruze household. Jim never goes to openings, to anyone’s home or shopping. But he is a convivial person and likes to have his friends come and see him. Every Sunday is open house in the Cruze Pimbrige abode and guests start coming. (Continued on page 136)
“Hey, there! Are you an actor?” shouted a busy assistant director to Paul Whiteman as he was rolling down the studio avenue at Universal City.

“Certainly I’m an actor,” retorted the amiable king of jazz, suspicious of a gag. “Who says I’m not an actor?” he continued indignantly.

“Okay. You’re just the type we’re looking for. Hop yourself right over to Milestone’s office. He needs a cook for ‘All Quiet on the Western Front.’”

Whiteman shook with laughter when he confronted the startled Milestone to apply for the job. His band boys were rather indignant to think that their maestro had been mistaken for a German cook-type, particularly in view of the fact that Whiteman’s face and figure are what might be called well and favorably known. But the king of jazz got back a laugh and an idea out of the situation.

“Wouldn’t I have made a hot and romantic hero?” demanded Paul. “Can’t you hear the wise-crackers saying, after watching me trying a Jack Gilbert on the heroine: ‘as a great lover, that fat bird is a good cook?’”

It will be recalled that the Whiteman picture has been long delayed over the difficulty in finding a story which would suit. The jazz king and Junior Laemmle solved the problem by deciding upon a revue in which he can keep just being Paul Whiteman.

There are many screen stars in Hollywood who have known Paul Whiteman since the days when he started with his own orchestra at the old Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles. They firmly believe he will prove a riot in pictures. He may be a ton in size, but he has always been a ton in music, and he is very apt to prove a ton in musical-talking pictures because he has a rich and humorous personality, unlike anyone’s in the world of amusement.

“I have been called a revolutionist in music,” said Paul. “I am a revolutionist, but solely of progressive ideas tempered with common sense. Jazz supplied the tonic music needed. We hadn’t had anything from the old masters in centuries. Of recent years such men as Victor Herbert contributed brilliant music, but his like are few and far between. Jazz came along to express the spirit of America.”

“Why are you making a picture?” I asked the jazz maestro.

“Say, buddy, I’m as eager to score a hit in pictures as a baby star. That’s why I was so insistent and determined not to make myself absurd by attempting to play the rôle of the usual hero. I’m a jazz bandmaster, first of all. Revue is my line. I’ve done revues for years in New York, so I know what I can do with this type of production.

“Who wouldn’t want to be successful in pictures? They offer far greater opportunities to the individual artist than the radio in pleasing millions of people throughout the world. I have made countless records. I have toured with my band around these United States five times, and in Europe as well, playing in person before thousands of people. I have played, and still do every week, to an audience of a possible thirty million radio listeners. Now...
He believes that jazz expresses
the spirit of America.

that's all

to Screen Audiences

Carroll

I have an even greater opportunity to add to whatever fame I have attained. Who wouldn't want to succeed in pictures?"

"Then he added rather wistfully, "I wonder if this is asking too much? After all, fortune hasn't been unkind to me."

He will play but one familiar number in his revue, Gershwin's famous Rhapsody In Blue, which was originally written for him to play. The entire score will be brand new. Because of its popularity Whiteman simply had to include the Rhapsody, the screen rights of which he purchased just before starting production.

Of course, the jovial Paul will have able assistance from such screen stars as Laura La Plante, John Boles, Glenn Tryon, Joseph Schildkraut, Mary Nolan, Hoot Gibson and Ken Maynard; and such stage entertainers as the Sisters G, Clara and Eleanor, Berlin dancers who are a hit in Europe; Charles Irwin, Grace Hayes, William Kent and Stanley Smith. It will please picture fans to know that Jeanette Loff is to have her big opportunity in the Whiteman revue, as she is playing the leading feminine role throughout. Might be nice if the maestro had her do an organ number. She used to be an organist in an Idaho picture theater, you know. And John Murray Anderson will stage the production.

This writer happened to be present one eventful night in the old hotel, when the famous picture stars of the day cheered Paul on to his first personal success. There were Mabel Normand, Wally Reid, Charlie Chaplin, Lew Cody, Harold Lloyd, Pauline Frederick, Cecil De Mille, Roscoe Arbuckle. That night proved the turning point in Paul Whiteman's career—but let him tell it.

"I came by my musical ability quite naturally," he started. "My father, Wilberforce J. Whiteman, was director of musical education in the Denver schools for thirty years. My mother sang in oratorio and the Denver choirs. So you see, I was really born in music. One thing I want to make plain, I was not a child prodigy. I much preferred to ride horseback with the cowboys on my dad's ranch. I used to play hocky from my practice hours, and finally won a licking in the woodshed from my dad for temperamentally smashing my violin into bits. Result: I was the chief viola player in the Denver symphony at the age of seventeen.

"Three years later I was playing through the San Francisco expositon in the World's Fair orchestra. It was in that picturesque old city that I first met jazz. Down on the notorious Barbary Coast. It hit me hard. Here I was a symphony player, down on my luck and blue. Jazz was made for blues. In those days it was crude, uncouth; but somehow the fantastic beat of the music haunted me. I had gone as far as I could in the symphony as a viola player, and the pay was poor. I determined to try jazz. At first I was a complete failure, but I persisted until I could jazz it up with the best of them. I had fallen from the aristocracy of a symphony orchestra to the slums of music in those days, but my hunch persisted.

"Here I started my first orchestra, and you can well imagine that I was regarded as a nut in San Francisco band circles. Along came the World (Continued on page 129)
“Three grand whoopee parties!” announced Patsy the Party Hound, gleefully. “What could be sweeter? All in one night, too,” she confided. “You know—one of those progressive parties where you all go to somebody's house and take off your things and settle down to an evening of solid enjoyment. Then, when you are in the middle of a particularly interesting game or conversation, your hostess says, 'Come on, everybody, we’re all going to another party,' and you pile into cars and go to somebody else’s house and have a perfectly wonderful time and eat a lot more delicious food—and then you all go on to a still bigger and better party. It will be loads of fun but don’t tell—it’s a surprise to everyone but the hosts and hostesses!”

The parties, Patsy further confided, were to be given by Charlie Mack, of Moran and Mack of vaudeville and radio; Frank Mayo of the good old drama; and by Mary Lewis, of grand opera—quite representative, if you ask me.

We knew a vaudeville party would be a lot of fun and it was. But if you ever saw a grand opera star or a dramatic actor turn loose you know that they certainly do enjoy a little comedy relief in their lives.

Bright lights shone from the windows of the big Mack home as we drove up and, never having met Mr. Mack before, we nearly shook hands with the butler, thinking he was our host. The occasion being informal he was the only man in evening clothes. We found our host much more simply clad.

Mrs. Mack, young and pretty, greeted us at the door, and her husband came forward to invite us into the bar room, all outfitted correctly even to the brass rail, except, alas, that our beverages were strictly of the B. C. grade. Meaning, of course, before cellars.

Out in the big loggia, opening on the back garden, a fire was burning in the fireplace, and around it a number of guests were gathered. Little tables were set out there for supper also, while other tables were set in the dining room and library.

Most of the guests, however, were in the drawing room, and there we discovered Cecil Cunningham, vaudeville and musical star; her little foster daughter, who is going into pictures, and her husband. Miss Cunningham herself entertains the idea of going into talking pictures, I found.

"I'm the elderly It girl!" she laughed.

The Duncan Sisters, Vivian and Rosetta, were there, but as usual Nils Asther, to whom Vivian is engaged, found
some excuse for not coming to the party. Nils is either high-hat or shy, or both. He hates parties, and never goes to them, nor to openings either. But Rosetta and Vivian were as full of life as ever.

Clara Bow came with Harry Richman. She was looking lovely in a white, tight fitting evening gown, and wearing her hair, of a gloriously tifian shade, in a long bob which floats in curls over her shoulders. We found her all delighted at the prospect of playing "Madame Sans Gene." She and Harry seemed very devoted, and everybody thinks it will really be a match between the two.

Another couple, reported to be engaged, came together. I mean Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello. Helene looked perfectly lovely. Lowell was wearing his usual monocle, plus a 'spare' on a black silk cord attached to his waistcoat.

"He's going to take no chances of going about with a shamelessly naked eye!" remarked Polly Moran.

Lew Cody was there, looking quite well again. He told us that he goes to see his wife, Mabel Normand, every day, and that he has to take her a fresh stock of jokes. She is in a sanitarium, you know, in the beautiful Pasadena foothills.

"And don't the jokes have to be new, too!" ejaculated Lew.

Lew says that Mabel really is slowly improving, is doing everything the doctors tell her to, and is as happy as a kid every time she finds out that she is making a little gain in strength.

Polly Moran had come with William Haines. There's a great and real friendship between these two. Both are indefatigable kidders and jokers, and both really are serious at bottom.

Norma Terris was there with her husband, Dr. Wagner. Norma is a lovely, vivacious girl, and we hear that she is making a big success of her Fox roles. Her screen debut was made in "Married in Hollywood."

Charlie Mack is really funnier off the stage than on, with his droll, unctuous humor. He told us about going horseback riding up at his ranch in the Newhall hills, where he is founding an artistic colony, horseback riding evidently being a new (Continued on page 124)
Corinna Griffith, Aristocrat of the
for her Film Future.

By Betty

Corinna Griffith, posing perilously as the Winged Victory or something. Anyway, it’s nice.

“As I gaze into my crystal ball,” Corinna might say, “I see bigger and better, snappier and more sophisticated parts.” It’s all right with us.

Corinna Griffith has kicked over the traces! The patrician of Hollywood, the orchid lady of the silver sheet, the aristocrat of the film world, has turned over a new leaf in her screen career and the future pages will be plentifully supplied with asterisks, for the new Corinna Griffith, born of rebellion and revolt against the languorous ladies of the salon, the blue-blooded noblewomen and virtuous clinging vines of her early performances, plans to be wicked, wayward and wild. In future, Corinna will drain the cup of life’s bitterest experiences. She will fling convention to the four winds and sound the depths of sin. She will make whoopie with a capital W, if necessary to her art, and live the blood in the veins of girls of the slums, women of the streets and ladies of easy virtue. All this, cinematically speaking, of course!

When Miss Griffith’s first all-talking production, “Lilies of the Field,” is released, the orchid is going to be transplanted into harder soil and exchange the fetid hot-house atmosphere for the glitter and glow of Broadway night life. As a show girl in a New York cabaret she will—hold your breath and prepare for a thrill!—wear tights. Furthermore, she will execute a jazz tap dance atop a baby grand piano and she will drink too much champagne at a big jamboree at which she plays hostess to the first of the ‘ilies’ to take unto herself a legitimate husband.

In her private life, Corinna Griffith continues to remain serene and detached. She is the despair of scandal-mongers. She is never seen in public with any male escort except her husband, Walter Morosco, who is the producer of all her pictures. She is considered the epitome of good manners and good taste. This charm, grace and inborn refinement of a personality somewhat unique in flamboyant Hollywood have been reflected in the beautiful Corinna’s shadow-self. A poised loveliness and commendable restraint have marked her performances with a flavor particularly her own. But the urge to spread her wings and taste variety, the spice of screen life, is upon her.

“I’m sick and tired of hearing about my poise, my beauty and my ability to wear gorgeous gowns,” says Corinna. “I want to be an actress, not a clothes-horse. For years, this beauty myth built up around me just be-
to be WICKED

Screen, has Other and Hotter Plans
Read and Anticipate

Boone

cause I happened to get my first start in pictures by winning the prize at a Santa Monica ballroom contest, when I was sixteen years old, has been publicized until it has become a detriment rather than an asset.

"To this day, I'm constantly reading how I was selected as Queen of the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Not a word of truth in it—I was just a child when I went to New Orleans with my father, who had business there. I attended boarding school and studied art, at the time, intending with all the ego of my eleven winters and summers to become a great portrait painter. It had never entered my head at that age to go on the screen. Furthermore, I was regarded as the ugly duckling by my family. I was pale, delicate and thin and I had failed to inherit my mother's great luminous brown eyes, the distinguishing mark of beauty in our family, as Mother was very proud of her Italian origin. To have the only blue eyes in the family was almost a sin.

"But once I had been tagged with the beauty label there was no getting away from it. Artists invited me to sit for them, couturières wanted me to be the first to wear their most expensive models and producers cast me in stately and languid rôles written around jewels and satins. As long as I walked through a part without stubbing my toes they were satisfied, but I, myself, was miserably unhappy. I knew in my heart that the really vital thing about beauty on the screen is that it is more important to be able to express beauty. (Continued on page 116)
DICK BARTHELMESS has gone abroad—to give his larynx a rest, and his wife a good time.

Like all the other film stars of the silent regime, he has found the making of talking pictures no more difficult than an animal trainer would find tight rope dancing. And like other film stars who have made a big success in this new art, he decided that he had earned a trip to Europe. So after he completed his work in “Son of the Gods,” he hopped the flyer for New York.

At the Savoy Plaza where he stopped with his wife before sailing, I called to see him. Over the afternoon coffee cups, he said: “I'm really here for pleasure. I don't want to talk business. Do you mind?”

Of course I didn’t mind. So I just settled down in my big chair and listened lazily while Barthelmess and his wife spoke of their intended trip. “Rome at Christmas”...

“Winter sports in Switzerland where the waiters skate over the ice carrying champagne to thirsty onlookers”...

“Carnival time in Munich where nobody goes to bed until the last handful of confetti is thrown, the last balloon exploded”...

“Down the blue Mediterranean to Egypt”...

“Back to Hollywood in time for spring.”

You see Dick is of Bavarian extraction, way back, and still has an uncle in Munich. So he is visiting Europe primarily to introduce his wife to his Bavarian relations. Clannish, those Bavarians.

Dick is looking awfully well. In his herringbone suit, white shirt and dark tie, he seemed positively collegiate—except for his eyes. They were frankly tired. But a good rest will fix all that.

And, by the way, right here is the place to say that Mrs. Richard Barthelmess is a personage. Not a bit beautiful. But slight and slim and distinguished. In a navy blue dress and straight off-the-face hat, her deep, husky laughter and her lovely white hands brought an intimate charm into the room—a charm you rarely find in the wives of celebrities. Wives of celebrities are usually bored or miserable or frightened. But Mrs. Barthelmess struck me as a woman who was enjoying life. She is certainly an intelligent wife. Sophisticated enough to keep her hus-
I hope I may slide down the next pair of subway stairs if Marilyn Miller doesn't seem as young and pretty today as she did when she first toe-danced her way into the hearts of all America in Mr. Ziegfeld's "Sally."

Marilyn had just returned to New York after her fine work in "Sally," her first talking picture. Almost immediately she had her tonsils out, and I felt a little hesitant about intruding on her while she was convalescing. I had heard it said that Marilyn didn't like to be interviewed. And I felt with that, plus a minus pair of tonsils, I might get a grouchy greeting.

But I didn't. Miss Miller has what Barrie calls 'that damn charm.' She was as sweet and hospitable and direct as a young, unspoiled child. And in her princess dress of aquamarine velvet enhancing the honey of her hair and milk and roses quality of her skin, she presented a picture of beauty not often seen around these parts.

When I asked her how long she expected to stay in New York, she answered: 'That's hard to say. I never stay in one place very long. It's a bad habit I contracted as a child. You see, when I was little, I was on the stage. The Gerry Society was always after my parents, so to keep a lap ahead of this well-intentioned but annoying organization I had to make many a flying jump. Finally it got so bad I spent most of my childhood in Europe, where there wasn't any Gerry bogey. So now I suppose the only way I'll ever settle down is to build a railroad track in my backyard and take a ride every time I feel those travelling blues coming on."

"I started dancing so young I can't remember when. But I can well recall my first dancing lesson. I was visiting my grandmother down in Louisville, Kentucky. Her cook had a little boy who could clog and cut the pigeon wing in a way that turned me pink with admiration. I persuaded him to teach me how.

"We waited until everybody was out, then stole my grandmother's sewing board, put (Continued on page 101)
Don't be deceived, Tom Moore's voice is really a whole lot better than Blanche Sweet pretends. These two great trouper have made a hit with the 'mike.'

Coming Back with the Play-back

Tom Moore and Blanche Sweet Return in the Talkies

By Keith Richards

Tom Moore and Blanche Sweet enacted a little love scene before the microphone, in a set with a kitchen stove and an apartment sink. They stood for a moment for the 'test.'

"Play-back!" yelled Robert Ober, directing the dialog in the new picture of Manhattan night club life, in which they're making their come-back in talkies; and Ober, Albert Kelley, co-director, and the cast went into the sound-tight play-back room to listen.

From the horn rolled the words of the scene—and Moore grinned. "It seems funny to hear your own voice," he commented.

"That play-back," Ober remarked afterward, "is really the come-back of two great screen stars. Every inflection, every word, shows what thorough masters they are of the art of acting. The public will know they've made a come-back when they see the new picture on the screen, but the studio knew it the minute the first wax play-back of one of their scenes was heard in the monitor-room."

The talking picture has done quite a Columbus job of "discovering" old-time screen celebrities. And now come Tom Moore and Blanche Sweet to prove that the old favorites of the screen can conquer this new art of talking into a black microphone.

Moore had been on the stage, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer got him away from Henry Duffy, producer of stage plays with a Pacific Coast chain of stock theaters. He had been a smashing success before the footlights, but then, after all, he'd been a stage star long before he went into pictures, as had his two brothers, Matt and Owen. Miss Sweet has grown up with the silent picture, from the days of Griffith. She knows every subtle trick of the camera, and has had sufficient stage experience to be very, very sure of her voice. "It's all like coming home to me," grinned Moore, with his irrepressible smile. "You see, I was on this lot very early in the game, and with the old Metro, too. See this police uniform I have on? Well, I had it made in 1922; wore it in 'One of the Finest,' in 'Officer 666,' and a dozen other pictures. I guess this uniform has returned me something like eight thousand percent on the original investment! I wore it on the stage, too, in a couple of police plays."

Moore is eagerly interested in the talkies, and hopes to put over some of his old-time success with them.

"I'd like to play 'Canavan,' the street sweeper who became the political boss," he confided, for one. "It was a Saturday Evening Post story, and we made it under the title of 'Hold Your Horses' back in 1920. I always thought it one of the greatest picture plays ever written as well as a great story of how the Irish (Continued on page 116)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

LUPE VELEZ in "Hell Harbor"
Garbo
Glamour

Portraits of Garbo by Nickolas Murray, exclusive to Screenland.
Garbo! There's magic in the name. She is the most famous woman in the world today. Her coiffure and clothes are copied. Her strange sombre beauty has been hailed by artists. But her highest praise has come from her audiences. In an industry swept by sound her pictures continued to be box-office attractions. But now—Garbo smashes the silence with "Anna Christie." Her voice, with its Swedish accent, will be heard for the first time. The question is, will audibility break Garbo's spell, or will she pursue her triumphal progress? Somehow we know the answer. Garbo, speaking or silent, is a great star. She does not need sound, but she will make good use of it. She cannot fail.
RICHARD BARTHELMESS began by playing poor but honest rôleS such as Tol'able David. True to film form, Dick has progressed artistically and materially from obscurity to celebrity, all without losing one of his loyal following on the way.
RUTH YBANEZ, grand-niece of the late Blasco Ibanez, famous Spanish author, and member of a well known Florida family, makes her screen debut in "Hell Harbor." Director Henry King, on location in Tampa, selected Miss Ybanez for her beauty and charm.
RICHARD DIX is entering upon an interesting new phase of his picturesque career. He has made "Seven Keys to Baldpate" as his latest contribution to the gaiety of the sound screens, and it is said to be by far his best talking picture.
The gayest young modern in movies, Alice is an ambitious youngster whose pretty head is as level as it is brightly blonde.

These are Alice White's everyday clothes—the ones she works in. But that's quite all right with us, and with the rest of the world.
THIS infectious grin, backed up by a voice and a pair of agile dancing legs, is starred in "Hit the Deck." It belongs to Jack Oakie, once a chorus man on Broadway, then a struggler up the Hollywood ladder, and now a great, big hit.
ANOTHER Broadway blonde gone to Hollywood, but not Hollywood. Jeanette MacDonald, after many triumphs on the Broadway stage, repeated her success on the screen in "The Love Parade." Positively next appearance, "The Vagabond King."
SHARON LYNN was never an ordeal to the optics, and now that she has discovered she owns a voice, she becomes one of our more exciting adventures in the cinema. (An elegant way of saying that Miss Lynn is nothing less than a full-fledged wow.)
Fairbanks the younger. As grave and poetic as his father is brisk and buoyant, Joan's husband is fast developing into an excellent actor of considerable depth and power. He is one of the most promising and ambitious young men in Hollywood.
BY request: Mr. Barry Norton. The boy from the Argentine has progressed pleasantly in screenland since he first attracted favorite attention in "What Price Glory?" How many remember that Barry was in one of the first talkies, "Mother Knows Best?"
RAY, 'ray—Fay! You'll have to excuse us, but Miss Wray affects us that way. This young woman with the soft, mysterious smile is the little Mona Lisa of the motion picture studios. At least, we like to think so; so leave us with our dreams.
NORMA SHEARER is one of the most interesting personalities in the whole of Hollywood. Reason: she's a nice, cultured girl in love with her husband, and yet she can play a *Mary Dugan* and make your heart ache; or a *Mrs. Cheyney* and make it throb. An artist!
ARTHUR LAKE, play-time boy friend of American sub-debs. He is fresh and funny, in a way so ingratiating that even the regular boy friends have to like him. Arthur is a nice kid; if you ask him his favorite actress he says, "My sister Florence."
PHILLIPS HOLMES, an engaging young man. What a disappointment he must be to those pessimists who persist that talented men’s sons are rarely if ever chips off the old block! Phil has the ability and the ambition to make good on his own.
In the summer of 1925, Hollywood boasted an exclusive social set composed of six youngsters between the ages of 15 and 19. They were good-looking, happy, and hard-working. Where one was seen, there were the other five. Each had a particular claim to distinction.

Mary Brian and Betty Bronson had scored several months before with their screen debuts in "Peter Pan." Lois Moran and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., had finished parts in "Stella Dallas." The other two boys were unknown to the film public. Freddie Anderson was a young camera assistant at the Paramount studios who secretly hoped to become an actor some day. The only one of the six without serious intentions of seeking a screen career was Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor Holmes, who was visiting his family in Hollywood before starting to college in Cambridge, England.

All six of this group are in Hollywood today appearing in talking pictures. The ideas of Phil Holmes have changed considerably in the past four years. He has developed a desire to become an actor. By inheritance, he knows what the business is about. And Taylor Holmes, from experience gained from his long association with the theater, has given his son invaluable advice. He has made sound examples of the careers of this younger set of four years ago and has convinced Phil that it takes between three and six years to become firmly established on either the stage or screen.

So Phil knows that slow but steady advancement is nothing to worry about. He can see that Mary Brian is now about to reap big returns from her five years of experience. That Douglas Fairbanks Jr., and Lois Moran are steadily becoming more popular. And that Freddie Anderson has quit his camera job and is building a sound foundation for his advancement with small parts. Phil also believes that if one doesn't succeed in six years, he probably never will.

Fortunately, no illusions of early stardom are in the boy's mind, yet there is little doubt as to the eventual success of Phillips Holmes. He has five qualities, any one of which would be enough to give any boy a good start. He has the character and background of Taylor Holmes, the manners of Clive Brook, the voice of Frederic March, the physique of Richard Arlen and the good looks of the late Wallace Reid.

Any girl of today who wants a little advance information about the boy who will be one of her screen favorites in 1932 might just as well acquaint herself with (Continued on page 110)
Reviews of the

By Delight Evans

The Love Parade

WHAT a star! What a leading lady! What a cast! And what a director! All contribute their very best to “The Love Parade,” but perhaps the greatest contribution is the director’s. For Lubitsch has surpassed himself. He has made this frothy little continental operette a thing of beauty, light, and laughter. He has helped to mould Chevalier into just about the greatest male attraction in the movies. He has so sympathetically assisted at Jeanette MacDonald’s screen debut that this beautiful girl from Broadway acts with ease of a film veteran. The music is enchanting; the dialog witty; but it is Lubitsch, I believe, who has put so much charm, poise, and sophisticated humor into this first original operetta. And the talkies sadly needed just these qualities. “The Love Parade” is a miniature masterpiece. Chevalier is simply a knockout. He and his picture have everything. Excuse me while I go to see it again!

The Vagabond Lover

NOW let’s all get together and have a good laugh on our boy friends. Because—ah, it has been admitted!—Rudy Vallee, of the good old Lehigh Valleys, has made a pretty good motion picture debut in “The Vagabond Lover.” It’s true that the crooning lad of the radio has not quite mastered all of the celluloid technique, but you forget that when he sings. It’s an amusing trifle of a story on the old mistaken identity theme, in which the youthful band boy with the sax appeal is taken for a king of jazz and urged to play at a society function before all of the big wigs and little whiskers. If Sally Blane hadn’t been in the offing, Rudy would have cancelled; but Sally’s in the offing and Rudy has his innings. Marie Dressler romps away with a personal hit in hilarious comedy scenes. But it’s Rudy’s show, and when he sings you can let the rest of the world go by.

Paris

PARIS is Paris, and always will be. You can’t stop it. But “Paris” starring Irene Bordoni, assisted by the amiable Jack Buchanan, is also “Paris.” And who wants to stop it? It’s a screen version of the play which further glorified the boulevards and Folies Bergere; and it is enhanced by the charms of the chic French chanteuse whose naughty eyes and caressing voice are almost, if not quite, as potent on screen as on stage. To say nothing of a big, brilliant beauty chorus; and the very English and agile Mr. Buchanan. But the tour of “Paris” is worth embarking on if for no other reason than Louise Closer Hale. As a prim lady from Boston who takes an apartment above Harry’s bar, and a lot of other things, Miss Hale is the month’s most irresistible chuckle. Just as Miss Dressler peps up Rudy’s show, so Louise Closer Hale is the life of the party in “Paris.” Talkies are giving seasoned trouper’s a chance.

Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier in the enchanting “Love Parade”

Rudy Vallee, Marie Dressler, and Sally Blane in “The Vagabond Lover”

Jack Buchanan and Irene Bordoni in love in the musical “Paris”
Footlights and Fools

HAVEN'T you seen Colleen Moore as 'Fifi of the Follies'? Not Colleen Moore? Yes, Colleen Moore, the same Colleen who was 'wurra-wurra-ing' in "Smiling Irish Eyes." In fact, in "Footlights and Fools" Colleen proves that she is just about the most versatile little girl in this blinking age of celluloid. Colleen rolls her eyes and sings snappy songs, and shows us that she can toss an ooh-la-la with the best of the Bordoni. The story? Well, the little Irish girl is presented to the theater-going public as 'Mlle. Fifi,' and everybody believes it. Why not? There are two leading men—Frederic March, as a millionaire, and Raymond Hackett as a lovable ne'er-do-well. Take your pick, because I'm not going to tell you which one our heroine picks, no matter how hard you tease. The funniest scene occurs when the song plugger demonstrates his latest vo-deo-do to Colleen's priceless pantomime.

The Kiss

TAKE a good long look at this good long kiss; for it is Garbo's positively last appearance in a silent motion picture. The Swedish charmer carries this load of a mediocre story on her splendid shoulders and so makes 'The Kiss' worth seeing. With anyone else as chief kisser, it would not be worth bothering about, even though Jacques Feyder from France directs with a nice appreciation of what dramatic values there are and an always interesting technique, to say nothing of unusual camera angles. It is a typical continental theme: young wife, jealous husband, adoring lover, up to a certain point; and then it fools you. For the young wife—censors, take notice—remains a faithful wife, but the husband comes to a bad end. Next to Greta, the most interesting thing about "The Kiss" is the film debut of young Lew Ayres, a smouldering boy who is a real find.

Seven Faces

IF you think this picture is a group array of Lon Chaney playing the Lucky Seven at one smack, you're wrong. It's that new youngster, Paul Muni, who threatens to out-Lon Chaney by at least four faces. This is what we call a protean role—one lone actor, count him, playing seven characters, with the author writing in a dream sequence to give all of the faces a chance. That Muni is an artist, no one can deny, particularly in his delineation of 'Papa Chibou,' the old attendant in a wax-works museum. He also portrays Napoleon, Don Juan, Franz Schubert, Joe Gans, a hypnotist, and a costermonger, just to show us he can do it. The love interest is ably supplied by Marguerite Churchill and Russell Gleason. But all seven faces belong to Muni; he is clever; and if you don't believe it, look in your mirror and try to make seven different faces at yourself. Ha! Not so easy, is it?

The Forward Pass

YES, that bright little girl in the back row is right—"The Forward Pass" is a football picture. But Eddie Cline, who directed, has done a drastic thing. He has shown us a college where there isn't a single necking party or gin-swilling harlequinade. Dear me, is the coming generation slowing down? But take my word for it as a person who knows a dropkick from a goal post that this little picture presents the best sequences of actual football action I have ever seen. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is the brave boy in the game, and my spies tell me he really played. It looks all right. The girl is Loretta Young, and she, too, has found she has a singing voice. It's a nice voice and a nice little song—the title escapes me, but it's not 'Football, I Love You.' If you want to see some college and football life with all the comforts of your favorite theater, save your cheers for "The Forward Pass."
Revuettes of

So This Is College

Yes, college—I said college. Oh, it is, is it? Yeah, oh, yeah? Yeah! Etc., etc. Well, it strikes me as being that kind of a funny picture. It doesn't ring true. It's so collegiate it hurts. On the other hand, it has a good football game in it, so don't say I'm not fair. A Damon-and-Pythias-at-college combination are Elliott Nugent and Robert Montgomery. They are pals on the gridiron and in life—you know the sort of thing. Nothing can come between them—nothing, except maybe an occasional co-ed. Sally Starr, who looks a little like Clara Bow and more like Nancy Carroll, but isn't either of these girls, is the femme appeal as the college vamp.

Nix On Dames

Another back-stage comedy, this time about two vaudeville acrobats, sworn buddies and woman haters, who both tumble for the same girl at the same time. Light stuff made amusing by the boys, Robert Ames and William Harrigan, and charming by the girl, Mae Clarke; while Maude Fulton, who wrote the piece, and George MacFarlane, lend comic assistance.

The Saturday Night Kid

Clara Bow as a self-sacrificing martyr who takes it on the chin when her sister steals her sweetheart is a waste of her time and ours. Jean Arthur runs away with the Nasty Little Sister Prize for the new year and also with Clara's picture. Jean is an acting sensation but it's hard on Clara, and not her fault. Bring back, oh bring back our red-hot Bow!

Tanned Legs

And still they come, these musical comedy movies. This one lives up to its title, all right, except that the legs are not tanned, since it isn't a technicolor film. But they belong to Ann Pennington, so no complaints. Arthur Lake is clever; 'Penny' dances in her own inimitable style, and Sally Blane is the sweet heroine. A gay little trifle.

The Night Parade

The title doesn't begin to tell the story. Adapted from the prize-fight play, "Ringside," this is excellent, rousing entertainment under Mal St. Clair's direction. Hugh Trevor plays a young champ framed by a 'gang' with the help of Alene Finkle, handsome menace. If you like fights, don't miss this, because the wallop is all there.
OTHER PICTURES

Song Of Love
Meet the feminine Al Jolson—Belle Baker. Miss Baker is a star from vaudeville making her screen debut, so let's give her a hand, especially since she is an agreeable personality with a pleasant voice who has the good sense and taste to stick to the stuff she can do so well. As a sentimental songstress she is in a class by herself. She shares honors with the small boy who plays her son—David Durand, a genuinely likeable and gifted youngster with few smarty tricks. The story of back-stage vaudeville life is slim; but the star, the boy, and Ralph Graves as a philandering hoofer put it over. The theme song, 'Take Everything but You,' will be whistled.

Woman To Woman
Mammy! What are they doing to our It girls? Here's Betty Compson crooning to her screen child as a French war bride who becomes a famous dancer—in fact, she dances her self-sacrificing way right out of the film. Betty does good work but the plot fails her. Juliette Compson is the other woman, and very pretty, too. George Barraud is the lucky man.

The Sacred Flame
Adult entertainment of a high grade, but not recommended as a gloom chaser. It is a sombre drama adapted from W. Somerset Maugham's stage play, with Lila Lee splendid as the wife of a war cripple, Conrad Nagel; Walter Byron as his younger brother who supplants him in her affections, and Pauline Frederick superb as the mother who finds a way out.

The Long, Long Trail
Hoot Gibson—with sound. Far from sounding the death-knell of the wild and woolly drama, the talkies have revived interest in westerns; and Hoot and his horse are safe as long as they continue to supply the demand for hard-riding and shooting melodrama as competently as they do here. Sally Eilers, soon to become Mrs. Hoot, is the girl friend.

The Love Doctor
You may recognize in this talkie comedy the echoes of "The Boomerang," an old stage favorite. It makes a pleasing though mild vehicle for the comedy talents of Richard Dix. If you like Richard the shortcomings of his material won't disturb you excessively. June Collyer is the very beautiful nurse who is glad to share Dr. Dix's heart troubles.
In spite of its title, "The Other Tomorrow" isn't a story of the life beyond—and of course changing the title is the easiest thing in the world, so by the time you see it on the screen it may be called something else. "Another Yesterday," or something!

Anyhow, what do we care so long as it stars Billie Dove, and Kenneth Thompson and Grant Withers are in the cast? Especially Grant Withers. You want to watch yourself when you look at Grant—he'll steal right into the first line trenches in your own particular heart attacks if you don't look out. But if you find yourself floundering don't let Loretta Young know it! She's his particular girl friend, you know. He's the kind of kid that you feel you have known all your life as soon as you meet him. Not a bit of self-consciousness. The whole world is just made up of 'folks' to Grant. He talks easily and naturally, just as though you had always been pals. A great gift, that.

The location was built at Warner's ranch. It has about 2000 acres and is a stone's throw from the First National studios, with every variety of scenery one could wish for a country locale. Mountain roads are flanked with beautiful live oak trees. In a little clearing had been built a country church, and the Lloyd Bacon outfit was in a huddle around it. Billie Dove was hard at work on the church steps, having an argument with Scott Seaton who plays her dad. Not a personal argument, a professional one. We spied Ken Thompson and Grant Withers settled comfortably in a snappy touring car, both buried behind the stock reports of the morning paper. It was a bad time to interrupt, but I took a chance.

"Hello!" exclaimed Grant, scrambling to adjust a seat for me. "Thought you were coming to see the carnival scenes."

"I am, but not till tomorrow night when you will all be working."

"Carnival!" groaned Ken, emerging from the stock reports. "You know when I was in Cuba, the cemeteries were filled with the most interesting tomb stones. There was one in particular that I remember—black, shiny black onyx. I thought it so appropriate!"

Grant looked at his pal and buddy and shook his head. "Too bad. He was a fine fellow once. See what Wall Street has done to him. Over there, old man," Grant waved toward the location graveyard adjoining the little
church, “over there you may find rest and relaxation. And remember, every cloud has a silver lining and nothing’s as bad as it seems and—”

But Ken had a faraway look in his eyes. “Guess I will have a look at them. Sometimes the inscriptions are very cheering.”

“Gosh, but I’m tired,” said Grant. “Loretta and I went to Mayfair on Saturday night, (meaning the Mayfair Club dinner dance), and you know it means three o’clock before you get home. Then I fell out of bed early Sunday morning. Took a three-gallon water jug, a thirty-five pound pack and a rifle and set out for the big open spaces. I had climbed 6,500 feet before noon, deer hunting. Didn’t even sight one. Got home and collapsed. I was so tired I couldn’t sleep at all last night.”

“Who made the trip with you?” I asked

“No one. I played a lone hand. No one else would be crazy enough to do so much concentrated tramping up-hill on a hot day like yesterday.”

“Come on, Grant and Ken,” said Lloyd Bacon. “I can’t ask Billie to do all the work on this picture.”

“Why not?” retorted Grant. “Her public wouldn’t mind. It’s a shame to disturb me, and poor Ken is out there trying to pick out a suitable epitaph for himself. You guys have no heart at all.”

“Come on, you two, before this sun goes out of business for the day.”

“Gee, that was terrible!” said Ed Marin, assistant director. “What was terrible?” Lloyd Bacon wanted to know.

“That scene! The extras all went the wrong way.”

“Well, what am I supposed to do? Burst into tears? You were a great help, people, I want to thank you,” Bacon went on, addressing the extras. “You did all the things I told you not to do. Get it right this time. This is the full scene.”

Billie was looking charming, as usual, in a blue crepe silk street dress and becoming hat.

“My dear,” she greeted me, “what on earth can you find out here to write about?”

“You’ll be surprised,” I said. “The fans don’t care a fig for the scenery. They want to know about you.”

(Continued on page 106)
WHEN you sit in a theater and watch every move of one of your movie favorites, which of her features do you most admire? Of course, it depends upon which one of your favorites it is, but there is always one thing that stands out.

It may be only the set of her head or some gesture of her hands, or the way she walks that intrigues you. It may be a pair of eyes suggesting velvet and moonlight or a 'sweet, red, splendid, kissable mouth.' If the latter, you wonder what she does to her mouth to make it so lovely or if she was born with a mouth like that. Well, she may or may not have been born with it—I don't pretend to know. But I do know that even though you were not born with a beautiful mouth you can do much to add to its beauty.

Much has been said about the expressiveness of the eye but when all's said and done it is not to be compared with the expressiveness of the mouth. The mouth and eyes may work together—they may laugh together, be tender together or cry together—or they may work wholly at odds. Lips may smile with honeyed sweetness while eyes are cold and hard. Eyes may twinkle with laughter while the mouth is pursed in a fine little line. The eye expresses the mood of the moment while the mouth is the readable record of the years. A mouth that has been habitually querulous for fifteen years cannot become suddenly sweet.

Eyes tell tales, but not so plainly as do our mouths. The mouth speaketh, often without opening!

Your mouth may indicate your character. Tradition says that the long upper lip indicates a person ruled by brains, with an inclination toward hardness; and that the short upper lip, though always considered a mark of beauty, denotes lack of energy and reasoning power. Also, that the short, narrow mouth denotes pettiness and cold heartedness while the short, too full mouth indicates love of luxury and selfishness.

And that's not all of it. The character readers had things to say about lips, too; thick lips which

Do You Know Which Stars For Their Names

1. These lovely lips and teeth belong to one of our prettiest ingenues. Who is she?

2. A tender, serious mouth—but its owner is a beloved and brilliant comedienne.

3. The siren smile that wrecks hearts or wins them, according to mood.

4. This well-groomed, well-shaped mouth denotes strength of character and ambition.

5. A sweet and pensive mouth. Its owner came to the screen from the stage.

6. A little girl, displaying well-brushed teeth? No, a well-established favorite.

7. This mouth shows real character. Its possessor is one of our great actresses.

8. "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag," is this little star's theme song.
designate a person as pleasure-loving; thin lips denoting a narrow outlook. Tradition was not even kind to the mouth famed in song and story—the Cupid's bow, contending that such a mouth may denote conceit and selfishness.

So much for tradition, which probably was all wrong anyway! So don't go scurrying to your mirror to study your mouth and then start worrying about it. You can't do much outwardly, but perhaps you can do a little inside work. Because the shape of your mouth, or at least its expressiveness, has been determined, to some extent, by your real inner character and personality. If you want a mouth with pleasant, graceful lines showing affection, enthusiasm and wholesome energy, you must deserve it!

So don't be discouraged, girls! If you can't have the 'sweet, red, splendid, kissable mouth' of your favorite star, you can at least have a sweet-expressioned mouth. Here is the recipe: Every pretty look counts for prettiness, every ugly look for ugliness. This isn't sentiment; it's a simple, physiological fact. Muscles are most susceptible to training. After they have done a thing a number of times they incline to do it all the time. And skin, though elastic in extreme youth, tends to become less so as the years go by and to keep the shape into which it is most habitually drawn.

Don't become discontented and disillusioned and let your pliant mouth droop at the corners like plumes that started out in sunshine and got caught in the rain. If you keep your sweetness and sense of humor and generosity your mouth will take on a warm, human, understanding expression and you'll be a nice person always. All grown-up life is a bit difficult, but if you hold on to your courage and a few of your dreams it will all be there in your undefeated mouth.

There's one consoling thing, too, about a mouth that isn't all it should be. In certain small ways the little stick of red or white paste may seemingly correct minor faults of the mouth. If your mouth is too large and of too bright color, a plain white lipstick will make your lips look fresh and pleasant, yet will not add size or color.

16. A smile we all love to see! Mark the dazzling beauty of the teeth.
15. A mouth with laughter waiting at its corners. Married to another great star.
14. These sweet lips denote affection. That's what we feel for their owner.
13. The possessor of this month is one of the preferred blondes in Hollywood.
12. You've seen this mouth at work in talking pictures, in vaudeville and always welcome.
9. A mouth that's characteristic of its owner—generous, sincere, and lovable.
10. Hasn't she a real little-girl mouth? Everybody loves her. Who?
11. A fitting vehicle for one of the loveliest voices in musical movies.

These Mouths Belong To?
Turn to Page 108
"Sweet Adeline"

"Sweet Adeline" is the light musical knock-out of the century. I have seen them all since the original "The Black Crook," and there isn't one that I wanted to go back to—but I could see "Sweet Adeline" once a month for the next six months. Why? Because there isn't anything in the ten scenes that shouldn't be there and because what isn't there is just the filth and nudity that we are all getting pretty well fed up on.

A Hoboken beer-garden, 1898; San Juan Hill, the Bowery, McGowen's Pass Tavern, the Hoffman House bar, Madison Square roof-garden, Fort George, the City of Paris: variety de luxe to the real, original, dejazzed music of Jerome Kern, who knows the difference between melody and muck.

And—Helen Morgan, whose beauty and voice are worth the price alone; Charles Butterworth, cadaverous, unsmiling, shuffling, the greatest real comedian doing business in this country today, and I do not except my two ancient and honorable heroes, Charlie Chaplin and Leon Errol; Irene Franklin, cynical, vibrant, only more so than ever; Robert C. Fischer in an old German air that will twist a tear out of you, and little Caryl Bergman, a human oddity. Oh, yes, thirsty Jimmy Thornton—may his gullet never be parched!

"Ladies of the Jury"

As everything is being wise-cracked and satirized, of...
Considering the New Plays Which May Later Find Their Way To the Screen

course the bonehead jury had to go on the grill sooner or later. Fred Ballard has certainly roasted the twelve-good-men-and-women-tried-and-true wheeze to a brown turn in this play.

A regular New Jersey murder trial. Girl killed hubby—so it looks. Jury retires. Now, the interior of the jury-room for two days (acts II and III) shows us just what the jury 'thinks' about, how it forms its 'opinions,' how it changes what was really its mind back in the paleozoic slime, and how and why it came out "not guilty," although everybody voted guilty except Mrs. Fiske, who held out for the Little Girl. While it is all good satire, it is only stomach-quivering in spots. It thins here and there and might improve by condensing.

But it is, after all, a vehicle for Mrs. Fiske, who, although still the champion word-chewer of the American stage, is vibrantly hilarious and poppingly explosive. We forgive her her dancing mannerisms, her spasmodic twitchings and jerking, because of the cerebral and vital personality that surges out over the footlights and catches the most unimpressable of her auditors in a kind of electric fluid. Wilton Lackaye returned to the stage as the Judge, and got a big reception. But it is Svengali and Tess in pretty strange surroundings!

"A Wonderful Night"

Soused—that's the word; soured to the thatch, to the toes, to the gizzard—on the music of Johann Strauss!

This old magician of the swooning waltz and demonic czardas had something eternal in his music. It never wears; it never cloy's; it never relents in its Bacchic and Venusan power.

When you speak of Strauss, tell me not of Richard, but of Johann, who whips my (Continued on page 121)
I was born of poor but practical parents. That isn’t exactly so, but I like the phrase ‘poor but practical.’ As a matter of fact, we had a comfortable home, a happy family and a lot of friends. We weren’t exactly rich, but we were comfortably fixed without going in for any swanky splurges.

Now when I say my parents are practical, I mean that they have good sound common sense and took care that their four daughters and one son should not grow up with any fancy notions.

Perhaps you do not know it, but before I became an actress, my name was Gretchen and Gretchen it still is to my two older sisters, Polly Ann and Sally Blane (don’t you like those quaint names) and my brother, Jack, who gave up being a picture actor to become a lawyer.

Mother had a well-developed system in the rearing of us four girls, first at our home in Salt Lake City and then in Hollywood. I don’t remember much about Salt Lake because we moved to Hollywood when I was just a kid. At that time my uncle was business manager for George Melford, the director, and the first conscious wish that I recall was a desire to become a great actress like Mabel Normand. She was a favorite of all the children at that time.

Like most parents, my father and mother met my ambition with a tolerant smile without changing the program of my education. I didn’t like school very much and cooking and sewing seemed an awful bore, but it was part of the family schedule that I should go through the same practical routine as my sisters did before me.

When I was old enough to wipe a plate without allowing it to slip through my fingers, I was taught the rudiments of kitchen technique. I remember my mother used to say, ‘whatever a woman may become, she must know how to

LORETTA YOUNG’S SPONGE CAKE:

7 eggs
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
1 cup sugar
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat yolks until thick and whites until stiff; add sifted sugar, cut and fold in flour sifted with cream of tartar. Bake in a slow oven 40 minutes.
I recall that in the kitchen of our old home, when all of the family were living together, we had a battered and much thumbed cook book. But more important than that, in our culinary department was what we called 'Young's Cook Book.' This title was roughly lettered on the cover page of an album in which each one of us wrote our own recipes. First there came recipes by mother. Then there followed sections of the book given over to each of us girls in the order of our age. As we developed various dishes, revising or amplifying the recipes in the standard cook book, we wrote them down in the family record which even now is a treasured relic of our childhood. I suppose this book will go down through various generations of Youngs and I hope it will be added to by our children and grandchildren.

In turning over the pages, I find this recipe for cookies credited to Gretchen—that's me!

My cookies always made their (Continued on page 110)

FAVORITE RECIPES

EGG BREAD:

1 egg
2 cups cornmeal
2 cups buttermilk
1 level teaspoon of soda
1 level teaspoon of salt
1/2 tablespoon of lard

Sift meal, salt and soda into the milk; add egg well beaten. Melt lard in heavy frying pan or skillet. Add ingredients when you are sure that lard is hot. Bake in a very hot oven. Be sure that the oven is hot!
News and Gossip of Pictures and Players

Helen Twelvetrees, with a brand new contract to her credit, drums up news for this department. Thanks, Helen.

Hollywood gasped when Lew Cody appeared at the "Rio Rita" opening with a lady gorgeously attired in black lace with all the trimmings, including a high Spanish comb. "How could he," they whispered, "with his wife, Mabel Normand, so ill?" Lew, however, lost no opportunity to present his companion to his wondering friends. Then it leaked out that the lady, who boldly acclaimed Lew as her favorite actor, and stated a decided preference for Bebe Daniels as an actress, was Bebe's grandmother! It seems that Grandmother has said she wished she had a good-looking escort for the premiere and Lew, always willing to oblige, said he'd be delighted. So there they were.

Fred Stone had razzed the speakers at the last opening about always saying the same thing: "Hello, everybody! It's a great opening and we're tickled to death to be here"—or some such trite remark. So Freeman Lang, who usually handles these radio affairs, thought it might be a
good way to get dollars for the Christmas Community Chest Drive, and every unwary person who started with "Hello, everybody!" had to fork up a dollar. Also, if the speech was very short, they had to pony up. As a result, the Community Chest fund was the larger by a considerable number of dollars.

George O'Brien had such a beaming smile on his face the other day when we saw him at the studio cafe that we thought something unusual must have happened to him. "It has. I've had a hair cut, and boy! I feel as though I were free, white and twenty-one."

George has been out on the plains doing "The Lone Star Ranger" and had to let his locks grow too long for comfort so as not to ruin the picturesqueness of the character. We were told to believe it or not but it was the first all talking Zane Grey story. Bill Farnum did the yarn ten or twelve years ago; then if memory serves, Tom Mix took a hand at it, and now George O'Brien in what is said to be the most interesting version of them all.

Little Janet Gaynor had to go shopping for a house. She's married now to Lydell Peck, you know, and husbands have to be kept some place. Janet hunted until the wheels almost fell off her car and then she "found the cutest house! I took it because of the staircase, and signed a lease for six months. It winds and winds till it gets to the top—the staircase, I mean, of course, not the lease."

Mr. Peck, who is a wealthy young man, studied for the law but didn't take much of a shine to it and although he graduated from law school he never practiced. When he fell in love with Janet, he adopted her profession as well and is now on the Paramount payroll in the capacity of scenario writer.

The impression seems to have gone the rounds that 'Little Toot-ing' is a restaurant, just because food was mentioned in connection with an item of gossip. We want to correct that impression. It is not a restaurant. It is simply a locality. The members are a half dozen or so convivial Englishmen and their friends who are close neighbors and like to entertain. The residents are all bachelors; the non-residents are married. Among them are Victor MacLaglen, Joseph Schildkraut, Montagu Love, Lawford Davidson, Lionel Belmore, Eric Snowden, Alfred Tennyson and Eric Stacey.

At a recent dinner Lionel Belmore convulsed the gang by telling a joke on himself. Clarence Badger was directing a picture he was in and asked Lionel to cross his knees. "I have never crossed my knees since the day I was born," declared Lionel. "Well, try, anyhow," said Badger. So Lionel tried. And kept on trying for five solid minutes, getting redder and redder in the face and more out of breath with the effort while the onlookers roared with laughter and the cameras recorded the comedy.

Eric Stacey had a taxicab of very ancient vintage, 1906 to be exact, sent
over from England, and he rents it to the movies. It nets him quite an income. For a joke Blanche McHaffey drove it up to the entrance of the Carthay Circle Theater with her party for the opening of the season—"Rio Rita." The shouts of laughter they received almost put the "mike" out of commission.

Did you know that the very first part Ken Maynard ever played was with Marion Davies in "Janice Meredith?" He played Paul Revere.

Jim Cruze and Jim Tully have joined hands in producing Tully's "Circus Parade"—Cruze as producer and director, Tully as author and actor. They have been friends for years but this is the first time they have troupéd together on a set.

During a recent trip to New York, Tully introduced Cruze to H. L. Mencken, another old friend. "I've never read any of your ravings," began Cruze; and Mencken came back at him with, "And I've never seen any of your screen abortions." So they immediately became pals.

Jetta Goudal has broken the taboo against her since winning her case against Cecil De Mille, by appearing in several Bryan Foy shorts for Warner Brothers. The first will be "The China Lady," all talking, and I hear there is to be singing as well. Warners plan to present the exotic actress in a feature after the first of the year when the studio reopens.

Screenland's representative had been on a still hunt for news and had had a particular trying day of it. "Will you please," we said to Jimmy Gleason on the Harry Richman set, "say something smart?"
Jimmie stood square in front of us, arms akimbo. “Are you,” he demanded severely, “a motion picture producer?”

“No—n-not yet!” we confessed weakly.

“Well, that’s all you need to become one—that line and a couple million dollars.”

And we faded peacefully out of the picture.

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In case there has been anything said to the contrary, Joan Bennett’s voice is not being doubled in the Harry Richman picture now called “Puttin’ on the Ritz.” They say it is positively the permanent title.

When the studio folk heard the playback of the theme song they wanted to know who Joan’s double was, and they wouldn’t believe of lumber to find his underwear. The alterations were to have been completed while the Gilberts were in Europe, but they didn’t get finished and the confusion was too much for them.

The case is a little different in the Edmund Lowe household. Lilyan is having her bedroom redecorated. According to everyone who saw it, it was one of the most beautiful rooms in Hollywood, or rather Beverly Hills. In Eddie’s opinion it was the most beautiful, though to be facetious we don’t quite see how Eddie could possibly be a fair judge of that. And now the fair Lilyan, who can never stand to have things stay put for long, has cleared the beauty all away and is turning it into a pure white room.

“Even the carpet,” groaned Eddie. “Can you see what Champ and Snoopy will do to that white carpet when they come to wake us up in the morning?” Champ and Snoopy are Eddie’s two pet wire-haired terriers.

“They aren’t going to come in, in the morning,” said Lilyan.

“You can’t teach an old dog new tricks,” declared Eddie impressively.

The child sang it until they saw for themselves. But we know, because we were there too and heard her sing it, not once but several times. She stood in her Alice-in-Wonderland costume, a distance of barely one foot from us—looking as lovely as an angel. Not that everyone didn’t know Joan had a beautiful voice, but when she sings it is contralto! And she is such a blonde little thing and so tiny, you expect a soprano. For no reason, but you just do.

***

It seems to be renovating time in Hollywood. Jack and Ina Gilbert are moving to separate establishments until Jack can get to the bathroom without saying ‘good-morning’ to a dozen carpenters and clambering over a pile

For February 1930
The Best Lines of the Month

From "The Love Doctor":
*Gerald* (Richard Dix): "You are chilled through."
*Virginia* (June Collyer): "Yes, I had a terrible scare, and my spine feels like a piece of spaghetti."

From "So This Is College":
*Eddie* (Elliott Nugent): "You know, every time I look at Biff I can figure out why girls walk home."
*Biff* (Robert Montgomery): "And you're the reason they run home."

From "Taming of the Shrew":
*Petruchio* (Douglas Fairbanks): "In faith I'm moved to woo thee for my wife!"
*Katherine* (Mary Pickford): "Moved? In good time! Let him that moved you hither remove you hence."

From "Nix On Dames":
*First Clerk*: "Say, you know I studied to be a pharmacist once, but flunked in my examinations."
*Second Clerk*: "What happened?"
*First Clerk*: "I couldn't make sandwiches."

From "The Love Parade":
*Jacques* (Lupino Lane): "Do you know the story about the Frenchman and the farmer's daughter?"
*Lulu* (Lillian Roth): "Yes, I know it!"
*Jacques*: "I'm the Frenchman."
*Lulu*: "You are not."
*Jacques*: "How do you know?"
*Lulu*: "Because I'm the farmer's daughter!"

Lupino Lane and Lillian Roth in "The Love Parade."
ASSEMBLY

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

Miss Vee Dee's correspondents have a soft spot in their hearts for Dolores Del Rio. Her next picture is "A Sailor's Sweetheart."

Plain Jane from Lexington, Ky. You surprise me. I wasn't wise to the fact Kentucky had any plain ones. But here's some sympathy. I'm just that kind of a girl. Yes, we've lost Victor Varconi for a time—he might come back if he knew how much we miss him. He was born in Kiskard, Hungary, on March 31, 1896. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. On the stage in Budapest he appeared in "King Richard III" which is the highest success to come to an Hungarian actor. On the screen he has played in "Triumph", "Changing Husbands", "Feet of Clay", "The Volga Boatman", "King of Kings", "Chicago", "Tenth Avenue", "The Angel of Broadway" and "The Divine Lady."

Teresa S. of Loganport, Ind. Mary Brian's new picture is "Kibitzer" with Neil Hamilton and her preceding one was "The Virginian" with Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen. You can reach Mary at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Bebe Daniels appears with John Boles in "Rio Rita." She sings and talks and is altogether lovely in one of the big roles of the year. Atta girl, Bebe!

Dorothy K. of Red Bank, N. J. Pola Negri hasn't made a picture for us for a long time—she left us bag and baggage and we'll have to worry along without her. She was born in Poland but doesn't give her age. She has black hair, hazel eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Billie Dove's parents were of Swiss descent. Her real name is Lilian Bohney. When she was 15 years old and an accomplished dancer, she was offered a chance to go on the stage and appeared in "The Midnight Frolic" in New York. She also played with Johnny Hines in comedies and with Tom Mix in Westerns. Billie's latest film is "The Painted Angel."

Louise B. of Seattle, Wash. You're going to be thrilled all right for here you see your name in this famous department. Your favorite, Nick Stuart, was born April 10, 1906 in Roumania. He has curly black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 154 pounds. He has been in pictures since 1921 when he started to work as an extra for the Fox Studios. His latest film is "Happy Days."

Chloe of the Swamps, Ill. What a rippling blue theme song that would make. I'm glad you look for me the minute you buy SCREENLAND. That's turkey for me.

Write to Neil Hamilton at Paramount Studios, 1451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Olga Badanov played with Pola Negri, Warner Baxter and Paul Lukas in "Three Sinners." Richard Arlen was born Sept. 1, 1899 in Charlottesville, Va. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 161 pounds and has brown hair and gray eyes.

H. T. of Morrisstown, New Jersey. We want to know if Tom Patrick was ever a cowboy and a cartoonist? Where are you Tom, speak up—and hear from you. Roland Drew's real name is Winfred. He was born in Elmhurst, L. I., in 1903. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and gray eyes. Not married. He played with Dolores Del Rio in "Evangeline."

Kyspie from Oshkosh, N. Y. Yes, dumb films, as we say on Broadway are still being shot but audible pictures are the last word in the film world, in Hollywood. Warner Baxter and Roland Drew had the male leads in "Ramona" with Dolores Del Rio. Roland was the Spanish Don and young hero lover of Ramona.

A Fan from Canada. It takes something else besides 5 feet 6 inches to get a good movie contract—an unlimited supply of it or that and a dogged determination to succeed, Greta Garbo, Phyllis Haver, Irene Rich, Myrna Loy and Zasu Pitts are all 5 feet 6 inches tall. Agnes Franey was born in New York City 18 years ago. She won 'four beauty contests and over hundreds of other girls she won a place in the Zeigfeld Follies. Agnes is 5 feet tall, weighs 100 pounds and has blue eyes and golden hair. Canada has given her films several top-notchers, among them are, Barbara Kent, Marie Prevost, Mary Pickford, Fay Wray, Norma Shearer, Betty Egan and Pauline Garon.

Fifth City Boy of U. S. With several cars at your command, fine clothes and surrounded by money you want to find out what's doing in Hollywood in the picture industry. Although we have several young blades in pictures whose fathers are captains of finance, it would be just as easy for you to crash the gates if you didn't have a penny. If you can convince the producers that you have all the magnetic personality you think you have, we'll hear from you before many moons have waxed, to say nothing of waned. Go to it, boy, and good luck.

Jessie K. of Rickett, Sask., Canada. When such extravagant praise comes from all quarters of the globe for my department, I'm just melting down with emotion. I'm sure I can't say why Gary Cooper, the quiet reserved man of the screen, fell in love with Lupe Velez, the whirlwind and saucy mad-cap of the flappers. Love's a darned queer thing, girls. Nancy Carroll's first all-talking was "Close Harmony" with Charles Rogers. Her voice is pleasing and her songs are some of the best from Broadway. You can write to Nancy, Clara Bow and Gary Cooper at Paramount Studios, 1451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Joan Crawford can be addressed at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

John C. of Lucerne, Pa. You like SCREENLAND a lot, you're no real estate dealer but a modernist if I know what that is. I give up—never was good at riddles. Lon Chaney has not changed his mind as yet about making a talking picture. Lon prefers to be silent with his thousand faces. Rudy Vallee leads the cast of "Vagabond Lover" produced by RKO Studios, 700 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Others in the cast are, Sally Blane, Danny O'Shea, Marie Dressler and Eddie Nugent.

Helen B. of Ipswich, Mass. I've gone quite gaa-gaa over the name of your town—it makes such a fine morseL to roll over the tongue. Write to Billie Dove at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Mary Astor at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Betty Bronson and Irene Rich at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Anita Page and Robert Castle at Metro Studios, Culver City, Cal. Jackie Coogan can be reached at 673 South Oxford Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Signor S. of Napoli, Italy. I'd make a good title writer, wouldn't I? If I thought you were serious, we'd step aside and have a silent chuckle over that. Your favorite, Don Alvarado, was born Nov. 4, 1901, at Albuquerque, New Mexico. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. His real name is Jose Paige. You can write to him at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. He plays in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," with Lily Damita, Raquel Torres and Duncan Renaldo.

Ann L. from Utica, N. Y. I'm sorry that I can't answer contest questions in the magazine or personally—time and space forbids and would it be fair, I ask you, now would it? Raoul Walsh appeared in "The Birth of a Nation," as John Wilkes Booth. He directed Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad"; also directed "What Price Glory." "Loves of Carmen." and "The Cock-Eyed World," and wrote the script, directed and played in "Sadie Thompson," in which Gloria Swanson was the star. Raoul was born in New York City and was on the stage playing leads, heavies and juveniles before going into pictures.


Billie from Atlanta, Ga. Do I always give good answers? Here's one! One Dove Brook was born June 1, 1891. He has brown hair and grey eyes. Look carefully in this department and you'll find his address. His latest picture is "Slightly Scarlet.

Girly from N. Y. City. We do not send out photographs of the screen stars so I am unable to tell you the cost of large photographs, but why don't you write your favorites a complimentary letter and ask for a picture? You may get something you least expect. Several of the addresses you supplied already elsewhere in this department. June Collyer, Edmund Lowe and Charles Farrell can be reached at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Dolores Costello at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Lane Chandler is at Universal now.

Walter R. from Fairfield, Conn. Quickie-comedies are turned out too fast for me to keep the costs for publication—often just to get publicists are given away. When "Big Business," with Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy and James Finlayson comes to your theater, stay away if you don't want to laugh your head off. Rene Adoree's latest film is "Redemption," with John Gilbert, Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel. Renee was born in Lille, France, on Sept. 1, 1901. She has dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds.

Just Marge from Denver. One of the friends from radio-land, are you? Welcome! Be sure to read Screenland's new movie-radio department. Nancy Carroll will be seen in "Flesh of Eve," with Richard Arlen. Nancy hasauburnhair and blue eyes. Sue Carol is not Nancy's sister, not even a fifth or sixth cousin. Gary Cooper has dark brown hair and blue eyes and is 28 years old.

Jerry of St. Louis. Why are "The St. Louis Blues," when first released, they come such swell letters and such Gary

Ellie T. from Saginaw, Mich. Why so secretive? Let's shake off the gloom if there be any and clap hands; you're wrong, I said clap hands, not hold hands. Estelle Taylor plays with Lon Chaney, and Lupe Velez plays with East Coast-Goldwyn-Mayer release. You can write to Charlie Chaplin at Chaplin Studios, 1230 Ls Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Wallace Beery at Paramount Studios, 1511 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Conrad Nagel at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Mary Ann Jackson, Winifred and Farina can be reached at Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

M. E. of Auburn, N. Y. Do you believe everyone I read and can I depend on that? Ronald Colman is 38 years old and has not married again and has not gone back to England to live. Barry Norton is 24 years old and not married. Give Brook is 38 years old and is married to Mildred Evelyn. They have two children, Dolores Del Rio is 24 years old. Her latest picture is "The Bad One," with Edmund Lowe.

Avlo Lee of Santa Cruz. More snappy names this month with lots of appeal and plenty of rhyme and hey, hey! Dolores Del Rio was born in Durango, Mexico, on Aug. 3, 1908. She has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 115 pounds.


Mike of Honolulu. From the Isle of Friendliness—that suits me and may your shadow grow never-the-less. Jack Mulhall was born in Wappingers Falls, N. Y., on Oct. 7, 1894. Jack has been a featured player for First National for some time. He plays a dual role in his new picture, "Dark Street," with Lila Lee. You can reach Joan Crawford at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Elaine from Madison, Minn. I do not tell all to the public, but I give no other sort but the who's and who of screen stars. But take it from me, I know my stars. Barry Norton, whose real name is Alfred de Braben, was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, on June 16, 1905. He has black hair and brown eyes. Davey Lee was born on Dec. 29, 1924, in Los Angeles, Cal. He has dark blue eyes, weighs 47 pounds and is 36 inches tall and has been in pictures since July 1928. Write to Ramon Novarro at MGM-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Port Wayne Pan. Welcome, Hoosier! "The interesting vamp" of the talkies is Kay Francis, from the stage. Yes, I like her, too. She is under contract to Paramount. Write to her there.
In New York — Continued from page 65

it on the parlor floor in front of the old-fashioned base-burner which heated the whole house, and I was off to a flying start toward the door. My wages would do a double shuffle. I would watch him and worked out then and there my first routine. That's the method I've followed ever since. I don't know anything about music or counting time. I can't read a note. But when I hear a song or a dance, I get the rhythm in my bones, and keep at it until I get the number down and pay."

There is no mysterious reason why Marilyn keeps in front year after year when many of her early contemporaries have flaked out. It's because she's good-looking, tremendously this and beauty. I listen.

And as you watch him speak of these roles, suddenly his eyes grow dim. His face and forehead became furrowed. The muscles of his mouth droop. Before your eyes, this twenty-eight-year-old actor has turned himself into an old man. This concentration amounts almost to the point of self-hypnotism. And it is a fascinating, eerie thing to watch.

While we were speaking of such things, Muni's wife came in. She is a handsome woman who has a brilliant sense of clothes. She used to be a Broadway actress but has given up her work for writing. She recently completed a scenario for her husband which Fox has bought and will soon make into a picture.

Home, to June Collyer, is the Park Avenue apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Heermance. Yes. June was named Miss Heermance before she took to talks. She came east for a vacation, only to be rushed into stardom in a picture directed by Irvin Willat—Billie Dove's husband.

Lunch at the Ritz, with June is fun. Both Mr. and Mrs. Heermance are usually present. Mrs. Heermance is a sweet-faced woman who is continually torn between her desire to be with June in Hollywood and wanting to be with her husband and their sons in New York.

Mr. Heermance is rising. Clever, handsome, full of fun. One of the best raconteurs (German for jest) I have met in a long time. At the table over their luncheon bourguignon, June and her father kidded each other about who would pay the check and declared they would toss for it. Papa pays.

Hollywood has done something to June. When she first went into the movies she was just a sweet, pretty girl. And now—well, she's different. Prettier than ever, and bold and sparkly. She once told me just how a delicious secret which she didn't share with the world. I wonder if she's met her prince?

The Ritz was particularly gay that day. There was the Grand Duke Alexander on one side of us and lovable Dorothy Gish on the other. The orchestra played wondrous old dance tunes from "The Chocolate Soldier," and June made an exquisite hostess. As she sat there in her pretty green dress and hat, with a soft coat trimmed with hunchy lynx thrown over her chair, I felt that this girl was equipped to reach any heights she wanted—in the social as well as in the dramatic world. She's one of the best that the pictures—our own little movie crown princess.

I was invited to tea up at Jeanette MacDonald's the other day. Jeanette, as you've heard, has made a tremendous success in "The Love Parade."

Consequently, I toddled up to the Maison MacDonald near Central Park around five o'clock. Jeanette's maid answered my ring and said her mistress was playing a little while in the comfortable drawing room and pretty soon Jeanette's nephew came in. About a quarter of an hour later, Jeanette's mother arrived with Jeanette's music teacher. And long about six bells—sure enough, in came Jeanette in the flesh, and with her—Mr. Ritchie to whom I hear Jeanette is engaged. If Mr. Ritchie is the lucky man, I think Jeanette is a lucky girl—if you get what I mean.

Miss MacDonald was overwhelmed at being late but she had been detained down in Mr. Lasky's office. A matter of a new contract.

She is a real beauty, violet-eyed and golden-haired. She was dressed in one of these new different dresses—gray tweed which would have killed the coloring of any women but the most unsynthetic blonde. The dress was long and Jeanette's figure was—as you will find in "The Love Parade"—perfect.

It is possible for a screen star, no matter how famous, to stroll the streets and mingle with the crowds in Manhattan if he really wants to. Take Harold Lloyd. He disguises himself simply by discarding his prop spectacles. When he hung around the Rivoli Theater on Broadway where his first talking comedy, "Welcome Danger," was playing, and went inside to listen to the comments of the patrons, he didn't meet anyone who would ever see in the quiet, unobtrusive young man the great screen comedian whose clever antics let him a healthy little stipend of something like $30,000 a week! Harold came up to call at Screenland while he was in town, and if the office boys hadn't tipped off the elevator boys no one except the publisher and editor would have been the wiser. As it was, Harold was a big hit in his impromptu personal appearance.
On Location with Billie Dove—Continued from page 91

Billie is a woman of many talents. Unfortunately, none of the publicity writers have taken advantage of this fact. As a matter of fact, it is a pity that so many of them have not been more interested in the topsy-turvy world of the pictures. A newspaper artist who has been covering the films for over a year will be interested to know that Billie is a woman of many accomplishments. In fact, she is a woman who can do anything that is expected of her. She can act, sing, and dance, and she can write and paint as well. She is a woman of many talents, and she is a woman who is always ready to do her best.
You can keep your skin lovely just as 511 Hollywood Actresses do

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap...

Nobody knows better than the world's popular screen stars the importance of petal-smooth skin. As Raoul Walsh, famous Fox director, says: "Smooth skin is the most potent charm a girl can have—and an essential for stardom on the screen, with its many revealing close-ups."

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap, not only at home, but on location. For at their request it has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

Like 9 out of 10 screen stars, the loveliest Broadway stage stars, too, use Lux Toilet Soap. No wonder so many of them have successfully passed the screen test for talking pictures!

And the European stars are now using it! In France, in Germany, in England. You'll be delighted with the way this fragrant white soap cares for your skin. Order several cakes—today.

Lux Toilet Soap
Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50c and $1.00 the cake... NOW 10c
What the Mouth Tells—Continued from page 93

To make the lips appear fuller add rouge beyond the line of lips using care to keep the color natural. And to make full lips appear thinner, work not quite to the edge of the lips with the lip-stick. A mouth without shape can be cleverly shaped from the Cupid's bow inward, but this requires skill.

Be careful in selecting your lip-stick. It should have body as well as color. A good lip rouge doesn't dry the lips but gives a live, natural appearance. If the right shade and consistency it will add beauty and softness to your mouth.

A mouth to have full charm must have a finished look of perfect grooming—an added beauty that bespeaks health and culture. And no girl can be really attractive without fine, healthy teeth. It's a pity that fair god-mothers did not bestow upon all of us the pearly white, even rows of teeth of the story-book princesses and the movie heroines—but as they did not, we must do what we can toward attaining and retaining this real asset to personal charm.

Much more is being done about teeth than used to be done. School children are instructed in care of the teeth. Periodical examination of teeth, with visits to the dentist when necessary, are doing much toward keeping the future generation in a better state of health than has ever before been the case.

The older generation is taking these instructions to heart as well as putting them in practise. Mothers have learned that if the first teeth of children are cleaned and cared for, they will last several years longer than if they are neglected, and the shape of the jaw and to some extent the quality of the permanent teeth depend upon these sounds. Very small children today are acquiring the tooth brush habit and probably by the time well-trained little girls of today grow up they will have greatly increased the percentage of American consumption of tooth brushes both by practise and example.

The dentist, too, has become an important person in our lives. He is invited to inspect our teeth every three or four months for possible damages and to advise us about dentifrices and mouth washes. And at least twice every year—if we are wise—we have our teeth cleaned by a dentist. If you pay these visits regularly, you will find that the dentist is a pleasant person to talk to. And if you begin early and keep faith with him you will have few unpleasant sessions with him for a great many years, if at all.

American girls have the reputation the world over for being healthy and charming. One reason is that when they smile they almost invariably display beautiful teeth. It is said that European women envy American women this important asset and beauty and attribute it to the superior skill of our dentists. But the American girl knows that her own conscientious habit of daily care of the teeth and health is responsible for the well-kept appearance of her teeth. And she knows that keeping the teeth that nature gave us is the safest and surest method of preserving them.

We must not only keep the teeth clean, we must keep the mouth clean, too. Therefore, a good protective or antiseptic mouth wash should be used at least twice every day.

Equipment for a perfect dental toilet may be simple but must be faithfully used. First of all, the teeth should be brushed not only twice a day but five times: in the morning, after each meal, and at night. This is a bit difficult for those among us who have jobs outside the home, but we must do the best we can about it. Wielding the tooth-brush so often may be a trifle tiresome but surely no more than getting the seam of your stocking straight or any other bothersome detail of the toilet.

THE MOUTHS BELONG TO:

2. Marion Davies 10. Janet Gaynor
4. Mary Duncan 12. Carmel Myers
5. Natalie Moorhead 13. Mary Nolan
7. Ruth Chatterton 15. Dolores Costello
8. Lupe Velez 16. Vilma Banky

It is best to have two tooth brushes, so a dry one may be used each time the teeth are brushed. At least once a day, rinse your toothbrush in bicarbonate of soda and warm water.

When it comes to selecting a tooth brush there is a wide choice. There are in many shapes and sizes. Quite as your personal curves, so must the bristles of your brush curve to reach remote teeth. Choose a brush with bristles neither too hard nor too soft. There are brushes so shaped as to make it an easy matter to brush the wisdom teeth. There is a brush or rather a handle with two brushes easy to insert, whereby a brush is always available. There are brushes easy to keep clean with bristles set far apart; and there's a rubber brush for cleansing the teeth as well as massaging the gums—for we must do our 'daily dozen' on both teeth and gums if we would keep them in good condition. Healthy gums can stand the same amount of brushing as the fingernails.

Dental floss is an important item of the dental equipment as it will do what the most aggressive tooth brush will not do—pass between teeth that grow close together. This should be used at least once daily—the last thing at night.

Of course we've been long in 'the know' that teeth must be brushed up and down and not crosswise, using dentifrice and a dry brush. Begin at the upper left side. Place the brush well up on the gums and as far back as possible and brush downward, twisting and forcing the brush between the teeth. Draw the brush upward and across the gums and downward on the teeth and gums a number of times—elevation several times, keeping the upper and lower teeth closed. The lower teeth should be brushed upward in the same manner. Of course you have heard of a rotary motion from left to right. If so, that's all right, too. The main thing is to get the teeth clean.

When it comes to dentifrices, our mentors give us no rules to follow. There are liquids, pastes and powders and a brief could be held for each. Some dentifrices claim germicidal, antiseptic or astringent qualities; others claim merely to clean. Dental journals advise a simple combination of pure ingredients. Free from grittiness and of pleasant taste. The product that best suits your mouth is a matter of experiment—but if you are in doubt, or if your teeth or mouth need special attention, let your dentist advise you in your choice of dentifrices.

If you need a special teeth whitener, baking soda is excellent for this purpose and will remove the most stubborn stains from the teeth.

To sum it up—if you would prevent painful and expensive dental work, you would have white, well-trained teeth. Use dental floss often, brush your teeth more often, and invest in a good dentifrice and mouth wash.

And don't forget that we all eat what your teeth are used to. A small girl's diet should be carefully planned by the mother who wishes her debut in any career to be a success. For acid fruits, green vegetables, which not only do and milk furnish the calcium, vitamins and phosphorous which make strong, sound teeth.

Unless grown-ups follow the same menu they can't keep their teeth in good condition, either. To chew an apple a day keeps the dentist as well as the doctor away. Celery and crusts of bread are directly useful in keeping the gums healthy and the teeth sound, provided we grind them sufficiently fine. Not long ago, however, an article came out in a leading magazine stating that it's a mistake to chew our food too fine as it leaves the stomach with nothing to do! Another fine old theory exploded—or is it? We don't believe that in this hurryng age there's much danger of anyone chewing food too fine. So put down chewing the cud and habit that if formed early in life is a real aid to good looks.

Care of the teeth must not be neglected, ever for a day, and must continue indefinitely.

The mouth tells a lot. Girls. Let yours reveal a sunny, understanding disposition and the charm that perfect grooming gives. So you want to know how to keep your teeth and养成 good grooming, charm, how to be popular? Write to me. I'm always glad to help! Please enclose stamped, addressed envelope for reply.
"Antiseptics and Drugs are worthless in Toothpastes"
— Says Noted Health Magazine

Read this warning:
"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them ... the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in many dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia"
—the health magazine of the American Medical Association.

If you are using a toothpaste in the vain hope that it will correct or cure some disorder of teeth or gums, you must heed this plain warning!

Thousands of people are harming their teeth by believing that a dentifrice can cure — and neglecting to go to the dentist for the proper scientific treatment which he alone can give to teeth and gums.

No dentifrice can prevent or cure pyorrhea. No dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. No dentifrice can firm the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading, say high dental authorities.

A dentifrice is a cleansing agent — like soap — and should be made and sold and used with the one object of cleaning the teeth.

This is a tremendously important object in itself. Everyone wants clean, sparkling teeth. Everyone knows that cleanliness of teeth and mouth is vital to complete health.

Why not, therefore, accept this sane and common-sense attitude toward toothpastes. Dentists are all urging it. Stop looking for a dentifrice which will cure. Begin seeking the one which will clean your teeth best.

Because it does this one thing superlatively well, Colgate's has become the world's largest-selling toothpaste. Millions of people use it, and for 26 years have kept right on using it, because they have found it cleans better.

The reason for this is simple. Colgate's contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man, in a special, mild, effective form. This cleanser, when brushed, breaks into a sparkling, active foam. Careful scientific tests have proved that this foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to penetrate deep down into the thousands of tiny pits and fissures of the teeth where ordinary sluggish toothpastes cannot reach. There, it softens the imbedded food particles and mucin, dislodging them and washing them away in a foaming, detergent wave.

Thus Colgate's cleans your teeth thoroughly, safely. You have not fooled yourself with "cures."

Also in powder form for those who prefer it — ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

The 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter.
LEMON SOUFFLE

Yolks of 4 eggs

Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon

1 cup sugar

Cut yolks until thick and add sugar, continue beating, then add lemon rind and juice. Cut and fold in whites of eggs, beaten until dry, turn into a buttered pudding dish set in a pan of hot water and bake 30-45 minutes in a very slow oven. Serve with or without a sauce.

Now I don't mean to say that I originated these recipes but I did make certain innovations that gave them individuality.

Some day when I have a daughter of my own—maybe—I am not even married yet.

I am going to teach her how to cook just like mother taught me and I am going to try to make it as a pleasure for her rather than a drudgery.

I have a pet theory of my own that if we succeed in making success a family matter, it turns out a whole lot better and keeps us out of a rut. There are various ways of turning work into a sort of game and minds play tricks on things. Theres a tip- a lot when words of appreciation follow something that is well done. I know in our household there was a spirit of friendly co-operation between my brothers and even my brother Jack, learned something about cooking which has stood him in good stead on camping expeditions. I don't know of anyone who can do more with tender, juicy steak than brother Jack.

Homes: Chapter II — Continued from page 83

young Phil

Philips Holmes has been acting in motion pictures since June 1928. His roles in "Sherlock Holmes" and "Pointed Heels" are his biggest to date. And he is now at the unusual place in an actor's career where six roles come at one time. He is being sought for parts in special productions by three studios other than Paramount. And there are roles in four new productions waiting for him on his home lot.

At twenty-two Phil looks twenty but acts with the poise, manners and confidence of a man of forty. And he combines this sophistication with the occasional amiable, unbarred gesture of youth. The effect is fatal to females!

New York City was the scheduled birthplace of Phillips Holmes, but it happened that the situation was handled in Grand Rapids, Michigan. In order to correct this geographical mistake Phil has spent much of his spare time in New York, although his mother as well as his father were of the stage, Phil grew up without thinking seriously of carrying on the name of Holmes in show business.

While Douglas Fairbanks and Taylor Holmes were leading men on Broadway, Douglas brought twenty-one-year-old Birthday party to which young Phil was invited. This is the one big memory of Phil's early years because that day marks the beginning of a loyal friendship between him and Doug Fairbanks Jr.

When Phil was nine, Essanay engaged his father to come to Chicago for motion picture work. The older Holmes had the old-fashioned belief that a man should consider his family as well as his career. This made it imperative that the family, with each member of a young son and daughter, move west. The change from night work on the stage to daytime picture work gave Phil more of his father's companionship.

He spent considerable time watching scenes being made with Virginia Valli, the leading lady, and Rod La Roque, the director. One of these visits to the studio, Phil made his picture debut by playing his father's caddy in a brief sequence for "Uneasy Money."

Phil also brought Taylor Holmes a contract with Triangle pictures and a trip to California for the entire family. In Los Angeles, Phil was put into boarding school at Harvard Military Academy. The enrollment several months later of young Doug Fairbanks brought the two boys together again and for two years they attended the same school, and played on the same football team. At that time, the big events of their lives were Saturday afternoons when Doug, Phil and Flo belled Fairbanks, the third Indian Robert Fairbanks, attended the Orpheum and stopped in at a drug store on their way home for caramel nut sundae.

Phil then went East to attend Newman Prep School and Doug Jr. left to travel in Europe. In 1925, Phil came back to spend the summer with his parents, and found Doug Jr. there just beginning to establish himself in pictures. Through his friendship with Doug, Phil met Mary Brian, Betty Bronson, Lois Moran and Freddie Anderson—which brings us right back to the beginning of the story!

At the end of a happy summer, the youngsters returned to their cameras and Phil sailed for England with his mother. She went on to Paris where he joined her for the Christmas holidays. The following two years which he spent at Trinity College were the most enjoyable of his life. With the average American college boy Phil found he had a small fortune in England. He was on the rowing team and joined the Footlights Club. He made occasional trips to Paris and spent the next Christmas at St. Moritz, Switzerland.

During the boy's two years in England, his father was reminded of the fact that Phil was the world's most ineficient letter writer. When he returned to the United States, his parents had no idea as to the boat on which he was sailing. By mista...
The most envied Women today

Laura LaPlante
Universal Star

You know them—the women who wear fashion's latest clothes with such stunning effects. To be sure they are thin, but you would never think of calling them thin. "Rounded slimmness" seems to describe them perfectly.

Some women are naturally willowy and graceful. But for every one within this charmed circle there are hundreds—yes, thousands—who are dieting... almost starving themselves to achieve the figure they'd give the world to have.

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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.

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In dieting for the slim figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage.
The Millionaire Script Girl—Continued from page 51

be an actress if I could become three separate and distinct film Bernhardts. In the first place, I’m frightfully camera shy. Second, I want to be a director. There’s a real job—the most fascinating in the world!”

"Genie" bellowed a voice from the nearby set.

"Coming, Mr. Wilde!” cried the millionaire script girl.

"Never mind—just tell me whether Doug’s place at that luncheon table in the other sequence was on the right hand of Eddie Nugent, or on his left?"

"On the left, Ted?"

"Okay!” And Ted Wilde could be heard resuming his preparations for a scene, while we turned back to the script girl.

"Are you really a ‘millionairess’?"

"Heirress of a million, perhaps, but my own fortune from my interest in the Jackson-Bell radio, and other smaller investments, isn’t as formidable as that,” she smiled. “However, with my script girl salary of forty per week, I manage to get along without coming from my family!”

"Yes,” Loretta Young remarked. “She struggles along in an eighteen-room house with only a dozen servants, a stable, a swimming pool, tennis court—more dog than Tom Mix!”

"Built by radio!” Gene quipped. "At any rate, I can claim no credit personally. I had a fixed income from my parents, saved some of it, and invested it. An easier way of making money than being a script girl, and keeping track of the ties Doug here uses, or Loretta’s changes of shoes.

"Why did you keep the fact that you were wealthy a secret for so long? I wanted to know.

"It would have been an obstacle to my progress in pictures to have it known. Even then it was rumored about that I was somebody’s favorite. That’s the way of the world!”

"Now, it doesn’t matter, for everyone knows me and realizes that I have made good on my various jobs without influence. Except in getting my forty-week script job! That took all the pull I could bring to bear.

"Because you were breaking into the movies?"

"Not! I was already in. That’s the kick of it. I had been a scenarist for a year. But they told me a script girl had to have brains. Her position—in contrast to that of a scenarist, I suppose—is a responsible one. I wasn’t quite fitted for it.

"How,” I asked the producer who broke this news to me, ‘is one to qualify for this important position?"

"Well, usually they come from the type-writing department. You see, the typists copy the scripts, and that teaches ‘em continuity and all those things. You can’t write some of the scripts they copy, and I’m not qualified? I demanded with very real astonishment. He thought I was impertinent, of course, so that ended the conversation.

"Looking back over the situation, I see some of the logic, in connection with the producer’s argument. He no doubt thought I was crazy to wish to give up a two-hundred-a-week billet as a scenario writer for a script girl’s job forty.

"Why did you?"

"Because the script girl has a chance to understudy the director. I don’t believe being an assistant to a script girl—‘I’ve been one myself—gives such a thorough insight into the director’s tasks."

"Did you finally persuade this producer to let you become a script girl?"

"Not that producer. That was at M. G. M., where I got my first job as scenarist, collaborating with Max Marcin. I went to Universal for the first script job. Once I had broken the ice I had no difficulty in getting other script jobs anywhere in the industry. With both vacations I’ve given myself, I’ve been working continuously ever since.”

"How did you originally break in?"

"I thought I wanted to be a writer at one time. I wrote short stories, scenarios and plays, and some of the former were accepted, encouraging me just enough to make me run. I tried to sell Mr. Marcin an idea for a play or scenario, and he looked at some of my work. When he signed his M.G.M. contract I was signed as his collaborator. The stories we did together were manual labor on my part, creative work on his, but it was marvelous training, and I was able to supply gags and his script business. He even gave me credit for a little helpful criticism."

"I soon lost interest in scenario writing, however. The director is the principal creative artist in pictures, and I believe he always will be. So I made my resolution to become a director, and with that in view tried for six months to be ‘demoted’ from scenarist to script girl. I had to go to another studio to do it, which seems to be a commentary on the status of film writers in producer’s minds."

"They got that way when Goldwyn imported the Eminent Authors,” put in Louise Fazenda shyly.

"When and where were you assistant director?"

"With Norman Taurog and Arthur Gregor in pictures made at Tiffany-Stahl and Columbia. I could have stayed on Poverty Row as assistant, I suppose, but I wanted experience in the latest talkie methods at the big studios. Failing to get in on Vitaphone’s ground floor at Warner Brothers, I connected with First National because I knew of the coming merger."

"How? I’m not telling. A business agent of mine got the news for me. I worked with the late John Griffith Wray, however, on a talkie, ‘The Careless Age,’ as my first tryout there. Then they gave me the script on Billie Dove’s, ‘Her Private Life,’ which Alexander Korda directed; ‘Little Johnny Jones,’ directed by Mervyn Le Roy, and this one with Ted Wilde."

"I’m glad to work with as many directors as possible. Their methods are all different but exciting.

"How do you propose to go about becoming a director?"

"I’ll do as others have done, begin hammering at script girl shelves for a chance. Then they’ll get a ‘stop’ story with a poor cast available, to fill a niche in a program. They’ll give it to me, so as not to risk a known director’s reputation on it. If I can make a good picture out of it, I’m ‘made.’ If, as the conditions and law of chance would dictate, it’s an utter failure artistically and financially, back to the script I go. Ultimately I break through!"

"Now that it’s known about your money, will they be more likely to give you such a position?"

"I could be a director tomorrow—on Poverty Row. All you have to do is invest a few hundred dollars. I can produce down there. I was tempted many times while I worked there. I’d have loved it—walking in there and saying: ‘Mr. So-and-So, I’d like to direct Outlaw for you!’ and just before they threw me out, waving a check that would have had the effect of a magic wand."

"But one needs producing facilities they haven’t got. So I’m going to get a real director’s job, with one of the big companies. I’m not quite ready for it yet. There are more developments in talking and color pictures I need to know."

"Now that the papers have commented on your wealth and all that, are you bothered by propositions to finance pictures and so on?"

"No, I turn all such applications over to the very hard-boiled and capable gentlemen who handle all my affairs and legal and financial nature."

"She’s busy dodging hungry but hard-some young actors who’re looking for a meal ticket, though,” Ines Courtney interpolated.

"Well, I can take care of that side of money affairs without lawyers,” laughed Miss Searle."

"At that moment two persons rushed up to her. One was a prop boy, the other a unified negro chauffeur.

"Hey, Gene!” burst from the prop boy loudly. "Mr. Wilde wants to have you check the day’s shots with the cameraman right away. Shake it up!”

"Okay, Jim, coming immediately.”

Turning to the interviewers, she remarked: "Master call—I must go. Goodbye!"

"Miss Jackson, if yo’ please!” whispered the chauffeur. "Marie says yo’ clothes are ready fo’ tonight. When do yo’ll want me?"

"Have the car ready at seven-thirty, Washington!” she said, with the slightest notion that we, an interviewer and a group of motion picture celebrities, were ‘taking it big.’"
85% of America's Leading Hospitals

now use the same absorbent of which Kotex is made

Here is medical approval which dictates every woman's choice of sanitary protection...it must be hygienically safe, it must be more comfortable than any substitute

KOTEX absorbent has replaced surgical cotton in 85% of America's great hospitals! Surgeons used 2½ million pounds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding last year. That is the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads! Remember that Cellucotton is not cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as softest cotton, with 3 times the absorbency. Hospitals depend on Kotex absorbent today.

They realize that comfort is most closely related to health during the use of sanitary protections. Then is when women must have perfect ease of mind and body. And Kotex assures such ease.

This unusual substance—Kotex absorbent

Cellucotton absorbent wadding was an invention of war times. Its quick, thorough absorbency is almost marvellous. It is made up of layers of the thinnest and softest absorbent tissues...each a quick, complete absorbent in itself. These many air-cooled layers make Kotex not only softer, but lighter, cooler to wear. They also permit adjustment of the filler according to individual needs.

As one hospital authority puts it: "Kotex absorbent is noticeably free from irritating dust, which means increased hygienic comfort."

To women who still make their own sanitary pads of cheesecloth and cotton, these facts will be of interest. Kotex absorbs (by actual test) five times quicker, five times greater, than an equal amount of surgical cotton. It takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture and distributes that moisture evenly, not all in one concentrated place.

Kotex absorbent is used in hospitals where every precaution known to science surrounds a patient. Hospitals where world-known surgeons operate.

Lying-in hospitals use it in enormous quantities, proving conclusively that doctors regard it as hygienically safe. What other product offers this assurance?

Since it is so easy to buy Kotex and the price is so low, no woman need consider using anything else. Her choice is made for her by the medical profession. Surely, if they find Kotex absorbent best—even in the most dangerous operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use.

Why smart women prefer Kotex

It is significant that 9 out of 10 women in smarter homes today use Kotex. They find that it permits a freedom and poise hard to acquire otherwise. That's because Kotex really fits. It is designed, you see, to conform...shaped at the corners and tapered.

For perfect daintiness, Kotex deodorizes. This eliminates all possibility of an offense that fastidious women consider inexcusable.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Thousands of women first learned about Kotex in hospitals, then discovered they could buy it at their corner drug store! The price of the Regular size is never more than 45 cents.

A few months' trial will convince you that you owe yourself this modern, comfortable, safe, sanitary protection. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
Grand Opera on the Screen?—Continued from page 29

The scenery is real, the sets solid and the characters real people—perhaps rather than a lot of choristers dressed in costumes. There are mountain camps, forest scenes and great palace interiors, so that we are introduced to real people living in a real world.

But how, then, about the music? Real people in real life do not go about singing their affairs. Here is where the constructionists of the story have shown their cleverness. Tibbett characterizes a 'singing bandit,' a chap with a gorgeous voice given to setting everything to music, even to telling a narrative. The result is that two-thirds of the story is told musically and without the least shock to the realities.

Next, Tibbett 'goes over' in a way utterly impossible in grand opera, due, of course, to the grand close-up. In other words, everybody attending 'Rogue's Song' will have front seats. Better than that, they will mix right in among the characters.

Nor is the close-up merely optical. We now have close-up on the voice. Instead of the singer having to project his tones fifty feet away so as to get over the footlights, he may speak and sing in the intimate tone of a actor. Tibbett told me that it was permitting subtleties of singing hitherto denied all opera singers.

So much for 'Rogue's Song'—now for a few general observations. Where screen opera will beat the stage is in the ability to cast severe the minor roles with great singers, for the studio plays them but once to appear before thousands and thousands of audiences.

Nor will it be necessary to cast the leading roles with monkeys equipped with bellows like pipe-organ. We can put a handsome chap with a good voice—like Ramon Novarro, for instance—in the stellar part and build his voice until it sounds like Caruso—if such a thing is desirable.

Thus we come to the triumph of sound reproduction, in which the new king, known as the 'mixer,' does such extraordinary things with the human voice. He has made Raymond Griffith audible—a chap who has whispered his way to great heights in the silent drama, but for whom everybody shed tears when sound pictures arrived. They reckoned without the skill of the 'mixer.'

Orchestral effects and accompaniments will be finer than in the theater, the 'mixer' can also determine the volume and the co-ordination of the various instruments. Each group of instruments has its own microphone and a monitor and inet which sits the mixer and an orchestral leader. The singer's voice arrives via its own 'mike,' and by tuning down and up on the various receptions, these two men can achieve a perfect blend. If the motif is romance, they emphasize the violins; if it is 'heart stuff,' they bring up the English horns; if the orchestra is too loud for the voice they tune it down.

The mechanics of all this are utterly bewildering to a stage director who has been used to directing from the orchestra pit where he can command both the singers and the instruments.

In screen opera he directs the stage action utterly detached from the stage that occupies a box-shaped room some distance away, and the only way he can know how the singing and playing are blending is the range on telephone head-piece which is connected with the mixing-room.

Another serious problem is to record the voice of the singers when they are in the open—riding across country, for instance. In this case the photographic close-ups—made silently—of the lellow singing are reproduced in the studio and the voice 'doubled-in.' This is done by having the singer repeat the horseback song while watching the lip action on the screen. Grand opera and screen opera may be a joke to Mr. Average Man but his ancient prejudices are going to collapse in the presence of screen reproduction of those same great classics.

What a day we are living in!

Edgar Wallace Solves Some Mysteries of the Movies

Send for you—if you're good enough.

"How did you learn to be such a shrewd business man?" I asked, "Writers aren't always."

"I'll tell you. I've been poor. Awfully poor. So poor I had to count every hammer I pounded. I had to learn to be shrewd. Not to be taken in by people who are smarter in business than I am. I need money. A terrible amount of money. I am an exponent of the law and the mind at the beginning of my career to make a terrible amount of money and not to let people out-smart me while I was doing it."

"By nature, I am a gambler. But I have learned to develop a flair for safety. I believe I've gotten to the top because while I'm perfectly willing to gamble, I always allow myself a margin on the safety side. I like racing because it's a gamble, I like bridge—because often it's a gamble. Any kind of human gambling I love. But not the stock market. That's cold-blooded, inhuman. I like to see my horse run; to win or lose my money quickly. There is no thrill comparable, at least to me, to getting out on a soft English morning, on the green English downs, and watching my horse romp home."

Wallace has a great capacity for lusty enjoyment because in his youth he had few. Left an orphan at nine years, he was adopted by a fishmonger in Billingsgate and off to the famous London fish market for his boarding.

"My foster father and mother were good to me," Wallace explained, "but they had little. And eleven I started selling newspapers on Fleet Street. Later became president of the Press Club before which I had often stood on foggy evenings selling my papers."

"There wasn't enough excitement in selling papers, so I ran away to sea—got a berth as cabin boy on a fishing trawler. Later I enlisted in the army, and went to South Africa. Here one day Kipling came on a visit. I wrote a poem in his honor. It was published in the Cape Town Times. It was the only thing that I met Kipling. And he inspired me with a desire to become a writing man."

"When my enlistment was over I went into newspaper work, becoming a war correspondent for the Evening Mail in the Boer war. After this I took up police reporting. I got real stimulation out of this, but from time to time. I would lose my job—for no special reason. Because the life was so precarious and because I had covered enough crime to know something about it. I decided to write my own stories. And so I began my career of a mystery writer. It was more successful than I ever dreamed."

"We will always have mystery stories, mystery plays and mystery films. Just as a man needs iron in his diet so most of us need mystery entertainment. We nearly all live in a humdrum existence, working for our daily bread and going home at night to nothing more diverting than supper and bed. There is little color or glamour for most of us. Tomorrow and tomorrow stretch out our little lives from day to day, as Shakespeare said, or words to that effect! I like to write mystery stories. I like to build up a character, to set a scene, to pretend there is life behind that wall. I enjoyed seeing me as a little boy, and I enjoy doing the same for the hero of the story."

"That's one of the reasons I should like to write for talking pictures. For the mystery play is not a passing phase. We've always had it and we always will have it to provide entertainment for those of us who cannot sail the seas of adventure and glory."

"Why is it," I questioned "that all producers have such trouble getting good stories or books printed?"

"I'll tell you why," Wallace answered. "It's because a producer tries to do more than produce. He'll get a good author, pay him a lot of money for a story, and then when everything is ready to shoot will tear his story apart by saying: 'Here, let's write a part for so and so.' Or, 'Change this. Don't make the climax a gambling hall scene. Have an African elephant hunt instead.' The average producer who knows no more about drama than a baby does about bootleg liquor inserts his thumb into the pie and the result is like nothing on earth."

"I feel that I am one of the few writers not only able to write scenarios but also to write them instantly on the stage of a movie lot, as well—if the occasion requires. Not because I am anything phenomenal but because I have done just that year after year. Producing, writing, and directing plays has been my job for longer than I can tell you. Owing to the fact that such men like me, who is a combination of three media—through years of unending work, I realize that the advantage moving picture producer possesses over the stage producer is—education costs and let the director and writer, the actor and technician, combine their talents to work out a picture in which not only the picture itself but the action will carry the positive elements of reality. That's the answer to the perfect moving picture—the answer to every movie producer's prayer!"
ETHEL'S house party was at its height. Shrieks of laughter mingled with phonograph music could be heard outside.

Suddenly there came an ominous knocking at the door. Ethel ran to open it and—lo and behold—there stood Police Officer Kane.

"G-G-G Good Evening," gasped Ethel, "I want to see the man of the house," thundered Kane.

"I'm sorry," stammered Ethel nervously, "but my father is not at home."

"Well, what's going on here anyway?" continued the officer sternly. "Sure and every one on the block is complainin' of the noise. I've a good mind to arrest the lot of you."

Ethel was mortified—what a disgrace! "Oh please," pleaded Ethel, "please don't do anything like that, I promise—"

But Kane could restrain himself no longer.

"Don't worry, lassie—you were all havin' such a fine time I couldn't help droppin' in. Go on—have all the fun you can," laughed the big good-natured policeman.

"Oh," sighed Ethel, greatly relieved, "how you frightened me. Won't you join us?"

Kane Joins the Party

"Hi," laughed Kane as the Victrola started again, "what's the matter with you all—playin' that canned music can't any of you play this beautiful piano? Sure I'd like to give you a tune myself."

"I dare you to play for us," shouted Ted Strong quickly sensing a chance to have some fun at the policeman's expense.

Others chimed in. "Yes, do play for us, Officer." "Just one tune," "Yes, just one—that will be plenty!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to goin'," stammered Kane, embarrassed as could be.

"Mr. Kane, I think you might play for me after the fright you gave me," smiled Ethel.

"Well, b'golly, maybe I will," agreed the officer. And as he sat down at the piano everyone laughed and cheered. But the noise stopped instantly when he struck the first rickety notes of Ralph Bratfield's famous "Song of the Yeomen." They were amazed at the way his huge hands flew lightly over the keys.

"More—more!" "Encore!" "That's great—play another." They all shouted and applauded as the last notes of that snappy march song died away. Kane then started that stirring old soldier song "On the Road to Mandalay." One by one the guests joined in and sang.

Then Kane wound up with that popular dance number, "You're the Cream in My Coffee," and the whole crowd danced.

"Well," he laughed happily, as they applauded long and loudly, "I'll have to be on my way now.

"Thank you for your lovely music," said Ethel. "You must be playing a good many years."

"Sure and I haven't been playin' long at all," then the questions came thick and fast, "How did you ever learn so quickly?"

"When do you find time to prac-"

"Who was your teacher?"

Kane Tells His Story

"Well, to tell you the truth I had no teacher. I've always loved music but I couldn't take regular lessons on account of my duties as a policeman. Then one evening I saw a U. S. School of Music advertisement in a magazine, tellin' of a new way of learnin' to play with no teacher at all. I didn't believe it myself but I thought I'd try a free sample lesson of three and it sent for it. One look at the Free Demonstration Lesson showed me how easy it was, so I wrote for the whole course. My friends all told me I was crazy until I started playin' little tunes for them from real notes.

There were no tiresome scales or tedious exercises either. With these simple lessons I played real pieces almost from the start. Now I'm playin' classical numbers or jazz, havin' the time of my life."

This is not the story of just one isolated case. Over half a million people have learned to play by this simple method. You, too, can learn this easily understood way. 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 typical demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet which you may have Free. They show how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument by notes 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.

So, if you really want to learn to play—if you want a real friend-to-be—be sure to check this Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson.

Don't delay—get at once—fill in and mail the coupon below today—no obligation whatever.

(U. S. School of Music, 1223 Brunswick Bldg., New York City)

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They dared Officer Kane to play... and his music held them spellbound
She Wants to Be Wicked - Continued from page 63

than to be born with it. I longed to play the role of a woman who could "quaff keen characterizations" and I wanted to give vent to my emotions. If there is anything calculated to make a star discontented with the pinnacle of fame it is being without a say as to her story material. But I was not then in a position to choose my own vehicles. I had to take what was assigned me and try to make the best of it. They kept on giving me parts where things always happened to me, but now I'm going to be the one to start things happening—and humbug!

"The first time I succeeded in selling the idea that I could portray human everyday flesh-and-blood women of the people, was in "Classified." I had to fight with and nail to be allowed to play a working girl. That picture justified my faith in myself and proved that the public would accept me in stories other than those written around twenty or thirty French gowns. It made more money than any of my previous productions. My fan followed doubting.

"I was given the role of a new contractual agreement with First National, I have a clause which stipulates I may choose my own stories and gradually, I have been departing more and more from my former saccharine roles in machine-made vehicles. In future, I will deviate still further in selecting my screen material. Stories of human struggle attract me most, whether it is a struggle for achievement, fame, money, virtue, power, love or existence itself. Red-blooded characters who are 'naughty but nice' interested me the most. I want parts which offer possibilities for contrast and shading.

"With the advent of talking pictures the screen is coming much closer to the theater in the kind of stories and type of characters which meet with the greatest success. In the earliest days of the films, action was the all-important thing—a series of animated pictures. Their plot and counterplot became the vital issue. Next personalities were developed into stars and the public would go to see its favorites whether the story was good or bad so long as it was a big name with distinctive individuality was flashed in lights. This personality worship soon introduced type acting. One made a success as an emotional actress, a vamp, a western gal, an apron seller, a factory girl with a fedora, and soon realism was sacrificed for made-to-order vehicles to fit each personality. All her heroes were noble, all adventures wicked, all villains deep-dyed-in-the wool bad, and all heroes were heavy.

"The good were rewarded, the bad punished and the ending inevitably happy. To "Thank heavens, all those prosenium formulas are relegated to the past. The human quality is asserting itself more and more in domestic films, both in point of characterization and the logical and artistic development of the stories. Since the screen has found its tongue, stereotyped pantomime puppets become unconvincing, sometimes even ridiculous. That is another reason why I have broken away from my former placid roles and am endeavoring to portray life as it is lived in the flesh, not in strips of negative. I want each of my interpretations to remind my audience of someone they've actually known, someone who is a pulsating mixture of faults and virtues, hero and villain, of the earthy-earthy qualities.

"That's why I loved playing Lady Hamilton in "The Divine Lady." The daughter of a country squire, who became a great lady, was neither bad nor all good. She was weak and willing at times but also, she could rise to great heights on occasion. It was the tremendous human quality about her which appealed to me and the gradual development of her character through her colorful and dramatic love affairs which went into making the story of history."

"In 'Outcast' I again departed from my erstwhile goody-good roles by playing a girl of the streets, a social delict, who fights against circumstances and environment and not only lifts herself from beyond the pale but through an all-compelling love regenerates the man of her choice as well.

"I chose Maxwell Anderson's Pulitzer prize play, 'Saturday's Children,' because the story was fundamentally a chapter out of everyday life. I had the role of a $40-a-week working girl who gives up her economic independence to please her husband but soon finds she is not domestic by temperament and that sweeping floors and washing dishes are not conducive to the realization of girlhood's rosy dreams of love and fame; there was a genuine almost brutal realism with an originality of viewpoint in dealing with the unromantic realities of marriage which reflected the viewpoint of thousands of homes of the present-day middle classes.

"Then in 'Prisoners,' as a waitress, I slipped down another round in the social ladder, going to jail as a thief. Five years ago no star would have dared to portray a thief unless she stole to put her little brother through college or save her father from prison, but Rita resort to theft to make herself more attractive in the eyes of the man she loved. She was far from altogether bad, just terribly human, and she was quite willing to pay the price of her wrong-doing by voluntarily giving herself up to the police in preference to a sordid way out offered by a man who had figured in her past life.

"Lilac of the Field," my initial all-talking picture, deals with a group of those proverbial flowers of femininity who neither toll nor spin, except when it comes to spinning daily tales to entertain the hungry and wealthy admirers of the male persuasion. As Mildred Harger, unjustly divorced by her husband on the false grounds of a frame-up case, I played the part of her daughter, I join this group of show girls. At first, I struggle to live, worthwhile for the sake of my child but through looseness, temptation and environment I succumb finally to the attentions of a persistent lover and accept his patronage outside the bonds of matrimony. Then comes the struggle for self respect. It is a swift-paced tale of orchids and orgies, temptations and tears, conflict and contrast which offers me an opportunity for considerably more abandon than my accustomed roles of former days."

The new Corinne Griffith has stooped from princesses to paupers, from countesses to cabaret girls, from fine raiment to gingham aprons and ballet skirts, but she has stooped to conquer. Like all true aristocrats she is a democrat at heart and like all true artists she is not satisfied to stand still but must seek new pastures.

Comming Back with the Play-back - Continued from page 66

come to America to be Americanized. As an Irishman by birth and American by adoption I'm mighty proud of all us, you know!

In his new picture Moore plays a policeman again, in a night club romance. The new story is a drama of night life with Moore as a New York policeman on a Broadway beat, and Miss Sweet as a night club butterfly whom he marries.

Years have touched Moore lightly—in fact, they seem to have receded from him like a child's back younger than he did when he played "Gan-avan." He thanks athletics for this.

"I get up at six every morning, and Trixie (his pet wire-haired terrier) and I take a play hardened time at the Athletic Club, too. If a fellow keeps in physical shape he's a cinch. Physical well being is what's keeping a lot of us older players on the screen—Lon Chaney, myself and a few more. Not that I'm what you'd call old—you see I was quite a kid when I went into pictures; but I've been in 'em quite a while."

Tom is in his forties: the early ones, at that. He looks no more than thirty. "Where do you stand on God's Gosh!" he grinned at me. "It seems a long time when I look back at it, but it's really not so long. This business is so young yet that veteran can be almost a kid. It seems only yesterday I was put to a little time with the studio trademark on it in the corner of every set before they shot the scene—the Pathé rooster, the Es- raney Indian, and the other day the other day I went to see the MGM picture and heard the lion head trademark roar from a film sound track.""

"I had a little stage fright, at that, the first time I waited before the microphone, and Miss Sweet says she did, too. Seems funny for a couple of old timers, doesn't it? But once you get used to it, I think acting with speech is really easier than the other way. You can be so much more natural. Of course you can speak naturally—on the stage you have to develop the trick of getting the voice across the footlights. All together you're more at ease and have a ham spring and ballet skirts, but she has stooped to conquer. Like all true aristocrats she is a democrat at heart and like all true artists she is not satisfied to stand still but must seek new pastures.
The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks" has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this thrilling book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

Will you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get? If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman—who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman"? Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select her mate? Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen? Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish or will your marriage end in divorce? Do you know how to make people like you?

If you can answer the above questions—if you know there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love? Do you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with married virtue, virgins, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves seething against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? How to make love keep you youthful and fresh? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make a love system? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love,"—Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unfailingy on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully. We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn makes a spade—a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and gently that she can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be compelled to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rankest sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain self-appointed censors may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

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You need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly. Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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"And Nothing But the Truth!" — Continued from page 53

Gary Cooper

Psycho-analyzed — Continued from page 27

time a convincing picture of a poor sap, bewildered and dazed by his first visit to New York and his first meeting with a leading lady, and at another time an equally convincing picture of a death-defying aviator in the Great War, whose two windshields showed that he was wise to himself and the game.

There is, however, in his single-minded carrying out of what he sets himself to do a natural sort of loyalty, which, of course, would extend to relationships as well as to actions. He would seem by nature to be a one-woman man, and a friend whose friendship could be relied upon implicitly. Since he is more the thinker, more the intruder, he is relatively less developed on the emotional plane, and not the sensitive type of him as the essentially romantic type: he is the opposite of a Valentinio. He is, indeed, a man’s man, but he is exceedingly attractive to women who seek strength and support to the more romantic and less stable qualities. One doesn’t think of women as becoming infatuated with Gary Cooper, but rather as loving him with a deep and abiding affection, a whole-hearted trust.

I should say on the whole that his place on the screen is that of all that is true and strong in the American nature, all that is derived from the honest Folk glamor, the strong brother says and the Indiannization which took place at that time. If Ronald Colman, for instance, gives us new standards of manners, shows us the gracious strength of the adventurous Englishman, Gary Cooper shows us the robustness of the stock of our own soil and of qualities which we would not willingly lose.

Maybe there aren’t some swell little digs tucked away in that innocent looking line-up. Playing "Truths" is a grand way of getting rid of your inhibitions. You can umpire his lines and get away with it—one reason being that after the score’s all added up, no one knows which member of the party handed him the low ones and all the high ones, respectively.

Take Chaplin’s score, for instance. Charlie stands in high on some counts—you’d expect him to rate 9 for sense of humor of the world’s most laugh getters. Intelligence, too, finds him in clever, as do charm and aesthetic sensibility. But when it comes to good taste—well, no one ever did say that Mr. Chaplin exercised discretion as regards his personal affairs. Also, the famous disclaimer of conventions rates 1½ for sincerity, which ought to prove something.

Now let’s look at Swanson—one member of our movie set who’s licensed to send out crested Christmas cards—and docs. La Marquise makes out nobly with a total standing of 72½ points, which leads the list by 4½! Gloria’s evidently a favorite in her home town. It’s natural enough that the honey-skinned brunette should lead in sex appeal, since most of her films are sex dramas and a good part of her fan following is male. She also leads in adaptability over that we mean, give Gloria a part and she’ll play it!

Now just by way of contrast, take a slant at George K. Arthur’s column, which totals to a mere 72 and has the distinction of being at the bottom of the pile. That green-eyed monster must have been at large when G.K.’s fate was being decided. The comic star’s strongest suit seems to be adaptability, for which he rates 7. His weakest is sincerity. Since Chaplin goes him even one lower there, it would seem that to be a good comic you’ve got to learn to lie and like it.

To get back to the ladies—we’ll try a blonde with nothing on—here’s Marie Bynum’s with Dunn, whose aesthetic sensibility doesn’t go over so big, but whose good looks aren’t disputed. Do you agree? And while we’re on the subject of looks, look here’s another surprise package. Harry Crocker, who hasn’t been an actor for ages ratings highest of the bunch with nine points to his credit? They’d better be looking for a leading lady. Considering that Crocker is a used-to-be assistant to Charlie Chaplin, he ought to get more than 5 for sense of humor. And once again he ups our rule by pulling down all of 9 for sincerity!

Crocker, incidentally, leads in kindliness and he ties with Lois Wilson for second highest total score of 68. The Wilson gal’s also a hummer for kindliness. Those honey-}

fed roles that Lois has been playing on the screen, then, didn’t take much rehearsing. She rates high in sincerity, too, and also in intelligence, which sounds like a swell combination to paint, but still, sex appeal—fans take notice—and sense of humor, which Hollywood seems to think she lacks. If you don’t agree let us know. Which Boardman was the lady who was responsible for this little massacre. Low score for Eleanor—that’s poetry—on sense of humor. With only three points in the category, I was trying to say joke, the beautiful Boardman had better stick to her serious stuff, or so this Hollywood family group seems to think. But up high in that department of sincerity—chalk up a great big number nine on each of the three counts!

With four men and four women playing this game, we can get a fair slant on where the Hollywood gag have it over on the male and vice versa. Let’s start with sex appeal—and of course the females have IT. They rate a total of 17½ points worth, while the other side counts up to a mere 20. And in good looks the ladies lead again, with 30% to a losing 28.

Gallivant with Crocker! What’s this? Intelligence—30% on the fair side; 28 for the gents. Beauty plus brains—you just can’t keep ‘em down! And what’s more, the gals are more adaptable, show better taste and are kindlier and more sincere than the poor, down-trodden males, for whom we’re beginning to feel a sympathetic twinge.

But—when it comes to a sense of humor we’re trespassing on male territory. A healthy 24% to 20, favor of the gents, settles that point. Aesthetic sensibility—whatever they mean by that—is another long suit for the boys, and they lead again in charm, which threatens competition for the good looks sex appeal combined formed by the ladies.

Isn’t it a wow of a game? Don’t your fingers just itch for a pencil, so you can start diagramming your pet points? Or maybe you’re interested in trying it on the movie gang. Why not use this same group and see what sort of a consensus you and the.Tin soldiers have? It might be entirely different than the one the stars themselves have compiled. Let’s hear about it, if so.

And saving one’s breath—that—"Truths" isn’t by any means the only way the jaded satellites of screendom have of banishing boredom. There’s a peach of a racket—and a very timely one—being worked by the in-the-knows on unsuspecting talkie recruits from Broadway. This one calls for a restaurant setting, and here’s the way it’s pulled. Long dwellers in Hollywood—the crowd that’s grown up with the movies—are used to early rising, breakfasting and heavy lunching. A gang of such wise guys will collect for lunch at a swell eating place and wait until some poor Broadway sucker, thinking of a 25 cent salad, comes along. At the end of a hearty meal—we all except the unknowing one—the man of the party will inform him that he’s been sitting there all the while. Hollywood has a quaint Hollywood custom to have a special seat for the guy who foots the bill—and that he therefore must shell out for the entire company. There’s at a very popular luncheon party of that sort, the recruit forked over forty six bucks for one glass of sauerkraut juice! Which is pretty steep even for Hollywood standards.

A slightly more innocent pastime is the playing of charades — at which Charlie Chaplin is acknowledged the leading light. This little sport has a lot of followers. Clara Bow, for instance, would be likely to exclaim—"No charades! What kind of a party is this?" Laura La Plante might get up in the middle of a gathering and, pointing a finger at Ramon Novarro, say "School!" At which Ramon has to act out a two-minute playlet around the word. The more you look into this, the more you see how Marie Dressler are both whizzes at charading.

One that always goes over big is Sue Carol’s little telephone gag. Sue, it seems, entertained a youthful ambition to be a ventriloquist. When she went into the movies instead, she had to make use of her talents some way, so she picked on the next scheme of coming up her friends, disguising her voice and asking them to "Guess What?" After a lot of kidding, coaxing and coaxing, she usually comes clean.

And then there’s the second to none in popularity, the gastronomically favorite, That’s merely another name for Joe Brown’s spaghetti parties, which consist of Joe’s nursing the noodies while his guests pre- pared sausages, Lois Wilson’s famous meat-eating gal, holds hamburget fests, which work similarly. And just to make the diet complete, Estelle Taylor goes in for hot bakes, which could be called "Guess What?" After a lot of kidding, coaxing and coaxing, she usually comes clean.

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For the more intellectually inclined, there’s the music guessing game, introduced by Marguerite Churchill who’s an accomplished pianist. This consists in the hostess, or whoever else rates the job, playing bars of popular pieces and the guests guessing their names. You’d probably find Ramon Novarro, Ernest Torrence and other musical movies patronizing this species of relaxation.

...
What Is Beauty? — Continued from page 34

atmosphere, cast a spell, by means of a series of illustrations. The artist, too, tells a story on his canvas, but he has learned that in addition to interesting subject matter, a work of art must have intrinsic, abstract beauty. He has such small space in which to express himself, that he is of necessity selective. He can not put many details in his canvas, he chooses the two or three essential, salient characteristics that will distinguish his subject from all others. Circe says: "In endeavor. A billion dollars the interesting whom producers see work to visualize spell, a girl even other he the others accen- of last en- Billie the home world's its balance? talent give to some narrative, drama, close-cut the interest of fragile, Scheherazade would cost inter- must a Egyptian distinctive professional dra- a royal enhance reach is authentic. shamrocks first- be blacks What nocturnes romance and knowledge It vision colors and used for entertainment set-up, average to motion pictures, from pictures, to movies, for which use movies, are advancements, which can be advancing also make an immense color im- immemorial, universal, simple appeal made by any revelation of genuine beauty. The screen could give us pages of romance and adventure through the sweep of vast murals; poetic Whistler nocturnes and pastorals; rousing sea-scapes; character vignettes, mellow as Rembrandts. Whole of the cinema in terms of painting, I visualize the huge palette from which epic screen pictures might be painted. What could more closely correspond to the colors and tints a painter needs, than the beautiful array of screen stars around whom our motion pictures are made? Each has some special element of beauty so accentuated that when I think of her, I see the color that is her symbol.

White—the color that is unique because it does not resemble any other, and makes no other to enhance it—inimitable Mary Pickford. At the other extreme of the palette, is Ivory Black, as unafashionable and secret as its sphinx-like equivalent in a costume—Laetitia Carver. Lemon Yellow, the palest tone in daffodils, is Ann Harding. Chrome Yellow, most primitive of all colors, startling, elemental—Lupe Velez. For flaming, dynamic Vermillion, gayest color on the palette—Clara Bow. Estelle Taylor is the deepest, softest red that shoulders; and the fragile, orchid shade called Cobalt Violet, could only be fastidious Corinne Griffith. Tranquil, transparent Cobalt Blue is Billie Dove; while Indigo Blue mysterious as Egyptian night skies, speaks of a girl too seldom seen in pictures, often suddenly presented, but whose exotic allure is sister to Circe and Scheheraede—Eve Southern. The Willow Green, youngest of colors, is laughing Nancy Carroll; that vivid; Emerald Green, suggestive of warm sun on cut-leaved grass, and of shamrocks—hilarious, gallant Marion Davies. And there is one star in whom the elements of beauty and talent are so mingled, that she must be accorded the royal splendor of Purple—Gloria Swanson.

There they glow—each the embodiment of some particular beauty or potentiality. Painted on the empty screen. If the two can be fused, motivated and composed by an increased, genuinely creative understanding of their immense pictorial, as well as dramatic possibilities, the screen will discard the last of its swaddling clothes, double its power and appeal, and its productions could achieve an otherwise unattainable fine arts quality.

Movies in the Air — Continued from page 8

designed for home entertainment has in no way affected motion picture attendance. Therefore, there is no ground on which to base the proposition that television into the home will substantially reduce attendance at theaters.

"First, the cost of professional television entertainment would be prohibitive. "Secondly, private homes are not built to house the mechanical devices and appurtenances that will be part of the television set-up, any more than today one can turn the average home into a first-class motion picture theater. Such home entertainment will always keep its amateur standing.

"Questions like this naturally arise when we are faced with the prospect of revolutionary changes in any line of endeavor. Yet, does not science, like nature, strike a balance? Scientific advancement suddenly as it sometimes comes, seldom destroys the thing it presumably replaces, usually simply make old ones more useful—more nearly perfect. The movies have more than a billion dollars invested in theater buildings alone across the continent, and the producers spend two million a week in making pictures in Hollywood and New York. Admitting that there is a place in entertainment for all existing mediums and for others which are yet undeveloped, Mr. Paley nevertheless places radio as the most intimate form of entertainment this nation. Concerning it he says: "Its influence socially, educationally, politically and commercially is intimate and profound. But each separate industry must develop its relation to the others in the entertainment field. The theater must utilize radio if it is to reach the greatest possible audience. Radio must draw from the theater and concert stage if it is to avail itself of the finest talent. The motion picture is alert to the fact that our technicians and talent must be interchanged. "Paramount has joined forces with the Columbia Broadcasting System, whose associated stations, extending from coast to coast, cover the entire United States with chain programs. "One of the most important phases of the Columbia-Paramount affiliation and one that shows how their joint facilities can be put to immediate advantage, is the fact that Paramount now has a ready outlet for intimate contact with the home while Columbia's facilities enable the great stars of the film world to make an audible appeal to radio listeners and thus stimulate theater attendance."
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in a large number of unsolicited comments by world famous celebrities, writes:

"Why live elsewhere when the Ambassador, the most beautiful hotel in the world, is here?"

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Write for Chef's Cook Book of California Recipes
BEN L. FRANK, Manager

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**Is Publicity Fatal to Happy Marriage in Hollywood?**

**Continued from page 25**

They are not quoted any more. The Jinx got them! The most romantic love story of Hollywood belongs to Irene and Reginald Denny. They met in India, where they were traveling with an opera company. A clause in Irene's contract called for the payment of five hundred pounds if she should marry. In Singapore, they were dropped from the company because she did it. Nothing daunted, they became a dancing team, invented a version of the Gaby Gliede and danced before Indian royalty at the Rajah's feast at Mysore. "We danced in a court of the palace. There was a great come over it, and gold leaf pillars rising from a mosaic floor. A wonderful clear red predominated and apple-green rugs were spread where the visitors sat, a gorgeous group of rajahs in vivid crude colors and jewels. "There was a man in black with a ripe of diamonds about his neck! They were paid in rupees, coins as big as silver dollars, heaped high on trays borne by native servants. "Probably it amounted to about three hundred dollars, but it looked like wealth of the Indies!" remembered Irene. But even remembered romance can't hold people together.

A "How To Be Happy Though Married" story dated not so long ago includes Anna Q. Nilsson's admission that she and John Gunnerson were 'ideally happy': Jackie Logan's boast that she fell in love with her husband at first sight and never wavered; and Adolph Menjou's complacent statement that his was a perfect union.

Probably the Jinx was listening. Pola Negri thought she had met her true mate when she married his prince. She, too, may separate and find with others that happiness denied them before.

It was Margaret Livingston who pointed out that the divorce court yawns for all who are foolish enough to risk drawing attention to their bliss. Which may be one reason we seldom read statements from such well-matched couples as Colleen Moore and John McCormick—"My John," as Colleen calls him; Bilie Dove and Irwin Willat; Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge; Mary and Doug; the Conrad Nagels and the John Barrymores.

Up to within two or three days of her marriage Dolores Costello insisted that she "hadn't thought about love." If she has given the matter any consideration since her wedding day, she has kept her ideas severely to herself.

John Barrymore will make witty statements about women in marriage. "I have great sympathy for Josephine. Being married to Napoleon must have bored her." "No doubt Josephine had a new hat for his home-comings. He probably looked at her without knowing if it were a hat or a ham sandwich and said: 'I believe I'll conquer Gibraltar next.' "

"Gibraltar may be a very nice place, but hearing about it is dull." Other cavaliers had more than enough to look at the woman and say: "Great Scott, what a good-looking hat!"

But if you want to know whether there is stress laid on becoming bonnets in the Barrymore family, all you get is a grin. And then there is the other side.

Vilma Bongy confided to me once that she was going to marry a "nice, gentle man." Instead, she pledged herself to Rod La Rocque and the two are now at the head of Hollywood's list of the happily wed.

Rod allows himself to be quoted to the effect that 'being separated is deliberately throwing away chunks of happiness.' Rod gives out lots of laughing wisdom on how to keep a husband happy.

"When he has guests, make yourself beautiful and stay only a little while," etc.

Neil Hamilton and Ella are sure of their happiness because they have weathered both failure and success. "They don't mind telling me how it's done."

The Clive Brooks, the Alan Hales, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg; Eddie Lowe and Lilian Tashman; Laura La Plante and William Seiter; Harold Lloyds, Corinne Griffith and Walter Morose—(the list is long in spite of those whose names have been stricken from it)—have not far been frightened out of admitting to a working knowledge of how to capture the elusive Blue-Bird.

Marriage is a give-and-take affair."

"The credit for the success of any marriage goes to a woman." (Edmund Lowe.)

"If there were fewer marriages based on love-at-first-sight, there'd be less work for divorce lawyers!" (Corinne Griffith.)

"When a quartel is over it should be done with forever!" (Alan Hale.)

"The success or failure of marriage is not due to laws passed or systems involved. It can't be prescribed for in wholesale lots." (Norma Shearer.)

"‘Marriage is a joke—Jokes are not serious!’ (Mildred Lloyd.)

"Stick to your career and you'll stay interesting!" (Laura La Plante.)

"Whether to line up with the 'Hey, hey, we're happy!' side, like Jimmy Gleason's, or to play safe and dudge the subject of love and marriage, like Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, is something to think about twice. "

"Happiness is a very precious thing," says Joan Crawford Fairbanks, wistfully.

"It was all very well to talk about love being great and lovely. The only kind of love we know how truly wonderful life can be, we realize that it's not right to babble about it. It's just for ourselves. Let's talk about clothes or the stock market or how talking pictures are made!"

Maybe we'd better! What do you say?

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**Do's and Don'ts**—Continued from page 55

Easiest thing to learn. It is vastly more difficult to know a good story, a real situation, when you see one. If you learn plot construction you need not worry about technique, that will come.

If any girl is thinking of scenario writing because of an idea that it is an easy way to make a living—let her drop the ambition at once. "Dynamite" is my 38th picture, and on it as on all the others, I expended hours of overtime and gallons of midnight oil. Ideas don't pop up at will, like the pressed keys of an adding machine. Mental perspiration, and lots of it, is the price of the higher remuneration which comes to scenario writers.
The Stage in Review

Continued from page 95

blood to fiery dream-kisses and starts the champagne-attacks gurgling in my throat!"

"A Wonderful Night" is the Shubert version of "Die Freulein Dora." On the reverse stage of the Majestic it is three sold hours of kaleidoscopic eye-and-ear assault. It is Vienna of seventy years ago when life in the very streets went on to the renaissance champagne nails.

It tells the story of a man who has got to go to jail for eight days, doesn't, but goes to a ball with the warden instead, while his wife—oh, well? But it is music that makes this the best musical show of the season—at least the equal of "Sweet Adeline."

Glady's Baster as Mathilda Greenwald, wife of the gay Max, is a thing of beauty and has a good footlight voice. Neck-and-neck with her travels Mary McCoy, a thriller in a way.

"The Criminal Code"

Here is Grim satire—the irony of what we call justice, the brutal list of fate that might happen any one of us out at any minute, as the warden of the jail says. "Things break like that, " is Arthur Byrom's first and last word both as the District Attorney and then as the warden. In the role Mr. Byrom has been his long career with one of the most convincing bits of acting seen on Broadway in some seasons.

Robert Graham (played perfectly by Russell Hardic) has been sent up for ten years for killing a man in a mistaken gesture of self-defense. The whole play takes place in prison and is a conflict between the criminals' code Thou shalt not squeal! and the law which says, Thou shalt pay! Down in the 'cooler,' where Hardic has been put because he wouldn't squeal, a thug of a keeper has been murdered by this boy just as his parole comes to the warden's desk upstairs. The parole has been obtained by the warden, who had been compelled to prosecute him as District Attorney, and his daughter. Of course Robert has now got to go to the chair, "Things break like that," dryly says the warden as the final curtain falls.

This is not just another crook play, for no one is really guilty of anything. The Molech Circumstance is guilty. Convict it, if you can!

"Many Waters"

"Nothing ever happened to them"—I've said it many times of quiet, commonplace people—well, you know, the kind that always carry an umbrella, wear rubber bands and just listen. Which merely stamps me as a jackass every time I say it, for tremendously dramatic and tragic things are happening to the least of us all the time. But it takes a fine playwright like Monckton Hoffe and two fine players like Ernest Truex and Marda Vanne to reveal it to us.

At the opening of "Many Waters" we see a wise-cracking, fashionable playwright and a producer in the latter's London office discussing the stupid lives of the average audience. In walk quietly and unobtrusively elderly Mr. and Mrs. James Bar- caldine (Truex and Miss Vanne.) They want to rent their home in the country to "just the type of the young, empty people who go to the theater, says the playwright.

Well, maybe they are vapid and empty—but what happened to the quiet Bar- caldines in a series of flash-back scenes! All the trouble in the world: a seduced daughter—by a husband friend; her death in child-birth; the bankrupts' court for Bar-
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black or tweed mixture. This costume should depend entirely on its cut forsmartness on its color.

As to style, it must suit the individual figure of the wearer. It should be of the very best cut; it can possibly be afforded. If women would only realize how much better it is to pay ninety dollars for one dress and wear it every day in the year instead of purchasing six dresses at fifteen dollars each, and never feeling really well dressed, we would see the streets filled with distinguished women.

Now as to the length of the dress. While I am a conventionalist, I do not hold with long, sweeping skirts for morning wear. Nearly every woman in these days has a job—a real job which requires her getting around quickly. The period of barouches, dappled gray horses and coachmen and footmen in plum colored livery, when women are hurrying on and off trains, street cars, elevated railroads and the underground railroads. And it is not possible under these circumstances to do the longer skirt gracefully. But it should be several inches below the knee cap. Nothing gives such a gauche effect as a long skirt over the most delicate of shoes.

With the simple morning dress, naturally, is needed a plain, dark—hat—with no jewelled pin. Plain shoes, stockings according to individual taste. A fur neck-piece, perhaps, but always good fur. If the weather is warm or the pocket-book light, a scarf can be used instead. Here you have your desire for fashion and the coloring. No jewels, absolutely, should be worn in the morning except a small string of real pearls. If the pearls cannot be afforded—then save up and buy a string of seed pearls. They are extremely lovely and not beyond the reach of the average pocket-book.

Nor must we forget perfumes! Perfume is permissible at any hour of the day, if the wearer has an understanding of the fitness of things. I have worn it, really, in the dark, thus only the lightest of odors can be used. Never a heavy nor an exotic perfume.

Perhaps you’ll be thinking now that I am an old fogey. But, really, I am of the idea that a nurse is not the only thing to have in life and color. But I assure you I am not. I am still in my thirties and have been a designer in my own name less than ten years.

It was eighteen years ago that, as a youth, I crossed over the rough Irish sea from Ireland to England to become, as I suppose, a portrait painter. I was mad about it and—still am—about color. When my grandfather died, our estate became entailed, and I landed in London as poet’s son. The only way I had of making a living was by painting water-colors, which I sold for a shilling each. That earned my tea, bread and butter and my lodging, with an occasional treat of a sixpence worth of fish and chips. On the side I studied, and had the great fortune to make the acquaintance of Orpen, the painter. Then I secured a post as fashion artist and designer for the house of Lady Duff Gordon, better known as Lucille, in London. Although my health was not taken care of, it looked as though I might soon have enough money to study painting seriously, when the first bugs of war would appear.

I joined up, as a Tommy; later I was made a second lieutenant; still later, a captain. A bullet through the forehead of my right hand destroyed my hopes of ever becoming a portrait painter. Sharpens in various portions of my body pushed further away my ambitions for reaching the top of the artistic world. Many months were spent in hospitals behind the front lines. And even the Military Cross didn’t seem much of a compensation for what I had lost—my dream of becoming a painter. And still the war went on. As soon as I was patched up enough I went back to the front. And here I noticed something which few seem to have observed. A large majority of the world thought that writers, musicians, artists, all of kinds, had no place at the front. That their natures would unfit them to meet things in the rough. I never found this so. In my command, those who made the best soldiers were the sensitive ones whose energy kept them plugging away in spite of all hell when around them many a phlegmatic soldier was down and out.

And when all the fighting was over I came back to London. Unemployment was terrible. Men of fine professions walked the streets in ragged clothes, broken shoes, and sweated work. That was the saddest aspect of English life in the days of 1918 to 1920.

I always wanted to get into business for myself. And thanks to the belief of two friends who advanced the money, and my previous experience with the house of Lucille, I was able to start in business in Paris. That was ten years ago. Today, that vast headquarters in Paris, and branch establishments in Barritz, Cannes and Monte Carlo, employing in all sixteen hundred people. I design and make costumes and blend and manufacture perfumes. Just six months ago, I opened a New York branch of my perfumery business.

To my establishments come women from all over the world. I have dressed queens and princesses, business women, actresses, modern women, opera singers and movie stars. And those who achieve a continued distinction of dress are the ones who understand the absolute necessity of wearing the proper frock at the proper time and who understand the necessity of dressing to suit their own individual style instead of following, sheep-like, the current mode.

A few of my experiences with many different kinds of women I have found that their afternoon clothes give them the most trouble. Unless a woman has exquisite taste when she goes into the realm of the afternoon dress, she is apt to select too ornate a model.

For such occasions I suggest a silk, satin, georgette or velvet gown. This time it is not necessary to be so conserva-
tive. The dress can be longer. It can be of a more subtle color. Here you can let your love of color have a little more sway.

Not too much, you understand. But any of the pastel shades can be used. Also a rich red or butterscotch or purple. However, you must be most careful to study the psychology of afternoon dress, and wear nothing obvious. You must still depend upon the cut rather than the color alone to make this costume a complete success.

The hat may be large or small, to suit the style of the gown; and this time the jewelled pin or some slight decoration may be used. But this must not be overdone. The shoes, too, may be more decorative. Of satin, with cut steel...
Hollywood, and the• all we the Mary he European way clothes my wrong let the the solid the wearing before great all evening crazy!” me. a put My the have found on ‘em people acre,” They yourself individual C.. ma-you muscles YOU'Re night. body 30 cover your PREFERRED— the yourself free fill NEXT if at the the builds boy the this science and the going a write. the other, are that the grass, and the defects you the blind. figures. Ina taken as a whole, dressing suitably throughout the day and evening is a great art. To master the theory of line, the harmony of color—to conquer the counterpoint of nature which is the artistic combining of dress, hat, shoes, coat and accessories, is a study which cannot be briefly learned. You must teach it to yourself. Everyone wears clothing in a way which best suit you. Once you have learned them, you should cling to them as a drowning man clings to a life raft! For, as I have said before, the reason that so many women are badly dressed is because in addition to wearing the wrong frock at the wrong time, they follow the current modish blunders in a way which will bring out the finest proportions of their faces and figures. When you have learned to wear the right gown for the right occasion and to dress in such a way that your defects are hidden and your graces enhanced, you can take your place alongside of Gloria Swanson and Ina Claire—as one of the world’s best dressed women!

Progressive Film Parties

Continued from page 61

buckles, patent leather with old French paste buckles, or any other leather or material which suits the individual and the gown. Naturally if the foot is large one does not wish to attract attention to it. And in this case, the more simple the shoe, the more well-turned-out you will be. Here too the perfume may be a trifle heavier, and more feelythe may be allowed in jewels.

And now we come to evening—the high spot of the whole twenty-four hours! In the evening you can give way to your flair for gayety and color, for exotic perfume. The skirts of the evening gown must be definitely long—but not too long to interfere with dancing. The gown must be moulded in its back and front, there can be no restraint of line and figure in the evening than in the daytime. This is the time when a woman can, in all justice, permit herself to be her most alluring, jewels of all kinds—rings, bracelets, necklaces, earrings, and even jewelled bandeaux long as the jewels are real and not worn inharmoniously or in too great profusion.

Pastime for him

“You know that ole horse I was on seemed like he wanted to commit suicide,” explained Mack to the manager of the horses, kept to the inside of the road, but mine simply wouldn’t. He kept walking along on the edge of the precipice. I’d a got off him but his was so high and broad I couldn’t. I called back to Bill Hart that I thought my horse was trying to commit suicide, and he said cheerfully that he hoped it would drive me off, but he just didn’t like that horse—he was a mean horse.”

“Yes,” put in Norma Terris, “but did he tell you about the pink cushions?” Charlie blushed.

“Well, Charlie brought out two pink cushions which he put on the saddle of his horse to ease him up!”

If you’ve ever seen Charlie Mack, you know that he is pretty well cushioned as it.

Charlie changed the subject to the kind of people he was selling lots to up there.

“If they are careless folks, I sell ‘em only a quarter of an acre,” he said, “but if I find they are the sort that cut the grass and conceal the tin cans, I let ‘em have an acre.”

There were all kinds of games, and in one room the card fiends had all found each other, as they always do. They were playing cards no matter what fun was going on outside.

Irvine Livingston happened in and sang a song or two for us, and Van and Schenck put in an appearance. Gregory LaCava, the director was receiving guests, and there were Roscoe Arbuckle, Harry Green, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wheeler, Frank Mack, and others.

We met a very beautiful young girl, named Alice Polk, and discovered she is the daughter of Dan Polk, of Polk and Collins, the old vaudeville team. Miss Polk is going into the movies, and I don’t know what is detaining her. She is making her home at present with Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mack, and Charlie has promised her a part in his next picture.

Dinner was served at the little tables. We sat with the Duncan sisters and with Polly Moran and Lew Cody, and Lew told one of those wild stories about the old actor who had to walk to the next town because he had no car fare, and of how the manager occulted to him from the train not to be late!

When we had finished dinner our host told us to get our wraps and come along to another party that night. We brought our sisters to ride with us and prepared to follow our leader.

“I’ll drive,” offered Pat-Come, and said Rosetta Duncan.

“You’ll all drive me crazy!” laughed Vivian, and took the wheel.

Everyone was delighted when we stopped at Frank Mayo’s charming, Spanish studio apartment, over in Hollywood, and were enthusiastically greeted by Frank and his beautiful young wife.

We found Priscilla Dean and her mother there, with Wheeler Oakman in another room. Wheeler and Priscilla used to be married, you know. I don’t think they were in the same room all during the evening. Eddie Phillips was there too, and Niles Welch and his wife, and Lillian Rich, lately returned from England, and Richard Tucker and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Chadwick and Preston Duncan and Lawford Davidson.

There were fires burning in the living room and library, so that it was all as cozy as could be. Mrs. Mayo inaugurated all sorts of amusing games, including the time-honored one in which a monitor gives out a letter and the person quizzed has to deliver the name of a river, a town and a fruit before the monitor counts ten. Colonel who drew the Q’s and X’s had a hard time. It was nearly two o’clock when it was announced that it was time we took our departure. We managed to leave the party up over at Mary Lewis’s; so we sailed forth to Brentwood, where Mary Lewis dwells in a great Spanish house.

Gordon was married to Michel Bohnen, artist and singer at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York; but the two lately separated, with Bohnen taking his hundred thousand dollars’ worth of paintings and departing.

Miss Lewis, as you know, is herself a Metropolitan artist. She was formerly a
Follies girl, and one can see why Florence Ziegfeld chose her, since she is very pretty, William K. Howard, Edna Murphy, Pauline Garon, Mrs. Ernest Lubitsch, and a lot of others.

We told Lila Lee we were so glad that she had smiled when she walked down the aisle at church as Patsy Ruth’s bridesmaid, and she said that she had forgotten whether a bridesmaid was supposed to smile or not, and anyway, a fly had hit her nose, which made her grin.

"Here," she explained, "I have been all my life thinking how grand it would be to be a bridesmaid and, at my big moment, a fly had to spoil it all, and completely rob me of my dignity."

An elaborate tea was served at little tables out in the garden, and Mrs. James Gleason came in soon after. Somebody asked her if she had anything to eat, and she said no, but that she would go around and pick up a few crumbs."

After tea, nothing could longer restrain Patsy Ruth from opening her gifts; and they were brought out to the garden in a huge, gilded clothes hamper tied with green ribbons.

Darryl Zanuck, as husband of the hostess, was permitted to go on a balcony overlooking the party, and to taking pictures of it, but evidently, even if he is a producer, he didn’t have such an awful lot of faith in the cameraman, because he announced darkly that he ‘hoped we should see them some day.’ Finally he declared that he was going to stop photographing Patsy Ruth opening her gifts, as she was running out of film. "That is," he explained, ‘I’ll stop photographing everything but the nightmares!"

After Pat had finished opening her gifts, a lot of us got bathing suits and went into the swimming pool, which has a little sandy beach and a pavilion over looking the water outfitted with gay colored rubber pillows on wicker chairs and sofas. In the water were some funny rubber beasts, and Darryl swimming the big fish with the thrashing tail was comical. Lila Lee was one of the swimmers. She held up a life preserver and dove through.

Darryl told Lila to mount the fish and he would dive and haul her in, and Lila said all right—she didn’t care what happened to her!

They managed the feat all right, and Mervyn Le Roy, who had just arrived for his wife, Edna Murphy, said, ‘Fine! Why don’t you go into vaudeville, you too—and some scale.”

Pat had gone home, but had sent her car for Patsy and me, so we were to have more tea at Patsy’s house.

Patsy Ruth and her husband are living at the old Miller home, Patsy Ruth’s father declaring it would be just too lonely with everybody gone; but during the honeymoon weeks he had tactfully withdrawn from the scene, taking Patsy Ruth’s brother back to college following the wedding; and here we found Tay entertaining some friends.

Patsy Ruth and her husband aren’t the sort who bill and coo much in public, but Patsy did grin mischievously as she said that she loved crazy people, and had been years looking for somebody crazy enough to marry her!

Looking over her gifts again, Patsy Ruth discovered pockets in one of the evening gowns.

"For mad money, I suppose!” she remarked.
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ON WORKING

Hard Working Hollywood
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Hard Working Hollywood
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as early as ten in the morning for tennis or a swim and the last of ten fingers until long after midnight. Sometimes there are twenty, sometimes twenty-five or thirty. Two centers who are also a working woman, couldn't stand this weekly strain unless she learned to take things impersonally.

I don't call it either me any more," said Betty. "I don't make an appearance even four hours or five in the afternoon. How can I? I must have some time to rest. And don't ever ask anyone to have more. If they want to know where the cigarettes are, or the matches, or the tennis rackets, I tell them where they can be found: but that is the limit of my hospitality when I'm doing a picture. You know, it gets to be too much. You can't burn the candle at both ends. It shows on the screen if you do. Exhaustion looks like dissipation. Circles under your eyes, face drawn, eyes dull. An actress can't afford that.

"There is a lot of difference in whether you are in a happy working environment, too. You don't mind long hours then. Particularly if you like acting, and most of us do. I think all the time you are working under strained conditions and inharmonious atmosphere that it tires you out. I have been fortunate in that. I have happened to fall in love with people who are congenial. If there are difficulties to be overcome about salary, I have that thrown out in the front office before I begin the picture. Then I can tackle my job with a clear mind."

Betty said the hardest she ever worked was in "The Great Gabbo," with his friend husband at the megaphone. Jim Cruze is noted for intensive work but that wasn't the reason it was fatiguing. It is very hard, I think, to work with one of the family," says Betty. Each is conscious of the other's moods. Each tries to save the other and usually succeeds in doing just the opposite. It is very hard to want to work under Jim's direction again and I'm sure he feels the same way about it. But for all that I think he is one of the very few talents clarified for the business. She laughed and added, "And I know he thinks I'm pretty good, too."

Plenty of other players work as hard as Betty and even longer hours, but they usually have a weekend between which to pull themselves together. Yet, according to Bessie Love and by observation, I have found that if it is true of others, a week or two between pictures doesn't mean that you can rest. There is the publicity department after you to take portraits and literally dozens of studio pictures, and outside business to attend to. "No player with any sense devotes all his mind and income to pictures," said Bessie. "The money they get on the screen should be put to work in other fields. Mother has to take care of most of my activities because I simply haven't the time, but we talk them over and I have to do the deciding."

"For three years," said Bessie, "I have wanted to learn to play tennis because it is such fine big outdoor exercise and I want to have the sport anyway. And after each picture I think, "Well now, I'll be able to start my tennis!" Bessie shrieked with laughter over the joke on herself."

"The next morning I'm at the studio at nine o'clock, just the same as always—I never have the luck to get those ten or eleven o'clock calls—for pictures or costumes or something. It has been three weeks since my last picture was finished and nothing has come from any producer.
flat. On the other hand, if there is no passion there will be little or none of the sense of the scene gone. So an engineer will have to work out the problem—and they are now putting their minds to it, I hear.

During "The Broadway Melody," Bessie worked sometimes until six or six thirty. That was a long day, because to be made up and at the studio by nine, she didn't get up at six thirty. But to stop at six thirty was still early enough to have the last scene good. Then she had her dinner at eleven, and arrived at the studio for an hour or an hour and a half. Then she looked at the rushes, because it helped her with her mistakes. Seeing herself she knew what not to do. And the next time when the taking of that picture she ate her dinner at home not more than three times and got home more ten thirty. Sometimes it was later. Gowns had to be fitted at the studio, hair to be shampoosed there. Bessie always manipulates her hair herself and this she would 'do while her hair was drying. Outside business had to be taken care of by her mother or wait until the 'rest' between pictures.

While Miss Johnson wasaway Miss Bessie and William Hawks and she is as happy as a clam at high tide. She said it was wonderful to be in love—everything seems funny. You do laugh with real amusement. I meant that frettet you to death before. The whole world seems a merry place and its merriment is reflected in Bessie's happy face.

"My friends want to give me showers but I keep telling them to wait until I know that I am going to do. If I take this personal time I have got to go but I've gone in two weeks and if I don't I will start another picture. In the meantime, I have time to do my dancing and singing so that I won't be ready no matter what happens."

Taking a vacation is as much an art as knowing how to do successful work, Edmund Lowe declares. Eddie is one of the hardest and most conscientious workers in the field. Nothing to do with a studio bound actor isconstantly important for new ideas; at work on new gags for his picture. He indulges his love for music and art and because he knows that any more of the things that add to help him in his screen work. A narrow-minded actor is a short-lived actor, and an unhappy one at that. Any life that is creative is a happy one, and in particular an actor no excuse for a cramped life. How can he play the part of a musician, for example, or a man who loves music, if he himself has no understanding of, or sympathy with music? A man doesn't have to be a murderer to play one convincingly, but he does have to know something of psychology and the workings of a murderer's mind to get the scene over. That is perhaps why insanity is so very difficult to portray on the screen. Few actors can make insanity seem real. An actor may work himself up to an emotional pitch of understanding how a man who, under certain conditions, murder, or steal, but to become insane — that is so purely mental that it steps far out of the emotional stage and is harder to portray, except by sensitive work.

"An actor's life is a hard life, if he takes it seriously," Edmund Lowe told me. "And from the actor's studio home are things outside that must be done if he wants to keep fit. For instance, when I am working this is a normal day for me, I go up to the Hollywood Athletic Club and play squash, then have a swim and a rub down, breakfast there and get to the studio by nine-thirty to be made up at nine. Then whenever I stop work, five or six or seven, depending upon whether we are lucky or not, I go back to the club for a quick swim and a few minutes in the steam room and rush home for dinner. There are lines to be learned these days and nine o'clock finds me in bed where I study for perhaps an hour and then to sleep. Lilian (Lilian Tashman, his wife) and I try to make as few social engagements as possible when we are working, but it sometimes happens that an opening must be attended, or a dinner."

Mr. Lowe referred to the spectacular picture openings which most of the stars attend. "When that happens, my suit is brought to me at the Club and I dress and go from there. Often we have to work at night, but I always try to get to the Club for the evening swim. I grab a bite to eat there and am back on the set in time. Sometimes we work until midnight or after and are expected to be on the job again at ten the next morning. That takes energy. If a man neglects to keep himself in trim, the grind will soon wear him down.

"All sorts of minor things, not necessary to an ordinary business man, are absolute essentials to an actor if he wants to keep his head in the running place with the things he is doing. For example, I have a good head of hair, but all hair, no matter how thick it is, acquires a certain lifelessness if the scalp isn't stimulated. And that lifelessness shows on the screen. Once a week I have a scalp treatment to avoid this danger. Three times a week my secretary comes to the studio and we go over the film. I try to keep it on half an hour or at odd moments on the set. Those things take time."

He told me too, about a time when he had accepted a dinner engagement at Lionel Barrymore's during the making of "The Cockeyed World." When they found they were to work half the night, he tried to get out of it. Lionel told him to come as he was. "But I'm made up for a dead man and I'm in my pajamas," said Eddie. "What of it?" Lionel told him. "Come anyway."

Now Eddie has an indomitable sense of comedy and going to a formal dinner in his pajamas and his red stockings, he had one foot in the grave, gave something of a kick. To be sure most of the guests were fellow actors, but one or two had hard time to swallow their food when their eyes rested upon the pallid features of the 'departing' guest.

I happened to be at the studio when Rosetta and Vivian Dungan were doing the last scene of their picture, "It's a Great Life." It was also the heaviest scene they had to do—theyir opera number. It was to be done in color and because the only color camera on the lot was in use on an all-color picture during the week, the Sunday was the only day scene could be taken. Something went wrong with the lights and camera too, and the number which was scheduled for morning was postponed until afternoon while the girls made retakes of the pneumonia scene, as Rosetta called it. When you see the picture you will know what she meant.

I arrived on the set just as they were finishing. Then they began dressing for the opera scene. The wardrobe department had to listen to Rosetta's instructions about the sword belt and she had to use her ragged one with the new costume. No one in the outfit could see why she wanted the sword belt the way she had been accustomed to wearing it anyway.

---

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But the comedy of the entire scene would be lost unless she could manage her sword easily. Well, that argument being over, Vivian decided to mount and they started rehearsing. Not for themselves, but for the electricians and sound and camera departments, so that all technical points would be perfectly worked out.

At eight o’clock they were still rehearsing—

with not a bit of food since noon,

and under such terrible lights that the girls came off the set dripping with perspiration after each rehearsal. Three times while I was there Vivian had to dress the wags on account of Vivian loves to dress hair but always frizz hers own hair and her sister’s. When I left they were still at it, but I couldn’t help hoping that something would happen so the scene couldn’t be taken that night. The girls were dead tired and their voices showed it. Vivian had been ill for a week just a few days before with a measly appendix. Rosetta was hollow-eyed and she declared she didn’t feel at all funny. “And that’s a fine fix for a comedienne to be in,” she grinned.

You should try to catch an opera singer standing such hours. When Johanna Gadski had a concert she wouldn’t speak a word during the day she would rent and diet for hours before she stepped on the stage. Melba, Tetrazzini, all of them refused to move about on the stage more than absolutely necessary. And here these girls had to sing operatic airs—in comedy vein it is true, but still their voices have to be in good shape—after a hard day’s work before the camera and under the gruellings lights. It takes stamina to be a screen star.

A day or two afterwards I met Vivian and asked her if they had shot the scene. “No, we didn’t. At ten thirty I burst into tears when I heard the playback of the first take. My voice sounded so tired, and Rosetta’s was too. It broke my heart to have the thing go out that way when I know how much better I can sing. Mr. Thalberg is in a rush to get the picture assembled and on the screen and we can’t have the color camera until next Sunday, so we are just going to cut the scene out. If there is time we may do it again after the preview.”

So that was that! James Gleason thinks the long hours in the studio are all wrong and a detriment to the business. “The producers run off a scene that has been taken at midnight and it looks all right to them. But if they saw the same scene had it been taken in the morning, they would appreciate the difference.

Most of the pictures that have been knock-outs have been intelligently made. The players have not been worked eighteen hours at a stretch. Sometimes it doesn’t matter whether a player looks tired or not, but in love scenes and in scenes where she is supposed to be businesslike, for example, by sheer personality and vitality, it lacks convictions when the lad is weary-eyed and listless. If you have to try to make “Oh, Yeah?” on record time over at Pathé. Bob Armstrong and I worked 108 hours in a seven day week, were actually in the studio that many hours. That left sixty hours. Divided into seven, that’s left about eight and a half hours to commute to and from the studio, which if you stretched the speed limit a little, you could make in half an hour. Then I worked another ten hours in an hour; that left forty six hours. Take an hour each day off for bathing, shaving and exercising, that leaves on the very least margin, about five and a half hours for sleep in the twenty four. That’s not enough. Oh, once in awhile it’s all right, but not day in and day out. The health some time has to be considered.”

Little Joan Bennett. She has been trying ever since we started this picture to shake a cold and she can’t do it.

After night has come successful, and while she had a glass of orange juice. “I lost seven pounds,” she said smiling. “And I’m taking eggs and milk and orange juice to build myself up. I think I’ll get rid of this cold if I do that. For months I’ve been working so hard I just am tired out. Let me adore pictures and would be miserable if I were working. There is no satisfying us, is there?”

During “Bull Dog Drummond” the cameramen were working day and night. “Bull Dog Drummond” was followed in quick succession for Joan by “Disraeli”, “The Mississippi Gambler” and now “Putchin’ on the Rita,” with Harry Richman. There were three weeks between “The Gambler” and the Richman picture in which Joan should have taken a rest, but she had to work.

“I moved from the Chateau Elysee to a house. It’s better for the baby,” said Joan, looking like a baby herself in a fluffy chiffon gown of pale blue. She is still in her teens, it seems ridiculous for her to have a baby old enough to walk. “There was furniture to buy and draperies to select and all the rest of the things to see about when you furnish a house. It’s a lot of fun and a change, too, but hardly a rest when one is as thoroughly tired as I was.”

I know people must think I’m terribly rude. I refuse all invitations and don’t entertain at all. My friends who are picture people understand, but the others don’t. They try to, but it just can’t be. It’s a crazy business, isn’t it?” she asked smiling.

It is. But what a whale of a lot of fun! Not one out of ten would get out of it with a year’s worth of satisfactions and a very small percentage quit from actual choice. But you can’t deny that it takes more than the average amount of energy just to stay up to your business, if from nothing else, and also it takes courage and persistence. Just as in everything else the one who works the hardest gets there. Ted Jones, of Warner’s, told me, "Why, he’s always working. The first time in the morning and the last at night. If you want to get anywhere in this hair-brain business you’ve got to get it, you have to get it."

And history proves that Bessie is right.
Paul—that's all—Continued from page 59

War. As I weighed almost three hundred pounds in those days my warning consisted of leading a navy band.

"After that was over, I started back again. With no money to pay real musicians, I recruited my original jazz band from clean, ambitious young high-school lads. We studied hard, worked hard, and after playing in various California hotels and cafes, we attracted the attention of John Herman. He was a succession of jazz, and Harold Lloyd, the Talmadge girls, Dick Barthesmel and so many other and Wally Reid—how well do I remember when Wally loved to play the drums, and occasionally the saxophone, in my orchestra.

"Jazz had never been orchestrated before, you know. People not only liked our dance, but were also interested in it. I was still studying under the influence of Ziegfeld's Folies and the Palais Royal, and from there we ran back to fame and fortune in New York and Europe. Jazz began to be big.

Things that Paul Whiteman doesn't tell are even more interesting.

"How he refused to play for a multi-millionaire, although he had extended his band boys for being treated like servants. That never happened again.

"How he hob-nobbed with the Prince of Wales whose patronage aided him in sweeping England, and later Europe, into the lap of jazz.

"How he finally forced even highbrow musical critics to pay tribute to his genius by giving an all-jazz concert in the sacred confines of Aeolian Hall, New York, five years ago. He faced the possible jibes and rebukes of the musical conservatives, he risked not only failure, but a subsequent loss of popularity. Ridicule is never surmounted by the musical world. He had proved that jazz was beginning a new movement in the world's art of music, and he wanted it to be recognized as such.

"He played for free, and was never paid a penny.

"Despite the fact that Whiteman is being paid an astounding wage by Universal, he is far more concerned with getting over in his next new racket, be he is over the money. After all, he has been making a young fortune every year for the past six, on his records, concert dates, stage performances and cinema tours. Money is nothing new to him.

"To digress, he has received a $250,000 cash guarantee on this Revue, ten thousand dollars a week for four weeks, and he will get forty percent of the net receipts on the picture. His band boys are paid, ranging from $200 to $75 a week apiece. As there are some thirty-five in the band, you can figure out what Whiteman has to earn by paying off his boys every week, and show a profit. The other side of the coin, I might add that the jazz king also gets $8000 a week for playing a one-hour concert every Tuesday evening on Columbia radio chain. The gentlemen bountiful in this radio hook-up are the makers of a well known brand of cigarettes. So you can see, Whiteman can earn plenty of shillings without relying on a picture.

"But, is he working at it? Well, the studio staff vow and declare that Paul Whiteman can ask more questions about how and why than anybody they ever met.
WE BUILD,
WE DO NOT DESTROY!

A MAGAZINE — any publication, for that matter — is a public trust.
It owes a duty to its readers.
Its editorial policy, its fashion of discharging that duty to its readers, eventually determines whether it will build itself into an institution or fall by the wayside.
This policy of which we speak usually reflects the publisher's character. The editor gives voice to the publisher's policy. If that policy is distasteful, a self-respecting editor with ability generally will find a publisher possessing more decent principles.
Then again, magazines as a rule are aimed at a certain class of readers.
SCREENLAND happens to believe that the great majority of people prefer decency rather than sordidness, wholesomeness rather than sensationalism. Taken by and large, human beings are all pretty much the same, whether they be motion picture stars, writers, portrait artists, everyday business folks, society girls or men and women who serve useful purposes in stores, offices or factories.
They are all moved by the same human impulses, experience the same pleasures and suffer the same tragedies of life, each in his own way.
But because motion picture artists occupy the spot-light on their stage of life; because millions of eyes constantly watch their performances on the silver screen, the scandal-monger type of movie magazines select these artist-entertainers as fit targets for so-called "exposures" of alleged "inside secrets" and a lot of piffle and twaddle that is either twisted, garbled, discolored and exaggerated or wholly without foundation in truth. Poor sportsmanship!
In observing the editorial policies of the movie-magazines that are struggling in these mud-puddles, we wonder how their publishers and editors and writers would feel if a glaring searchlight were suddenly thrown upon the "dark secrets" of their own lives or what kind of a taste would be left in the mouths of their families and friends, were their faults or frailties—or perhaps some indiscretion—bared to the world when the honeysuckles begin twining on their little tombstones.
Well, to make ourselves clear, SCREENLAND does not and will not indulge in that sort of an editorial policy.
There are too many interesting and human things happening and this is the type of news that fills its pages.
It would rather build itself into an institution whose policies are admired and respected by its readers.
That is SCREENLAND's idea of discharging its public trust.
When it cannot build, it will not destroy.
It will not defame the living nor scandalize the dead.

Rudy Vallee posing for Rolf Armstrong in his New York studio, for the portrait insert of Rudy which appears in this issue.
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By J. P. McEvoy

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JOHN FORD
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Director of "7th Heaven" and "Humoresque", first Photoplay Gold Medal winner—not to overlook "Street Angel", "They Had to See Paris", and John McCormack's first singing and talking romance, now in production.
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"Onward, onward swords against the foe! Forward, forward the lily banners go!"

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SOUND NEWS

By Evelyn Ballarine

Forecasting the Picture Program

THE most interesting bit of news circulating around is that George Bernard Shaw's play "The Devil's Disciple" has been purchased by Paramount for Dennis King, with Ernst Lubitsch to direct. This is interesting because in the past Mr. Shaw has refused to allow his plays to be made into pictures. Apparently the talkies did the trick. We sincerely hope that Mr. Shaw and Paramount go through with the plans and produce "The Devil's Disciple" and that it won't be just another idle rumor.

Lillian Gish is said to be headed for Europe for a conference with Eugene O'Neill. She may do "Strange Interlude" as her next talkie, or perhaps it will be an original screen story written especially for her. The screen is going highbrow at a rapid rate.

John Gilbert's next starring vehicle will be Ernest Hemingway's novel of the war, "Farewell to Arms," considered one of the best books of the year. It is highly possible that this may turn out to be the talkie "Big Parade." Frank Mitchell Dade has been selected as the feminine lead opposite Ronald Colman in "Raffles." Of course, you've never heard of her—but you will. She is the newest screen Cinderella. She is only eighteen years old and has only played extra parts in pictures. Her screen test was successful and now Miss Dade is starting on the road to screen success. "Bon Voyage!" Players have to be linguists as well as good actors these days. Claudette Colbert was selected for the feminine lead opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Big Pond" because she can speak French. There's a nice fat role waiting for a character actress who can speak both Italian and English fluently, for George Bancroft's next, "Ladies Love Brutes." Most of the stars are studying foreign languages. Lois Moran speaks several, and she'll be given a chance to prove it in her next talkie. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are taking Spanish lessons. The same applies to Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. They are making Spanish versions of all their very funny comedies. Victor McLaglen is studying French. Antonio Moreno's accent proved valuable to him. He plays a French-C,anadian, and "The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted," with George O'Brien and Helen Chandler. Seven foreign nationalities, a whole League of Nations, are presented in "One Mad Kiss." Don Jose Mojica, the star, is Mexican; Mona Maris, leading lady, is a native of Argentine; Tom Patrenola is of Italian birth, Antonio Moreno was born in Spain; Marcel Silver, director, is a native of France: Frank Merlyn, stage director; was born in Ireland; and Alexander Kahle, cameraman, was born in Prussia. And it has been said that the talkies were eliminating foreigners!

The vogue for westerns continues. The newest cowboy of the screen is none other than William Haines—and not one of the drug-store variety either. He's going to be a real outdoors hero in his next. Paramount is making "The Border Legion" with Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Fred Kohler. Gary Cooper is to make "The Texan" as his next. This will serve as a companion vehicle to "The Virginian."

Sue Carol captured one of the most sought-after roles of this season—the lead in "The Golden calf." And for two good reasons—according to Director Millard Webb, the measurements of Sue's legs are nearly perfect.

Mitchell Lewis is one talkie player who doesn't have to worry about memorizing his lines. He plays a deaf mute in Rod La Rocque's next, "Strictly Business."

Lila Lee is a close runnerup to BettyCompson for talkie roles. No sooner do these girls complete a film for one studio than they are rushed into another for another company. Warner Brothers have cornered both of them for "His Woman" with Monte Blue and Jack Mulhall.

William Powell holds the record for having played in the most mystery dramas. He was Philip Vance in several of the screen versions of S. S. Van Dine's novels. His next is the lead in Rupert Hughes' mystery novel, "Ladies Man."

Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray are completing their third co-starring picture, "Song of the Flame." "No, No, Nanette" and "Spring is Here" are the others.

Joe Cook is the latest Broadwayite to don the bright lights for the western front. "Rain or Shine," his stage success, will be his first contribution to the talkies. Here's something to cheer about—Milton Sills is fully recovered from his nervous break-down and is looking for a suitable story for his come-back.

And Rin-Tin-Tin has made his last barkie—he is retiring from the screen.
John Barrymore

Yesterday a speechless shadow—

Today a vivid, living person—thanks to

VITAPHONE

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"General Crack" is another example of the treats that await you every week at theatres that feature Vitaphone pictures, produced exclusively by WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL.
MOVIES in the AIR

When Screen and Broadcasting Studios Get Together

By Julia Shawell

RECENT consideration of plans for the establishment of a government radio university in Washington at an estimated cost of $10,000,000 has an important bearing not only upon the radio industry but upon the movies so far as the improvement and advancement of the talkies are concerned. It affects everybody and every company in both industries. It has a direct bearing on the financial futures of Adolph Zukor, Joseph Schenck, Sam Goldwyn and the Warners. It affects the careers of Clara Bow, Billy Haines, Buddy Rogers, Greta Garbo and all the rest. It has an influence on the directorial efforts of Lubitsch, D'Arrast, Milestone, Vidor, Crosland and all the other megaphone wielders. It is one of the most important steps taken since radio and the movies learned they were related and actually dependent upon one another.

With the sounds have been temporarily shelved on the advice of commercial leaders who were called to the conference at the capital, the object has not been abandoned. The construction of a radio university has been postponed because the heads of the big radio groups throughout the country insisted that the industry has not sufficiently progressed to warrant any governmental outlay of such proportions at this time. Their idea is to keep experimentation in the hands of private organizations and groups or to leave the educational phases to institutions of general learning.

Such an idea has its good and bad features. No doubt the remuneration possible in private exploitation is an incentive which any governmental benevolent move might not have. And yet the control of scientific development and research in the hands of a few big companies has its dangers also.

The general public idea of a radio university is an institution for gray-haired scientists to act as professors of young men who are desirous of becoming gray-haired scientists as quickly as the years will permit, and where terribly involved problems, mysterious and impossible to the layman, are studied. That, as they say on the Hollywood lots, is just an order of bologna! Such a school would certainly take an altruistic attitude on technical research now going on under the financial guidance of companies controlling radio patents, and therefore controlling movie equipment.

But there would also be a less detached and more practical purpose for such a school. It would tend to improve the mechanics of voice recording and transmission so that foreign sounds in projection would be eliminated, so that feminine voices would record with more personality, so that camera movement would not be so stilted to meet the microphone requirements. It would advance the whole business of vocalized picture making. It would train men as talkie directors and would educate technicians so that they would use to full advantage such inventions and experiments as have been made and are now owned by the electric and radio companies.

The present trouble is that the mechanical equipment for the talkies has been developed in advance of its use. Experts familiar with the equipment know nothing of camera technique and the veterans of the silent days are just learning what to do with the new appliances on their sets. When M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, was asked for his opinion he voted against the idea of a radio college at this time on the ground that radio education had not advanced to any degree which would call for a government appropriation for such a purpose. Aylesworth represented the most powerful interests in the field, the N.B.C. through its connections with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, with the Radio Corporation of America and with the General Electric Company. It has been the biggest factor in developing every branch of the industry. He, more than any other man, was in a position to know conditions at this time. And even if Secretary Wilbur nor any other government official could expect Mr. Aylesworth to approve of any public, general scheme which might interfere with the private experimental pursuits now going on within the companies associated with his great broadcast chain.

Warren H. Pierce, educational director of the Columbia chain, suggests the creation of a division of education by radio in the office of education at the Interior Department.

When talkies came into the films, the movie industry was a baby crawling on its hands and knees to another alien industry which it had considered its arch enemy. It had to go to radio not only for its mechanical equipment which made talkies possible but it had to draw from the same field all its technicians. Talkies are not in the third year of their consistent commercial existence and yet great developments made for their improvement have come out of the laboratories of those electric companies associated with the radio groups.

Men who had grown up with the movies were novices in a new field. The most important directors were apprentices in the voice-recording rooms. Talented actresses didn't know the little tricks which song-plugging females had accumulated in the broadcast studios and which brought out the voice appeal. The film executives were dealing with a new force about which they knew nothing except its tremendous commercial possibilities. In the first few months of making talkies in Hollywood, the radio men brought on from the research laboratories of the east were the big gods. A sixty-dollar a week radio operator who got no consideration in his own field was a personage in the fleskier studios where even his limited knowledge gave him the edge on brainy men who were new at dealing with microphones.

That was the period for the establishment of classes and schools. I remember one day being taken through Fox Movietone City out in California. Architecturally and mechanically it is a fine accomplishment. I was impressed by the amazing speed with which Fox and the other companies had corallled the new medium.

But I had seen my first broadcast studio before I was sixteen and had closely followed the growth of broadcasting ever since, so that technical appliances which were a marvel to these celluloid moguls were an old story to me. If they had been with me on the roof of the old Westinghouse building in Newark when WJZ was the only eastern station and when we had to crowd into little cubbyholes on the roof to speak into crude mechanism which transmitted voices over wireless waves, they would have known the money, brains and time which had gone into the improving of radio transmission and sound recording.
Here it comes! — The hit that made "Tea for Two" a national anthem... The smash that shattered all musical romance records in its one-year run on Broadway... Brought to you on the screen in all its glory—and more! — More girls—more song-hits—more stars—more stupendous settings than the stage production!

A unique round-the-world romance with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray—convulsing comedy by Louise Fazenda, Lilyan Tashman, and Lucien Littlefield—studded with the most sumptuous song-and-dance scenes ever filmed, in full COLOR!

Directed by Clarence Badger. From the musical comedy by Frank Mandel, Otto Harbach, Vincent Youmans, Emil Nyitray.

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by Technicolor
CONFESSIONS
of the FANS

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00
Movies have a definite place in the lives of my husband and myself. Along with the other items of our budget are listed two shows a week. We believe this to be as necessary an item as any of the others.

If my husband has had a day of business worries, we choose a gay, laughing picture. If one is being featured of a more dramatic type and both of us are feeling fit, we go to that. Again, we choose a picture because of the fine music—whatever fits our mood. If my husband likes a player and I do not, we compromise by going as his taste dictates on one occasion and as mine the next. Always, we ‘dol up’ a bit and feel that it’s our evening out. When we come home, we discuss the picture, its good points and its defects.

Movies fill a part in our lives. We have no home because my husband’s business requires us to move often; so, like seeking old friends, we hunt our movie favorites. They play the parts and we look on—but there is a kinship in between us. Their emotions are ours. They triumph and fail and begin again as we do.

Mrs. Leslie Johnson, General Delivery, Louisville, Kentucky.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00
"There’s so much good in the worst of us And so much bad in the best of us That it doesn’t behoove any of us To speak ill of the rest of us.” The behaviorist says we are no better than the good we do, but we all have a sneaking idea that we are much better than the bad we do. This touch of nature makes movie fans kin. We differ about plays and players, of course, for we attribute to others our own qualities and adore in others our own ideals.

Quite recently I was criticized by a dear soul who had her doubts about a girl who spends time and money going to shows when she might be learning something useful. Movie fans, however, are not troubled by doubts, inhibitions or suppressions. They live all their potentialities—scale the heights with heroes and lovers, plumb the depths with villains and fools, and learn that goodness is loving-kindness; that happiness doesn’t happen, it’s created; that morality is a matter of common sense, and freedom the power to choose.

Dorothy Dickson, $14 South Seaward Avenue, Ventura, Calif.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00
The writers in this department express many and varied viewpoints their reactions to the talkie pictures of today. This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes March 10, 1930, Address Fans’ Department, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City. The Editor

But perhaps no one can really appreciate them as one who has spent several years in a state of semi-invalidism.

To have the best part of one’s youth snatched away and replaced with a long dreary procession of sanatoriums and health treatments; to be always fighting down a restless spirit that strains impatiently at the bonds of physical ailments; to want with all one’s heart life with its beauty and adventure—to have everything, seemingly, taken from one! Yet, on very special and gala occasions I can and do, go out to a movie and, for a few hours, forget.

Oh, glamorous people of the screen, I love you all! You bring us with your gay laughter the things we might have lost. You bring life to us when, perchance, we could never go to meet it.


FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00
Foreign lands, foreign skies, and all that savors of the exotic hold a peculiar fascination for all. There is in each of us, to a greater or lesser extent, the longing to set sail on strange seas and an unsatiable desire to learn about this world of ours. As Emerson so fitfully said, “Every ship is a romantic object except that we sail in.” We crave the new, the varied.

Motion pictures have brought to us the people, the scenes of faraway lands. To those who eke out their living in noisy factories, who cannot afford to visit other places, who, at the end of a day amid whirring machines that gradually sap their vitality are too weary to improve their minds by reading, pictures are a blessing.

Instead of dry text books we glance at the silver screen and there is depicted for us great historical events.

Besides being of great historical and educational value, pictures bring a relaxation that is invaluable. All our moods can be satisfied, there are tears and laughter for all.

Educationally, historically, morally—what a godsend!

Marian Virginia McFetridge, Box 579, Eustis, Florida.

‘Beyond Our Ken’

I am particularly interested in pictures which have been adapted from the world’s great books. And as I have traveled over the world a great deal, I take great interest in a picture which has a distant field, or is based on some romantic or historical event.

When I read and later saw "The Divine Lady" my mind recalled the vivid blue of the Mediterranean, the lure of its ships. The characters were portrayed true to life and one’s imagination was carried beyond the present into the great beyond.

When I saw Tolstoy’s “Resurrection” I thought of those trails in Siberia, with vast prairies of snow stretching far, where I had been for twelve months. And I thought that nothing was more beautiful than “White Shadows in the South Seas,” once a paradise to me.

When I saw these pictures I lived over again happy years of the past for, as Rudyard Kipling writes:

“When you hear the East-a-calling You won’t ever heed nothing else.

To read about these things, to see the scenes portrayed is wonderful; but when we
PONCE de LEON made an old man of himself searching restlessly for the Fountain of Youth. He might have stayed young and happy many years more, in his own sunny Spain, if he had only learned to laugh.

Mack Sennett is a wiser and a happier man. He recognized that Laughter is the Fountain of Youth, and he has tapped this golden spring for an endless stream of mirth that will help to keep you young.

Have you seen and heard Sennett’s latest talking comedies—“Clancy at the Bat,” “The New Halfback,” “Uppercut O’Brien” and “Scotch”? In these and in Educational’s many other talking comedies you’ll find a real Fountain of Youth, as near as your favorite theatre.

MACK SENNETT
TALKING COMEDIES

These Jack White Productions mix speed and thrills with laughs.

- MERMAID TALKING COMEDIES
- TUXEDO TALKING COMEDIES
- JACK WHITE TALKING COMEDIES

You’ll find your favorite stars, too, in Educational’s Talking Comedies.

- LLOYD HAMILTON TALKING COMEDIES
- LUPINO LANE TALKING COMEDIES
- CORONET TALKING COMEDIES

with EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President

Executive Offices:
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
A Tribute to "Disraeli"

Of the more serious type of picture seen this year, "Disraeli" is outstanding. "Hallojah!" I believe, would come next. George Arliss as Disraeli was perfect. Never have I heard the English language so liquidly and perfectly spoken. His acting too, was beyond criticism. He was at once clever, brilliant and witty; then with dazzling quickness he was a commanding, imperialist Prime Minister whom one hastened to obey. Mrs. Arliss as Lady Beaconsfield was as lovely as she could possibly be—and the juvenile roles—if one may call them that, were portrayed to perfection.

Pictures after the type of "Disraeli" with historical background and a plot that concerns nations and men of importance, make an ideal subject. And when such great actors as Arliss portray the parts, the result is something for producers to brag about!

Edward H. Conners Jr.,
Rumford, R. I.

Wants Foreign Stars Silent

Because of talking pictures we have lost one of the greatest actors who ever lived—Emil Jannings; and a very great actress, Pola Negri.


Please, Mr. Producers, give us silent pictures like "A Woman of Affairs," "Where East is East," "Dream of Love" and "West of Zanzibar." They are more glamorous and colorful than any talkie of their kind could ever be.

Give us Greta Garbo, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, Vilma Banky and Nils Asther silent. They are all fascinating—but I shudder to think of their speaking English. And please, back our Pola and Emil Jannings.

Ruth Whitman,
2102 Grape St.,
Abilene, Texas.

For Irene Rich

The other day a group of my sorority sisters were discussing the new fashions which mark a reaction against flapperism, and a change in the whole attitude and manner of the modern girl. As we are all movie fans, someone asked, "What movie star best expresses the new, more feminine tendency in women?" Immediately someone answered, "Irene Rich!" and someone else said "Right!"

To this group, Irene Rich represents the ideal modern woman. We are heartily sick of the hard, ill-mannered, pseudo-sophisticated young person, and turn with keen appreciation to the sweetness, graciousness and charm of Irene Rich.

We were so fortunate as to see her in vaudeville, and in the rest of the audience seems as impressed with her personality as we were. One heard, 'Isn't she beautiful?' as Irene entered; and 'Charming' as the curtain fell.

Her ability as an actress has been unquestioned for so long that it is trite to mention it, so we hail her only as the loveliest person on stage or screen, and the embodiment of the new mode.

Claire Ferguson,
218-19 139 Ave.,
Springfield Gardens, N. Y.

Good Work, Norma

While seeing "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" I became interested in the conversation of two young girls who sat near me.

Norma Shearer, always a favorite, has won new friends through her outstanding performances in talking pictures.

A Worthwhile Gift

Much has been written in praise of the talkie but one virtue remains unsung.

For weeks, stimulated by enticing bits of advanced news I have awaited the arrival of a new picture featuring my favorite actor or actress. Finally, it is no longer advance, but current news. The show is opening! I am on hand early and then, kind, long-suffering friends, the utter joy of giving my whole attention to the enjoyment of the picture without even once during the entire evening having to stifle a desire to murder some person or persons who read in a loud voice each subtitle from the opening scene to the final clinch. This, in my opinion, is the most worthwhile gift of the talkies!

Eleanor F. Brandy,
2712 Oak Street,
Baltimore, Md.
The Great Voice of the Metropolitan Opera Now Yours

Lawrence

TIBBETT

The Metropolitan Opera House, New York, where beauty, wealth and fame gather to pay tribute to the world's greatest voices.

THE ROGUE SONG

with

Catherine Dale Owen
Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy

Directed by
Lionel Barrymore

Music by
Herbert Stothart
Franz Lehar

The Greatest Operetta Ever Produced

AGAIN Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proves its leadership by being the first to present an operatic genius of such outstanding reputation as Lawrence Tibbett in a full length motion picture production. Now you can hear in your favorite theatre the same glorious baritone that has thrilled thousands at the Metropolitan Opera House—that has carried his fame around the world! And what a magnificent picture Lionel Barrymore, the director, has built around Tibbett as the singing, fighting, carousing Bandit Chief! Follow this fascinating story of wild, barbaric passion that knows no restraint—that defies convention—that gets what it wants whether it be revenge, loot or love!

See also Laurel & Hardy, the funniest team on the screen today, as a couple of singing bandits! And what a help to the Chief they turn out to be!

ENTIRE PRODUCTION IN TECHNICOLOR

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
Above: Gary as he looks when he isn't working in a western. He is a quiet, shy, genuinely modest young man. This Honor Page will probably embarrass him painfully.

Right: Western hero, new style. Gary Cooper does not cluck to his horse nor hold lengthy conversations with 'Old Pardner.' Yet he learned to ride as soon as he could walk and his horse is to him what golf is to other actors—and maybe more.

Gary Cooper is a real, not a synthetic Westerner. He welcomed the opportunity in "The Virginian" to make the clean country his family helped to build live again. And he did a good job.
That steely look in Gary's eyes signifies that he has run into a bad hombre on the screen, like Trampas in "The Virginian," and means business.

Just after the battle, when Gary has finished off his man and is looking around for more rustlers to wipe out of the oh, so golden west.

When you see a Cooper close-up wearing this expression, it's time for you to duck—that is, if you have anything at all on your conscience.

Howdy, Gary! Ride Up and Get Your Reward for Your Work in "The Virginian": the Long and Lusty Applause of All who have Seen the Film

You Have Helped Revive the 'Western,' Most American of all Motion Picture Entertainment. And for This, Young Man, We Thank You
This Is Progress!

DRAWN BY C. D. BATCHelor
WHAT, no more love scenes? It may happen:

The Hollywood wise men, with their ears to the ground listening for audience reactions, have heard us snickering! You and your friends and I and mine have been behaving in an unseemly manner when the love scenes flash on the screen. You giggle, you titter, we guffaw. The more ardent the celluloid lovers, the more hilarious you become. A certain handsome and fiery young star, who formerly called forth only romantic sighs, in his first talking picture inspired downright ridicule. The audience couldn't stand the audible "I love yo' s." It had to laugh. Embarrassed or bored, disgusted or merely amused—who knows? But the result was the same—laughter, the death warrant of the matinée idol. This star is now casting about for a good, virile story in which the love interest will be conspicuously absent.

Love scenes were the silent drama's big moments. Gilbert and Garbo, Colman and Banky, reigned supreme. Estatic audiences stayed through pictures twice just to revel in those burning close-ups. Came the speakies; and the dawn of a great awakening. The very first audible amorous episode brought snickers which deepened into unrefined howls of mirth as the scenes grew warmer. Until, the other day, the audience I sat with acted as if the emotional Don Juanings of the famous male star were Chaplin kicks. They laughed, and I laughed with them. The talkies truly are sounding the death knell of the too-romantic movies.

What to do? Well, orders have been issued at the studios to soft-pedal the hot scenes. Unless they are of the frankly humorous calibre of "The Cock-Eyed World" or "Hot for Paris". Novarro, formerly pensively tender, brings buoyancy and careless kidding to his love making in "Devil May Care." McLaglen kills a girl even as he kisses her. There is no beating about the rose bush for Bancroft. Colman is none too serious even with Ann Harding in "Condemned." Barthelmess, almost alone among the romantic lads of the screen, seems to be surviving the anti-amorous movement. His sweet nothings whispered to a fair heroine are still well received and believed.

But the trend is distinctly in the direction of realism. There is even a picture called "Men Without Women" which lives up to its title. Talkies leave little to the imagination, you see. They have robbed love scenes of their mystery, hence of their fascination. We wrote our own dialogue for the Gilbert-Garbo kisses. Now we have to look at and listen to a deliberate and diagrammed dissertation on the technique of the love scene. Gone is the mystery, the mood, the enchantment. And if you want a further explanation of why this is so, I can offer none better than this sent in by a SCREENLAND reader, Miss Eleanor Clark, of Chicago: "Those talkies love scenes make us self-conscious! It's like being in the same room with a couple who are madly in love with each other and cannot restrain their feelings. Silent love scenes are beautiful. We don't need the talkies to tell us what they are saying. But don't put beautiful love scenes in front of us unless the lovers are silent, because we're going to laugh for lack of a better way to express our embarrassment. We can't help it. We're too human!"

Your laughter at comedy talkies costs the motion picture industry approximately $100,000 every year. This is the story: about 5,000,000 feet of film is used to permit audiences to laugh at the funny business perpetrated on the screen. Silent footage must follow the wise cracks or gags offered by the talkie actors in order that you and I will not drown out the players' voices as they proceed with the dialogue. The boys and girls up there on the screen pause politely while we laugh; then, timed by experts, go on with the show until slowed up by the next laugh. They call these pauses in the dialogue 'laugh gaps.' The time out for laughter occasioned by love scenes doesn't count.

D. E.
NOW I'll tell you all about Hollywood," he said, so I sat very still and let him tell me.

"You should go to Hollywood just as you would go to a circus. It isn't that they do what they do so well, it's that they do it at all.

"It is not a naughty place. There is no night life unless you call having a sandwich at Henry's and then getting yourself weighed afterwards noontime whoopee. There are parties, of course, where you always meet the same people who, if you handle your cards just right, can be coaxed into talking about pictures.

"The days are full of sun—oh, there is so much sun! You begin feeling dusty when you get off the train at Pasadena and you don't get over it until you are five hundred miles east of Kansas.

"One of the most disconcerting things about Hollywood is the way they move the scenery around. The palm trees are pulled up like onions and set down any old place. One morning you go by a vacant lot and when you come back in the evening birds are building nests in the coconuts—some of them have three or four little birds out on the limb teaching them how to fly. Climate is the answer.

"Pretty girls? It's a man's paradise. When I came back east I dropped in on a rehearsal of a Broadway show and it looked like an Elks' carnival in comparison.

"I don't know why men of a certain age should yearn for the South Seas. I prescribe Hollywood for them. Is there anything wrong in that? Sue me!

"Who did I like out there? Clara Bow, Lupe Velez, Alice White, the lucky girl who created Dixie Dugan in McEvoy's "Show Girl."
Let "Show Girl’s" Literary Daddy Conduct You on a Tour of Hectic Hollywood—Meet the Stars—Look and Learn

Gay’s Lion Farm—I don’t know why Lupe Velez reminds me of that—Eric Von Stroheim, Janet Gaynor—and you really couldn’t imagine two people who look less alike than Von Stroheim and Janet Gaynor—Reese Adoree, Reese Adoree and Renee Adoree—I’m sorry. When I get started like that I can’t stop. Oh, yes, Bessie Love—and nice, too; and, of course, Alice White.

"Let me tell you about Alice White. When I met her she was in tears. She was getting ready to be Dixie Dugan in ‘Show Girl.’ Every half hour a day they were having a conference over whether she should be blonde or brunette. So they would say, ‘Let’s see how you look blonde.’ So she would have to dash upstairs and dye her hair. By that time they were having another conference and deciding that she should be brunette so she had to dash upstairs and change it back again.

“Right after lunch some one had a bright idea. Why not a red-headed Dixie Dugan? Well, Alice is nothing if not obliging so she dashed upstairs and came back in a little while with red hair. By this time most of it had fallen out. That’s when I met her—she was in tears.

"If I keep this up,” she said, ‘I won’t have any hair.’ ‘I wouldn’t like you like that,’ I (Continued on page 123)
And now They Get

If You Can't Find Your Favorite on the Set, Look Room. The Sound-Conscious Stars are Taking the

By Sydney

It was the way of Hollywood. It was not fashionable to take an interest in the technical work of another department, unless, of course, you had become tired of acting and wished to become a director. Then sound films came along, and overnight the situation changed.

Without warning, previously blasé players became as ingeniously eager for knowledge outside acting, per se, as the youngest and most callow of college freshmen.

It became very evident to all actors that they were in for a period of stiff competition; a period during which only the fittest would survive. Stars, therefore, once seen only on their sets or in their dressing rooms, suddenly blossomed all over the lot. Call boys grew used to searching for John Gilbert in the laboratory; Greta Garbo in the experiment room.

Get us straight. We do not wish to leave the impression that actors were careless about the technical side of their work in the days of the silent picture. Not at all; only matters of photography and lighting had become well explored, and the various machinery developed had been brought to a fool-proof stage. Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford, all the stars had grown used to trusting cameramen and directors with whom they had worked for years.

And then this talking thing upset the apple cart.

A lot of new and keen-eyed young men invaded the cinema lots with a flock of unintelligible new words like

"Times have changed," the assistant director told me as we puffed noon-day cigarettes in the sunny corner right around from the boot-black stand at the studio.

"How come?" I asked.

"It's these actors," he said, waving an arm in the general direction of scores of players, roaming to or from the studio commissary.

"A year ago you never saw one of them around the studio when they weren't working and now they get in your hair!"

All of which classified the assistant director as a very accurate observer. This is exactly what has happened to Hollywood.

For nearly twenty years it was the fashionable thing for a screen actor to know as little about technical details as possible. When they had time off you rarely saw them on the 'lot,' unless it was for a conference on a new contract. If some one in their organization invented a marvelous new camera effect, they knew about it only when they saw it on the screen.

Bessie Love helps Jimmy McKay, cutter, look over 50,000 feet of talkie film shot for the baseball scenes in "Take It Big," Bessie's latest picture with Van and Schenck. Talkies made Bessie and now she wants to know how talkies are made.

Anita Page and Benny Rubin are a self-appointed reception committee to welcome Lew Fields and Joe Weber to the studio and initiate them into the mysteries of the talking picture camera.
In Your Hair

in the Laboratory, the Prop Shop, or the Monitor Talkies Apart to Find Out What Makes Them Click

Valentine

'gamma,' 't.u.,' 'high frequency,' et al.

Nice boys, these sound men; but they were strangers to the stars, who began to hesitate about trusting their artistic future to their hands.

And so, today, you see more stars and featured players, stage and screen, around a lot on an off day, than when production is at its height.

They are everywhere, in all the sound rooms, the prop shop, the electrical department, the music department, the laboratory.

Scores of them are attending lectures one night each week on 'sound reproduction,' and laboriously inscribe in collegiate notebooks erudite stuff about 'acoustic coefficients,' 'reverberation time,' 'light valves,' 'photo electric cells,' 'articulation units,' etc.

And don't you think for a minute this is confined to the screen actor.

The stage player is digging in just as hard. He, too, didn't bother his head about technical details in the theater. But he does now, plenty!

Norma Shearer, under the tutelage of her brother, Douglas, chief sound engineer of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, is said to have grown fully conversant with all the pet names of the complicated apparatus used in making sound photoplays. Not only is she well versed in the nomenclature of the machinery, but she also knows to what use each of the pieces are put, and this gives her great confidence when working before the 'mike.'

Any day now the studio executives expect young Johnny Mack Brown, who has the lead with Joan Crawford in the musical Western, "Montana," to become a sound engineer. From the very beginning this young leading man has shown a deep interest in the mechanics of the new art. He knows enough about the recording apparatus to be of use in helping to repair it whenever it breaks down. Because of this only one sound engineer was taken along on the recent location trip from which the "Montana" company has just returned. Mal St. Clair, the director, figured that Brown could help out with the sound recording work in case of trouble. And he could. He's a constant visitor to the various monitor rooms, and is reported to have an excellent judgment as regards tone and tonal qualities.

Needless to say, Greta Garbo, whose vibrant personality is so (Continued on page 122)

Jack Mulhall learned about talkies by snooping. He can usually be found between scenes hanging around the sound-proof camera booth gathering more technical knowledge about the audibles.

Norma Shearer examines a recording of her voice made by her brother, Douglas Shearer, chief sound engineer at the Metro studios. The disc is of soft wax upon which the voice is directly recorded through electric impulses.
THAT CHEVALIER SMILE

A new portrait of Maurice Chevalier, who has been the idol of the European music halls for years. But what is it the man possesses which has won the heart of America? In the story on the opposite page Rosa Reilly defines his charm and analyzes his appeal.
Chevalier's Secret

What is the Real Reason for Maurice's Hold on his Audiences? Read the Answer

By Rosa Reilly

What is it about Maurice Chevalier that has conquered the heart of America? He isn’t handsome like Ramon Novarro. He isn’t insinuating like Chester Morris. He hasn’t the reserve of Ronald Colman. Nor the heartiness of George Bancroft.

And yet, since the opening of his second picture, “The Love Parade,” he seems to be in danger of becoming more popular than any male movie star in the world!

Of course, all of you who go abroad now and then have seen Chevalier. He has been the idol of the Paris music halls for years. London loves him. Also Vienna, Berlin, and Bucharest. He can walk out on the stage with his shiny straw hat tilted on one side of his head, sing a little song—quite a naughty little song, by the way—do a little dance, smile—and the continental world is at his feet. Nobody cares why he is such a big hit. They only know they love him.

But being a beloved stage star in Europe and a big screen hit in America, are two different things, Maurice, as we have seen so many times when famous foreign actors have been brought over—and sent home.

Therefore, along with fifty million other American women, I couldn’t rest until I had discovered what Chevalier’s secret was. I wanted to pin down his charm on paper. So I hopped into a taxi-cab, and rolled over the bridge to the Paramount Studio in Long Island City, where, at present, the great Gallic star is making a third talking picture, “The Big Pond.”

It was in the dining room of the studio that I had my first personal contact with Chevalier. He was sitting at a little table, eating a Swiss cheese sandwich and drinking cup after cup of black coffee, maybe to take the place of the vin ordinaire which every gallant Frenchman drinks with his meals.

He was dressed in full evening clothes, long tails and all. His eyes were shining just as if he had discovered some new, irresistible and slightly devilish secret. His smooth light brown hair was so alive with vitality that it refused to stay slicked down as he evidently wanted it, and he kept patting it back into place with a long, strong, sun-burned hand.

His shirt front, collar and cuffs were yellow instead of white. No, that’s not a quaint old French custom. He wore yellow because it develops a whiter white than plain white—if you get what I mean—in the finished film.

I hadn’t spoken with Chevalier two minutes before I knew his secret. But before I tell you what I think is his secret, let him tell you what he thinks it is!

“How can I answer that question—what’s my secret is?” Chevalier answered with the whole-hearted laugh which shows all his superb white teeth. I cannot hope to put down for you his accent. It is inimitable.

“My singing is not so wonderful,” he went on. “My dancing—it would not upset the world. The answer to my success, well, the answer is so simple I am ashamed to say it—I just try to make my audience happy. That’s it,” he slapped his knee and laughed again—“to make and keep my audience happy. “Perhaps, if I go back a bit you will understand better, hein?”

His voice rose on that last phrase as caressingly as if it had been a love word. That is part of his secret. Every word he speaks, every gesture he makes, seems made for you alone. The shine of his hair, the sparkle of his eyes, the healthy glow of his cheeks probably come from exercise and plenty of sleep, but when you look at him, talk to him, you think it is because you are the one woman in the world as far as he is concerned.

And it is sincere with him. He is not playing acting. What he is doing at the moment is the only thing in the world to him. He concentrates!

Chevalier went on to speak of his early life, how he was born in the Montmartre quartier (Cont. on page 117)
COLOR Makes the

Color is changing the Contour of Hollywood, Form-
Curves on Costumes and — oh, well, Read this Story

Walter Pidgeon, a mere star, in the act of looking a
gift horse in the mouth—that is, examining part of
the delicate mechanism of the technicolor camera
which will photograph him so handsomely for
"Bride of the Regiment."

LIKE bees in a haystack, socked by a boy with a stick,
Hollywood is buzzing furiously and flying frantically
in all directions.

Color has done it.

The motion picture business grew steadily and con-
servatively for thirty years, making no more fuss than a
healthy oak tree. Then—as they used to say in the titles
—then suddenly out of a thundercloud came shrieking
women, raging men, panic, riot, seething maelstrom,
sleepless nights — Sound!

And just when Old Lady Movies had the sound thing
all put to bed and the house straightened up, and settled
herself for a peaceful evening— Zowie! A bomb went off in the
cellar. It was Color.

So now she's a jumpy old lady. Every time somebody says "Boo!"
she yells for help. She doesn't know what's going to get her if
she doesn't watch out! Maybe
it's third dimension, or television.

But right now, Hollywood is most concerned about
Color.

After seeing "The Vagabond King," entirely in techni-
color, Jesse L. Lasky predicted that within two years all
motion pictures will be in color. Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus,
president of the Technicolor company, upon his recent
return from Europe, where he started work on labora-
tories to furnish color to European producers, announced
that more than 100 feature pictures in technicolor will be
showing in the United States in 1930.

New technicolor cameras and laboratories are being
built as fast as men's hands can work, but the demand is
so great that the cameras never sleep—working on
one picture in the daytime and another at
night.

The coming of Sound taught Hollywood many
a lesson. One of the
most important, and the
one which saved the
lives of the old guard
—stars, directors and

Color costume experts
can cut the curves and
make a star slender, or
let them run wide and
add fifty pounds. The
drawing is of a costume
designed for Marilyn
Miller to wear in "Sally."
Fitting the Stars by Painting and Figure it Out for Yourself

writers—just as the hand of bloodthirsty Experts From The Legitimate Stage were about to be allowed to swarm into Hollywood and put on a swell massacre, one of the most important discoveries was that the boys and girls who had been making good silent pictures could jolly well adapt themselves to sound.

In spite of what the supposedly learned and far-seeing editorial writers said about 'Sound Sings Death Knell of Movie Star,' the stars and directors who were rated AAA1 in the silents, with few exceptions, plugged right along and continued to top the crowd in making talkies.

So when Color came to town, instead of firing all the faithful and replacing them with carloads of color experts from New York, the smart producers said to the hired hands: "Boys and girls, we're now going to make pictures in technicolor. Find out what it's all about and do your stuff."

At first, as was to be expected, they made mistakes here and there. They used the trial and error method and sometimes the effects of make-up and costumes and fabrics and lights were not all that they expected. At first they overlighted their sets, and actors boiled in the heat, because they were afraid they might lose their colors and figured that too much light was better than too little.

Their constant help in trouble, the only genuine color expert, was Mrs. Natalie M. Kalmus, wife of the president of the Technicolor company, who had grown up with the process and who could pick the right color as accurately as a typewriting champion picks out the letter 'e' on his keyboard. Mrs. Kalmus couldn't be everywhere, in the eighteen hours she worked every day, but she was almost everywhere, and she showed the way to natural color on the screen.

It took years to develop perfect black and white make-up, settings and lighting. Now the actors, directors and cameramen have had to upset all their rules, for color. To their everlasting credit let it be said that in a year they (Continued on page 123)
I have a brother named Tommy. He is red-haired, a little freckled, full of fun, and obsessed with the idea that he must get as many laughs from life as possible. I feel that I am closer to my brother Tommy than to any other member of my family and naturally I love them all.

When we were children on Tenth Avenue in New York it was Tommy and I who always played together. We and the other boys in 'the gang.' We played baseball, football, follow-the-leader, marbles during the marble season, flew kites during the kite season, had shows and a few fights.

I know boys pretty well.

That is why, from the very first time I met him, I liked Buddy Rogers. Of all the young fellows in Hollywood he is the most lovable, the most genuine, the most friendly and the most unspoiled.

Perhaps I had better not say 'the most.' I have many friends in Hollywood. I wouldn't wound any of them, in case my opinion matters enough to count either way. I'll say that he is 'one of the most.' No one can take offense at that!

If I were the mother of an eighteen-year-old daughter; a mother who wanted her daughter to have the advantages of the best of everything, I'd wish her no greater luck than to have Buddy for her boy friend.

What a good time they'd have!

Buddy Rogers is the sort of boy who makes the ideal companion. With a group of older men he is perfectly at ease, and they like to have him around. He would be charming at home on those afternoons when his mother had a group of women friends about her. And he'd be equally great company for young sister and young brother and his gang.

I imagine when Buddy Rogers goes back to his home in Olean, Kansas, that he goes down to the vacant lot behind the depot and plays...
BUDDY"
Here the Better Half
Co-starring Couple
Other Half
Carroll

Charles 'Buddy' Rogers, the willing victim, is Nancy's favorite film boy-friend. Buddy says that playing opposite Miss Carroll is a pleasure.

ball with the kids. And at night he goes to the party at Mary Smith's house and enters wholeheartedly into those games that small-town young folk play at social occasions.

The point is, I'm trying to tell you that Buddy Rogers, to me, represents the best of American young manhood. And when I say that I know that I risk making him appear a rather artificial, too-good-to-be-true young fellow.

But let me tell you about the last time I saw Buddy.

I had a free morning from the studios, where recently they have kept me pretty busy with "Honey," and started out for a long drive through the open country.

I chose the Ventura highway out over Cahuenga Pass, through the San Fernando Valley over the hills north of Hollywood; a drive I always like to take. It is out in the ranch country, you know, where there are a lot of chickens, and fruit groves, and not too many hot-dog stands at the roadside.

I drove out for thirty miles or more and suddenly became interested in some airplanes that I could hear and see flying away over to my left.

I get a thrill out of watching planes, especially when they are doing the tricks that these were doing, and so I turned down a side road and soon came to the flying field above which the planes were maneuvering.

The war was being fought all over again! Without realizing it I had arrived at the 'private' airport where Buddy's new picture, "Young Eagles," is being filmed.

Paramount had had to build a special flying field for this picture, you know, because it would have been too dangerous to use one of the commercial airports nearer Los Angeles. Buddy and the boys who are with him in the picture are doing all

(Continued on page 126)
HOW comes it that the young woman who once said that she used men as stepping stones to success—a hard-boiled statement—now appears in the realms of sweetness and light? Cynics might say, and have said, in print, that Joan Crawford, having married into the Royal House of Hollywood, has assumed the rôle of a Princess and a Pickfair; that it is something like a million dollars left by a rich uncle to a wage-slave who must immediately change his standards of living, his circle of acquaintances, his environment, and put on the dog.

SCREENLAND has sent a questionnaire to Miss Crawford and received a full answer. Cynics, again might say that the answer needn’t be taken too seriously; and indeed, few of us, even if we are as honest as we can be, know much about ourselves. Most people don’t even know what they look like physically. They gaze into the mirror and see themselves either a bit debased or a bit glorified, and not at all the way ‘others see them.’ When a woman feels blue she thinks, ‘I look a fright;’ and when exultant, ‘Wow! I guess I’m an eyeeful!’ Much depends on the mood and the temperament.

Joan Crawford, as we know, has reason to be proud of herself. In typical American fashion, the Ford-Edison-Lincoln way, she has been a lone-wolf with nothing to help her but pluck, hard work, and an ambition that broke down every door that was slammed in her face. She was poor and a nobody; she is today one of the remarkable actresses of the screen, a star among the top-notchers.

Anyone who has watched her has seen a steady deepening of character and power. The somewhat hard whirligig and chorine has changed from picture to picture, revealing ever a new fire in her art, a more genuine emotion, a truer character. So we may dismiss the cynic’s attitude at once. All the help in the world, all the ‘stepping stones,’ won’t change a sow’s ear into a silk purse. Genuine success and development such as hers come mainly from seizing, and even making opportunity; and from hard work and a great deal of suffering.

Her character appears in her answers to the questionnaire, but whether her self-knowledge is deep I do not know. For she sets herself down as more of an introvert (dreamer and in-dwelling type) than an extravert (doer.) She gives herself 54 points as an in-

Joan Crawford has been a lone-wolf with nothing to help her but pluck, hard work, and an ambition that broke down every door that was slammed in her face. Genuine success and development such as hers come from seizing and even making opportunity; and from hard work and suffering.
trovert as against 26 as an extravert. I believe that her answers are honest, but I also believe that she is a mixed type, more extraverted than introverted. At least, she has always seemed so to the naked eye, and one of her answers runs:

I am naturally active and find a delight in doing things.

That doesn’t sound very much like an introvert, a person who withdraws into herself, who is poorly adapted to life, who finds more pleasure in her inner life than in activity. To clinch the point, compare her to Greta Garbo, who is more introverted than extraverted.

However, the reader may judge from some of the answers.

Here they are:

I am quite self-conscious.
I am very shy.
I hate to be conspicuous in public.
I day-dream only a little; sulk only a little; and I am not very good as a mixer.
I have deep moods, sometimes prolonged for hours and even for days.
I like to be alone most of the time.
I am absolutely a one-man wife.
I am very idealistic.
I have a deep feeling of inferiority before most others.
I forget myself easily when I talk, work or play.
I am a poor actor in public.
I am very practical, realistic and have much common sense.
I do not like many people; but am naturally affectionate and loving.
I am poor at putting myself over with others.
I am a go-getter, with my

(Continued on page 125)
GETTING into

How the Stars 'Work Up' Atmosphere—a Vital Factor in Picture Making

It has been said before, but there is no harm in repeating it, since it's true, that those who go to see motion pictures haven't the slightest idea of the difficulties involved in making them. How can you who sit placidly out there in a darkened theater in a comfortable seat, or maybe it isn't comfortable but anyway there you are, how can you realize the tremendous effort connected with the making of every picture on the part of every one working on it, from the director down to the lowest grip?

Even the actors, who most people think have such frolicsome lives, are put through rigorous training to fit them for some of their parts. Often the research is extremely interesting, as for instance Dolores Del Rio's trip to the gypsy camp that happened to be stationed in the woods near Glendale just before she made "Revenge." The king of all the gypsies in California invited the Mexican star to be his guest for luncheon. She sat at his table next to his seven wives and tasted their wine. Their manners and customs were unique; particularly are the methods employed by the women to attract their men primitive in the extreme.

The seven royal wives are seated at table in this order: the first wife at the king's right, the second at his left, the third at the first wife's right, the fourth at the second wife's left and so on. They have a great deal of jewelry but they prize golden coins and coral above precious stones which they will have none of. They have strings and strings of golden coins as necklaces and bracelets and belts. They like beads and crystals, too. They tie their wardrobe in a calico or canvas bag and that is the limit of their fastidiousness.

Dolores asked the wives what they did to amuse themselves. They sing or play stringed instruments or tambourines and they dance, and that is all they do for recreation — yet it is enough to make them happy. They hit the open road whenever they get bored with a place and some of them have traveled all over the world. There were about a hundred gypsies in this camp.

Dolores Del Rio, Edmund Lowe and George Fitzmaurice between scenes of "The Bad One." The Latin star, always eager to inject atmosphere into her pictures, works hard to create it.

Bebe Daniels, one of the most conscientious stars, took lessons so that she could play the guitar for local color in "Loves Comes Along." Bud Tallman is her teacher.

Short hair is a terrible disgrace. If a girl defies the tribal conven-
CHARACTER

By

Helen Ludlam

Ruth Chatterton, with Dorothy Arzner directing, has "gone Austrian" for "Sarah and Son." Miss Chatterton brushed up her German for the dialogue in her role of a Viennese girl.

has prevailed upon Paramount to let him do more of these outdoor stories he loves. He has just finished "Only The Brave," and in preparation for it he visited North and South Carolina, going through the public buildings, driving past the old homes, being entertained in a few of them and steeping himself in the Southern life and traditions. Of course he stopped off to see Lupe who was doing a picture in Florida, but that was just a detour on his way to Texas to bob around that state picking up clothes and props in unlikely places from ranchers and cattlemen who had never seen a motion picture.

He used to sit for hours listening to the cowboy songs, absorbing words and music and the lift in this way, and yet when it appeared on the screen you heard only a verse or two.

I asked Ruth Chatterton how she ever managed to give such a convincing performance of "Madame X" in the scenes where the lady 'went native.'

"Well, I don’t know that I did give an accurate picture," she said slowly. "Willard Mack told me how the absinthe fiends in Paris sit. They sit staring at one spot for a terrible length of time."

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tions in any way her hair is cut short and she is banished from the tribe. Edwin Carewe used this bit of information which he wove into a sequence of the picture, you will remember. The gypsies taught Dolores their dances and some of their songs. They also showed her how they dressed, with a dozen petticoats and brightly colored material for their gowns. The first wife took Dolores to her 'room' and opened a chest containing her wedding gown. Only the royal wives boast a chest.

None of the graces and subleties for the gypsies when they woo! Thin girls are out of luck. You must fatten up if you want a gypsy husband. All the king's wives, says Dolores, were very fat.

When Gary Cooper trained for "The Virginian" he found a friend, Anderson Lawler, a writer from the south, and just let Andy's Virginia accent thoroughly soak into his mind. The cattle country Gary knows well, so the ranch life held no terrors for Gary. Since the success of "The Virginian" he

Gary Cooper and his friend Anderson Lawler, a writer from the south, who helped Gary acquire the Virginian accent which gives real local color to the title role of "The Virginian."
What I’ve Learned from the Stage

“'I Knew if I Didn’t Make Good, There Would Be No Re-Takes,’”
Says Lovely Screen Star Now Trouping in Vaudeville

By Esther Ralston

A movie star yesterday. A ‘hoofer’ today. Tomorrow what?
That’s the question I’ve kept asking myself since two months ago when I started on my vaudeville tour.
You’ll be seeing me in my new picture, “The Mighty,” which was the last one I made. After that film was finished I felt there was but one thing for me to do—to go on the stage. Here talkies have come along and introduced a new medium, a new technique—and most of all, new faces. If I wanted to hold my place on the screen, and I do want so intensely to hold it, I want it more than anything in life, I felt the thing for me to do was to go out and get some actual stage experience. So that the fans who made possible all these years of silent pictures might not be disappointed. So that I could try to live up to their highest hopes of me. And believe it when I say, it’s only these fans who have kept me going the last three months. For this has been the hardest, most scaring experience in my life.

Of course, I come from trouping parents. I was a child actress until I was fourteen years old. But I have been in pictures for eleven years. And I had forgotten—if I ever knew—just what the stage demands of a person.

The world is filled with people who have difficult jobs. Taking in washing is hard. Working as a shop girl, standing on your feet all day, is no bed of roses. Digging ditches, scrubbing floors, sitting at a typewriter—they’re tough, too. But of all the professions in the world, the
stage is the hardest!
Why?
Because you have no second chance.
You go into a theater. You stand before a 'cold' audience. You have a certain amount of time, sometimes five minutes, sometimes two hours, to warm up that audience. To make them stop 'sitting on their hands' as troupers say. You've got to do your stuff now. You've got to make those two hundred or two thousand people love you now. If you flop and they go out of the theater not liking your work, you're done. You can never reach them again. A dead audience is like a dead love—it can never be regained. It may be regretted, wept over, but it can never be regained!

I used to think movies were difficult. They were. But I have to laugh now. Movies are paradise in comparison with stage work.

In case you think I'm exaggerating, I'll show you the difference. When I started on this tour, I sprained my ankle. It was just before I appeared in Chicago. The show had to go on. So three times a day for twenty-three minutes solid, I had to go out on the stage and try to entertain the audience. More than half of those twenty-three minutes was spent in dancing on that ankle. When the curtain went down I used to be carried to my dressing room almost fainting from the pain in my twisted foot. But I had to go on!

But let me tell you what would have happened if I had been playing in the movies. Or rather what actually did happen. When we were making "Old Ironsides," I strained my ankle—the same one. Immediately I was carried to a beautiful hotel up on the hill in Catalina Island and put to bed. A doctor was called. A specialist was radioed for and sent to me from the mainland in an airplane. A day and a night nurse came. A masseuse. Flowers. Telegrams. Letters. Candy. Fruit.

Day after day I lay on a chaise lounge, looking out over the blue Pacific. I didn't a worry. Thousands of dollars were being lost by my holding up production. But the producers were kind enough to put my health even ahead of their profits.

(Continued on page 118)
BUSHHELLS of Love and Kisses

Tony and his Wife, Zelma O'Neal from the Stage, are Just One Happy Little Hollywood Family

By Betty Boone

When Tony is home from the trenches in the evening and a certain Hollywood golf course is suddenly discovered by Zelma to be low in visibility—that is the proper time to interview the Bushells.

If you go in the afternoon up the winding Hollywood hill where the Bushell's English cottage hangs to a steep slope, you will find only Paddy, the Irish terrier, and Hettie, the maid.

With dusk, the English cottage comes to life.

After working all day in khaki and leather as one of the young English soldiers in "Journey's End," the film version of the famous English play, Anthony Bushell is always glad to get back into civilian clothes for the evening and to be himself.

"What do you think, Ducky? I'm to have my head shaved tomorrow. The director says so. Beastly shame for you to have to look at a bald head for a while. Do you think you shall mind much?"

From six feet up in the air, young Bushell looked down to approximately five feet, the location of his wife's blue eyes.

"Bushy, I should loathe it, of course. But you know I'd still adore you if you had only three short hairs on the top of your head and no hope of more!"

A declaration of this kind is always the cue for a breathless period of cooing and hair ruffling, during which time the interviewer, recalling that they have just celebrated their first wedding anniversary and have never yet had time to go off for their honeymoon, concentrates on the railway posters which Bushell brought from London and had framed for the living room walls.

"We're going to England on our honeymoon in the early spring," said Tony. "It will be the first time we have really got away—just the two of us. We always seem to be in such mobs of people."

Bushell must remain away from the United States for two months, in accordance with the United States immigration laws, so the honeymoon trip was the logical solution.

Zelma, who is known to the musical comedy stage as Zelma O'Neal, will meet her mother-and-father-in-laws for the first time. They reside on an estate a short distance outside of London.

"I'm scared to death," confided Zelma. "But Tony tells me they will love me after they get used to my American ways. I guess I will be rather startling to them at first."

Anthony Bushell and Zelma O'Neal met for the first time a little more than a year ago. Zelma was playing the 'Varsity Drag Girl' role in "Good News" and went to London with the company.

"I saw Zelma in the musical comedy in New York," said Bushell. "I had come to America after playing nine months in London with Robert Armstrong and James Gleason in 'Is Zat So?' It was so jolly much fun knowing Gleason and Armstrong that I determined to meet some more Americans."

Zelma gave one of her oopity-oopee do-de-do-do cries that made her famous as the collegian in "Good News" and had something to say on this subject herself:

"Tony told me once that American girls always attracted him more than English ones. He said an English girl was so husky from playing hockey and other rough games that she always gave the impression she would be able to knock you down as easily as shake hands with you. So you can see that Tony's falling in love with me was not my victory. Being American did the trick!"

"Now, (Continued on page 114)
EVERYONE who goes to the movies has a favorite star. And the stars themselves are no exception. On this and the following pages, you will find the players’ own selection of their film favorites. Dolores Del Rio, above, selects Greta Garbo because she is subtle, mysterious, compelling, and alluring. Garbo makes you feel, says Dolores, that she is the character she is playing.
CHARLES 'BUDDY' ROGERS selects Mary Pickford for his favorite star because she has always been his ideal. And Mary selected Buddy to play opposite her in "My Best Girl." Remember?
DOROTHY MAC-KAILL selects Ronald Colman, her fellow-countryman, because, she says, he is mysterious, Quixotic, and his bored manner quickens interest in all women.
CORINNE GRIFFITH, right, selects Gloria Swanson because she thinks her superb in everything she does, comedy or tragedy. And, adds Corinne, Gloria is extremely clever to have handled her first talkie, "The Trespasser," so well, after studying singing such a short time.
CLARA Bow, left, the red-haired whirlwind, selects Norma Shearer, above, as her favorite screen star. Why? "Because," says the tempestuous Clara, "Norma Shearer is so elegant."
TWO famous profiles. One selects the other as his favorite. Edmund Lowe, below, picks John Barrymore because of John's finished acting and the subtle manner in which he puts over his humorous scenes.
NOW, Richard! With all the beautiful stars of the screen to select from you have to pick out Benny Rubin. "But," retorts Richard, "Benny makes me laugh." Above, Mr. Dix. Left, need we add, Mr. Rubin
RICHARD ARLEN selects Bebe Daniels because of the fine spirit she puts into all her work. A tribute from one distinguished player to another. Dick has played opposite Bebe and knows.
THE gentleman with the profile is fortunate. He has been selected by one of the most beautiful ladies of the screen as her favorite. Billie Dove honors Basil Rathbone because he is a finished actor.
THE demure little girl at the left is a real movie fan. She adored Norma Talmadge on the screen long before she ever dreamed of being an actress herself. Habit is strong, and now that Sue Carol is a Hollywood star she can't seem to like anyone better than her original idol, Norma Talmadge.
OLIVE BORDEN, right, selects Betty Compson because of "The Barker." Olive was to have played in that picture herself; so she went to see Betty's performance with a very critical eye. It was the first time she had ever seen Betty and she thought her work so remarkable that she became a Compson fan.
ESTELLE TAYLOR, left, says: "I find Lupe Velez my favorite if you're speaking of personality and spontaneity; although Marion Davies is our best comedienne." Estelle and Lupe worked together in "Where East is East" and have been mutual admirers ever since.
THE gentleman from Germany is smiling with pleasure because Richard Barthelmess, right, has selected him. Dick picks Emil Jannings because of his forcefulness and original technique.
Kenneth Lillian Gish is selected by Monte Blue because, besides being in his opinion the Duse of the screen, she is a conscientious worker. Even when she played in silent pictures Lillian rehearsed her rôles as a stage actor would.

LILLIAN GISH is selected by Monte Blue because, besides being in his opinion the Duse of the screen, she is a conscientious worker. Even when she played in silent pictures Lillian rehearsed her rôles as a stage actor would.
WELL, well! Lovely little Joan Bennett declares that Joseph Schildkraut is positively her favorite screen player. Why? Because, says Joan, Mr. Schildkraut is so suave, so polished. Joan and Joseph played together in "The Mississippi Gambler."
Alice White selects George Arliss! Here is her reason: "He is a superb actor. He is the epitome of what a screen actor should not look like, and yet he has infinite grace and power of impersonation."
Bill Boyd Doubles Back  
The Success Story of a Screen Star

By Keith Richards

Bill Boyd is a sentimental cuss. You've got to call this big fellow Bill. If you said 'William' he wouldn't know who you were talking to. But that is beside the point, which is that Bill is a sentimental cuss.

We were driving along the beautiful California highway in Bill's expensive sports touring car en route to San Diego. About three miles north of Santa Ana we stopped along the roadside at one of those characteristic barbecue and cold drink dispensaries. Bill dug into his wallet and extracted a fifty dollar bill — the smallest he had and which the roadside quencher of thirsts could not change.

"Got any money, Mose?" Bill drawled to his darker than dark chauffeur.

Mose squirmed around, dug in one pocket after another and finally drew forth some change.

"Ah got thirty-five cents, Mister Bill," said Mose, handing over the wealth.

Bill took the money, jingled it in his hand thoughtfully and then laughed.

"Thirty-five cents," he repeated reflectively. "Where are we, Mose?"

"Bout three miles this side of Santa Ana, Mister Bill."

"Where does that road back there lead to?" asked the star, who now collects a weekly salary well up in four figures.

"That goes to Orange, Mister Bill— it's 'bout a mile."

Bill reflected again. "That's funny." He jingled the coins in his hand. "Thirty-five cents and—Orange. It's just about twelve years ago that I landed in Orange with exactly thirty-five cents in my pocket. I was on my way to San Diego then, too, but I had to get off the train because I hadn't the money to go any farther. Funny what tricks fate and a few years can play in a man's life. Twelve years ago, thirty-five cents—today this—" he indicated the shiny car. "And both times going to San Diego. The funny part of it is that we're no surer of getting there in this than I was with the thirty-five cents! Turn around, Mose. Let's go over to Orange. I want to see the damned old place. I haven't been there since." Bill gave the thirty-five cents to the cold drink man and we were off, 'doubling' back over Bill Boyd's first California trail.

It was a trail full of memories to Bill — memories of lean days, heartaches, hopes that seemed long delayed in their fulfillment; the trail of an orphaned youth of fifteen leading him courageously to a mere existence, a trail that never even faintly suggested the eventuality of world fame and financial security, not to say wealth.

We entered the little town of Orange. It was moving serenely about its business. New buildings here and there were the evident signs of Cali—  

(Continued on page 116)
THE Athens of America! "The Cultural Center of the Western World!" Thus yip the Chambers of Commerce of Los Angeles and Hollywood. But the joke is that there is some truth in the boosting boast.

Most people think of Movieland simply as a colony of actors, directors and cameramen, little realizing that for every star in the celluloid firmament there are perhaps fifty court functionaries to put her or him there.

Nor are these courtiers merely the artisans of motion pictures. Many of them are artists as great in their own works as the stars are in theirs. In some cases these artists draw even bigger salaries than the film favorites they are helping to put over.

The fact is, the cinema presents the greatest marriage of the arts and sciences the world has ever seen. When you attend a super-production like "Rio Rita" you witness the syndicated efforts of perhaps forty or fifty great artists and scientists who are responsible for the success of the picture.

It is only natural that you should cast your credits to Bebe Daniels, John Boles and others of the cast. They are the visible artists of the production. But how about the men and women who make their performance possible—those invisible and inglorious Miltons whose multi-tudinous names appear upon that boresome title list? It is of them I am singing in this little picce.

One day while going through the United Artists Studio, Doug Fairbanks took me into a little room where an old man was at work on costume designs for "The Iron Mask."

"Monsieur Leloir, Bob: one of the world's greatest authorities on costume."
Not a relic of the Spanish Inquisition, but a finger machine, used by Dmitri Tiomkin, the pianist-composer, to limber up his digits. Tiomkin is composing screen songs now.

Encyclopaedia Britannica in London, Maurice Leloir, chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur and president of this, that and everything artistic in France, was considered the greatest authority on costume in Europe. His illustrations in the de luxe edition of Alexander Dumas were already a classic. And here he was, an old man brought to America to design authoritative costumes for Doug Fairbanks' "Three Musketeers."

That's why Movieland is in reality becoming one of the great cultural centers of the world. Not only are famous actors and actresses continually flocking to its gates, but the supreme artists of all the collateral arts that are building the cinema into the greatest art of all.

You are all more or less familiar with the great writers who have come here, beginning with the 'eminent authors' imported by Sam Goldwyn some years ago—Rex Beach, Elinor Glyn, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Rupert Hughes. Since then there has been a perfect stream of them—Hergesheimer, Cobb, William J. Locke—I can't begin to name them. Only yesterday I met Kathleen Norris and Eugene P. Lyke, and I have a telegram this morning that Homer Croy is on his way.

And the painters and sculptors. Fox has Mahonri Young sculpting for them. Willy Pogany came all the way from Hungary to design sets for "The Devil Dancer," William Cameron Menzies was imported to Movieland to do "Taming of the Shrew," "Bulldog Drummond" and "Condemned." Dan Sayre Groesbeck's costume sketches for "The Volga Boatman" were so wonderful that C. B. De Mille actually cast his types from the drawings. Carl Oscar Borg was employed to paint gorgeous canvases from which the sets of "The Black Pirate" were made.

Among the great dance impresarios we have lured to Movieland are Marion Morgan, famous for her Morgan Dancers, Theodore Kosloff, one (Continued on page 121)
Betty Compson, one of the Most Photographed Girls in the World, Chose a Camera for Her Gift Contest. Write the Best Letter and It's Yours. All Ready? Camera! Let's Go!

Betty Compson holding the gift Kodak camera. It is a folding camera with a black leather case to hold it. The pictures are post-card size, 3½ by 5½. And the camera also takes pictures of moving objects. Write the best letter, that is, the clearest and most sincere, and the camera is yours.
Betty Compson is 'camera-conscious'—just a minute, don't misunderstand. We mean that Miss Compson spends most of her time before the camera so isn't it only natural that when she offers a gift she chooses a camera? Anyway, it was Betty's own idea and a splendid one, too, we think. It is an Eastman Kodak. Along with the camera are five rolls of film and a black leather photograph album which Betty autographed to the winner of this contest as follows: "With the sincere good wishes of Betty Compson." Miss Compson also had a specially taken snap of herself and has pasted it in the first page of the album—a personal touch. The winner will thus start his new album in the right direction; and if all the other entries are as attractive as the snapshot of Betty, the album will be Exhibit A in any family group.

Betty Compson is one of the most popular talkie actresses in pictures. Betty is the same Betty that she was two years ago. She was just as good an actress then as she is now, yet right now her stock is higher than ever. Why is this? It is puzzling Betty. Therefore, she asks you to answer her questions as sincerely and clearly as possible. Here's the question: Why do you like Betty Compson in talking pictures better than in silent films?

ADDRESS:—BETTY COMPSON
Screenland Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes March 10, 1930
The **BATTLE** of the

The Laughing Lads or the Bold, Bad Men—Who'll Win?

In delving for truth as in digging for—well, say—clams it doesn't do to be guided solely by surface indications. Your true delver is never satisfied to accept things at face value, but uninfluenced by superficialities, probes deep into the heart of the subject, there to unearth the actual esoteric significances. Thus a recent gesture from Messer Buddy Rogers immediately prompted psycho-analytical investigation on the part of Screenland's little group of delvers after hidden meanings.

Buddy, as you know, was recently dubbed "The Darling of the Debs." The word 'dubbed' being used in its ancient feudal, or chivalric sense, as 'I dub thee knight,' and not in the more modern phrasing, as, for instance, 'aw, go jump in the lake, you big dub.'

But (and now we approach the crux of the matter) Buddy, with apparently commendable modesty, immediately eschewed the title. 'Eschewed' being another old English custom not in any way to be confused with that histrionic habit 'eschewing the scenery.'

Now, to the casual observer, the mere looker-on-in-Venice, so to speak, the Bud declining the dubbing of 'The Darling of the Debs' may have appeared mere youthful impetuosity, naivete, insouciance. For, after all, what are titles in life's Springtime? But to the thinkers of the inner circle, the Rogers gesture, like that of Shanghai, was fraught with dire import.

Not that the action lacks support in precedent. One may cite the stand taken by Lew Cody when he was yclept 'The Butterfly Man,' or per contra, the embracement by Eric Von Stroheim of fame in the phrase, 'The Man You Love to Hate to Love to Hate to Love to . . .' And you have no idea how difficult it is to stop when you...
Boy Friends
By
Herbert Cruikshank

get started. It's like the proverb about 'He Who Laughs Last, Laughs Laughs . . .' And you, too, may be the life of the party in ten easy lessons.

But the cause celebre of 'The Darling of the Debs' is far more significant. The truth of the matter is—and mentally italicize this—Buddy Rogers declined the title because he knows that it is false! He is not 'The Darling of the Debs!'. He may be 'The Darling of the Girls Who Have Been Out For Three Seasons, Poor Things.' And he may be the 'The Darling of the Epworth League,' or 'The Ladies' Christian Union,' or 'The Follies' or 'The Eccentric Firemen's Association.' But he is not 'The Darling of the Debs!' And he knows it!

Some may claim that the causes for this are directly traceable to the evils of the Machine Age, the failure of the United Cigar Stores to issue green coupons, Harry Richman's love life and liquor leaks in Congressional luggage. But such contention is sheerest sophistry.

Admitted that in other times, under a Democratic administration, for instance, Buddy, in all honesty and humility, might have signed his fan mail 'The Darling of the Debs.' Yet it does not follow that in this era, when business is so sound you can hear it crash, the same thing holds true.

The deb of today is not the deb of yesterday. In fact, today's deb is tomorrow's mother. And careless though this may seem, the true gentleman will lift his hat in the elevator—or elevate his hat in the lift—depending, of course, upon whether he is in New York or London.

And here again we approach the crux of the matter. Which, if nothing else, proves (Continued on page 108)
On Location with "Sergeant Grischa"

Bringing a Famous Book to the Screen

By Helen Ludlam

The bell rings, the motors start, the scene begins and there you are suspended in mid-sentence for two or three minutes. Imagine a salesman trying to get anywhere under such circumstances!

Chester's head had been shaved for the picture, and the effect was decidedly Barrymore-esque. He told me how negative he had been when Brenon sent for him to talk over the possibility of his playing Grischa. "I just hated to go. I had heard how hard Herbert was to get along with — how exacting — how temperamental and given to brain storms. When I got to the studio and we had talked for awhile he told me he had 'Alibi' in his mind and couldn't get it out. He didn't see how the man who played 'Alibi' could play Grischa and asked me whether I could say or do anything that would get the type out of his mind. 'No', I said, 'I don't think I can.' Herbert looked at me and thought a minute. 'Shaving your head might make the difference,' he decided.

"So for no reason that I can figure out unless it was my subconscious mind directing me, I went over to the barber shop on the lot and had my head shaved as clean as a whistle. Sue (Mrs. Chester Morris) met me in the studio commissary for lunch and when I told her what I was going to do she begged me to forget it. My negative state of mind had communicated itself to her and she..."
was sure the part wasn’t for me and that I would be unhappy in the engagement.

“I felt the same way, but in spite of it I went right over to the barber and off came the hair. Funny the way things happen.”

“The lady who was working on the screen story was present during my next interview with Herbert. After taking one look at me her nose went a mile in the air. I could see that I was ‘out’ as a type for Grischa as far as she was concerned. All I wanted to do was to romp home and end the interview. If there is anything I cannot stand it is to be some place where I am not wanted. But Herbert was pacing up and down by that time and then he began telling the story to me and characterizing Grischa. Before he was half through I was crazy to do the part. Of course Herbert is wonderful. He’d put enthusiasm into a puppet because he is a dynamo himself. ‘Mr. Brenon,’ I said, ‘you’ve got to let me play Grischa because—and then I paced around in my turn telling him just what I thought Grischa ought to do here and there and what have you. We ended with an enthusiastic handshake and

a pair of grins never recorded by a still camera.

“And after working with Herbert every day and part of almost every night for five weeks I can’t see where people get the idea that Brenon is temperamental or hard to get along with. He wants things right and kicks until he is satisfied, but he is not unreasonable. People on his staff have been with him for years—they wouldn’t be if he was as black as he’s painted. And our experience has been a revelation to me. When we come down on a blue Monday, he is full of energy and pep and ideas and before we know it we have snapped out of our gloom and rise to the occasion just because we can’t help ourselves.”

I began to sympathize with the prop men because of the way the apples were disappearing out of Betty’s basket. “Oh, the apples are easy,” said Bill Billings who has handled properties for Brenon these three years. “Come over here and I’ll show you the things that turn a prop man gray before his time,” and he trotted me off to a truck loaded with iron bound cabinets. One was filled with drawers, each drawer containing plenty of grief as Bill put it. “If you think that insert drawer didn’t keep me awake nights you’re guessing all” (Continued on page 124)
WHEN THE STARS

There's as Much Variety in Film Parties as in Motion Picture Plots

BESSIE LOVE is an old little person in the midst of all the hectic romanticism of Hollywood," remarked Patsy, fingering an invitation she had just received from Blanche Sweet, who was giving Bessie and William Hawks a party—they'll be married by the time this is printed—and who was also honoring her grandmother's birthday.

"How so?" I asked, "how is Bessie odd?"

"Oh, she didn't become engaged a lot of times before she finally made up her mind, as so many of the girls do," answered Patsy. "She waited until she was quite sure whom she wanted to wed. And then, though she had a lot of chances to marry picture sheiks, she decided on a quiet, if brilliant-minded, writer."

"But when's the party?" I asked. "It's sure to be interesting, since Blanche and Bessie have been friends ever since the old Griffith days. Both are true-souled girls, and they've seen each other through a lot of troublous times."

The party, we found, was to be held at the picturesque Chateau Elysée, where dwell so many of the picture stars. We found the lights glimmering from all the windows of the place, from behind the tall trees, as though the whole Chateau were celebrating.

We were early, but we discovered some of the most interesting guests already arrived, including Dorothy Bernard, who, you remember, used to be a Fox star, her husband, Russell Van Buren, and her pretty nineteen-year-old daughter, who is studying dancing, and who may later go on the stage, her mother says. Mr. Van Buren is a stage actor and director who has lately been drafted for picture direction. Dorothy looked lovely and very young, though she told us how she used to try to take care of Blanche at the studio when Blanche started work as a mere child, and how Blanche in a measure resented it, being independent and feeling that she could take care of herself.

Then entered Blanche's grandmother, Mrs. Alexander, a lively, lovely little gray-haired lady, who had the rare ability to make everybody around her happy, and who had the air of knowing that life was just all a joke and being quite willing to let you in on it. Consequently everybody swarmed about her chair, and she was quite the belle.

The guests were supposed to assemble in the pretty little private drawing room of the Chateau, but there were so many of them that they overflowed into the halls and into another private drawing room.
“Just literally everybody is here!” exclaimed Patsy, glancing about. “And I must see who is in the other rooms.”

She reported that she had met Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon was working and couldn’t come—Carmel Myers and her husband, Ralph Blum, Sid Grauman and his mother, Jack Mulhall and his wife, Leonora Bushman, daughter of Francis X. Bushman, and a lovely young girl, sweetly unsophisticated; Johnny Hines, May McAvoy and her husband, Maurice Cleary, Edmund Goulding, Ruth Taylor, Mrs. Billy Sunday, Jr., and her fiancé, Wallace Davis; Bobby Agnew—both Bobby and May McAvoy were a bit self-conscious—Al Cohn and his wife, Mabel Taliaferro and her husband, Robert Ober, Carol Lombard, Walter Hagen, golf champion, Jeanie Macpherson and her mother, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Badger, Sally Phipps, Julanne Johnson, Jerry Miley, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Weingarten, Lawrence Gray and his wife, Mervyn LeRoy and Edna Murphy, Lila Lee and John Farrow, Clarence Brown, Catherine Dale Owen, Paul Bern, and others.

We chatted with Dorothy Bernard, who said that she had greatly enjoyed her work as assistant editor of Harper’s Bazaar. She told us that Dustin Farnum’s wife, Winifred Kingston, was in town, looking for a house. It seems that they had sold their beautiful old home, and that Dusty, had not left a very big fortune, due to the fact, largely, that he was always helping somebody who asked him for money.

Bebe Daniels looked lovely in a pale pink, long dress, and Bessie Love was exquisite in white. Bessie said that having this party made her engagement seem awfully real and sort of official.

Dorothy Dalton was there with her husband, Arthur Hammerstein. She is looking forward with interest, she said, to her picture work. She said she couldn’t possibly find her way about Hollywood, it is so changed. She looks very pretty and exactly as young as she did in the old days, partly due, of course, to never having allowed herself to grow fat.

Fay Compton came with Betty Compton, and Betty told us that her Oxford admirer had gone to Russia on some sort of study mission from his college.

Harold Lloyd brought his lovely little wife, Mildred. “Altogether it’s a regular old-home week, isn’t it?” observed Patsy.

Dinner was served in the large dining room, and it was with pleasure I found myself next to Mr. Van Buren, who is a charming talker, and who has a fresh enthusiasm about pictures.

(Continued on page 110)
No one ever quite forgets a beautiful woman. Prettiness may be but skin deep but real beauty lies deeper. A pretty woman may be merely a nonentity but a beautiful woman never is, because she has discovered that beauty is individuality—a personality that is the perfection of detail.

The little things count, and in many ways. For instance, hair that is less then perfectly groomed is enough to ruin the appearance of the loveliest hat that ever came out of Paris. The imported frock of costly material with one hook awry is less pleasing than the simple frock that is made at home and stays together properly. Rouge that streaks the cheek, powder that leaves off where the neck begins, a sleeveless frock disclosing rough, discolored elbows, a red, shiny nose that we powder when we think of it and let it go at that—set us down as careless or poorly groomed.

Looking about, one often is led to believe that few women realize that the world views us from the side and back quite as often as from a direct front view. We face our mirror and decide that we look pretty well, and take no thought as to how we look from any other viewpoint.

Don't make the mistake of believing that you have no time to...
waste on keeping yourself well-groomed. Rather, convince yourself that your time is wasted indeed if you do not spend a little of it in achieving and holding charm. Surely, in a day when you waste more or less time on things of lesser importance you can find half an hour to devote to small details of beautifying.

I talked recently to a beauty specialist, famous the world over. She believes that every girl may be beautiful in her own individual way if she will specialize on her good points and make the most of them. The features demanding attention more than others just now, said the specialist, are the eyes and forehead. And looking around a bit, I'm convinced that she is right.

For years, women pulled their nats down over their faces—one eye peeping out, the other almost completely hidden. Foreheads were invisible. If the hat did not cover them, the hair did. No special care was given them. Then came the new off-the-face hats and what they reveal, girls, is not always so good. Foreheads lined and none too white; lines under the eyes; a withered look about the eye-lids; the eyes not nearly so bright and sparkling as eyes should be.

What to do? Well, for one thing, you must give your forehead and the space under and over the eyes the same amount of care and grooming that you give the rest of your face. When ready to cleanse your face, don't just pin your hair back out of the way; tie a towel firmly over it as the operator in the beauty parlor does before she begins a treatment, so you can work out to the very edges of the hair. After the face cleansing, put a generous amount of good cream on the forehead, under and over the eyes.

With the first two fingers of each hand, beginning at the center of the forehead just over the nose and working outward toward the temples, gently smooth the cream well in. Begin again, a little higher up on the forehead and repeat the process until you have covered the entire forehead. Then, using the tips of the second fingers and working outward with little firm circular movements, go over the entire forehead at least ten times.

Then, using the second finger of each hand, beginning over the eyes at the bridge of the nose (the eyes closed) work gently over the lid to the corners of the eyes. Press firmly on the crow's feet if they are beginning to form, then pat gently under the eyes to the nose. Repeat ten times. This treatment must be gentle, as the tissues under the eyes are very delicate.

When you (Cont. on page 112)
In our estimate of the present crop of budding screen stars let’s pause long enough to lift the millinery to Edwina Booth, one of the gamest little gamblers that ever laid a dime on the black square.

During the six months I spent with the “Trader Horn” company on location in East Africa where W. S. Van Dyke directed a sound version of the old philosopher’s novel, I saw one of the most dramatic situations unfolded before my eyes that it will probably ever be my good fortune to witness.

Harry Carey, who plays Trader Horn, and Duncan Renaldo, who plays his buddy from Peru, are husky brutes, comparatively. They might be expected to stand some chance tussling with African elephants, or taking the meat practically out of the mouth of the Nubian lion—which they did. But our flower-like wrath of a leading lady, Edwina Booth, was slated for the same dangers. Not only that, but she marched the men into these situations. ‘Ladies First,’ with a vengeance.

Here was a little blonde kid who came fourteen thousand miles from California to the middle of Africa, wagering her health, her good looks, her entire future, in fact, on the single long shot that her success in the picture—if she pulled through—would reward her with the fame and fortune that we all want. It wasn’t a big Belasco production either, with press agents, advertising and ballyhoo. Nobody ever talked about it at all. We all knew that it was going on in front of us and she knew
that we knew. It didn't call for words.

All the talking had been done in Hollywood. When Edwina took the part she was told that it meant great personal risk. Van Dyke told her—as only Van Dyke can—that there would be no room for temperament, for coddling or for anything, in fact, except hard work and plenty of it. She took the job with her eyes open and we had to hand it to her for the way she played the game.

It was May 1, 1929, when we all landed at Mombasa, the front door to East Africa—that fantastic little adjunct of the Bronx Zoo situated plumb under the equator on the East Coast. There were about thirty of us: Van Dyke, Edwina Booth, Harry Carey, Duncan Renaldo and the cameraman and technicians that go to make up a studio production company. In the hold of the ship was more than one hundred tons of equipment—hundreds of items we had been told to leave at home, things that 'could never be moved into the heart of the continent.' The weather was scorching. Nobody seemed to be very much interested in what we were doing. Natives were asleep in the shade. Lizards were crawling up the white walls of the customs warehouses on the pier.

Two days of hard work were required to get everything onto the little woodburning train that runs three hundred and fifty miles inland to Nairobi, our temporary headquarters. It takes eighteen hours to make the trip, up-grade all the way, for Naibori is a mile above sea level. You pass through native villages through

A Movie Company Pioneers in Darkest Africa for Authentic Native Atmosphere

By John W. McClain
vast herds of wild game: zebra, giraffe and ostrich.

During the night a fine red dust settled on the windows, through the ventilators and covers everything. In the morning at breakfast, Edwina appeared in a spotless wash dress, wearing a cork helmet, and smiling. The rest of us were dirty and our eyes were bloodshot from the dust and soot. My repeated efforts to get towels and soap from the porter had produced everything from a new blanket to a gin sling. Edwina had apparently worked a miracle.

In Mafadi we paused long enough to repack our equipment, and to establish a laboratory for developing our rushes. Then we organized a regular safari, hired one hundred natives, five hunters and started for the bush. From Nairobi to Jinja, on Lake Victoria, there is a branch of the railroad. From there we went by motor to Kampala. At that point it became apparent that civilization was leaving us in the wake. Edwina left her trunk in the hotel and changed into khaki pants, flannel shirt and felt taria, that was to be everything but her negligee for the next six months. And somehow it was rather becoming.

Along about May 15, we waved goodbye to the hotel keeper and pushed off toward the Congo. We were traveling in nineteen motor lories and six passenger cars. Our nine-ton electric generator truck brought up the rear. We were carrying more equipment by at least fifty tons than any safari that had entered that part of Africa. There were twenty kleig lights, forty tents, beds, chairs, an iceless refrigerator, a wireless set, and enough food-stuffs, ammunition, films, and canned goods to last three months. At every bridge we had to stop and build a reinforcement under it before we could drive the generator truck over. Sometimes this took hours. We were eating on the march, living on canned food and crackers most of the time. At night we pitched a few tents and slept until dawn unless the mosquitoes were too thick. All over the roads there were tracks of everything from elephants to leopards.

One day we arrived at Lake Albert, in Uganda, on the border of the Belgian Congo. There we left our cars and loaded our personal kit on a river boat the size of a tug. There was a white man stationed there who looked after the shipping on the Lake. His name was Buckler. When he saw Edwina he said, "You can't take her where you're going. It is reeking with sleeping sickness and fever. She's coming.

Before Van Dyke could answer, Edwina stepped up to the man.

"Have you ever tried to cross Fifth Avenue at Forty-second street during the rush hour, Mr. Buckler?" she asked. "Well, I have, and I guess I can stand this country!"

She didn't talk much the rest of the day but she was all right when we got off the steamer at Panamur next morning. That was the first location — a wilderness on the West side of Lake Albert. Flat, tall grass plains running down to the water's edge, with the land rising a mile or so from the lake and climbing gradually into the purple hills of the Congo. The water smooth and oily, simmering in the heat of a tropical sun and the monotonous hum of insects hanging over the whole scene like the purr of a distant airplane.

I looked for Edwina. She was trying to talk to some natives who had come down to meet us. They were laughing and making signs and she was looking up words in her Swahili handbook.

We shot the first sequence of the picture there, scenes showing the arrival of Little Peru in Africa and his introduction to Trader Horn. We defied all the rules of Africa during those first days, working all day in the sun, through the worst heat of the day at noon and far into the dusk. The generator was stationed off-shore on a tender and the juice was run ashore in cables. It looked like a losing bet for Edwina some of those times when we sat in the scorching sun, waiting for the clouds to drift into the background. Times when you could have baked a potato under your hat and when nobody spoke and everybody just sat.

Harry Carey, brave in the costume of the 'tough customer' of the early times, was driving his herd of shackled natives that staggered under burdens of ivory tusks until they fell. It was easy for him to look grim. Renaldo arrived with slaves carrying guitars, luggage, and a bath tub, and faced the sarcastic scrutiny of Trader Horn. It was easy for Renaldo to look uncomfortable, as these two sweated through the opening scenes.

A night the mosquitoes were pretty bad. We had nets over our beds, but during dinner and right afterwards there was nothing to do about it. Some of the boys went down with fever after a couple of weeks. Van Dyke

... (Cont. on page 120)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "YOUNG EAGLES" starring CHARLES ROGERS
Every Day is Valentine's Day in Hollywood. For What are Motion Pictures Without Love Scenes?

News note: Nancy Carroll is stepping out with St. Valentine. But can he keep up with her?

Nancy again. No matter what havoc she causes among audiences you can never say she's a heartless girl.

Practically guaranteed to give anyone a little harmless heart trouble: Jean Arthur.
Heart Interest

Nancy Carroll is showing off one of her enormous collection of hearts. "No trouble at all," says Nancy. "There are lots more where this came from."

We don’t know much about art, Jean, but we know what we like, and you qualify.

Cupid, a little annoyed at such competition, sends a dart in Nancy’s direction.
EVERY time you have seen Charles Ruggles on the screen he has been impersonating a gentleman who has partaken not wisely, but too well, of good cheer. Personally, Charlie looks like this; and he never touches the stuff!
Helen Morgan, perched on a piano, is a tousled-haired, pleasantly plump young woman specializing in sentimental ballads—until she begins to sing. Then the magic of a husky voice transforms her into a great artiste.
THELMA TODD was once a school teacher. Now she is very busy explaining the rudiments of Hal Roach comedy to screen audiences. Blonde, Junoesque, and beautiful, Thelma seems to have inherited the mantle of Phyllis Haver.
IT was more or less overlooked for a time that Lois Wilson entered pictures by the beauty contest route. But since Lois has been playing witty heroines instead of sweet saps, her friends have been reminded of her good looks.
THERE is a new girl in town visiting from the South, by way of Broadway. Her name is Dorothy Jordan, and everyone has been so nice to her she reckons she'll stay. This decision meets with the approval of all.
THE voice, with the smile, wins. It's a sure-fire combination. Regis Toomey qualified in "Alibi," and now he is greatly in demand, having made a favorable impression upon the discerning millions who go to movies.
WHEN an actor is hailed by his nickname, it means only one thing: his future is assured. He is no longer a remote figure on the screen, but a very good friend. David Rollins is known to the world as Davey.
Of all the Broadway leading ladies who have come to Hollywood, Marguerite Churchill is perhaps the most wistful and reserved. Yet she has already, in her quiet, well-bred way, carved a special niche for herself.
SHE has been a trouper ever since she can remember, having toddled on the stage with her father and mother at the tender age of two. And she still loves her work. Ladies and gentlemen of the audience: Leila Hyams.
Give Warner Baxter any part, and he'll play it, to hearty applause. *Cisco Kid* or suave business man, Warner is always convincing. He is agreeable and versatile. "Such Men are Dangerous"—that's his next feature.
LORETTA HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Miss Young Plays Shepherdess.
Lucky Little Lamb!
SCREEN ingenues have posed amid woodland scenery before; but somehow, until Loretta Young came along, we never took it very seriously. Now—well, look around you!
The gay nineties will be the next setting for Marion Davies' whimsical talents. The star is now working on a musical movie with the quaint atmosphere of Floradora days.
The Girl with Seven Voices

Marion Davies Demonstrates Vocal Versatility

By Ralph Wheeler

There are too many tears in real life. I want to make people laugh!

Thus, with characteristic simplicity, did Marion Davies explain her snubbing of serious roles for hoydenish farce and broad comedy.

While other actresses of less pulchritude and accomplishment are yearning to do 'big things,' dripping drama, (pronounced dray-mah), or Shakespeare, at the very least, Marion is figuring out new impressionistic burlesques, stunts, of any kind aimed to bring a laugh.

Her first talking picture feature, "Marianne," has given her fans a treat and shown them what to expect of her in vocal as well as physical character delineation. "Duley," now titled "Not So Dumb," her next, is amusing and frankly fun.

"I don't know a thing about this 'are-you-theah' manner of pronunciation I hear so much about in talkies," she said. "I talk the way I think my characters would speak, not the way some elocution teacher thinks the English language is spoken."

"I try to be myself. An English accent doesn't go with my Irish face. I was born in Brooklyn, and if you've ever been across the bridge you know how 'certainly' is pronounced there.

"I feel that the average person in a motion picture audience resents too meticulous enunciation. They don't know people in real life who talk that way and at once sense an artificiality about the characters. If the part calls for Bowery lingo, then the lines should be read that way. If the rôle is one of drawing room aristocracy, then bring on your diphthongs and whatnots."

"To my mind, it is important in comedy characterizations, especially, to fit your voice to the part. I am very much afraid a constant repetition of the same voice in every picture will make the public 'voice weary,' just as they would get tired of seeing a star wear the same clothes for every part she played. I can hear them saying, 'Gosh do we have to hear that woman again?'

"When I played 'Marianne' I spoke very little French. I realized that those lines which were spoken entirely in French must be perfectly delivered, since many people in the audience would pick flaws. (Continued on page 113)
**Sally**

This is the ne plus ultra of screen musical entertainment. (Don't mind me; I'm just showing off. "Sally" is such a Cartier production it has given me an accent.) Marilyn Miller, aristocrat of Broadway musical comedy, goes Hollywood as last, and she makes it look like Park Avenue in a minute. Marilyn makes some of our native blondes seem just a little — er — crude and uncouth and she is generally bad news to our girls who have been getting by with their Chats and tiny trebles; she shows them up and there's nothing left for them to do now but take singing and dancing lessons. Miss Miller has a fine voice, a beautiful smile, and the sprightliest and shapeliest dancing legs on the screen. As "Sally," the little waitress who marries a millionaire boy, and no wonder, she is always a vision, and the technicolor cameras take full advantage of her charms. "Sally" is an eyeful in every respect. The garden party is the biggest and most lavish screen set since the fall of Babylon in "Intolerance." Alexander Gray "plays opposite." "Sally" is over six feet tall and very lovely.

**Devil May Care**

Ramon Novarro's first singing picture is a lovely lace Valentine. It is thoroughly charming and not in the least important. But who cares? Here's Ramon, as a dashing young defender of Napoleon's interests, masquerading as a footman and managing to ingratiate himself with Dorothy Jordan and all the ladies in the audience at one and the same time. Novarro is a delightful comedian; he is light and engaging but never coy. The Voice, like most over-heralded things, fails to live up to expectations; but don't let that worry you. It's a good enough voice and Ramon really could get along with a worse one. The opening scenes of this Napoleonic romance are fine and stirring. Unfortunately the film fails to keep this pace. It lags and limps when it should go marching on. But when Novarro is around, and he usually is, there's nothing the matter with "Devil May Care." Dorothy Jordan as the little royalist who is finally won over to Ramon's cause, is a real find. She has a naive charm.

**No, No, Nanette**

If you think you are just a little fed up with these endless musical comedy movies, see this one before you swear off. It proves that what's wrong with m.c. movies is comedy — that is, not enough comedy. "No, No, Nanette" is first of all funny. The musical comedy is just a background. And the genuine comedy makes you so hilarious you don't mind the elaborate chorus numbers, the persistent tap dancers, and the theme songs sung by Alexander Gray. But then you might like Mr. Gray in any case. He is modest, presentable, and the owner of a good voice. His co-star, Bernice Claire, is a little beauty who is ravishing even when she sings. When she discards that musical comedy smile and learns movie technique she will be a real wow. Lucien Littlefield as a good-book publisher who keeps pretty ladies in good humor; Louise Fazenda as his doting wife; Lilian Fasman as a whispering friend and Bert Roach as her husband; and particularly Zasu Pitts as a long-suffering maid of all work, are uproariously funny.
Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects the Six Most Important Films of the Month

This Thing Called Love

This lovely young thing called Constance Bennett returns to the screen. Boy, get out the banners and the red carpet and the key—the great big, gold one—to the city. For Constance, today, is more glamorous than ever. She went away an appealing little girl. She comes back a sophisticated woman—with Paris clothes and faintly haughty continental manners. There's no one quite like her in pictures. She has poise that matches Swanson's. And her picture is a fitting frame for her talents. She plays a Virginia young woman who hires herself out to Edmund Lowe as a perfect wife. In other words, she can give him everything but love, baby. Of course he wants that, too, even though Miss Bennett points out that the examples of married life they see about them are none too encouraging. Zasu Pitts as a disappointed matron contributes another one of her matchless characterizations. But Mr. Lowe refuses to be depressed and even without the aid of 'Captain Flagg' he is victorious. This Mr. Lowe is an expert farceur.

The Virginian

Classic of the American theater, this grand old play by Owen Wister and Kirk La Shelle ran for seasons on the 'legitimate.' Now that the movies have become the real legitimate theater, 'The Virginian' will probably run forever. It has all the qualities that make for popular appeal. It's the greatest 'western' ever written, a real epic of the days when America was in the making. Of course Gary Cooper is the one and only boy to play the title rôle on the screen. This tall, rangy lad makes a perfect picture as the brave foreman whose sense of duty prevails over his friendship for 'Steve' and his love for the little Vermont school ma'am. Richard Arlen is a picturesque and lovable 'Steve.' Two ladies beside me left the theater when he passed out of the picture. Mary Brian is a lovely heroine. Walter Huston makes 'Trampas' as ornery as Wister wrote him. The suspense of the final scenes is positively gripping. But for me, the big moment comes when Gary says, 'If you call me that, smile!'

The Sky Hawk

'The war picture that is different,' should be the billing for this film. You may think you have had just about enough of these epic struggles; but see 'The Sky Hawk' and you will marvel at the ingenuity of the Hollywood boys who can actually turn out another war picture that will not remind you of all the others since 'The Big Parade.' It is worth your while if only for the tremendous thrill of the air battle between a Zeppelin and a lone plane over London. The suspense of the air raid and the hero's daring will keep you on the edge of your seat, tearing your program to bits, or you're awfully, awfully callous. I think you will find 'The Sky Hawk' an entertainment tonic. It is all-English, with 'a chap called Bardell' performing this heroic aerial feat by way of reinstating himself in the eyes of the world which has accused him of cowardice. John Garrick, the young Englishman who plays the lead, is interesting and always sincere in a rôle that must have been a continual temptation to swank around in.
Critical Comment

The Laughing Lady

A SMART motion picture, Smart in its stars and its settings and story; and smart in the pace it maintains throughout. Ruth Chatterton plays the title role, that of a charming and gallant lady innocently compromised and hence cast off by her worthless husband. Dragged into the divorce court she is pilloried by her husband’s brilliant lawyer and loses the custody of her child. Chin up, she laughs—while she plans a neat revenge. Her victim is the lawyer, who is not clever enough to withstand woman’s wiles. But she has fallen in love with him, and he with her; so revenge is sacrificed to a happy ending. Clive Brook is superb as the lawyer, while the exquisite Miss Chatterton scintillates as the Laughing Lady. The two most poised and polished players on the screen, they make a perfect team. May they meet soon again!

Hot For Paris

DID you like “The Cock-Eyed World”? Don’t be silly. According to the box-office receipts, everybody liked “The Cock-Eyed World.” Then see “Hot for Paris,” which is more of the same. Victor McLaglen plays a sea-farin’ man on shore leave with his Swedish pal, El Brendel, in that dear Paris. There they encounter Fifi Dorsay, yes, the same Fifi who made Paris so pleasant for Will Rogers; and she shows Vic and El the sights. Raoul Walsh directed, so you know what to expect. It’s all Rabelaisian in the Hollywood fashion, with broad laughs, plenty of gestures, French-American dialogue, and generally snappy action. McLaglen plays his usual bluff and rough character; but it is Fifi’s own little show. Her antics are so disarming that even grandmother will content herself with a gentle “Tut-tut!” The French are a great people!

The Girl From Woolworth’s

ARE you like me? Are you one of those people who’s been worrying about the fate of Alice White? Well, there’s no need to worry. No matter what job Alice holds in the first reel of the picture, the odds are twenty to one that she’ll emerge a cabaret cutie before the fourth reel rolls around. And that, my children, is just what happens again in this latest opus which I have nicknamed “an epic of the five-and-ten.” Oh, it’s all right with me! I’m not whimpering! For Alice continues to improve with the song-and-dance talkies, and even if she sells sheet music in Woolworth’s and falls for a subway guard, who am I to complain so long as there is a theme song with jazz variations and legtacular surroundings. Charles Delaney is the poor but honest New Yorker, and Wheeler Oakman is the menace as the cabaret producer.

The Mighty

THAT man’s man, George Bancroft, seemed to be keeping a large percentage of women interested when I saw “The Mighty.” The fact is, George, the big bad boy of the movies, interests both men and women because they feel he is real, not synthetic. As far as I’m concerned, I’d rather see George in celluloid than most matinee idols in the flesh. He makes me believe him no matter what he does, even when, as in this picture, he plays a crook drafted into the war who emerges a Major, a gentleman, and a hero. When he seemed to be about to return to his old wild life, torn between love and duty, and two beautiful blondes: EstherRalston and Dorothy Revier, I wasn’t worried. I could just sit back and let George do it. Whatever the outcome, it would be interesting. Bancroft films, like Garbo’s, are just vehicles, and why not?
on Current Films

Seven Keys to Baldpate

Richard Dix's first picture for RKO is good entertainment. But it is neither new nor startling, and affords Dix no fresh start. The George M. Cohan play has been picturized before; and those who saw the first screen version will have no difficulty in chopping out the plot well in advance. A mildly amusing farce, it has been well mounted, directed, and cast; but why not give Richard Dix a brand-new, original story to work in, just for a treat? And then see what he'll do with it. He has played in so many revivals he must feel like Billy Sunday. As the young author who goes to Baldpate Inn in the dead of winter to write in solitude, only to have his privacy invaded by political crooks and beautiful ladies, Dix does all he can to invest the proceedings with sincerity and zest. Joseph Allen of the original cast is a riot.

The Shannons of Broadway

Lucille Webster and Jimmy Gleason are two of the most lovable human beings who ever held an audience in the hollow of their hands. They are home-spun and real, so that every type of theater-goer, from Broadway to the tank-towns, reacts identically to their humor. Jimmy and Lucille wrote and starred in "The Shannons of Broadway" and had a long run in the big town. And now they have translated their play into pictures and it will probably keep right on running. Not that this talkie is remarkable. It isn't. It's simply a stage play too literally transcribed into screen scenes. But the intrinsic worth of the piece is there, and nothing can hide it. As the vaudeville couple who clean up in real estate and return to the stage in a big act, Lucille and Jimmy are always believable. Mary Philbin and John Breedon are also present.

Pointed Heels

Just a little bit of everything for everybody. Musical numbers? Here they are. Comedy? Yes. Drama? Certainly. Technicolor revue? Right over there. Add William Powell, Fay Wray, Helen Kane, Phillips Holmes, and Skeets Gallagher, and you'll have to like something about "Pointed Heels." I liked Powell's nonchalant stalking of Fay and his final gentlemanly sacrifice; Helen's boopa-doops; Fay's acting, and Phil's profile. But particularly Helen. This girl is just a natural. She is a real comedienne and doesn't have to depend upon her singing from now on. Fay, the miniature Gloria Swanson, is lovely. The story? Oh, there are several. Domestic drama by Fay and Phil. Backstage comedy by Helen and Skeet. Handsome millionaire menace by Mr. Powell, who turns out to be a sheep in wolf's clothing. What will you have? It's all here.

Dynamite

The gloriifier of the American bath-tub took no chances with his first talking picture. He put everything in it. After the first four or five reels I pinched myself and rubbed my eyes and said: "It isn't true; I don't believe it." But it seemed I was wrong. The astonishing scenes of "Dynamite" went on and on, from the wedding of a beautiful society girl to a condemned murderer, through a characteristic Cecil DeMille party in high-life, to a climax in a mine that beggars description. And over it all is the smooth and unctuous Cecil DeMille polish, and through it all there is the decided charm of Kay Johnson and the rugged honesty of Charles Bickford and the sex appeal of soft-voiced Julia Faye, and the suavity of Conrad Nagel. Director DeMille is a magician. He makes you see things that aren't there.
Tiger Rose

An all-star cast including Rin-Tin-Tin make Willard Mack's play a good movie melodrama of the old school. Lupe Velez draws Lenore Ulric's stage rôle and she vamps and romps her way through the scenes with her usual sparkle. Monte Blue, H. B. Warner, Grant Withers, and Gaston Glass combine to make "Tiger Rose" a flappers' holiday; it's been a long time since so many likable leading men played in one picture. Tully Marshall and Bull Montana attend strictly to their business of supplying characterization. "Tiger Rose"' dates; its canoe race through the rapids may not be taken altogether seriously; but the luminous cast does its best to make up for such old-fashioned devices. Lupe's lustre alone is worth the price of admission to "Tiger Rose."

Halfway To Heaven

Buddy Rogers' best picture in some time, though not altogether due to Buddy. He is overshadowed by the menace of Paul Lukas and the appeal of Jean Arthur as the girl. It's a carnival story with Buddy, Jean and Paul doing a trapeze act that has its thrills. The star is a little too noble. Jean Arthur is, as always, just right.

Hunting Tigers In India

Elephants, tigers, and everything. If you like these natural actors, see Commander George M. Dyott's record of his hunt. It is interesting though not too exciting. The gun and camera sportsmen seek rhino, deer, and elephant; and to top it off, there's the bagging of three tigers. No story: just a little lesson in natural history.

Oh, Yeah!

This comedy with James Gleason and Robert Armstrong is disappointing. There is too much dialogue and not enough acting. Remember, boys, this is the moving picture business. Gleason wrote the dialogue as well as co-starred and he knows his wise-cracks; but the film could and should have been better. Zasu Pitts is grand as a waitress.

Blaze O' Glory

The height of hokum. With the exception of an excellent performance by Henry Walthall, and the personable presence of Betty Compson, this melodrama is hardly worth your time. Eddie Dowling uses the late war as background for his repertoire of sentimental songs. Frankie Darro fans will find their boy wonder very much among those present.
The Marriage Playground

A great family picture, this filmization of Edith Wharton's "The Children" has the fine full flavor of the novel and all the qualities of the best screen technique as well. Lothar Mendes has directed with good taste and spirit, a rare combination, this story of the girl who brings up her younger brothers and sisters because her fashionable folks are too busy. Mary Brian as the girl is a revelation. She has lost none of her girlish appeal, while her work has steadily grown in depth and power. I can't imagine any audience failing to appreciate and sympathize with The Children, especially Philippe De Lacey. Sartorial shows by Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman, love interest by Fredric March, nice man and good actor.

His First Command

Bill Boyd fans, and they are loyal and lusty, will like their star in this fast-moving story of a private who wisecracks his way to a commission and the commandant's daughter. Boyd plays a Bill Haines role to agreeable affect, and Dorothy Sebastian is pert and pretty opposite him. A good movie with not too much regard for army regulations.

South Sea Rose

Lenore Ulric is a splendid actress and she is proving it in her talkies. The well-known Ulric personal charm is not so potent on the screen and Lenore must be judged solely on her merits as a troupier. She is one of the best, and as a South Sea Rose transplanted to New England she rises above an indifferent story, aided by Charles Bickford.

Hell's Heroes

A drama of the brand best known as 'gripping,' this picture will get you. From a Peter B. Kyne story, it is virile, unadorned, and always absorbing. Three desert rats, Charles Bickford, Fred Kohler, Raymond Hatton, become human beings when they adopt a baby. Sounds saccharine, but isn't. Good acting, authentic desert stuff, and real punch.

Dance Hall

Vina Delmar's short story makes a fairly entertaining talker. The scene is a 'taxi' dance hall with Olive Borden as the hostess and Arthur Lake as a shipping clerk smitten by her charms. Olive and Arthur are individually good, but not together. Miss Borden is too reserved for Arthur's ingenuous boyishness. Joseph Cawthorne is really funny.
"Wait till Eddie sees the bill for these. He'll get a shock!"

Lilyan Tashman was speaking of the four dozen giant chrysanthemums her husband, Edmund Lowe, had telegraphed her from the coast.

"He's forgetting," she continued, "that chrysanthemums cost real money in New York. Here you can't get a earload for a street-car token like you can in Hollywood."

Miss Tashman, who has just finished playing the rôle of the mother of a large and varied family in "The Marriage Playground," from Edith Wharton's novel, "The

"They're always trying to make a vamp out of me," wailed Mary Duncan, "just because I played Poppy, the half-caste girl in 'Shanghai Gesture.'"

Mary was on the stage in New York for several years before Mr. William Fox corralled her for Hollywood movies. Now she's back in town for a visit—the first time in many months, having just completed "City Girl."

"I love New York. I love the theaters here. Talkies are great—terribly interesting in which to work. But
there's something about the New York theater that doesn't exist for me any
place else. I adore the people out in Hollywood. I adore the climate, too.

But," and her pretty little nose sniffed
the frosty air from upper Fifth Avenue, which filtered in
through the open sitting room window, "when I'm away
from this New York ozone, I'm plain miserable, for I
reckon this is—just my town!"

Mary Duncan is a lady. Not one of these personages
varnished up by an astute publicity department for special
occasions, but the real quality. She breathes a spirit and
exudes an essence that can never be manufactured,
no matter how subtly an artist may try.

Yes, you guessed it. She was born in Virginia. And
she has a voice that is as lovely as Jane Cowl's. It is
sweet, smooth and musky, like old green chartreuse that
has rested many years undisturbed in a cool, quiet cellar.

Mary has had rather a bad break in pictures. They
don't seem able to find a story for this unusual girl's
personality.

"I don't know whether I'll make a picture next or do a
play," Mary explained. "Sam Harris has a little thing
here that he thinks is interesting. And I may take it,
if it's not a vamp rôle. I'm through with vamps forever.
I've rolled my eyes and swaggered my hips for the last
time—I hope!"

"Marriage agrees with some movie stars. It wrecks
others," said Eleanor Boardman, wife of King Vidor, as
she sat in the drawing room of her suite at the Warwick,
where she and her husband were spending their New
York vacation.

"But don't let's talk about marriage. I have a hunch
when people tell you how happy they are—well, some-
times, they're just talking. Like a boy whistles when he's
walking past a graveyard at night. Real happiness is some-
thing you feel inside. It's a quality so rare that when
you possess it you don't speak about it, for fear even
words will make it vanish."

A few months before Miss Boardman was married, I
interviewed her in Hollywood. (Continued on page 127)
The STAGE
The New Plays Before the

By Benjamin

man in America" in mind, for his Raphael Lord is a caricature of a genius. He is a superman a la New York, model 1929. He is a hard-boiled Babbitt who believes that money will make him the superior of mankind, starting, as he does, in youth with a basis of egotistic braggadocio and Jack London-Jim Tully social blasphemies.

We see this papier-mâché creation first hanging around a New England university town and later in New York as a monumental telephone bawler in the Street who is "gifted with second-sight," a lame theatrical device to inject some miracle-monkey shines into a brutal vulgarian. The play, nevertheless, is worth seeing, for Mr. Behrman, no doubt, intended just this, and he succeeds admirably. If he didn't intend this, then I'm dumber (or brighter) than he is.

Alfred Lunt's portrayal of Lord was snappy, jolting and convincing. It is certain that he understands clairvoyance. His manner of registering it was perfect. Lynn Fontanne is seen as first his sweetheart and then his wife. For a terrific human-Boy Scout super-special talkie, I recommend "Meteor" to the producers.

"Bitter Sweet"
Noel Coward is the department store of Popular Art. He'll sell you anything: a play in which the nerves and emotions rant like Henry Hull; a sketch in which a London bus or Nero is the hero; an opera in

"Meteor"

If you've ever read that delectable brochure, "The Superman in America," you will remember the last paragraph, no doubt: "American mass-consciousness remains absolutely untouched by the doctrine of Superman. It is innately philistine, conservative, without vision, without imagination, without daring. Its supermen are Ford, Rockefeller, Edison, Coolidge."

When Mr. Behrman wrote "Meteor," the Guild's new play, he must have had this paragraph from "The Super-

Evelyn Laye, the British, blonde and beautiful star of "Bitter Sweet."
Camera Gets Them

De Casseres

which he will write the music, crochet the plot and cast the parts. I wonder does he play the oboe, paint a la Gaugin or Van Gogh; can he whistle out a model of a twenty-first century skyscraper; can he write an essay on the Mona Lisa or the Metaphysical Thing?

I'll bet he can, for Noel is sometimes a talented, although a totally unoriginal, Proteus, as I noted in his latest diversion, "Bitter Sweet," an old-fashioned but sweetly somno-

lent entertainment that I cordially recommend if the murder-holes and sex-stics of Broadway have begun to pall on you and you want to be rocked away with caramel-sundae music and the really gorgeous voice of Evelyn Laye into the Belgrave Square of 1875 and the Vienna of 1880, when the beer and the spine-dissolving waitresses ran neck and neck with nose-slitting duels.

The story is rather yawningly pretty. We open in London with a jazz-band. Dolly Chamberlain is going to run away with its Lopez. The grandmother, the Marchioness of Shayne, played by Miss Laye, limps on the scene and tells the audience in a series of flash-backs what happened to her when she made off with a singer yes and yeahs and yeahs before. It is quite romantic, dramatic, and even thrillingly murderous at the end of the second act, when an Austrian window-dressed soldier kills grandma's fiddle-leader. All this has such an effect on Dolly that—well, believe it or not—she gives up her Lopez. I rather liked it, not being ashamed to be sentimental when I feel like it—and the night that I saw it I felt like a nineteen-year-old bridegroom in Wichita.

"The Sea-Gull"

All the critics are unanimous. All of us said in chorus, and we continue to say it; "The Sea-Gull," by Anton Chekov, is the only great play in New York.

Others, like "Rope's End," "The Criminal Code," and "Many Waters," are good, fine, or powerful; but "The Sea-Gull" contains the elements that are not of today, yesterday or tomorrow, but are for the human race in all times because it shows us—with what art!—something that happens to every boy and girl born of woman on this planet; the moth of Time and how it nibbles holes in your ideals and dreams till there is nothing left but a rag, a bone and a hank of hair.

Again, "The Sea-Gull," as put (Continued on page 119)
Come into the Kitchen
By Fay Wray

ST. VALENTINE'S PUDDING

Drain 1 can pineapple; to syrup add ¼ cup sugar, 5 slices chopped pineapple, 1 cup cold water. Bring slowly to boiling point, remove to back of range, let stand one hour; strain through cheesecloth. There should be 2 cups of syrup. Soak 3 tablespoons gelatine in 3 tablespoons cold water, add to hot syrup. Add ½ cup Sauterne wine and pinch of salt; color with fruit red. Place heart-shaped mold in pan containing ice water, pour in mixture to ⅛ inch in depth. When firm place smaller mold (in ice water) on jelly, leaving space of uniform width. Add jelly mixture gradually and cool. When firm remove small mold and fill space with chilled mixture. Filling: Beat 1 cup cream until stiff, add ½ cup pineapple cubes, ½ cup marroons and ½ cup walnut meats broken in pieces, ½ lb. marshmallows cut in strips. 2 tablespoons powdered sugar, ⅓ teaspoon vanilla. Let stand one hour and remove to serving dish.

When you hear a woman pretend that she has no interest in cooking, make up your mind that it's just a pose. True, there are exceptions. But most of us love to stir up a cake or whisk together a pudding, or create a salad that's a culinary triumph and an artistic delight. This is particularly true when one has a family and friends who appreciate one's efforts!

Planning and supervising formal dinners and luncheons are among my favorite indoor sports. If I had more time I know I would do more of what my cook calls 'meddling about the kitchen' when one of these dinners is in process of creation.

For a dinner of twelve people I usually serve a fruit or seafood cocktail or canapes, a clear soup, a fish course, a roast with vegetables, a simple salad and a frozen dessert.

For an informal luncheon of eight, I like to serve consomme or fruit cup, lamb chops or Jarvis stuffed peppers, salad and a light pudding.

Recently, I served a company of sixteen with the following menu. I hope it will help you in planning a party.

It is far from being an elaborate menu; but then we are not ostentatious at our house; and besides, I feel sure any guest prefers a sensible, well-cooked dinner.

The charming Miss Wray loves to 'meddle about' the kitchen and cook—there's no pretense about it, either.

The kitchen, one of Fay's preferred locations, as well. Note the gaily framed windows and...
FAVORITE RECIPES

JARVIS STUFFED PEPPERS

Cut stem ends from 6 green peppers, remove seeds, parboil 3 minutes in boiling water to which has been added ½ teaspoon soda. Heat ½ can tomatoes, let simmer 20 minutes, rub through sieve and continue simmering until there is ½ cup tomato puree. Add ½ cup hot boiled rice, let stand until rice has absorbed tomato. Then add 1 sweetbread, parboiled and cut in small cubes. Season with ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, fill peppers with mixture, place in pan, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and brown in oven. Place on circles of sautéed bread and pour sauce around. Before serving, add 1 tablespoon current jelly.

A lemon grater, eggs, and something stirred in a bowl. Our guess is nice, thick lemon meringue pie. What's yours?

MENU
Blue Points on Half Shells
Mock Turtle Soup
Fillet of Haddock with White Sauce
Saddle of Lamb, Estragon Sauce
Waffled Potatoes
Hearts of Artichokes with Hollandaise Sauce
Cucumber Baskets
St. Valentine's Pudding
Coffee and Cheese

When giving a dinner it is of first importance that everything shall run smoothly. This ensures comfort and peace of mind to both hostess and guests. Next in importance are food and decorations. I believe that dinners should be picturesque affairs with spotless linens, colorful glassware, flowers and candlelight as a fitting background.

China, glassware and linens need not be costly to be effective. Many fascinating combinations of color may be created with quite inexpensive equipment. Yellow china and amber glassware is an attractive combination, especially if a centerpiece of yellow roses and lavender larkspur completes the color scheme. Another effect, unique and beautiful, can be
HOT

News and Gossip about Stars and their Pictures

Dorothy McMahon says, "Sh-sh-sh! Don't whisper these studio secrets." We won't, Dorothy—we'll just print them.

Hot-off-the-griddle portraits of Dolores Del Rio and Edmund Lowe, who are being co-starred in "The Bad One," just about burnt this correspondent's fingers to the bone. Eddie has had more fun thinking up gags and bright sayings to put in the mouth of Jerry, the sailor, than any he has had for a long time. Even Sergeant Quirt is tame in his love-making compared to Jerry, we had been told; and when we saw Eddie clasp Dolores to his breast we were almost convinced.

The combination of Del Rio and Lowe was hot and cold news for several weeks. This column carried the reason several months ago that the apparently insurmountable difficulty boiled itself down to proper credit for the Fox star. Naturally United Artists wanted to put Dolores' name above anybody's, but they also were convinced that Edmund Lowe was the only man in pictures who could give that type of robustness peculiar to "The Cock-Eyed World" and "Old Arizona" brand of he-man. It was only a case, they thought, of paying enough and wearing down Eddie's objection. But Eddie doesn't have to make concessions to anybody these days. The intermediaries of the two stars had come to a deadlock and it looked as though the game was all off. Then one morning Eddie met Dolores in church and they talked it over. Dolores was perfectly agreeable to the idea of sharing her dearly won stellar honors fifty-fifty and so that was settled.

Mary Carr, beloved mother in "Over the Hill," is coming back. She has a swell part in "Second Wife"—something to do with mothering Lila Lee.

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart pulled a fast one on Hollywood, sure enough. They announced that their engagement was all off and they weren't lying either. It was all off because they were married! None except a few close friends of the couple knew anything about it, and all advised the bride and groom to keep mum about the wedding, fearing it would hurt their popularity on the screen. But they made the mistake of registering together when they went to San Diego to see a football game and Speed Kendall, one of our snappiest reporters, found it out and decided there was something to it. He sleuthed around until he found all Sue's family names and...
Nick's too, then traced the marriage licenses for a year back and discovered that the couple had been married six months. Their press representative said he never was so relieved in his life as the day the story broke. Every once in a while someone would burst into his office with a scandal story about Nick's laundry being delivered at Sue's Los Felix home, when everyone knew that Nick lived in Pasadena; and Nick answering the telephone at one and two in the morning, and Nick's shaving cream discovered in Sue's make-up and so on.

The only ones who weren't terribly surprised were the studio habitues. They thought Sue and Nick were pretty chummy for two young people who had decided to call off their romance.

Now the only romance that keeps Hollywood awake nights is Clara Bow's with Harry Richman. Well, it may be on or it may be off; but Clara has been frisking about her Beverly Hills estate as full of life and fun as a puppy and Harry Richman spent half an hour on the telephone, long distance and local, trying to locate a few pounds of fresh cherries for her. The night he left for the east he dined with Clara at her home and left just in time to make the train—so what do you make of that?

Clara told this correspondent months ago, just after the engagement was announced, that she didn't really know whether she would marry Harry or not. "I can't see any point in marrying anyone unless he is really congenial and we can give each other mutual happiness and companionship. Harry seems to be the one—at least he is so far. I'm not going to marry until I'm sure, and I'm not going to marry if it develops into a one-sided affair. If one of us ceases to find pleasure in the other's company, then there isn't a bit of sense going on with it—so I really don't know yet."

It is a well-known fact in Hollywood that many of the stars travel about with no money in their pockets. Lupe Velez's little nose went up an inch or two when she looked into the purse of a writer. There was a heterogeneous collection of keys for house and car, pencils, tablets for notes, some money, clips, etc.—rather like a small boy's pocket, except for the absence of string and a top. "Lupe's purse—perfume, a compact, a handkerchief—that's all!" she said. When she goes home there is always someone to let her in and when she goes shopping she signs a blank check for the amount of the purchase. "You would trust Lupe, wouldn't you?" she asks with big serious eyes, and that's all there is to it.

But sometimes these trifling inadequacies in one's funds prove embarrassing. Pat Miller and her brand new husband, Tay Garnett, stepped out in fur coats and a Lincoln driven by a chauffeur. Tay stopped at a corner drug store for a package of cigarettes. He came back to the car looking rather sheepish. "Pat, I haven't a
cent; will you give me a quarter?” Pat scrabbled through her bag and found herself in the same spot. “Lend me a quarter, will you, Joe?” he asked their chauffeur—but he hadn’t any money either! “Well, we’re a fine trio to be starting out for San Francisco,” Tay laughed.

A little newsboy had been taking in all this swank without the price in cash of a package of cigarettes with a good deal of amusement—then he recognized Patsy Ruth Miller. He burst into a war whoop—“Gee, Patsy,” he cried. “That sure is tough!”

For four or five years now, you have been admiring pictures of Metro-Goldwyn players in the pages of your favorite screen magazine through the lens of their girl portrait artist, Ruth Harriet Louise. But you won’t see them after those already taken have passed out of circulation—at least not of Metro stars. Ruth decided that it was time to take a vacation; and although she is very grateful for the opportunity Metro gave her she feels she has outgrown her position there and also she is tired and wants a rest. So she quit her job entirely. After two months, during which time she will go to New York and possibly to Europe—if she can make up her mind to leave her husband, Leigh Jason, the director, that long—she will decide whether to go in business for herself or accept one of two very attractive offers from other studios.

Hedda Hopper, who is playing a very sophisticated part as only Hedda can, in “Such Men Are Dangerous,” starring Warner Baxter, told me about a visit she paid Colleen Moore in the hospital after Colleen had had her appendix out. “My
dear!” bubbled the lively Hedda, “Colleen actually had her grandmother put out of the hospital!” “Whatever for?” we asked aghast. “Why, she kept telling Colleen one funny story after another and got her laughing so that she had to hold her sides to keep from breaking the stitches! ‘Take that woman out of here—she’ll be the death of me!’ she cried. And half an hour afterwards the phone rang and her grandmother’s voice began, ‘Darling, I just thought of another one! ‘Don’t! Don’t!’ gasped Colleen, beginning to laugh again. ‘I can’t bear it!’ and bang went the phone.”

Fern Andra, the American girl who married a German Baron, is stepping into pictures again. She is doing “The Lotus Lady,” and Lucien Prival, finally relieved of “Hell’s Angels,” is free to play the villain in the piece.

It is said that Catherine Dale Owen, who is playing opposite Warner Baxter, is engaged to Prince Youcza Troubetskoy, the actor son of the novelist Amélie Reeves. Well, it’s been denied, too, but they look pretty well together. Both are tall, both very fair, and both extremely handsome.

Everyone is glad to hear that Alma Rubens is well again. She is one of the most talented and one of the most beautiful players on the screen and all her friends and admirers hope the
future will hold many picture contracts for her. Ricardo Cortez, who has loyally stood by his wife even to the extent of refusing attractive offers so that he could be at her side at a moment’s notice if she needed him, now feels that he can go back to work and has signed with Metro-Goldwyn for “Montana,” starring Joan Crawford.

* * *

Discussion as to what type of Spanish to use is causing the utmost excitement among the newspapermen of all Latin-speaking countries. Spanish is the largest foreign release America has and it is just one more of the troubling things talking pictures have brought into our lives. Signed statements from Dolores Del Rio, Lupe Velez and Ramon Novarro are said to state that the Castilian accent, which is the purest Spanish and used by the aristocracy, should be used for classical pictures; other films, the three stars feel, should be made in straight Spanish without an accent.

For the benefit of those who may not have heard of the origin of the Castilian tongue, it is said that a King of Spain once lisped. The courtiers made fun of him, and he, hearing of their ridicule, became so angry that he issued an order to the effect that Spanish as he spoke it should be used from then on. Of course if you didn’t it meant that you would lose your head, so the Spanish grandees got busy and practiced up on the new lingo.

* * *

“The Lady in Ermine” has been completed on the First National lot. During its production Walter Pidgeon and Vivienne Segal were doing rather a lengthy scene under the blazing color lights. To keep their hair from drying out most players give it a final rub with oil just before going on the set. All of a sudden a column of smoke rose from the back of Walter’s head. Vivienne’s eyes almost started out of their sockets but she is too good a trumper to stop a scene no matter if the sky fell. Mercifully for them both, Director Dillon saw what was happening and yelled “Cut!”

“All I could think of was, ‘Now the boy mustn’t burst into flames,”’ Vivienne laughed.

Maybe that will give you an idea of how hot the lights are.

* * *

Edward Everett Horton bought several acres of land about forty or fifty miles from Hollywood in San Francisco Valley so that when he went home of an evening he could forget pictures and the theater. He had just recovered from the difficulties involved in landscaping and decorating, when RKO bought forty acres for their ranch right up against Eddie’s eucalyptus hedge!

“And I’ll bet the first crack out of the box RKO does a war picture,” laughed Richard Arlen when he heard it. They did, too—“The Case of Sergeant Grischa,” although, fortunately, this picture has no battle scenes. But oh, how Eddie burns!

* * *

Plans for the third
Harry Lauder has just told one of his famous 

jokes. Note the smiling faces of Mary Brian, 

Gary Cooper and Phillips Holmes.

"What Price Glory" series are rumbling 

around in the minds of those who are im-

mediately concerned with the birth pangs of 

these marine classics. They do say that this 

third picture will top the other two in good 

old he-man stuff. Certainly the title which 

came to us through a reliable source promises 

much. It is "Broadminded!"

* * *

The night before Vivian and Rosetta Dun-

can departed for Chicago and their vaudeville 
tour the phone rang in Rosetta's Santa 

Monica home where the excitement was 
thickest.

"Hold the line for London, England," the 

operator told Vivian who answered the phone. Both girls' 

secretaries were ill so they had everything to do them-

selves. "Oh, yeah?" said Vivian flippantly, thinking it 

was one of their wise-cracking friends from Hollywood; 

"who wants us? The Prince of Wales?" and banged up the 

receiver. In a few minutes it rang again. "Hold the line 


Rosetta frantic at the interruption. "Tell the Queen we're 

busy, will you? And tell that wise-cracking guy in Holly-

wood to stop bothering us." And they let the phone ring 

after that without answering it.

In about half an hour Vivian wanted to call a number. 

"You can't use the wire for outgoing calls," said the 

operator in her impersonal voice, "it's being held for Lon-

don, England." And then the girls decided the call was on 

the up and up. It turned out to be a theater manager in 

London where their first talking picture is running. He 

just wanted to offer congratulations and say that their show 

was "standing them up."

* * *

"Queen Kelly" will be Gloria Swanson's next worry. In 

fact it is her present worry. Rehearsals and conferences on 

the story have kept her working overtime for weeks. There 

is plenty of fine work in the picture but how to dig it out 
is the problem. All of a sudden everyone went haywire on 
the thing and work on it was called off for a few days or 
weeks, depending upon the temper of those concerned.

To add to Gloria's anxiety her little adopted 

son Joseph, aged six, had to be operated upon. He 

hadn't much use for the physicians and said 
to his mother the day after the operation, "Just 
look, mother, what those doctors did to me?"

* * *

There is a good deal of interest in "Sara and 

Son" on the Paramount lot because, for the first 
time in film history, production of it is given 
over almost entirely to women. The only two 

important jobs in the outfit handled by men are 
held by Charles Lang, chief cameraman, and 

Earl Hansen, sound technician.

B. P. Schulberg, production head, declared 

women ought to know more about the mysteries 
of mother love than men, so he was going to 
take this a woman's production. Ruth Chatter-

ton is the star; Zoe Akins, author of the stage 

play "Declasse" and others, wrote the screen 

story; and Dorothy Arzner, whose fine 
work everyone knows, 
is the director.

Now, girls, this is your picture. See how 

you like it.

* * *

During Gloria Swanson's recent trip to 

London she appeared for the opening of her 
picture. "The Tres-

passer." Even out here 

where openings and 

stars are an every-day 
affair the crowds have 
to be roped off and 
policemen handle the 
job. But in London

"Inspirational, maybe, but not so good as an 

accompanist," says Alexander Gray; but goes right 
on with his song rehearsal.
where personal appearances of American favorites are few and far between the throng was unbelievable. At seven thirty there were twenty-five policemen in front of the New Galley Theater and by eight they called for reinforcements. When Gloria arrived there were seventy-five hobos on the job herding back five thousand people.

The crowd in the theater wouldn't let the picture go on until Gloria appeared before them on the stage where she was given a deafening ovation.

 Afterwards her press representative tried to get her out of the theater without being crushed, but the mob by that time was frantic. They were like battering rams and the police squad protecting her stood an even chance of being trampled under foot—to say nothing of what would happen to Gloria. What they finally did was to form two columns with their arms about each other's shoulders from the door to her car and with the populace pushing them, until they ground their heels into the pavement to keep standing, provided a narrow hallway through which Gloria stumbled. Her driver was an English boy and he knew his brakes. His engine was running and the moment he heard the door slam he started off in low gear, en-

A new trick for Trixie Fragmane—the microphone. "On the Set," Buster Keaton's first talkie, will be her first, too.

gineering his way through the crowd like a snow plow. Anyway, it seems that London likes Gloria pretty well.

The first thing Edwina Booth, the plucky little leading lady in "Trader Horn" did when she got home was to collapse. A year in the jungle isn't as easy as it sounds and in spite of inoculations and all the things the doctors tell us are sure-fire protections, Edwina got a collection of jungle ailments that she could have done very nicely without. Everyone in the troop said she was the bravest and pluckiest girl they ever heard of and a good sport as well. She held up through the long journey back to Hollywood, meeting new people, smiling, being photographed, being gracious—all the things an actress is supposed to do while on duty. But when the last of the pictures had been taken at the Los Angeles station Edwina sank into the arms of her parents utterly exhausted. She didn't have to pretend any more—that was all over. She was home. Her mother put her to bed and that's where she is at this writing three weeks after her return.

"But I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I'll be all right soon—just tired," she tells everyone who visits her.

Because of his success in "Alihi," Chester Morris is a very much paged young man around these parts. Following his "Case of Sergeant Grischa" which he was loaned to RKO to do, he will again be with his friend and director Roland West. Mr. West has about decided on "Love in Chicago" and Chester was sold on it, too, until protests from a few whom they have taken into their confidence, and whose judgment they respect, have checked their enthusiasm. The part which Chester would play is very unsympathetic and even grotesque, and they think it would not be good for him to appear in it just now. In the meantime Chester is game; he says it's a fine acting part, and after all that's what appeals to a real actor.

And now Greta Garbo is to do "Romance!" Doris Keane played the heroine of the Edward Sheldon play in New York and for years in London. She made a silent picture of it, too, but it is a yarn that will always be timely.
The Best Lines of the Month

From "This Thing Called Love":

Colling (Edmund Lowe): "I'm your husband."

Ann (Constance Bennett): "So I judged from your manner!"

From "The Virginian":

The Virginian: "These boys scare me when I think of their ways."

Cowboy: "It's bein' engaged scares you. Marriage restores your courage."

From "Pointed Heels":

Lora (Fay Wray): "He's leaving tonight—for Europe."

Dot (Helen Kane): "Europe—that's in England, isn't it?"

From "Sally":

Marcia (Nora Lane): "A waitress! Why, Blair, you couldn't marry a waitress."

Blair (Alexander Gray): "Well, I don't know—with the servant problem what it is, it might not be such a bad idea."

From "Devil-May-Care":

Armand (Ramon Novarro): "But I'm not thinking about marriage yet."

Gaston (Clifford Bruce): "No man ever thinks about marriage. It just happens. I was married for several years before I realized what had happened. It was too late to do anything about it then."

Clifford Bruce as the genial and efficient butler and man of the world in "Devil May Care."

Ramon Novarro as the hero masquerading as a footman in the same entertaining film.
ASK ME
An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

By Miss Vee Dee

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

Corinne Griffith is a favorite of SCREENLAND's Ask Me department; and SCREENLAND is a favorite of Miss Griffith's. You'll notice she has been reading it on a vacation afternoon at her Malibu beach house.

Vilma

Vilma is a favorite of Vogue, too. So you like Vilma Banky, who doesn't? Vilma's latest picture is "Sun Kissed," Vilma was born January 9, 1903, in Budapest, Hungary. She has golden hair, blue-gray eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 121 pounds. Ronald Colman's new picture is "Condemned." Ronald was born February 9, 1891, at Richmond, Surrey, England. You can reach him at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

C. D. P. of New York. First time you've written but don't let it be your last. Bring your sense of humor and dress in any time. Kathryn Williams is Mrs. Charles Eyton, in private life. She was born in Butte, Mont., is 5 feet 5 inches tall and has blonde hair and blue-gray eyes. She appears in "The Single Standard" with Garbo. You might address Miss Williams at Metro-Goldwyn and mark the envelope: Please Forward.

Mabel H. of Los Angeles. We'll put in an S.O.S. for Pat O'Brien. More than one player has been found through my department so here we go and may the best man win. Pat made a picture with Barbara Worth and Ranger, the dog star, for PBO Studios, now known as the RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

L. L. S. of Irwin, Pa. Give the kids a big hand while they are with us in films for they grow up and soon pass out of the picture. Jackie Coogan is 14 years old, Davey Lee is 4 and Philippe de Lacy is 12. He was born July 25, 1917, at Nancy, France. He played with Joyce Caol in "The Magic Garden." Mickey Dennett won new admirers with his fine work in "The Dummy," an all-talking picture. The tom-tom boy's name was not given in the cast of "The Devil Dancer."

E. E. W. of Chicago. How do you like your answers, with or without sound? I'm running a little low on the silent editions but okay on the big noise. Conrad Nagel was born March 16, 1897, at Keokuk, Iowa. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. He is married and has a daughter Ruth Margaret. His latest picture is "The Second Wife."

Lucky S. of Brockton, Mass. If you read every word of my department you often don't get a piece of my mind, but you'll never get a peek at my countenance. Blanche Mehaffey plays with Hoot Gibson in "Smiling Guns." Kathryn McGuire was in "Lilac Time" with Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper. Carmelita Geraghty was in "Paris Bound," a Pathé release. Marguerite de la Motte was in "The Iron Mask" with Douglas Fairbanks. Agnes Ayres played with Jack Holt in "The Donovan Affair." Lila Lee was with Richard Barthelmess in "Dag," Virginia Brown Faire appeared in "Untamed Justice."

Alyce of Nashua, N. H. Praise is sweet to my ears so cut in any time you like—you'd be surprised how much stuff I can stand. Write to Mary Astor for a photograph at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Mary is the wife of Kenneth Hawks. She was born May 3, 1906. Marian Nixon was married on Aug. 11 to Edward Hillman of Chicago.

Daisy F. of Barham, Kent, England. I don't think you are silly to want to get into picture work. That's the day and night dream of many of the world's prettiest girls. Sorry I can't help you. Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Walter Byron, Reginald Denney and Charlie Chaplin all came from England. Dorothy Mackall was born in England. Norma Shearer and Mary Pickford were born in Canada.

Willa and Theresa, Scott City, Ia. No, dear, I have never acted in the movies—but don't hold that against me. You like my name, do you? Goody, goody! So do I. Mary Louise Lehman is the wife of George Lewis. You can write to George at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Madelyn of Monrovia, Md. Wouldn't that make a peach of a theme-song? You can reach Nils Asther at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. He played in "The Single Standard" with Greta Garbo, Dorothy Sebastian, John Mack Brown, Robert Castle, Joel McRea, Lane Chandler, Mbolton Hamilton, Kathryn Williams, Katherine Irving, Beza Flowers and Younca Troubetzkoy. My stars, what a cast!

Harriet D. of Philadelphia. No issue complete without a word from the city of Brotherly Love; am I right? Lupe Velez was born July 18, 1910, in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. She has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Her name is Marie Villalobos. She has one brother and three sisters. Rod La Rocque was born Nov. 30, 1896, in Chicago, Ill. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 181 pounds. That is his real name. Address Lupe at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Rod at RKO Studios.

Bobby from Wisconsin. Do I answer letters as short as yours? A short note question like that deserves the world's applause. Here we go! Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, on March 23, 1908. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. She was a dancer in Shubert's "Passing Show" and the "Winter Garden" in New York before signing with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for "Pretty Ladies" in 1925.

Gwen E. of Seattle, Wash. If I omit any important names in the following catalog
please notify by radio or post-card. Among the screen players who are 5 feet 7 inches tall are: Alice Joyce, Gwen Lee, Anna Q. Nilsson, Hedda Hopper, Jetta Goudal, Louise Dresser, Helene Chadwick and Betty Blythe. Those who are 5 feet 6 inches tall are: Eleanor Boardman, Greta Gynt, Phyllis Haver, Myrna Loy, Zasu Pitts, Irene Rich, Alice Terry and Claire Windsor who is 5 feet 6⅛ inches tall.

Virginia M. C. of N. Y. City. When there are hundreds of letters awaiting their turn to spin into print in SCREENLAND, I can’t possibly get a reply in the next month’s issue. Audrey Ferris was born Aug. 30, 1909, in Detroit, Mich. She hasauburn hair and brown eyes. Dolores Costello Barrymore was born in 1906 in Brooklyn, N. Y. Clive Brook was 38 on June 1, 1929.

Lois S. from Seattle, Wash. What are you trying to do, kid me along or having a funny poke at my column? No, Madame Schumann-Heink is not the mother of Walter Byron and Rod La Rocque uses his own teeth in his pictures. Anything else?

Anna C. of Brooklyn. You never miss SCREENLAND—be that as it may, it’s a swell magazine to have around and no home should be without it; I hope I won’t have to mention that again. Roland Drew can be reached in care of Edwin Carewe, Producers, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood Cal. Roland’s real name is Walter Goss. He was born in Elmhurst, L. I., in 1903. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and dark grey eyes. He is not married.

E. A. from Philippine Islands. I’m always glad to oblige a fan from Manila. Philippe de Lacy was born July 25, 1917, in Nancy, France. He has light brown curly hair and blue-gray eyes. Jackie Coogan has been on a vaudeville tour with his father in Europe and the U. S. A. for several months and hasn’t been on contract to any film company since he made “The Bugle Calls.” At the moment Dolores Del Rio’s latest release is “Evangeline” with Roland Drew.

Cursy Locks from Hesperian, Wash. You say you think nothing of asking my help; well, sometimes I don’t think so much of it myself. Billie Dove is the wife of Irvin Willat, the picture director. Dolores Costello’s husband is John Barrymore. The late Fred Thompson was the husband of Frances Marion, the famous scenario writer. Clara Bow and Garbo’s eyes are single and I dearly hate to tell you that John Gilbert is married. His marriage to Ina Claire, the Broadway stage favorite took place in Las Vegas, Nevada, in June. Both went back to their studios after the ceremony: John to resume work in “Redemption” and Mrs. Gilbert to work at the Pathé Studios, in “The Awful Truth,” her first talkie.

Helena C. of Shreveport, La. Are there any beautiful stars that can act too? Someone would ask that. Although my readers are notably as educational, as to tell what I think about that would be spreading myself a bit too far. Your favorite, Evelyn Brent, is the wife of Harry Edwards, the director. They were married Nov. 14, 1928. Evelyn uses her own name in films. She has brown hair and eyes, is 3 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her next picture will be “Slightly Scarlet,” with Clive Brook. Evelyn was loaned by Paramount to Universal for “Broadway.”

High School Miss from San Francisco. You think I’d make a good title writer, do you? There’s an idea! Do I hear applause or words of test? I’m sorry I haven’t the address of George Meeker, the blond son in “Four Sons.” But we have a nice selection of other blonde stars that I can recommend: Rudy Vallee, Ralph Forbes, James Murray, Tim McCoy, Churchill Ross, Big Boy Williams and Bobby Vernon, the comedian. Take your choice.

Sally of Petoskey, Mich. Has a girl with a tiny waist, long eyelashes and not in the least bit good looking, any chance in the movies or on the stage? I’m a swell Answer Lady but that’s one question I stumble on and fall too. Personality is the big gift that brings down the house and a fat contract—and if you have it can hold the interest of the directors, even though you’re not a banker’s daughter, your future is ahead of you. William Boyd’s latest pictures are “The Leatherneck” with Alan Hale, Robert Armstrong and Diane Ellis, and “His First Command” with Dorothy Sebastian.

Billy Haines Fan, Milwaukee. You had the grand institution when you asked my age—that settles the question long in my mind: shall I be a movie star or the world’s best story teller? Figure that out if you can. Your favorite, William Haines, was born Jan. 1, 1900. He received his education at Stauton Military Academy, Va. “Alias Jimmy Valentine” was his first talking film. In “The Duke Steps Out” he played with Joan Crawford; in “A Man’s Man,” Josephine Dunn was his leading lady. Johnny Hines was born July 25, 1897, at Golden, Colo. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds.

English Annie from Morovia, Cal. You’d be surprised how sorry I am that I’ve not mentioned several of the Irish lads and lasses that appear on the screen. Can my memory be failing? No, don’t answer me! Among our wearers of the green are George O’Brien, Tom O’Brien, Danny O’Shea, Paddy O’Flynn, James Murray, John Quinn, Eddie Quillan, Charles De Lancey, Owen, Tom and Matt Moore. Some of Charlie Delaney’s latest films are “Home James,” “Show Girl,” “Do Your Duty,” “The Air Circus” and “Broadway Babies.”

Boo from Waukegan, Ill. You can’t scare me, not while I’m conscious. Next to SCREENLAND, you like the movies and dancing—and me, did you say? Mary Brian and Charles Rogers played in “Var- sity,” the film with a college background. Alice White’s latest releases are, “Hot Stuff” with William Bakewell, “Naughty Baby” with Jack Mulhall and “Broadway Babies”—an all-talker. You can write to Eddie Nugent at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Matty Kemp was born in New York City on September 10, 1907. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 10⅛ inches tall and weighs 162 pounds. “Linda,” Mrs. Wallace Reid’s production and directed by her, includes the following players in its cast: Helen Foster, Warner Baxter, Noah Beery, Kate Price and Mitchell Lewis. Address Arthur Lake at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Louise M. W. of Lake, Conn. You may ask any question you like about the Hollywood stars. I can’t say I’ll answer all of them but a noble effort will be put forth. How’s that? George K. Arthur was born April 27, 1899, at Aberdeen, Scotland. Johnny Arthur was born in Scottsdale, Pa. He had the comedy rôle with Louise Fazenda in “The Desert Song.”

Helena from Needham, Mass. I have never seen Mary Pickford when her beautiful hair was not curly, on or off the screen. You can’t believe everything you see and...
What makes a girl “Alluring”? 

CLARA BOW, the girl whose Beauty and Personality have made her World-Famous, explains how any girl can be Captivating.

"There’s one thing that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring," says Clara Bow, the scintillating little Paramount star whose vivid beauty and personality have won her world-fame in motion pictures. "It’s lovely skin. You may have marvelously appealing eyes—and a lot of charm—and a beautiful figure. But just notice the way people cluster around a girl who has lovely skin!

"I got my first chance in the movies partly, at least, because of what my father calls my ‘baby-smooth’ skin. You see, motion picture directors found out long ago that unless a girl has marvelous skin she can never make millions of hearts beat faster when she appears in a close-up.

"Several years ago, some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap, and were enthusiastic about it. It wasn’t long before almost every important actress in Hollywood was using it."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

"Take Nancy Carroll, for instance," Clara Bow continues, "She keeps her fair skin delectable as an apple blossom with Lux Toilet Soap. And Mary Brian. Jeann Arthur, too, keeps her skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap.

"In fact, nearly every girl I know in Hollywood uses this soap. And aren’t we glad we have kept our skin in good condition—the talkies have even more close-ups than silent pictures.

"When I get letters from girls all over the country—saying nice things about my skin—I long to answer every one of them, and tell these girls that they can keep their skin just as smooth as we screen stars do—by using Lux Toilet Soap."

There are now 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars. Of these, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. Moreover, all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl in motion pictures, from the world-famous star down to the newest "extra," shall have the very loveliest skin! Lux Toilet Soap, as you know, is made by just the same method as the finest toilet soaps of France.

If you aren’t one of the millions of girls and women who are already devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap, do try it—today. It will keep your skin as charmingly fresh and smooth as it keeps the beautiful screen stars!

Use Lux Toilet Soap for the bath, too—and for the shampoo. It lathers ever so generously, even in the hardest water!

Lux Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—NOW 10¢
Douglas Fairbanks have been married about 8 years.

Franky J., of Winchester, Ind. You'll never get anywhere if you let things slide unless you're a trombone player. Sunny McKen, of Snookums as we know him in "The Newlyweds," is a wee Scotch-Irish laddie. He began his career in films before he was 18 months old, I believe he is now about 3. Gilda Gray is 31 years old. Pola Negri doesn't give her birthday. Harry Langdon has signed with Hal Roach for a sizzling film comedy called "Red Hot."

H. J., of Los Angeles, Cal. Where have I been all your life up to now? Right here, all wrapped up in my work. That's my type! You want to see Thomas Meighan in more pictures. Hi, Tommy, how about it? In the "Argyle Case" he talks. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 180 pounds and has dark hair and blue eyes. He has been married for years to Frances Ring, a former stage star. They have no children. He was on the stage for several years before going into pictures: with David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm," in "The College Widow" which had a long run in England, and many other plays. He won merited recognition in his first screen appearance in "The Fighting Hope." "The Miracle Man" put him over with the fans.

A Larry Kent Fan from Kansas City. Who said a modern girl's hope chest might as well be called her tulle box? Be that as it may, a girl can lose her composure but never her compact. Larry Kent was on the stage two years before we saw him in pictures, and he is Heni Trumbull. He was born on September 15, 1900, on shipboard two days out of Liverpool, England. His hair is brown and his eyes are grey; weight 155 pounds; and he is 4 feet 11 inches tall. Not married.

J. P. B. of Kentucky. Would you believe it, but there are a few things that I do not know? Try me again and I may surprise you with untold information. "Freckles," Jean Stratton Porter's story, was filmed by the old Lucky Company and was released in June, 1917. I do not know the age of Jean Stratton.

Helen of Troy. Another friend of the other. If my fan mail keeps on piling up I'll have to take to the air—Station V.D. announcing. Nils Asten uses his own name in pictures. His first films in the U.S. were "Topsy and Eva" with the Dun-can sisters, and "Sorrell and Son" with H. B. Warner. Nils was born in Malmo, Sweden, on January 17, 1901. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Not married. He is making pictures at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios at Culver City, Cal.

Lonesome from Springfield, Ill. You think of me as a little wavy-haired, blue-eyed girl, built on the usual blonde lines. Where in New York did you see me? If you had given your address, I would have sent you a personal demonstration of my knowledge of film players. Several of your inquiries are answered elsewhere in this department. I believe a letter to Ralph Forbes will reach him addressed just Hollywood, Cal. Richard Arlen's next film is "Flesh of Eve." Write to him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Douglas Fairbanks' son. He has no children. Doug is the son of the senior Mr. Fairbanks by his first marriage to Beth Sully.

Candy from Denver, Colo. How I hate to take it from you, you spendthrift. Gwen Lee is 5 feet 6½ inches tall. Martha Sleeper is 5 feet 4 inches. Dorothy Sebastian is 5 feet 3 inches. Louise Brooks is 5 feet 2 inches. June Collyer is 5 feet 5 inches and Sue Carol is 5 feet 2 inches. (Just a moment, please; I had to come up for air!) Now again, here we go! Edna Marion is 5 feet 1 inch. Bess Flowers is 5 feet 8 inches. Vondell Darr is 52 inches tall. Jean Darling is 47 inches. Mary Ann Jackson is 42 inches and Jane La Verne is 47½ inches.

Conrad Nagel, Admirer, Los Angeles. Your favorite, Conrad Nagel, is one of the high-light's of the motion picture industry; and since the talkies are here to stay, Conrad is more popular than ever. His pictures were, "Heaven on Earth," "Slightly Used," "Quality Street," "Girl from Chicago," "If I Were Single," and "London After Midnight." Conrad was born in Kokkur, Iowa, on March 16, 1897. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. He is married and has a young daughter, Ruth Helms Nagel.

Missippi's "Lectric Fan. You're returning every month until you get an answer to all your questions—that's the spirit! Where can you get "The Hollywood Blues?" I'll bite, is it contagious? Better inquire of the nearest music shop or your favorite druggist. No, Don Reed who paints pretty girl covers, isn't the Donald Reed of film fame. Donald's real name is Ernesto Avila Guillen. He was born July 23, 1902, in Mexico City. He appeared with Billie Dove in "The Night Watch" and with Sally O'Neil and Lilian Tashman in "Hard-boiled." Address him at First National.

Stanley Smith, the new juvenile with the voice, has been scoring in the soundies.
"Every complexion needs soap and water. But some soaps are harmful. They injure the texture of the skin. They contain too much free alkali . . . caustic soda . . . similar irritants. That is why I advise my clients: 'Never use any soap except Palmolite.'"

EMILE MASSÉ
16 RUE DAUNOU, PARIS

"If soap irritates your skin you are using the wrong kind"
says EMILE MASSÉ
whose beauty shop, in Paris, is known throughout the continent

Palmolive is pure. It is made entirely of palm and olive oils, known for generations as nature's greatest beautifiers.

"The beauty specialists cannot work on an irritated skin," says Emile Massé, of Paris. Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing, non-irritating." Monsieur Massé, famous Parisian beauty specialist, explains—in those words—why 18,900 of his celebrated colleagues recommend Palmolive Soap. They want their clients to use a soap that definitely helps the expert in keeping complexions lovely. And Palmolive is their universal choice.

Why the skin needs soap and water
The pores must be thoroughly yet gently cleansed twice every day, to keep the skin from looking drawn, muddy, coarse, uncared for.

Palm and olive oils, as combined in Palmolive Soap, provide a penetrating, healing cleanliness that is the very foundation of facial beauty.

Since the days of Cleopatra these two famous cosmetic oils have been used as beautifiers. Nothing has ever supplanted them. "This soap," says Massé, "combines deep cleansing with the cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

Palmolive's color is the natural color of olive and palm oils. The natural odor of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfume. It contains no other fats whatever... just nature's own cosmetic oils.

Consult your beauty expert
Visit your beauty expert regularly, to be well groomed in every beauty detail. And cooperate with your expert by using Palmolive Soap daily in this simple treatment advocated by more than 18,900 famous beauticians:

Massage a smooth lather of Palmolive gently into the skin for about 2 minutes. Then rinse it off with warm water, graduating to cold. That's all. But be sure you do it regularly night and morning—as Monsieur Massé and the other famous experts advise.

P.S. And use Palmolive for the bath, too. It costs no more than ordinary soaps, you know.
Come Into the Kitchen with Fay Wray—Continued from page 95

achieved with dark Burgundy glassware and gayly colored Mexican china.

The smart organdie tablecloth used over a satin base is a lovely idea in table adornment that can be easily copied by the handy housewife. Recently, I completed a luncheon set for myself. It is of lavender organdie brocaded with washable ribbon to match the same shade; the saten base is pink. With this covering I use glasses of dark lavender, a centerpiece of pink roses and small green hothouse grapes. The grapes are draped over the sides of the bowl and are allowed to trail over the cloth. The usual two pairs of candlesticks, with pink candles are used.

The winter months offer unlimited opportunity to use the varied colorings of fruit for decoration and table adornment. Pomegranates, Concord grapes, apples and avocados combine colorfully for a centerpiece.

Because I am a working woman, I must leave the actual cooking of these dinners to my cook, but if an emergency arises, I can throw a long-sleaved apron over my party dresses and cook my dinner but serve it. For this accomplishment I can thank my mother who wisely believed that a thorough knowledge of all branches of home-making is quite as important as French or music.

As for luncheons and dinners, buffet suppers have become very popular in Hollywood and gives the hostess wide scope for a delightful informal entertaining. The long table with its bright chafing dishes, colorful bowls of frozen salads and molds of aspic offers an appetizing and picturesque array.

By the way, my recipe for stuffed peppers creates a delightful hot dish for the buffet supper. Try it. I know you'll like it.

The Battle of the Boy Friends—Continued from page 57

So Maurice, in his second picture is responsible for more acute cardiac palpitation among the debs than a whole mountain-ful of Lakes. Arthur is a nice kid, and doubtless causes the feminine alumni of '15-'25 inclusive to have its moments and its complexes. But he'll never take a 'Chevy' in preference to any body of water.

Richard Dix squawked when a recent billing described him as 'a favorite for a generation in the making of the sort. But Rich was wrong. What was meant was that he is the favorite of the younger generation and the rising generation. For, on or off, Dix can spot the school-boys three pins to a frame and bowl over more debs than a houseful of Halls. Even though Jimmy has the edge on him in matrimonial and feminine acceptance.

The trend toward rampant masculinity is obvious in the increased adulation offered at the shrine of Victor McLaglen. In an amorous snarl with his co-star, say, Conrad—the verdict of the debs is "Nay, Nay, Nagel." Which may signify a return to the lusty love and gusty laughter of the open, spacious days of great Elizabeth.

Even the zephyrsoft Southern whisperings of Johnny Mack Brown fail to quicken the yistle and diastole of the debs' hearts. The debs' hearts with the best of hearts, buoyed up by the thought of love piracy. Perhaps this betrays merely a masochistic tendency developed early in life—consciousness through parental error in spoiling the child, I suppose. But whatever the cause, a biff from Pickford occasions greater vicarious kick than a lobal snack from Johnny Mack.

The fuzzy, apple-cheeked youngsters have been replaced by the sombre, smouldering suavity of the Bill Powells. Who, with their city slicker ways, may not do right by our Nell at any minute. And won't that be fun! Yes, indeedy it will. But those old kill-joy's, the censors, will keep it all for themselves, so the Bill Powell experiences in life will have to be real rather than cinematic, which isn't nearly so stimulating, nor polite either.

Even Gary Cooper, the slim-hipped spurn-and-saddle man, falls to be as devastatingly diverting to the debs as he is to 'Whupee Lopez' or Whoopee Looper, let us at least be consistent in our spelling. The sinister touch, this somethin', isn't quite—well, you know what you mean. Of course it's comforting to visualize a lover who will rescue you from the wolves, or make the redskins bite the dust. But the debs of these days aren't much scared of a flock, herd, passel or pack of Rin-Tins.

From the rival ganger-bangers or the cops—whatever your inclination. But the debs know that when Chester saves 'em they don't stay saved. He has an Ulterior Motive, and geesh how they love it!

Match them up, note for note, and the tenor voice of Novarro singing a pagan love lyric, won't fire so many feminine fancies as the wide-smiling Jack Oakie with his bawling Alma Mummy. The nights of love-born singing have been replaced by day-old crooning dissonant to symbolic symbols of the temple of the jazz diet 'Hey-Hey.' No longer is a lion among the ladies a very dreadful thing, but rather a consummation devoutly to be wished in lieu of fleeting to sanctuary before the onslaught, the debs remain to giggle and to twist Leo Lorthario's tail.

And, after all, the debs are right in their selections. They always are right. Else we might not be here to tell them so. The Oakies, Hustons, McLaglens, Wolheins, Pickfords, Chevaliers and the rest are far more interesting than the too good young men. The haicathine youth is all about. Not the good. The exciting are frequently good for nothing, and it is a woman's privilege and perogative to pay, and pay and pay. Which may or may not give you an idea why Buddy Rogers is not "The Darling of the Debs"—Stud East Demonstrandum.
In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage.

ON THE STREET, out for a stroll—the most stylish and chic women are the pictures of health. There is confidence in their carriage, grace in their movements. Yes, there is the suggestion of slimness about them, but one would never think of calling them thin. "Rounded slimness"—that describes them. They set the fashions.

Today it is fashionable to be healthy. Never was there a more sensible fashion. For with health comes true beauty and true happiness.

Nothing is more important to health than wise eating. The gay parties with their soft, sweet foods; the numerous days of "dieting to reduce"; the quickly eaten meals of today—are nearly all lacking in roughage—one important element that means so much.

Without adequate bulk or roughage in the diet, improper elimination usually occurs. It, more than any other one thing, is responsible for lack of health, for premature aging, for the backaches, listlessness and other common ills that take away the joy of living.

Yet this trouble is so easy to relieve—and prevent. One delightful food product is guaranteed. It is Kellogg's All-Bran.

You can eat it in many delicious ways. As a cereal, eat it with milk, with fruits or honey. In orange or other fruit juices. Sprinkled over salads—in soups—or cooked in bread, muffins, etc.

Kellogg's All-Bran contains an abundance of iron, the blood builder. It gives color to the complexion, makes lips red and eyes sparkle. It is a health essential!

Isn't this much better than taking pills or drugs that may undermine the health? Avoid habit-forming cathartics that do not provide permanent relief.

Make Kellogg's All-Bran a part of your daily diet. It is the safest and best way to be sure of getting the correct amount of roughage to keep healthy. Kellogg's All-Bran is a vital addition to any reducing diet. Thousands of physicians know its benefit and recommend it to their patients for diet and health. 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-3, Battle Creek Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name__________________________

Address________________________
When the Stars Step Out—Continued from page 61

After dinner we adjourned to the drawing rooms, where we found most interesting entertainment.

It didn’t keep up with this party,” whispered Patsy. “I want to hear Bebe sing, and she is in the other drawing room.”

Over there we went, and listened to Bebe sing some “Rio Rita” numbers in a voice which we decided had it—that something that means much more than volume or even quality to a voice. Bebe looks lovely when she sings, and her rich means so little when one thinks of watching her in musical films.

We were chatting when suddenly we heard somebody say “Hey, that’s the most beautifully. We looked up and got the surprise of our lives. Mrs. Grauman, Sid’s mother, was the performer!

“I know all about her life,” said Patsy, “and I don’t know how she ever managed to keep up her music like that. She had several children when she was a young wife, and they lived for years in a Nevada mining town. That was long before Sid ever thought of becoming a showman. She told me about making a pair of pants for one of his father’s shows that he could attend his first party. Hardship was her portion for many years, and it is simply marvelous how she managed to keep her music. One can see, I think, where Sid gets his artistic proclivities.”

We all wished Bessie and Mr. Hawks lots of happiness, and Bessie glowed sweetly at our good wishes.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN can always make a party go, and when it is Charlie plus Mary Livingstone, the singer and opera singer, it has come west for pictures, well, the party is sure to be a success, even if it were given by less charming people than William Thoman, the musician, and his wife.

We had been listening to Mary’s concert, and despite the fact that she had sung the whole evening, she was as full of life and vivacity as if she had been a party girl only once, you know, and still keeps the old charming, radiant, rollicking spirit.

We met her at the Thormers’ gorgeous and beautiful home, and found a number of picture people as well as musicians assembled.

Charlie Chaplin and Mary are great friends. The two began some amusing fooling, and even every last member gathered about the piano listening and watching them.

Charlie did a funny hula for us, and then a wild song of the jungle, while Mary Lewis made a drum of the top of the piano, keeping syncopated time for him.

Then Mary sang rag-time joyfully, after which Charlie Chaplin gave us the funniest burlesque in the world of grand opera done in Italian and Spanish, imitating even those languages.

Then Charlie and Mary sang together, after which they put on a dance that was a riot.

Betty Compton and Alice Lake came to the party, and both looked rather lovely, Georgie Grandee was their escort. Georgie has written a wonderful little composition called Merry-Go-Round, that you simply can’t get out of your head, once you have heard it. He played it, and Mary sang and danced to it.

When Mary had entered, she had said, gaily, that she was sure she smelled cabbage cooking, and she was glad, because she loved cabbage and was hungry, of course not having eaten before her concert, and when supper was served, Mary ate of her beloved cabbage and was happy.

Nina Quatroco, more beautiful than ever if possible, was one of the guests, and we gathered that Charlie Chaplin had brought her.

“Ever hear of a Margin Party?” inquired Patsy. “It means,” she went on, “a party given to, by and for losers on the stock market. Well, Jean Hersholt is giving one, and I was invited. Everybody is wearing old clothes.”

“That’ll be easy,” I admitted.

Jean and Mrs. Hersholt met us with champagne in a bottle, and dressed as a Danish farmer and Mrs. Hersholt in a red evening dress. We upbraided our hostess for wearing an evening gown, but she explained laughingly.

“Don’t worry, it’s only cheesecloth. You see I’m a poor dance hall girl, trying to get along since Jean lost all his money playing the stock market.

A whole row of guests in the dining room confronted us, wearing signs bearing the words, ‘We Sold Short.’ They were clad in all sorts of hard luck outfits, and it was very amusing.

At St. John wore an old dress suit several sizes too large for him, apparently bought in order to Rockefelll his, at supper, when he got warm, he took off the coat, revealing the fact that he wasn’t wearing any shirt at all, only a shirt front.

At supper Al’s place card read, “If you had saved money on aspirin stock, you could now be giving John Rockefeller a run for his money.”

Jane Nowak, looking prettier and younger than ever, by the way, was there wearing a simple little dimity dress. Donald Crisp wore an old sports sweater with his dress suit and hat. Edward Sloman, the director, created a dress coat, but only athlete’s running shorts below! Marion Douglas wore a ragged dress. Raymond McKeen wore rags; Robert Edeson was a stereotyped runaway with an accordian.

Edmund Breese came dressed in an old Robin Hood costume, as though that was all that was left of his wardrobe, Edward Davis wore a costume from the five and ten cent store, stating all his diamond studs and rings were at the pawnbroker’s. Pat O’Malley was in shabby sports clothes, and there were other funny costumes galore.

Supper was served in the whoopee room at long tables, on red table-cloths, but one must say that the food bore no evidences that the family was broke, not did the fact that several servants waited on us bear out any idea of lack of prosperity. As a matter of fact, I think that Hersholt was one of the stars who had been crazy enough not to lose any money in the late stock market slump.

On the blackboard, with its funny stock quotations, was the sign. “This stock can make you rich if you can wait, but who can wait so long?”

There were stock selling orders also, in usual form, and Donald Crisp, in a corner under words, ‘Orders filled as follows,’ was written in ink, ‘Don’t take much stock in it.’

Long loaves of French bread were served, and Donald Crisp wrapped his head in his big red napkin, saying he was going to take it home with him!

Edward Davis was toastmaster. He said, “Until you folks get rough, I’m going to let you do as you please.”

“Does Pat O’Malley’s singing come under that head?” inquired Edmund Breese.

Every once in a while, somebody would call out “Skaal,” which is Danish for wishing you good health and prosperity, or some of that trash. Then everybody would have to answer, over his cup of steaming coffee, “Skaal”!

Every time a speaker started to be serious, Edmund Breese put a spoke in his wheel by some amusing remark. When Sydney Olcott started to speak, and said, “I’m going to tell you about when I was a young man,” Breese answered with a loud snore.

Robert Edeson started, “If you want to hear another actor—sharing in mock wrath at Edmund Breese, and then going on—” I personally am glad for these losses on the stock market; they have sent a lot of men back to their wives—and so on.

And Margaret Courtot, who has been happily married for some years to Raymond McKeen, merely rose and took a bow when talking.

“Call on any lady you like to make a speech,” said Davis.

“Like I’m all,” sang out Pat O’Malley, “Mr. Davis in all seriousness really have something to say,” and told how, when she and her husband had been broke once, Jean Hersholt had helped them out. And everybody rang, For He’s a Jolly Good Fellow!

After dinner the whoopee room was cleared, and the Hawaiian orchestra came in and played for us all night.

Which we did, until three in the morning, when a breakfast of hot cakes and scrambled eggs was served.

And so to bed—as Pepys’ diary used to say—after an invigorating ride in the cool morning air.

“If there were going to be on John and the janitor there,” I said, “I’d be there if I had an invitation.

I grant the fact that Patsy and I were invited, where John McCormick was to be guest of honor.

Winfield Sheehan and Sol Wurtzel were giving the party in honor of the great Irish tenor, who is starring in a Fox picture.

The guest of honor sat at the center place at one of the long tables, and his beautiful daughter sat on his right side of him. He was a long way away from us until after dinner—but I’m ahead of my story.

All the Fox stars were there except Will Rogers. We missed him very much, but he was away somewhere on a flying trip.

Janet Gaynor was there with her husband, having just arrived from Honolulu and her honeymoon; and there were Fifi O’Rory, Mary Duncan, Eddie Lowe and Jylman Tschermak, Victor McLaglen and his wife, John Ford and Mrs. Ford, David Butler and his wife, Warner Baxter and his wife, Charlie Farrell, El Brendel and Mrs. Brendel, William Collier, Norma Terris, Jose Mojica, Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner, Lee Tracy, Mary Astor and Howard Hawks, Walter Catlett, Count de Sain, John Emery, W. S. Hart, Lou Morgan, Frankie Richardson, and scores of others.

After dinner, William Collier was called on to preside as toastmaster. He spoke of the Fox queen, the Fox queen, and said; “Do you mind if I call you John?”

“Yes, I do,” the singer kidded.

“Well, I have to save footage,” Collier retorted.

McCormick arose to speak, charming his
for March 1930

hearers as he always does, with his personality as well as his voice.

He said that when he spoke to Winnie Sheehan about his salary, telling him how much he wanted, Sheehan said to him, after thinking a minute; "John, I think we should merge. We Irishmen must stand together, all two of us!" And then McCormack continued:

"And surely there never has been such an exodus of any class of people as there has been of musicians and singers, since Moses led the Knights of Columbus out of Egypt".

There were a million dollars' worth of entertainers present, of course, among the Fox stars.

Fifi D'Orsay just gathered us all in with her first wink and wiggle, radiating her wonderful charm, so that you cannot, honestly say whether she sings well or not.

Lovely little Yvonne Peletier, who has just signed a long contract with Fox, was there, and performed one of her amazing pantomime dances. Charles Judels, sang an amusing song dedicated to McCormack, entitled "Take Good Care of Yourself", Your Voice Belongs to Fox.

We had hoped that McCormack would sing, but he didn't; but Josie Mojica sang in that beautiful, mellow voice of his, Tom Patricola danced, and Walter Callett, Frankie Richardson, and others entertained.

When the chance came, we went over to chat with John McCormack, who held court at one end of the room. We told him we had hoped he would sing, and he remarked with that ingenuous twinkle which is always winning friends. "Well, I hoped so, too, but Mr. Wurtzel told me I had better wait until it was somebody else's party."

He told us about having a voice test—imagine!

"I suppose," confided Patsy, "that if the Angel Gabriel was hired to blow his horn in a picture, they'd have to give him a test first!"

At any rate McCormack said, a little wistfully, we imagined:

"When I sang one of me wee little notes at the end, the mixer seemed to think I was getting weak or something; anyhow when I heard it in the playback he had given that final note an awful blast!"

"So now," said Patsy, "both the cameraman and the mixer can make or break you!

Dorothy Dalton, a film favorite of not so long ago is returning to the screen in "Bride 66." Her husband, Arthur Hammerstein, is producing it.

You can't help but notice how much softer and lighter Kotex is

Here is a sanitary pad that really fits... really protects. And women have the added assurance of knowing that 85% of America's leading hospitals choose this very same absorbent.

TODAY, with smartness a guide to every costume detail, women appreciate Kotex more than ever. For this sanitary pad is designed to fit securely, designed to protect adequately, without being in the least bulky. And it is soft... even after hours of wear!

Used in great hospitals

If you were to think of the one source of authority on sanitary protection, what would it be? The medical world, certainly. Then you'll be glad to know that 85% of the country's leading hospitals not only approve of, but actually use Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding today!

Please remember that Cellucotton is not cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with 5 times the absorbency.

It replaces the thousands of pounds of surgical cotton in dressings. Last year hospitals bought 2 1/2 million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads!

Kotex is so soft and comfortable because it is made up of layer upon layer of this unusual absorbent—Cellucotton. Each layer is a quick, complete absorbent in itself. And you can easily separate these layers, using only what needs demand.

The way the corners are rounded and tapered makes for further comfort. It explains too, why Kotex leaves no revealing outline under the most close-fitting of frocks. Kotex deodorizes... gives that final measure of daintiness no smart woman dares overlook. Buy a box. Try it. After all, how else can you tell? Kotex Co., Chicago, Illinois.
Details of Beauty — Continued from page 63

have finished, squeeze a square of cheesecloth from ice-water, drench in witch hazel, or an astringent, place over the forehead and temples, lie down and relax for ten or more minutes and you'll be surprised at the smoothness of your forehead and the clear brightness of your eyes. About three such treatments and you can wear the smart new hats with the assurance that you are looking your very best.

Well-trained eyebrows and lashes are important details. Of course, you would like to have the long, curling lashes and slender arched brows of your best loved movie star. I know you would, because you have told me so at least some of the time. But, even as you and I, the movie stars must train and cultivate these accessories to beauty; few people are actually born with them. Length and beauty of the lashes depend largely upon the eyelids. And the health of the eyelids depends upon the health of the eyes. The greatest enemy of the beauty of the eyes is strain, so the greatest friend is rest. Incidentally, I hope you have not forgotten what I wrote you a few months ago about eye remedies, treatments, and exercises for the eyes. Train your scrappy brows to lines of beauty. Nourish and encourage thin, falling lashes with vaseline, castor oil or a good lash grower. Brush the lashes upward to encourage them to curl. Use eye makeup with discretion, especially in daytime and with off-the-face hats. The least hint of artificiality will be appallingly apparent.

So much for eyes and foreheads. What about their nearest neighbor, the nose? It has been said that if Cleopatra's nose had been of an inch longer the entire history of the world would have been changed. That's how important a nose may be. Since Cleopatra's day the beauty of a nose has depended not only on its delicate formation but also upon its ability to measure up to a certain standard for noses in another even more important direction. It must be smooth and white, and it must not shine. A nose may be 'tip-tilted like a flower,' but its beauty is lacking in effect if it's not white and free from shine.

Two reasons for an unlovely nose are poor circulation and faulty digestion. If your nose is not what it should be, adopt the beauty diet I offered you last month. Exercise as often and as adequately as possible and you will not only improve the appearance of your nose but will render your general health an invaluable service.

There are the general methods of removing the offending shine and redness, but while they are gradually being remedied the shiny nose will still be with us. Use powder, of course, the powder that suits your skin whether it be heavy or light and fluffy, but don't wear it adhering to your nose in huge flakes which are vastly unbecoming. Smooth a little cream into your nose, wipe it off and powder carefully and keep it powdered. Go to any length rather than to let it shine. A catchy advertising phrase read "For the want of some powder a man was lost"; but what is more important to women nowadays—because of the failure to connect with a powder puff at the psychological moment—jobs may be lost, social or business contacts may go for naught.

The elbows are a rather a jump. But, what about them? I haven't time or space to discuss arms this month, but I do want to remind you that no matter how dainty and becoming your evening gown may be, if it discloses rough, boney elbows with loose wrinkled, discolored skin the effect is entirely spoiled.

Realize that your arms are only as pretty as your elbows and, if necessary, set to work upon them. They are so much exposed and so much rubbed that dirt and dust is grimed into them and the amount of scrubbing necessary to keep them clean dries them out so that they become chapped and pick up more grime than they did before. Scrub the elbows daily with warm water and a bleaching soap or any soap with water into which you have sprinkled a few drops of peroxide. Rinse and dry well, apply a generous amount of cold cream and massage it well into the skin. Wipe off, rinse in cold water, rub in a bit more cream and dust with powder. Repeat this treatment daily and your elbows will become as soft and smooth-looking as you could desire.

Well-cared-for hands signify perfection of detail. At this season, at least in cold climates, your hands are likely to become red, rough and chapped. This may be avoided if you are careful to use a soothing lotion or cream after each hand cleansing during the day, a special application before you go out in cold, wind or sun and at night before retiring. If you're home during the day, keep a bottle or jar of hand beautifier where you can't help seeing it when you wash your hands. If you go to business, keep a small jar in your desk. If you're flitting about from one place to another, keep a tiny tube or jar in your handbag.

There's no excuse nowadays, with all the easy-to-use manicure aids at our disposal, for not having well-groomed nails. Every girl has a thorough manicure once a week, but the nails require attention every day. Keep a few implements conveniently at hand and give your nails attention as often as necessary.

Careful attention should be given to such small details as shaping and polishing the nails. Don't use a highly colored polish; a polish that gives the nails a natural color is in best taste, with only a slight gloss. Shape your nails to suit your fingers. If your fingers are long and slender, shape your nails to follow the outline of your finger tips, slightly longer in the center. If your fingers are short, or too-blunt, point the nails a little more and file rather closely at the sides but not too close.

I have told you before about using make-up to suit your coloring and the texture of your skin. There are so many intriguing shades of powder or rouge or lipstick it seems that manufacturers must put them out merely because they want to sell more things. But that is not true. I believe that the heads of this beauty business are really sincere, and are aiming more surely at real beauty. They found after many years that just two shades of powder and one shade of rouge spoiled disaster to many women because it upset the natural color scheme for fascinating in-between types such as the ash blonde, the woman with dark hair and blue eyes, the gypsy type of brunette, and so on.

Manufacturers learned, when they really put their minds to it, that too dark a powder on a fair skin robbed it of transparency, and that too light a powder gave a look of artificiality. So they began to study natural skin tones and to shade their products, rouges as well as powders, to match all types of coloring.

So there's no reason, girls, for going wrong in details of make-up. Blondes should choose, as a rule, one of the powders marked 'natural' for daytime use, and from

Tea for one on the Malibu sands. Marilyn Miller, stage and screen star tells herself, "Two lumpes and lemon, please."
the pale peach tones for evening. The inter- 

eigthers may choose rachel, cream, and 

peach. The brunt of a day or medium 

rachel, and deep peach. As a rule, the 

red-haired girl needs a lighter powder, flesh 

or "natural." Powders fine in quality and 

light they tend more naturally into the 

average skin. And when you apply your 

powder, don't rub it in. Stroke it on 

lightly or fluff it on.

At this season of the year you can help 

to perfect details of beauty by using a pro-

tective makeup. A rough wind-burned 

skin and chapped lips are anything but 

ttractive. A cream smoothed into the 

skin and wiped carefully off will protect the 

skin from the ravages of wind and 

weather. A paste rouge is less drying than 

a dry depilatory, and it goes well over the 

cream foundation. A soft colorless lipstick 

will keep the lips from chapping, and a 

bit of paste rouge may be used over it.

Choose your rouge as you do your pow-

ders by matching your natural color. Rouge, 

used wisely, can whisk a dull face into 

divine charm. It is not to paint 

your face—it's a gallant gesture, a helping 

hand under nature's tired elbow to help her 

over a bad place. It is an important detail 

of you, and used wisely and well, it is 

a very little vivd red.

Then, there's the uninspiring subject of 

superfluous hair—the fuzz that nobody wants. 

This is a real beauty problem, as you know, 

but in this day of sleeveless frocks and 

sheer hose it is no time to be patient with 

the depilatory fate of age is to use it. 

Some girls solve the problem temporarily 

by shaving. But this stimulates hair growth 

and removes the hair on a level with the 

skin surface so they grow again very 

quickly. A good depilatory is more effective, 

quick and easier to use, and the 

makers are gradually improving them so 

that they keep the hair off longer than they 

used to. Moreover, the hair does not 

return thicker and coarser, and in many cases, 

the growth gradually becomes less. A 

depilatory, as with all toilet preparations, 

must be used strictly according to directions 

to attain best results.

Most women hesitate to use a depilatory 

on the face, particularly if the skin is dry 

and sensitive, and resort to the electric 

needle. This is all right if you know of a 

really reliable electrolician. But even the 

most skilled operators miss many times, 

and the operation is both painful and ex-

pensive.

A great many women use successfully a 

depilatory on the body but depend entirely 

upon a bleach to deaden and lighten superflu-

uous hair on the face. This does at least 

solve the problem, as the growth 

becomes lighter in color, weaker in sub-

stance, and far less noticeable.

Another detail of good grooming that 

should not be neglected is the use of a 

depilatory cream. In most cases, excessive 

perspiration can be remedied locally with-

out harm. There are certain causes which 

lead to this condition and may need special 

attention. But usually, the unpleasantness 

and discomfort attending this state may be 

greatly alleviated by the use of a depilatory. 

Do you want to know more about details 

of beauty? Write to me. I will be glad 

to help you in any way I can. Please 

enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope 

with your letter.

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The Girl With Seven Voices

Continued from page 83

It was just as important that the girl speak 

perfect French in the opening scenes as it 

was for her not to speak good English in 

the subsequent action.

The French instructor translate the 

French portion of the dialogue into English 

so I understood the sense and story value of 

the lines. Then I learned the French from 

the lips of the character. I was on the entire 

scene without very much idea of 

what they meant, other than the 

general trend of the conversation.

"Learning to speak part English and part 

French was more difficult because the 

natural tendency was to use more English 

than French. I picked up most of the 

inflections and intonations from the children 

who worked with us in the picture. They 

had only been over from France a few 

months and spoke very little English.

"After the picture was finished and I 

saw it, I felt panicky. Suppose audiences, 

not knowing me or having heard me speak 

before, thought I really spoke broken 

English? I ran the picture for some friends 

at my home one night and while I was 

getting ready to retire, my maid told me 

that the servants wanted to know if it 

really was I who did the talking? They 
said it didn't sound like myself. Of course it 

didn't, wasn't intended to. But that gave 

me another fear. Would people think I 

had a voice double?

"The night the picture had its world 

premiere in Los Angeles I was on pins and 

needles. I was so nervous about it I was 

one of the first to arrive at the theater 

which—if I may poke fun at myself—is not 

my usual reputation. In the first reel the 

sound track went out of synchronization; 

a little later it jumped and was lost for a 

few feet, right in the middle of an 

important scene. I tore my handkerchief to 

shreds and then started to cry.

"While I was crying I heard a tremendous 

laugh. Everything was going fine and 

the audience hadn't any attention to 

spend to laugh. They went on laughing 

and I peeked up. It was all right, after all! 

We made it for laughs and that was what 

the audience was getting out of it.

"Now Dulcy, you know, is a sort of 

gaga busybody and I have a new voice 

for her. I copied it after a Dulcy I know 

in real life. In every picture I make I 

hope to develop a different vocal person-

ality. Difficult? Oh, I suppose so; but it's 

fun and when I cease to enjoy making pic-

tures then I'll cease to make them at all.

Marion's frankness is devastating and 

rather appalling. She wears no cloak of 

pretense. As soon as you meet her you 

are completely disarmed by a smile that 

enfolds the whole world and all that's in 

it.

You will find her between scenes playing 

bridge with a property man, an assistant 

director and perhaps an extra player. People 

are people to her. She knows every person 

working on the set and they all know her. 

There is no tension in a Davies company. 

Instead, there is music, gayety, clowning and 

good humor.

"Just a lot of laughs!" says Marion.

And that seems her life axiom: laugh 
today and be merry, for tomorrow you may 

cry.

---
Ducky—" Zelma was at Tony's feet on the floor, weary from a still game of golf with her sister, Bernice, that afternoon. So Tony didn't have to go far to assure her that she was entirely wrong on the inception of his love for her.

Friends of the young Englishman had urged him to see two shows while he was in New York. One was "The Trial of Mary Dugan." The other was "Good News."

"I wanted terribly to meet that little girl who was billed as Zelma O'Neal, I knew no one to introduce us. I went back to England that summer without so much as speaking a word to her. Then I read in the papers that she was coming to London with the musical show. A friend of mine knew some one in the cast. I arranged to meet her. We were engaged before the week was out."

"And if you can imagine it," said Zelma, crossing one tanned leg over the other, pushing away a recalcitrant red lock, and making a dive for a bunch of brown wool which was the Irish pup, "I looked at that chap when he was introduced and thought —'Nice boy, but too good looking.' And plunk, dismissed him from my mind. Just like that."

The fact that Anthony Bushell did not remain long dismissed from Zelma O'Neal's mind is indicated by the whirlwind courtship.

Bushell followed Zelma to New York after he had finished his run in London in Channing Pollock's "The Enemy." They were married a short time later in St. Nicholas' on Fifth Avenue.

Hugh Sinclair, the chap who introduced them, was best man. Inez Courtney was the bride's attendant.

"The day of our wedding, Zelma was in the midst of rehearsals and I was playing a matinée and evening performance." Bushell appeared in Somerset Maugham's "The Sacred Flame" at the time. "For a week after, we were so busy that we only had snatchers of love together."

They both like Hollywood, Zelma says it is a grand place to raise children. She means it, too. The little hoyden-girl of "Good News" who makes audiences roar with the way she picks up her feet and lays them down again and the brilliant comedienne of that other musical comedy, "Follow Thru," is definitely a home-loving person with a longing for a brood of her own.

Zelma's a good business woman, too. A film studio had been negotiating for her appearance in a talkie short.

"I held out for twice as much as they offered my manager. Got it, too," she said.

A telephone call necessitated Zelma's getting to her feet. She grunted and groaned. Her nightly work in "Follow Thru" at a Los Angeles theater means a terrific expenditure of muscle energy. And then there is the daily afternoon game of golf.

"Tony taught me how to play and we're still friends. Can you imagine it?"

Zelma returned from the telephone with news of a vaudeville offer.

"Don't think I'll do it. Can't leave you, Tony, and Bernice—and Paddy."

The two sisters have been almost inseparable since those struggling days in Chicago when they 'plugged' songs in a little music store and attracted their first opportunity to do a sister act in vaudeville.

Work often takes them to opposite ends of the country. But they always come 'homing' when an engagement is finished. Bernice is blonde while Zelma is auburn-haired; madonna-eyed while Zelma has the eyes of a sprite; tall and slender while Zelma has the sturdiness of a little-girl build; dreamy while Zelma is vociferously business-minded.

Zelma O'Neal takes a common sense attitude toward her own background of mini-mized opportunities and hardships. At the same time she glows with the reports of Tony's boyhood and education in England.

This Anthony Bushell, who won instantaneous recognition for his work on the talking screen with George Arliss in "Disraeli," is a member of a distinguished British family which dates back to 1200. He is the eldest of three living sons. Anthony's older brother was killed four years ago in an Afghan campaign. He was a lieutenant in the Indian army.

Anthony was born in Westerham, Kent County, England. He was educated at Magdalen College School and won a scholarship in English History to Oxford. A brilliant student in his elementary grades, great expectations were held by his parents for Tony's college career.

"Sports always interested him. After he entered Oxford, studying went into the background and he began to give all his time to sports," said Zelma.

Bushell was captain of cricket and head of the school for two years at Magdalen. In Hertford College, Oxford, he won the novice's boxing-up in the middlerights and also won some prominence as a fencer.

"Tony was a great one at this in college. And Zelma's brown arms began a backward-forward motion, her legs straight out on the rug and her bow mouth pursed as though fortifying herself. 'What do you callidolaring?'"

"Ducky's trying to say I was stroke of my college eight," enlightened Bushell.

"A rower—that's what he was."

Then Tony was 21 he left Oxford. His parents were deeply disappointed. It was understood that Anthony was to study for the clergy and his announcement that he was going on the stage was a shock to the family.

"It was not that they were opposed to the theater," declared Bushell. "Not that at all. They did think it was preposterous that I should hope to make a success in work about which I knew nothing at all. However, Mother and Father were very fair and sensible about the whole thing. They said if I wanted to give up college and go on the stage I would do so with the understanding I was to be entirely on my own financially."

A short time later, a tall blond young man answered to the name of Anthony Bushell when student roles were assigned at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London. This is the organization founded by Sir Herbert Tree.

"I learned hardly anything there. Sir Gerald du Maurier saw me in a student performance and I was given a part with Gladys Cooper in 'Diplomacy' at the Adolphi Theater."

Miss Cooper re-engaged him for her next two productions, "Peter Pan" and Pinero's "This." Feeling he needed further experience, Bushell left London and played on the road for two years.

"When I came back to London I heard that James Gleason was using some English players for his comedy, 'Is Zat So.' I had an introduction to Mr. Gleason and battled my way through the crowd waiting outside his office. Jimmy Gleason took a look at me and said—'Too tall.' Robert Armstrong took a look and said—'Too young.'"

"I started to turn away. Then I became so infuriated at the thought of having battled the mob for nothing that I turned to—"
back to Gleason and said: 'Do you really think so?''

Apprently Gleason liked the spirit of the young Englishman. He asked him to read some of the lines from the comedy. "All right, kid, you win the part," Gleason told him.

The experience of working with Americans and enjoying American humor was such a revelation that Buswell said he could hardly wait to get to America and have more of it.

"The English are inclined to be very serious about their careers. The atmosphere of joking that I find in American theaters and film studies was an amazing thing to me. You Americans work hard but your gorgeous sense of humor keeps you well balanced."

After his outstanding work in "Disraeli," Buswell was given the juvenile lead in "The Flirting Widow," First National's film version of the stage play, "Green Stockings." Zelma O'Neal made pictures—comedies—years ago. Now she has been signed by Paramount for the screen version of "Follow Thru."

"Then Tony and I will have a real home life for the first time in our marriage. As it is now, he is having lunch while I am waking up for breakfast. When I am in the midst of lunch, he is dinnering. We're going to change all that, aren't we, Tony?"

"Righto, Ducky."

This is another point where a sensitive interviewer finds the railway posters again an engrossing subject for study. If the time permits—and it usually does—he will find the view from any of the eight long windows in the high ceilinged living room very worthwhile. They look over Hollywood, which represents studio and theater to the Bushells. And that, in turn, means that any moment now, one or the other will be called away for footlight or Kleig light makeup.

"Forgive us, we see each other so seldom, and we keep thinking of all those years before we knew each other!"

These are the Bushells—career-ambitious, both of them; deeply in love, both of them. They stand in Hollywood as a vivid example of the way young opposites have a habit of attracting—and holding—each other.

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**Kleenex**

Cleansing Tissues
Bill Boyd Doubles Back — Continued from page 31

Robert Forda's steady progress. Bill told his chauffeur, the ever faithful Mose, to turn left, then right, now two blocks ahead. "Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed Bill, "it's gone."

"What's gone?"

"The place."

"What place?"

"Why, the grocery store where I got my first California job," Bill explained. "See that big red brick building? It used to stand there. Gosh, I never enjoyed a job so much in my life."

Then we heard the story of a fifteen year old lad, almost penniless, cast about among strangers to work out his own existence. "This was a week before Christmas," said Bill. "Perhaps I should have been grateful, because it was undoubtedly the holiday rush that enabled me to get a job right away as a clerk in that grocery store."

The fact that it was a grocery store was the only reason why my healthy young ap-\petite did not entirely overwhelm me. With food on my mind I doubt that any fifty year old is going to starve.

"When the boss saw me raiding the cracker barrel he sensed my financial embar-\rassment and he advanced me my week's salary. He certainly was a good guy. So on Christmas Eve I was able to go at a dancing hall and gorge myself with turkey instead of puny and raw carrots. But, somehow, my appetite was gone."

I walked along one street after another. Through the window I could see families gathered about Christmas trees. Happiness seemed to be everywhere. I'm afraid I thought I was the only lonesome and heart\broken person of my generation that lived near the railroad station. I took a room there, I can remember creeping into it and crying myself to sleep."

Incidentally, Bill's first job inOrange was not the first time he was in the grocery business. He drew a battered old snapshot from his pocket as proof of another time, when he was twelve. It showed him, a tow-headed kid, rolling piano mats at the reins of a rickety delivery wagon bearing the blurred inscription, 'Stiegfried & Lawyer, Groceries, 1011 Wheeling Avenue, Cam\bridge, Ohio'. Oh, how I wish I could see today the picture he showed us inscribed in youthful handwriting the name 'Lawrence Boyd', which was the first indication we had had that Bill's real name is Lawrence.

But Christmas only comes once a year, and with the usual rush over in Orange, Bill found himself without a job. As we rolled out of the little town, en route to San Diego in the star's big car, he unfolded for me a few of the subsequent events in his life. An orange packing house offered him a next opportunity the follow \ing season. This lasted through the season. Then the oil fields for several months and a jaunt to Flagstaff, Arizona, where he swung a double-edged axe as a lumber jack. After this came an offer as an automobile sales\man and Bill took it. All this varied ac\ tivity covered a period of several years. After that he went into the army, and was discharged in August because of an athletic heart, developed in his high school days in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Althou\gh born in Cambridge, Ohio, he passed much of his youth in Tulsa, until a friend of his dead father gave him a hundred dollars and he started west."

Barred from active service Bill took a job running the Post Exchange at March Field, the avia\tion training school at Riverside, California. Later he was to make part of one of his most successful pictures, "The Flying Fool," at that very field. At intervals friends had told Bill that he 'would screen well.' Although he scouted at the idea, its repetition naturally made some impression and finally, in 1919, in the absence of a job, it took definite root.

And so it was while Bill was en route to Los Angeles, again in quest of the elusive screen, he met Bryant Washburn on the train and again the subject of the screen came to haunt him. Washburn saw possibilities in Boyd. Bill saw only a big job—any kind of a job. So far as becoming an actor—well, that was too ridiculous even to consider. But, somehow the job did not present itself. The panic was on. The Boyd bank\roll was reduced to silver and very little of that. What was that Bryant Washburn was about acting? Was it something to do at that. There's no harm in trying. So Bill Boyd presented himself at the Paramount Studios and proceeded to talk himself past the gate, who turned out later to be the father of Alan Hale, with whom Bill played later in several of his biggest screen hits.

Assuming what he believed to be an air of importance, Bill tackled the next man he saw.

"Where is Mr. De Mille's office—Mr. C. B. de Mille's," he demanded. Being directed to the director-producer's very private sanctum, Bill found the door open and walked into the presence of C. B. unannounced."

"Bill?" queried the director.

"Well," ventured Bill, "I want a job in the movies."

Impressed with the man's gall if nothing else, Bill, Inquired if he had ever done any acting.

"Never," admitted Bill.

"Well, I don't see why I began De Mille. Bill gave me the door."

"All right—if you don't give me a job I'll work for somebody else."

"Wait a minute," said C. B. "That's the way to make a man talk. You seem to mean business."

And William Boyd got his first part in a picture called "Love Insurance," starring Bryant Washburn, who was indirectly responsible for the screen career of the Pathé star.

To Bill it seemed that the dark clouds surrounting his life since childhood were about to part and let a little sunshine through. Temporarilily that was true, but he was soon to know the heartache and pain\ing of Hollywood's army of extras. The battle for survival was on again as Holly\wood knew it. For more than a year things did not go so well. Occasional roles helped to keep the square Boyd jaw up in the air. "Why Change Your Wife," "Bobbed Hair," "Forty Winks," "Feet of Clay," "True Possession" offered some opportunity and, more important, some funds.

Then came C. B. de Mille again in the guise of a gardian angel and he offered was the lead in the "The Volga Boatman!" This picture made Boyd a star, won him success, fame and the security of a long\term contract.

Among the pictures that followed were "Her Man O'War," "Eve's Leaves," "The Last Frontier," "Jim, the Conqueror," "The
Chevalier’s Secret—Continued from page 23

of Paris. How his early days were passed in extreme sordidness and poverty. He spoke of all the low dives he had danced and sung in—dives where cab drivers and ladies of the evening, those who had fallen to the bottom of the world, congregated for one last drink of absinthe to buoy them up to face the world; which there never could be anything new.

From café after café he was fired. For a year he had been in the Casino des Tourelles for the sum of two dollars and fifty cents a week.

He even lost that job. And walked the streets during his spare time until one day in the Fourni Music Hall, but this time his compensation was only one dollar a week.

From Fourni he toured the provinces, later playing such larger cities as Rheims and Marseilles. Finally he achieved Paris, the Eldorado music hall. And then, the Folies Bergère as partner to the talented Mistinguette, and made a distinguished success.

Then came the war. At the first call, Chevalier dropped his grease paint and shouldered a gun. But he didn’t drop his songs and his laughter until one day a shell burst on the Casino des Tourelles, and Chevalier fell on his face in the mud. When he recovered consciousness he found himself in a French prison cell with an ugly wound in his shoulder. Twenty-six months in the same cell in the Magdeburg followed. Then Armistice, back to Paris again with the American Dough Boys. And he was proud of his military record. Besides, it was harder to make people laugh in those days after the war. They had forgotten how.

But he staged a tremendous come-back. Once again he played at the Folies Bergère. Once again as partner to Mistinguette. Then came an enormous success in London and in Buenos Aires. And finally New York.

“When I arrived in America,” Chevalier said, “I didn’t want to make my way singing naughty songs. Songs which we say in France have a double entendre. That is, two meanings: a nice one and a not so nice one. I didn’t want to sing anything—what you call bar-room ballads. I wanted your people to love me. And I thought that when there was a role I have wanted to play. Always, all my life I have wanted to play—now, don’t laugh—a romantic part. Yes, to play a romantic part. Maybe you think that silly. But maybe not, if you recall my first beginnings—the poverty of Paris tenement life where one eats and sleeps little, works much and did not want all.

“So when ‘The Love Parade’ was sug-

We were passing the famous old mission at San Juan Capistrano. Bill called my attention to it.

“There’s a reminder of real fortitude and courage,” he said. Think of the problems that those men faced three hundred years ago when they opened up this beautiful country out here for the development of civilization. How insignificant our own little troubles appear when we think of theirs.”

It was another side of the droll, good-

natured Bill Boyd—a serious, thoughtful side. We sped on for many miles in silence.
What I've Learned from the Stage
Continued from page 33

When I got better and came back to location, She's a Lady, I had no maid, no secretary, no masseuse, no hairdresser, no manicurist—they were all pulling for me. The director, Jimmy Cruze, was wonderful. The prop boys stood about holding chairs for me on the chance that I might become fatigued. A 'stand-in' girl stood while lights and other technicalities were being arranged. Everything was eased for me. Not only because I had a bad ankle. But everything is eased for every movie star who has reached the top.

I know this stand-in really underestimates how lucky I had been. For in Chicago, when I started my act, I had only myself to depend upon. There was no director to smile encouragingly at me. No off-stage music to get my courage up. There was a cold audience, certain stage props, and the little act I had to offer. A little act which I had rehearsed for days and weeks, into which I had put my heart. But a little act, which, after all, was up against strong competition. The competition of all those who had spent years and lives studying their specialties, studying new ways of pleasing their audiences.

Just before my act went on, a marvelous team of adagio dancers walked in. I had watched the woman staring at me very disconcertingly. I knew what she was thinking: 'Here I've been working all my life and I've got a nice art. I open out on the stage, turn myself inside out, and what do I get? A couple hundred dollars a week. And along comes this gold and whatsona little act, and pulls down thousands.'

It was terrible to have to work against a like thought. But I could understand how that woman felt. And all that week I made it my business to be nice to those adagio dancers. I wanted them to know that I knew and cared what they were up against. I met them the next day in the无线电 tower. I told them the week was over and we were going on. And nobody seemed happier than they when I received flowers or when an audience welcomed me with赞赏es. When you give the best you've got—a real trouper will hand it to you.

But that first performance I didn't realize that. I didn't realize anything. I only knew I was standing in the wings with my heart beating a tattoo in my breast that could be heard, it seemed to me, as far back as the last row in the balcony. I was the next of the week we were friends. And nobody seemed happier than they when I received flowers or when an audience welcomed me with赞赏es. When you give the best you've got—a real trouper will hand it to you.

In movies and real life we always have a chance to do our stuff over again if it isn't right. If it turns out that she is really dirty, she can wash it over. If a typist smears her page or spills a bottle of ink over it, she can always re-type it. If a movie star's face is the reason there can always be retakes. But on the stage you have but one little string in your bow. You have to do your stuff to the limit of your possibility and the limit of your endurance. If you go over, all well and good. You return to your dressing room, drink a glass of water, dust some powder into your shoes, renew your makeup—and then go back and conquer another audience all over again. You do that three times a day, and in some places four times on the same repertory.

In the movies, one good performance and you have it there encased in celluloid for the rest of your life. Your hair can get gray, your teeth can fall out. You can get old, crippled or broken. But that performance can still be shown in Japan, Russia, Tasmania, Antarctica. However, on the stage, you lose your illusion at every single performance.

As I stood in the wings considering all these things before my first performance, I realized the worst possible of stage fright had ever had. My knees turned to water. My stomach did a good imitation of an express elevator in the Woolworth Building. Drops of perspiration stood out on my forehead. I heard my cue, the opening bars of my dance music. I couldn't even think of the choreography. I got up from the cakewalk and sat down. I couldn't think, I couldn't move, I couldn't do a thing. I just went through the dance with the help of the orchestra. I sat down. I couldn't go on. I couldn't do a thing to save my life. I didn't even think. My mind was blank.

So I made my entrance, broke into my dance the 'Boardwalk.'

Olive, have you heard the news? Yes, the routine was coming back to me. Hop on left foot, slap right foot down twice in front. Hop on right foot, slap heel down twice in back. Hop on right foot, hop right foot, southwest. Hop on right foot and kick left foot backward. Drag right foot in circular slide around to back. Then stamp right foot, stamp left foot and stamp right foot again. Like a soldier memorizing the manual of arms, my mind worked, propelling my feet. Could I keep it up? Dear Lord, I was doing it and I was doing it, and at the end of the week we were friends. And nobody seemed happier than they when I received flowers or when an audience welcomed me with赞赏es. When you give the best you've got—a real trouper will hand it to you.
on by Eva LeGallienne’s Civic Repertory Company, and directed by Miss LeGalliennne herself, is the best acted, the best produced and the most completely materialized play of the imagination that I have seen in New York for years. The Civic Repertory in its beginnings was open to the most brutal criticism. Today it has ridden down all its critics. In its production of “The Sea-Gull” it has made history.

What is “The Sea-Gull” about? It’s about Life—Disillusion. That is all I will tell you here. For a great play to be successful—well, just as to acting, you will see Jacob Ben-Ami, as Trigorin, a writer, reveal to you the very secret mechanism of the soul—a disillusioned scribbler. You will never forget his confession to Josephine Hutchinson, who plays so beautifully the part of Nina, the sea-gull, who has brought her all the male and got slugged over the head with the club of Reality in the hands of His Majesty, the Father of Lies. There are Merle Maddern, Paul Leyssan, Walter Beck, Eva LeGallienne and others: all perfect in their parts in a play in which Life parades before you with an ironic leer.

“Fifty Million Frenchmen”

What is the fifty-million Frenchmen do to this tins-tannabulator, slap-bang, rattling, crackling, gurgling, bombinating, rataplanish, gingling, jangling, derotating, Dionysian, cock-tailing, cork-popping fantasy of Paris? Why, just this: every American—every son of a Yankee—sees fifty million Frenchmen after he has been a tourist. It’s the cocktails at the Ritz bar, it’s the wine in Zelli’s or the good hooch down at the Halls that performs this feat of oculair theatrurgy and transcendental booby double-eight—or words to that effect.

Well, this E. Ray Goetz; musical comedy, is which Herr Sauter, Cole Porter, Bel Geddes and a raft of other men who know their business had a finger, just left me soused with enthusiasm, as you’ve seen, no doubt. I got a bigger laughing kick out of this musical comedy than I have out of any such concoction since the days when I first sang Hinky-Dinky-Parlaky-Voo-Mademoussel from Aragonides—well, you know, that gayly scabrous sores!

If you can find more steam in any comedi-ean on our stage than you’ll find exploring out the tenor sensus of Bill Gaxton phone me his name (0020 Robins Reef). And there’s beautiful Genevieve Tobin, certi-ainly a good eye-full. Ah! Betty Compton—shall make you laugh and blush a sweet, old-time blush just as grandma used to put on when General Grant was around. In a word, if you miss “Fifty Million Frenchmen” you are not a lover of physical, mental or belly-gurgling souces!

“Berkeley Square”

You must be born with the ghost-tem-perature to do the ghost thing convincingly. In a spook universe, of a spooky universe, can only be conveyed to another by one who has literally seen spooks, whose nerves and emotions feel the ghostly.

Merely thinking it out won’t do. Poe, again, Lafcadio Hearn, Barrie, Shakes-peare, Henry James, Strindberg, von Hoffmann—these are authentic ghost yarn-spinners.

Mr. John L. Balderston, the author of “Berkeley Square,” does not belong to the goose-fleshers to the manner born. But he has thought out a clever, gripping and en-tertaining play, which when you take it apart—now, you cannot take “Macbeth,” Strindberg’s “Dream-Play,” or Barrie’s “Mary Rose,” apart; you can only argue with them to the silly end of your days) —turns out to be splendid trick-work plus eagle-eye on box office.

The story goes back and forth between Berkeley Square, London, of today and that of 1784. Peter Stansdiah, an American, in his ancestral London house has discovered the secret of living over his love affair of 1784 either in a dream, an alcoholic tran-splantation or a psychic, and privately patented, time-machine a la H. G. Wells: which of these we are left in doubt about.

Leslie Howard carries the production in his usual fascinating manner, aided by Margalo Gilmore as the Lost Lenore. Gilbert Miller puts that in his own perfect way. (I note, by the way, that old-fashioned sentiment is coming back with long dresses.)

“The Living Corpse”

I traveled down to the Civic Repertory Theater on Fourteenth street to see how their new production, “The Living Corpse,” by Tolstoy, compared with the moving pic-ture version of the story which was made in Germany and which I saw in a private showing last spring but which was never shown here publicly because of its gloominess and its censurable angles.

The greatest pictures I have ever seen (which means pictures I could see two or three times) are “The Cabinet of Dr. Cal- gari,” “The Patriot,” and this German ver-sion of Tolstoy’s “The Living Corpse.”

In many respects for pure tragic atmosphere and overwhelming satire, the Tolstoy pic-ture was, to me, the greatest of them all. It far surpasses either the stage version of John Barrymore or the Civic Repertory’s product.

It is in the picture version that the hatred of Tolstoy against all social institu-tions is brought out with the greatest force. In the play we see the portrait of a platonic idealist who is soured to the cupola all the time and who finally makes the world believe he is wrong so that he can bring about the marriage of his wife with her platonic lover, two social stuffed shirts. When he is discovered and the bigamy trial is proceeding to make his milk-supper life with a bullet outside of the courtroom.

The Civic’s production is rather heavy and drowsy, with Jacob Ben-Ami unconvincing and theatrical as Fedya and Josephine Hutchinson looking almost eternally beautiful as the wife. Egon Brecher as a drunken ‘genius’ was very humorous—the rest he has yet done.

I shall soon forget Barrymore and Ben-Ami as Fedya; but the picture I shall never forget. Score one for the screen.
Trailing "Trader Horn"
Continued from page 66

got it but wouldn't lie down. He just walked around, perspiring until his clothes stuck to him and telling everybody it felt like a touch of grippe. Edwina wasn't working in the picture but she came down to the set every day. Harry Carey was laughing about the days in the Death Valley when he used to think it was hot.

In three weeks we pushed off for Mur- chison Falls, up the Victoria Nile. We loaded the tenders and climbed into the same boat that took us to Panamur.

It takes six hours to get up the Falls from where we were. The Nile flows into Lake Albert on one side and out on the other. Unless you know the country very well it doesn't look like a river at all. In every direction there is nothing but floating vegetation and papyrus. The course of the stream is changing constantly and the pilot had to take soundings all the way. The water was alive with hippos and crocodiles, and there was a large number of brightly marked tropical birds flying around the papyrus.

Finally the banks of the river became firm and the vegetation grew scarcer. The shore was sandy and there were large trees and dense growth on both banks. We saw elephants in one place. When they saw us they put up the trunks and ran back into the trees where we couldn't see them. We were all to learn more about the ways of elephants later. Renaldo sustained two broken ribs on an elephant who shot him an inch too high into a charging elephant's head. Carey firing through the thicket brought the elephant down almost on top of Renaldo. But our first elephants, because they moved away, did not startle us much—we were too busy watching the smacking jaws of crocodiles that scraped under our boat, and counting the chances of capsizing on a sportive hippo.

At the Falls we spent a month making crocodile sequences and a lot of scenic shots. We were camped in a spot that had been occupied by few white people in the history of the world. We had cleared the camp site of all brush for half a mile around, in the hope of getting rid of the tsetse fly. In spite of that there were a lot of them around and the mosquitoes from the river were abundant. It wasn't the most inviting spot in Africa.

Edwina broke into the pictures there. She worked in a monkey skin, barefoot on the ground which was crawling with jiggers, and bareheaded under a sun that is capable of knocking over strong men like tin soldiers. It was a ten to one bet against her for that month and we were all wondering what Van would do about another leading woman after Edwina had been sent home with fever or sunstroke.

One morning we decided to make a dawn 'shot' five miles down the river in the heart of the jungle. All the men started out at 4 o'clock, armed with everything from elephant guns to can openers. The spot chosen was almost on the river bank, so Van asked me to take Edwina down in a row boat, saving her the long walk through the tall grass and bush, soaked with dew. A native would stand at the river bank and signal us ashore, he said.

We left at five and got down there in about an hour—it was downstream. Edwina was wearing her abbreviated costume, bareleg and bare-armed, with a cork helmet protecting her from the sun. The country was pretty wild—nothing but elephant grass, low trees and bushes, and all of them drenched in the early-morning dew. The native told us that the party was waiting about one hundred yards away.

After fifteen minutes of very tough going, almost chopping our way through the dense foliage, I asked the native where Van and the boys were. "Sijui, bwana," he said, grinning. We both knew enough about the language to know that the native was quoting whatever it was he didn't know. I confronted Edwina with what must have been a slightly under- slung face.

"Don't look as though all hope has vanished," she told me. "I think we can land a taxi right up here at the corner."

An hour later, guided by some shots the boys had fired, we found Edwina's native pilot. We were soaked from head to foot and Edwina's arms and legs were badly sunburned and scratched, but she was laughing.

When Van told us that he had shot a buffalo on the way out and when I real- ized that I had been unnerved it dawned on me that getting lost was a minor risk compared to the danger of encountering something like a large snake or a bull buffalo. There weren't even any large trees to climb.

While we shot the pictures of the falls, proper, everybody had to walk two miles twice a day over a native trail through the densest part of the jungle. We did this. Edwina included, every day for a week to get the best pictures of the water and attrac- tants that have yet been made. Once an elephant dropped a tree across the path. It took a day to clear it away.

The rest of the shoot—the long months among the pygmies at Arabi in the Congo, shooting rhinos near the White Nile, making an elephant sequence near Wando—unfolded like a pipe-dream. Through the entire scene Edwina remained the same wide-eyed kid that sailed from New York that day on the Ile de France. She was betting against tre- mendous odds, she knew, but she had her money on the table. She was calling Fate. There was no need to worry, then; only six days and wait for the shoot to be over. It's all over now. Edwina is back in her own country. The fever, the heat, the in- sects and the canned food are part of a dream from which she awoke a bit tired, perhaps, but no less charming. Whether the reward she played for is worth the risk she ran is another matter; perhaps the pot holds nothing but L.O.U.'s. The world will know more about that when "Trader Horn" is released.

Our own guess is that if there is any fight left in old Mme. Justice she will drop her scales for the moment and give this little gal a great big hand.
Hollywood, Home of the Arts
Continued from page 53
of the first of the great Russians, and now Michel Fokine, perhaps the greatest of all the foreigners.

Great directors: Richard Boleslavsky, director of the original Russian Art Thea
ter in New York, now with Pathé. He conceived and directed that marvelous dream ballet in "Paris Bound," Larry Ceballos, who has done the big show pieces for Warner Brothers. Frank Reicher, the great German actor and director. Reicher alternates between acting and directing.

The cream of the literary circle has been corralled by the west. Sidney Howard is with Pathé. He is the author of "The Silver Cord," "Ned McCobb's Daughter," and "They Knew What They Wanted," which will be Vilma Banky's next picture under the title of "Sun-Kissed." Salisbury Field is now a staff writer at Metro-Goldwyn. He is co-author of "Twins Bed," the creator of "Child Harold" car
toons and is well known as a fiction writer. And Zelda Sears, noted authoress and playwright, is also under contract to Metro. Miss Sears has had stage experience so she can pinch-hit for one of the stars and play one of the characters which she creates if necessary.

Ernest Vadja, well-known Hungarian playwright, is with Paramount. George Abbott, Bartlett Cormack, and John V. A. Weaver are other literary Paramount con
tact holders.

Stephen Vincent Benet, Pulitzer prize winner and other literary awards, is in Hollywood writing dialogue for D. W. Griffith's forthcoming picture based on the life of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Benet, as you probably know, is the author of the 100,000 word poem, "John Brown's Body." Clare Kummer is writing dialogue for Fox. Miss Kummer is a successful play
wright and has written a number of songs. Ben Ames Williams, famous writer of short stories, is also a Fox contract writer.

Robert Armstrong and his wife, known in the stage as Jeanne Kent, Bob is the nephew of our cover artist, Rolf Armstrong.
And Now They Get in Your Hair
Continued from page 21
Color Makes the Form Go Round
Continued from page 25

have advanced as far in color photography as they moved in black and white in ten.
By expert use of color, Mrs. Kalman points out, the producers are getting the
effect of a third dimension on the screen. Sometimes by accident, now more often
design, you see a technicolor sequence that is truly stereoscopic. The figures
stand out, round and real. The back
ground falls away from the figures. A
few more trials, a few more errors, and
every technicolor scene will be like that.
It is a matter of shades and shadows, tricking your eye into an illusion of round
ness and depth.
Edward Stevenson, in charge of costum
ing for First National, has gone far in
painting curves on costumes to give depth.
"Fitting the form, now," he says, is 
only half of the job. We are using color
to create an illusion of the third dimension.
And when we get that effect we are able
to do anything we choose with figures.
We can cut the curves and make a star
sweater or we can let them run wide and
add fifty pounds.
No man can a star wear outside the
studio all the gowns she has used in
a picture. Gowns now are made up with
the same skill as faces and the beautiful
acrylics, the attache, the costumes that made
Marilyn Miller stand out, a dainty, slender
figure, in "Sally," would look something
like a camouflaged battleship if worn at
the Biltmore.
Colors in contrast, shading, strength here,
weakness there, handled expertly by the
actors and the cameramen, give the effect of ac
tual perspective, and the figure that in
black and white was flat against a back
ground now stands out as if seen through a
stereoscope.
Colleen Moore's slender figure needed
roundness and more than a hint of voluptu
ousness for "Footlights and Fools," and technicolor, with painted costumes, gave it
to her.
Shadows and highlights bring various
effects. As dark make-up under a chin
takes age from the throat, and streaks on
the cheeks add years—tricks that remodel
the face—so does the designer lay colors on
d a gown or stockings or shoes to bring an
illusion of curves or angles or thin
ness or weight.
Just any fabric won't do, in getting these
effects. Several Eastern mills have pre
pared special dyes and textures—techni
color blue, technicolor lavender, etc., they
call them—which perform under lights ex
actly the job that the designers wish. Some
fabrics die under cross lights, some jump
out at you with shades you never suspected
they had in them.
As the color staffs, these days, is to harness these bucking colors and to use their eccentricities to the best advantage.
When a color jumps back—that's the one
to use on a background. A color that leaps
forward—put that, of course, in front.
And there you have perspective. It's not
quite as simple as all that, unfortunately,
but that's the general idea.
In "No, No, Nanette," Bernice Claire
needed to be made almost chubby, when she
was the little Dutch dancing girl. Color
added ten pounds and took two inches off
her height.
White girls by the proper use of color
were given Oriental face and figures in
Richard Barthelmess' "Son of the Gods." The
costumer also must make his colors fit
the moods of the story. In Paramount's
"The Vagabond King," warm colors were
used for situations of happiness and with
tragedy came the menace of bright scarlet
and deep black.
The art department must color its sets
to fit into the mood of the scene. Rich
blue and gold are used in "The Vagabond
King" for suggestions of cold majesty, and
sober grays and browns for the gallows and
for the meaner sections of Paris.
The old idea of make-up are thrown
aside for technicolor. While it wouldn't
do to go to a party, in many instances, in
a gown made up for technicolor, your tech
icolor face probably would do rather well.
John Collins, make-up artist for Par
mount, is one of the pioneers in color
make-up. He has taught the actors to use
mascara and grease paint, so that the
look like human beings, rather than
dolls.
Some actors with ruddy or dark skins
are able to work entirely without make-up.
George Bancroft and Jack Oakie, for in
stance. Dennis King requires only a thin
coating of light grease paint, and Jeanette
MacDonald could go right from the studio
stage to the theater and not touch a tint.
Lillian Roth, as the vagabond maid in
"The Vagabond King," needed dark hues,
because of her characterization, as did
Warner Oland, as the villain.
Lawrence Tibbett, in making "The
Roque Song" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer,
found, with Lionel Barrymore, the director,
many opportunities to blend harmony with
color. Spring songs are enhanced by spring
colors. For dramatic songs, somber hues
are used. Color puts the audience into
the proper mood even before the first notes
of the song are heard.
Every department in the studio is ef
acted by color, just as it was by sound.
Color is making new material available.
For instance, Universal, in its Paul White
man picture, "The King of Jazz," is to
stage George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue,
in blue. It's a job that would fall flat in
black and white.
As the various departments in the stu
dios learn the knack of color, new effects
are certain to appear in every new tech
icolor picture.
Anything is possible in motion pictures.
Perhaps someday a producer may need an
elephant, when no elephant is available, and
his clever color experts will take a camel and
color him up until you can't tell him from
jumbo. Why not?

Hollywood, I Love You—Continued from page 19
said. "I know," she said. "That's what
worries me."
"Oh, of course, I knew I was pretty
good in New York but such a quick tribute
certainly made me feel dandy. I would
have told her so but she wasn't there. She
had just got a memorandum to try white,
maybe it would photograph yellow."
"How did you like Hollywood, really?" I
murmured.
"Well, last night I had a terrible night
mare. I dreamed I was back there!"
wrong. I had to have personal stationery printed for each of the one principals who play military roles. That means getting the title of each one and their business translated correctly into Russian and German. This death sentence, the proclamation and other legal documents took weeks of research to get right. Even the Russi-ans were not sure of the true text of these official papers. That’s not surprising—how many of us know the text, letter perfect, of our Declaration of Independence? The proclamation had to be printed in three languages, French, English and Russian, on the same sheet of paper. After the translating had been managed, the printing had to be done in twenty-four hours. There’s only one Russian printer in Los Angeles—and did I rush him! When he got through it had to be taken to the French and English printers at once.

I could see the sense of having the proclamation right because a close-up had to be taken of the text, but for the life of me I couldn’t come up with a reasonable explanation. It seemed to me that any old thing would do. But Brennon didn’t work that way.

He steps into a picture just as he would step into a country. Every-thing has to be authentic. It helps put the players into the right frame of mind—a Adds to the spirit of make-believe, and then, too, in a close-up, a camera is a way to pick up the words, if the letter is in the hands of the player or in an open file. Can you imagine the shock to an audience, to the reader, to reading a stupidly Russian letter and see ‘Roosevelt Hotel, Hollywood, California’ at the top? Then Bill began pulling out drawers, opening trunks and packing cases until my head whirled. There were, just to mention a few of the fifty thousand working props used in the picture, a Russian spoon with the faces of two ladies carved, one on either side, symbolizing the two women who in- fluenced Grischa’s life. There were Rus-sian and German buttons. Russian coins, four of them gold pieces of different values up to ten dollars each. Ikons, prayer cards, Russian playing cards worth $100 a pack, German playing cards worth almost as much. A cross of St. George for valor and brav- ery, an imitation cross of the Blessed Sac- rament, cigarette cases and Russian, German and Spanish cigarettes and cigars of all kinds, about fifty brands in all.

In the prop drawer for foreign smokes were also to be found chewing tobacco, German snuff; pipes, the oddest looking things, and some Italian cigars smoked by heavy wine drinkers. “One puff of that and a man not used to it would be under the table.” Bill told me. The Polish pipes were interesting, all with wind tops on them to keep the breeze from blowing out the light or the smoke from shifting in.

In the gun box were to be found a pair of barbed-wire entanglements piled with in- sulated handles for cutting charged wire. I held a nail three inches long which Bill cut as easily as though it were made of butter. There were German rifles, car- bikes; a pistol holding twelve cartridges, very dangerous to use because of the kick soldiers’ drinking, dizziness, all of them real, all of them having been used in the war.

Chester had a bayonet duel and just to be on the safe side Bill produced two bul- let proof vests for the combatants to wear.

This may give you a sight idea of the duties of the property man. Almost all the prominent directors, that is to say, those assigned to the most responsible pictures, are very particular as to detail.

Mr. Brennon called lunch and invited me over to the little open space around a banch where it was being served. Betty arranged the quaint Russian costume she wore which she declared was awful. “However, now that long skirts have come in I’m in style at least,” she said. Betty loves long skirts for evening wear because they are so grace- ful. “I always did want to wear trains and now I can do it without breaking all the conventions. But for street wear, short skirts are the thing. I don’t think women will ever go back to them for daytime use.”

Betty thinks women look so much better with waist lines — she couldn’t bear the straight-lone-shaped style and is glad to get a change from it.

“Has anyone any salt?” Mr. Brenn-wanted to know. “None of us had.” “Mr. Lissner,” he called. Ray Lissner has been his assistant for I don’t know how many years. When Mr. Brennon has a complaint or a formal statement to make, his assistant is ‘Mr. Lissner,’ any other time it’s ‘Ray.’ On this occasion Mr. Lissner was wanted. “Find out how many people haven’t salt and find out why they haven’t. Salt and pepper should be served in every box. The studio is paying for the service and it should be given.” Later he saw Betty eating some apple pie. He had none. “Have you some pie, Helen?” he asked me. I had, so had Chester and Herb Meulien, my escort from the publicity department.

“Mr. Lissner, why haven’t I some pie? Find out how many people haven’t pie and have Bill Billings see to it tomorrow that every box is the same.” The two boys offered him their pie. “I don’t want it,” he said laughing, “but there is nothing that will spoil the morale of a troupe like poor or insufficient food. Probably half of those workmen and soldiers are pieless and if one has it all should have it.”

That’s just one of the reasons why Her-
Joan Crawford Psycho-analyzed
Continued from page 29

feet solidly on the earth.

What do you make of it? Don't you think Miss Crawford is running herself down a bit, due, possibly, to one of her moods?

The way I see the picture is this: Joan Crawford belongs to the extraverted feeling type of woman, that is, the type which is quick to sense emotion, with charm, grace and vivacity, and while feeling is queen in her, this queen is about equally served by the two hand-maidens, sensation and intuition.

The feeling of inferiority is probably strong, a hang-over from her early days. But inspiration (cf. Bedtime forsythia) and religious feeling is well nourished, poor childhood and youth which awoke a burning ambition to rise to the top. Most of those who have succeeded con-}


tently, started life with a handicap of inferiority. The uncouth rail-splitter doggedly sets himself to learn and write, to become a good mixer, to become a lawyer, to become a politician, and finally, to become President. The feeling of inferiority in a person of possibilities is almost unbearable; it is a giddy stinging the sufferer into action.

But this feeling makes for introspection, moodiness and introversion. So I should say that Joan Crawford is an extravert, a woman with a generous soul which is sometimes introverted.

The effect of the depression is to cause the feeling of inferiority to become deeper, and to cause the woman to seek the security of the man's world, of the business world, of the world of ideas, and of the world of things. This feeling is the basis of her poor physique and lack of energy. She is not a very strong woman, physically. She is not a very strong woman, mentally. She is not a very strong woman, emotionally. She is not a very strong woman, socially. She is not a very strong woman, morally.
Joan Crawford than she has just brought into daylight; she has not reached the zenith of her possibilities.

As to the above-mentioned hand-maidsen, she has a markedly sensational side, something wild and of the dance, something that craves expression and introduces its own Intuition, also marked in her, is another reason for her success, and has acted as a balance wheel to the sensational side. Women who have not been educated have grown more and more reckless and extravagant in the search for excitement, pleasure, and all the things of the flesh. Often they dash themselves into the success, as did the beautiful Barbara LaMarr.

But intuition, which is a kind of artists, inventors and those who see into the troubles of others, may also be a hard thing. If one is ambitious, it helps you up. Your intuition sees possibilities. That man can help me.' Now is the time to strike. I must change my conduct to get by with those who are fashionable. Hunches. This leads to the development of a hard practicality, and this practicality simply won't allow the sensational side to run too much amuck. In fact, the sensational side may even be used as part of the play, to attract attention, to be the life of the party, to entertain others, to make oneself liked and sought after.

That explains, I believe, the contradiction in the two answers: 'I am very idealistic and a very practical,' said Barbara LaMarr was far too unconcerned about her own interests. She gave joy, kindness, help, pouring out all she had in reckless love and delight. Joan Crawford has had her hand on the steering wheel, she has seen what she wanted and the way to go, and her career has strengthened and deepened.

My own bet is that Joan Crawford has too much of the real stuff in her to get side-tracked for long in the realm of sweetness and light. She is a force, but it is only one of her traits among many. There's a bit of devil in her, a bit of the barbaric and wild; good stuff that makes you take. As the psychologist, Jung puts it, anything too pure or refined is too 'thin,' too one-sided; and therefore lacks greatness. I take it that the energy, the devilishness, the aggressive-hallucinations, which combined with practicality, brought Joan Crawford to stardom and success, will go on putting in their good work, however much the 'sweet and light' tendencies dim us out possibilities that will make her a lasting power on the screen.

"My Buddy" — Continued from page 27

sorts of dangerous stunts in the air, and there is a lot of shooting and bombing going on all the time. That is why they got so exclusive.

I parked my car out of range of the cameras (I could see them over by one of the big hangars) and walked over to where Director William Wellman and his technical crew were at work.

Budd and three other fliers were in the air, having a terrifically exciting fight, and a fast camera plane was scooting around them in a circle, photographing the action as they went through it.

One ship, a big star and circle painted on the lower part of the wings, was out-flying, out-racing, out-thrilling all other ships in the flight. It fascinated me to watch it.

"In that ship," I thought to myself, "is some foolhardy stunt flyer who doesn't care for his life."

Of course it was Buddy Rogers. I know that you're 'way ahead of me."

When he finally dropped to the ground, making a perfectly grand landing, he jumped from the cockpit with that gorgeous smile of his turned on full blast.

Was that O.K.?" he called, as he ran up to Director Wellman. "It side-slipped a lot on that last Immelmann turn and I'm afraid I got out of range of the camera plane, but the rest of it seemed to be all right to me."

"It was fair," Wellman replied. "But we'll do it over again."

"Right!" said Buddy. "Call me when you're ready."

He went over to the prop truck to get a drink of water. I followed him.

"Hello, Nancy," he called, as he caught sight of me. "You'll take me up for a ride if you'll call 'em Gee! It's the first time since 'Wings' that I've had a chance at a ship and it's great."

He was so excited that his face was fairly beaming, and over the chin in his haste to drink it quickly. He wiped it on his sleeve.

I've come out to interview you for "Screendland," I told him. "I didn't
"I thought that I was having all the fun that anyone possibly could have when I was in school at Kansas U, playing in the dance orchestra, going to classes, getting the work out of the way. And later, when I went back to work for Dad on the paper in Olathe, I thought that it was great. But since I've been in pictures in Hollywood I know that I will never enjoy anything more."

"In the first place every new picture is an adventure; a lot of real excitement. Why, in the last one, 'Half Way To Heaven,' we had days and days of thrills on the flying trapeze. And now, in 'Young Eagles,' why—it's just like being back on 'Wings.'"

It was during the making of "Wings" that big picture of aerial warfare, that Buddy Rogers learned to handle a plane. He does it like a real veteran. I could see that as I watched him when I first glanced his ship in the air.

That is typical of Buddy. Anything he does he does well. He has the physical and the mental equipment to accomplish this. I don't believe that the general public realizes Buddy Rogers is a shade more than six feet tall, and that he weighs one hundred and seventy five pounds. He would be the most advisable candidate for any football squad, and I daresay he'd make considerable of a name for himself in that sport.

Around the studio where he and I work, we have a pound of Hollywood's stars. You can hear them call 'Buddy' by everybody. And they are sincere when they tell him that he's the only man they've ever seen that he is sincere when he says the same thing to them.

I like Buddy a lot. But, as I warned you before, perhaps that is just because I like boys, particularly my brother Tommy.

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In New York—

Continued from page 91

She was a frank, brilliant girl, with long, straight, wild hair and a tomboy manner.

"There are three things I want in life," she told me then. "To be married, to have a baby, and to go to Europe."

Since that time she has received all three wishes, and happiness agrees with her. She is much prettier now. She has lost that gauche quality she had. Her face is softer, her hair is short and cleverly waved. Where she used to be merely good to look at, there is a startling, emotional quality about her now. You feel here is a woman who is always on the brink of exciting events. They may be wonderful. They may be tragic. But they will always be happenings which will stir up the depths.

"I don't know what picture I'll make next," Miss Boardman went on. "The film I enjoyed making most of all was "The Crowd." King directed me and I think it was the best work I've done. Of course, the role I would like above everything would be to play Catherine in Ernest Hemi-

...ingway's "Farewell to Arms." There's a real woman you could play.

"There hasn't been the slightest suggestion of my doing it, but I'm going to keep on hoping, for—she laughed in that deep voice which belies her almost fragile figure—"my wishes have a way of Coming true.""

A little gem from the light- operas—that's Marie Saxon, the slim, blonde, song- and-dance girl who has made her talkie debut in "The Broadway Hooper."

Marie is what I would call the bright musical comedy light in a city full of bright musical comedy lights. She has made hit after hit in the Broadway successes of "Theatres," "Merry Merry," "The Ramblers," "My Girl," and "Up's a Daisy." Harry Cohn, one of the big bosses of Columbia Pictures was a friend of Marie's husband. He met the wife, and signed her up—with a big contract and a salary to match.

Marie is a darling. A remarkably sincere and well-possessed hostess, possessing seemingly an imperishable spirit of gaiety. Last week she gave a party at her husband's apartment. Among the guests was Sid Silver-

...man, son of Sime Silverman, owner and editor of the famous theatrical newspaper, Variety. Both father and son swung a pithy cigar say more—and I find-

...iner—in less space than almost any scribe on Broadway.

Sid's apartment, I vow, is only a tiny bit smaller than the ex-Kaiser's palace at Potsdam. Enormous rooms and tons of them. All furnished so lively. Marie's boudoir quite won my heart. Panelsled in rose petal satin, with a big white bear skin over the floor, it is a lovely setting for her beauty.

I think Miss Saxon is to be envied. In addition to her talkie success, she seems to have been surrounded with love, warmth, color of real home and real folks. And to a trouper, familiar with one night stands, and hot dog buns—that makes Seventh Heaven! O O O

They are certainly saying it with parties these days in New York. It's been almost two weeks since I had to buy my own afternoon tea. This time it's Joan Bennett who's passing out the buns.

Joan, just to keep you straight, is the youngest, tiniest and sweetest Bennett girl. She is once and the same is the grande dame of the family. She lived in Paris a long while and is a distinguished personage. Barbara, the second sister, is married to Morton Downey, the honey-voiced tenor. And Joan—well, Joan married at seventeen, was a mother at eighteen, and now, at nineteen, is free again, matrimonially speaking. That is, she is free to look forward to a Happy Prince.

There is something terribly wasteful about Joan Bennett. She is reserved and modest. The other afternoon she was dressed in black velvet trimmed with ermine, and a little tight little hat which rested gently on her golden hair. She sat huddled in a big chair with not much to say. But like a child in a strange world, her eyes roamed the room as much as to ask: "All you grown-ups here, are you my friends—or aren't you?"

Joan, because of her splendid work in "Three Live Ghosts" and "Bulldog Drum-

...mond," is abroad to be starred in Broadway. Through, Norma Talmadge's silent success of several years ago. An un-

...ual honor for one so young whose career has been so brief.

With Miss Bennett were the three mus-

...eters from the United Artists lot. John W. Considine, the big executive, with his pink cheeks and prematurely gray hair, William Cameron Menzies, the artist, who has created the famous Fairbanks- finer sets; and Thornton Freeland, the brill-

...ard of "Three Live Ghosts" and other films.

Considine is thirty-two; Menzies, thirty-

...; and Freeland, thirty-one. There is a marvelous spirit of camaraderie between the trio of them. And they treated Joan in such a way that all brothers would treat their little sister.
BLONDES
— here’s a tip! IF YOUR blonde hair-darkening lotion is flabby? Streaked? Get Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only. This very first shampoo leaves hair brighter—soft, lustrous, glowing with new life and beauty. And every shampoo makes it still lovelier. Safe—no dyes or harsh chemicals. A million blondes use Blondex. At all leading drug and department stores.

Arthur Lake—can you believe it—really as hokey as he is on the screen. He is still unspoiled, and when he and his sister Florence came to Manhattan they saw all the sights. Even went down to the 70th floor and looked over—it, said Arthur with a grin. “Naive, I’ll bet.”

Getting Into Character—Continued from page 31

Even when they begin to see things they sit fascinated, hypnotized apparently, their eyes getting larger and larger, as if a bird that is being lured by a snake. I went about searching for drunkards so that I might watch what they did. That isn’t as hard as you might think in this land of sobriety,” she smiled. “Of course, as I had a scene to play I couldn’t do just what the abstinence addicts did but I tried to give the impression that I was getting and staring even when my body had to move in the room. It took some practice but most of all I tried to get into the mental atmosphere that I had longed for in N.Y.”

“Just now our house has gone Austrian. I’m playing a Viennese girl in ‘Sarah and Son’ and Ralph (Ralph Forbes) is playing a German and we have to eat our dinner in costume when there are no scenes to take and we chatter in German to break up our dialogue. I never could speak German, but I have to study hard for this picture.”

Corinne Griffith went to Europe before she joined “Prisoners,” partly for a vacation, but she traveled all through Hungary studying the manners and customs of the people, taking photographs of houses and inns and the women of various scenes of life, sampling the foods and the technical department. She talked with the women and sat in several cheap restaurants to watch the waitresses, because that was what she had to play in “Prisoners.”

George O’Brien never had to train specially for any part he ever played. He had to brush up on some of them, but as his sister Frances was a member of the Chief of Police he had opportunities to learn snatches of everything he has since been called upon to play on the screen. For instance, he spent several weeks at the Eureka logging mills, and that experience will come in handy in his next picture, as yet un-named. Years ago the San Francisco Examiner sent him to see how the “loggers”’ games were being run. George was one of them. He played football in college, and learned about ships from the Navy during the war. He was taught boxing by some of the crack boxers who visited San Francisco; and when he did “Is Zat So” it was merely a matter of brushing up. This was just as well after he played “Sunrise,” a mystic, strange, atmospheric sort of part. George declared all he had to learn how to do was to murder, and he drew the line at practicing up-stairs on his compliments until Art is art and all that, but an actor has to draw the line somewhere. Right after that, before he had shaken the mystic qualms of “Sunrise” from his mind, George was scheduled to do “Is Zat So.” “I went out on the road with Leo3Hach for ten days,” George told me, “hard-pressed, and almost slept during the time I worked. I worked myself right into the atmosphere of it and then came back to the studio.”

George told me that Richard Dix played the carpenter in “The Ten Commandments.” Cecil De Mille advised him to hang around the shop for a few days to get a line on the professional way to handle tools. So Richard got himself hired as a laborer. Twice he was balled out by the boss—once for neglecting to punch the time clock and once when he scooped over 5000 dollars worth of change. A good carpenter never lets the nails fall out of his pockets, it seems.

I heard that in one picture in which he was required to play a riverine Rube actually spent a day or two on the job so as to get the hang of it. And Gloria Swanson spent three or four days behind the ribbon counter at Gimbel’s in New York, riding to and from the store on the subway which she had never seen before, just to find out what it was like to look at the crowd after a long day on one’s feet in a department store.

But the palm goes to Bebe Daniels for being the best little research worker that ever lived. Bebe, you see, is a woman whose entire career is long and her parts many, as you all know. She has always had a passion for doing things right, “or as right as possible.” So when she decided to build a beach house in her beach house. “Even when I was in comedies I studied up on everything, costumes and all. My grandfather left us a wonderful library, and library none of our houses are large enough to accommodate grandfather’s books, so they are all in storage. But I go to the public library here and if I can buy a book that will help me I do so, and gradually I have collected a nice assortment myself. Then if I go out on a new picture I go to any authority and take instruction like any school-girl.”

Even when Bebe did comedies she was careful to take them seriously. “For instance she had to use a scissors and took lessons on the way to handle it. In Senorita she had to fence; in “The Campus Flirt” she had to learn to ride her horse, and she took lessons with Charlie Paddock. After two and a half months’ training she was able to make the tape in thirteen and a quarter seconds. In “Take Me Home” she had to juggle, and that was the most amusing of all the things she had to learn. Bebe is a fine swimmer but for “Swim, Girl, Swim” she practiced the Australian crawl with Gertrude Ederle who also appeared in the picture. Gertrude was Bebe’s house guest for several weeks and the two girls swam every day in the front yard for hours. Then Bebe was put to the test to drive a speed boat for “The Palm Beach Girl” and went to the Bowery in New York on amateur night to get atmosphere for another picture. She learned the professional way to maneuver nails for another, in which she played a manicure girl. When she did “Nickle-A-Beer” with the late Wally Reid she had a nurse teach her how to take a pulse which is seldom done correctly by a non-professional; how to take blood pressure, use a stethoscope and take a temperature. For “Sinners in Heaven” with Richard Dix she had to play a native girl who knew nothing of civilization. Bebe was in New York at that time and went to the Metropolitan Museum to get the right dope.
was said.

"Yes," said Bebe, but I didn't want to go out with him.

The third and last day she brought her co-operator a big box of candy. "I couldn't buy her anything swanky," explained Bebe, "because I didn't dare let her suspect who I was or the experience would have had no value. It was necessary for me to get the back-stage chatter, so to speak. But I did want to give her something for her kindness to a girl whom she thought was green and needed some help, and I'll never forget the reproach in her eyes as she thanked me. 'You shouldn't spend your good money on me,' she said. 'It's awfully sweet of you but you ought not to do it.' Just before it was time to go home, she asked her to live up on the east side. I said I'd try. 'That's nice,' she replied, 'Because we can ride together on the way home.'

"Well, I was floored! I thought I'd never get out of that car. That always wanted me and I could see what that would look like. Sure enough, there it was, and when my chauffeur saw me he sprang to open the door. Under my breath I said 'the front seat. The front seat!' Then I told my girl friend that the young man always met me. She took the camera and said 'I didn't call her the front seat was wide enough for three and invited her to ride home with us. She laughed and refused. 'I don't want it that way—' I know how it is,' she said. So I clambered up on the front seat with my cheeks burning and my heart heavy because I had to deceive a straight-shoot- ing fine girl. How she and the bell hop who thought I was a nice kid and wanted to date me up must have hated me when they found out who I was! That was the only time I ever felt uncomfortable while gathering atmosphere."

In her latest picture Bebe has to play a guitar so she promptly started to take her own lessons from the best professional she could find.

Art Corner Your Pictures—Albums


SCREEN STARS


MEET STARS

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. B. of Minneapolis, Minn. Could I refuse you a slice of information when you are such a close follower of SCREENLAND? Oh, la-la and the grand things you say about us! Jean Darling is the leading lady in "Our Gang." She was born Aug. 23, 1922, in Santa Monica, Cal. She is 47 inches tall, weighs 46 pounds and has pale yellow hair and deep blue eyes. She has appeared in 25 or more comedies with "Our Gang." You can reach her at Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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What an age, this age in which we live! Galli-Curci, Bori, Martinelli, Jeritza, Gigli—within the reach of all!

Once again Screenland gratefully acknowledges its thanks to its great following of readers. Another one hundred thousand added to its circulation in the past twelve months is indisputable proof of an editorial leadership which is making it the fastest growing screen magazine in the world. This editorial supremacy is due to its readers and they are the real builders of this increasing circulation. Striking a little higher note, Screenland has become a vital force in demanding the best pictures for picture patrons and in bringing the best people to the pictures. And to the best interests of these discriminating audiences, and constantly mindful of our public trust, Screenland's publishers have dedicated: "America's Smart Screen Magazine."

The Publishers
Try 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.

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New York—Hollywood Style War
You don't know the half of it until you've seen her in Technicolor

Oh, of course, the shadowy grays of the old "black-and-white" didn't treat her so badly!

But you don't know the half of it until you've seen how Technicolor brings her to life. The color in her cheeks... and in her eyes. The flash of golden brown in her hair as it is caught by a playful beam of sunshine.

Yes! The magic Technicolor camera sees all these things. It observes life in its manifold glory of natural color. Then relives it for you on the screen... transports you into the very picture yourself. You become a delighted participant in the happenings of a screenland made real through the enchantment of color!

Yesterday is an old story in the annals of the "movies." For yesterday motion pictures were silent. And... yesterday motion pictures were black-and-white.

Today you hear voices, singing, the playing of great orchestras. Today you see the stars, the costumes, the settings—in Technicolor.

Technicolor is natural color

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); CHASING RAINBOWS, with Bessie Love and Charles King (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio); HELL'S ANGELS (Caddo Productions); HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); MAMMY, starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.); NO, NO, NANETTE, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); PARAMOUNT ON PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ, with Harry Rinchman (United Artists); SALLY, starring Marilyn Miller (First National); SONG OF THE WEST, with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); THE VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount); THE ROGUE SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).
It is no accident that Fox has twice in succession won the Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal. The explanation is simple! Fox has had the courage to believe that the great American public appreciates the finest things in film art quite as much as do the high-brow critics! And with this faith Fox has produced the finest things in films. And for the future—the same policy will be carried out, but on a still greater scale.

Imagine lovely Janet Gaynor in the heart-shaking role of the girl-wife in LILION, the most passionately beautiful stage success of the past ten years. The most sympathetic part Janet has ever had.

And John McCormack, greatest singer of them all, in a romantic singing-talking movietone.

Jack London's mighty tale, THE SEA WOLF, ought to be the high-water mark, so to speak, in sea films. You remember this hair-raising yarn of stark, raw passions—the giant sea-captain, with the soul of a gorilla—the prisoner girl, her lover and the pitiless sea. Directed by the great John Ford!

Many other great ideas are in production—among which these deserve special mention at this time:

THE OREGON TRAIL, first important American epic of the talking screen—based on Francis Parkman's narrative—directed by Raoul Walsh.

COMMON CLAY, Harvard prize play, by Cleves Kincaid, directed by Victor Fleming.

SO THIS IS LONDON! with Will Rogers and Jillan Sandes and a cast of English artists. Staged by Hazzard Short; music by Richard Fall, Viennese composer.
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Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., Executive and Editorial offices: 47 West 41st Street, New York City, William Galland, President; Joseph M. Hopkins, Vice-President; C. E. Mertz, Secretary; Frank J. Caroll, Art Director. manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention, but Screenland assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yeste subscriptions $2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $3.00 in Canada; foreign, $3.50. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Divollin, N. J. Copyright 1926.
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SOUND NEWS

By Evelyn Ballarine

Sidelights on Future Films

It may be that 'crooks can't win' but crook pictures win the laurels for screen entertainment. George Bancroft started it. He proved to us how fascinating underworld characters could be and now we crave them in large amounts. First National is producing "Jail Break" with Conrad Nagel. "His Woman" with Monte Blue is another gangster picture coming along. Monte plays a policeman and Lila Lee plays 'his woman,' of course. Evelyn Brent, one of the slickest gun girls in pictures, is making "Framed" for Radio Pictures. Regis Toomey, of "Alibi" fame, is featured. Eddie Lowe, who gave us his interpretation of a suave crook in "Dressed to Kill," is going bad again in "Born Reckless."

Metro-Goldwyn has broken down Lon Chaney's reserve and aversion for sound pictures. He has been signed to a five-year talkie contract. Lon, who is his own severest critic was pleased with his talkie tests. Chaney's decision leaves Charlie Chaplin standing alone against the talkies. Chaplin still believes that silence is golden.

Buddy Rogers' next picture is "Safety in Numbers." But don't be too sure about his safety with such charmers as Kathryn Crawford, June Collyer, Josefine Dunn, Virginia Bruce and Carol Lombard in the picture. These girls are as famous for getting their men as the Northwest Mounted.

At last Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are to play in a picture together. Ever since they announced their engagement Radio Pictures has wanted to co-star them—but, believe it or not, until recently Ben has still been working on "Hell's Angels." "Smooth as Satin" is the title of the Daniels-Lyon picture.

And Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are to play together again in "I Love You" Lois and Rich were reported engaged many times. Wonder if this new 'engagement' means anything?

It looks as if the Bernice Claire-Alexander Gray team will be separated temporarily. Bernice has been borrowed by United Artists for the feminine lead in "Love in a Cottage." Irving Berlin has written the story and the songs. It should be a nice combination—Bernice's lovely voice singing Berlin's charming music.

Prize title of the month: "Flame of the Flesh." And it's for Norma Talmadge's next too.

John Barrymore's next picture will be a talkie version of "The Sea Beast" which he made silently a few years ago with his wife, Dolores Costello. The new version is to be called "Moby Dick" and will have Joan Bennett in the feminine lead.

It is reported that Douglas Fairbanks will remake "The Mark of Zorro" as a talker for his next release.

Bert Lytell is coming back to the screen. His first picture will be an audibly version of "The Lone Wolf" for Columbia Pictures. He played in the silent film, too.

Those of you who have been asking about Renée Adorée will be interested to know that little Renée will be in the next Ramon Novarro opus. "The Singer of Seville." Dorothy Jordan, who has already played in two previous Novarro films, will have the juvenile lead. This looks like the birth of a new team.

Norma Shearer's next picture is called "The Divorcee." Conrad Nagel and Chester Morris will have important roles. Robert Leonard will direct.

Evelyn Layne, English actress who made such a sensational hit on the Manhattan stage in Ziegfeld's "Bitter Sweet," is going the way of all stage stars. She's going to star in sound pictures. A musical comedy is being written for her by Rudolph Friml and will be produced by Florenz Ziegfeld and Samuel Goldwyn.

Jillian Sande, another English beauty and stage star, has been imported from London for the feminine lead in Will Rogers' second talkie, "So This is London."

Bessie Love, the screen's song and dance girl, copped one of the prize roles of the season—she's to play in the lead in "Good News." Stanley Smith, Cliff Edwards and Gus Shy, of the Broadway production, are in the cast, too.

Metro-Goldwyn are going to produce Dickens' "Oliver Twist" with Lionel Barrymore directing and acting the role of Fagan. Ruth Chatterton will be Nancy Sykes and the part of Bill Sykes will be acted by Ernest Torrence. It is reported that little Davey Lee will play Oliver Twist.

"Dixiana," a forthcoming Bebe Daniels picture, will be the initial effort in the field of wide-screen, stereoscopic entertainment for RKO. The movies have certainly made great strides in the past year. First talking pictures, next all-color and all-talking, and now third dimension. What next?
Look for these New Headliners —

Vitaphone Varieties will introduce you to Ann Pennington, Irene Franklin, Fred Allen, Bert Lahr, Eddie Buzzell, Jack Buchanan, Miller & Lyles, and scores of others, in the “specialties” that have made them Broadway sensations.

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Fred Keating, whose feats of comedy and magic are now the talk of New York — Little Billy, the world’s most celebrated midget — Bobby Gillette and his two-man banjo — and Eddie Lambert, amazing trick pianist.

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Look forward to jazz by Horace Heidt; opera by Martinelli and Charles Hackett; comedy by vaudeville headliners; and short-story sketches with Blanche Sweet, William Boyd, etc.

You’re entitled to two hours of entertainment at your talking picture theatre. The feature picture is only about one-half the show... The rest is made up of one- and two-reel featurettes.

Unless the whole show is good, you get only half the fun you paid for!

Now for the first time there is a way to insure full value for your entertainment money — make sure that the short pictures on the bill are Vitaphone Varieties.

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Vitaphone Varieties are the first short pictures to introduce original songs written specially for them by popular composers...

And Vitaphone Varieties will present the first series of tabloid musical comedies ever filmed in Full Natural Color!

Don’t miss half the fun... Don’t hesitate to ask your theatre manager to show Vitaphone Varieties every week... He will be glad to know your preference so that he can more closely accommodate your tastes.

SOMETHING NEW IN TABLOID TALKING PICTURES

VITAPHONE VARIETIES

Insure Full Value for your Entertainment Money
THE evolution of the theme song is the story of the first commercial link between radio and the movies. Long before the talkies were marketable, when the laboratory geniuses were experimenting with the equipment which was later to bring voices with amazing realism to the motion picture screen, the much-discussed and disdained theme song was the instrument for bringing personalities of the two great industries together.

Since the advent of broadcasting, song publishers and their staff pluggers had used the radio stations as the most valuable medium for getting new numbers across to the public. There was some difference as to where the value ended and the harm began. Many held that too much plugging destroyed the sales value of a popular song while others maintained that the more a number was played on the air, the more copies were sold all over the country.

Strangely enough, the man to whom radio had given his first big opportunity was the composer of the first song which became part of an important celluloid production. And if there is any reward for the pioneer, Erno Rapee is surely reaping his in Hollywood now, supervising all Vitaphone musical activities at a salary which dwarfs President Hoover’s by comparison. For it was Rapee who wrote the first of all the theme songs. His Charmaine was incorporated in the musical score and played no small part in the audience appeal of “What Price Glory” in the era when a pit orchestra was still an essential factor in film exhibition and when sub-titles told that part of the story which pantomime left in doubt. While “What Price Glory” was still crowding them out on Forty-second street, holding up the national distribution of this Fox special, Charmaine was being sung, played and garbled on every wave-length in the country. So widespread was the broad-casting of this tuneful refrain that for more than two seasons Dolores Del Rio was associated with the name of Charmaine, the part she played in the picture.

Of course, earlier than “What Price Glory” there were stars and picture-titles which inspired the lyricists. As far back as Mabel Normand’s “Mickey” there was a song writer with an idea of the monetary value of tying up a ditty to the popular Flicker vehicle. Others followed him but it was not until the martial production which brought Victor McLaglen into his own that a producing company used a song written especially for a picture as part of its exploitation campaign.

The outstanding commercial success of a tie-up between a movie and a song publishing company with radio was the means of publicizing in Ramona which broke all sales records for a popular song and which not only made millions for the company which published it but which actually created a demand for a picture in the smaller cities before Edwin Carewe’s production had (Continued on page 122).
The Greatest Picture of His Great Career!

RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "SON of the GODS"

with COLOR and Constance Bennett

Never have the Talkies told such a sensationally novel story! Never has the star of "Weary River" and "Tol'able David" been so fascinatingly brilliant! Never has a Barthelmess picture been produced so magnificently lavish scale as "SON OF THE GODS"! Millions from coast to coast have called it big—gripping—thrilling.

See for yourself if they aren't right!

VITAPHONE PICTURE
FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00
Smashing down the bonds of reality, we are carried away for an all too brief space of time into a new world, a more beautiful world, where the paths are not so rocky, and where the grass seems so much greener.

What takes us? The movies! They come like a genie, sit us in a comfortable seat, tap us on the shoulder, and we're off—off for—where is it this time? England? Africa? Italy?—where? For a glorious hour we are there, forgetting our cares, our worries: confident that after gallivanting a bit we will be better able to gather up our worries and thrust them soundly to line up our cares against the wall, shoot them one by one and glory in it, just as we saw the hero do.

Silently we give thanks to the genre, the motion picture, for giving us this happy interlude and showing us, as a contrast to our hectic existence, a specimen of real, true beauty.

F. Clinton Spooner,
385 Lafayette Avenue,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00
A few years ago I paid three dollars and a half to see a third rate musical show. Now, I can see all the Broadway stars right at my door, and the admission is seldom over fifty cents. I also have become better acquainted with my favorite screen stars because to hear their voices enhances their personalities.

The movies not only have done a lot for the entertainment of this restless age, they have given us new and up to date ideas. Our 'small town girls' are no more. They know how to dress their hair and wear their clothes. Our leading matrons have taken on poise. They can meet their guests in a Libyan Tashman style and can arrange a dinner table that would be the envy of a Mrs. Van De something-or-other on Park Avenue!

With the talkies, the radio and a nifty little car at my disposal I would just as soon live in Cosy Corners as to have a twelve-room suite in a fifty-story apartment building in New York. Out here we have space, and everything is sunny side up. And we have Broadway and Hollywood at our beck and call.

Clifford Deppe,
Route 591,
Nampa, Idaho.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00
I have seen "Marianne," and to me, this talkie had more appeal than "The Cock-Eyed World," (though I'm not disparaging that.) Marion Davies was too cute for words with her broken accent, her smiles and tears and her poor little war orphans; and when she entertained the doughboys with her French songs—and I don't wonder they lost their hearts entirely.

I often go to the movies alone, not a person around me I know. Am I blue? I would be, anywhere else. But there, I lose my identity in the figures that fit here and there on the screen. It is as though I said to them:

"Work on me your own caprice,
Give me any shape—
Only freedom from myself—
Let myself escape."

A small boy rubbing tearful eyes with grimy fists, asked a lady for a quarter so he could 'go to his folks.' She was tender-hearted and gave him the quarter.

"Where are your folks?" she asked.
"They have gone to the movies," he said, making a bee-line for the theater.
Not one can be left behind without feeling aggrieved. But it takes a small boy to work so ingenious a scheme.

Marie Shank,
12 West Baltimore St.,
Lynn, Mass.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00
If anyone had told me that I would some day be a movie fan I would not have believed it. True, we attended movies, but I did not get 'fan fever.' I was a defender of morality and, to my surprise, I found...
Blonde, Brunette, Redhead, or Brownette!

Do You Know Your Color Harmony in Make-Up as all Hollywood Screen Stars Do?

Parafilm's Make-Up Genius, Max Factor, to Reveal to You Hollywood's Make-Up Secret...the One Way to Double Your Beauty and Vividly Emphasize Your Personality.

In Hollywood, to please the screen stars, a new kind of make-up has been perfected for day and evening use. A new magic to emphasize beauty, allure and personality.

Now, like the screen stars, you may emphasize your own personality and individuality by having your own color harmony in make-up...and Max Factor, Hollywood's King of Make-Up, will analyze your complexion and chart your make-up color harmony...free.

An Amazing Discovery
In his studio work, under the blazing "Kleig" lights, Max Factor discovered the secret of perfect make-up. Cosmetics must be in perfect color harmony, otherwise odd, grotesque effects result...and beauty is marred. So today, in all the motion picture productions, flawless beauty is insured by Max Factor's Make-Up.

Based on this same principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor produced Society Make-Up for day and evening wear. Powders, rouges, lipsticks and other essentials in correct color harmonies for every variation of type in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownnette. Society Make-Up created a sensation in Hollywood. Almost instantaneously leading stars and thousands of other beautiful women adopted it.

Learn Hollywood's Make-Up Secret
Now you may learn what Hollywood knows about make-up. Max Factor will reveal to you this new secret of beauty. He will analyze your complexion and suggest the one color harmony in make-up that will magically emphasize your beauty, charm and personality. To gain the greatest beauty, you must individualize your make-up. Even similar types...for example, Dorothy Mackaill and Phyllis Haver, both blondes, require slight changes in make-up color harmony.

What a wonderful opportunity!...to secure personally from Filmiland's genius of make-up, a beauty secret prized by stars of the screen. Now it is yours. Free...and you will also receive a complimentary copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" Fill in coupon, mail today.

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS
Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 4-4-24

COMPLEXION COLORED EYES LIPS
Type
Pale
Fair
Flat
Flaxen
Skin
Color Lashes
On
Gray
Ruddy
Color Hair
On
Cyan
Yellow
Age
Maturity

Jeffette Leff
Universal Star—Blonde
Sally O'Neill
R-K-O Star—Brunette
Myrna Loy
Warner Bros. Star—Redhead

Star Carol
Fox Film Star—Brownnette
Not Every Blonde...should use the same color harmony in make-up,
Not Every Brunette...should use the same colors in rouge, powder and lipstick.
Not Every Redhead...should risk beauty to hap-hazard selection of colors in cosmetics.
Not Every Brownnette...should dare to use the rouge and powder of her blonde sister.

MAX FACTOR'S SOCIETY MAKE-UP
"Cosmetics of the Stars"...HOLLYWOOD

*96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's. (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)
the movies were the same. In every play virtue is praised and vice denounced. In the screen, 'right is might.' If the outside world was like that we would have Utopia! It may be an action, it may be a word which makes one a fan. In my case was a sentence, namely: "It's the reward of a virtuous life" uttered by the detective hero in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes." John Jenson, Celora, N. Y.

Vive Maurice!

Let's go places and see things and be different kinds of people. A little bit of Paris with spice and tenderness, Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade." The charming and diverting voice; it is intriguing; we listen, we chuckle, first at the French accent and tone inflection, then we rock with laughter at the situation. We live with kings and queens. We march with soldiers and know the common lot. We step out of our drabness and live a life of enchantment.

When I walk out of the theater its inspiration follows me and I am filled with the urge to do better work and create the masterpiece that dares to smile with me. So I weep and laugh in many lands. I can be queen; I can be common; I romp with children. I feel I have touched the heart of every nation and found them kin through the silver screen.

Freda Lavender,
Box 121,
Oteen, N. C.

A Big Bouquet for "Sally"

I have seen "Sally" and I am still under the spell cast by that beautiful star, Marilyn Miller. Words cannot express my admiration for her. She not only is a marvelously talented dancer, she is a wonderful singer and a splendid actress. As for Alexander Gray, he is about the last word as a singer and an actor. The voices of both these stars are scarcely more beautiful on the stage than they are in talking pictures.

Last, but not least, the color photography of this picture and the direction of it are the finest I have seen to date. And the antics of Joe Brown and Ford Sterling are well worth mentioning!

Otto G. Frey,
876 Eastern Ave.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

And Now, Barrymore!

Picture, if you can, a group of five girls, trying to decide what picture to attend out of the many in a large city, on an afternoon after school. These girls, including myself, are students at a school of Expression and Dramatic Art and naturally we want to see the best, both to observe and study the work of actors and to enjoy ourselves in the way we love best.

"General Crack" with John Barrymore portraying the character was chosen, and we were anything but disappointed! Barrymore is always superb, and as General Crack he lived up to his reputation. The picture itself was flawless; a good story excellently acted. It was thrilling to watch the unfolding of the romantic theme and to marvel at Barrymore's voice and acting ability. The picture was a thing of beauty, and the cast are to be congratulated for their fine work.

Audiences will welcome "General Crack" as a relief from the singing and dancing shows now so numerous. And I say, more stories like "Crack" and more of Barrymore.

Rosemary T. Kennedy,
3815 N. Broad St.,
Phila, Pa.

Marilyn Miller made "Sally" and many new fan friends—she's staying.

"Marianne" has made Marion Davies our leading talking film comedienne. Bravo!

A Parisian Speaks

I had a grand experience recently. I saw Maurice Chevalier in "The Innocents of Paris." There really is nothing Parisian about it, and I for one, am thankful for that, as I like the American movies just as they are and do not want them to ape anything else. They flash in the drab life of a small-salaried clerk (meaning myself) like a bright ray of sunshine; youth, happiness, beauty. How can girls be so pretty and so lovable, men so strong and good-looking? And now, the talkies! We had to wait until midnight to see and hear the English version, but it was worth it. There were three of us, all trying to keep up with our English, reading—imagine how excited we were! We were actually listening to American people speaking beautiful English. From that point alone, the talkies are a booz and a blessing. They help to make up for the trip to the U.S. I never shall be able to afford.

Leon Salvan,
232 Boulevard Raspail,
Paris, France.

Remembering Old Favorites

Now that the movies have gone talkie, mother and father have gone talkie, too, remembering their old favorites on the stage, and wondering if anyone ever could be as good on the screen.

"Who," sighed mother "could equal Mrs. Pat Campbell in The Second Mrs. Tanqueray?"—remembering the Campbell gestures.

"Olga Nethersole, you mean," asserted father — stout fellow — remembering the Nethersole kisses.

Then came Maude Adams, David Warfield, Mrs. Fiske. Mother remembered the subtlety of a soiled pink kimono. Father liked drama, too, but I feared the melo. He remembered a ringing voice: "Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake!"

If my favorites in the talkies ever give me half the pleasure that just 'remembering' their favorites on the stage give my folks I'll be quite satisfied.

Irene Rogers,
105 West Armour Blvd.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Wants Lya de Putti Back

Come on now, producers, speak up! What's wrong with Lya de Putti, that great European actress, and when I say actress, I mean actress! What a superb performance she gave in "Variety," with another great star, Emil Jannings. It was a German picture and it suited her.

Then she came to America, only to make a trashy story like "Buck Privates." In Germany, she was the toast of the theatrical world, and here, what was she? She didn't get a part equal to that of a heroine in a western thriller.

Why she went back home I wonder what she thought of American producers? Well, I have my opinion. Please, may we not have back that great German actress, Lya de Putti?

George Taylor,
34 Mellen Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Well-Done, Ameri!ent!

This may be the first boost from my little Isle. I'm all for the laughter-makers. They are the salt of the earth. Chaplin, Lloyd, Colleen Moore, Buster Keaton—all hail! They're as good as a tonic. Better. They brighten the lives of ever so many poor souls who go into the picture palaces heavy-hearted and come out transformed into human beings.

Some time ago a film company came to shoot some scenes in Malta. They landed on a village which is Spanish style and where all the dustmen come. All the villagers took part in the crowd scenes and you should have heard the tales the morning after which the dustmen recounted to the man about their performances!

With a 'Well-done' to America for giving us the best films and best stars I'll kiss you and leave you.

Denise Mitsud,
45 Metzodzi Street,
Valletta, Malta.
When the Ten Best Pictures of 1930 Are Chosen

Charles Bickford brings a vivid reality to the rugged character of the sea-hardened mate who learns the tenderness of love from Anna Christie.

George F. Marion recreates for the talking screen the hardy role of Old Mott, the unforgettable powerful characterization he made famous in the original stage production.

Marie Dressler has made the world laugh with her gaiety—and now she shows a new and amazing dramatic power in the role of Martha. A portrait of the talking screen you will never forget.

Clarence Brown has directed many mighty entertainments for the screen but the greatest of all is his superb picturization of O'Neill's soul stirring drama.

Greta Garbo in Her First All-Talking Picture

Anna Christie

Adapted by Frances Marion from Eugene O'Neill's play "Anna Christie"

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

Charles Bickford  George F. Marion  Marie Dressler

This soul-stirring drama of America's greatest playwright, Eugene O'Neill, will surely be selected for Filmdom's Hall of Fame! Greta Garbo sounds the very depths of human emotions in her portrayal of Anna Christie, the erring woman who finally finds true love in the heart of a man big enough to forgive. A performance that places her definitely among the great actresses of all time. Don't miss this thrill!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
The Goddess Comes to Life. No Longer the Mysterious Siren, but a Living, Breathing Woman, Greta Garbo Speaks in "Anna Christie" and We Surrender

Garbo is Transplanted from the Hot-House Glamour of her Silent Films to the Open Sea of Audible Drama, and She Triumphs. All Hail the New Garbo!
Modern Magic

Drawing by C. D. Batchelor

FROM THE LAND OF LEGEND
THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE TRAVELED FAR TO SEE STRANGE TEMPLES AND PLACES

BUT TODAY THE STRANGE PEOPLES AND PLACES ARE BROUGHT FROM FAR AND NEAR FOR BOTH PRINCE AND COMMONER.
THERE was a riot not so long ago in New York composed of people trying to get in to see a motion picture. The police reserves were called out, mind you.

The first Garbo talker? No. You'll never guess, so I'll tell you. The Einstein picture did it.

Did you hear about it? The Einstein Relativity Film was first shown at the American Museum of Natural History; 1500 people were invited; 4500 came. You see Einstein had announced that only 12 men could understand his Theory. What a challenge! (He didn't say anything about women.) Anyway, several thousand of the 4500 who stormed the gates of the Museum were turned away with unimproved minds. I saw the picture later and I found it as fascinating as "Anna Christie." But you hurled through space with Professor Einstein, pretending you are a man being shot out of a cannon's mouth, visiting the moon en route. You speed 79,000 miles per second among the stars, thanks to Max Out-of-the-Inkwells animated drawings. You meet the greatest star of them all, Miss Betelgeuse. It's all a lot of fun.

This short motion picture presented by Edwin M. Fadman makes no attempt to 'explain' the Theory. It merely endeavors to put you in the proper frame of mind so that if you run into the Professor or any one of those other twelve men you will be able to mumble "Yes" or "No" at the correct intervals. By means of illuminating drawings and diagrams, and concise, understandable subtitles, the learned Professor's Theory is approached from the point of view of the layman. Every child should see it, and take his parents along. Of course, you may say it isn't as thrilling as Garbo. But as Einstein himself would be the first to admit, it's all relative.

P. S. Not a Talking Picture.

© Welcome, Oscar Strauss. The composer of the beloved "Chocolate Soldier" arrived in America from Germany to write music for our movies. If he turns out another My Hero he can stay as long as he wants to. There is no accent in music.

© Approximately 9,000 motion picture theaters in the United States were wired for sound up to the first of 1930, compared with 1,300 a year ago, according to a national survey made by that trusty trade newspaper, The Film Daily. This may explain why Lon Chaney has 'sucked' to talking pictures and is now making his first. Lucky Lon— he could afford to hold out until great strides had been made in sound equipment before he made up with the 'mike.' Now we're waiting to hear 1,000 voices to match those faces.

© According to Channing Pollock: "The theater...is being wiped out by the motion picture, because the motion picture requires no effort to think, and when the motion picture is wiped out it will be because something else has been discovered which requires even less effort to think."

You've got us all wrong, Mr. Pollock. That dumb look you see on our faces at the movies is simply intense concentration, induced by the demands of the talkies for strict attention to the dialogue. If you don't listen intently you don't hear it all. And you don't want to miss any of it because it's too good to miss. No, Mr. Pollock. You'll have to guess again.

© John Golden, the Last Stand of the American 'Legitimate' since George Cohan went United Artists, is talking about us, too. Here's what he says: "There are numberless thousands of the youth of the land who have never witnessed a legitimate production—who have grown up with the idea that the motion picture was the ultimate and only expression for the drama. Then came the talkies. And the talkies will bring them back to us. Already these youngsters are being shown a bit of Shakespeare by Doug and Mary—they're getting another glimpse of John Barrymore as 'Hamlet' and from such a start these talkies will show their audiences that there is something better and that while the first medium of the silent picture and the second medium of the talking pictures were good enough in their way, there is a third and greater and finer medium waiting for them."

All I would like to ask Mr. Golden is: where on the Broadway stage, capital of American legitimate drama, can you find Shakespeare being played today?

© Jannings' first talking picture, "The Blue Angel," has been completed in Germany. Emil has been studying English harder than he ever did in Hollywood. The Jannings talker, American version, will be released over here in a few months. With a theme song ringing clear?

D. E.
Abel Warshawsky, though born in Pennsylvania, has lived and studied for 20 years in Paris, where his paintings hang in the Louvre. Do you agree with his ideas of screen beauty?

One of the three screen stars whom Warshawsky considers really beautiful is Lily Damita. The artist was one of the judges in a Parisian beauty contest which Lily entered. She did not win—but out of her grief she worked on, and won fame.

"Here is a beauty I have overlooked," said Warshawsky when he saw Bebe Daniels in "Rio Rita." "The break in the upper part of Bebe's nose is beautiful!"

The most beautiful woman the artist has ever known—a Breton peasant woman, nearing seventy! This portrait of her is his artistic tribute.

What, No Beauties? Noted Artist Smashes a Few Traditions. Read his New Definition of Loveliness and See if You Can Find It on the Motion Picture Screen

Editor's Note:—Warshawsky is one of America's foremost artists in Paris. All of his work shows great sweep and power. He puts down on canvas life as it is: it may be violent; it may be brutal—but it is always true. While he has absorbed much of the art of the old world, he still retains in his personal characteristics, in speech, appearance, and manner, the best traditions of his native land. He knows beauty and loves to paint it.

"There is no beautiful woman on the entire moving picture screen—with possibly two or three exceptions," says Abel Warshawsky, famous American artist, who has resided for the last twenty years in Paris where his paintings hang in the Louvre and in the museum at Luxembourg.

"When I speak of beauty," Mr. Warshawsky continues, "I don't mean the mere tomboy virility of Clara Bow, the pink and white wistfulness of Dolores Costello, nor the charming innocence of Mary Brian. I mean true beauty. Beauty which is like wine to a drunkard. You take one draught, and only exist until you can have another and another and another..."
BEAUTIES SCREEN?
As Told by Abel Warshawsky To Rosa Reilly

-- ad infinitum.

"Mere prettiness satiates a man. That is why you have divorces, desertions, murders and suicides. And mere prettiness satiates a moving picture audience as well. That is the reason so many cinema stars rise and flare out like sky rockets, on a warm Fourth of July night.

"But true beauty can hold the love of a man and the loyalty of an audience indefinitely. For it is composed of so much spiritual, mental and physical stimulant that a man wakes up each morning with something new and emotionally absorbing to which he may look forward. And an audience comes into a theater day after day, sure of satisfying its unquenchable thirst for lasting loveliness.

"This is the only kind of beauty to which fickle man will be perennially constant. It is the sort for which kings have thrown over their thrones. It was for this that Don Juan travelled over much of the world, possessing dozens of women—and yet never being possessed himself by a single one. Men starve and steal to possess—only this. They hunger a year to hold for one evanescent half-hour the true beauty which is man's only link with immortality.

"Sarah Bernhardt possessed such beauty. Lily Langtry, too. And yet I feel perfectly certain if any of these two women were alive today and entered a moving picture beauty contest, they would be turned down cold. (Continued on page 116)
"LET US ALONE!

"If people would only let us alone!" exclaimed Harry Richman vehemently. "You would think that nobody in the world had been engaged before Clara Bow promised to marry me.

"We love each other," Richman went on, "and we plan to get married. But we will get married at our own pleasure. And neither tabloid newspapers, smart-cracking columnists, nor any other power in the world can force us to name the marriage date until we are mutually ready.

"If people and newspapers would only stop hounding us! From the time I asked Clara to marry me, neither of us has had a moment's rest. First one newspaper and then another comes out with some ridiculous story.

"But let me go back a bit and tell you how we met, how the courtship occurred, and how such stories are apt to start.

"The stage has always been my life. As a kid, I started out with a piano and fiddle act, I was at the piano and toured through Michigan, Minnesota, Manitoba and the great northwest. We never played a town with over ten thousand inhabitants. And for a long while I never earned more than fifty dollars a week, out of which my carfare had to be paid.

"However, little by little, I got ahead. And in 1926 had my first big success in George White's 'Scandals.' Next I started my night club. It was here that Joe Schenck first saw me and offered me a part in a silent picture. But at that time I couldn't take it. I couldn't leave the club.

"About a year and a half ago, I noticed a party one night at the Club Richman. Joe Schenck was the host. And Miss Clara Bow was at his table. We were introduced. At this time, Mr. Schenck asked me if I would like to star in a talking picture. I agreed to do so.

"It had taken me years to make a success of my stage work and of my night club and I went to California determined to do all in my power to make a good talk-

ing picture.

"When I arrived in Hollywood, I stayed at Mr. Schenck's house. The first night I arrived he had a dinner party for me. Clara was one of the guests. At this second meeting of ours, something happened to me. I don't know what. But I decided on the spot that Clara was the girl for me, if I could be lucky enough to get her to say 'yes.'

"Of course, I didn't ask her to marry me that first night, but I wanted to. She was so beautiful. So full of vitality, and fun. The first thought I had about her was: 'There's a real pal, a girl who'd stick when a man was low as well as when he was high.'

"Very soon work was started on my new picture, 'Puttin' on the Ritz.' But at every opportunity, Clara and I were together.

"Now a studio is just like a church choir in a small town. No sooner was it seen how things stood with us than the gossip began to buzz.

"At first we were too happy to notice it, and then—well, it all started this way. I can assure you that Clara and I have never had a serious quarrel. One night I called her up and said: 'How about going to a picture tonight?' Nearly every evening she would like to go. But this night she said she had been on the lot for fourteen hours and was tired out and would rather not.

"Being sort of hot-blooded, I flared up. And she flared back. And we had a quarrel right on the telephone. I was terribly sorry the next morning. Called her up and told her so. She was as sweet and forgiving as could be. We made up, and that's all there was to it. But—Lord! The next morning the Hollywood papers had headlines about us. And so it went. If I wanted her to go to one picture show, and she wanted to go to another—I can assure you we never quarrelled over anything more important than that—like wildfire the news of our disagreement was flashed all around Hollywood, and across the continent to New York.
That's All Clara Bow and Harry Richman Ask of the World. Well, Well!

By Gray Strider

The next thing I would find a crack about me in some columnist’s paper. Perhaps one of the very columnists who had been a guest at my night club for many evenings. It seems hard to find friendship, real friendship, in this man’s town.

Harry Richman is not handsome. Not handsome at all. But there is a brutal, magnetic quality about his strong features, which, I understand, has fascinated women from all strata of society. Brown eyes, brown hair, bronzed skin—I could well understand how he has been the one man really to win Clara’s heart.

He will take what he wants. And he will hold it. He is a man who would either inspire a magnificent passion in a woman’s breast, or a magnificent hate. Maybe both.

But let’s have Mr. Richman continue his story:

“I think the main reason Clara

and I fell in love,” he explained, “is because we understand each other and we both understand at how great a cost success is bought. We both were born in humble surroundings. And we both had to work, fight and suffer to get to the top.

“Getting from the bottom to the top on stage or screen is similar to climbing up a stairway, a stairway like the pilgrims climb in Rome—on their knees. One step at a time. Clara and I have put in years doing this. And we don’t want to topple down these same stairs through any mis-step on our own parts.

“Just at this time Mr. Schenck, who has been a real friend to both of us, considers it would be a mistake for us to marry. He says: You have been happily engaged for nine months. Wait just nine more. Paramount has poured many thousands of dollars into Miss Bow’s career, and she has in turn earned

(Cont. on page 120)
The scene: Adolphe Menjou's apartment near Place Victor Hugo. Of all the places to chat with Monsieur this seems to be the most ideal. All his screen characterizations have fairly breathed of Paris and the Boulevards; so, as the scenario writers would say, the stage was set.
The door was opened by a nice, motherly-looking French maid who is looking after Monsieur during his wife's short absence in America. I was announced—and immediately in stepped Monsieur Menjou 'en chair et os' (as they say on the Boulevards.) He looked his old dapper self, only more so—if you know what I mean. The recent operation in the American Hospital here has been a howling success. Good health and cheerfulness radiated from the sophisticated Menjou features. As he is in the midst of starring in his first talking film in France at the Pathé Studios in Joinville, near Paris, he plunged headlong into the subject of picture-making.
"Talking films are going to be a hard job. The pictures must be very good to live," he began. "They are making each country concentrate on its own production
Is Adolphe Through with Hollywood? What Does He Think of Talkies? All Your Questions Are Answered in this Report from Paris

and out-put. During the making of silent films ninety-five percent of the pictures on the French market were American-made. The French were not organized. As a rule, the director himself would raise the money to produce the opus. Also, as a rule, the money would go out before the picture was completed. The picture would be delayed until the director could raise more money; and, in the meantime, the American films, with their regularity of output, would be all over the place.

"American films were the only successful films of the world. Germany lost terribly when trying to compete with American pictures, in spite of the fact that the best equipped studios in Europe are in Berlin. Then, when any of her directors or artistes became well-known, they would be lured to America. Now, talking films have changed all this. Because of language difficulties and accents, back to their own countries flew the prodigal sons and daughters.

"With the sudden arrival of talking pictures the American productions have been cut off from the rest of the world. They will continue to be so until they produce pictures in more than one language. That's where the hard work will come in. Hard work for the stars, I mean. There are lots and lots of small part and 'bit' players in America who can speak three and four languages. The stars will have to learn their parts in other languages. Opera singers have to sing their roles in several tongues. This means a tremendous amount of work. Why shouldn't the high-salaried cinema stars do the same? It has been too easy for them up to now. A pretty profile or alluring eyes and voilà!—they were highly paid 'stars'. A few months' concentrated work will give them enough knowledge of the language to play a role."

Here an amused twinkle lighted the eyes of the debonair Menjou. I asked him to tell me what caused the twinkle. "Well," he said, still twinkling, "lots of the stars can't even speak their own language well enough to play parts. Some of them are getting so damned cultivated it sounds like a foreign language when they attempt to speak plain English!"

"In England they speak beautifully but they are too conscious of the fact. They seem to be enjoying listening to themselves talk. In France, it's nearly the same proposition. Most of the artistes have gone through the Conservatoire and are so thoroughly schooled in elocution and diction that they seem to be speaking a part instead of acting it naturally. They accentuate the artificiality of their lines.

"For the Americans the French language will be the hardest to learn—or almost impossible. The French love their language and are not amused at hearing it butchered. In America, they may like to hear English spoken with an accent or foreign pronunciation, but not so with the French. German would not be so difficult. Spanish and Italian could be learned fairly easily—at least, enough to get by with the lines of a part. It's much different when one has set lines to learn when trying to do it in a foreign language, than when trying to speak it in conversation. The constant repetition of the same words helps one keep the accent once he has learned it.

"To be really successful, films must be done in more than one language; and—they must be real plays. In Europe they are thoroughly tired of these slight plots padded out with songs and dances. The novelty of the first one or two has worn off and now they want the real stuff. The song and dance films are good when sandwiched in with real dramatic films or good light comedies; but with the recent flood of them the public has been fed up.

"Of course, the song and dance parts have helped greatly in foreign-speaking countries—but they, too, have had too much. As for example, the riots at the Moulin Rouge the other night when it re-opened as a cinema theater. The opening film was a revue. As the stupid scenes followed one another in English the audience protested—protested so strongly that in the end their money was refunded. 'Broadway Melody' is a success in Europe because it has a story to hang to and splendid acting independent of the delightful music."

The telephone rang and as the motherly-looking French maid was out shopping at the market Monsieur Menjou, lui meme, had to answer it. A 'mile a minute' French conversation followed. It developed that Menjou had bought a dog from a fancy kennel. When the dog arrived, it was sick. It was returned to the kennel to be treated and the kennel manager had both the money and the dog. After much conversation a personal

(Continued on page 123)

Adolphe and his wife, Kathryn Carver, on their way to Paris. Menjou will make three French films, visiting America between pictures.
Will “Anna Christie” Make Garbo a Greater Star?

By Marie House

Thousands of Reels of Since Garbo and Gilbert Always be Remembered as in Screen History. Now their Separate Ways, Which And What will be their

GIMME a whiskey, wit' ginger ale on th' side. An' don't be stingy, baby.

Oh, immortal words from a modern Helen whose face has launched a thousand dreams. Oh, significant words—that have launched a thousand battles!

She does. She doesn't—she doesn't, eh? Well, I'd like to know—that's what you say—oh, you think so, do you? Well, let me tell you—is that so? Yeah, you and who else? You can see what this will soon lead to among us fans who take our Garbo seriously, if something isn't done about it.

What Garbo loses, if any, or gains, if possible, by the talkies. That's what we want to decide. And who's to tell us? Those who say she's lost against those who say she hasn't, armed to the teeth, going about with chips on shoulders, families divided, romances ruined. Yes, sir, something has got to be done to stop this argument. Well, and who knows?

Mr. Brown knows, Mr. Clarence Brown, Mr. Brown who achieved such laurels for himself with the direction of “Anna Christie.” He knows.

Let's ask Mr. Brown.

“Mr. Brown, oh, Mr. Brown, what do you say about the voice of Anna Christie, we mean Garbo?”

Mr. Brown speaks: “I consider Greta Garbo one of the three great actresses the world has known. Bernhardt, Duse, and now Garbo.”

There, now!

“She is just at the beginning of her career, for we have brought a new Garbo to the talking screen.”

But Mr. Brown, we whine, we liked the old Garbo. Why do we have to have a new Garbo? After all, old shoes are so much more comfortable to wear, Mr. Brown. We like old shoes. They fitted around our little pet dreams, those sneaking yens of ours.

“Anna Christie,” her first talking film, reveals a new Greta Garbo. Do you like her as well as the Garbo of the silents?

Continued on page 125
JACK

Vanquished?

Film Have Unwound Co-Starred, but They Will the Greatest Love Team That They have Gone One has Fared Better? Fate in Talking Films?

Will Jack Gilbert Win His Way Back in Talkers?

By Myrene Wentworth

The world wants to know what John Gilbert is going to do now. With his mocking million-dollar contract, his sumptuous studio bungalow, the reported collapse of his fortune on the stock market, the rumored separation from his wife, Ina Claire, and the fiasco of his first talking picture. What will happen to Jack?

He has an iron-bound contract and a studio bungalow right enough, and it can't be denied that he did take a terrible wallop on the stock market; but with a million dollars dangling in the offering we imagine he can recover from that blow without too much suffering. The fiasco of his first talking picture and the reported estrangement from his wife—well! The picture we have of Ina Claire holding forth for an afternoon to an old friend, her eyes flashing, expressing herself in dialogue so brilliant that it would net a movie company a million dollars could it have been recorded—this picture doesn't give us the impression that Ina is 'off' Jack Gilbert! From what Ina said and from what she is doing it would appear that she is no sunny-day wife. Now that the rain has come she has hauled out the trusty umbrella and Jack is under it with her.

About the fiasco of his first talking picture, which can't be denied either: we'd like to see the actor who could put over the dialogue of "His Glorious Night" in anything but comedy. Lionel Barrymore, who directed the picture, should have known better, Jack himself should have known much better. If any blame can be attached to Jack in this thing that must be where it lies. In the last analysis the star is the one who suffers after everyone else has slubbed himself to the eyebrows and Mr. Gilbert has been long enough in pictures to know that. Dialogue has to be very carefully watched. Every stage director is aware of this, and "His Glorious Night" held lines that would have made a melodrama of the barn-

(Continued on page 126)
Who are the six most beautiful girls in Hollywood? In a community where the beauty of the earth has gathered for place and fame, such a selection is daring, dangerous. It would take an artistic newcomer, with impersonal, analytical eyes and great courage, to make such a decision.

Cecil Beaton, a twenty-four-year-old boy, has done it. In fact, he made his choice before he arrived from photographs; and although the sight of some of the other beautiful girls out here may have made him writhe in indecision, he stuck to his first list because the subjects of it illustrated the idea he had in mind when he started gathering material for his book on beauty.

Asked his definition of beauty, Mr. Beaton declared he hadn't any. He qualified the statement by saying that any person who was true to his or her type was beautiful. "Sometimes, quite ugly people are beautiful," he said whimsically. People with irregularities of features are sometimes more beautiful than people with perfect features. While Anita Loos might not be considered one of the beauties of the world she has a vividness that is greater than beauty. She is also true to her type and has studied it and knows how to enhance her native attractiveness. Miss Loos was one of the first women in Hollywood to make smart tailored sport clothes the vogue for almost every occasion.

Zasu Pitts is also beautiful because every feature is sympathetic. But now for the six most beautiful. Here they are:

Greta Garbo, because her mystery and allure exceed that of all women.
Marion Davies, because of the delicacy and elfin quality of her features which remind one of a Greuze painting.
Lillian Gish, because of her ethereal spirituelle expression.
Dolores Del Rio, because of the utter loveliness of the mask of her face and its perfection of type.
Norma Shearer, whose beauty is decidedly English.
Alice White, because she seems to Mr. Beaton to be the Spirit of Hollywood.
And now, who is Cecil Beaton, and why is he an authority on beauty? Well, here's the answer. And you can take it or leave it.

Cecil Beaton is a well-born Englishman. Back in the fifteenth century his ancestors, like so many other Frenchmen, migrated to Scotland, then to England and for generations his people have been Londoners. Not that it matters, but the fact catalogues him. For years he has photographed the leading social and dramatic lights of England and the continent. Such ladies of quality and artistry as Margot Asquith, Tallulah Bankhead, Lady Lavery, Tilly Losch, Rosamund Pinchot, and others. He hesitated to mention any of their names. "It seems so vulgar to do so!" he protested with a grimace. And I felt that I must
have become a very hard-boiled person indeed. But I went right on and asked him point-blank how he happened to be in the business of photographing people.

“Well, you see, I am desperately unhappy unless I am working at something. I like to work. I like to be busy. When I’m not I’m miserable. Oh, parties are fun and all that; but if social engagements are all of one’s business, life becomes terribly stale.

“What I really want to do is to write, and I do a bit of it now and then. Our London paper, The Tatler, and Vogue and Vanity Fair in this country have all published my stuff. But I love to sketch and draw and photograph people. I like to try out different camera angles and put my subjects against different backgrounds and I like to design the backgrounds myself.

“I think every human being needs expression. If he doesn’t get it he remains undeveloped, in a state of stagnation that is bad for him and bad for the world. I think every man and every woman ought to reach for a goal that appears to them the highest. To a wiser person the goal of one man’s ambition may seem useless and stupid—never mind—it is the highest that person can think, and if he strives, his vision will grow and his ambition become something higher. And that’s how people grow and that’s how the world grows and becomes wiser.”

Now all of this, to explain why he was working. And listen, all you people who think you must have perfect machinery, oodles of capital, handsome studios (Cont. on page 112)

Oval, Greta Garbo. Right, Alice White, Lillian Gish.
Why They LAUGH

What's All the Shouting For? Read the Real Reason in this Amazing Analysis

Y our friends may have laughed when the waiter spoke to you in English, or when you sat down to play the piccolo. But (business of saying "pouf, pouf," and snapping the fingers) it was nothing. Anyone can learn to spika da Ingless. Look at Greta. Look at Vilma. And who wants to be a piccolo player?

But just imagine a screen star, a soul-searer of the cinema, with a Casanova reputation to sustain, whose first "I Love You" in the talkies caused a giggle to roll like a Republican plurality from coast to coast! Such was the plight of John Gilbert in "His Glorious Night." And not a Murad handy.

"'His Glorious Night' With Catherine Dale Owen"—so the billing read on at least one theater marquee. But it turned out to be more of a nightmare than a night. Inglorious rather than anything to brag about. And doubtless next morning John wished heartily that he was back home in the dumbsies with Greta Garbo. So many of us do after a glorious night. That is, back home. Not necessarily with Greta. After all there's Clara Bow and Billie Dove and—oh, lots of nice girls.

"I Love You," said John, and the illusion in a million feminine hearts collapsed. Thousands of mustaches were shaven from the lips of those sweeties' sweeties following the utterance of that avowal. Psyche joined Niobe in a vale of tears. Cupid got cock-eyed.

The public, fickle as a fancy's fancy, is blaming Gilbert for something which is its own fault. The public made him a god when he is but a man with all the lovable, human frailties of man. The public created an illusion regarding Love as he personified it—and when the mirage faded it blamed him.

Any yap can say "I Love You." Most yaps do. In life,
"Anna Christie" has some tense love scenes with Greta Garbo and Charles Bickford. Will Garbo's artistry rise above audience hysteria and hold us all spell-bound?

Left: a love scene that made screen history: John Gilbert with Catherine Dale Owen in "His Glorious Night." The girls giggled when John said "I love you" to Catherine and this story tells you why.

at **LOVE SCENES**

By Herbert Cruikshank

whether the declaration is spit through a hare-lip, or stuttered from the tip of a stammering tongue, it is as the lyric of Orpheus to the ear of femininity. But somehow on the screen, with Gilbert, this was all changed. The shadows were silent, and not even the most hackneyed title read simply "I Love You." Thus, somehow, a legend grew that when Gilbert's lips moved amorously in a close-up half lost in Greta's curls—the great Unknown, the mighty Unspoken, the mystic Unspeakable words were uttered. Surely no trite "I Love You" could cause such swooning passion as that with which Garbo filled the screen! In savage tribes the jungle sorcerers pretend the knowledge of a word so devastating that if it is ever uttered the universe must crumble. We aren't so civilized. And this was the word that every movie maid expected from John Gilbert.

It wasn't his voice. John's is as mellifluous as Tom's or Dick's or Harry's. All men are lovers. Yet few speak in tones like the dew in the heart of a rose made audible by faery magic. But with Gilbert, somehow, the unfair sex expected something between the fancied piping of a Pan and the whispering of zephyrs from a Southern sea murmuring through the love-tossed locks of Venus. They didn't get it. And they gave John the Czecho-Slovakian cheer.

There is yet another reason. And that is this. Every girl in every audience places herself in the position of the heroine. When Greta's lips were crushed in a volcanic caress, milady in the orchestra unconsciously found her fingers wandering to her own. If suddenly her dream had become reality, and she had found herself in Gilbert's arms, the boy-friend would have been surprised how well she might have emulated Garbo's.

The famous locked-door love scene from "Devil May Care." Little Dorothy Jordan refuses to say fare- well to her lover, Ramon Novarro. And some mean old audiences had to laugh!
Hello, Public!

By Estelle Taylor

Famous Film Star Finds She Has a Voice and Takes it Into Vaudeville. Read Estelle Taylor's Own Story of How It Feels to Come Face to Face with the Fans

I've seen America from the cabins of airplanes. I've seen America from the drawing room windows of crack fast-flying trans-continental trains. But, believe me, until you've seen America from the back seat of a Ford car, you don't know your own country at all.

Just as every country boy gets the itch to go fishing in the spring, just so nearly every movie star gets the itch to take a tour into vaudeville at least once in his life time.

Ever since Jack and I played in Mr. Belasco's play "The Big Fight," here in New York, I've been thinking about taking a tour. But, of course, before you can put on a vaudeville act, you've got to have something that will go over in vaudeville. And many movie stars have found out what just swell in pictures was just terrible on the stage. And a few of the stage actors have found out what wows them on Broadway brings tears to the eyes of the folks in far corners. And I don't mean tears of grief.

Well, a month or so before I started on tour, somebody discovered I had a voice. And what a voice it turned out to be!

Now don't misunderstand me, I really have a voice. But at first, and sometimes even yet, when I start to sing, I feel just like a man who touches off the time-fuse attached to a load of dynamite. I know something is going to happen. But just what—nobody can tell until the event actually occurs.

My voice is big, rangy, powerful—and when I start to sing I feel exactly like an amateur golf player. I'm thinking so much about technique—all the million things my teacher has been telling me, correct position, correct breathing, correct tone, correct control—well, I'm so busy figuring these things out, that when my voice actually survives all this technique, I get as great a kick as an amateur golfer who, intent on his pro's dozens of instructions, finds his ball winging its way two hundred yards over the green turf.

When I finally made up my mind to take the tour, I asked all my movie friends who had themselves made vaudeville tours where was the best place to start.

The consensus of opinion was that Iowa is the 'toughest' spot in these United States to survive. "If you can get by an Iowa audience," one of them said, "you'll live to be ninety-six."

That was all right with me, for naturally I didn't want any managers to catch my act until I knew how this voice of mine was going to survive. So the little town of Atlantic, Iowa, was the first town selected for the grand tour.

In her recent tour of America Estelle encountered for the first time the audiences who had written to tell her how much they liked her in "Don Juan" with John Barrymore. She met her public—and they were hers!
The vivid beauty you have admired on the screen is now enhanced by a lovely voice. Estelle is a big-time box-office attraction from the Palace, New York, to Atlantic, Iowa, and back again.

Excerpt in the rôle of Lucrezia Borgia opposite Barrymore, Miss Taylor's sense of humor was submerged on the screen. But in her vaudeville act her own glamorous and witty personality comes into its own.

She scored a genuine success at the Palace, admitted the most hard-boiled vaudeville theater in the world.

tight dresses. The movie audiences have seen me mostly as the hot vamp in pictures and I knew they would be expecting a hot stage performance. And I made up my mind not to disappoint them.

I had a white lace dress designed that makes me look as if I don't have a thing underneath but my little sunburned hide. Of course, I have. All the laws of propriety are positively satisfied. But on the stage, it is the illusion—not the reality that counts. I had a beautiful soft black velvet dress made, too, cut down to the waist in the back and with all the left side apparently taken out and diaphanous material set in. But it wasn't diaphanous, really.

On a winter morning, my maid, my manager, my accompanist and I left Hollywood. I felt positively miserable. Jack says: "Estelle, you ought to be Hollywood's official publicity woman," and it's true. I love Hollywood terribly. I'm not happy out of it. When I see those funny-looking bungalows fading away, I get the most awful case of the blues you've ever seen.

But I suppose we all feel that way about the place where we've been happy and where we've made a success. But even if I hadn't had a break in pictures, I would still love Hollywood, for people are happy there, all stories to the contrary.

It's just a big hick town and people aren't spoiled. Why, the girls and men in my crowd get a kick simply out of going to Henry's and having a bite to eat and saying: "Gee, I got the rôle I've been working for." They like to be happy. Whereas, stage folks as a rule are melancholy Hamlets. They enjoy feeling they are misused.

Well, anyhow, I kissed Jack goodbye and got on the crack flier, the Chief, feeling decidedly weak in the knees and dry in the throat.

Somewhere in the middle of the next night, in the middle of Iowa, I was deposited on the ground. And a nice new Ford drove up and took me to the little town of Atlantic, where I arrived at daybreak.

Driving up to the little hotel, I asked for four rooms and four baths. The little lady who runs the hotel there, shook her head dolefully:

"What kind of people be you that you can't all use one bathroom? There ain't but one."

Well, I was pretty tired and worried by that time, so I said: "All right. Just give us what you have."

I rolled.(Continued on page 118)
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe and the fitted bag which can be used for both men and women and which they offer to you for the best letter.

A Gift from
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe
Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe are giving the gift bag jointly but they are asking questions separately.

Whenever there’s a call for a sophisticated part in any picture at any studio Lilyan Tashman is paged. Lilyan is a free-lance and has worked on every lot in Hollywood—which means that when a company selects someone other than one of its own contract players, she must be good! But Lilyan wants to know if you think so, too. Here’s her question: Do you like Lilyan Tashman in the sophisticated parts she plays or would you rather see her in other roles? Why do you think so?

Edmund Lowe can play any type of role—that is, sophisticated or hard-boiled parts, with equal success. It’s a gift and Eddie has it! If you will tell which type you’d like to have him concentrate on he’ll not only do as you command but will reward you for your suggestions. Eddie’s question: Do you like Edmund Lowe in sophisticated parts such as he played in “This Thing Called Love,” or hard-boiled roles like Sergeant Quirt? Give reasons for your answer. The best letter wins!

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe—she’s Lilyan Tashman, you know—offer a swanky walrus-skin Gladstone bag as their SCREENLAND gift. The fittings are of ebony with the finest pigskin bristles in the brushes. The bag is lined with leather and has compartments for shirts and other apparel. (Don’t you feel that travelling urge descending upon you?) The bag may be used by both men and women and is exactly the same as the one the Edmund Lowes use when they travel. It’s the last word in luggage!

If you want to win this gift write the best letter answering their questions: Do you like Edmund Lowe in sophisticated parts such as he played in “This Thing Called Love,” or hard-boiled parts like Sergeant Quirt in “The Cock-Eyed World?” Give reasons for your answer.

Do you like Lilyan Tashman in the sophisticated roles she plays or would you rather see her in other roles? Why do you think so?

By best letter is meant the cleverest, clearest, and most sincere.

ADDRESS:—MR. AND MRS. EDMUND LOWE
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
45 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes April 10, 1930
The stage was set. Silver moon, purple mountains, and golden desert were all in place. Everything stood ready for the principals. Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray stepped to the edge of the sand, as they had done so many times before, and sang:

"Blue heaven and you and I,
And sand kissing a moonlit sky."

But this time it was not on a stage. It was not a scene from "The Desert Song." They were standing for the first time on a real desert. They were looking at the San Jacinto mountains in the distance. The desert breeze was blowing sand from Mojave on them.

Three little prairie dogs, more bold or less sleepy than their friends, sat near their burrows and listened. In the distance, a coyote howled. But none of these things distracted the attention of the singers. They were really on a desert.

"It was so big," says Bernice. "It was so still. It was so romantic. I just had to sing and sing. I don't know if Alec felt that way about it or not, but he was singing with me."

"And do you know, standing there with all that before us, I realized what the words 'Oh, give me the night divine!' meant. For the desert song certainly was calling to me."

"At times I still feel under the spell of that desert's mysticism," adds Alexander Gray. "But there was a time out there that it seemed cruel and sinister. The dark shadows under the hillocks reminded me of the stories I read about the early Spanish explorers who died of thirst in this desert. Going ahead blindly, they were seeking new homes in Monterey. But many found only graves in Mojave."

"And the story of the conquering of this waste by man armed with water also came to me. I could see visions of the engineers fighting the never-ending power of the desert. Fighting and winning for a day, just to have flood or drought come and ravage the place back to its natural condition. You see," he explained with an embarrassed laugh, "I took engineering at college. The reclamation of the desert, especially down in Imperial Valley, fascinated me. I studied it for a time with an idea of going into that myself."

The desert fascinated them so that they stayed behind at Palm Springs with Alec's sister after the rest of the party had gone back to Los Angeles. They hiked into it. They (Continued on page 125)
New York-Hollywood Style War

The Battle for the Fashion Favors of the Lovely Ladies of the Screen

Style supremacy! Does the palm belong to Paris? Or Manhattan? Or Hollywood?

Frances Clyne of New York: "Do the stars set styles? I am forced to answer 'No.' They have it in their power to set fashions not only for the U. S. but for all other countries where pictures are shown. But many famous stars dress in such an exaggerated fashion that no woman of good taste would dream of copying. Out in Hollywood itself there is a saying about a woman who puts on too many jewels and extra decorations: 'She wears two dresses instead of one.' I think that screen stars should realize the difference between giving an impression of riches and being well-dressed. Good taste really is an elimination of every extraneous thing. It is the essence of simplicity. Every woman should strive to express it in her manner, in her bearing. And since the world knows us first by our appearance, it is doubly important that she express it in her clothes."

Let us see what the famous designers of East and West have to say about it.

Norma Shearer, silhouetted left and right, as the goddess of Fashion.

Howard Greer of Hollywood: "Because of the films and their need for good fashion Hollywood designers have been spurred to keep as close pace with Paris as possible; but Hollywood is the bright pupil who, having learned well his lesson, puts into it something inspired by his locality. Because of this need in films Hollywood may be a bit ahead of New York. Geographically speaking it should not be. In the natural course of events New York would get the newest from Paris ahead of the Pacific Coast. But because of our needs we keep up more carefully with Paris, and now ladies of fashion in and out of films do not think they have to go to New York or even Paris quite as often as they did, to do their shopping."
Beauty in Boudoir Fashions

Claudette Colbert stands alone for the East. The lovely simplicity of these lounging pajamas is an outstanding feature of this home ensemble. They are of brown chiffon velvet with a collar of eggshell crepe de chine pleated ruffles. The very long trousers are a distinctive feature. The costume was designed by Miss Colbert and Carol Putnam, head of the Paramount Long Island Studio wardrobe department.
What They Wear in the West to Lounge and Rest

Left: the slender, lithe figure of Joan Crawford is just right for the newer pajama styles that are ruling both the sports and boudoir field this season.

Left, below: a full length view of the Crawford pajamas. Of white flannel with a border of black, this ensemble follows masculine lines in a striking manner.

Below: Kay Francis prefers the very feminine negligee, of beige chiffon and ecru lace with an underslip of deep sand satin which shimmers through the folds of chiffon.
Anita Page goes in for sweaters! Circle, upper left: V-neck sweater with matching beret suitable for golf. Circle, upper right: crew-neck sweater with gob hat suitable for all water sports.

As Howard Greer says: “The logical Hollywood style would be sports things but that is only a phase in the lives of people in other and colder communities.” Hollywood screen stars can wear sports things practically all the year round.

Below: Joan Crawford’s cardigan costume of knitted jersey is bright yellow with black and white scarf. With it Joan wears a matching beret.
of all SORTS

Upper left: Anita likes to wear this sweater with its matching tam when she goes hiking with her small brother. Upper right: the correct sweater and hat for a girl who goes in for polo.

Is it any wonder Hollywood excels at sports clothes? Thanks to the climate, casual costumes are in vogue at all seasons. New York, however, refuses to surrender. She says that when she does go in for sports things she makes up for lost time.

Below: Norma Shearer chooses this costume for serious golf: pleated wide skirt, man-tailored jacket, Paisley scarf, and trim felt hat.

Anita wears a green and white sports suit: sleeveless dress of white silk pique with jacket of green.

Left: Joan Crawford's favorite sports costume of lace tweed, made with a boyish blouse and newer-length skirt.

Orange and blue pajama ensemble for beach wear, worn by Anita Page, has a bandanna scarf which ties around the head.
The Street
New York Notes in Daytime Clothes

Left: Lilyan Tashman wears a Frances Clyne creation of raspberry covert cloth, with tucked-in blouse of crepe tea-rose.

Left, below: Ruth Etting, now lending charm to singing pictures, wears a jaunty street suit of green leda cloth with a collar of beige lapin.

Below: smart simplicity and the raised waistline are the distinguishing characteristics of Claudette Colbert's ensemble of sand covert cloth.
ENSEMBLE...

The Smart New Silhouette Goes West

Right, below: Kay Francis combines summer ermine and black broadcloth with flattering success. A blouse of rose-beige satin accents this combination.

Below: Mink fur adds richness to this coat worn by Joan Crawford. This costume assumes the approved skirt and coat length. Designed by Adrian.

Right: Fay Wray wearing a daytime ensemble of black broadcloth with tailored jacket and circular skirt. The collar and cuffs are of gray Persian lamb.
THE
AFTERNOON
MODE

When lovely stars step out these spring afternoons, they must look their best whether they are representing New York or Hollywood! The girls of the west coast and their Manhattan sisters may argue endlessly as to style, but they have one thing in common: they must live up to their own highest ideals of dress. You will note that the Eastern stars—left-hand page—achieve a more formal effect, while the Western luminaries, in league with sunny California skies, seem to prefer a happy informality. Each mood of the mode has its right place.

Upper left: the blonde beauty of Claire Luce is set off by the exquisite maize shade of this smart coat by Isabel with its fox collar.

Upper right: an example of the ‘return to elegance’ this spring is the blue flat crepe afternoon ensemble created by Frances Clyde of New York and worn by Lilyan Tashman.

Claudette Colbert’s new afternoon frock is of heavy crepe morocaine in the color much favored this season by Patou—nasturtium.
Directly above: Billie Dove wearing what might be called 'the classic Hollywood afternoon dress.' Such a frock must be set off by such skies and flowers as California can boast. It is of white scalloped voile.

Right: Billie's transparent velvet, squirrel-trimmed wrap is topped by a hat of sheer black tulle with a gold and silver band.

Upper left: Kay Johnson wears a conservative afternoon dress of blue flat crepe featuring the new short sleeves and an unusual neck line.

Upper right: Norma Shearer is radiant in a striking black and white two-piece dress with appliqued gold brocade roses. Note the distinctive sleeves.
When Lilyan Tashman, above, came to New York for a vacation, she made for the shops. Lilyan loves her Hollywood but she makes no secret of the fact that she simply dates on eastern styles, theaters, food, and friends. So she "did" the Avenue and all points east; and found just the clothes she had been hoping for. One of her favorite discoveries was the frock pictured above; designed by Frances Clyne, it is fashioned of Burgundy-color lace with a foundation of the same color chiffon. Note the 'party length' sleeves, fitted bodice and beruffled skirt.

Right: Claudette Colbert, a darling of the New York stage, is noted for her good taste in clothes. Now that she is in pictures you may expect her to stage little style shows in addition to dramatic displays. She is wearing a gown of gypsy-red lace featuring the new silhouette with the accompanying high waistline. Striking features are the little Chanel belt, youthful shoulder bertha, and the ruffle placed below the hip. This frock was especially designed for Miss Colbert by Shirley Barker, formerly designer with Lady Duff Gordon ('Lucille').

The Sunday Supper Frock

The mode of the moment - the chic, charming, elegantly informal 'little Sunday supper dress.' It sounds so simple, and it is really so very clever. Every smart girl should have one in her wardrobe, to wear on those Sunday evenings when she wants to be well-dressed without dressing formally. East and West unite in approving this fashion, even though each has its own ideas as to its design. Left-hand page, East; right-hand page, West.
Above: Joan Crawford reveals one of the reasons why the supper hour will be so important this spring. Joan is wearing one of the new printed-pattern chiffon dresses adopting the high waistline, bloused blouse, and trailing hemline, topped by a hat of black maline.

Left: Kay Francis' black souffle frock meets the demands of the smart spring wardrobe. Soft alluring lines are achieved by the use of ruffles. Note the interesting neckline that creates miniature sleeves over the shoulders, and a cascading cape at the back.

Right: Fay Wray approves the Sunday supper frock idea and exemplifies it in this charming costume. Its long 'drippy' lines are favored by Fay because they give her height. Course black net over molded black satin compose this frock. The only trimming is sleeve bows of the net.
Right: Claire Luce in a gown by Isabel of gold and rose metal brocaded chiffon. The bodice blouses very slightly into the snug hip line, the skirt is ankle length and straight to either side, but flaunts trailing panels in front and back.

Below: Lilyan Tashman in a gown designed by Frances Clyne. The bodice is simple in front, but decolleté in back with a slight bloused effect. The hip line treatment is rather unusual. The stitched inserts, front and back, meet at the left side and are tied in dripping bows.

Below: Claudette Colbert’s evening gown is of off-white satin with a slightly blue tinge. The frock is embroidered with rhinestones and seed pearls dyed to match. The smartly tailored Chanel belt is an interesting feature of the gown which carries out the idea of the long body line.

Left: Ruth Etting in a distinguished evening frock of gold mesh lamé, with a cherry red bow in the back. Miss Etting’s gown is longer in the back and quite decolleté. The front is straight and has a slight flare at the bottom.

Evening in Manhattan

New York’s Version of the Smartest Formal Feminine Fashions
Right: Anita Page has adopted the lengthened hemline for evening wear, choosing a delicately fashioned frock of taffeta and tulle in a flesh pink shade. The waistline is outlined by a narrow sash while the skirt flares in a graceful line to the floor.

Below: Black satin and brilliants make a very safe fashion investment. Kay Francis' gown is of black satin, flaunting a high waistline and an interesting design worked in brilliants from waist to knees. The skirt forms a train at the back and a point at the front.

Left: Dorothy Mackail hasn't succumbed to the very long evening dress as yet. Although her frock is longer in the back, it is knee length in front. Of eggshell moire, it has no definite waistline. Two flounces and a corsage are the only trimmings.

Below: Estelle Taylor features white taffeta with real lace and marquisette. The gown is very long and very full, with backless bodice of real lace. The skirt is taffeta and starts below the hips and flares at the bottom with an even hemline. Designed by Irene.

Evening in Hollywood

The West Presents Its Own Conception of Gowns for Occasions
Right: Marion Davies' favorite evening wrap sets off her blonde liveliness. It is a luscious concoction of finest transparent velvet and luxurious white fox.

Below, left: Alice Joyce is always pointed to at smart premiers and supper clubs in Manhattan as one of the best-dressed women. Her white, fox-trimmed wrap is stunning.

Below, center: Claire Luce wearing a three-quarters theater coat of black velvet with a collar of ermine. Note the effective white lining of the wide sleeves.

Below, right: this Frances Clyne ensemble worn by Lilyan Tashman is fashioned of brocaded chiffon in tones of beige and brown with tracings of gold. The wrap is flounced.

THE NEW WRAPS

Speaking of the clothes of a perfect day, what about the clothes of a perfect evening? Here they are, then—perhaps the most luxurious clothes of all: evening wraps. On this page you'll find the newest from New York, worn by some of Manhattan's beauties.
And How They Are Worn

In Hollywood, where there’s a smart screen premier every other night, the evening wrap is most important. Picture girls, on their toes in all matters, invest lavishly, wisely and well in that finishing touch to a perfect ensemble, the evening wrap of real distinction.

Left: black and white is always regal for evening. Joan Crawford’s wrap is of panne velvet, showing a wide ermine border with a lavish ermine collar and wide cuffs.

Below, left: ermine and sable combine to make this important evening wrap worn by Norma Shearer. It is Norma’s favorite because it can be worn with all her evening dresses.

Below, center: Billie Dove’s gold metal cloth evening wrap accents this star’s statuesque beauty. Its long lines lend dignity. The collar is a large fox scarf.

Below, right: a short wrap of black transparent velvet, splashed with crystal beads, is trimmed with a scarf of ermine and bordered with the same fur. Worn by Kay Francis.
HERE ARE HATS

To top off our offering of east and west style views we give you—hats! And then more hats, the very newest.

Now that you have seen the best in fashion that New York and Hollywood have to offer, what is your verdict?

Norma Shearer wears a toque of royal-blue velvet with a youthful bow in the back.

Lilyan Tashman wears one of Manhattan's smartest straws, from Frances Clyne.

Mlle. Colbert still favors the off-the-face mode.

Anita Page's soft pliable straw shows the newer wide-brim which will be much worn this summer. It's sweet and feminine—just like Anita.

Louise
Do you like this impression of a young lady famous for her flaring roles?

A brilliant comedienne trying not to look like one. No, not even three guesses!

Foolish Question
Number 898

Can you identify these stars? Well, we hope so! You won't have to turn to the back of the book for the right answers this time. These caricatures are the original work of Antonio Moreno. No, not the film star, but a waiter of the same name in a Hollywood restaurant. Ben Lyon discovered him, and persuaded him to give us a glimpse of these impressions. Thanks, Ben. Thanks, Antonio!

Caught in serious mood. Come now, smile for the ladies.

Star gazing? Yes, but in the right direction.

The boy friend's girl friend. Just teasing.

Is this his natural or his screen face? Yes.
Douglas, the poet, the dreamer. There is something princely about him at times.

Last month it was Joan Crawford, the new Princess in the Royal House of Pickfairia; now it is the Prince himself, her husband. Ladies and gentlemen of the talkie audience, allow me to present Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., playing a new rôle in public—himself. And let it be said at the start that there really is something princely about him at times, though at other times he looks and acts (on the screen) incredibly young. There is an intensity about his face, his gestures and at times his voice which bespeak 'temperament,' the one thing that has gone out of fashion in royalty since the exit of the Kaiser. So we will not call him a prince, but we will call him an artist.

In answer to the questionnaire sent him by Screenland he puts himself down as more the introvert (dreamer) than the extravert (doer) by a ratio of 31 to 21. I do not believe, however, that he was born that way. I take it that he was born an extravert of the intuitive type, with the function of feeling playing a large second. This type, when hard-boiled, makes a good salesman; and when medium or soft-boiled, a good actor. Intuition makes for a quick understanding (as by flashlight) of the lay of the land and the people you meet. Feeling makes for tact, charm, harmony.

A good salesman acts up to his customer, gets his number and puts on a good spiel that fits the man he is dealing with. A good salesman stages different acts for different customers. He must cast a spell and hypnotize the customer into liking and paying for it. He is, in short, an actor, but he differs from the stage actor in that the latter is selling, not a piece of soap or a radio set; a stage actor is selling the spiel itself. He is selling the act.

An intuitive-with-feeling type usually makes a good stage or screen actor because of his quick understanding of what the public wants, his desire to please, and his gift of charm. Ronald Colman is a case in point. But Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is different. He has, I believe, like so many artists, his wires crossed and tangled. This, without meaning anything unpleasant about it, I have called the twisted type. Sensation, emotion, thinking, get all tangled up with the original intuition and feeling; and there is an inner tug of war, an almost perpetual conflict, as if the rear wheels of a car wanted to go one way and the front wheels another. Hence the intensity, the feeling of not knowing at times where one is at; doubts, questionings, and 'to be or not to be' in the manner of Hamlet.

Such men are up and down, in and out, yes and no, unexpected. Now they are in the dumps; now in the clouds; now gentle, now fierce; now cold, now hot. This doesn't make for practicality and indeed, although Doug, Jr., is not an extreme of the type doubtless due to long self-discipline, answers the question: 'Do you day-dream as a steady matter?' with 2, which means much, and the question 'Are you practical?' with a zero; that is, not practical at all.

Joan Crawford, as you may remember, answered that last question with "I am very practical." Lucky for Doug! I pause to glance at the feminine readers of Screenland and find them, to the last one, looking up with the question: "How about Joan and Doug? Are they true mates? Will it last?" Alack, I am neither a seer nor a

**DOUG, JR. ADMITS:**

I am a little self-conscious and shy.
I am very idealistic.
I am very jealous.
I like to be alone much of the time.
I am a good actor in public.
I am sometimes a faddist.
I am a one-wife man.
prophet. Marriage is always a gamble, but in Hollywood it is a lottery. However, we will place our bets on the bright side; for there is something strong about both these young people, and Doug puts himself down as being 'very jealous.'

But we must let Doug speak for himself. Here are some of his answers:

I am a little self-conscious and shy.
I hate very much to be conspicuous, even at home.
I do much day-dreaming, but am only a little moody (Joan answered that she had deep moods and long ones.)
I am considered quite deep by others.
I like to be alone much of the time.
I am a one-wife man.
I am very idealistic.
I am very easily in a tense condition.

Life is not a game to me, to be played through like a sport. (To the twisted type, the intensity of living precludes taking it easy.)

I am a good actor in public.
I am slow in getting over quarrels, disappointments, losses. (Here again, the troubled intense type.)
I am a good mixer. (3—very much)
I do not like many people, nor always to be on the go.
I am sometimes a faddist.
As to being realistic and having common sense, only a little.
I am easy-going as a rule (2). (This somewhat contradicts the 'easily tense'.)
I am a little of a go-getter.
My feet are solidly on the earth.

These contradictions the reader may have noticed are due to the fact that the twisted type is often a bundle of contradictions. It is a mysterious type, making a large appeal, as most artists do, to women. The extreme type wants a woman who is a mother, a wife, a nurse, a pal, a vamp, and someone both very practical and recklessly romantic. A tall order! It is a very seductive one to many women; but (Continued on page 129)
A NEW GIRL

Lillian Roth Left Broadway for Hollywood but She's Still on the Great White Way in Bright Lights

Whoever began this talk about temperamental stage stars? Whoever it was doesn't know a thing about the Broadway actresses who have uttered words for Hollywood microphones.

Take Ruth Chatterton. She's swell. And Kay Francis. She's a knockout. And Lillian Roth. Well, she's to the stage what Mary Brian, the most regular girl in Hollywood, is to motion pictures.

Lillian is a combination of Clara Bow and Norma Talmadge. Her hair is black, thick and wavy. It looks well combed in its wind-blown way. She has large, brown, dancing eyes and a mouth that twinkles when she laughs. Her dimpled smile is a sensation and she almost always is smiling. Lillian is saucy, vivacious, and lovely.

A 'blues' voice, stage training, dancing eyes and dancing feet—all these assets are Lillian Roth's.

She was a child star in the New York production of "Shavings." She talked to producers alone when she was nine years old and arranged her own salary. She was a headliner in vaudeville, imitating John Barrymore, Ruth Chatterton, Lenore Ulric and Helen Mencken.

She stood up and sang for the first time in her life before J. J. Shubert and landed a part in his "Artists and Models." She's been a 'blues' singer in Carroll's "Vain" and Ziegfeld's New Amsterdam Roof show. Now, she's a dramatic actress in Paramount's all-color romance, "The Vagabond King." And she croons her 'blues' in "Honey." She's just nineteen.

What a gal! All the boys at the studio throw down their work when Lil approaches. Traffic cops step off their stands to wave to Lil.

She drove her car home one night and parked it in front of her apartment until morning. This being against the law, there was a ticket in the automobile the next day. They say she went to the police station to pay her fine and explained that she had worked late at the studio and was afraid to walk home from the garage where she parked her car. The judge was very sympathetic. He tore up her traffic ticket and offered to give her a police escort to accompany her home anytime she worked late again. So 'tis rumored, but that's Lil!

She was born in Boston, where her father sold watermelons. Since then, he's been in 101 different occupations, selling American flags, postcards, vegetables and other objects. Lillian weighed 135 pounds when she was 15 years old. Now, she has complete control of her weight. She diets and exercises for a few weeks then succumbs to the lure of the chocolate and cake and then again misses a few full meals. That's Lil!

Once a certain actress became too important. Lil stepped up and replaced her in a motion picture. That's Lil!

If anybody thinks that Friday the 13th is unlucky. Look at Lil. It's her birthday.

Another nice thing about this actress is that there is another sister, Ann Roth, a little younger. Before the girls were born, Mrs. Roth had decided that they were (Continued on page 129)
A NEW BOY

By
Jean Cunningham

Another Small Town Boy Makes Good in Hollywood. Stanley Smith of Kansas is on the Road to Film Fame.

Tenth down the list which records the number of fan letters received by the Paramount stars and featured players is a new name—Stanley Smith.

To those who follow the record, this jump from nothing to tenth place is remarkable because Stanley has been seen in but one Paramount production, "Sweetie."

To the girls at the studio, it is very difficult for them to realize why he isn't first on the fan mail list. He's that way—pleasantly contagious.

Stanley doesn't like to talk about himself. He doesn't admit anything about his relatives. But they were bankers in Kansas City, and bankers usually have money. Nevertheless, he is keeping it a secret. He began thinking about motion pictures when he went to grammar school in Kansas City.

His first distinction was a very agreeable singing voice. It made him a boy soprano in a choir in his home town. Between singing at choir practice, Sunday services, weddings and funerals, Stanley found a little time on the side to think motion pictures. He thought about it all by himself and secretly wrote letters to Cecil De Mille and D. W. Griffith. He outlined his great possibilities and told them of his absolutely certain prospects of becoming a movie star. Very soon, Stanley received replies from the directors. He opened the letters expecting to find contracts and transportation to Hollywood. The letters very courteously acknowledged his genius but advised him to stay in Kansas City.

One summer after Stanley had finished grammar school, his mother and he came to Hollywood for a vacation. In September, they decided to remain in the film city and Stanley enrolled at Hollywood High School. From the very beginning, he was a huge success in Hollywood. He was quite the rage at high school. He was that sort of a boy for whom girls change classes and go to football games. For two years he was head of the glee club. He sang the leads in three operas.

One of the best things about living in Hollywood for young Smith was the fact that he passed the house of Bryant Washburn every day on his way to school. He greeted the star as he would any neighbor and finally developed a speaking acquaintance.

Stanley's one aim those days was to get into a studio and act. The best he could do was to be Elliott Dexter's assistant secretary. Through somebody's friend knowing somebody else who knew Dexter, the boy became official letter opener for the star when he worked at the old Lasky studio on Vine street. Stanley used to go to the studio every day after school, on Saturdays and during vacations. He asked everybody in the studio for parts. His youth was their excuse for not starring him in pictures. He used to park on the set where William deMille was making "Clarence" with Wallace Reid. Between every scene, Stanley would bring up the subject of a part from some different angle. But the only film work he ever did was an extra dancing all day. That choked his ambition for a little while.

A year after Stanley graduated from Hollywood High School, the musical advisor of the institution asked him to return to sing the leading rôle in "Robin Hood" when the leading man was taken ill. (Continued on page 121)
Left and right: An evening coiffure, elaborate in arrangement. The sweep of hair across the brow suits the beauty of classic features.

This becomingly youthful be used for business or particularly fetching

COIFFURES for
Antoine of Paris and New York Explains the Underlying Art which Governs the Arrangement of the Perfect Coiffure

With the strong gestures of a sculptor Antoine de Paris used his comb and fingers on the shapely head of Catherine Dale Owen. Like a true artist, he worked in silence, plaiting a lock of hair here, smoothing a strand there, curling a few tendrils at the back, never pausing except to reach for a hairpin that an assistant hairdresser handed to him now and again. Evidently, it pleased him. With a wave of the hand, he said:

"Voila! It is done; the coiffure for evening, for grand occasions."

Catherine Dale Owen, hand mirror in hand, turned her head this way and that, and smiled her approval.

The result of Antoine's work was a little masterpiece! The simple act of dressing the hair which every woman does so casually had been elevated to a place among the plastic arts by Antoine de Paris.

The coiffure for evening so carefully accomplished was as severely simple in line as the coif of a nun yet highly elaborate in its arrangement. To emphasize the pure sweep of Miss Owen's brow, the Parisian had drawn a long smooth strand of hair across her forehead. To accentuate this effect he had placed behind it a large roll of hair extending from ear to ear. From this point the hair was drawn back and then arranged about the nape of the neck and behind the ears in flat little curls.

While the first pose was being photographed, Antoine, punctuating his careful English with nervous gestures of the hands, explained the underlying laws of art which had governed the arrangement of the coiffure.

"Hairdressing, like any plastic art which has anything to do with the face, depends entirely upon the relation between the mass and the mask for its effect. In the art of
the coiffure, the hair must be a frame for the face; not only that, it must be an adornment and a continuation of beautiful lines or a concealment of ugly ones.

Two things must always be borne in mind when arranging the coiffure: one must follow the natural lines of the head and one must be sure that no straight ends of hair are visible. As you will notice by looking at Miss Owen's head you will see that wherever the hair ends there are tiny ringlets such as you see on a baby's head. But never—never—let these ends be frizzly.

"What about the long dresses women are wearing, M. Antoine, is there any distinctive way of dressing the hair to accord with the new styles?" I asked.

"Yes and no," Antoine answered. "The new dresses that seek grace through length alone are a mistake. They won't last long because they don't fit in well with our modern life. Sooner or later our designers are bound to find a way to achieve both grace and the comfort of shortness. The long dresses of the moment are the result of a romantic reaction. Therefore, any coiffure that we devise to go with them must be of romantic nature.

"Perhaps you notice that I have drawn my inspiration for Mademoiselle Owen's hairdress from Botticelli's paintings. To fit her coiffure to the gowns she wears I have had to look backward for the source of my inspiration. That is not right. The dress designers must make new lines, new styles, so that I and other coiffeurs can devise hairdresses to fit them.

"But long dresses are the vogue at present, and we cannot ignore them. The best way to deal with the problem is to seek out in a woman's dress the period which inspired the designer to make the gown, and in dressing the hair attempt some modified coiffure of..."
Brainless Beauties

By Cecil B. De Mille

Certainly it is true that brainless beauty is in a more hopeless position than ever before, while beauty that thinks intelligently and logically has an amazing new world opened to it.

In silent pictures we sometimes had a rather difficult time separating the 'sheep' from the 'goats.'

Pantomimic ability is a very rare possession. You never can tell whether a person has it except by actual tests. For example, for many years I have always insisted on seeing a candidate on the screen first.

This necessity of giving possibilities a test, or even a few month's work, brought about a great deal of wastage. We gave tryouts to many very attractive girls, hoping that they would have enough pantomimic instinct to justify their retention. Unfortunately, however, our percentage of success was painfully small. Present among too many of the candidates was the apparent feeling that our beauties were in Hollywood for what they could get i.e. Rolls Royces and beautiful homes, not what they could give in the way of effective artistic expression.

Praise turns the heads of beauty in rather a thorough manner in far too many incidents. You would be surprised to know how many gorgeous creatures have just stared at me in contempt when I gently suggested that a little furbishing up of the gray matter would be of help to them in attaining movie success. So many beautiful girls are obsessed of the idea that a perfect figure, a lovely profile, and gorgeous eyes offset mental incapacity.

Beauty, extraordinary physical charm, will always be a major factor in the expressive arts of sculpture, painting, the stage drama, and motion pictures.

Any form of pictorial presentation will always require beauty of form, line and movement. It is possible, however, that these requirements will be modified from time to time to fit new conditions.

Such modifications, as they concern the new art subdivision of talking pictures, is the subject of the present article.

The place of beauty in silent films has been discussed pro and con, from every conceivable angle. The coming of speech to the screen has reopened the topic, presenting to it a number of engrossing new angles.

Cecil B. De Mille, discoverer of screen stars and creator of box-office attractions. He says the talkers open an amazing new world to beauties with intelligence and microphone voices and abilities.
Keep Out!

There's No Place for You in the Sound Studios. But Beauty that Thinks is Always Welcome, Says Eminent Director

To illustrate this point it is only necessary to examine the history of the thousands of beauty contest winners who have come to us from every state in the Union; every country on the globe.

In past De Mille pictures scores of them have been used, and only two have attained any prominence, Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson. These two girls got ahead because they realized that work and brains must be added to beauty before the asset can assume real worth.

Beauty alone, unsupported, was a drug on the market in silent pictures, and it is far more so in the expanded days of the cinema that we are now enjoying.

Motion pictures do just what their name implies; they move. They demand plastic, not static art. A rather pitiable failure in the studios, for example, was that of a young lady whose face has been made internationally famous in the masterly paintings of a great artist. She was a glorious creature, in individual poses. But she had neither the brains nor the inborn pantomimic instinct to carry her beauty, undiminished, through the rapidly succeeding series of dramatic positions required by even the simplest screen story.

Today, under the dominion of the talkies, a great deal of this early wastage is eliminated.

The voice has given us a definite standard for the segregation of the inept.

I repeat a former statement: that unless she has had at least a high school education, and one which brought her reasonably excellent marks for application and scholarship, any girl, no matter how beautiful, is subject to immediate elimination from any roll of movie candidates.

The voice irrevocably betrays the possession of a careless mind or a sluggish one. It takes a certain definite degree of personal application to develop a speaking voice of good breeding and emotional flexibility; and a mind capable of understanding the correct nuances needed for the proper reading of lines in a dramatic talking picture.

If a candidate, on her first visit, seems badly rooted in grammatical errors, slang mispronunciations and inexcusable misuses of the voice, it is logical to assume that she has careless mental habits which would interfere with clean cut, accurately thought out dramatic interpretations. (Cont. on page 127)
Romance under western skies has added glamour. Joan Crawford's second audible film is an all-talking, all-singing love story laid in—you guessed it—the state of Montana. In the shadows cast by giant trees the lovers plight their troth, to the music of rustling leaves—and an orchestra from the studio.

On Location with Joan Crawford

Making "Montana Moon," the First Musical 'Western' Romance

By Helen Ludlam

California was sweltering in mid-winter. The thermometer registered eighty in the shade and there had been no rain for more than seven months. Much as I like the warm weather I had a great longing for just a breath of snow air, and so when I was invited to go on the "Montana Moon" location which was at Keen's Camp, a five thousand foot elevation in the San Jacinto Mountains, I was very well pleased. Joan Crawford was the star, then there were Johnny Mack Brown, Karl Dane and the inimitable fun team of Benny Rubin and Cliff Edwards, more popularly known as "Ukulele Ike."

Well, there wasn't any snow, for the first time in seventeen years at that time of the year. But the air was bracing and clear. We arrived just after the day's work was over. They had to call it a day early up there because of the light which stopped them at four o'clock. And then the outfit burst loose and played tennis, football, or what have you. Mal St. Clair, who was directing the opus, with Benny Rubin, Cliff Edwards, Johnny Mack Brown and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—oh, of course, Doug was there—crowded around us to see if they had any mail, for we brought a bunch with us from the studio.

We found Joan in her little cabin. "Helen may come in, but not you, Ralph," she called through the door to Ralph Wheelwright, in charge of publicity for the unit. "Okay!" he laughed, "see you when you're respectable, Joan," and Joan welcomed me arrayed in a fascinating flesh-colored, form-fitting garment which would not have been out of place in a palace, yet which did not seem out of place in that little mountain cabin,

Just a little love scene. Mal St. Clair directs Joan and Johnny while Doug, Jr.—seated, in white—looks on from the sidelines.
either, strangely enough.

Joan had been devouring the newspaper accounts of the opening of her first talking picture, "Untamed." The Los Angeles ones weren't so good to the picture, though they were kind to Joan personally. But Joan was depressed. "I get so blue when I read bad notices. Maybe you think I am conceited, but it isn't that, really."

I didn't. There are few people in the world, no matter what happens to be their business, who are not interested to know what other people think of their work. Joan likes to read constructive criticism. It helps her.

"Are you going to be in the hotel or in a cabin?" asked Joan.

"In a cabin. Does someone come in the morning to light the fires?"

Joan laughed. "Someone does not! It's every fellow for himself up here. Doug is an angel and hops out of bed at five in the freezing cold to light our fire. When it is all nice and warm he wakes me up. And if you're not in the dining room before seven-thirty it will be just too bad. Try and get even a cup of coffee a minute after seven-thirty! But I always take a thermos bottle on the set filled with it, so if you want to sleep late tomorrow, don't worry. I'll give you plenty of java and lunch is at twelve so you won't starve."

"Could you help Nonnie with the dialogue, Miss Crawford?" an assistant called through the door.

"Oh, the playbacks! Come on out and listen," cried Joan scrambling into a great coat of Doug's. And for a long time the memory of that scene will be with me. There on the pine-covered mountain top sat the generating wagon with the three-foot square funnel placed on the ground from which came the voices. Nonnie Morris, the script girl, sat on a tiny three-legged stool with her machine balanced on her knees taking down the dialogue as it came over the wire. They change (Continued on page 110)
Anita goes to School

'Rah—'Rah—
'Rah—Anita!

Anita Page has found a school all her own. And what a school it is! Imagine a college with Lon Chaney, Ramon Novarro, William Haines, Nils Asther, Charles King and their brethren for professors. Then imagine yourself being the only student in the classrooms.

The campus is a many-acre studio in the little college town of Culver City, California. The buildings are huge stages. The desks are make-up tables and brightly-lighted sets. There are no books. And the faculty—words fail me!

Anita found this school for herself. She is the only pupil. Which is a very good thing, considering the future prosperity of the several hundred temples of learning in the country.

Here is where Anita is learning the readin' writin' and 'rithmetic of screen acting, with courses in higher mathematics, logic, philosophy and science thrown in for good measure to complete the curriculum.

The school was organized two years ago when a little high school girl, named Anita Pomares, came out of the East to Hollywood to go into pictures. She knew nothing whatsoever about cameras and studios and things of that kind. All she knew was that she wanted to become a movie star more than anything else in the world.

She presented her credentials to the superintendent of the school, sitting in his luxurious office, the likeness of which can be found in no ordinary college. These credentials consisted of good looks, intelligence, determination, personality and charm.

Two years ago a little girl named Anita Pomares enrolled at the Metro-Goldwyn acting school at Culver City, California.
A Film Studio is her College. Lon Chaney, Ramon Novarro, Charles King and Billy Haines her Professors

By Keith Richards

Oh, How We Love Our Pupil!

I first walked into this studio. I was terrified, really. I prayed that no one would see how scared I was. But everyone was so wonderful to me.

"For instance, this," she held out her fingers smeared with a brown, pasty stuff with which she was covering her skin. Lon Chaney taught me all that I know about make-up. My third picture was with him, "While the City Sleeps." He was a marvelous teacher.

I almost remarked something about the number of people who would like to be a marvelous teacher to a marvelous pupil. But I didn't. I was too busy watching the birth of Pocahontas and listening to Anita's words.

"I'll never forget one morning when we were working on that picture. I had to cry and cry. Real tears, too. Mr. Chaney said to me while I was resting between spasm: 'Always believe what you're doing, Anita. Sincerity is the keynote of success in this (Continued on page 124)
"Gwen Lee is having a birthday party," announced Patsy.

"Reckless of her," I said, "but when?"

"Tonight," answered Patsy delightedly, "and it's Jack Oakie's birthday, too. They are going to celebrate together at Gwen's house. They're engaged, you know—at least everybody says so."

Gwen had nice, cozy fires all over her pretty home on the side of a Hollywood hill, and we found knots of guests clustered around them when we arrived, with Gwen herself hardly waiting for the maid to open the door to greet her guests. She was looking lovely in a rose silk evening dress, made in long and graceful lines, and was assisted in receiving by her charming mother.

We looked around for Jack Oakie, but found that he had had to work that night. However, he expected to arrive later, so that kept Gwen cheered up, not to mention the rest of us, and he telephoned Gwen from the studio about every half hour, "just to touch base," he explained.

Jack's jolly little Irish mother was there, and we could see easily where he got his bubbling humor and his pep. When we arrived Mrs. Oakie was dancing with Charlie Cross to the music of the radio, but came over to sit on the sofa soon to talk to us.

We learned from others afterward that her wit wasn't all of the light sort, either, since she had taken some extremely difficult examinations, after she was fifty years old, for a high position in the psychological department of a state hospital, and had passed with honor.

Jack's mother told us vividly about Jack's childhood: how once when she had a birthday, Jack had bought her two whole dollars' worth of gum drops, and how she still had some of them, quite ossified, and meant to present them to a museum!

We got to discussing health topics, and she said that Jack's health slogan was "To hell with spinach!"

Jack Benny came over to say hello, and when we asked him about his new vaudeville tour, he told us that he was always nervous at every opening performance.

"And you'd think he was as nonchalant as could be!" commented Patsy.

Gwen came over to show us the wrist-watch which Jack had given her as a birthday present. It was studded with diamonds, and had a little legend engraved inside it which she wouldn't let us read.

She confessed that she had given Jack a slave bracelet.

"Engaged?" inquired Patsy, "or just may be any minute?"

"That's it!" blushed Gwen. But she wouldn't tell us just which she meant.

Hal Skelly and Mary Astaire were there, and Wesley Ruggles, Matty Kemp, Barbara Pierce, Carlotta King, Dick Schayer, James Morgan, Janice Peters, Roger Gray and several others.

Barbara Pierce, who was married about a year ago, says that she wants to go to work again in pictures. She has been interested in charitable work for children, and she says that she won't give up that work even if she does return to pictures.

Dick Schayer sat down to play the piano, looked about, and declared in mock indignation that he was the only song writer ever invited to a party who didn't find his own song on the piano.

"What's the matter with the song?" demanded Hal Skelly cruelly.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" exclaimed Gwen. "It was all just an oversight of the hostess!"

And Gwen dug about in her pile of music until she found one of Schayer's songs.

Gwen Lee's mother suddenly exclaimed:
"Are you engaged to Jack Oakie?" someone asked Gwen Lee, "or just may be any minute?" "That's it!" blushed Gwen. Anyway, Gwen gave Jack a slave bracelet for his birthday and he gave her a diamond wrist-watch and they both gave a party to celebrate. Above, Miss Lee. Left, Mr. Oakie.

"Oh, I meant to have spanked Gwen at 11:30—that's the hour she was born—but I forgot it!"

So after all we didn't learn how old Gwen is. Or rather, just how young.

Roger Gray, who was playing with Jack Oakie in "Hit the Deck," arrived in his professional sailor suit, and was a delightful addition to the party. Carlotta King sang, while Jimmy Morgan played the piano.

Then Jimmy played some classic music—he told us just to show that he really could read music, and didn't go entirely by ear; after which he obligingly played for those who wished to dance.

A few rugs were moved from the living room floor, and those who could and wanted to dance on a dime space did so. Gwen danced with Hal Skelly, but not for long, as Jack Oakie cut in—over the telephone!

There was a huge birthday cake, which wasn't to be cut until Jack arrived, but there was a lovely buffet supper.

Then Gwen sat down on the floor and opened her birthday gifts, which included some lovely bead bags, a cloisonné compact, some of the new novels, and other charming gifts.

Jack, we heard afterward, did arrive toward morning, when there still remained the cake and a few of the guests. As we went home, we hoped audibly to each other that it would be a long time before Gwen got old enough so that she wouldn't want to give (Continued on page 114)
Here's Filmdom's Favorite Juvenile -- Eddie Quillan, Quipping as Usual

By Charles Carter

We live and learn,
To earn and laugh,
You laugh, I earn,
No earn, no chaff.
— EDDIE QUILLANSPERE

Why are you similar to a snake?
"I bite."
"That's right." And Eddie Quillan does a fade-out amidst a barrage of old shoes, vases and books-of-the-month.

This twenty-one-year-old wise-cracking son of a Scotchman is the same bright boy in private life that he is on the screen or stage. He has never been known to be serious. You can't squelch him.

Eddie is only one of eleven Quillans, the greater part of which comprised that Quillan Family of vaudeville renown.

It was at the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles several years ago that Eddie was "discovered."

He was doing a solo tap dance, at the same time holding a mirror in front of his face. Brother John came out and asked: "What's the idea of the mirror, Eddie?" And then the serious reply: "Dad told me to be careful and watch myself during this number." Among those in the audience who laughed was Mack Sennett.

Sennett made arrangements for a screen test of the three boys, John, Buster, and Eddie. When the young Quillans viewed the test in a private projection room several days later, they were so disappointed that they pulled up their coat-collars, turned down their hat brims and quietly slipped out of a side door of the studio.

Mack Sennett, however, saw potentialities in Eddie's test and ordered a contract drawn up for him. But when he attempted to get in touch with the boy, he found that the entire family had left town. Their Orpheum engagement in Los Angeles had completed their vaudeville tour.

With the aid of detectives, the cza of comedies finally located the missing boy, brought him back to the film capital and induced him to place his name on the contract. Thus young Quillan was destined to serve a term in an institution that has turned out some of our best-known stars of today. Sennett featured him in eighteen two-reel comedies. It was after this that Cecil B. De Mille selected him for an important role in "The Godless Girl," which brought him a contract with Pathé.

Eddie's career, if indicated on a graph, would show a steady trend upward in a straight line, with a comparatively few number of vehicles serving as the steps leading to his present place in stardom. His stage training since he was a mere infant, coupled with the experience derived while working with Mack Sennett, have supplied him with the foundation that is responsible for his speedy rise and present stable position in the talking picture realm.

Has he a high hat now? In a way, yes, and in a way, no. As far as his mental attitude is concerned, he is one of the best all-around guys in Hollywood. Ask any director, carpenter, actor or electrician who has worked with him. Walking around the lot, you will hear a carpenter hail him: "Hi there, Eddie! What's the good word?" And he'll come back with something like: "Salary!"

Oh, yes. I said he had a high hat in a sense. Well, anyone who regularly visits the studio where he works, cannot have failed to see the young comedian strutting around wearing an old, battered, high silk hat cocked on one side of his cranium. Always clowning, this kid! He has a number of things written on it—a la high-school Ford—but the hat is so old and war-scarred

(Continued on page 119)
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "TRADER HORN"

The brooding beauty of Africa is in this natural 'set' from "Trader Horn." The tree in the foreground is the flat-topped thorn tree characteristic of the country. At the top, among the brambles, are small tender leaves on which the giraffes feed.
MARGARET LIVINGSTON, the 'other woman' of many pictures, began her screen career in the serials. Now she is a lovely menace of the audibles, and doing very well.
MOvie heroine, new style. Kay Johnson comes from the stage with a thrilling voice, consummate technique, and the charm of rich, rare personality. Now in "Mme. Satan."
A NEW portrait of William Powell—the suave, polished, perfect man of the world, on the screen and off. As detective or racketeer, he wins the sympathy of all, even censors.
MARIAN NIXON, now Mrs. Edward Hillman, Jr., will be featured in some new films. From ingenue to real actress is little Marian's success story.
A NEW study of Louise Fazenda. We mean that Louise is studying her lines. If you think La Fazenda is never serious, just look at her now. Comedy is hard work.
Another study. Zasu Pitts is deep in it. Audiences always sit up and take notice when Zasu strolls on the scene. This girl with the melancholy eyes and voice is a real artiste.
BROADWAY was never like this, is girls now in Hollywood doing Back on Broadway, they were just ballet Pacific they’re nymphs, mermaids,
the opinion of the Albertina Rasch ballet special numbers for singing-dancing films, dancers. Here in the blue waters of the youth incarnate—and oh, what fun!
HERE is H. B. Warner, one of the most interesting personages on the stage or screen, and one of the most versatile. 'Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief'—he portrays 'em all.
NO, this is not a costume picture; it's just the latest portrait of Helen Twelvetrees, one of the youngest, prettiest, blondest and most demure of the Hollywood actresses.
VILMA BANKY worked hard at her English so that she could hold her own in talkers. Now she makes her first all-audible film, "A Lady to Love," in two languages.
GIRLS in Hollywood and elsewhere are busy discussing Robert Montgomery. From Broadway, this young man is something new in screen idols. A gentleman, but oh, so interesting!
A PERFECT example of one little hoofer who made good: Dorothy Mackaill, with a ready-made Follies figure, carved a career in Ziegfeld shows and danced to screen stardom.
De-Bunking
DOROTHY
In Which the Real
Miss Mackaill is
Revealed
By Edward Harte

What makes for popularity, anyway? How
does the great big inarticulate public choose
its white-haired boys and girls from out the
throng ambling along into a comfortable, or
perhaps uncomfortable, obscurity? What peculiar and
distinguished qualities place the favored few in the reserved
seats on top of the world while the others, the millions of
others, are lucky to find standing room in the subway?

Does Ann Pennington really owe her fame to dimpled
knees and twinkling feet? Not a bit of it. Does Will
Rogers delight the multitudes because he is extraordinarily
wise or excessively funny? Hardly. Does Marilyn Miller
draw $100,000 for a few weeks' work in making the pic-
ture "Sally" because she has a corner on dance steps?
Not exactly. Is Rudy Vallee a notable singer? Well,
you answer that one. In fact, you may answer all the
other questions at the same time and with just one over-
worked word. You've guessed it. Personality. Now
let's forget it for a moment—personality, I mean.

Driving through the flowery dusk on the way to the
Beverly Hills home of Dorothy Mackaill, whom I had not
seen in five years, I thought of a quite different setting.
It was January in Philadelphia, on a cold Sunday after-
noon. The entire company of First National players, then
working at the old Biograph studios in New York, had
gone to Philadelphia the previous day to take part in a
radio broadcast. There had been a series of parties and
personal appearances in theaters and driving back to the
hotel, Dorothy was tired. She curled up in a corner of
the rear seat of the car, pushed her hat back at a careless
angle and, regardless of the impression created on her fel-
low passengers, including three newspapermen, fell
asleep.

I recalled the incident on this July evening, some five
years later, because it had seemed indicative of a nature
delightfully free from self-consciousness. In a profession
where success depends upon making a favorable impression,
Dorothy had dared to be natural.

I wondered if she would continue to be so after five
years of Hollywood. Had she developed her own per-
sonality, or had she assumed a new one to fit into the
colorful crazy-quilt of the Hollywood film colony? ‘Going
Hollywood,’ as they call it, works strange transformations.
Trying to become the sort of person that you think some-
one else thinks you should become may have peculiar
results.

Dorothy—devoid of pose or pretense; proving
that a girl can be herself, even in Hollywood.

I found Dorothy more radiant, more keenly alive than
she had been five years earlier. Her face, arms and neck
were evenly tanned and tan is becoming to blondes. She
appeared to be in superb physical condition and justified
the assertion that she felt splendidly fit.

"Success agrees with you," I said. "Of course," she
replied, "why wouldn't it?" and then added with clear
directness, "now please don't write a bla-bla interview
about me and my art. That sort of thing has been done
so much it is the bunk. Let's be on the level."

"All right," I agreed. "After we've had a chat, I'll
scout back to the hotel and write a piece explaining the
success of Dorothy Mackaill."

"That's okay with me," she answered. "Maybe I need
explaining."

"Or better yet, let's write it here together," I suggested.
"Lead me to a typewriter." Dorothy showed the way into
the room set aside for her step-father, who is also her
secretary, slipped a sheet of paper into the machine and
settled herself in a chair beside me.

"We'll call it 'De-bunking Dorothy,' " she said.
"No, that's not the idea," I objected. "Here it is," and
I typed:

"DOROTHY MACKAILL—REALIST"

"What do you mean—realist?" she interrupted as I
went on typing:

"Just as Colleen Moore suggests a wide-eyed child look-
ing at life through a window of her doll's house, and
Corinne Griffith must always be the languid lady, impover-
ished perhaps, but still the  (Continued on page 120)
Here is one picture you will see no matter what I say about it. Who wants to miss Garbo's first talker—the first audible drama by the Swedish girl who has taken American audiences by storm? Greta, accent and all, speaks right up to the microphone. What is the result? Well, let's see. The vehicle is the grim, sordidly realistic play by Eugene O'Neill. It is not pretty. It is not glamorous. It gives the star no opportunity to wear the exotic clothes for which she is famous. In her role of the daughter of the coal-barge captain she appears first in a bedraggled suit, topped by a funny hat; then in an unbecoming slicker; and for the most part of the action, in an uncompromisingly everyday rough sweater and skirt. She is no lady of the fine world; she's a girl of the half world. And for the first time, we are permitted to pity the great Garbo. Always before we have been a little in awe of her beauty and mystery. Now she is a deserted child, a wronged girl, a pitiful woman. And I think you will take her to your hearts. Her voice is as unique as she is; the accent not as strong as you expect. She has mastered the new technique of the talkers to an amazing degree. Charles Bickford is very, very good as Anna's lover—rich brogue and all.

Son of the Gods

What is it about Barthelmess? With audiences laughing at love scenes, Dick dares to offer pure, unadulterated romance in large doses in his latest picture. And not a laugh! The scenes between the star and Miss Constance Bennett are watched in respectful silence, broken only by a long-drawn sigh or two. It must be Dick's earnest, almost defiant sincerity. Who would dare to laugh at Barthelmess? Here he harks back a little to his "Broken Blossoms" mood. Again he plays an Oriental in love with a beautiful Occidental girl. Frank Lloyd has directed some really stirring scenes of the racial clash topped by a neat little lesson in brotherly love. One scene stands out as the most startling and unexpected of the month: that in which the girl, discovering the boy she loves is Chinese, strides in to their rendezvous in her smart riding clothes and slaps him with her whip. Again—no audience hysteria. Barthelmess and Lloyd have their own secret of showmanship. Barthelmess is restrained and dignified. And with a gallant gesture he turns over half the close-ups to Miss Bennett. What a glamorous girl! Next to Garbo I think she has more sheer witchery than any woman on the screen. And she is an actress as well.

Seven Days Leave

I hope you like this picture. I hope you will go to see it and applaud it, and then tell your friends to go to see it, too. Films like "Seven Days Leave" deserve all the encouragement we can give them. They supply all the proof necessary that good things can come out of Hollywood and are coming as fast as the public will accept them. Don't forget the producers will make more artistic films as soon as you, the little old audience, will pay to see them. Here is Barrie, deliciously directed by Richard Wallace, a young poet in celluloid. All the Barrie whimsy and charm are present. If you aren't interested in Barrie, try Gary—I mean Mr. Cooper, whose first starring film this is. Paramount has done a rather brave thing in presenting its tall idol in a picture untainted by commercialism. And Gary justifies their faith in him by giving his first, as far as I'm concerned, real characterization. He is that long, lanky young Canadian in kilts; that boy of the Black Watch in the world war whose leave in London turns into such an amazing and touching adventure. Beryl Mercer's performance is exquisite. Please see this. As long as Paramount continues to produce Barrie's plays so beautifully there is nothing much the matter with the movies.
Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects the Six Most Important Films of the Month

The Rogue Song

I GIVE you a new idol—Lawrence Tibbett. Although he comes straight from the Metropolitan Opera House, he inspires no awe. He's as hearty and human as our own boys. Bancroft is no more masculine. And his voice—ah, that voice! Rudy may croon, but Larry sings; and his magnificent baritone will sweep you away with him as he carries off his proud princess, Catherine Dale Owen, in this Lionel Barrymore fairy tale. "The Rogue Song" is Lawrence Tibbett. Nothing else matters. And that is fortunate; for the music, with the exception of the ancient and honorable Melody of Love, with new lyrics, is not noteworthy; and the direction is old-fashioned; and the sets—words fail me. With all nature at their door, these movie men have borrowed the painted scenery of the operetta stage. Why, in the name of Technicolor? The acquisition of Tibbett was a master-stroke. You have heard screen snatches of Martinelli and other operatic voices; but you are on good terms with Tibbett from the very first scenes of this operetta. And you like him more and more as he sings and swaggers his way through the florid piece. He is robust, with ingratiating blue eyes. For all its merits "The Rogue Song" fairly moans for the master hand of a director like Lubitsch.

Hit the Deck

A hi, there, Jack Oakie! If Greta Garbo hadn't beat you to it, you would have won Screenland's Honor Page this month. See you? Yes, see me. Ladies first, Mr. Oakie. But you have only started. You're acting better and better, and first thing you know you'll walk right off with that page, Garbo or no Garbo. "Hit the Deck" is a swell musical show, a speedy screen version of the popular musical comedy with the same popular songs and a few new ones. The old tunes can stand repetition, particularly when Polly Walker sings them. This girl from the stage is sweet and sincere and she has a voice. She is an excellent foil for the brash and buoyant Oakie. This boy measures up to none of the standards for screen stardom; he isn't handsome; he hasn't much of a voice; his dancing is indifferent. But in the words of the old song, 'He's got that thing,' and that's all he needs. He sets a new style in screen love scenes. He walks in, drinks a cup of coffee, and walks out again. But he comes back—you knew he would. Somehow Mr. Oakie manages to invest the supposedly comic proceedings with a certain engaging reality. The Hallelujah number just misses being a big moment. The negro chorus was splendid—and then on come the dancing girls!

Hell Harbor

D o you have that tired feeling? Do you wish you could get away from it all? Then see "Hell Harbor." It will fix you up. It will make you forget all the hours you have spent watching back-stage and court-room and flaming youth films. It's guaranteed to cure the worst case of extreme ennui brought on by an overdose of synchronized boom-boom. In other words, see it. Lupe Velez is the star. The leading man is John, once known as Clifford Holland, who in spite of or maybe because of a bored and lackadasical technique in the amorous episodes steps right up with the important heroes from now on. There is no other director who can produce melodrama with the easy swing and casual cruelty of Henry King. Lovely belle of the Caribbees whose rascally father wants to marry her to Jean Hersholt; young trader who arrives in nick of time and against his better judgment is involved in her family affairs. Somebody's sense of humor has saved the plot by writing in sophisticated dialogue in tense moments. When heroine tells hero he must save her from worse-than-death, he laughs: "Why, they don't do that sort of thing any more!" Just what we were thinking. Lupe is gorgeous—prettier than ever—a small sensation.
Behind the Makeup

PROVING that the old-fashioned movie is slowly but surely biting the dust, there's little of the ancient hokum about “Behind the Makeup.” Not that it is a masterpiece, mind you; but it has intelligence, good taste, and absorbing characterization. Robert Milton has let us look into the lives of four people—an egotistical, fascinating Italian actor, a sweet and loyal woman, a faithful clown, and a real vamp—not one of your melodramatic lassies, but a cold-blooded enchantress superbly played, in the few scenes allotted her, by the elegant Kay Francis. The clown, Hal Skelly, loves the nice girl, Fay Wray; but the Italian, William Powell, wows and wins her. Enter the siren—and disaster. Powell’s performance is masterly. “Behind the Makeup” is as smooth and mellow as an old novel or old wine—that is, as smooth as I understand old wine to have been.

Their Own Desire

ORMA SHEARER in a Joan Crawford rôle! How do you like her? Norma’s latest part is no Mary Daguer or Mrs. Cheyney but it proves the Shearer versatility. She plays a ‘modern girl’ whose devotion to her father suffers a severe set-back when he leaves her mother for another woman. And when the ‘only boy’ turns out to be the son of the same ‘other woman’ Norma is in a movie heroine’s quandary. But you know these modern maidens, or you should by this time. They fight through to happiness, no matter what happens; and plenty does in this picture, including a storm which casts up girl and boy on a deserted if not a desert island. Norma’s Ophelia scene proves once more that this Shearer girl is a grand actress with great tragic potentialities. Robert Montgomery is just about the nicest ‘only boy’ in talking pictures. He is always believable.

Little Johnny Jones

MEET Eddie Buzzell in “Little Johnny Jones.” I know you’re going to like him. While the director hasn’t given this pint-sized comedian the opportunities he has had in his stage vehicles, just to have Eddie with us on the screen is something. His performance of the little jockey in the old George M. Cohan classic is splendid, and he gives us at least one poignant emotional scene which is worthy of Chaplin. If you like horse races—as who doesn’t—there are plenty of thrills for you. Father and mother will enjoy hearing Eddie sing those old-timers, Give My Regards to Broadway and I’m a Yankee Doodle Dandy. The ladies in the case are Alice Day and Edna Murphy, and I’ll let you figure out which one of them is out for no good. But the picture is entirely Mr. Buzzell’s. Welcome to our celluloid, Eddie!

Glorifying the American Girl

AS far as I’m concerned all that this picture glorifies is Mr. Eddie Cantor. Not since Chaplin’s palmiest pictures has a comedian done such things to me. And I wasn’t the only one rolling in the aisles. That audience took a new lease on life when the fresh little fellow walked into the tailor shop and began his forcible selling. The Cantor comedy runs only a reel or so but it’s the funniest thing the talkies have produced. The action and dialogue never lag for an instant; it’s fast and furious fun. Mary Eaton is the star of the feature picture with its Ziegfeldian trimmings which relates the progress of a pretty blonde from music counter to Broadway bright lights. Helen Morgan and Rudy Vallee, whose voices are their fortunes, appear in the revue. But Cantor’s sketch puts the picture over for me. More, more!
Across the World with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson

TRAVEL pictures have kept up with the times. You might think the talkies would scare them, but our intrepid explorers are right on the job as usual. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson can talk as well as they can shoot, and do, too. Their first sound film records their latest exploring adventures, introduces the three Boy Scouts who accompanied them on part of the journey; and includes those hair-raising cannibal close-ups you may have seen before in other Johnson epics. Cannibal conversation is not recorded. You can't carry sound equipment into the jungles. But Mr. Johnson’s reassuring voice explains the pictures in informal style as they unreel and Osa, the little woman, contributes her very feminine comments. The Scouts are potential leading men and Hollywood will get them one of these days if they don’t watch out.

New York Nights

I WAS so glad to see Norma Talmadge on the screen again. I’m afraid I can’t be too critical of her come-back vehicle. The first Talmadge talker isn’t remarkable, but the re-appearance of the star is such good news it disarms analysis. Norma’s voice is reassuring. You will like it immensely; it enhances her personality. “New York Nights” as you may have guessed is another back-stage story but don’t let that worry you too much. It is more human than most, concerning itself in believable fashion with a song-writer whose lovely wife sticks to him through thick and thin—and sometimes his behavior is very thick indeed. The wife is pursued by a rich rogue but persists in her devotion ‘to the irresponsible boy of tin-pin alley. Miss Talmadge’s position on the talking screen is secure. Gilbert Roland is good in a mean role.

Navy Blues

I’m all worn out crying for bigger and better stories for William Haines. And this isn’t one. So what I can do except tell you that if you are a Haines fan you’ll probably weaken and like “Navy Blues” anyway; and if you aren’t it doesn’t matter. This film is as fresh as a sea-going gob looks. Bill plays a sailor in port on leave who meets Anita Page. No, you’re wrong. She falls for him. And she leaves her happy home only to learn that he doesn’t take her as seriously as he should. That’s a situation for you—the trouble is, this is a Haines comedy; and wisecracks and heavy drama don’t mix. Clarence Brown, one of our best directors, isn’t as versatile as all that. Just to relieve your minds, there’s a happy ending. But if you don’t like “Navy Blues” don’t blame the hard-working star or his luscious leading lady.

Men Without Women

HERE is that picture you have been looking for—a ‘drama that’s different.’ It’s enacted by an all-male cast; not a skirt of any length listed. And it writes a new definition of that good old adjective ‘gripping.’ John Ford has directed with understanding and irony this suspenseful story of fourteen men trapped in a stalled submarine at the bottom of the sea. Believing they have only a few hours to live the crew reveal their hearts and souls. Here is real drama, daring, powerful. It holds undivided audience attention in a single setting for an hour. “Men Without Women”—with apologies to Ernest Hemingway who first thought of the title—should not be missed. The acting is superb, with Kenneth McKenna walking off with first honors and Frank Albertson a close second. A great big bouquet for John Ford.
It's a Great Life

Oh, it is, is it? Yes, say the Duncan Sisters. Well, maybe they never saw "Broadway Melody." Back-stage life with its joys and sorrows was all right then, but I'm a little fed up with it by this time. No fault of the lively hard-working Duncans or the personable Larry Gray. They do their best vocally and comically, and that's pretty good.

The Locked Door

Howdy, old-timer! Seems incredible that anyone could take seriously the old plot of the pretty wife who doesn't tell her husband—and then she is mixed up in a near-murder and he finds out. And after all, there was nothing to tell. Barbara Stanwyck, pretty and well-behaved, deserves a far, far better chance. As for Rod La Rocque, he is badly cast.

The Night Ride

If you can believe Joseph Schildkraut in the rôle of a breezy reporter involved in melodramatic underworld doings, you can believe anything. Somehow he doesn't look comfortable in such sordid surroundings. The handsome Joseph and pretty Barbara Kent are overshadowed by the performance of Edward G. Robinson as a racketeer—here is real acting.

Spring

Two reels of the most delicious nonsense ever concocted. Just a series of synchronized animated cartoons by Walt Disney, but what cartoons! All of nature's wild flowers and birds and froggies and buggies indulge in hilarious dances to celebrate the vernal season. I've heard this short subject receive more applause than the feature. You'll love it.

Lilies of the Field

Corinne, how could you? This picture is far from worthy of an orchid lady's talents. It's a slow-moving talking version of the more or less familiar stage play and will do little to enhance the star's reputation. Corinne Griffith's delicate beauty and dramatic reticence are out of place in this tawdry tale. An effort to make the star just one of the girls never quite comes off. She remains as aloof as ever. As the wronged wife who turns show girl when her child is taken from her she gives a sincere performance but it isn't a Griffith rôle. Corinne dancing on a table at a wild party, or as the figurine in a mechanical ballet, is a waste of Corinne. An exquisite jewel deserves a Cartier setting. This certainly isn't one. Better luck next time.
The Bishop Murder Case

Here is your old friend, Philo Vance, again—but how he has changed! You'd never know him for the same sleuth—and indeed, he isn't. Formerly played by William Powell, his present portrayer is none other than the suave Basil Rathbone. I like both actors so I can't complain. Either one is perfectly all right with me. This S. S. Van Dine murder mystery has been produced in first-rate style. In fact, I can think of few other mystery dramas in which the identity of the murderer is so skillfully concealed until just the right moment for revelation. Rathbone is surrounded by such charming players as Leila Hyams and Roland Young. I can't help wishing that Mr. Young will have a real chance to click on the screen. He is really a rare comedian.

The Lone Star Ranger

For lovers of Zane Grey's western novels, this screen version of his popular book should satisfy. There is gorgeous scenery of the Rainbow Arch country of Utah, shot on the spot; plenty of authentic action; stalwart George O'Brien; and pretty Sue Carol as the young eastern girl who comes west and finds love, adventure, and complications. A good western.

The Aviator

Edward Everett Horton has fallen heir to the imposter rôles Douglas MacLean used to do. Here Eddie plays a chap not at all aerial-minded who is forced by circumstances to take the air. Amusing in spots; and there is always Patsy Ruth Miller to enliven the proceedings. But why doesn't some smart director give Patsy a real chance to show what she can do?

Up the Congo

Grace Flandrau, the writer, and Alice O'Brien, the explorer, know their Africa. This travelogue is an interesting visual record of native life and dances and wild animals at play and bay. A talking reporter lectures as the film unfolds. Of absorbing interest to those who go in for cannibals and things like that, but not of sensational appeal.

Sugar-Plum Papa

Andy Clyde plays Sugar-Plum Papa—you're laughing already—wait, Daphne Pollard plays his social climbing wife and Harry Gribbon, their son. Harry is the fall guy: Mama wants him to marry the not-so-pretty Princess. But Harry has already set his heart on marrying Marjorie Beebe, the maid. After a theme song, many laughs and complications all end well.
Have You a

Charm is a Decided Asset Today and Its Upkeep Should Be Carefully Provided For

A budget for beauty? Why not? We budget everything else or if we don't, we should, according to the efficiency experts. So much for food, shelter, clothes, car fares, recreation and extras. Then we borrow from food to buy clothes and from clothes to buy a bargain in chintz and from recreation to get a marcel we didn't expect to have or a new shade of powder we want to try out! At least we do if we're that kind of person, and most of us are. And we never are quite able to keep ourselves supplied with the necessary aids to beauty.

So, I repeat, why not a beauty budget? So much for beauty. After all, beauty, charm, personality, whatever we call it, is an important phase of our existence and the necessary expense attending it should be as carefully provided for as any other.

Not only should we have the necessary aids to beauty—we should have time for beauty, too. That's what I mean by beauty budget. I don't mean an inelastic, strict routine that you can't get away from. System is good but it may be carried so far that it becomes tyranny.

I once knew a young housewife who budgeted every

minute of her day. She arose at a certain hour, allowed herself so many minutes to bathe and dress, so many minutes for breakfast, for bed-making, for dusting, and so on through the day. I never knew a woman who accomplished more—but I always wondered how she managed when a neighbor dropped in or the telephone rang unexpectedly or her husband came home half an hour early or an hour and a half late.

System is good, efficiency is splendid. A time for everything, yes. But oh, let's make it a bit elastic lest we lose out on a lot of things we ought to know and do and have.

This is what I would suggest if I had my way about it. To the housewife I would say: "Broil the chops, dust the rooms, and save some time for beauty." And to the professional and business girl I would say: "Paint a picture, write a book, perfect yourself in the art of being the best secretary in the world, but set aside some time,
Beauty Budget?

By Anne Van Alstyne

every day, for beauty.”

The modern girl doesn’t sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam. Whether she has to or not, she works at something. She’s in business or the professions or she does club or philanthropic work or goes in for athletics. No matter what she does, good grooming is important.

When, a few years ago, a few brave souls turned from school-teaching to learn typewriting, they did not realize that well-kept hair and hands and skin had anything to do with attaining success in the new world into which they had ventured. They wore white tailored waists with decent black skirts which came well down to the ankles. Powder and paint were not used, at least by ‘nice’ girls. If a girl starting out on a career of her own had taken the pains to make herself as charming as the average business girl does today she would have been set down as well, whatever they called a vamp in those days.

Today, charm is a decided asset in the world of business and of careers. Not mere surface beauty, but the vital, radiant beauty that has its beginning deep down within us where things are real, and shining like a white flame through a well-ordered, contented mind and a beautiful body has its perfect fruition in the face of its owner. And this beauty supplemented by exquisite care, grace of manner, charm of voice and keen intelligence will make for her advancement in any line of work.

Whether she works for money, for fun or for the good she may do, time is a precious consideration in the life of the modern girl. All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl; it detracts from her efficiency and also from her charm. How to be efficient, healthy and charming—that is the problem.

There are twenty-four hours in the day, so let’s get at the problem by dividing the day into thirds. Eight hours for serious purpose, eight hours for sleep, eight hours for rest and recreation.

Since sleep is essential to good health and to beauty, we can’t steal that time for beautifying, and we can’t steal from our working hours. So let’s take it from our play—

(Cont. on page 108)
“I couldn’t play around all day shooting pheasants—or golf—with nothing real to do,” said Derek Williams, the twenty-two year old nephew of the Marquis of Queensbury. Williams is the youngest of the three leads in the New York stage production of “Journey’s End,” the most popular of all war plays.

“After I finished public school, Winchester,” Williams continued, “I persuaded my people to let me go up to London to study for the stage at the Royal Academy. Here I was extraordinarily lucky, for while I was studying, I got my first job on the stage. So I worked in a double shift: studying in the day time, playing at night. It was a marvelous experience.”

Derek’s aristocratic English background, his slim, good looks, with wavy brown hair, perky nose and clear eyes, make him a good bet for talking pictures.

Williams had been playing in London but a short time before he was given one of the leads in the English company of “Journey’s End,” and later was brought to America where he has been enjoying the sights and sounds of Broadway.

Several moving picture companies have tried to procure the services of Derek. For, in addition to his decided dramatic ability, he is the fortunate possessor of a pleasant singing voice of tenor range, with a fine deep baritone quality. Williams expects to work for Oscar Hammerstein in a musical talker if Gilbert Miller, the well-known theatrical producer, will release him from his stage contract.

This sound film of Oscar Hammerstein’s will bring back to the screen one of our old time and well-loved favorites, Dorothy Dalton, Mrs. Hammerstein in private life. Dorothy is still very pretty, still has her dimples and charming smile. So with such an unusual Anglo-American alliance, we have something new to look forward to in the way of singing pictures.

“‘Oh, Hymie, Nils Asther and I are engaged!’

“That’s the way Jake broke the news to me. I was going over some songs when she rushed in and sprung it on me. I was so surprised all I could say was: ‘Gee, that’s great. Here, tell me—what key shall we sing this song in?’"
"Jakie looked at me a little sadly: 'Aren't you glad, Hymie? I'm so happy.' "

"Sure, I'm glad," I answered, "but here, tell me what key shall we sing this song in?"

Of course, you know that Hymie and Jakie are the nicknames of the famous sister team, Rosetta and Vivian Duncan.

Hymie (Rosetta), the older and cleverer, has always looked after Jakie (Vivian), the younger and prettier, since their mother died when they were young children playing marbles on the steps of the Los Angeles kindergarten. For years, the Duncans have toured this country and Europe, during which time Hymie has always been the leader, the business manager, and the one to whom Jakie brought all her troubles and joys. And that's no stage fiction, either. The love between these two sisters is something rare and beautiful.

"I want Jakie to be happily married," Hymie continued, "I want it more than anything else in the world. But when she sprung it on me sudden like that, I had to be banal or I would have wept on the spot.

"Any girl who has had a sister to whom she was really close will understand. I felt like I was losing my right hand or a piece of my heart. But I'm used to the idea now. We'll both keep on in our work, just as we are now. And I'm sure we'll be all the happier for this change."

The romance of Jakie and Nils has endured a long time. When Nils first came to America, he played with Jakie and Hymie in "Topsy and Eva." On location they fell in love. And it was here that Jakie taught Nils the English alphabet. But soon Nils went back to Sweden. He couldn't write to Jakie in English, and she couldn't write to him in Swedish—or Esperanto—so the romance waned.

However, true love being what it is in story books and on the stage and screen, the lovers have been re-united. Miss Duncan seems thrillingly and unsophisticatedly happy. She is sure a greater actor never lived than her Nils. She admires his dark handsomeness, his sense of humor, his dramatic ability—oh, just every— (Continued on page 107)
Come to a Barbecue

Hollywood Girls May Be Good Cooks, but Ken Maynard Says the Boys Aren’t So Bad, Either

When Hollywood tires of the formal there are always the great open spaces to draw famous picture stars back to nature. That they don’t object to being ‘drawn’ was proven recently when Ken Maynard gave a chuck wagon dinner at the ‘Happy Valley Ranch.’

It also proves that a man can get up just as good a meal as a woman can and not only ‘get it up’ but cook and serve it and do it exceptionally well. Despite the fact that men are accused of being in a rut when it comes to eating, a man-planned meal doesn’t lack variety; and if it does, it makes it up in quality.

It’s true that most men’s favorite dishes are ham and eggs, beans, steak, roast beef, cheese and pie. Try to take one of these established favorites away from him and he’s as lost as when you try to take an old hat away that he’s grown used to. Place before him a delicious and optically pleasing new pudding that you’ve put time and thought into the making of and he’s more than likely to look at it dubiously and say, “Isn’t there a piece of that apple pie left over from last night?” But even though men do stick to the old dishes, no one can deny that when they cook a meal they do it well, as all those who were fortunate enough to be included in Ken Maynard’s party will testify.

Major W. T. Hanford and E. Avery McCarthy were co-hosts with Ken. Mrs. Avery assisted in receiving the guests, sixty-five in number. These included Bebe Daniels, Mrs. Kenneth Maynard, Grace Norton, Virginia Lee, Mrs. Stuart Holmes, and Mrs. Robert Armstrong. Among the men present were Ben Lyon, Lew Cody, Al Rogell, Charles Christie, Gus Edwards, S. W. Strauss, Claude King, George Gros smith, Sam Hardy, James Crawford, William Davidson, Robert Armstrong, Al Christie, Alan Hale, Laurence Grant, Vivian Guy, Reginald Denny, David Torrence, and George Barraud.

The menu was barbecued steaks, ranch fried pota...
with Ken Maynard

By Emily Kirk

or is it the left? Anyway, Mrs. Ken Maynard, this one day, is having a good time.

FAVORITE RECIPES

Apple Pie

To two cups of flour use one-half cup shortening. Work to a paste, adding enough water to hold together. Roll out, line pan with dough, and slice apples into pan until filled. Add one cup of sugar, more if apples are very sour. Place dabs of butter over fruit, sprinkle with nutmeg and flour. Put top crust over, punch tiny holes in top and bake about forty-five minutes.

toes, baked beans flavored with onion and garlic, lettuce salad, home-made ice cream, and apple pie. A regular man's meal? Yes. But there were ladies present, remember, and if you think they didn't appreciate it, just ask them.

The barbecue took place near a spring of cool water. Long tables were arranged for the guests with tin plates and cups, kitchen knives, forks and spoons and paper napkins. Pitchers of milk were placed at intervals. The sizzling steaks over the coals whetted the appetite while the table was being set, also during the meal giving promise of 'more.' The food in covered dishes was placed on a long table near the fire and each guest took his plate and helped himself.

To barbecue a steak a wood fire is allowed to burn low and form a huge bed of coals. Iron grates are then placed over it and the steaks, well seasoned, are laid on the grates. When the steaks begin to brown they are turned with long forks to the other side, and this portion is allowed to cook. After turning two or three times the steaks are pronounced done. Generous dabs of butter are rubbed on the steaks and allowed to melt while being served.

With the steaks were served fried potatoes such as those of us who grew up on farms throughout the United States know well—the kind that one can consume unlimited quantities of, particularly in the open air. They are simply potatoes peeled, sliced and put in frying pans with hot fat, then salted and peppered and allowed to cook until done, turning from time to time to allow all the potatoes to brown. An onion cut in bits and fried with the potatoes adds flavor and zest.

While the meal was in progress a cowboy band played fiddles, banjos—all the instruments this same band plays while Ken is making pictures. During the meal Bebe Daniels stopped the show at one point because one fiddler stopped playing to watch Bebe go back for a second plate of beans.

(Continued on page 121)
I was chock-a-block with delightful memories of Grace George, both as woman and actress.

If there is a finer, more finished, more artistic, more intelligent portrayal of a female character on Broadway at the present time—or at any recent time—than Grace George as Janet Fraser, the widow of a Scotchman, the mother of two ridiculous sons (Ninian and Murdo by name, so help me Ervine!), and who is besieged by her first husband and yet another fellow (played inimitably by Lawrence Grossmith)—if, I say, there is an actress on the American stage today who can for one moment compare with Grace George in convincing simplicity, the art of motionless suggestion and subtly nuanced word-values, I would not be overjoyed in having some one prove it to me by naming her.

Grace George is a superb artist without artifice or theatricality. When you leave "The First Mrs. Fraser" (an entertaining trifle—nothing more—as a play) it is Grace George that walks home with you. A. E. Matthews was comic and self-conscious as James Fraser, the burry
in REVIEW

Scotchman. But Ninian and Murdo—I had no idea that Mr. Ervire was so subtle!

"Red Rust"

"Red Rust," which the Theater Guild studio (the Lunts, Digges, Westleys and Fontanne in the egg) put on as an experiment to show the world (that is, New York) what they were doing among the kids, was the surprise of the season. It made a hit.

And that is not the only surprising thing about this fascinating drama of Red Russia. "Red Rust" is Russia laughing at itself, kidding itself, pointing out to the world its disillusionments after ten years of an insane experiment as was ever attempted this side of the moon. That was, to me, the biggest surprise of all. "Red Rust" was written by two Russians and has been done in Moscow without being suppressed—which shows that tolerance and civilization may be possible among those most fanatical and diabolical of peoples, an introverted race of comical ballyachers.

On a background of Lenin's tomb and the Kremlin we are shown in many scenes the pure Babbitttry of Bolshevism: we have free-love Babbbits, anarchistic Babbbits, idealistic Babbbits, Marxian Babbbits, nihilistic Babbbits and, above all, the splendid figure of the hero, Terekhin (played finely by Herbert J. Bberman), who preys on women, deserts his wife, kills his sweetheart, cringes before punishment, loves life and spouts platitudinous rubbish just exactly like any capitalistic bunk-bawler.

"Red Rust" is a complete expose of the Lenin hokum, and as such is a blessing to those who believe, like myself, in the capitalistic organization of society. And I salute the two Russians who wrote it—also the Guild and the splendid cast that interprets.

"Children of Darkness"

"Children of Darkness," by Edwin Justus Mayer, is the most finely written play of the season—a literary gem, a carefully thought-out, perfectly wrought sardonic comedy built around as fine a collection of gentlemen as ever slit a throat. (Continued on page 128)
HOLLYWOOD was thrilled to hear that Charlie Chaplin and Lon Chaney would at last break their silence and emerge in talking pictures. It is true about Lon. His new contract calls for one talker and he has decided to take the plunge. His first will be "The Unholy Three," according to present plans, and will go speedily into production. He starred in the silent version two years ago. But Charlie spent some time framing up his denial of the report and many dollars on cable and telegraph money to flash that denial over the world. Charlie declares that he has built up his reputation on pantomime and that talking pictures would utterly destroy the illusion he has so carefully created. Charlie isn't ready to give in yet, and it is a question whether he ever will.

*R * *

Russell Gleason, son of that famous pair, Jimmy and Lucille, is coming right along on his own. He is playing Muller in "All's Quiet on the Western Front," in which Lew Ayres plays the juvenile lead and Louis Wolheim runs true to form. The company is on location at Balboa and army regulations and rules are in force. It is just like a real camp. "I suppose," said young Russell, "that they will give the story a happy ending and have Germany win the war."

* * *

"Garbo Talks!" We've noticed the M-G-M publicity department working themselves up to this sensational line, all that appears on the twenty-four-sheet billboards out here, for some months. We'll wager if the public were asked they wouldn't know whether they cared if Garbo talked or not. They'd go to see her anyway. But by the time they read about how she talks and why she talks and all the rest of it they won't be able to get a good night's sleep until they hear for themselves. And Greta makes good in a big way.

What a curious combination she is. She is turning out to be a real artist. Her word is law at the studio in which she works. Everyone takes her seriously. Yet she trembles like a child lost in the dark at the mere thought of meeting a stranger. The other day while taking a walk on a very quiet street, all dolled up in goggles and flat-heeled shoes, someone recognized her and said, "Why, that's Greta Garbo!" She almost broke into a run to escape the possible gathering of a crowd from neighboring houses.

* * *

When Herbert Brenon directed a picture in which Richard Dix and Betty Compson appeared some visitors came on the set. This upsets Mr. Brenon unless he knows who they are and why they are there, but this time he felt in a jovial mood and decided to give them something to talk about. "Now, Betty," he said, "please give me expression twenty-five in this, and Richard, I want thirty-four from you. No, that's twenty-one, Betty. I want twenty-five.
That's fine, Richard—well, it might be a more definite thirty-four—yes—that's fine!"

"Isn't that wonderful?" whispered one lady to another while the actors restrained their mirth with difficulty, "he directs by numbers!"

We must have our little jokes out here.

Nils Asther, who started with such promise, will finish his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at the conclusion of his present picture "The Sea Bat," and it will not be renewed. Mr. Asther speaks with an accent and Metro thinks it has enough to worry about without taking on the responsibilities of a foreign accent. So here's a good bet for another company. Nils is a fine actor and he is charming, too.

* * *

A few people on the Metro lot were struck dumb to see Gloria Swanson pay a visit to Mr. Cecil B. De Mille! Now you boys and girls who are bright at putting two and two together—what do you make of that? We never were much good at arithmetic ourselves but it looks as though it might add up to 'picture' to us. Maybe Gloria thinks Mr. De Mille can help her with "Queen Kelly," or maybe her erstwhile director has an idea for a picture in which she will star. Anyhow, something's in the wind or Gloria would never have made that visit.

* * *

Over on Paramount's stage three, Mary Brian and Richard Arlen are making love to each other again in "The Light of Western Stars," by Zane Grey.

"You should see the way we played our first scene together," Mary laughed.

"The script called for us to walk on the set slowly, hand in hand," Dick went on. "I grabbed Mary's wrist and off we went. 'Say, where's the fire?' our director shouted. You feel awfully self-conscious when you first do love scenes on the screen. When a girl twines her arms around you and you grip her in a bear-like hug you think desperately to yourself, 'Well, I suppose it's all right but it sure looks funny.'"

Dick tells a story about the team work he and Mary have been doing on so many pictures. In "The Virginian" Mary was supposed to be in love with Gary Cooper. During one of the love scenes Dick noticed that she kept looking over at him between scenes and later said to him, "Dick, do you know I feel as though I had been cheating a little!"

* * *

Clara Bow started off on her vacation to New York behaving rather like an ostrich. She put on big goggles thinking they covered everything. But there was the wild red hair curling in a million ringlets; there were the cute socks and bare legs; the hat with the funny feather; a baby doll tucked under one arm and—well, just nobody who had his sight would think it was anyone but Clara,
Jean Bary is blissfully unaware of Frank Fay's admiring glances. Both play in "Bright Lights."

Even though she did push through the mob declaring that "she didn't even know who Clara Bow was!"

Repeated rumors that Clara was through at Paramount are denied vehemently by that firm. Box-office returns still show that Clara leads in popularity. And box-office talks with any producer. Clara made up her mind to two things; she was going to get thin and she was going to take a real vacation. The first of these she has achieved. She weighs 120 pounds. Now comes the vacation. She is going to wave to the tall buildings in New York and then hurry back for her next picture which is already in preparation by the scenario department.

"Famous line, Number 36:
"What are you doing now, Fred?"
"We are preparing to start preparations to shoot," responded Fred Niblo.

"If you want to get into a studio and have no entrance," Bernard Grauville, who had been here three days, advised a friend who had been here two days, "just walk briskly through the gate and if the guard stops you, say 'Technicolor' and keep right on walking!"

Nancy Carroll warns SCREENLAND readers to know that the reason she couldn't come across with her copy this month is because she went to Honolulu on a vacation. She can't rest in Hollywood so she and her husband, Jack Kirkland, stepped on a boat and sailed away. She'll be back soon to play in "The Devil's Holiday." Phillips Holmes will play opposite her. Poor Phillips is another victim of the dyed hair craze now flooding Hollywood. He has to play a Kansas farmer. "Well, that's what we were told when we asked how come. And who are we to question? We only stopped in Kansas a week."

Gary Cooper just bought a new dude ranch in Kingman, Arizona, which his father will manage for him. He is going to import a lot of buffalo from Montana which will not be for game. There are a terrible lot of acres on it—just how many we have forgotten. But having this ranch has been an ambition of Gary's for a long time and he can't help looking pleased about it.

All the old timers were lined up on the Metro stage one day during the taking of their picture by the same name: De Wolfe Hopper, Weber and Fields, William Collier, Fay Templeton and the rest. Polly Moran walked up and down looking at them critically, then went over and tapping Harry Rapt on the shoulder said anxiously: "Harry, you'll have to shoot this picture soon!" Why, Miss Moran!
For the first time in a good many years Cecil B. De Mille is making a picture without Peverel Marley as cameraman. The reason is a good one. Pev has turned actor. He is in vaudeville with his wife, Lina Basquette, as her dancing partner.

* * *

What a surprise Reginald Denny sprang on everyone. Few people knew that Reg has a voice, but not much escapes the watchful eye of Cecil De Mille in the way of talent. It seems that Reg sang Prince Damo in "The Merry Widow" in London and was featured in "The Pirates of Pemance" and "The Mikado." Also, he was a familiar figure on the Winter Garden stage. Knowing all this, Mr. De Mille engaged him to play the leading male rôle in "Madam Satan," which will not be exactly a musical comedy but rather a comedy with music.

* * *

Just when we were expecting something exciting to be announced about June Collyer and Buddy Rogers he starts going around with Claire Windsor again!

Buddy and his family, meaning his mother and father, took John Craig Hammond's house in Beverly for a few months. They likewise inherited Mr. Hammond's two prized Filipino servants, Edicio and his brother. About the fourth morning, a Sunday, Edicio didn't show up for breakfast although it was nearly eleven. Mr. Rogers went to the garage over which the boys have their rooms and called. No answer. He went up and found the boys unconscious. Because of the cold they had turned on the gas heater and not opened the windows. Mr. Rogers called Buddy and they both worked over the boys until the firemen came with the pulmotors. The doctors at the hospital where they were taken said Buddy and his father saved the boys' lives.

Mr. Hammond went to them as soon as he heard of the accident and his was the first face Edicio saw when he recovered consciousness. "Oh, Mista Hammond, my Mista Hammond," he sobbed. "You tell me be good boy and the first thing I do I no can get Mista Buddy Rogers' breakfast!"

Both boys were out of danger in three or four days and back at work in ten.

* * *

A strange thing happened to Arthur Lake during a recent trip to New York. He dreamed his favorite dog Bummer was dead. So strong was the impression left by the dream that after fretting all day he actually called Hollywood that evening. The housekeeper answered the telephone. "How's Bummer?" Arthur asked immediately. "Well, I don't like to tell you, Mr. Lake," she began. "I know," replied Arthur. "Bummer's dead."

And he was.
"Women always buy cheap stocks," declared Mervyn LeRoy when Bernice Claire told him she had invested in a new company putting out a device to be used in the picture business. It was selling for fifty cents a share. "I'll tell you a good one to buy, Bernice, Mustache Cups, Inc. Beards are coming in again!"

As for Mervyn, he's off stocks for life. "I don't care if they go to four thousand a share, I'm not buying any more of them."

Bodil Rosing was explaining to us the meaning of names in her country. Now over here Jane is Jane, and that's that. But in Denmark and a few other countries names have significance. For instance Bodil, pronounced Boddhill, means healer of battle wounds, and her friends say that Bodil has healing hands. Her two daughters are named Tove (Mrs. Monte Blue) and Saime. They are pronounced Tove and Sime. Tove means dove while Saime means lake with a thousand eyes.

We don't know what Bodil looked like when she was eighteen but she is certainly a beautiful woman today. She is essentially a mother type and the fan letters she receives from people who long to be mothered are very touching. Some are old people and some are young people, but all are heart-hungry and reach out to one who they think will give them good advice. And she does. Bodil answers all letters she believes sincere.

She has just finished "Hello, Sister" for James Cruze, with Olive Borden and Lloyd Hughes.

No wonder they don't get on very fast in the art of picture making in England. Here we work people to death and there they don't work them half enough. According to Irving Asher, who ought to know since he was general manager for a British film company, they saunter to work at ten in the morning. Tea is served at eleven-thirty, lunch from one to two, tea at four and home at five-thirty!

Carmel Myers is finding out that it is difficult to be a good wife. When she and her husband, Ralph Blum, made their first trip together he gave Carmel two bundles which he had packed himself, not taking any chances. "Now this one goes in the trunk and that one in our suitcase for the train," he said. "Yes, darling," replied Carmel and taking them to her maid explained that "this one went in the trunk and that one in the suitcase for the train." And Carmel never will know what happened but when they got on the train 'this one' had mysteriously gotten into the suitcase and 'that one' must have been put in the trunk! And poor Ralph hadn't a clean collar or a shirt to his name until they reached Chicago where he crashed the baggage car and opened his trunk.

This bit of news came to us one day about Ruth Roland from rather an unusual source. You know how that bathroom faucet sometimes loses a washer—well, ours isn't a bit above doing it so we sent for the plumber. He told us...
that at Christmas time when he was doing a job at Mrs. Ben Bard's he was surprised to see a truck at the door and a lot of bundles being thrown into it. From the house boy he discovered that Ruth Roland had bought shirts, pants and blankets for over a hundred veterans at the Old Soldiers Home at Savetelle. And not a word about it to her press agent, either.

Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels are scheduled to play together in "Smooth as Satin," Bebe's next, and this time it looks as though it would take. Ben is just winding up a two months' engagement in "The Boomerang" at the El Capitan Theater in which he plays the love-sick youth in a convincing manner that has won him much praise. Tom Moore and Kay Hammond are the other headliners in the piece. The production schedule overlaps the stage run a bit so for about a week Ben will be doing day and night duty.

Betty Pierce, who fascinated New York for over two years as Tondeleyo in "White Cargo," has been signed to play a prominent part in "Smooth as Satin" with Bebe and Ben. It will be Betty's film debut and she says she has never dreaded anything so much in her life as her first day at the studio. To step into an unknown world, work with a strange medium where people use familiar terms that are unfamiliar to her—"Oh, a first night is a picnic compared to it," she declared.

However, Betty has personality plus and she'll get along. She is the sort of person you like immediately. She has a piquant little face with red-gold hair that curls in ringlets all over her head, and her voice is beautiful with a resonance and carrying quality that should record very well.

The day before she started on the RKO picture, Universal called her. It seems that her test with them was fine. "When are you through at RKO?" Universal wanted to know. "Why, I haven't even started yet," gasped Betty. "Well, let us know soon as you can—ahead of time," said they. Betty is 'over!'

Loretta Young is Mrs. Grant Withers, and that's all there is to it! You know Grant Withers and Loretta Young, who have been engaged to each other for months, suddenly eloped in a plane to Yuma, Arizona, and got married. Loretta's mother met the homecoming plane and told the young couple in words of one syllable that there was to be nothing to the marriage. She declared her daughter to be too young, but said that if when Loretta became of age they still felt the same way about it then she would have no further objections. Both young people bowed to her will. Loretta went home with her mother. Then Grant and his bride thought it all over and decided they couldn't live without each other, so Loretta went to join her nice new husband. Who says there is no real romance in Hollywood? Mr. and Mrs. Grant Withers are "at home" in a duplex apartment, which though spacious and modern is nevertheless just a cosy little love nest.
Their Own Travelogue

Mary and Doug Co-Star in “Around the World for Fun”

S. S. Cathay, enroute from Port Said to Colombo. Doug's binoculars don't focus right or something. "Don't worry about it," says Mary. "We're on vacation."

Below: This famous couple have been photographed in almost every country in the world, but never before have they found themselves thus silhouetted against Egyptian skies.

Mary is acquiring a nice coat of Egyptian tan, while Doug tells himself he's glad they brought along their good warm coats. You never can tell about weather.

Below: Among the temples and tombs of Luxor. Jack Pickford (left) is shooting a bit of Egyptian atmosphere. What a location!

We had hoped Egyptian donkeys would be more picturesque. If we were Mary and Doug we wouldn't feel safe just holding onto his ears.

In a vast outdoor museum. Doug looks as though for half a cent he'd start clambering over the ruins just to see if they're real.

Among the temples and tombs of Luxor. Jack Pickford (left) is shooting a bit of Egyptian atmosphere. What a location!

We had hoped Egyptian donkeys would be more picturesque. If we were Mary and Doug we wouldn't feel safe just holding onto his ears.

In a vast outdoor museum. Doug looks as though for half a cent he'd start clambering over the ruins just to see if they're real.
Crisp Dialogue from Current Films

From “Hit the Deck”:

Looloo (Polly Walker): “He—he kissed me! It was a beautiful kiss!”

Lavinia (Margaret Padula): “Well, sailors ought to know how to make ’em beautiful—they get enough practise.”

Mrs. Payne (Ethel Clayton): “But, dear, you only saw him once.”

Looloo (Polly Walker): “It’s not the times you see a person that counts. It’s what happens when you do see him.”

From “Their Own Desire”:

Jack (Robert Montgomery): “Haven’t you a heart at all?”

Lally (Norma Shearer): “Something’s beating.”

Jack: “That’s just a big muscle that pumps your blood.”

From “Behind the Makeup”:

Marie (Fay Wray): “Yes, I know—I understand.”

Hap (Hal Skelly): “Yeah! Women believe everything an Italian tells ’em. Tell ’em the time of day in Italian and they think it’s poetry.”

From “Glorifying the American Girl”:

Gloria (Mary Eaton): “Now, Buddy, you’ve been reading your fairy tales again—and the little Princess waited for her little Prince Charming!” No, darling, not for Gloria. I want to do things and go places before I settle down and raise a lot of little passengers for the subway.”
ASK ME

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Miss Vee Dee is a great favorite with Miss Vee Dee's readers. Clara's next talker will be "The Humming Bird."

F rances from Portland, Oregon.
Will I make room for you, cow-boys and everything, tightin' hand and foot, to say nothing of tooth and nail? You think I'm scared, don't you? Sue Carol, whose real name is Evelyn Lederer, was born October 30, 1908, in Chicago, Ill. She has brown eyes, dark brown hair, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She had been married and divorced before becoming the wife of Nick Stark. Some of Nick's pictures are: "The River Pirate," "The News Parade," "Girls Gone Wild," "Joy Street," and "Why Girls Leave Home.
Audrey Ferris was born August 30, 1909, in Detroit, Michigan. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born December 7, 1907, in New York City. Joan Crawford was born March 23, 1908.

Ellen W. of Haverhill, Mass. No, it's not true that Clara Bow died two years ago and another girl has taken her place; so take out the little hanky and dry your tears. Zasu Pitts, the girl with the soulful eyes, plays with Edmund Lowe and Constance Bennett in "This Thing Called Love.
Ramon Novarro's new film, in which he sings and talks, is "Devil-May Care" with Dorothy Jordan.


Miss Josephine of Victoria. B. C. Can Adolphe Menjou talk? Sure, he's a fine talker. Could anything be grander than his spoken lines in his last American picture, "Fashions in Love"? He was born February 18, 1890, in Pittsburgh, Pa. He has dark blue eyes, dark brown hair, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 147 pounds. His wife is Kathryn Carter, who is also in pictures. Read the swell story about Adolphe in this issue.

Nancy of Warren, Ohio. You are not the only one who is 'that way' about Lane Chandler. Come on, Lane, show us some talkie stuff—we know you can do it. You may write him at Paramount Studios, 1411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. He was born June 4, 1901, in Colbertton, Mont. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 187 pounds and has blue eyes and red hair. He has appeared in "Red Hair" with Clara Bow: "Love and Learn" with Esther Ralston; "The Big Killing" with Mary Brian; "The First Kiss" with Fay Wray and Gary Cooper; and "The Wolf of Wall Street" with George Bancroft and Nancy Carroll.

Shirley O. of Coldwater, Mich. Do all girls use makeup? My observation is, most girls use it because they haven't the face to go without it. "The Office Scandal," "The Shady Lady," and "Thunder" were Phyllis Haver's last screen appearances. Raquel Torres played with Monte Blue in "White Shadows of the South Seas." Lina Basquette played opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Wheel of Chance." John Barrymore's new picture is "General Crack" with Marian Nixon. Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille Le Sueur.

Future Star from Surry, England. Glad to meet you. So I'm a sure cure for the blues. Right-o and that's what they all say, but how can I prove it? William Powell was born in Kansas City on July 29, 1892. He was educated in Pittsburgh, Pa., and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City. He has brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall, and weighs 168 pounds. He spent 10 years on the stage and has been in pictures since 1921, his first role being with John Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes." His latest release is "Behind the Makeup," with Fay Wray, Kay Francis, Hal Skelly and Paul Lukas.

Virginia from Hornell, N. Y. Tumble out of the old mahogany four-poster and listen to this about "The Vagabond Lover" with the croonin' singer, Rudy Vallee, Sally Blane, Marie Dressler and Rudy's Connecticut Yankees. Miss Dressler's work is a knock-out and believe me I'm not waiting for a street car when I say that. Charles (Buddy) Rogers was born August 13, 1905. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall.

Ophelia H. of St. Joseph, Mo. So you read my offerings in the 'show me' section of the U. S. A. Now I have to make good. 1904, in St. Louis, Mo. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her husband is William Setter, the director. Her new film is "La Marseillaise" with John Boles. Betty Arlen is not related to Richard Arlen. His real name is Richard van Mattmore.

Ruth W. of Kokomo, Ind. The height of something or other is reached when a bevy of high-school girls go into conference. I am right? Don't tell me. John Boles is under contract to Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. "The Little Angel" was the working title of "A Lady of Chance." No, James Murray is not a comedian, just an actor and a damned good one at that. It's hard to keep track of the various hues of hair the stars work under but just now Clara Bow's hair is red. Alma H. from Little Rock, Ark. Thanks for the vigorous boost you have given my liniment compounds. Ronald Colman appears in "Condemned" with Ann Harding, that sweet-enough-to-eat young person. "The Marriage Playground," with Mary Brian, Fredric March, Luise Tashman, Philippe de Lacy, Anita Louise, Little Mitzi and a dozen other players, was adapted from Edith Wharton's story, "The Children." Little Mitzi is the new child wonder, who has been given a long-term contract with Paramount.

Mattie of Tenn. Edna Wallace Hopper doesn't know what to do—she looks 20, 30 or 40 and boasts of some 60 odd years, so what's the answer? Thomas Edwin Mix was born January 6, 1887, in El Paso, Texas. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 150 pounds. He has been married twice. You can reach Corrine Griffith at First National Studios Burbank, Cal. Her latest release is "Tillies of the Field."

Katherine of Alabama. What wrong number do you call to get the right number? Stand by while I look it up but don't keep your fingers crossed. May McAvoy was born in 1901 in New York City. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 4 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 94 pounds. Malcolm MacGregor was born October 13, 1896, in Newark, N.J. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. Billie Dove was born May 14, 1904. Her latest picture is "The Painted Angel" with Edmund Lowe.

Geraldine G. of E. Liberty, Pa. My department store is closed all day, so let's come on, children, brother and sister fans, and hearken to your great-auntie. Vee Dee. Sally Blane played opposite Tom Mix in "Horsemen of the 4th olive," Dolores Del Rio was born Aug. 3, 1905, in Durango, Mexico. Her latest release is "Evangelina."

Elizabeth E. of Easton, Pa. You are a great reader of Screechnard, are you? That's fine, for I love to meet the great and the near great—in fact, we celebrities must all stick together. Clara Bow has red hair and blue eyes and weighs 110 pounds. Her latest release was "The Saturday Night Kid."

Miss E.S. of Musical Lake, Wash. You want me to find your movie sister for you. Georgiana Sands, where are you? I have located stranger things than movie sisters. Anita Louise, Miss Cooper's real name is Frank J. Cooper and he has dark brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. He gets his fan mail at Paramount Studios, 5411 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. His latest release is "The Virginian."

In New York—Continued from page 93

thing! And if she keeps that up, I can't predict anything but a happy married life for her.

There's no getting away from it, that was a swell luncheon party that Warner Brothers threw for Oscar Strauss, the Viennese composer of "The Chocolate Soldier" and "The Waltz Dream," the other day at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York. More than a hundred composers, including Percy Heldebr, George Gershwin, and John Philip Sousa, and writers were sitting around the enormous horse-shoe shaped table when Mr. Strauss was called upon to make a speech.

Now lots of speeches had been made, some superfluous and wise-cracking. But Strauss rose and quite simply said: am happy to be in America where the Warner Brothers have invited me, to write music for taking pictures, a medium in which I am much interested. I thank you all for coming here to meet me. Then he sat down.

Oscar Strauss is a man in his late fifties, with a homely droll smile. He seems delighted to be in this country and makes no secret about it. Mrs. Strauss, who accompanied him, is a pretty, plump woman who wears her clothes admirably.

The high light of the occasion to my mind, however, was the sincere and earnest speech which Harry Warner made. He told of how 1904, the late Harry Warner, Sam, had envisioned this wonderful invention, the Vitaphone. How he had worked to have it accepted, and how he died before he saw the fruition. Maybe I'm a sentimentalist, but I felt proud as I looked at Warner. Proud that in this day and in this country, the Warner Brothers have promoted an invention which will bring happiness, beauty and education to the millions of people throughout the world. And one of the best steps in this direction was inviting Oscar Strauss to America. If he can recapture one tenth of the lyrical quality he put into "The Chocolate Soldier" so many years ago, the original creator, I think, will bring back to us that refreshing musical quality which is rarely heard in this day of monotonous music and openly pirated operatic and symphonic themes.

What a girl Claudette Colbert is! The other day, over at the Paramount Studio in Lone Island, I had a talk with her while she was working with Maurice Chevalier on his new picture "The Big Pond."

Claudette, as you perhaps are aware, was born in France and came here to America as a young girl. She soon went on the stage and has appeared in many Broadway successes.

She is one of the most magnetic women I have ever met. Exceedingly pretty, black hair, black eyes, and that most sweet—there's no other word for it—figure I've ever seen. It's thin but it's round. The perfect figure for present-day fashions. She wore a beaded gown, closely fitted to waist and hips. And the contrast between that and her olive skin was something to rave about.

Between takes at Lone Island Studio, Miss Colbert teaches Mr. Chevalier American slang, and it is most amusing to hear Chevalier at:

"French may be the language of poets," Miss Colbert explained, "the language in which you can get the finest nuances or shades of emotional feeling, but really to tell the world what you mean and tell it quickly, nothing is so expressive as American slang. Don't you think so, Mr. Chevalier?"

"You are said a mouthful, Claudette," Chevalier replied.

It is seldom that any one person can cause New York to rear on its home town up to, others admit it. John Gilbert is 38 years old. He was married to Ina Claire on May 9, 1929. Jackie Coogan has made a picture since "The Bugle Call." He has been in a military school since touring the states in vaudeville. Gary Cooper appears in "The Virginian" with Mary Brian, Richard Arlen and Walter Huston.

Sylvia of Texas. Of course you may ask me the ages of the stars but I'm not about to be able to tell you. I remember nothing above it, others admit it. John Gilbert is 38 years old. He was married to Ina Claire on May 9, 1929. Jackie Coogan has made a picture since "The Bugle Call." He has been in a military school since touring the states in vaudeville. Gary Cooper appears in "The Virginian" with Mary Brian, Richard Arlen and Walter Huston.

The Heat of the Sun is the great mother of the people, the Holy Water, the Holy Spirit. The sun is the friend of all men, yet men are afraid of him. The sun is the bringer of life, yet men are afraid of him. The sun is the giver of light, yet men are afraid of him. The sun is the bringer of warmth, yet men are afraid of him. The sun is the source of all beauty, yet men are afraid of him. The sun is the provider of all food, yet men are afraid of him. The sun is the giver of all knowledge, yet men are afraid of him. The sun is the giver of all joy, yet men are afraid of him. The sun is the giver of all peace, yet men are afraid of him. The sun is the giver of all love, yet men are afraid of him. The sun is the giver of all happiness, yet men are afraid of him. The sun is the giver of all, yet men are afraid of him.
Have You a Beauty Budget?—Continued from page 91

time, and make it as pleasurable as possible. It need not be a great deal of time, but must be systematically and harmoniously done.

No, I can’t plan this for you, girls. Conditions vary, and so do girls! What one needs to specialize on, another girl may slight. One girl may need a special beautifying stunt in the evening; another will find it more convenient to do them in the morning or afternoon. This is why I have given general suggestions, which you may adapt to your own need.

Decide what things you need to do for beauty’s sake and do them seven regularly, that is, every day. The actual care of hair, hands, skin and teeth need not take more than a half hour a day if you set aside an extra half hour on certain days or evenings for special tasks.

About once in two weeks, take inventory of your beauty supplies and plan to replenish them. With everything at hand the every-night beautifying process may be more quickly accomplished. Have at hand a jar of cleansing cream, and one of skin food, a stick of cheese cloth or flannel, of cleansing tissues for removing superfluous cream, an astringent or skin freshener, witch hazel, lotions for sunburn in season, a gentle hand lotion or cream, an oil, astringent or salve or lotion, tooth paste, a mouth wash, manicuring articles, an eye wash, eye cup, hair tonic, a jar of absorbent cotton, a shampoo liquid or powder, clean hair brushes, a deplaitory and a good deodorant.

If you have a weekly manicure, massage, shampoo and wave at a beauty parlor, plan to have it all done at one sitting, sit down, never to rise until the next shampoo. This saves time and simplifies the daily beautifying process.

If you take care of your own hair, as many girls do, take a half hour every other week, for a shampoo and thorough scalp massage. The following week, take a half hour to use a good tonic and to give the hair an extra brushing.

Use a liquid, powder, or a good soap shampoo, as you prefer. Wash the hair once in two weeks, thoroughly rinse and dry it well, rather than leave the tangle and heat your hair will keep in fine condition. If your hair and scalp are very dry, have an oil treatment at least once a month. There are excellent tonics on the market that help stimulate the production of natural oil. Scalp massage helps, too. And if your hair and scalp are over-oily, a special preparation will remedy this condition.

Hair must be shampooed often to keep it live and healthy and the scalp must have a certain amount of massage every day. Various devices for massaging the scalp have been devised, but a girl’s own finger-tips are about as successful, if used briskly, as anything invented by man. The usual method is to rotate the finger-tips over the scalp, moving the scalp covering all over the skull. Two or three minutes a day should be given to this, and after the shampoo, the scalp should be massaged until it is loose and pliable, live and glowing.

Once a day the hair should be brushed well for two or three minutes. Once a week it should be brushed thoroughly, at least five minutes. At this time, if tonic, dry or oily according to the need of the hair, and cleansing in quality, should be applied to various portions in the hair, until the scalp is quite damp. With a clean, dry towel, rub the scalp and hair until dry. Then, with a clean brush, brush the hair thoroughly, brushing it down, doing it from various partings until it shines with renewed luster.

The most accomplished hairdressers are stressing the natural softness and luster of the hair. This may be achieved by a once-a-week special treatment and a little care every day.

About the trend of styles in hair dressing, it’s interesting to wonder just where they come from. But whether they come from a Parisian stylist or a New York hairdresser, or a picture star with a flair for individuality, it’s lots more important to know whether we can wear them after we get them. Take a little time to experiment with a new mode before adopting it for your own.

Once a week, unless you have it done regularly by an expert, give your face a scientific treatment. A treatment based on healthy cleanliness and building up of tissues.

Make-believe, as the children say, that you are comfortably seated in a beauty salon and go about the treatment step by step just as the beauty expert would do.

First, apply a cleansing cream to face and neck, using an outward and upward movement. Wipe off with a soft cloth or cleansing tissues. Repeat the process until the face is thoroughly clean. On other nights, this cleansing may be followed by a mask. But on this one night, use only cream.

Warm a generous quantity of thick, nourishing cream and smooth into the face and neck. The warm cream is soothing and restful and sinks into the pores of the skin until it is completely absorbed.

One of the popular phrases of the beauty salons is getting up your circulation. Whether you want your hair to grow strong and vigorous or your face to bloom with youthful grace, the moving of the blood and the circulation. This means local stimulation in the case of the face and scalp, and even though you have not the skilled fingers of the professional you can, with practice, become quite efficient at this task.

With the fingers of both hands work firmly with a kneading motion at the back of the neck where the spine begins. You’ll be surprised after a couple of minutes to feel taut nerves relax. Then place the second and third fingers (using both hands) under the ears and, with a lifting movement, press firmly; this starts sluggish blood to the brain. Next, slowly tip the chin with finger tips pressing upward firmly, work along the jaw to the ears. Begin at base of throat, use a sweeping downward and outward motion with both hands over the entire neck. Repeat ten times. Beginning at either side of the chin (with tips of second fingers) use little rolling movements to reach the ears; then to the nose to prevent down-the-mouth lines from forming. With both hands use a gentle sweeping movement over cheeks, upward to the temples, the eyes, where wrinkles come first, usually, use plenty of cream and pat and smooth gently in, over and under the eyes.

In treating the skin, keep in mind its delicacy; don’t subject it to shocks. Don’t rub or pat too vigorously, but gently. When you have finished this treatment, take a piece of absorbent cotton, dip it in cold water, press out all the water and saturate it with an astringent or skin tonic. Now apply the face and neck while this dampened pad until the face and neck is in a warm glow. This is most refreshing, removes every trace of cream and leaves the skin soft and fine. If you are going out, you have only to apply a very little foundation cream and a dusting of powder. If you give this treatment before retiring, leave the face clean and free from cream this one night.

On another day of the week, give the eyes special attention. I shall not give detailed directions as I already have done this. But let this day, or night, be rest time for the eyes. Don’t sew or read or write. Use an eye wash several times. Prepare southwest and northwest pads and place a bleeding cream, or a damp compress, over them. To bed early and make up all the sleep you have lost the past week. Rested eyes are beautiful eyes.

Hand beauty is an important asset. If the hands and nails are given a thorough treatment once a week they will need only a few minutes attention daily. On the evening hand night, try aGV.AIVMAIJSIVV (using both hands) to keep them clean and free from dirt. If the nails are brittle and crack and split, soak them in warm oil for a few minutes.

And, to complete the time budget, allow some time to devote to small tasks of dressing. Follow the same routine with your clothes that you do with your beautifying and attend to the hundred and one little things that clothes require to keep them looking fresh and chic.

It need take little time in the morning to bathe and dress if you give a half hour to beauty before you retire, and if your good shoes and bonnets remain in good repair. A pleasant voice, charming manners, exquisite daintiness should enter into your idea of beauty. These things no one can give you, but those that you have earned within your own power to cultivate and possess.

Do you want to know more about charm? Write to me. I’ll be glad to answer any questions. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

Ethelind Terry gloss with the beauty of careful grooming and perfect teeth.
First sweeping **HOLLYWOOD**...then **BROADWAY**
and now the **EUROPEAN CAPITALS**...

**Lux Toilet Soap cares for the**
loveliest complexions in the world

**YOU** can keep your skin exquisitely smooth
just as 9 out of 10 glamorous screen stars do...

Long ago our own charming Hollywood stars
discovered that for attractiveness a girl **must** have
soft, smooth skin—and that Lux Toilet Soap keeps
the skin at its very loveliest!

Then the famous Broadway stage stars became
equally enthusiastic about this fragrant, white soap.

And now—in France, in England, in Germany
—the European screen stars have adopted Lux
Toilet Soap for smooth skin.

*In Hollywood alone 511 lovely actresses use it.*

In Hollywood alone, of the 521 important
actresses, including all stars, 511 are devoted to
Lux Toilet Soap. And all of the great film
studios have made it the official soap for their
dressing rooms, as well as 71 of the 74 legitimate
theaters in New York.

Lux Toilet Soap will keep your skin lovely
just as it keeps the skin of the famous stars!
You will be delighted with its instant, soothing
lather. Use it for your bath and shampoo, too.
Order several cakes—today.

**Lux Toilet Soap**

Luxury such as you have found only in fine
French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake...NOW 10¢
it so often that the script is never any help, and the scriptwriter must keep an account of every spoken word.

A few feet away, a dozen or so cowboys squatted about an open fire rehearsing their song. Benny Rubin told them. Then Shubert's voice over the sound track sang the theme song. It sounded very beautiful there in the still air among the giant pines with the din of the city a thousand miles away.

"When the wind is sighin',
In the big pine tree,
There go the cowboys..."

What do they croon—

Yes, nature was very grand at Keen's Camp. Joan and I sat on a narrow iron-bound case made for holding camera plates and listened to it all—Joan promising Miss Morris in the words she couldn't catch.

We went back to the cabin shivering a little and had a grand fire blazing when Doug came in. He was rubbing his nose a trifle thoughtfully, and with good reason as it turned out. For five days, ever since we had been up here, he had been laughing, "we have been having football. Everyone not in the game was afraid we would get banged up, but not one of us got even a scratch. We start a single game of baseball and in fifteen minutes I get a whang on the nose that makes it bleed for five minutes. Can you imagine that? It was really dark and we couldn't see the ball very well."

After Joan had assured herself that the wounded member wasn't broken her mind turned to her own woes.

"Nobody likes me, Dodo," she said, referring to the newspaper reviews scattered over the bed. Doug sat down on the edge of it.

"I do," he said cheerfully.

"Well, you're all that's necessary, darling," laughed Joan.

Dinner was a lot of fun. Joan and Doug, Mal St. Clair, Johnny Mack Brown, Karl Dane, Benny Rubin, Cliff Edwards, Ralph and Edwina sitting at the table. On the menu appeared "Rabbit a la Karl Dane." It seems that Karl and some of the boys had gone bunny hunting the night before and55301 got up about a dozen which they presented to the hotel. And how they were cooked! Such meals! The best I have had at any restaurant in California.

Cliff and Benny kept everyone convulsed by their impromptu gags. But they were the kind that have to be told with gestures. Words alone could not do justice to them.

After dinner we were all glad to see the huge open fire in the hotel lobby. The fire-place was six feet wide and required two men to stagger under one of the logs for it. Six of these giants were blazing merrily when we filed out of the dining room.

Gosh, that fire's hotter than a Shubert revue," said Cliff Edwards edging away from it.

"Well, that's not a bit too hot for me," said Joan shivering a little. I felt the same way and I thought we ought to have a dozen perfect fire all evening. Joan had a good-assed wool rug which she was embroidering. And if you don't think Joan can embroider you ought to see her do it perfectly done. She has made several and loves to work on them.

Are we going to have our contest tonight, Benny Mack Brown.

"Sure thing," said Mal St. Clair. "Cliff and Benny have to rehearse the cowboys but we can start and they can come when they are ready. "Everywhere was done in the center of the room, the whole hotel being turned over to the Montana company. Joan had to sing the theme song for them several times, which she did from her place by the fire.

The game they were playing was flapper. It is played in this way. Put one foot before the other, hold a thing too, until five steps are measured from the chair in which the player is sitting. At the end of the five steps place a felt hat on the floor, bottom up. If you throw, one by one, a deck of cards trying to get as many as you can into the hat. There is quite a trick to it, but this whole bunch were experts at it. Johnny Mack Brown won the first contest, tossing forty four into the hat, and I think Mal St. Clair won the second.

We all turned in early. "Be sure and lay your fire before you go to bed," cautioned Joan. "Then all you have to do when you wake up is touch a match to it and get back to bed if the cabin is warm. Don't know what a help that is!" she said darkly.

I thought it was any colder in the morning than it was right at that moment. I should never be able to live through it. The cabins were so cute and comfortable thought with hot and electric heating appliance that kept the supply of hot water always on hand. There were also plenty of pure wool blankets and a sheet from stove—what more could one ask for?

Next morning Benny Rubin insisted upon giving me one of his pancakes and some bacon until, mine arrived. "I never ate such pancakes," he declared. "In the Brown Derby you get three heavy pancakes for four dollars. Up here you get ten light ones for five cents." And it didn't matter that he was exaggerating a bit—we all knew what he meant. They certainly were delicious—would melt in your mouth and, I'd like to know where they got their bacon. It was swell! I think they must grow it themselves.

We had to climb a fence and cross a gully to go to the pool. It was nearly a quarter of a mile away, but the air was so wonderful you could have walked ten miles and not have minded. We passed a cow pasture with what five hundred head of cattle and I never saw anything cuter than those cows. They were all so interested and every one of them followed us with their eyes and seemed to be perfectly fascinated with our going's on the whole of the day. They looked like a bunch of panises as they stood there staring at us with their big brown eyes and sad faces.

It was supposed to be a cowboy's camp under the pine trees and Johnny Mack Brown brings his bride, Joan, as a surprise to our guests. He plays a medi- cine man, Dr. Bloom, who was rescued from a desert death in a rickety old Ford by Cliff Edwards. And, of course, Benny is constantly getting into hot water. He just can't learn to be a regular cowboy.

There seemed to be a conference going on among the principals and their director. I "looked over their script, just overnight," declared Benny Rubin, referring to the changes in dialogue that came daily from the 'front office' of Metro Goldwyn Mayer.

"Listen—The Doctor rides down the cliff, forcing horses on ranchers to make it. How do you like that? Right from the pen!—reading it to you!" Benny shook his head.

"You'd better tie yourself on, Benny," I laughed.

"I don't do it myself on! I won't even get on," exploded Benny. "Me that's never even led a horse by the bridle. I should slide down one cliff on his haunches!"

And then suddenly and without a rehearsal the cowboys began to laugh, spinning off the the plays of cowboys.

"What are we going to say in this scene?" Cliff wanted to know. "I introduce Benny to Johnny Mack and Joan. What do I say?"

"This is Dr. Bronchus from Bloomfield, New York."

"No, his name's Bloom. Dr. Bloom." said Karl Dane.

"Well, I don't have to get it right."

"Why don't you say, "This is Dr. Bronchus from Bloom, New York," said Mal. "No, that's no good," he added.

"Anyway I can say, "This is Dr. Bloom from Bloomfield, New York?" And that's the way it stood in most of the scenes. I must confess that every scene was a little different in the rehearsals all of us were convulsed by the gag, but the remarks. But when they came actually to take the scenes they tidied up the dialogue.

The sun was so warm and the air so balmy that we all felt very lazy until Mr. St. Clair snapped us out of it. "Come on now, a little action," he said, as much to wake himself up as to get us started, I thought.

With a tremendous effort Cliff Edwards pulled himself to his feet. He could stretch a mile, only I'd hate so to walk back," he complained.

"MURDER him, somebody!" shouted Karl Dane. "Hey, let my skinned elbow alone," he winced. Poor Karl is always getting banged up. He teases easily and the studio gang have a lot of fun with him, and he'd break himself to pieces on a dare. The bunch are always having to look out for Karl.

"All set?" called Mr. St. Clair.

"Wait a minute, Mal," cried Cliff Edwards coming back from his stretch and reaching for his cartridge belt. "Wait a minute. Ah has to get mah boom-boom on!"

"Now, all you boys, when you hear Miss Crawford's voice, turn around and look toward the direction from which it comes. You never heard her before and you won't wonder who it is." Mal instructed them.

Karl Dane was struggling with a monstrous chunk of tobacco which taxed the capacity of his jaws to the very limit. He had the look on his face of a small child who has taken too large a mouthful of candy—eyes sort of scared, as though he wondered whether he was going to make the grade without an accident.

"And to think," one of the grips remarked slowly, "that if it hadn't been for his accomplishments with the weed, Karl Dane might never have become a motion picture actor."

The scene was supposed to be by moonlight but by camera tricks seen in the sunlight look better than those taken at night. Poor Benny and Cliff were facing the camera and having to look up at Johnny and Joan who were on horseback; the brilliant morning sun streamed full into their faces. Their eyes began to water and finally Benny gave up altogether and shaded his eyes with his hand. What would you
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Hollywood's 6 Most Beautiful Women — Continued from page 27

and all the rest of it. Just listen to this and believe it or not, but it's true. This young enthusiast brushes all such 'bosh' away with one contemptuous gesture and gets on to the pictures. He takes with a little Eastman kodak that was given him when he was ten years old and which cost about $3 at the time. He usually does his own developing and printing and enlarges his pictures to eight by ten and by fourteen inch sizes. The two pictures of his beautiful sisters, Nancy and Baba, were taken with this camera.

But five hundred dollars a dozen.

"It's a lot—but I can get it so why shouldn't I ask it?" he said when he thought I might be going to faint. His sisters, Nancy and Baba, are two of the nicest girls in town. She, even so far as fair one, Nancy, is especially appealing. Mr. Beaton told me she expected to visit Hollywood soon, but when I asked if it was to start a picture career he laughed a little awkwardly and said he didn't think she'd be allowed.

But to get back to his own work, some of the backgrounds he uses for his pictures are simple in the extreme. Silvered paper roughly pasted on a base of card-board giving it a bumpy, uneven look. Orange, which he uses, is a crumpled piece of white glazed tarlatan. Lengths of chintz and cretonne of unusual design are also used and he throws them over three walls of his room. He puts on some music and anything that happens to be handy. Lighting never meant anything in his life until he came to Hollywood. His usual method was a lamp turned on against the wall and a light shining directly toward the subject's face. He'd hold it, taking a photograph with his stomach better to steady the camera which he holds at an angle of forty-five degrees. He did these strange things to try for unusual effects and from the look of some of his studies he certainly achieved his purpose. In Hollywood, working with the unwieldy still camera, he couldn't do it. He simply couldn't.

"But I am not having a lot of fun with lights and that is something I have never tried before," he said.

I spent an afternoon at the United Artists Studios watching him photograph Edmund Lowe, Dolores Del Rio, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Berlin, and Mary Ellen Berlin, their daughter, and Mary Loos, Anita's young niece. Truth compels me to state that Mary Ellen Berlin did not share her parents' respect for the young photographer. She was too polite to say so, but she thought having to hold still for longer than a second a terrible waste of valuable time.

"Look in the camera, Mary Ellen," implored Mr. Beaton.

"What for?" she wanted to know, and with some reason when you come to think it over; for after all, a camera isn't a very exciting thing for a little girl of three to gaze at for any length of time.

A point of light striking the camera lens gave her mother an idea. "Look, darling, there are two stars. You may see two stars. Think how wonderful that would be." Mr. Berlin was kneeling on the studio stage to measure the arm of his little daughter. This didn't seem right to Mary Ellen—why, she was as tall as her mother! "No, mother, you be the big one," she said crouching down so that her mother towered above her.

But when all four of them had about reached the breaking point some fine pictures were taken of the young lady.

"Oh, Cecil!" said Ellen Berlin after her small daughter had been sent home with a nurse. "Do take one of Irving and me together. I'll sit on the arm of your little daughter. This didn't seem right to Mary Ellen—why, we were married and everything was so hectic then.

The pictures of the group were taken in front of a ten-foot parallel with a strip of rose cloth under white glazed tarlatan thrown over it for a background. There was a prop light on the side and the only light that was held over the subject's head by a long-suffering electrician. Considering the strain he was under, kneeling on a parallel and holding a fifty-pound or more lamp at the edge of it for ten and fifteen minutes at a stretch, it was no joke. But he was so interested in Mr. Beaton's method of working that he didn't mind a bit. The several times measured Mrs. Berlin, who was sitting directly beneath it—had he lost

the same throughout the picture.

George Sweeney, the property man, is a born comedian, and he gave him five minutes to do in the picture and the actors declared they were going to the bat for him when they got back to the studio. "He's got a wife and kids. It would be a good send to him to step in on the big money," they declared.

There are real cowboys in the picture from the rancher's round about Keen's Camp. No small ranches either, though one of the cowboys said a seven thousand acre ranch was just a 'Fair-sized ranch.' But their faces are only ones doubled in the picture. The cowboys who sing didn't know anything about ranch life and the cowboys, although they have plenty of songs that they sing among themselves, knew nothing of ensemble work and would have died of self-consciousness had they been asked to perform before the camera. Some of the boys were very young, only twelve or thirteen years of age, and some looked as though they were well along in the seventies or eighties of their experience, while others were just as tough as new beef. I don't mean tough in the sense of being coarse. Some of them gave evidence of having had a very good education and being capable of being hard-boiled and knowing their way around. They sometimes have cattle rustlers to deal with.

Mr. St. Clair told about one of them going home and entertaining his family and friends with accounts of his experiences in the movies. One of the older men couldn't understand about the love making between John Mack Brown and Joan Bennett. Finally he called his boy, here, show me." The cowboy, nothing loftier, put his arms about the lady and kissed her head.

"Not sure 'nough," chuckled Johnny Mack. "What did she do? Did she like it?"

"Like it? She loved it!" cried Mal. We played a lot of jokes that evening. It seems that if you double up your elbow and bang a rock right on the bone you won't feel it. And you can also take the loose skin on the end of your elbow and pinch it as hard as ever you like and you won't feel that. The elbow, apparently, is a very remarkable part of one's anatomy.

After dinner the flapper contest continued and several tables of bridge sprang up. We saw a lot of the boys went bunny hunting again. But I had to be in Hollywood next day so shortly after dinner, I reluctantly started on my two hundred and twenty-five-dollar-a-week trip to Los Angeles. It was a large, full moon, and oh, how beautiful the world looked!
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tertainment, look for the Western Electric sign.
his balance she would have had an ugly blow. The electrician was much interested in the way he used the light. Hollywood photographers burn the place up with light," he told me. "I have always thought that soft light would penetrate and it would light so I am very eager to see how these pictures will turn out. Mr. Beaton uses so very little light one would almost call him an extremist. Of course, I had to take up snaps and a great deal of light is required for them, and Mr. Beaton is taking time exposures. I'll bet some of these things are beautiful.

In his turn Mr. Beaton was much surprised by the courtesy and cooperation of the electricians and carpenters whom he had always heard were a 'hard lot.' "They are marvelous," he said.

Dolores Del Rio was taken sitting on the ledge of a balcony with a geranium to lend atmosphere and color.

"What an extraordinary place a studio is," exclaimed Mr. Beaton. "Here I have, without having had a thing arranged for me, the exact settings I need for all these people. And the lighting, Mr. Edmund Lowe!" Eddie came in the sailor outfit he wears in "The Bad One" which co-stars himself and Dolores. The sea was a magnificent backdrop for the balcony scene from which Dolores was taken. On the same level with the balcony had been a room with a wall, a mirror and a good light so that Mr. Beaton couldn't have asked Irving and Mrs. Berlin to pose for their portrait taken together. The only backgrounds he supplied himself were the lengths of muslin and cloth to which he used for Mary Ellen.

So, all you people who think you must have a gold pen before you can write, a Rolls Royce before you can drive, and an up-to-date, de luxe camera before you can begin that photographic career, pause a moment to consider that this English lad has climbed right up into the big money with nothing to help him but a cheap little camera and a tremendous eagerness to express something in himself that threatened to suffle him unless he did give his all to his passion. And he succeeded and that sincerity put it over for him.

He has, too, a tremendous belief in himself, not that he thinks he is such a great artist, but he is a driving, intense effort of worthy respect. And it never occurred to him that it would be a difficult thing to gain entrance to the sacred portals of every movie studio. Had not the doors of palaces been thrown open to him? And neither did he have difficulty. But he can thank Marion Davies and Anita Loos for those two things. He had believed that he has a great deal to give, and they sponsored him out here.

Yet the one whom I think he most wanted to meet, that mysterious, alluring lady, still holds mystery and allure for him. Because she would not break her rule and could not overcome her dread of meeting a stranger even to be photographed.

That one was Greta Garbo!

More and Better Picture Parties—Continued from page 65

a birthday party!

“You take the high-brows and I'll take the low-brows!” sang Elsie Janis, burlapising the old English song that Camille Griff inte used as a theme song in “The Divine Lady.”

She was directing her singing to Mary Lewis, the grand opera singer, who has come west for pictures, and who was giving a party at her lovely Beverly Hills home.

“Well, I'm thinking,” remarked Patsy, "till she gets both high-brows and low-brows. You know she was a Follies girl before she was a grand opera singer, and she's never forgotten how to be gay.

John McCormack was there, and so were Elsie Janis' mother, Zoe Akins and John Colton, noted playwrights, who are seen about everywhere together; Nils Asther, Georgie Grandee, Frances Starr, Edmund Breese and his wife, the Duncan sisters, Rosetta and Vivian; Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergere; Kenneth Thomson and his sweet wife, Alden Gay; Edith Taylor Thomson, who has been an actress and a theatrical manager all her days and who used to manage John McCormack; Gus Edwards, screen screenwriter; Oliver Messel, and Roland Drew—they came together, and Roland seemed much devoted; Harry Tierney and Jack King, musicians and composers, and many others.

Miriam Seegar, wife of Mitchell Lyson, was there with her husband. Miss Seegar is an opera singer, lately come into pictures. She is the grand opera's leading lady in "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

She told us that she had lately had an operation performed on her nose. She is very beautiful.

"I knew her in her pre-classic-nose days," confided Patsy, "and I never saw anything that ditter with her nose."

However, Miss Seegar told us that it was a quite impossible organ for the screen before the operation.

Edmund Goulding was there and entertained us with some brilliant imitations of noted singers. At least, he said they were imitations, but we found that they were really quite authentic burlesques, and most amusing. We instantly recognized Chaliapin, John Charles Thomas, and others. Goulding has an excellent voice, and Ouida Bergere said he should be put out of the Authors' League for being able to

sing so well.

McCormack's daughter Gwen was there, and we heard that she had a beautiful voice, but we did not hear her sing.

Reginald Denny came as our escort. Suddenly we heard: "Oh, Reggy!"

"Oh, Basil!" And Mr. Sharland and Mr. Rathbone had all but embraced. Sharland is from the London stage, and has just been playing a lead in a talking picture. The two knew each other well in the London days, but they hadn't met since coming to the States.

John McCormack, by the way, went home early, as he had to play in his picture next morning. We had hoped he would sing, but he didn't, but he cried out "Bravo" at everybody else's performances.

Elsie Akins is a most amusing person. We were sitting on a big divan in front of the fire, chatting—Ouida, Zoe and I—and Ouida was telling us about a big costume party she meant to give.

"I'm going to come as the Leap Year Bride," Zoe explained coyly. "I did intend coming on a bicycle built for two, but everybody I invited just gave me one look and begged off, evidently thinking they couldn't have that in their living room. So now, I mean to come as the Queen of Java out of respect to my Javanese chauffeur."

The Duncan sisters, Rosetta and Vivian, arriving with their brother Harold, said hello to everybody, and, of course, were at once invited to entertain us, which they did most amusingly.

"You must come and see our picture to the end," remarked Vivian, after Elsie Janis had laughed at the Floradora sextette burlesque, which is exhibited in their picture, "It's a game of Life."

"Oh, you're just doing a trailer!" Elsie Janis called out with a grin.

Vivian told us about Vivian, when she first came home from the war, where, you know, she went right down into the trenches to entertain the soldiers.

"Elis was present at a big public meeting in New York when medals were being handed out," Vivian explained. "A man who was making the presentation was puzzled about Vivian's identity, famous as she was. He stumbled along: 'Miss—er—' "Just call me Else," Elsie Janis called out.

Mrs. Elsie inquired kiddingly of Vivian and Rosetta whether they were relatives of Isadora Duncan, but Vivian, quite equal to the occasion, retorted: "No, we're the other Duncans!"

And Rosetta, always clowning, called out: 'What about that? I can't hear a word without my glasses!"

Then the Duncans sang Remembering from "Topsy and Eva," and Elsie chimed in with the do-dodos, after which Elsie sang Somebody Else, beautifully.

Buffet supper was served, and Mrs. Janis asked for a second helping of olives, whereupon she accused her parent of working for a big olive firm.

Then Rosetta trotted out a monocle and stuck it in her eye, and Elsie exclaimed: "You won't be able to see a thing, but you'll have a lot of fun!"

Mary Lewis danced for us in that fascinating way of hers, and when it was very late we decided to go home. Rosetta Dun- can wanted us to come to her house at Santa Monica and have breakfast, but we decided a little sleep is necessary, even in Hollywood, and so we came home pretty early, though we found it very hard to turn down Rosetta's fascinating invitation.

She said that her colored cook was won- derful, but they had given him a day off and she thought that her chauffeur was a good cook to.

"We're home," I remarked to Patsy, "if so honey as Glenn Tryon's. Lillian, his wife, manages to make even one of these modern Italian and Spanish trick houses seem like 'way down east, don't they?"

"Franz! It's never giving it away that you were brought up in a house with double parlors and only one bathroom!"

Glenn and Lillian were giving a party at their home in Benedict Canyon Road, which, with its quaint and handsome Spanish and Italian houses, looks like a bit out of the old world.

Lillian was looking lovely in a rose-colored evening dress, and she wore a diamond necklace which had been Glenn's Christmas present to her. On the way up- stairs to the rooms, I took off our camera, as Lillian was not in the mood. She showed us how the neck- lace came apart, to leave a pendant, with the two side pieces to be used as bracelets if desired.

May Beery was one of the first people we met. She had just had a birthday, the
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said, and Richard Carle and his wife, dear friends of hers, had given her a silver caviar set.

She said she would remodel her house and reconstruct her whole life, in order to live up to that set," May smiled in her droll way. "You see, I live very simply, in a bungalow, and I sure as hell want sure that set will resist such surroundings."

Paul Page was there with his lovely bride, Ethel Aliss, who recently left the New York stage for the Riviera, and not only talks. She isn't beautiful, but she is pretty enough, and very charming and intelligent. I hear, too, that she photographs beautifully. She is a characterful young person, and she and Paul seem entirely happy.

"It was pretty bad," remarked Paul, as Ethel and I sat on a divan chatting, and Paul sat on a footstool at our feet, "the way those rumors got around when Ethel and I were separated—she in New York, I out here in Hollywood—then I was engaged to a lot of other girls. Ethel would hear about it, and then I'd have to spend a week's salary in one day in wigs and long-distance telephone calls."

"Well," remarked Paty unsympathetically, "you should have announced your engagement."

There were a little superstitious," explained Ethel, "afraid something might happen to spoil our happiness if we talked about it."

"Paul had just been making a submarine picture, and had been gone around in submarines; so he was crazy about them."

"Yes," Ethel put in with a comical post, "I'm afraid I may have to set up housekeeping in a submarine."

That handsome, charming Walter O'Keefe was among the guests. He and Jeanette Loff have been much devoted of late, but Jeanette, I sense, is far something—nobody knows what—and their romance has been off.

"But I'm going to see her—she's having a party tonight, too—just as soon as I leave here," he told us, "and I'm going to try to get her to make up with me."

"Paul Brown and I have just given up," has been having a pawning awful lot of attention to Jeanette, But, somehow, my heart is just set on Jeanette and Walter making up."

Both Paul and Walter, we learned, had been in business life before going on the stage, and knew each other well. "Yes, we were all sitting together in business before taking up acting," Walter kidded.

Richard Carle, famous musical comedy and operetta star, and his wife were there; and Tony Brown, Larry Ceballos and his wife, Max and Jack Wagner, and ever so many others.

Walter O'Keefe told one on Glenn Tryon. "He said that that 's what he went to Mexico, a few years ago, with two pearl-handled revolvers on his hip, determined to be a revolutionist. They took the revolver out of him, but he went on and joined the revolutionists anyway.

"Anyhow, I learned to speak Spanish," grinned Glenn.

"Well, then, sing us a Spanish song to prove it!" demanded Larry Ceballos.

Thereupon, Walter played for him and Glenn sang Adelita, which, he explained, had been the bandit Villa's favorite tune!

Buffet supper was served, and as we ate it, May Boolely told us how she used, when she was playing 'So Long Letty' on the road with Charlotte Greenwood, Sidney Grant and Walter Catlett, to cook dinner for them at her apartment, wherever she happened to be, and then go down to the theater and play the role of the cook-wife, which you remember if you ever saw the play.

"I used to tell them I seemed never able to get away from that rôle," she grinned, "but they only said callously that my cooking only helped to keep me in the atmosphere!"

No Real Beauties on the Screen?—Continued from page 19

"The reason for it, I think, is this: America has evolved a composite idea of everything—even beauty. Movie producers, magazine editors, newspaper publishers have given us the composite picture of the "typical American girl." The Harrison Fisher girl and the James Montgomery Flagg heroine were what the producer, the editor, the publisher wanted. And the Harrison Fisher girl and the James Montgomery Flagg heroine are still the type demanded today by the publisher, the editor, the producer. The beautiful, innocent miss with the vacant eyes and the sterile brow! Of course, now she is slimmer and her skirts are shorter. But it's like the old sausage gag. You can slice it thick or you can slice it thin, but it's bologna just the same.

"To illustrate this point better, let me tell you of an experience I had some years ago. A magazine gave me a commission to illustrate a story of an English actress, on her way to America, who fell in love with a parson.

"I got an English model of the actress type and a man model of the clergyman type and drew them and carried the sketches in to the editor.

"They won't do at all," he told me immediately.

"But they are true representations of an English actress and a clergyman," I answered.

"What the devil do I care!" he replied angrily. "Look at this and this", he ran quickly through some past issues of his magazine. "That is what I want."

I sketched for hours. Then I went home and copied a Gibson girl and a Gibson man and took them back.

"And that is a big lump on the back. That's exactly it. That's what the people want."

"But it wasn't: It was what he and a hundred other editors had taught the people to want."

"From that day on, I gave up illustrating, and it's a good thing I did, for I was a rotten illustrator. But I learned that day, that twenty years' later experience has confirmed: the great art here in America is commercial art. To paint a beautiful picture is useless. Collectors are buying them to beautify their homes. But for the great mass of people it has no utility. Nothing has any substance here that can't bring a quick money."

"So far has this proscribing of what we shall eat, wear, drink and think gone, that no American girl who wants to be popular will dare to be a type—something different from the usual idea of beauty. All women on Fifth Avenue look exactly alike. They may be blonde, brunette or red-haired, but their clothes, their hats, their furs, their shoes, bags, gloves, accessories, and I am sorry to say, often their minds, bodies and souls seem all etched in similar straight lines."

"Of course, now and again, you do find a girl who dares to be an individualist. But she has been swayed so long by popular influence that it is not easy to dare to be a type, the result is rather sickening. Like a madonna in long jet earrings. She just can't put it over."

"The reason there are no beautiful women on the moving picture screen—with the possible exceptions I mentioned—is that no woman is beautiful until she is thirty-five. But so terrible is the tired business man's fetish for youth, taught him by producer, editor, publisher, that most movie actresses are lost out by the time they are thirty-five. And so frantically busy trying to cover up their first approaching signs of age that they have nothing left to put into their work."

"However, recent signs are encouraging. For I know at least three American cinema stars over thirty who have, in the last six months, grown extremely mature, and who have achieved performances of their careers. And they are all women exceptional in temperament, character and mind. Women who have learned to live, who have not succeeded because of their maturity, not in spite of it."

"Most Americans think I am joking when I say no woman is beautiful until she is thirty-five. And yet, I am whole-heartedly sincere. I never painted but one young girl in my life. And that only recently, I painted her because her face showed her to be the perfect personification of universal motherhood. And the madonna type, because it is the basis of civilization, is ageless as eternity."

I positively dislike painting young girls. They have nothing to give out except a certain fleeting prettiness which all young girls possess between eighteen and twenty. But this prettiness which is merely the flush of youth expires when the girl goes into her twenty-first year and only revives if that person's life teaches her the proud lift of throat and head—even in defeat. The calm tolerance of bow—even though distorted with pain. And the steadfast clearness of eyes—even if blinded by tears.

"The most beautiful woman I have ever known is an old Breton peasant, nearing seventy. She has no possessions in the world but her Breton cap and dress, and an old cotton umbrella which she grasps as firmly on sunny days as on rainy. She has been the mother of twelve children, six sons who are all drunkards, and six daughters who are girls of the streets in Paris. And yet, this woman is beautiful. Life has not bowed her, and death will not conquer her. Her face is always made up, her head is still high, and her lips still preserve the tender twist of humor and hope.

"Nature, naturally feeling as I do, you can understand why I thought of her for me on the screen. However, three women in pictures interest me enormously as an artist. The first is Alice Joyce, to me, is truly representative of American beauty, not the fragile, immature spines of femininity which magazine covers covet. Miss Joyce is a woman of fair fame and above all American. Her American screen stars as the evening star does over the Woolworth building. She is what the French call une belle femme, womanly, sweet, and with graceful figure and facial structure. But she has everything a woman should possess. Sweetness, strength, courage, refinement—she gives us mental, spiritual, aesthetic stimulation.
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The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes
in bed—dead to the world, but not for long.

On that bed there was what I learned to call a musical spring. Every time I touched the strings, in these springs snapped and gave out a sound like a circus calliope. So when I finally fell asleep around seven o'clock it seemed only a moment until knock on the door and said: "We're due for rehearsal at the theater in twenty-five minutes."

When I got to the little theater, I found there was no orchestra.

"But I've got to have an orchestra for this act. I've just naturally got to," my manager said.

The theater manager who had a pretty tough year was willing to do anything in his power to help us, so out into town he went and within an hour had organized an orchestra.

And what an orchestra! The first member I saw was the trombonist. He walked in in overalls, carrying an old tin drum. And with the hammer mallet as he sat down where the pit is supposed to be: "Well, this is better than guessing cars in the garage at ten about a nickel." I afterwards learned that he was a mechanic from the local garage, taking time off to make the rounds of the town.

Next in was the violinist. He sold electric light fixtures. The piano player followed after him. And this man was a pianist, a love for his art which almost proved disastrous. As I shall tell you later. In ordinary life, the pianist was the soda squirt, at the big time drug store on Main Street.

We were all ready for rehearsal but there was no piano for the stage. My manager conferred with the movie theater manager. "But we've got to have a baby grand. With the backdrops and beautiful costumes, an upright piano will throw everything out of proportion."

"But there isn't but one in town. And that belongs to the undertaker," the harassed theater manager replied.

"Get it," my manager answered. "Get it—at any cost!"

By this time, it was almost the hour of the evening performance. My maid and I hurried down under the stage where the kind manager had rigged up a dressing room for sorts. It was pretty cold for my California blood. And there was no hot water. However, on a little electric heater, my maid warmed some for me to wash in. And I was just heading for the bathroom with a pail of warm water in my hand when the largest rat in captivity skidded out of the bath room door.

I have always heard that rats will attack people. And I was literally frozen with fear. But instead of that rat attacking me, he must have thought I was going to attack him because he flipped and ran.

My nerves, by this time, had the better of me. And if I could have found a fast freight outside of that stage door, I would certainly have hopped it back to Holly- wood and literally sick with fear.

Perhaps, you all don't realize how it is learning to sing. Your teacher stands by you. And just her physical presence is a grand act as the acts as a stage to your Trilby. Well, I couldn't bring my teacher with me, and here I was alone on the Iowa prairie. And if I didn't make good, well, that would be the end of little Estelle!

My, how you can pray when you get in a tight place. And believe me I did. With cold fingers and a trembling tongue I gave Amy Macpherson a race for her money.

Something shook me into my white dress and I hobbled up the dark steps to the stage.

I heard the orchestra playing the overture. I didn't hear my accompanist play the opening bars of my first song—which was the cue for me to come on. But I did hear a strange whisper, "I'm with the show!" he was shouting as he sat behind the baby grand, perspiration streaming down his face.

I made my entrance, had a nice little round of warm applause, and waited for the opening bars of my song. Nothing happened. I saw the accompanist pressing down the keys—still nothing happened. Finally with a mighty effort, he played the first few bars of my song, and they jangled, and I opened my mouth to sing. But before I could get out a single note, I heard a feeble slash. The piano had fallen to pieces!

"Don't leave the stage," the accompanist hissed. "Someone is up there. And I did, trying to smile, the people were mounting rapidly in the audience.

The accompanist rushed off of the stage, down into the street from our pit, leaped onto the piano seat and started to play my song from there. But the local pianist clung to his art. He refused to leave the piano bench. And so while two large bodies struggled to occupy the same spot at the same time, I put on my first professional song.

How, what or why, I don't know, but finally it was over. The audience applauded and whistled—I took eight encores. And then fell back in the wings, crying with laughter and fright and nerves.

My poor accompanist was little better. And I learned what had happened.

When the theater manager went to the undertaker to hire the piano for the performance, the undertaker was tuning it. Nothing loathe to make a few extra dollars, he let the theater manager have it, neglecting to say, however, that the instrument was tuned in the upper register and part in the lower. Also that he had taken the screws out of the pedals.

When my unfaithful accompanist hit the first few bars, the resulting sound was awful. When he tried the pedal to see if he could sustain the chords once struck, the whole piano dissolved in his lap—the pedals came off, the piano leaped to the side and it was then that he made his flying leap for the orchestra pit.

After three days in Atlantic, we played Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Sioux City, and points south and east, working gradually towards New York where I played the Waldorf Palace and met with engagements in Yonkers, Brooklyn, Flushing and Newark.

It didn't take me long to settle down into the life of a vaudeville. We used to make all our jumps by motor car because often in the middle west it was the quickest way for two points. After we closed out in one town, we would get into the automobile about twelve o'clock at night and motor to our next week's split-week's engagement.

This night driving I enjoyed most of all. Sometimes it would be through the wheat belt. Again through the dairy country. And as we got south, we came to the oil fields.

There, all day and all night, like sentinels, the oil derricks would be outlined against the skies, with their sturdy little pop engines chucking away, and once or twice we had the good luck to see a big golfer of crude black oil burst over the top of the derrick and flood the countryside. A flood which oftentimes meant untold riches to farmers who had never before had been scratching the soil to make a bare living.

I enjoyed shopping on my tour, too. Since I left Hollywood when it was very small. The first night out motoring in Iowa I almost froze. So early the next morning I went down to the main emporium in Atlantic to buy a coat. The best coat in the house was forty dollars. And it was a fine, thick warm coat trimmed with good black fox fur.

That was a revelation to me! A movie actress becoming accustomed to luxury, to paying high prices and shopping in smart shops, that to discover a fine substantial coat at such a reasonable sum rather restored the reputation of vaudeville. And a movie star needs most of all—to have her sense of values restored: to keep in actual daily touch with the millions of people she belongs to. For what is the movie star if not a romance?

Often, at night, or early in the morning, as I would arrive at various little towns, I would find it hard to sleep. I had a temporary case of vaudeville nerves, and that's what a movie star needs most of all—to have her sense of values restored: to keep in actual daily touch with the millions of people she belongs to. For what is the movie star if not a romance?

The only way I could sleep it, would be to lie quietly in bed. And read.

I have always loved poetry. There is a warm, luscious beauty about words which fascinates me. And as I would lie on those luxurious beds, the cook would be reading one particular poem from which I often used to read. I'm sure you remember the words from "John Brown's Body" by Benet:

"Since I was begotten
My father's grown wise
But he has forgotten
The wind in the skies.
I shall not grow wise.

For money is sullen
And wisdom is shy,
But youth is the pollen
That blows through the sky
And does not ask why."

It was on this tour that I peculiarly realized that money, and fame and worldly wisdom are not necessarily the levers which little people to happiness. I saw—I encountered thousands of people with no fame, little worldly wisdom and less money. But they had achieved a certain durable kind of happiness from doing their daily job well.

They taught me how to do my stage job well. For often I was tempted to quit—right off black oil burst over the top of Hollywood I love better than any place on earth, to the movies which mean more to me than any single quality in life. But I stuck it out because the tradition of the stage is on with the show. And these Iowa and Kansas people were teaching me an even better tradition— is on with life."

upssets, the rooster of today is the feather duster of tomorrow. And then again the feather duster of today may be the rooster of tomorrow. For nobody can tell what will come out of this new ferment of talking pictures.

Many of the great figures of moviedom of yesterday have been forgotten today. And many of those forgotten yesterday have staged a tremendous come-back today. It is a process of development and adaptability. The movie star of yesterday who is content with her pretty face and a pretty figure is bound to be carried into oblivion tomorrow. But the movie star of yesterday who takes all she knows of the pantomime art and combines it with a desire to learn this new technique of talkies; who tries to develop her singing voice, to adapt her speaking voice; who takes to heart the fact that youth is only the pollen that blows through the sky, and realizes that at the first touch of maturity her youth must be transmuted into finer, sturdier qualities—she is apt to become the real tramp who will advance farther and farther each year into the hearts of the educated, discriminating audiences-which talking pictures have brought about.

Hollywood's Bright Boy

Continued from page 66

that one can hardly read the "Beware the woodpecker," "Insert coin here," etc., which decorate the headgear.

More than one person has attempted—and vainly—to get an insight into Eddie's 'other self', if he has any. The self that isn't continually joking and clowning; maybe a sentimental side. But it is like breaking down a barbed-wire entrenchment with only your bare hands for tools.

I took a chance on the subject of matrimony, knowing him to be one of the few younger players who is not accused of being engaged, or appearing at parties with this and that actress.

Yes, he would marry some day, if he could find the right type of girl—and one who would be good for him.

"Why, you shouldn't have any trouble finding a girl to marry you," I told him.

"Oh, yes I should. The trouble is that I'd want a wife with a sense of humor. She'd have to have one. Of course, to marry me. But I mean, I'd want one whom I could clown and joke with and she wouldn't think I was a dork fool. No, she couldn't be dumb. If she were dumb, my jokes would be lost on her. Naturally, I don't like that in any audience, much less my wife. On the other hand, if she were real smart, she would probably throw something at me every time I made a wise-crack. And no one likes that type of audience.

"What I would want is a wife who could stand up under the gaff—and like it. One who wouldn't think I was too wise. One who would be indulgent with me in these weaker moments. Humor me, as it were. Where could I find this type?"

"In most any asylum," I vouchedsafed, thinking of some of his jokes.

"I guess you're right. Maybe an ex-nurse who used to work in an asylum. The kind who is accustomed to hearing all the dodos declare they are Napoleon.

I don't know whether he was kidding me or not. Maybe I had penetrated that wise-cracking epidermis of his and was listening to young love's yearning—and maybe I hadn't!

Now in colors
Pink, yellow, green, are exquisite thus in which you may select Kleenex (white, too, of course). The box is ingeniously arranged to have two sheets always at your finger tips.

This new, smart safer way to remove cold cream

blots up unabsorbed cold cream without stretching or irritating skin

AVOID pulling and stretching the skin during your beauty treatments, great beauty experts are saying today. Hard rubbing and stretching pulls the skin, relaxes it—and ultimately may produce large pores and wrinkles.

Famous beauties know the importance of this rule. That's why you find Kleenex on the dressing tables of stage and screen stars, and in up-to-date beauty salons.

Kleenex removes cold cream without rubbing. It is so very soft and absorbent that it simply blots up all the surplus cream and, with it, embedded dirt and cosmetics. How much safer it is than harsh towels, which simply have to be rubbed severely over the face, because they are so unabsorbent. How much more hygienic than germ-laden "cold cream cloths" which drive germs and dirt back into the pores, instead of removing them.

Each Kleenex tissue comes fresh and dainty from its dust-proof package. You use it just once, then discard it. So much less expensive than soiling and ruinng towels!

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Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs, too. It saves unpleasant laundering, and is far pleasanter to use than handkerchiefs. Each time, you use a fresh, clean, soft tissue—then discard it. Thus, cold germs are discarded, instead of being carried around in pocket or purse, to reinfect the user and infect others.

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Kleenex
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM
De-Bunking Dorothy — Continued from page 83

languid lady, so Dorothy Mackaill is a realist—a go-getter."

"Have it your own way," Dorothy intoned. "Well, you are a realist, aren't you?" I asked. "You face facts with a what-the-hell determination to get what you want out of life, anyway.

Think back, a long way back—to England when you were only thirteen years old and obsessed with the notion that you belonged in a chorus instead of a school. You said 'what-the-hell' to parental author- ity, snatched the script for the picturesque 'Chicken Walk' at the London Hippodrome.

Again, when you wanted to come to America you were going to get frightened by stories of chorus girls unable to step out of their Rolls Royces because they did not have enough money to buy shoes. Now, sup-posing we start thinking of Dorothy Mackaill built up a personality—"Okay," said Dorothy. "Make it snappy," and I started typing once more:

The confident young woman, of Scotch-Irish origin, to go to America and only a few bills in her pocketbook, occupied a room in a cheap theatrical hotel located in New York's Fighting Forties. On the last page of the letter she sat on the edge of her bed scanning the theatrical news as her waist. A bottle of milk and a plate of crackers were on a table beside her. She read that the Shu- berts were about to revive 'Floradora' and remembered that the girls in the original sextet had either killed or married their millionaire boy friends. She looked at her last pair of silk stockings drying on the window sill and decided that the chance was worth taking. She had little to lose and, really, she had a whole new idea. And a go-getter she moved the damp silk stockings to a sunny spot on the window ledge so that her meeting with Mr. Shubert might not be hastened. Her mind functioning that way—thought, action, snappy, just like that. No time wasted at the wishing well.

Yes, she got the job. I stopped typing. "What next?" I asked.

"It's your turn.

"Next came 'The Follies,'" Dorothy talked while I typed:

"I had a devil of a time getting to Zieg- field until one day I sent in my name as 'Dorothy Mackaill of London.' In the 'Lon- don' fetched him. He sent for me and looked me over. He liked my voice and okayed me at once.

"What's that?" I interrupted. "Accuracy, remember.

All right," she corrected. "He liked my legs and ethics. Anyway, I got the clothes Jackie Logan had been wearing and a place in the 'Midnight Frolic.' They gave me a song that in those days was considered risqué.

"Edwin Carewe, the director, was out in the next night. He liked my face and my legs and said that in his racket the voice didn't count. This was long before talks, you know."

"'Any movie experience?' Carewe asked. "Sure,' I answered, 'Two flops in England.' "They've got to scare me, he said. "You're just the gal I want for a picture called 'Mighty Lak a Rose.'"

"Sounds sort of mushy to me," I said. "Never make that," he came back. "What do you say?"

"I believe I told him that if the price was right I would be there with the make- up in my pockets and the white shoe on both and so did I, but that's just stuff."

Dorothy stopped talking and we both lit cigarettes. Beverly Hills is such a serene quiet place on a summer, or any other evening, that I resented the intrusion of a radio someone had turned on in another part of the house. I opened a French window and looked out. Now, of course, the tawdry lawn should have been bathed in moonlight, but there wasn't any moon. I couldn't see a thing, and grum- bling, "What a lousy moon," returned to the open window. "Read this," I said, and began hitting the keys with Dorothy looking over my shoulder. You will observe that up to this point in Miss Mackaill's career, two traits of char-

much money for Paramount. The fans do not always like to think of their stars as being married. They like the stars to be free, so they can dream over them.

"Although it is hard for us, I suppose there is much sense and logic in what Mr. Schenck says. Miss Bow is soon to make "The Hunching Bird." This will be a spec- tacular picture with a real story for her. She will have a chance to do the best act- ing of her career. And she wants to be free from all marital responsibilities until that picture is finished.

"So far as I am concerned, I should like to be married tomorrow. Miss Bow is here in New York now and I would like nothing better than to get up tomorrow morning early and hurry down to City Hall, pro- cure a license, and get married. And then, too, I want to forget all the hurly- burly, all the endless clamorings, question- ings, and conjecturings. But again, even about me, Mr. Schenck says: 'Not yet. I have tied a million dollars up in picture, "Puttin' on theitz." And I want you to give me every advantage in making this picture go big."

"I suppose we turn about this marrying business, we seem hindered."

I suppose the only thing to do is to wait— a little while. But it is harder than ever now with Miss Bow here in town on vaca- tion, and nothing to stop us except the wishes of a man who has been a real friend to both of us, and the advice of our busi- ness colleagues.

"Newspaper interviewers keep asking me: 'What are your feelings toward Miss Bow?' I think: 'Is nothing sacred in this man's town?' And then I struggle on and try to tell them what I think. I can't make myself understood. Everybody knows when a person really cares, he fumbles his words; he can't express his meanings; he gets inarticulate. Why, sometimes I feel like an animal in pain, not able to tell where the misery hurts me.

I feel this way because I look on Miss Bow as some one who looks on a beauty statue. I want to keep her as she is. To protect her and carry her away from every- thing that would trouble or worry her. And when I see a story come out with such fantastic stories, I feel I can't wait. I'll have to marry her and run away with her some place where nobody can get at her."

"We'll have to make money to keep her for my own. Away from sordidness, from specu-

lation, from notoriety, from petty gossip."

"Clara herself is very witty about the whole thing. She just laughs it off and says: 'Let's set a date ten years from now. And then if we go off and get married to- morrow, it's nobody's business.'"

"I think that's the policy we'll have to adopt. For when you're at the top of the ladder, nothing seems sacred from the press. But at least, there should be twice in a woman's life when she might be kept in- vade. First when she pray's. And second when she chooses the man with whom she wishes to share her life and herself.

"If people will leave us alone, we'll finish our next pictures and then we'll be married. Just as every girl and every man dreams of being married: in a church, with music and flowers and can't wait to tell the world unless the long wait."

"But if people keep hounding us, I shall just get up early some morning, take out my roadster and motor Clara to some little tucked-away town. We'll be married there. And will keep it a secret. We won't tell the world unless the story's the best for us a break and let us get married in our own way, at our own convenience."

"Let Us Alone!" — Continued from page 21

SCREENLAND
A New Boy
Continued from page 15
A scout for Lenore Ulric saw the youth in the performance and suggested him for the juvenile who sings and plays in "Kiki, He's a Wonder." In San Francisco with Miss Ulric and later was given his favorite part of Lieutenant Moore in "What Price Glory?"
With ambitions to become a success on the stage, Stanley decided to have training in stock companies of the west. He played one season in Houston, Texas, and two seasons in Nebraska. Upon completion of his stock training, Stanley visited his mother in Hollywood. Bryant Washburn sent him an invitation to take a film test. Washburn directed it and Melbourne Spurr was the photographer. When weeks passed and nothing came of the test, Smith signed for the leading juvenile role in "The Royal Family," a Los Angeles stage production.

In the same play was Fredric March. Two film companies were approaching Smith for his services. And March was faced with the same situation. On the strength of the Washburn test, Pathé signed young Smith to a contract before the "The Royal Family" left for the San Francisco engagement. During the run in the Bay City, another film company tested Fredric March in the ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel. Before the latter organization could decide, Paramount acquired the March signature on a contract.

When Smith was waiting for his first picture, "The Sophomore" to begin production he accepted a part in the stage production, "Little Orchid Annie." After, "The Sophomore" at Pathé, Paramount borrowed him for the lead opposite Nancy Carroll in "Sweetie." His singing of "Smothered Roses" at the Pantages促使 hundreds to exchange their stamps for his pictures. "Sweetie" resulted in Smith's getting the lead in "Honey," Nancy Carroll's new musical romance. And "Honey" has resulted in a Paramount contract.

Gary Cooper, who plays western roles to perfection, would like to sing. Charles 'Buddy' Rogers, who sings, would like to play in "westerns." So Stanley Smith, who sings so very well, wants to play straight dramatic parts. That's the truth.

Smith is well mannered and a combination of Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen and Charles Rogers. His hair is dark blond and his eyes are blue-gray. He weighs 155 pounds and is almost six feet tall. His favorite sport is swimming. And he's not married!

Come to a Barbecue with Ken Maynard
Continued from page 95
When rate or cut-on until they could eat no more they all sat about the smoking fire and unanimously declared that never had they eaten a more excellent, satisfaction-flavored meal than this one. But when they tried to convey to Ken their appreciation of him as a perfect host and master of the fine art of cooking he declared that he doesn't think of it as a fine art at all. He's just 'handy,' he says, and independent—as every man ought to be.

And we believe he is right. Life is bound to be full of emergencies and if one can bring order out of a chaotic medley of foods and cooking utensils it's an achievement.
The next issue of SCREENLAND will be on sale April 1st.
Solving the Menjou Mystery

Continued from page 23

visit was decided upon to settle the matter. As I have friends who raise wonderful dogs, in due course I suggested that I was sure they would be delighted to present him with a nice dog. He was pleased with the offer but said that as the kennel had bred some dogs and the money he would have to stick to them until he at least got something that barked and wagged its tail. He would get something, he said, even if it was to be a cheap dog.

I can't imagine the elegantly smart Menjou out walking with what one would call a 'cheap dog'-can you? And what Roberts to whisper at the kennel, he explained. Well, that's the fatal result of what is known as a 'class. The world over, the movie people are supposed to be rolling in limitless wealth. Add to that the glamour of the Menjou personality and you can realize how the kennel people lost all sense of proportion.

During the telephone conversation I had a chance to look about the salon of the Menjou apartment. Quiet, good taste was all known everywhere perfect setting for it. As is this artiste. Photographs and a miniature of a beautiful blonde lady showed that he had tried to fill the place with Madame Menjou's presence—even though at that moment she was on the other side of the ocean on business. On seeing my interest in the ex-Kathryn Carver, Menjou showed me some interesting snapshots of their travels in Italy and France. Then we continued our film talk.

"In another land," I am sure most of the films will be in color. With the talking and sound effects so well perfected there was something lacking. The scenes and people seemed hollow and dead when done in black and white. With the colors all this has changed; with them one has everything. The living people seem to be before you. Some of the last color films I saw in America were wonderful. Of course, all this will cost a great deal. Actors will have to work for less money. All must be on a saner and more level basis. With good dialogue and colors there will be little need to fill out a picture with the usual spectacular scenes, cabaret midnight orgies. With lines to be spoken and dramatic and comedy situations to be worked up with the dialogue, there must naturally be a dearer in that dialogue. Hence, the quality of pictures will be raised to a much higher level. All that must be.

There is an interesting enthusiasm in all that Menjou says. It colors all his remarks. Never once does one see the blase, ultra-sophisticate that is so often his screen character. He talks rapidly and brilliantly in the French and English that we spoke. He speaks fluently, English, French, German and Italian. He said that he knows enough Spanish to 'get by' in a role and with a little study would be fluent at it.

While in most of his screen characters Menjou has been identified with French parts he, himself, is distinctly international—but with that is the added color of a continental personality. Just as he fitted thoroughly into the French salon where we sat, I am sure he would be just as well framed by an English country house or an Italian villa.

"The one person who is independent of the many changes and revolutions caused by talking films is Charlie Chaplin," Menjou went on. "He is completely apart. His panthomimism is international and speaks a universal language in its mute eloquence. Sad or funny, he has his audiences in the hollow of his hand. It's noticeable here in Europe on seeing his films. There are practically no subtitles—only the usual ones at the start to plant the story. Naturally, in talking films that would be the same. He could remain silent and the other characters could talk, if they must!

Chaplin makes so few pictures he can watch the hectic whirlpool around him and calmly go about his own way profiting by the mistakes and successes of the others as he sees fit. He is the real, world-wide genius, unique among the vast film crowds. I do hope he will not be influenced and eventually fall for a talking picture. When I left California he was firm about it and I feel sure he is right. He is truly the only one, I believe. Every other artiste will have to stand or fall according to their talking film qualifications. But all through this will stand for in the world of foreign films. The artists will play in the two versions with the exception of the leading lady. We are getting one from London for the English version, as Menjou, and Alice Cocis, who plays the lead in French, cannot speak English.

The studio is doing everything possible to make this a good picture. The studio are well built and equipped with good lights. They have brought over the sound-reproduction installations from America with American operators, so when I hear them talking it almost seems that I am back in Hollywood.

"After all, when all is said and done there is no place like Hollywood. I am a little homesick. For making pictures, it is the ideal place. After all these years they have perfected everything till it all runs like a great, well oil machine. Even if the finest machines slow down a bit or run at too great a speed. So do the machines of Hollywood run. Whatever is done, or whatever is not done there is a greatness about it that tells, after all these years of hard labor.

"Hollywood will always be the heart of the film industry. Once one has worked a long time in Hollywood he becomes used to that efficiency and notices its absence in other places. Capital is really the thing—the whole thing. Things in Europe are organized with insufficient capital and naturally the quality of their pictures will suffer. However, they have organized perfectly for this production I am in and we feel that we will have a good picture.

"But that's for the public to decide! At least, it's an interesting experience which I am enjoying thoroughly. The other pictures I will do have not been decided upon as yet, but we have a wealth of material at hand to choose from. I await with great impatience the release of this first one.

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I believe this plan would also interest the friends whose names I have written on the matrix of this page.
business. Don't spread your emotions all over the screen. Conserve them and make them genuine. You haven't that splendid ad-
vice for a beginner?"

Anita spoke of the thousand-faced Lon
with the youthful adoration and admiration
which every school girl lavishes upon her
favorite teacher, the one whom she thinks
knows more than anyone else.

"Mr. Chaney taught me to do each thing
definitely," Anita continued. "He believed
every move, every action, must be clean-
cut and definite. By working with him
and watching him, I tried to learn to eli-
minate sloppiness and haphazardness. He
was never too busy or too absorbed in his
own work to stop and advise and help me."

Professor Chaney's class came later than
the one with William Haines and Nils
Aston. Gay, wire-cracking Billy was
Anita's first teacher. That course was held
during the filming of "Telling the World."
"It was very free, to correct a bad habit which
was making a shadow across her cheek or to
suggest a more graceful movement.

When "The Flying Fleet" was finished,
Anita returned to school at Culver City.
She went from professor to professor, from
classroom to classroom, learning new things
every day.

Then, suddenly, came the talkies. She
was back in kindergarten again. So was
everyone.

Out from New York and the foothills
arrived a new faculty, men and women
who knew the ABC's of voice usage,
and singing and dancing.

Charles King, fresh from Broadway, was
her first professor under the new regime.
She played with him in "The Broadway
Melody."

"Charlie taught me the 'audience feel,'
the first fundamental lesson in the talkies,"
Anita continued, lacing a soft, leather moccasin.
"I was so nervous I could scarcely
speak during the first days of that picture.
And the microphone scared me to death.

"Don't be scared, Anita," Charlie said
to me one day, 'learn to think of the 'mike'
and the large thing, as a living thing, as
being faced with a blood audience. Play to
it. Please it. Sell your voice and your songs to it. Make it like
you. He taught me countless things about using your voice."

Anita was adjusting a black wig with
bright-colored feathers in its brads.

"You see. I've been most awfully lucky,
playing with people who were willing to
try to teach me a part of what they knew.

Again I felt like mumbling something
about all teachers being eager to impart
knowledge if all pupils were Anitas. Again
I said nothing.

Pocahontas, alias Anita, stood up. I
could scarcely believe my eyes. This dusky
Indian maid bore not the slightest resem-
bance to the golden girl in a white flannel
suit who had danced into the dressing room
a half hour earlier.

"Pretty slick, isn't it?" Anita asked,
admiring her new self with nineteen-year-
old enthusiasm, "now I know how it feels
to be a brunette. This is for still pictures.
I love to do these things, but find myself in
different clothes and colorings. It's good
practice in make-up."

So even the still cameramen, the make-
up artists and the hair dressers are instruc-
tors in Anita's school.

Altogether, now: "Three Cheers for
Anita. Rah! Rah! Rah!"
Singing in the Desert — Continued from page 34
rode horseback early in the morning and late at night. They just stood on its edge and sang.

It answered their need for solitude. For they are complete in each other's friendship. At the studio, they do not mix with the others in gossip circles. They are not unfriendly to their co-workers. They just do not make advances. After half an hour's conversation they are liking them but knowing no more about their lives or thoughts than before.

The friendship between these two is built on their love of music, their differences—for they are exact opposites of each other—and the fact that at the time of an important crisis in the life of each, the other was there to help, to sympathize, and to encourage.

"I needed help badly," relates Bernice, "when I first went into 'The Desert Song' in Chicago. I had all my experience in high school operettas in Oakland. But had never spoken a line on the professional stage. I was just a dancer and under-study for a short time in New York before I was sent to the other company to fill a vacancy made by the illness of Charlotte Lillian.

"I had to succeed. My whole future depended upon this rôle. I didn't want to go back to the chorus and work up again. Alec was of the same experience and sympathized. He had to go through the same thing once himself. He was put into the leading male rôle in Marilyn Miller's play, 'Sally.' They played it the same as I had played. He knew what I was going through.

"She was such a forlorn little thing," relates Alec, "I knew she was inexperienced and probably homesick. So I asked her over to my flat to practise. I had lived in Chicago several times before. I had been a fighter in the Northwestern Military Academy there and an advertising manager for the Diamond T Truck Company. I had friends there and introduced Bernice to them. And my wife, Jeannette, took a big sister's interest in her.

"It was her perfect voice that attracted my interest. It is so clear and smooth. It blends with my ineptness and sympathy. I think she made him an ideal partner. She soon learned the technique of the stage. By the time we took the play on tour, she was a finished musical comedy actress.

And Bernice repaid this kindness and help only a year and a half later. For tragedy came into Alec's life. Jeannette tried to drive from Chicago to Pittsburgh and was killed in an automobile accident. Alec was stunned at first. It had come so suddenly. He had been looking forward to her visit, although he had advised against it because of the condition of the roads. When the reaction set in and he realized that it was true, Bernice feared for his mind.

"He blamed himself for it," Bernice explains. "He insisted that he shouldn't have let her come. But she had done it against his will. He was sort of unstrung. He acted as if the world had come to an end. And I guess it had, temporarily, for him." The tour ended right after this and the company went into New York. Here, the First National studio in Brooklyn asked Gray to come for a test. "I thought I might be asked to do some acting, so I persuaded Bernice to come with me," says Alec. "But we only had to sing. We sang a couple of duets and a solo ariette from the play."

Marilyn Miller was making a talking picture version of "Sally" in Burbank and had requested Gray for the leading man. He was sent right out as soon as his test was okayed. Bernice did not hear from her, so she went home to Oakland to visit her family.

She had been there a couple of months when she received a wire asking her to come to Los Angeles to play Nanette in "No, No, Nanette" opposite Alec Gray. She went down there immediately and has played opposite him ever since. After "No, No, Nanette" came "Spring Is Here." The latter was two day's work from completion when they were put into "Song of the Flame," and played in two pictures at the same time.

Bernice is happy-go-lucky with a strong sense of humor. Alec is more serious-minded; a dreamer, an idealist. His laughter comes slower than Bernice's, but is none the less hearty.

Bernice leads, and delights in doing so. Alec is glad to follow and enjoy her spontaneity. He delights in her quick laughter. He is amused by her sudden change of disposition. And Bernice is glad to have Alec nearby to talk to, to tease, to laugh at.

Music is their common ground of understanding. Both love it for itself. Music in any form charms them. They love to sing. They even like to practise. Any hour of the day when they are not on the set finds them in the songwriters' office, practising.

It was the harmony and melody of the desert that held them entranced at Palm Springs, just as "The Desert Song" brought them together and cemented their friendship. The desert waited for them the two years they toured, singing its song. Now it has them, and they cannot and do not want to escape.

Greta Garbo — Continued from page 24

be—well, just a little tempting, just a little seductive, a little, well, naughty, maybe—but in the nice way Greta does it. Yes, we liked our old shoes. New shoes, Mr. Brown, nice and shiny no doubt, but they hurt just a little bit, Mr. Brown. Just a very little bit.

This may take her place as one of the truly fine dramatic actresses of the screen. Unique in that she knows little of technique; indeed she doesn't need it, but acts by instinct alone. She lives her part, and her voice helps in this sincere por-

She knows how?

She is too clever to let drab, 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 Glint Shampoo.

*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely clean. Golden Glint in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a fashionable "tint"—not little bit—but much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair! 25¢ at your dealer's—or a FREE sample will show you the difference. Send for it now!

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DRAWER V.I., Dept. F, Hollywood, Calif., U.S.A.

 Dealers, wanted.
removed from those romantic ladies who eluded so serenely through a romantic world.

Oh, yes, we moan.

But first of all it is necessary that Miss Garbo be accepted as the living actress that she is. Not to be confined to one rôle, but to be allowed to show her mettle in widely different characterizations. This complete freedom came as a surprise to many, no doubt.

It was a rude awakening, we admit. Perhaps this unreal figure she played in the past was a mere dream, more enchanting, but it is necessary to shed the garments of the old, before building the new. Garbo is first of all an emotional actress, and that is not a type. That is why she cannot be allowed to continue to be a type. You will find she has lost none of her old glamour, but has adopted new sheaths of beauty.

We will? We swallow our last sniffl.

"Now, while her public is in this state of surprise, we shall swing back and make her a prima donna, a ravishing opera star with a world of adorers at her feet."

You will? We gulp.

"What little is left of her accent will be fitted into this rôle. It is only a matter of months before every trace will have disappeared."

But we liked the accent in "Anna Christie," Mr. Brown. We really did.

"Strange as it may seem it was some-thing difficult for her to get to speak with an accent that would be in keeping with the Swedish Anna."

Then her voice will lend itself to other, different kinds of parts, Mr. Brown.

"We are already perfecting plans for Greta to play in 'Romance,' that stage play in which lovely Doris Keane formerly starred, in which she will be all that is glamorous. Her deep seductive voice will thrill you."

O-o-o-oooh!

"That's for you, Mr. Brown. So that's what Greta's director has to say. Well, well, after all the sun is shining. Those new shoes we were kicking about, I guess we may as well take them along. I guess they do fit our bumps of romance, come to think of it.

Now let's not hear any more arguments.

That settles it."

Oh, it does, does it? Well, is she another Duse or another Bernhardt, that's what I want to know? Make up your mind!

---

Jack Gilbert—Continued from page 25

storming days blush. But Mr. Barrymore

let it get by. Jack was going through an

emotional stage, and nobody was in a

hurry anyhow. Get a Jack Gilbert talking

picture out—that was the idea. The big- 

gest mistake was in thinking Gilbert's tre-

mendous popularity was enough to weather

anything, even bad recording. They know

now that no matter how popular a star is

he can't afford to appear ridiculous in a

serious picture.

As for his voice—had it been truly re-

corded, John Gilbert's first talking picture

would not have been a fiasco. His voice

is brittle, tense, and exactly suits his per-

sonality. He is used to speaking quickly, but with ex-

pression, for his mood is expressed in the
tones of his voice just as it is in his mobile face.

His is a taut, nervous temperament. He
does everything impulsively. It is one of the

things that makes him so lovable.

Underneath the impulsiveness is a quality that

searches relentlessly for motive. That

is the quality that has endeared him to hun-
dreds who call him friend; who have him to

thank for gracious deeds of kindness

of which the world knows nothing. But

John Gilbert is always good copy and re-

porters seize avidly upon his slightest ges-
ture to supply them with news. They

forget that they are nailing a human being
to the cross.

About Jack's voice. When a director,
either on stage or screen, selects a cast

in support of a star he is careful not to do

strophy the composition of the picture as

a whole. As an instance, E. H. Sothern

is a man small in stature. It was one of the

harassing things in his career. But did

he magnify this by engaging men taller

than himself to play with him? He did not.

Directors don't do those things. So

with the voice in talking pictures. Had

men been selected that were sympathetic

in their own way. Gilbert's, there wouldn't

have been so much trouble. And had in-

finite pains been taken in the recording of

this sound film, we wouldn't have been

taken with other stars since then, there

wouldn't have been so much trouble, either.

This correspondent happened to hear sev-

eral Gilbert scenes recorded. The outside

recordings were wonderful and Greta's was
good of the other voices but Jack's
didn't sound natural. Nothing was done

about it. Not even Jack thought of asking

for better equipment.

When they signed up Lawrence Tibbett

his voice threatened to wreck the whole

sound department. Their first thought

wasn't, "How can we preserve this glorious

volume of music?" Indeed, no. What

they said was, "Mr. Tibbett, you will have
to hold your voice back." Those of you

who are singers can imagine what the

Carnegie Opera star replied to that. But

they wanted Mr. Tibbett very badly so

they worked until their equipment was

adjusted to this magnificent artist's mea-

surements. And the result will mean

millions of dollars in their pockets.

And oh, what pains they took with Miss

Garbo! No slip-ups there. And now

Metro is backing Jack. It may be because

they have to, on account of that iron-

bound contract; but they are going to

watch their step next time and give Gilbert

the consideration Tibbett and Garbo have

had. "His Glorious Night" was just a

mistake. Metro, Jack and Ina Claire are

looking for a dramatic story and next time

the result will be different.

When Jack was rising out of the five-

day-a-week class and he looked rosy to

him, as it did just before this talking pic-
ture experience, he overheard a director

say that Jack Gilbert will never get very

far in pictures—"far too big," and Jack

contemplated suicide for weeks through

erser depression. Then the un-

quenchable spirit that is in his and that

make what he says is only big. He

decided that he wasn't going to let his

nose get the better of him. And that's

what Jack is doing now. He's making up

his mind that his voice won't get the

better of him.

And it won't. Not if we know John

Gilbert.
**Why They Laugh at Love Scenes**

Continued from page 29

But the charm was in silence. And the talkies shattered it.

It had recommended the ladies of the audience in his wide embrace, and then whispered rather gaspingly “I Love You,” the composite girl doubtless would have giggled. That was the reaction to the sudden gusy sighs that crumbled the stillness. When he actually did say “I Love You” to Catherine Dale Owen, who, for her part, was the moment was all the women in the world, the audience girls true to form, as they always do, and that giggle of self-conscious embarrassment inundated the cinematic world.

**You doubt?** Consider then another cause celebre—only one of many since Conrad Nagel got the first “I Love You” razzberry. It concerns no less a romantic figure than Ramon Novarro, selected as Valentina’s successor and the logical recipient of the particular love rapture that graced great Rudy’s seductive vividness. (And what would the talkies have done to him?)

In “Devil May Care,” the gallant Ramon is the undeniable lover whom Everygirl hopes to greet from the safety of her balcony. The film itself is the very epitome of a love story. It has a pathetic moment, its amorous climax, when Ramon, misunderstood after a quarrel, pleads at his sweetheart’s door for one word in explanation before his departure to the wars and probable death.

He is on one side of the closed door; she on the other. Both love with all that pathetic so frequently become a make-believe, so seldom in reality. His voice is taut with passion, the echo of the longing in his heart. She, on her side, leans, spent with the very force of her love, against the door, stilling sobs as she drinks in every word of his entreaties. Such is the scene, as beautiful, as heart-stopping, as passion-pulsing, as pleasurally painted as any ever filmed. What happens? What is the reaction of the girls in the audience?

**Brainless Beauties Keep Out**

Continued from page 59

It is evident, therefore, that the road to beauty is strewed today with many added difficulties.

But for two classes of girls, the situation brought about by talking pictures offers a definite challenge.

First, the beautiful girl with ambition enough to learn the technique of preserving that beauty on the screen; second, the less beautiful girl who will work additionally hard to create that illusion of beauty which is the great achievement of a truly fine actress.

This illusion of beauty is more important than the actual beauty itself. I will repeat a former statement that no perfect beauty has ever been a great actress. A perfect example is Sarah Bernhardt. Madame Bernhardt has been a perfect beauty. She had many imperfections of face and figure. However, after an evening watching her art, you would come away from the theater aware that she was the most beautiful woman in all the world.

In talking pictures a splendid voice is a very great asset in heightening the beauty. May Johnson, my lead in "Dynamite," is an extremely charming blonde, the sort that attracts men. Why, they laugh! Why? Because they, themselves, are the girls in the room. Akers in her position, they’d open the door. But in some confused way they feel that all the other people in the house are watching them. They can’t dare let Ramon enter. If the scene lasted a little longer it would attain a height where the audience would be reduced to nervous hysteria. It breaks just before this point is reached—and the girls giggle.

A fine director, Richard Wallace, if you must know, shares an ambition which must be harbored in the hearts of others, one day to direct a scene so tense that people will run from the theater in a frenzy. He will take their nerves, and hearts and souls and emotions and twist and turn and torture them to such an extent that they can no longer stand the emotional strain. Pain. You know, is just next door to pleasure. So much warmth is pleasant—a little more and there comes the pain of burning. When Wallace slips this one over on the master reels of Hollywood he will have created a mighty scene, and accomplished the labor of a real superman in gaining utter control of the unseen and bending it to his will—his mood. In the Novarro scene this ultimate was approached ever so slightly.

In the meantime there will be countless repetitions of the Gilbertian giggles. Love has been made audible—and it can’t stand the gall. It must be perpetually encased in the softest whisper. As real a touch of reality, a breath of down-to-earth, steak-and-potatoes “I Love You,” and the result is unrestrained merriment.

The producers will be-wise if they gag Cupid—keep Eros dumb, as Justice will forever remain blind. Let the talkies talk, and talk and talk—but never let them say “I Love You.” That’s our advice. It doesn’t cost anything. Perhaps that is just what it is worth!
and one lady of impeccable hauteur.

The scene is Newgate Prison back in the eighteenth century, when you could be hanged for almost nothing. In the jail we have Mr. Snip, the jailer, himself a sly cutpurse of the empire, played in a Dicken-

of a part by Walter Kingsford, the

fabled Lord Ruthven, and J. Kerby

as Hawkes; the famous highwayman,

Jonathan Wild, done bawlingly, alcoholically

and superbly by Lord Waim

wright, a beautifully cocketed Borgia

scoundrel who has poisoned his whole

family, a man who hates cant and whose

acting is a joyous burlesque, a breath-

taking piece of audaciousness, and Mary

Ellis, who plays as she has never played

before, wisely and well, the part of the

prison wench, the jailor’s daughter. Miss

Ellis is alive (italics, please). Ah, Mary,

could a woman of wizardry! Critics are

dumb before three—except the ascetic Mr.

Nathan.

The dialogue is superb; there is not much

story—but it would make a superb picture

for Lucbsch.

“Waterloo Bridge”

Mr. Sherwood wrote in "Waterloo Bridge" a sentimental tale of an American

street-walker in London and an American

boy who is certainly the incredible BooB

of the late war. Glenn Hunter was the

soldier boy who tried to lift the wench to

spiritual heights and June Walker was the

girl of Waterloo Bridge into whose life

Something Else tells us. Both were as good as
good can be. Teething rings—

however should be given out with tickets to

this play.

“Death Takes a Holiday”

Here are imagination, originality and

mirth with a theme of universal interest—
a sort of morality play dressed up in modern
clothes and speech; something that comes

too near to you; a play you will not soon

forget. It was adapted by Walter Ferrie from

the Italian of Alberto Carlo, who, has

not the daring or subtility of Pirandello,

but in the way that they have been in benign

mood, should have assigned to do this job.

It lacks metaphysical magic.

Exquisite early autumn night at the

famous villa of Duke Lambert. All the

guests who have just missed dinner in

their cars by a hair. Even the leaves in

the garden have suddenly stopped falling.

Enter Death when the Duke is alone.

He informs the Duke that he has decreed for

himself a three-days’ holiday on earth in order
to find out what it is that makes

humans afraid of him and why they cling

to life.

He then appears later as a soldier, a

Prince Sirk (decorated on all fronts and

at the sides of穿过 the border). A

great man in the street of the world! Not

new—except to lovers, if any.

Even when Grazia finds out that her

Tremendous Lover is Death she elects to go

with him (her eyes of coal, the horror-mask), thus proving again to

those who already believe it that Love is stronger

than Death. Grazia lives in Revry, which

in one of the city’s streets. And on

time does she live in the same matter-of-

fact world as the others.

The play is perfectly constructed and

adaptable, "Death Takes a Holiday" ever

reaches the screen. Janet Gaynor may make a memorable Grazia.

---

The Stage in Review

Continued from page 97

the same period. The styles of Greece and

of the Second Empire are most simple and

therefore most adaptable to our present

needs. Such head-dresses as were worn at

Versailles in the time of the Antoinette

would never do. Some of these old time

cosmetics took days to arrange and were

not discarded for several months. Plastic,

pieces of wood, wire frames and even ship

models were used in constructing the coiffures

of the court ladies. Such styles, vastly

uncomfortable and most unsanitary, are not

for the modern woman. If she must wear

long dresses and look backward rather

than forward for her inspiration in hairdressing,

it is better to follow the simple styles of

the Athenian ladies and of the Persian women

of a century ago.

No, I do not recommend that the hair-
dress be an exact replica of the old-time

styles. Antoine seems to believe, "It merely

must catch the mood of the old coiffure."

The photographer had finished with Miss

Owen, and Antoine took up the task of

showing Screenland’s feminine readers how
to do their hair. His second coiffure was

a simple affair suitable for afternoon

wear, yet formal enough for evening if a

few jewels or other ornaments were added.

"It is, you will notice, a frame for Miss

Owen’s interesting features especially stress-

ing the beautiful line of her throat and

jaw. As I said before, the hair always

should frame the face becomingly, empha-

sizing the most beautiful lines and alleviating

the undesirable ones. An older woman

must never wear her hair back from the

forehead. She must soften her face by

letting the hair down far enough to shade it.

And even the most beautiful of women

must have a little hair showing beneath her

hat—but only a little."

"But what about short hair?" I wanted to

know.

"Compromise," answered Antoine, smil-

ing. "Cut it to the shoulder if it is long,
or if it is short let it grow until it reaches the

shoulder. Shoulder-length hair can be
easily managed and is adaptable to either

the long bob such as Greta Garbo prefers

to coiffured hair. Personally, I like to see

done up for evening with combs and

other ornaments.

Again Miss Owen was ready, and he ar-

ranged the third coiffure quickly and dexter-

ously, a combination coiffure which could

be used for either business or semi-

formal occasions. When he had finished,

the famous hairdresser let drop a few hints

on hair and the mode.

When, many years hence, your hair

starts "drying out", we heard him tell Miss

Owen, "Let it become grey. Don’t try to
do anything about it. The most flattering

shades for any woman are silver grey and

brown shades and you are often much

better off with a Botox blonde head reddened

women—no matter how beautiful their hair

may be—are at a definite disadvantage when

Coiffures for Occasions

Continued from page 57
it comes to picking colors for their gowns and hair ornaments. Few shades harmonize with these shades of hair.

"You," he continued, pointing with his comb to Miss Owen's small, pretty ears, "can show your ears to advantage. But you are an exception. Not one woman out of a hundred should allow her ears to project below her coiffure."

Miss Owen fingered the tip of one ear affectionately, "How do you get ideas for the varied coiffures that you create?"

"These coiffures I have arranged for you, Miss Owen. They are all true to nature. It is from the contours of your face and from your expression that I have drawn my inspiration. I do not make the same coiffure twice. Each time with the hair I attempt to interpret the mood which my client is in at the moment that I work. If I see that it is a happy mood or, perhaps, a quiet, pensive mood, I try to preserve it while the hairdress lasts."

"Then, too, the shape of the head tells me a great deal. I want to see that I should do in making a distinguished coiffure. I follow the natural lines."

M. Antoine is perhaps the most famous hairdresser in France. His real name is Antoine Cerepkowski. He came to Paris from Poland as a sculptor, but his work, in the modern trend, was too advanced at the time to be truly admired and he turned to hairdressing and the manufacture of unusual artificial flowers for a liveli

A New Girl—Continued from page 54

... to be Sophie Tucker's, Nora Bayes or some other well known actresses. Before Ann had learned to walk, the mother had taken her to Fort Lee. With some of her letters of introduction, Mrs. Roth got her daughters into the Fort Lee studios where they decided that Lillian would do fine. Thus they had a girl who did Mae Marsh as a girl, a acted a scene with Theda Bara and played one of Gar- ence's children.

During those days, the Roth girls and their mother had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning in a house with only one stove and travel to Fort Lee to work. In one of her sad moments away from the studios, Lillian was given the part of the abused daughter in the stage play, "The Inner Light." Lillian went for the next role, she was informed that a little boy was needed. Mrs. Roth hurried her daughter home, cut Lillian's hair, changed her clothing and returned with the state- ment: "This is the brother of the girl you just saw." She got the part.

At the age of seven, Lillian played a part in "The Beethoven." When she was eight, she was selected from 935 other stage children to play the child part in "Shaving." She says it was because of the fact that she was the only one with straight hair. When she signed her contract, Lillian went up alone and asked for $3 a week. She was given $50 a week for a year's run of the play. "The Roth Kids" was the title of the sister act when Lillian, then 10 years old, and Ann played the Palace Theater in New York. After five years of vaudeville in towns all over the United States, Lillian returned to New York a grown girl of 15 years. With a new outfit she went to see J. Shubert. He asked her if she could sing. She said she could, although her only vocal training was the singing of Red Hot Mammas. When she really came, it was assured. He now has salons in Berlin, London and New York as well as in Paris. If he himself dresses a client's hair he receives a fee of one hundred and twenty-five dollars. And if the work he did on Miss Owen's hair is a sample, it is worth it!

Doug, Jr. Psycho-analyzed—Continued from page 53

hard to carry out. Artists are notoriously hard to live with. Bernard Shaw once said that the artist is the man who would take his milk and turn it into painter's ink.

But Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is not an extreme type. He is, I take it, in some ways a chip of the old block; there is something of the fairbanks blood in him which 57 the artist's weaknesses. It is, in- deed, greatly to his credit that, although he has Fairbanks blood in him, he is not an in-consistently painted man. He has held out an individuality of his own which, in some respects, differs startlingly from Doug. Sr. We all know the older man, an extravert if there ever was one, a D'Arago and to the very end and the end is not yet. Contrasted with him, Doug, Jr., is more typically the artist, with something of the poet, the dreamer, the introvert, the question of life and himself.

Among the younger actors of the screen he stands out as something very much him- self, something deeper, with more than the ordinary warmth. He is a young man who by his very nature should grow steadily and surely until he becomes a star of high rank. The energy, ambition and practical sense that helps him very much, just as his varied and rich nature, with its depth, understanding and sympathy should help her. The bet placed above remains standing!"
This Is Not Advertising! But We Acknowledge Our Debt to Honest Advertisers

We American folks pride ourselves on our willingness to approach all questions with perfectly open minds, to seek the truth and to give credit where credit is due. We are known as believers in fair play and are quick to defend against unjustified attacks. Most of us try not to be unreasonable and few of us are uncharitable. We surely are not selfish and we all lay claim to a sense of appreciation.

While Screenland is primarily devoted to screen entertainment, it realizes that its readers have other interests in life. They are interested in all of the four recognized essentials of living: first there is food, then clothing, then shelter, and then recreation. And since Screenland's editorial policy is founded upon well-balanced common sense and reason, we know that our readers follow other means of entertainment, for instance, the theater, music, the radio, books, and magazines of general interest. Indeed, you're reading now.

It is generally well known that magazines and radio broadcasting stations are largely dependent upon advertisers for their continued existence. True, their patronage depends upon their entertainment value to readers and listeners-in, and their value to advertisers depends upon the size and quality of the audience, so after all it becomes a trio, in which the advertiser plays an important part, and in the case of magazine and radio, the advertiser makes possible the recreation.

Established magazines and important radio broadcasting stations refuse page and air to any but responsible advertisers and this strict censorship furnishes a sterling guarantee to the buying public. Advertised products, foods, wearing apparel, necessities or luxuries, are usually the safest to buy, because anything lacking in merit cannot for long be successfully advertised.

But speaking of fair play and the debt due to advertisers for their part played in the world's recreation, Screenland takes this opportunity to challenge Dr. Lee De Forest, who upon his recent election as president of the Institute of Radio Engineers, exclaimed in his inaugural address:

"The insidious influence of the avaricious advertiser and his stupid insistence on direct advertising have, I regret to observe, become increasingly effective and devastating . . . The radio public, I believe, is becoming nauseated by the quality of many of the present programs. Shortsighted greed of the broadcasters, station owners and advertising agencies, is slowly killing the broadcasting goose, layer of many golden eggs."

Heavy thought! The so-called 'father of radio' probably hasn't been listening-in recently. If he had been, he would realize that the sponsors of the priceless radio programmes on the big broadcasting stations, particularly the National Broadcasting and Columbia network chains, are merely promoting good-will for their products and that this advertising goes hand in hand with columns and pages in the world's interesting periodicals, and that the reading and listening public will seldom tune out on Atwater-Kent, Palmolive, Amos 'n Andy (Pepsodent), the Ipana Troubadours, The Lucky Strike Hour, The Johnson & Johnson Program, The Fleischmann Hour, The Wrigley Program, and pardon Screenland, we almost forgot The De Forest Radio Company (De Forest Audion Tubes).

But there, there, we know what's the matter. The 'father of radio' hasn't heard the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company Health Exercise program, daily except Sunday. He'd have to get up early in the morning for that one. But lots of daddies and mothers and boys and girls do!

No, Doctor, lots of folks will listen in on the programmes. And they'll read the advertising in the newspapers and magazines.

The Publishers
In an amazing way, Tangee changes color as you put it on... and blends perfectly with your individual complexion—whether blonde, brunette or titian. Natural color! Subtle individuality!

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... and as permanent as the day is long.

Ask for TANGEE and be sure you see the name TANGEE

PRICES—Tangee Lipstick in gun-metal case $1, in superb gold and black enamel case $2.50, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Crème Rouge $1, Tangee Day Cream $1, Tangee Night Cream $1, Tangee Face Powder including the smart new shade, Tangee Tan $1. The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York.


Enclosed is 20c for Miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and "The Art of Make-up."

Name.................................................................
Address.............................................................
"COMING EVENTS cast their shadows before"

(Thomas Campbell 1777-1844)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW
by refraining from over-indulgence

We do not represent that smoking Lucky Strike Cigarettes will cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a Lucky" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a trim figure.

When Tempted
Reach for a LUCKY instead

"It's toasted"

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