The Clearing House for Dreams
She "knows her groceries"

She orders by telephone — it's so convenient and saves so much time. Instead of spending an hour in a trip to the market, she makes better use of the time by getting her housework done early. She orders with perfect confidence because she literally "knows her groceries." They are advertised goods, nationally known and nationally used.

She purchases other necessities for her home, for herself, for her husband and for her children with the same confidence. She buys advertised goods because she knows that the manufacturers of advertised articles must keep the quality up to standard if public confidence is to be retained. She watches the advertisements and so knows what, when and where to buy to best advantage. She is representative of millions of American women who make their homes better, their families healthier, their lives easier and happier by using the advertisements.

" " "

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Now you can hear
the pulse-beat of the world
4 times every week

Now Fox Movietone News, pioneer talking newsreel, brings you the sights and sounds of the entire world in four separate and complete issues weekly.

If it isn’t Fox, it isn’t MOVIE TONE NEWS!

If it isn’t Fox, it isn’t the talking newsreel with efficient newsreel crews gathering the latest and most important news events of North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

Look for the name, FOX, and you’re sure to see and hear MOVIE TONE NEWS!

It speaks for itself!
MOVIE TONE NEWS
4 Issues Every Week
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"PARAMOUNT takes an easy lead in talking pictures"

So stated the New York Morning "World" on the presentation at the Criterion Theatre of "Interference", Paramount's first All-Talking Picture. And public and critics from coast to coast have echoed and re-echoed Paramount's triumph in this new form of entertainment! But great as "Interference" is, it is only a hint of the amazing Paramount Talking Pictures that are coming to you. Between now and July 1, 1929, Paramount will present 22 ALL-TALKING Pictures with players selected from the cream of Broadway talent and Paramount's own great stars. In every particular—in story, in casting, and in direction, they are Paramount—commanding all the resources of the greatest organization in motion pictures. Today, 68 years, only Paramount will ever surpass Paramount! In addition, Paramount presents 17 part talking, singing and sound hits. Many of these sound pictures will have "silent" versions as well, so if the theatre you now attend is not equipped for sound, you will still be able to see and enjoy these great Paramount Pictures. Paramount's

Short Features Program consists of 13 Paramount-Christie short plays, 28 Paramount Talking and Singing Acts, and Paramount Song Cartoons and "Famous Composers" Series. Soon, the news reel that you all know as the best and most timely will be in sound, and when you hear Paramount Sound News you will realize that here, too, Paramount is supreme. No longer do talking pictures attract on novelty alone. You demand quality and Paramount supplies it. "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
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THE FLAME OF HOLLYWOOD

Poor, little flame! Burning so brightly, expending herself so eagerly, so wildly—what will her future be? How long will this gifted, vital girl last in the movies and in Hollywood? Already those who first petted her and taught her to swear in the language that was new to the little, foreign “discovery,” are now lifting their eyebrows and patronizing her, because she is “well, so—so outré, don’t you know!” That is, when they do not avoid her altogether. And she, the little flame, does not see all this, because of her consuming desire to enjoy success while it lasts. “When the public no longer loves me, no longer wants to see me, I will die. I will kill myself!” she says. Those who know her fear she may.

Who is she? Where did she come from? What is her future? The answers will be found in PICTURE PLAY for April, together with an amazing, intimate revelation of one of the most disturbing personalities that has ever swept into the movie colony—one whose future is so inevitable that you will want to foresee it by reading this story. Don’t miss it.

Ronald Colman, Clive Brook and William Collier, Jr.

You agree that they are three of the most interesting men in the movies, don’t you? Yet how often have you read really satisfying stories about them? Rarely, if ever. For Mr. Colman is aloof, Mr. Brook is reserved, and Mr. Collier is elusive. Between the three, the ordinary interviewer has been balked, thrown off the scent and generally circumvented by their polite uncommunicativeness. He, or she, has found that this trio has had “nothing to say.” But that is only because the right approach was not made. Now, in next month’s PICTURE PLAY you will find proof that these aloof, reserved and elusive gentlemen are anything but that. A story about each will appear to dispel common belief in their inability to make interesting reading, and you will learn much that you never dreamed existed. Look alive! Don’t wait to buy PICTURE PLAY before the edition is exhausted.
Fannie Brice
Steps from the screen to sing and talk to You!

A famous star of the Stage rises to greater stardom and imperishable fame through Vitaphone! Fannie Brice—in the new Vitaphone production "MY MAN"—she makes you laugh! Makes you cry! Lifts you to soul-stirring emotional climaxes, as she triumphs over lost love and gains the love of millions! See and hear Fannie Brice in—"MY MAN."

Warner Bros. Present this marvelous entertainer in "My Man"

ANOTHER notable achievement of Vitaphone—bringing to the world the marvelous art of Fannie Brice—her subtle humor—her sympathy—her deep understanding of Life, its loves, hopes, tragedies, triumphs.

In "MY MAN," the real Fannie Brice steps from the Screen to sing and talk to you. More astonishing, more fascinating—you will say—than the living presence of the artist!

You will hear her sing the songs that have made her the idol of millions—"My Man"—"I'd rather be Blue over You"—"I'm an Indian"—"Second-Hand Rose"—"If you want the Rainbow, You must have the Rain."

See and hear "MY MAN." Then you will know that a glorious new chapter of Progress has been written. You will be utterly amazed at the realism of Vitaphone. You will acknowledge its stupendous accomplishment in bringing to the people everywhere the best entertainment the world can offer.
What the Fans Think

"What's Sauce for the Goose—"

WHY is it that so much unfavorable publicity is printed about some of the stars, and that others, who deserve just as much adverse criticism, are praised highly in every way? I am not upholding either side as to morals, right or wrong, but I do think it is unfair to hurt a star's popularity for doing something that another one can do, and be called "cute."

The two specific cases I have in mind are Sue Carol and James Hall. Miss Carol is married. Even though she is separated from her husband, she is still legally married to him. Yet I read in magazines, in newspapers, et cetera, that she is madly in love with Nick Stuart and he with her, that she went to Europe to make a picture with him, that they are continuously together, and so on; and all the magazines date on printing the facts and praising these two youngsters.

What is so wonderful about such actions, under the circumstances? She had better get a divorce before much more is printed about her infatuation for another man!

Now, as to James Hall, he is the one who gets all the unfavorable publicity for doing something that is no worse and, I am inclined to think, not so bad as some of the other favorites. He is married, but separated from his wife. He escorts this or that young lady of the Hollywood colony to a dance or café, and he gets nothing but a "knocking" for doing this. Is he doing anything terrible, or radically wrong? No. At least, not more than is Miss Carol.

It is about time Mr. Hall is getting some decent comments from the magazines. His fans want to see him succeed and be given an even chance to do so. If Miss Carol, and many others, can get away with their actions, and be highly touted for doing so, then why turn on Mr. Hall? If one player is to get bad publicity for doing something unseemly, then magazines should be consistent and treat all offenders alike. Perhaps Miss Carol has so captivated every one with her girlish charm that no one cares to hurt her; or perhaps Mr. Hall is so engaging that he has aroused jealousy in some quarters. Is that it?

E. W. WHITE.
5247 Florence Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Foreign Flowers Brighten Screen.

America certainly has furnished the screen with a bumper crop of mediocore players, and I, for one, am heartily thankful for any foreign star who will descend to grace our arid silver sheet and endow it with a spark, at least, of beauty, spontaneity, or personality.

As if our old stars were not insipid enough, why must such creatures as Anita Page, Nancy Carroll, Fay Wray, and others too numerous and inferior to mention, be added to their ranks?

What great star has America ever given to the screen? Lon Chaney? All his portrayals are the same. See one, you've seen them all. Lilian Gish? All her rôles partake of the same type of hysterical inanity. John Gilbert? A determined effort to show the sex appeal he hasn't got. Clara Bow? That very common flapper with a profile like a monkey's? Ah, no! They are not actors at all, but types, and sadly common ones at that.

The screen to-day is like a barren desert, with here and there a bright cactus flower, by way of a foreign player, to lend it a little beauty and charm.

I admit that Greta Garbo has a large mouth, poor teeth, and big feet; but she also has something that Eleanor Boardman, in her gray monotony, can never hope to attain.

Little Lupe Velez, another untrained foreigner, has accomplished more during her brief sojourn on the screen than our native Colleen Moore could in a hundred years.

Comparisons are odious; yet, just for the sake of contrast, let us gaze upon the respective merits of Douglas Fairbanks and Emil Jannings. Which of these is worthy of being called the greater actor?

Our screen is not yet so self-sufficient but that it can stand the addition of foreign talent greater than its own.

Gene Charteris.

Benton, Washington.

Persimmons and Bouquets.

This fan would like to say a few words. I enjoy Picture Play best of all the movie magazines, and sincerely hope the editor will never cut down the space given to fan letters.

First, I'd love to hand Edwin Carewe and his "able staff" a green persimmon for trying to foist the incompetent Dolores del Rio upon the public. While she has given the public one good picture, she has given it three terrible performances. 'Tis true, "What Price Glory?"

Continued on page 10
"He can't play... turn on the radio; they all shouted

but my revenge was sweet

NOW that everyone is here, let's tune in on a good station and get some snappy dance music.

Olive Murray was full of pep as she adjusted the dials of her radio. "Shucks," she said as she discovered someone making a speech. "Let's try another station.

But there wasn't a note of dance music on the air. "Something like this would happen the night of my party," she moaned. "Never mind, there'll be a good orchestra on at 10:30.

You could see disappointment written all over the guests' faces. Suddenly I bucked up my courage and took Olive aside.

"What's the piano closed for?" I asked.

"Why not? No one here plays. I only wish somebody could play, though."

"I'll try to fill in for a while, Olive."

"You're jesting, Dick! You never played before at parties."

"That's right, Olive, but I'll play tonight," I assured her.

I could tell she didn't believe me. For as she announced that I was to entertain with some piano selections I caught her winking to one of the fellows.

And what a roar the crowd let out when I sat down.

"He can't play," called out a voice good-naturedly from the rear. "Let's turn on the radio and listen to the speeches."

"Sure," added one of my friends. "I know that he can't tell one note from another. It's all a lot of Greek to him. How about it, Dick?"

I said nothing. But my fingers were itching to play.

"Give him a chance," said Olive, "maybe he can play."

A Dramatic Moment

That settled it. There was no maybe about it. I played through the first bars of Strauss' immortal Blue Danube Waltz. A tense silence fell on the guests as I continued. Suddenly I switched from classical music to the syncopated tunes from "Good News." Every one started to dance. Pep was once more in order. They forgot all about the radio. But soon, of course, they insisted that I tell them all about my new accomplishment. Where I had learned...when I had learned...how?

The Secret

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?"

They exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a surprisingly easy method through which you can learn to play any instrument without out a teacher."

It doesn't seem possible," someone said.

"That's what I thought, too. But the Free Demonstration lesson which they mailed me on request so opened my eyes that I sent for the complete course."

"It was simply wonderful—no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practising. My fear of notes disappeared at the very beginning. As the lessons came they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best."

Then I told them how I had always longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet songs—or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera or the latest syncopation—how when I heard others playing I envied them so that it almost applied the pleasure of the music for me—how I was anxious because they could entertain their friends and family.

"Music was always one of those nevercome-true dreams until the U. S. School came to my rescue. Believe me, no more heavy looking for me."

Half a Million People Can't Be Wrong!

You, too, can now teach yourself to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown over half a million people how to play their favorite instruments. Forget that oldfashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

Send for Our Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free book and our Free demonstration lesson explain all about this revolutionary new method. The idea is to teach you the first notes of your favorite instrument so that you can hear the music and then work at that music. This lesson is sent free to new students.

Pick Your Instrument

Drums 
Banjo 
Guitar 
Cello 
Hawaiian Steel Guitar 
Sight Singing 
Piano Accordion 
Voice and Speech Culture 
Dramatic Art 
Automatic Finger Control 
Bass (Plectrum, S-String or Tenor) 

Have you chosen instrument?

Name.

Address.

City, State.
What the Fans Think

I learned that, though, one of the most popular of the younger stars, Joan Crawford, neglects her fan mail a criminal degree. In every letter that came to me, the way the fans of Joan Crawford, and in not one single case had the fan been able to secure any sort of photograph from that star, although in every instance of the fans groups was sent. Because Miss Crawford wrote to me, a year or so before, and sent me two autographed pictures, the fans have written me, wondering what I did, or said, to cause them to try any number of ways to get even a likeness of her. I am devoted to Joan Crawford, and it hurts my pride in her to know that she doesn’t value the honest admiration of her fans.

I learned that Miss Crawford is not alone in her negligence. Among the other seemingly inaccessible stars are Dolores Costello, Taie Bora, Garbo, and Nils Asther. If Mr. Asther is as desirous of success and fame as his interviews lead one to believe, he could shorten the list of appearing autographed letters to his fan mail. I know this fan-mail business is tedious and uninteresting, but you can’t blame a person for being indignant who sends twenty-fine cents and receives nothing but an autograph is so much lunch money or car fare.

I learned that “What the Fans Think” is genuinely liked and looked forward to by the readers of Picture Play. The general composition of the items that interest about the stars written by fans are more interesting, and more likely to be true, than the interviews contributed by paid writers or editors. Miss Asther is the only one of us to come across. If I find her music, which she sent me, I am astounded. If you’ve heard Adolphe Menjou speak? Oh, where is the polished, cynical diletante, with the soft voice and slight French accent? Certainly it isn’t to be found in the “Vanity pleased to meet you” that bursts on one’s astonished ears.

You can truthfully say that May McAvoy’s voice enhances her charm. But if we do have compensations, Marion Davies has a most fascinating little stammer in her speech that makes it doubly attractive, and Dolores del Rio has the slight foreign accent that I expect from her.

If talkers are not to be gotten upon, let some sane judge decide whether a star’s voice is suitable before we hear a harsh, nasal horror that completely destroys our interest.

It might interest fans in America to know that Clive Brook is one of the greatest draws in London now, and in him there is at least one actor to whose initial talkie we can look forward with great trepidation.

Richard L. NORTON
4202 Morse Street, Lawrence Park, Erie, Pennsylvania.

Voice Censor Suggested

If we take away the glamour of the screen, and really look at some of the great stars closely, don’t you think they’re rather disappointing?

Perhaps you’ve heard Adolphe Menjou speak? Oh, where is the polished, cynical diletante, with the soft voice and slight French accent? Certainly it isn’t to be found in the “Vanity pleased to meet you” that bursts on one’s astonished ears.

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Richard L. NORTON
4202 Morse Street, Lawrence Park, Erie, Pennsylvania.

About Exchanging Letters.

Since the publication of my letter in the December issue of Picture Play, I have learned many things. I have received about seventy letters from all parts of the country, and in every case the writer asks that I answer his letter and give him as much help as I can in his efforts to get autographed photos from the stars. And in every case I have a letter, closed for a reply. I would like to bring this to the attention of those who contribute to “What the Fans Think.” It’s not for the benefit of the person, in stationery and time, and it seems the letter could do is to inclose a stamp or a self-addressed envelope. I answered every letter I received, but it has taken half a week and much of my time and the rental of a typewriter for a month. It was a pleasure to answer the letters, and I’m sure the financial aspect of the affair is not the primary reason. I learned that there are many stars who seem interested in their fan mail. The writers, in every case, received autographed photographs from Sue Carol, Lina Basquette, Corinne Griffith, and Doris Kenyon. Miss Kenyon is unusually kind, and in most cases inclosed a note with the photograph.

Pointed Question to Committee.

The Rudolph Valentino memorial has apparently become just another Hollywood mystery, and fans, both in Europe and America, are in a hopeless quandary trying to solve it.

At the time of Rudy’s death, the important heads of the movies declared there was no chance of erecting a memorial in his honor, and accordingly promised to do their share in working for it, all of which was in vain. Now, I have come to realize that there was a real confidence has been grossly betrayed, especially when we consider the length of time with the total results, which are nothing.

It’s known some stars who have devoted their money to the memory that a few celebrities was once formed for the purpose of raising funds for the memorial, but what became of this committee, or what they accomplished, is still part of the mystery. Can it be that these celebrities, who are so frequently quoted in their condemnation of the public for its fakelness, have themselves turned fakelners? Can it be that they are refusing to pay homage to the great actor, even in spite of the pleas of their own admirers? If this is true, they are lowering themselves in the public’s estimation, which they wish to have recognized as an art.

Unfortunately, there are a few fans who obviously do not understand the meaning of the word “loyalty,” and who only work to the advantage of the in ridiculing those who do. In their contemptuous manner, they accuse the loyal of gushing, and claim that the world has turned against Miss Valentino and his memorial, not realizing that in their very words they are contradicting themselves. For their benefit, I wish to make it clear that this letter is not written with the intention of either fighting or being fought, as that is rather as a demand for an explanation from those on the committee—if they will kindly condescend to enlighten us. I do not refer to myself alone, but to fans everywhere—from America, from Europe, and even from far-away Harbin, China—all of who are in unanimous agreement that the Valentino memorial must succeed! Certainly.

604 Holly Avenue, Apartment I, St. Paul, Minnesota.

“The Invasion” Viewed Calmly.

In her very interesting letter, Grace Shaver, mentions that the Swedish Greta Garbo is not half so beautiful as a certain American extra girl she could name. That’s not strange. If she looks around, she will also find plenty of foreign girls who are far prettier than such popular American favorites as Gloria Swan- son, Janet Gaynor, Marion Davies, and several others. Miss Shaver should remember that it takes more than physical beauty, or even acting ability, to make a popular star. This indefinable something has been enjoyed numerous times, so I will merely add that it has nothing to do with nationality.

Speaking of foreigners reminds me of the following newsworthy item, which seems to possess everything required for success, including youth, good looks, talent, and a sense of humor. If he would be even a little more sparing in the use of lipstick, he would be a great success. In “The Cossacks” he was much more attractive than the star, the latter seeming to possess quite a disagreeable personality. I’ve noticed this sourness in several of John Gilbert’s recent pictures, and wonder what is happening to him. His former
Coming soon in *Love Story Magazine*  
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**RUBY M. AYRES**  

**Six Weeks at Sea**

The story of a girl who thought that money could make up for love. Don't miss the beginning of this delightful serial. A man and a girl in love, and a six weeks' cruise in the Mediterranean before them.

---

Miss Ayres' *new stories* appear only in

*Love Story* Magazine  
15c per copy
What the Fans Think

brilliance and fascination seem to be
degenerate into a forceful ugliness. This
is a pity, too, for when Gilbert is at its
best he is quite irresistible.

As for the film itself, for noisy films, I
can only say that I hope it is a fad.
Otherwise, I'm afraid the movies will
have to stagger along without my patronage,
for they seem to me mere cheap shot of an
atrocious.
San Francisco, California.

Inviting a Fight

That the fans do think, and how! is
evident from the renewed annual issue of Picture
Play, but they usually think about each other,
and what this one said about Ramon and that one about
John.

It seems to be an endless debate. A
few months ago it was Wally and Rudy,
and a few months more and it will be about
some new stars. So what does it matter?
But it's lots of fun, and I'm crazy about
the department.

May I please start a fight? Well, I
always said Louise Brooks could act.
Since seeing "Beggars of Life," I wish
to admit we all make mistakes.

Now, don't Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix
and Anna Q. Nilsson do the consistently
best work in pictures? I can't
Gould the most fascinating, mysterious,
exotic, gorgeous personality on the screen? Greta
Garbo looks stupid beside her. Sue
Carol? Her eyes!

Norma Shearer is beautiful, a
good actress, and does best in comedy
portrayals.
She has been sadly miscast of late. They
say her husband is responsible
for her misfiring, in "The
Student Prince," "The Actress," and now
I could cry over it, "The Trial of Mary Dugan."
Wake up, Norma. I do so hate to see you go derristic.
Lee Crawford plays, and remembers,
I like you, so don't get angry.

LEE BAILEY

16 Rossonian Apartments,
Houston, Texas.

Do Fan Letters Help?

I hardly dare mail this, as I received
so many indignant letters following my
last venture into print. One young lady
in particular raged, when I inquired
that if I failed to retract a certain
statement published concerning her
particular idol, she would never, never speak
to me again. I thought I couldn't possibly
see how this could happen, for I
wasn't overly alarmed; but the doubtful
fact remained, and my conscience pricked me
for several subsequent hours.

I do believe that refashing of stars and pictures is tremendously
fascinating, as evidently others have decided,
who have left the realm of cross-word puzzles for this newer and smarter pastime.

This is the same thing, and more interesting and more significant each month. I might even suggest that in all probability our foremost and more trans-
parent stars are modeling their careers
upon.

But I am warming along, even as "The
Stroiker," and, as I am not he, I must
come to the point. Why all the fuss and
test? A flood of new talent, some
latent, and some on the up and up? This
fan wants the older and more established
stars back, that one insists that there was
never a star quite like her Jerry, who,
though comparatively unknown, is des-
tined to gleam brightest of all stars. Lu-
cille Schuch can't abide even the memory
of Valentino, she announces, and recom-
mends for your approval a list of mixed
players who are just so much catnip to
another fan on the opposite page.

Juliette Comer, who won back over
her successful and thrilling correspond-
ences with the great ones of the screen,
while only two months ago, I find, upon
adjusting my specs and thumbing imme-
urable letters left to me by long distant
lady in the Middle West is discouraged, be-
cause she's written and written to her favorite stars, but the mean things are
and they have never gone near her as a
photo. Most of the stories rise, evi-
dently, from battles fought over the ques-
tion of new stellar material. And once in
a while—in fact, quite often—we get a
meaningful, balanced letter from fans such
as Grace Laura Shaver of Hollywood,
who not only lives in that "Holy of
Hollies," but also happens to be endowed
with a generous slice of common sense and
acuity.

Well, after we've run around the tree
three times, snapped our fingers, and said
"Boo!" in a loud voice, just like that,
where are we?

Just how much difference does it make
what each fan, individually, may think?
Not but what it's the thing, and quite
proper, and very relieving to the person
himself, but after all, just how much ice
does it cut?

Opinions should be divided on this
subject, and I welcome suggestions. There
are those, probably, who think that the
stars are really not governed by the tangents
probably does. But, except for the satis-
faction of seeing ourselves burst forth in
print, what good does it do? I see right
away that I'm liable to start a terrific
central subject of fan comment, but I must
keep on!

And just to prove how narrow-minded
I am, I'm going to give my opinion. Do
me a favor. It doesn't make one
whit of difference what Sadie Gut
of Milwaukee thinks of Ramon Novarro.
It doesn't cut a bit of ice if Georgie Whit-
comb of Denver thinks Douglas Fair-
banks, Jr., is the world's best actor.
It's what the majority think that counts!

Now I hear you all raving, "Just as
though we didn't know that all the time."
Well, if you did, you certainly kept it
to yourself. For the last experience
with Lily Dugan, who is vacationing in
China with her mamma and her papa, and
up here in the States she may be "canned"
by a young man who peels oranges in a
can. For Lily has probably has it all over
her, yards by inches. But
what of it? When Clara comes sailing
up to the neighborhood theater, and the
local piano gets out all his copies
of "Ragtime Charlie," why, do we
ask, does Mr. Canner go? No, he stays home
and eats chocolates on the living-room sofa
with the girl who looks just like Clara,
Bu who is more of the town,
even the mayor and his wife—who has to
sit in a specially constructed seat
because of her avoirdupois—are there, look-
ing at their watches ten minutes before the
pianist begins his piece.

And home go the younger generation,
to sit down with pen and paper, and, with
the lovely face of the one and only Bow still
fresh in their minds, use the only outlet
for their ardor that they strain your
"What the Fans Think"—and how! Then,
when their letters "come out," they just know
that Gloria is reading them, and Clara,
too, and maybe they'll get letters from
those boys, too!

And even as Mr. Canner is just saying
good-by to his chosen one, with Clara the
farthest from his thoughts, down at the
dickoedon they're counting the box-
office receipts, and it's an all-night job
when Clara comes to town!

So what can I do for this person and that person to vow that here,
at last, was the perfect actress?

Is it what we think, individually, and
write? Our thoughts have influence, it is
true, but only a tiny part of the public
will get into the box office to see the star whom we
privately and publicly condemn, isn't it a
lot of apple sauce, to quote Dixie Dugan?

Three things—Unusual directory effort,
ons, or interest comment from the

The first one made Janet Gaynor; the
second, Gordon LeRoy; and the third, the greatest
potential of all, has lifted to supremacy hundreds of unknowns. The latest is
Alice White. Has she talent? No; but
she means to get there, just the same.
And will. And will. There has been public
furious by her hony well, her pec-
cular frankness regarding herself and
others, and her fresh slang. Publicity
might be thrown in, too, along with Miss
White. But she's under contract; there
are hundreds of others, even now waiting
for their turn to ascend to the golden chair,
where they will sit serenely until they sud-
denly break up, and the world laughs—that same world which only yest-
terday lauded their efforts as stellar ma-
tial!

Just what makes a star? I want infor-
mation. I am a fairly educated person
who happens to have opinions, and each
time I expose them I am hounded mere-
clessly.

Am I wrong, or am I right? Are you
happy that you got a whole new letter
from "What the Fans Think," or are you satis-
fying a selfish whim of your own?

THOMAS G. STOWECK
43 Summer Street,
Montpelier, Vermont.

Colleen's Pictures Wanted.

I wonder if there are any fans who
would like to trade pictures with me? I
have been saving for years to buy various
magazines and newspapers, pictures
of our most popular stars, and I have quite
a collection of them. This collection
includes many of Gloria Swann-
, Janet Gaynor, Mary Pickford,
Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Norma Shearer,
Mary Pickford, Ramon Novarro, Richard
Dix, and scores of others. I would like
to trade these for pictures of Colleen
Moore, Lillian Gish, or Elizabeth Wallace.

COSTUKO ROMERO
138 South Townsend Street
Los Angeles, California.

Answer Men Puzzle Her.

I have short biographies of about three
hundred and fifty actors and actresses, but
sometimes the data of different answer
men don't match, so I am very much puzzle-
ded by the number of birthplaces and
birth dates of the actors.

If there are any fans interested in casts
of pictures issued in the last two years,
perhaps I could help them out.

I am a fan of Janet Gaynor and Richard Dix,
my two favorites. If any one has pictures they do not want,
I would be very grateful if they sent them to

184 South Fordham Avenue,
Aurora, Illinois.
What the Fans Think

Reveries of a Toronto Fan.

I think Picture Play is a great magazine. I am just settling down to enjoy the December number from beginning to end, and shall pause here and then to make comments on the different remarks contained therein. Have just had a kick out of reading some of the letters in "What the Fans Say," and some of the articles are immense. One of the writers saw Victor Varconi going into a hotel. Gee, how I would like to see him! He is one of my favorite actors.

Rudolph Valentino, the man of my golden dreams, had something the others didn’t have—a quality of romance, of poetry, I believe. He always was the boy of the magic of romance, raised above material desires to kinship with the Infinite. I often relived the tragedy—his dear, red lips growing colder, pale, trying to form, between his strained efforts for breath, the sweet word, "mother." I told him my life was a series of hard knocks, and I wept bitterly. He spoke like a saint or a martyr full of beauty and compassion as he bent over me and said, "But you must not weep so." He so inspired me with his own idealism that I left him with a glorious outlook on life.

Tears came in my eyes as I read Lucille J. Schuh’s resentful letter in a recent issue of Picture Play of the great star I loved so much. Dear Lucille, the following are the facts he inspired: the women who wash dishes day after day, for years; the women who scrub floors and go around in soiled dresses; the girls who type in dim, little offices, and go home at night to little rooms to wash out their stockings, boil a pot of col- lars and cuffs; who go to sleep on a lumpy mattress and get up in time to make a breakfast of cocoa and crackers with the aid of the gas jet. The great man lost his early love, and with tears in his eyes he said he "could hardly endure it, when he knew the rain was falling on her grave." Rudolf Burns burns a funeral for the Mary he loved, and lost, and perhaps his most beautiful and touching sonnet is his "Mary in Heaven." Rudolph was the very essence of the true lover. If Father, may Rudolf ever be a messenger of love between our human hearts and Thee!

Mrs. Norma Gene Huyler.

General Delivery

Carthage, Missouri.

The Valentino Guild’s Views.

The article in the November Picture Play regarding the estimable qualities of our beloved Rudy makes it necessary for me to write again.

No one is more distressed at the deplorable situation of our beloved Rudy than I, although I cannot but think that your writer is misinformed when he blames the public for the fact that no mausoleum has been erected, since I take my possession of a letter received from S. George Ullman, in which he definitely states that there is no connection whatever between the memorial fund and the mausoleum, which, he says, is "purely a family matter." I may add that if Mr. Ullman decides to build the mausoleum himself, he will have the wholehearted support of the Valentino Memorial Guild.

However, my real reason for writing is the paragraph in the article concerning the roof garden which was dedicated to Mr. Valentino last May. Your writer says that it was "the first real action to perpetuate the memory of the Rudy the world loved." It may have been the first action, but the guild was working in his memory more than a year before this was done, only we preferred to do our work as Rudy would have done, with no publicity, to save to those who benefited. In the future we shall come into the limelight a little.

The writer of the article appears not to know that there is a bronze memorial plaque in the theater where Rudy made his one English appearance, or, rather, in the café belonging to the theater, since it was there that he held many receptions while in London; and, by the courtesy of the owners, members of the guild are permitted to keep a little box beneath the plaque, always filled with flowers, and also to place a wreath here every year on August 23rd. It may interest your readers to know that we also send out a sum of money to Mr. Ullman, who is our honorary president, every year, so that he may place a wreath at Rudolph’s crypt for us. If this is not clearly shown in the photo of the memorial, which is plainly shown in the photo of the crypt which appeared in the article, on the right and easily distinguishable by the large card attached to it.

Our American members do what they can for the fund, but we in England have adopted the Home for Incurable Children, and we cannot neglect them either. We also work incessantly to keep the pictures made by Rudy showing all over the world, and what more beautiful and enduring memorial can we give him that?

The memorial does not worry me so much. There are so many erected, and the loved one forgotten within a couple of generations, but if Rudolph, as is another matter, and it is for Rudy’s family to see that it is erected without delay. That two years should have passed and nothing done is just scandal— it is the greatest example of ingratitude I have ever witnessed.

I wish that he might be taken to rest under his own dear sod, and perhaps we could ourselves visit his tomb and take our tributes; but, wherever he lies, his real resting place will always be in the hearts of us who love and admire him. No, Rudy! you are not forgotten, whatever they may say, and so long as youth and beauty and romance live, so will you live.

President Valentino Memorial Guild.

"Highecroft," 3 Waltersville Road,


Boosting Old Favorites.

Before I start, let it clearly known that I’m not precipitating any arguments or debates, because I have too much respect for the Hollywood entertainers. My topic is of the stars in general, and their photographs.

Now, there are two good actors of great ability who should be in the limelight today, but who are completely overlooked by the most fans. These are Warner Richmond and Jason Robards. If the fans will recall their wonderful work together in "The Heart of Maryland," "White Planets," and "Irish Hearts," and make an appeal for more of their appearances, I’m sure the public would be in for a treat, and would also be helping both to the studios. Such actors as these deserve real, honest-to-goodness boosting.

I have received nice photos from these stars, and Warner Richmond has been especially kind in sending me a personal note. Two other male stars, whom I would like to see get ahead, are Joseph Creore and Raymond Massey. They are of the type of Gilbert Roland and Don Alvarado, and if some wise studio would grab them, I’m sure they’d find them more than a gold mine, and the fans and character are concerned. All they need is publicity to put them across.

May I also add that I have a collection of the three hundred or more autographed photos of various stars. They have been very, very good to me, and I’m loyal to them all. Steve Masters.

Schenectady, New York.

Continued on page 101.
He MARRIED the woman he Must Doom to Death!

The Law had made her his Captive... Now Love had made him hers!

She had turned painted pleasures— and found—the first real Love her fevered young life had known!

—Wife!

Shipwrecked—half-crazed, alone in the startling, reckless intimacy of a tropic paradise, a whole lifetime of love is theirs for the taking on this desert island far beyond the law... But—

THEIR DELIVERANCE WILL BE HER DOOM!

When a roaring sail rises over the horizon, will his stern duty defeat their love?—Will he light the beacon fire that will signal the end of happiness?

You must see "His Captive Woman" to find out the astounding climax. You'd never GUESS it in a thousand years!

Now You Can HEAR First National's Famous Stars TALK via VITAPHONE!

MILTON SILLS and DOROTHY MACKAILL together again in "His Captive Woman"—A George Fitzmaurice Production

See and Hear the Famous Stars of "The Barker"—Broadway's $2.00 sensation—
Janet Gaynor in a new picture is an important event in the movies, as eagerly anticipated as Maude Adams used to be in a new play. Here she is seen as Christina, in the picture of that name, with Charles Morton, as Jan. It is a story of simple folk, natives of the island of Marken, off the coast of Holland; of Christina's childlike love for a young man of the visiting kermess, his departure and eventual return to make Christina's dreams come true after a year of lonely waiting.
The Clearing Dreams

By Adele

Tragedy doesn’t spend itself only in those things that are reported on the front pages of newspapers. Sometimes it can be heard in the weeping of young girls who lie with unloved faces turned to the wall. And adolescence, especially, brings difficult years. After all, it is only through the vicissitudes of youth that we ever come to the harbor of maturity.

When a girl reaches the beauty age without acquiring a beau, her friends may make some half-hearted attempts to supply her with dancing partners and escorts. But, continuing to prove a social problem, she is dropped from the circle, and dreary days and sleepless nights are certain to follow.

It must have been a shock to Anna Mason to learn how quickly you can be frozen out of your own set. No wonder she turned to a picture star—but that part of Anna’s story comes later.

Evidently Anna knew none of the tricks other girls instinctively employ. She never lowered her eyes when the boys talked to her. She never tossed her skirts when she passed a field where they were playing ball. And when almost everything under the sun came to have a new and mysterious meaning to Anna’s friends, she had no understanding of the romantic undercurrents. How could she know the thrill of receiving a note passed across the classroom in an algebra book, when algebra books had never disclosed to her anything more exciting than that $x$ equals the unknown quantity?

Talk invariably centered on the last dance, or the next dance. And Anna would have ceased going out. It is hateful to be a wallflower, while other girls dance past the sofa where you sit, trying hard to keep your feet out of the way. It is impossible to make believe you’re having a good time, when a lump keeps pressing in your throat. And it
House for

When people need spiritual sympathy, a wedding dress, money for a divorce, or even a new kitchen stove, they pour out their longings to their favorite movie star, as they did to their nursery gods in childhood days.

Whitely Fletcher

is humiliating to overhear mothers insisting that boys at all times “act like gentlemen” and see you home.

The heartaches Anna Mason must have known! And, being sixteen, she had long since put away her belief in childish gods. She knew dreams didn’t come true, just because you wished for them on the first star of the evening. So she wrote a letter, and a few days later Warner Baxter found it in his mail. It proved to be one of the letters he put aside for personal attention.

At last Anna had found a man she could talk to naturally. However, with characteristic shyness, she didn’t hope for too much. She knew Mr. Baxter must be very busy playing in the movies, but she hinted that a letter from him, now and then, would reinstate her with the old crowd. She said such letters would give her confidences to share. If he went so far as to say nice things sometimes, there was no doubt that his notes would be much more romantic and desirable than those scrawls the other girls received from local boys, via dog-eared textbooks.

This is only one instance of the unique assistance the picture people find themselves in a position to give. The things asked in the letters they receive are not supplied by any charity in the world—such as, for instance, as pseudo-sweethearts. Usually, too, those who write wouldn’t think of applying to another individual, because of pride. Movie stars are real, yet they seem impersonal. Really, to read some of the letters is to feel like a Peeping Tom, spying into lonely hearts.

Much good is done, theatrical people being unfailingly generous, but considerable charity is curtailed, because of the professional beggars who have availed themselves of this source of supply. They have asked for everything, from ermine coats worn in certain scenes, to princely incomes. Therefore financial help isn’t always given, although it often appears urgently needed.

One girl, about to be denied the right to love, through years with a husband not of her own choosing, wrote Pola Negri as follows:

I am asking you for help. I am forced to get married one month from today to an old man who is forty-eight years old and I am only sixteen years. He is rich, and that’s why my father is making me marry him. I don’t love him. I’d rather die than marry him.

I am writing to you, because you’re kind and you will understand me. Send me thirty-five dollars so I could run away to my aunt, who is poor but kind. I will repay you for your kindness. I think God gave me your address.

Where else can such girls turn, but to the citizens of that magical land, Hollywood, where the unbelievable keeps on happening almost every day?

There are times, of course, when a letter touches a susceptible spot, and the
their own, that mothers sometimes know an unwelcome leisure, and an ache of loneliness more devastating than any bodily ache.

One old lady, apparently not considered polished enough to meet her son's and daughter's friends, wrote Alice Joyce a letter that had the tragedy of age between the lines, although the words themselves attempted to be brave.

In their social ambitions, her children overlooked the fact that their mother's hands were rough because of the washing and scrubbing she had done for them. Both sent her large checks, and so bought easy consciences for themselves. But they were too occupied with their own affairs to give her any time.

Their children were looked after by nurses. Grandmother's offers to visit and read to them were discouraged.

"My boy and girl are very generous," the old lady explained, "and they don't mean to be thoughtless. But they don't know how lonely I get. I'm not one to sit with my hands in my lap. I know they're busy, but I wish I could see more of them and my dear, little grandchildren."

"I always liked you in pictures and I read in a paper how you have two little girls that you keep with you. I guess you're pretty busy, but it would give me pleasure to bring your girls picture books, and read to them when it's rainy, and they can't go out and play."

What a pity that there was no way in which the son and daughter could be found, and this letter sent them, while there remained a few years in which to prove to one old lady that she was still loved and needed.

Then there was the wife, her dreams dead, who wrote Marion Davies. She couldn't endure the thought of days growing into years, while she continued in the prison her marriage had proved to be.

She said, in part:

I am twenty-three years old, and have been married five years. I am very unhappy, as my husband chases after other women. He is out every night, and I have to stay in, because I have no money or clothes.

And then, when he comes home drunk he beats me.

I have always heard how good you are, Mrs. Davies, and if you ever want to do an act of kindness, here is your chance. I want to get a divorce, and start life over, but while I am married to this man I don't have any courage to do anything.

Will you please send me five hundred dollars, so I can get a divorce? As soon as I am free I will work so hard and pay back every cent.

Continued on page 112

Photo by Noves

A letter from Sweden asking for Blanche Sweet's photograph, predicted happiness because she was "of a very nice shape."

Money with which to run away from an undesirable marriage was asked of Pola Negri.
Carefree Charlie

Charles Farrell has not lost himself in the clouds with his rise to stardom, and he has not even acquired a complex.

By William H. McKegg

FIVE people were in a room in Hollywood, some four years ago. To their way of thinking, it was a crazy musical soirée. Charles Farrell was the only one, I believe, who took it in earnest, and it is like him to do that with everything.

Among those present was Walter Lang, to-day becoming a well-known director. He purposely made a lot of tremolo and glissando passages with his voice, as if he were singing “La Traviata.” Two others joined in. Another, being an excellent pianist, accompanied the warblers. All were in the spirit of the fun.

Charlie had been quiet, sprawling on an armchair, altering his languid positions every few minutes, as he does even to-day. When Charlie is ever quiet, you may depend upon his having something very important on his mind. The others guessed what he was likely to do—and they were not wrong. Pulling himself out of his sprawling pose, he got out his pet cornet, the instrument he never tired of playing.

“Let’s have a go at this,” he gayly suggested. “Keep on singing just the same.”

During a lull Charlie would rest his beloved cornet on something—the mantelpiece as likely as not—but he invariably held onto it with one hand. As soon as the music was begun again, Charlie got in on the first blast.

On this particular evening his companions made him mad.

“That trumpet of yours, Charlie, or whatever it is, sure makes a strange noise!” “Try and keep it in tune, old chap!”

Charlie put up with their chafing for about half an hour in a hesitant, good-natured way. Gradually he believed they were in earnest. It became too much. He got mad.

His musical talent had been impugned! Out of the kindness of his heart he had played for the others’ entertainment, and they gave him the “merry ha-ha!” Almost dancing about the room in rage, Charlie brandished aloft his cherished instrument, seemingly determined to smash it to smithereens. He was frantically looking for a suitable place to commit the deed. Finally he flung his cornet from him—but only onto the bed, where it bounced up and down on feathered softness.

Only on very rare occasions do you get a glimpse of Charlie in a temper. The one way to rouse him is to make fun of something he likes, or does. But, hang it all,

...they wouldn’t let him sing, and they wouldn’t let him play! That sure makes a chap sore! At first Charlie takes it all in a sportive manner, then off he goes.

He lacks humor when it is directed at himself.

Let me mention the last of Charlie’s cornet. He and his instrument went one night to King Vidor’s home. Whether King got rid of it in his own way, I have never found out. I do know, though, that the cornet was never seen again. Charlie, for a year after, made various resolutions to go to Vidor’s home for his misplaced child, but for one reason or another he never went. Perhaps he knew it would be no use. But he never said so.

Scenes for the last picture made by Willard Louis were shot at Venice. It was low tide. A man was supposed to fall over the end of the pier into the shallow water below. Charlie’s part called for this action which, of course, required a stunt man. As a joke, the director and others kidded Charlie about being...
afraid, though they did not mean to let him go through with it.

"You're yellow!" some one cried. "And you want to become a star! You're afraid, that's what's the matter! You're yellow!"

Charlie lost control of his arms and legs and rushed from one of his tormentors to another. He hardly knew what he was doing. He wanted to say so much he could hardly speak at all.

"I'm yellow, am I? Oh, so I'm yellow, am I?" he yelled. "All right! I'll show you! I'll let you see whether I am or not! I'll fall down into the water! I'll do it! I'll do it! I'll show you!"

Charlie mounted the rail at the end of the pier, and was quite willing to risk his neck. From such a height he would have splashed through the mud clear to China. Only when the troupe explained their joke, was Charlie drawn away from his perilous perch, though even then somewhat reluctantly. This naive daring of his won admiration, nevertheless.

In case you believe Charlie is a Don Quixote, glance at his clear-headed side.

It was about four years ago that Mrs. Farrell paid her first visit to her son. Charlie's sister, Ruth, also appeared.

"You know, Charlie," said Mrs. Farrell one evening, "you should give up trying any more for the movies. You've been out here a year, and what have you done? Nothing but extra work. Come back with me, and your father will place you in something."

Mrs. Farrell, as you can guess, regarded business as more lucrative than a high flying at art.

To Charlie this proposal must have sounded as tempt-

He has an honest, straightforward way that wins everybody.
By Their Furs
Ye Shall Know Them

Is the extravagant display of pelts by the movie queens symbolic of their comparatively short reigns?

By Elsi Qui

Illustration by Lui Trugo

THE luncheon guests at the Montmartre, many of them stars of first magnitude, stared at her with varying degrees of interest.

For the most part, the women looked over with the cool, impersonal glance they would have bestowed upon her wax counterpart in a shop window. The men were more specific, noting her “points” with the deliberate, calculating appraisal, which earlier in the century would have been regarded as highly offensive, and was now obviously invited. She had a small, vacuous, painted face, and a figure that would have sent Cleopatra on a premature asp hunt out of sheer envy. The gown she was displaying, or which was displaying her, was in the classic words of Ella Cinders, “two whoops ahead of fashion’s latest whisper.”

Around the hem of her sheer, satin wrap was a wide band of costly fur. It didn’t even serve to keep her knees warm. It served no purpose save to gratify the vanity of the wearer, and to stir envious emotions in the hearts of ladies whose various contracts, business and personal, were fizzling toward a gloomy eclipse.

Unquestionably there was something daringly piquant in the contrast between that luxurious peltry and the slender, ivory-smooth legs that twinkled beneath it; it spoke subtly of many things which would be discussed openly around the table following the little burst that had ushered in the girl’s appearance. She was a protégée of So-and-so; he had promised to star her; she ought to register; given the right stories, she might register; do the Billie Dove sort of thing, perhaps, but—

Thus the comment was batted back and forth like bright-colored glass globes, until another exotic personality caught for a second or two the blissful attention of the crowd.

A famous star, wife of a wealthy producer, slipped her enormously expensive sable coat from her slim shoulders, and with slightly raised eyebrows, drewled some remark that set her table laughing. She perfectly symbolizes success in the movies. She has had the good judgment to rely implicitly on her husband’s business acumen to exploit her talents, never having resorted to the type of publicity which has made headline material of the names of some of her contemporaries, only to react as a boomerang. Hollywood pays her the supreme compliment of admitting that she is witty and wise; among her huge fan following she is beloved for more endearing qualities. Yet there are strange quirks in her character, which are difficult to reconcile with her highly developed intelligence.

Furs, for instance. She has a passion for furs. Besides the sable wrap, she has forty or more fur garments in her wardrobe. The care of them alone represents the outlay of a small fortune. If she lived within the Arctic Circle she would not need so many. But of course it is not for warmth alone that women wear furs. And what of it, you say, if a beautiful and successful woman chooses to indulge in this expensive hobby? Does not her femininity bestow the right to adorn her exquisite body in the manner which gives her the most satisfaction? And are we not all instinctively collectors to some extent?

Yes, but this girl contributes regularly to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I do not know that she actually attends the meetings as some well-meaning women do—often with fox pelts dangling nonchalantly from their shoulders—to listen with pained indignation to stories of cruelties endured by cats and canary birds; but her dogs are pampered as no self-respecting dog should be pampered, and she would suffer in the presence of a broken-down old horse being flogged up a hill.

Sable, chinchilla, ermine, silver fox. Each one of the thousands of peltries that go to make up the luncheon-hour display at the Montmartre represents an animal tragedy—and not the quick, merciful tragedy of nature’s everlasting life-and-death struggle. Traps. Death in a form which the proprietors of fox farms are careful not to publicize, though one wonders if, after all, it would make much difference if women knew what lengths are resorted to, in order to insure fox pelts against disfigurement. Fur is luxurious; it feels delightful against a smooth skin; it represents much money; and women will have it, no matter what it costs in blood and agony.

Gentle Mary Pickford; the lovely Norma Talmadge; audacious Connie, who hides her sensitive, almost melancholy, and introspective nature behind a brazen shield; piquant, tender-hearted Colleen Moore; Pola, the foster mother of orphans; Marion Davies, gracious, warm-hearted; all these, and any number of lesser luminaries crowding toward the front, wear furs with a heedless disregard of the cruelty thereby entailed, which would be almost laughable in its incongruity, had it no deeper significance.

But therein lies, perhaps, the secret why, with few exceptions, women do not “last” as long on the stage or screen, as men. Screen stars, particularly, whose histories have been made, for the most part, within the last decade, are completely representative of what we are pleased to call the emancipated woman. They have

Continued on page 110
The Spell of the Calliope

Up and down the Mississippi River its siren call brings old and young to the "Cotton Palace Floating Theater." This colorful story describes the filming of the novel "Show Boat."

By Myrtle Gebhart

OIL lamps flickering, chains clanking, banners waving, calliope rending the air with its steamed melody, the Cotton Palace is efficiently jogged into its mooring place at the levee landing by its pugnacious little towboat, the Mollie Able. Farmers and plantation owners in wide-brimmed hats, gracious ladies of the South in voluminous silks, and buxom wenches in calico—a motley crowd has gathered to welcome the show boat.

Following the band, its vainglory bursting in loud, blaring tones, the Cotton Palace personnel debarks for the parade in the dusk under kerosene torches, which precedes the evening's performance.

Enchanted by all this blatant ballyhoo, you meet the barnstormers of the bayou—the family of trouper whose joys and quarrels and drama make the pages of "Show Boat" tingle with action and color. Parthenia Ann Hawks, rigid in her aloofness, disapproving, managing with a firm hand that tolerates neither waste nor deviation from firm principles. Captain Andy Hawks, genial, excitable, cracking orders in his high falsetto, seeking to sneak around Parthenia's rampartlike men with tactful pleasantry and watchful waiting—a sly, humorous, old codger. Julie, indolent, careless, her strange brooding stung into vital fire only when tragedy sweeps her up—a mystery seems to lurk about her.

Ravenal, moody, elegant even with his frayed linen, now high-spirited, then sullen. In his broadcloth and pale-gray hat, a fastidious figure; romantic amid banalities, remote from the coarseness of the river show folk. Ravenal, with his voice of such caressing cadence, his gentle, deferential manner, and his innate pride and impermanence. Swinging his talisman, the ivory-topped malacca cane, which, pawned, tides him over waning fortunes, evoking the crowd disdainfully.

You meet Magnolia the child and, watching her develop, you respond to the gay laugh flung by Magnolia the girl, and your sympathy is aroused by Magnolia the woman. Heart-tossed Magnolia, dramatic even in her suffering!

The boisterous child, always falling into and being fished out of the river. Always asking, at each bend in the river and in her own life, "What's next?" Versed, in the way that children sponge up things with grasping minds, in river lore. Starry-eyed and radiant Magnolia,
The Spell of the Calliope

elope in her second-best reseda sateen, with its basque and overskirt, and her Milan hat with pink roses to match her cheeks. A rather incoherent, indefinite Magnolia of the Chicago reverses, dramatically striking one day, letting misfortune snuffle her into phlegmatic melancholy the next.

And Kim—whose name is made up of the initials of the three States in which she chanced to be born, Kentucky, Illinois and Missouri, on that night when the tawny river, that somolent tiger of a river, snarled into life with a storm-wracked surging of its mad, yellow waters.

They fling about them, as a spray, a carefree, vagabond spirit that the stolid yokels gape at uncomprehending, denouncing, half envying. A floating circus. Carnaval of the broad, wet highway, knowing no home, only ports-o'-call for country shackels.

Likewise, to a screen made ponderous by epic of battles and machinery and panoply of history, "Show Boat" will bring the gaiety of a river-rowing life heretofore unfilmed.

A very costly carnival, for all its spontaneity. Lightness of character, will be overcome, true to movie recipe.

Discounting press agentry, "Show Boat" still will be an expensive production—nearly half a million on the debit side of Universal's ledger book. It has, together with its novelty, all the elements that the seasoned fan demands—thrill, action, picturesque atmosphere, a love theme, obstacles. Indeed, the latter, which in the book serve to separate Magnolia and Ravenal, and which consist of Parthenia Hawks' eagle eye and Ravenal's weakness.

Much of Magnolia's childhood is spent with congenial companions, played by Stepin Fetchit and Gertrude Howard, in the kitchen of the show boat.

Emily Fitzroy, as Parthy, Jane La Verne, as the child Magnolia, Alma Rubens, as Julie, and Otis Harlan, as Captain Andy.
An old-time melodrama played on the stage of the show boat has Laura La Plante, as the heroine, Joseph Schildkraut, the hero, and Harry Holden, the villain.

on "the father of waters" during the making of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was convincing proof that the great river would never make a picture actor, misbehaving badly, obscuring scenes with fog, indulging in stormy upheavals.

So seventy people went up from the studio, and about four hundred citizens of Sacramento and environs were employed for atmospheric shots. A stroke of fortune was the discovery, about forty miles up the river, of Knights' Landing—a river town which might have been the subject of an engraving of the period being filmed. A perfect, unmodernized spot, dressed in the late '80s! Even the old-fashioned street sprinkler creaked up and down the main street. The town appears, under various superficial disguises, with readjustment of the landing and erection of the fronts of a few fake houses near by, as the various towns at which the show boat moors for an evening's entertainment.

Only in a few places did telephone wires add a discordant note. A half mile of shore line was slightly altered to resemble the banks of the Mississippi; trees were draped with moss and a weather-beaten touch was added.

Three former Mississippi River pilots were employed to assure technical accuracy. Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," and other books, were used in the research work, that the river life described might be pictured flawlessly.

A rare spirit of camaraderie prevailed. Seldom have I encountered a troupe home from location without a list of grievances—"for art's sake"—and the recital of petty quarrels. The heat bothered them, but it was no worse than warm days under studio lights. With sundown, they removed make-up and were taken ashore and driven to Sacramento, to comfortable hotels. "Early to bed, early to rise," was the motto—and plenty to eat, appetites being whetted by brisk work in the open air.

The history of the floating theaters is interesting. One hundred years ago an Englishman named Chapman launched the first show boat in this splendid, glittering palaces of the poor folk of the river towns. They flaunted gay colors, their bands and calliopes summoned a curious, slow country to new joys. The box office was on the boat, one entered a foyer, bright with either side were lounge rooms.

The honeymoon of Magnolia and Joseph Schildkraut, as Ravenal, finds them often at the Chicago race track.

The show boat was a glorified circus, made the more glamorous because it slipped upon the isolated towns from vaguely "upriver"; it tread the mighty waters to bring them its bright array of amusement, and glided away mysteriously into the night. [Continued on page 106]
You’d Never Guess It

Unless you know the stars’ biographies by heart, it will surprise you to learn that five ministers’ sons are in the movies.

The late Fred Thomson, left, was not only the son of a Presbyterian minister, but Silver King’s master once wore the cloth himself.

Victor McLaglen, below, is the son of a former Episcopal bishop, no less. His father is now retired, but once preached in South Africa.

Jack Holt, above, one of the most conservative stars, reflects his early training as the son of an Episcopal clergyman.

Al Jolson, left, is the only star who is the son of a rabbi—another reason why he is unique and extraordinary.

Douglas MacLean, below, whose sprightly antics on the screen belie his seriousness away from it, is the son of a Methodist preacher.
DON'T ask me where any one is," Fanny ordered grudgingly. I had looked around the usually crowded Montmartre for familiar faces in vain.

"He, she, or they are either down with influenza, or were working all last night in dialogue sequences for talking films. I can't decide which has wrought greater havoc in our social life. I suppose sound films have, because, after all, people do recover from the flu, but it looks as though sound films would go on forever."

Fanny retired into a long silence, so I knew that she had been deeply affected by the new conditions that have cast a pall over Hollywood.

"At least, no one can call Hollywood a nine-o'clock town any more," she remarked at last. "But there is no gayety in that observation. People stay up all night, but it's for work now-adays. You know, atmospheric conditions are better for recording at night. At least, that is the theory this week. Next week the electric engineers may decide that all dialogue sequences should be made up in airplanes, or down in submarines, and the players will have to do whatever they suggest, without argument. They are the new tyrants of the business. No one can talk back to them, because this business of recording sound is still such a mystery. None of the players understand it, and sometimes I doubt if the engineers do.

"One of the studios ordered several sound-proof stages built, according to plans drawn up and approved by the engineers. They were sound proof all right. When they tried to film some dialogue sequences there, you couldn't hear the voices, even when the players shouted. Nothing short of a trumpet chorus could have made an impression in that stillness."

Sometimes I have a faint suspicion that Fanny exaggerates slightly. To hear her tell it, all Hollywood is overcast with gloom. And I was sure that I heard a ripple of laughter from the general direction of Lilyan Tashman's table.

"Oh, well—Lilyan," Fanny exclaimed as though she were an exception to every rule. "Lilyan was born lucky, or smart, or something. She is one of the few old stand-bys in pictures who will surely benefit by the introduction of sound. She has an absolutely individual voice. It is gorgeously vibrant, and runs all over the scale. You know how monotonous most voices are? Well, Lilyan's never is.

"Even at that, Lilyan gets a bad break now and then. Last week she had to choose between four pictures, all of which were going into production immediately. She took the lead in 'The Genius' for Paramount, and then just when it was too late to go into the others, production of 'The Genius' was called off. Somebody had the bright idea of reading the story, and imagine the embarrassment of the executives when they found that there was hardly any story at all. Yet people say that Van Vechten exaggerated conditions!"
Fanny the Fan discovers that Hollywood is no longer a nine-o'clock town, but this means not a thing so far as budding social ambitions go, because it's talkie work that's responsible for late hours.

"Speaking of Lilyan—if you want to see a good show, don't watch the people coming in, but just watch her face. Eddie Lowe thinks she is a fine actress on the screen, but he says she is the world's worst at hiding her feelings from the public, when she isn't in front of a camera. You can almost figure out what people look like by Lilyan's expression of approval, or horror, or utter-dismay. A woman came in here the other day wearing a complete museum collection of gewgaws and ornaments—she really suggested a history of dress trimming—and Lilyan's look of unbelieving bewilderment was priceless."

"I wanted to ask you—" I got no further. Wherever clothes are mentioned nowadays, it is safe to assume that Betty Bronson is under discussion. According to rumor, Betty had a long confab with Elinor Glyn in New York, and Madame Glyn told her that her clothes ought to be more individual. So Madame Glyn took her to Natacha Rambova's shop, and together they designed a wardrobe for Betty.

"I'll never be happy until I see that wardrobe," Fanny proclaimed. "In fact I am thinking of organizing a search party to send out a general alarm the first time Betty appears in one of the creations. No one has greater respect for Rambova's designs than I have, but I just can't imagine Betty wearing them. I still favor Betty as a simple, little gingham girl.

"I suppose you have heard that Gloria Swanson is going to how to public demand and do a picture called 'Clothes'? I, for one, will be standing in line to see the first showing."

You don't have to know Fanny as well as I do, to know that that is nothing new. Regardless of what Gloria makes, that is the one picture that she most wants to see.

"Gloria has a very sweet singing voice, but I hear she is determined not to sing in films until it is thoroughly trained. She has been taking lessons and making voice tests, but Gloria doesn't want any one to hear her until she is satisfied herself.

While most of the film colony was more or less excited, Greta Garbo calmly set off for a vacation in Sweden.

"Marion Davies is to sing in her next picture, 'The Five O'clock Girl.' She was in musical comedy on the stage, you know, so it is nothing new for her. And just as a favor to me, would you mind mounting a soap box here and now, and making an announcement to the crowd? Marion does not stutter when she gets in front of the microphone. She is perfectly at ease, and entirely natural when she is among friends. Any one who has worked around Marion isn't merely a friend—he's an adoring slave. The only time she ever has difficulty with her speech is when she meets strangers who make her feel self-conscious and ill at ease.

"As a matter of fact, Marion's first vocal test blighted the hopes of several scenario writers. They had taken time by the forelock and had written comedies around the role of a girl who stammered, hoping to sell them to Marion. Then her voice came out unhesitant and clear. She couldn't even stutter when she tried!"

"It looks to me," I broke in, "as though the new year will be the tin-pan-alley era in motion pictures. Song writers have been imported in droves; cabaret and night-club stories are the inevitable order of the day. Hardly a picture staggers through its natural course without a theme song of some sort. I suspect almost any day now to hear that John Barrymore is taking saxophone lessons in secret. Or perhaps he will go in for tap dancing."

Fanny scoffed at my optimism in thinking of any phase of pictures nowadays as an 'era.'"
After completing "Prisoners," Corinne Griffith will take a vacation in Europe.

"There's a new development every day," Fanny assured me. "In the morning all the studios decide to go in for musical revues, with coon shouting, patter songs and general vo-de-o-do. Then at luncheon some producer is seen talking to a manager of opera stars, and by mid-afternoon the word has spread that some one is to film an opera. Then all the studios decide to do opera. Imagine having to look at opera singers via the merciless intimacy of the camera!

"Conditions under which pictures are made are changing so rapidly that some stars are almost afraid to go away for a week-end, for fear they won't know anything about the business when they come back. But Greta Garbo, with her beautiful Scandinavian calm, has gone off to Sweden for a vacation. Corinne Griffith is going to Europe as soon as she finishes 'Prisoners,' and Colleen Moore is awfully anxious to make her next picture in Ireland."

"I wish she would," I spoke from the heart. "I'm so tired of studio sets. I wish some one would go off to far countries and give us some new scenery. These talking pictures made in boxed-in stages have taken the greatest charm out of pictures."

"We really owe a debt of gratitude to Esther Ralston, or maybe it is to Paramount. She is to make another nice, quiet picture. It's with Emil Jannings. She is the only girl I know who isn't bursting into song, or speech. She's just finished a really fine picture, 'The Case of Lena Smith.' Joe von Sternberg made a dramatic actress out of her.

"Come to think it over, there is another picture without dialogue—"

You will join me, I am sure, in cheers over that announcement.

"But it is more or less of an accident," she went on. "D. W. Griffith made his last picture before the powers-that-be went dialogue mad. Then, when they decided that all pictures must have dialogue, he recalled his players and set up a microphone. The characters were all supposed to be French, but inasmuch as they were played by Jetta Goudal, whose accent is really French, Lupe Velez, whose dialect is strongly tinged with Mexican-Spanish, and Bill Boyd, whose locations are pure Middle Western, the result was something ghastly. After one day's tests, Mr. Griffith staggered out saying, 'No, no.' And you can hardly blame him.

"There is only one person I know, whose fame will be increased mightily by sound films. That's Victor Schertzinger. He is riding the crest of the wave of success. He is a composer of note, a brilliant violinist, and a writer as well as a good director. He had just finished directing Richard Dix, in 'Redskin,' when he went in as pinch-hitter and composed songs for Nancy Carroll to sing in 'Manhattan Cocktail.' Then he wrote a theme song for 'The Climax,' for Universal, wrote a story for Paramount, and now he has gone to New York to direct Dix in an all-talkie, 'Nothing But the Truth.' Almost any day, now, he is likely to walk in front of the camera to play a violin solo."

"What about Carmel Myers?" Fanny gasped in amazement, as though I had made a great discovery.

"Why haven't the picture companies utilized Carmel's talent for composing? Last year when she was in New York she sold two or three songs to a publisher, and she is always working out nice little melodies. Any day now, I suppose we will hear of Carmel writing a film musical comedy."

"Dorothy Dwan has found a new way of bursting into sound films. She acted as official starter of the national outboard motor races at Lake Elsinore, and of course the news-red men were there with their sound apparatus. She made a nice little speech. You won't realize how good it is, until the girls who won the race come out and speak their parts. Undoubtedly Dorothy will get an engagement in the talkies as the result of that appearance."

This month's bill of plays at the Writers' Club was a great show case of talent. Virginia Valli appeared in an awfully clever skit. All the while she was on the stage I kept thinking what an ideal Lonsdale heroine she would be. She has a real flair for high comedy. If some producer will only buy the screen rights to 'The High Road,' and let Virginia play it, I can go around saying, 'I told you so.'"

"Gladys Brockwell appeared in a medieval costume play. She was

Aileen Pringle appeared in a stage thriller at the Writers' Club.
good, but I’ve seen her do better. The other people
in the sketch with her were just a bit of rare old
ham, and I suppose that affected her performance.
Aileen Pringle did a gripping horror skit, playing
a very cold, cruel, and selfish girl of the crinoline
period. She was just as poised and sure of her
effects as though she had left the stage yesterday,
instead of six or seven years ago.
“Carmel Myers was on the same bill, but she
was in a travesty which gave no idea of what she
might be like in a straight dramatic offering. Any-
way, I didn’t see much of her. Raymond Hatton
was in the skit with her, and you know I can’t see
any one else when he is on the stage. It’s like
seeing Louise Fazenda in a picture. I never even
know that any one else is in it, except for a feeling
of annoyance when she is off the screen.”

While Fanny had been holding forth about this,
that, and the other thing, a lot of people had wan-
dered in, quite disproving her statement that every
one was home with the flu. Jane Winton was
there, and she never looked more radiant in her
life.

“Jane’s working all over town,” Fanny an-
nounced curtly, as though it was sheer ungraciously-
ness of Jane to work all the time and thus disrupt
their bridge games. “She’s in The Haunted Lady,”
for Universal, and ‘The Bridge of San Luis Rey,’
at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, and all the returns
for this week aren’t in yet. She may be starting
another film to-morrow. She takes a singing les-
son every day, and impossible as it may seem, she
finds time to dash down to the hospital and see
people who are ill.”

“It seems to me that practically everybody is in
‘The Bridge of San Luis Rey,’ or should I say ‘on’
it. No wonder it breaks down in the story. Lily
Damita plays The Perichole, doesn’t she?”

Fanny’s eyes glowed with enthusiasm. “Yes,
and what’s more, she has a new contract with
Sam Goldwyn, in spite of all the hue and cry
about shipping the foreigners home. But, ac-
cording to the terms of the contract, she has
to speak perfect English in six months. Wouldn’t it be embarrassing if any one de-
manded that Sam Goldwyn speak perfect
English in six months!

“But speaking of contracts, Sue Carol
doesn’t seem to be allowing
hers to worry her.”

Little Miss Carol had come in
with a group of friends,
and was looking as gay and
carefree as could be.

“You know, she claims that
Douglas MacLean and his
lawyers didn’t notify her at
the proper time that they
wanted to take up their op-
tion on her services. They
claim that they did.
They plan to sue her,
I believe, and in the
meanwhile Fox stands
ready with a contract
for Sue. She is to co-

Sally Eilers is in “Trial
Marriage,” and her
work is expected to
attract the attention of
the big producers.

star in a picture with Nick Stuart. Rather than
have a long-drawn-out legal battle, I suppose
they will effect a settlement out of court. But she
offered MacLean twenty-five thousand dollars for
a release from her contract months ago, and he
refused it. So I can’t imagine how
much he would want for it, now that
she has grown more popular and more
valuable.

“I wish somebody would develop the
proper enthusiasm for Sally Eilers.”
Fanny grew almost wistful, a pose that
is not her forte. “It isn’t friendship on
my part, as I have never met the girl
but once.” But I think she is awfully
ingratiating and clever. She reminds
me of a baby Alice Brady. She is work-
ing in ‘Trial Marriage’ for Columbia,
now, but one of the big companies is
sure to take her up before long.

“It looks to me as though any girl with
less than a year’s experience on the
stage won’t have a chance in pictures
this year. Companies are intent on
signing players with lots of stage ex-
perience. What a sweet lot of ingénu-
es we are going to see for a while—until
audiences rebel! Players who look all
right on the stage will find that the
camera adds ten years, at least.”

Continued on page 118.
Anything for

Ordinary races are proving too speedy up this new sport of the turtle handiwhippets are resting, and the flea cir
did you

Raquel Torres, the brunette, above, and Leila Hyams, the blonde, compete with each other for the beauty prize, while their turtles start to settle it in their own way.

Billie Dove, below, in real life as firm a believer in the artificial touch as she is in her films, commandeers an iron hare from her garden to pose for a picture of the fable of the hare and the tortoise.

A Roman chariot drawn by steeds four abreast is recalled—faintly, we admit—by the testudinal quartet owned by Mary Duncan, above, who fondly believes that when she fires her revolver her darlings will be startled into action, and gallop like mad.
Excitement

for Hollywood, so the stars have taken cap, to pass away the time while the cus is in winter quarters. What next, say?

Heaven be praised for the originality shown by Margaret Lee, above, with her tortoise, and Lo Rayne DuVal with her alligator. This will be a race worth watching—if it ever starts—for the contestants are champing at the bit, so to speak, and the girls are on the qui vive.

Buster Keaton, below, is said to have so trained his "racer" that it will dash off on a ten-minute sprint whenever Buster drops the flag—and not into the soup kettle, either.

Fay Wray, above, has also read her Aesop and wishes to try out the relative speed of the hare and the tortoise, only she doesn't notice that the latter is proving his scorn of the proceedings in the way peculiar to turtles.
The Hollywood

It may have been the influence of college pictures, or a feeling among to form "The Regulars." Anyhow, the club is unlike any of the others of "heavy" reading

By Ann

Hey! Hey! Blazers and socks—fraternities and hops—rah! rah! Homer—Hooray! We're collegiate! Yes, ma'am, and getting more so all the time.

Stripped flivvers, dancing contests, baggy trousers, we've got all this and more. Believe it or not, Hollywood has a sorority. An honest-to-goodness sorority, and I don't mean a social club like "Our Club," or "The Thalians." "The Regulars" is different. This is a real, authentic sorority of motion-picture girls, with secret meetings, sorority pins, vows, dues, members and everything.

Four years ago it was started by a handful of studio girls, about six of them. Now look at it! Esther Ralston, Sally Eilers, Sue Carol, Jobyna Ralston, Marian Nixon, Jeanette Loff, Marian Douglas, Alyce Mills, Priscilla Bonner, Marjorie Bonner, Virginia Brown Faire, Duane Thompson,Menifee I. Johnstone, Florence Gilbert, Barbara Luddy, Lucille Hutton, Rebecca Uhr, Andree Tournier, Pauline Curley, Joan Meredith, Mary Brian, and I—we all belong. And are proud of it. I don't want to brag, but we're exclusive. There are but two requirements for membership, but they are iron-bound. To be invited into this sorority of Hollywood girls a candidate must, first, be connected with the movie industry in some capacity, and she must be a good sport and a good scout—in other words, "regular," because that is what we call ourselves.

Every Monday night the sorority meets. Boy friends are ditched. Social engagements are postponed. Nothing must interfere with attendance. Night work is the only excuse, besides illness. If a girl is absent more than three times, without a suitable reason, she is automatically dropped from membership.

Fifty cents is the fine for arriving late. "The Regulars" countenance little or no temperament. No matter how exalted the studio position of the girl, she is merely a member of this sorority, and if she is going to remain a member, she has to live up to its rules and regulations. Some of the directors and executives at the various studios would drop in their tracks at the way a few of their unruly pets are kept up to the chalk mark at the meetings. And they love it.

Position in the film world means so little in this sorority, that some of its most illustrious members have been dropped as automatically as an extra girl would be fired off a set for tardiness, or lack of attention, or some other misdemeanor. And once a girl is out, she is rarely invited back again. Some one else is voted into her place and the group goes on.

It is no easy job to get in, in the first place. Members are elected as follows:

Six girls already in the club must know the candidate. Of that group the girl who knows her best proposes her name and gives a little talk, telling why she would be a good member. The girl's name is brought up for discussion. If any one knows of a reason why she shouldn't be invited to join, she steps right up and gives it. Candidates have been voted out of the sorority for odd reasons, that is, odd for Hollywood. "She snubs her old friends—she's nasty to the people who work under her at the studio—she isn't a girl's girl"—are a few of the arguments that have gone up against some of the most popular players.

But if a girl is "regular" and passes muster, then she is voted on by secret ballot at three consecutive meetings. If the final vote is unanimous, the girl is invited into the sorority by letter. She is requested to notify the president at the earliest opportunity whether or
the girls that they were missing something in life, that caused them and more like a college sorority, with pins, vows, dues—and half an hour at every meeting.

Sylvestor

not she will be able to accept the membership. Occasionally a girl has to refuse. She may have just been married, and can't leave her husband, or else she is working very hard, and hasn't the necessary time to devote to it. But usually they accept.

At her first meeting she is initiated. The initiation is secret, but it is violating no confidence to say that it is beautiful rather than grotesque. The vows are lovely, vows of friendship, tolerance, and charity. Then the rules and regulations are read to her and she is a "Regular."

Perhaps her first meeting will be a little perplexing. If she has been expecting merely a social club, she will find that this is different. In the first place, there is half an hour devoted to reading from the world's best literature, by Marjorie Bonner, the club's flapper librarian.


These volumes the girls may take home to read, but at every meeting Marjorie reads aloud from "The Story of Philosophy," passages from the world's best literature, and from a couple of little motto books presented to the club by William V. Mong, called "Strength for Every Day," and "It Can Be Done."

"It is silly to pretend that some of the girls don't become a little restless during some of the heavier reading," laughed Priscilla Bonner, the 1927-28 president of the sorority, "especially during the reading of 'The Story of Philosophy,' and books like that. But I think in the long run they are glad they know something about it. I remember something Esther Ralston told us. She said she had always been awfully bored with the reading of that book at the club, until one night she was invited to a dinner party where 'The Story of Philosophy' was the chief topic of discussion, and she felt so proud of herself that she knew something about it, just from reluctantly hearing it at our meetings.

"That is the reason we have our oral reading, to bring the girls in contact with worth-while things they might otherwise miss. That was our aim in organizing the club—to be helpful as well as amusing." And then she went on to tell me about the beginning of "The Regulars."

It was Virginia Brown Faire's idea, and she rounded up six of her closest girl friends at her home one night and put the proposition before them. In that first little group sat Virginia, Priscilla, Marjorie, Kathleen Key, Mentuce I. Johnstone, and Pauline Curley.

"When Virginia told us her idea, naturally all the girls were crazy about it," Priscilla explained. "You see, most of the girls in pictures have never been to college and so have never belonged to a sorority. Thus we decided to make 'The Regulars' mean to Hollywood what the chapters mean to the schools. I think girls love to belong to things, don't you?" [Cont'd on page 69]
Baclanova—As She Is

Steepled in the traditions of the European theater, her respect for her calling is almost a reverence, and her quiet approach to her work and life mystifies the film colony, because there is no mystery about her.

By Margaret Reid

BECAUSE there is no mystery about her, she mystifies Hollywood. We have been led to expect more of foreign actresses than Olga Baclanova offers. Beyond a doubt she is one of the greatest artists to visit the colony—one of the most electric personalities to startle public and critic alike. That's all very well for the fans, but we in Hollywood are accustomed to some local excitement as well, when a new foreign comet soars. Bred on German fireworks, Polish torndoes, Scandinavian avalanches, we find it difficult to adjust ourselves to the unobtrusive Baclanova.

The unofficial successor to Pola Negri, Baclanova is not a headline person. She has instigated no studio wars, flaunted no spectacular romances. She doesn't bare her soul for publication. She doesn't—incidental woman!—even ride in a crested Rolls-Royce. She works quietly, and lives more quietly still.

She works quietly, but such work! So far there has been no controversy about her talents. She fits into no category known in films. There are those, including herself, who say she is not pretty. She is not tenderly sympathetic in appeal. She is over twenty-five. She is nothing she should be, according to American standards, yet she is the most significant element on the horizon to-day, and almost any femme in Hollywood would rather be Baclanova than beautiful.

She is, as a matter of fact, very beautiful, though not after the obvious pattern prevalent on the screen. A daughter of the steppes, she has the white-and-gold loveliness found among the aristocrats of northern Russia. Her features are delicate, yet firmly molded. Her hair is pale yellow by gift of nature. Her eyes are blue, but more than that—they are a bright, blazing blue, their intensity as piercing as the stab of a rapier.

Aside from her superlative acting, the basis of her appeal is an aliveness that vibrates, that charges the atmosphere around her. Far more vital than just sex appeal is her physical dominance. It is a combination of mental, emotional, and bodily sentiment. It is magnetism to an acute degree.

Yet this never falls into wiles, or “allure.” There are no tricks or mannerisms to force it upon your consciousness. Baclanova does not employ it as a stock in trade. Her only stock in trade is her gift for acting. She knows she is a good actress. Otherwise she would not make claim to it by acting. Acting is not her religion, but she goes about it religiously. She is a little shocked at the

Baclanova has startled critic and public alike, with her electric personality.

flippancy with which the profession is regarded in America. A cute flapper thinks it would be fun to be in the movies. All right, she goes into them and has a good time collecting her pay check. To Baclanova the theater, or the studio, is almost church. Schooled in the Moscow Art group, steeped in the traditions of European drama, her respect for her calling amounts to reverence. It seems abnormal and may—God forbid!—change after a few years of movie making, but it is a fact that to Baclanova good work is more important than good pay—not only that, but is a source of greater enjoyment and satisfaction to her. This sounds altruistic, and has an aroma of mythology, until we consider that until she came to this country she did not know that acting was a business, as well as an art. It is still the latter to her. She is completely serious about it, and about, not her own capability, but making herself ever more capable. Such absorption commands respect. When the results of it are as we have seen in “Forgotten Faces,” “The Docks of New York,” et cetera, it commands obeisance.

A sophisticate and an exotic, Baclanova surprises one with her flashes of naiveté. It is not wholly because of her droll difficulty with English that she sometimes gives the impression of a nice-mannered, appealing child. Her wants are so simple, her ambitions so direct, and she has not a complex to her name.

She likes America, but is homesick for her mother, who is too deep-rooted in Russian soil to leave it. She likes Hollywood, but is still a little shaken and nervous when she realizes that the Moscow company, with which she came to America, has gone back to Russia without her. She likes Americans, all except agents. When she came to Hollywood, an agent took advantage of the fact that she knew no English, got her signature on a paper by lying to her about its import, and now attaches her salary and harasses her every move. Friends have instituted a suit for her. When speaking of its progress, she says it has to go to a higher court and points upward. She means the superior court, but it looks as though she is referring to heaven. The innocent mistake is adorable.

She seldom goes out, having taken a house in a very

Cont’d on page 104
BACLANOVA violates every tradition of what a foreign actress in Hollywood should be, for she is without any of the traits that have made European luminaries “difficult” in the studios. This surprising discovery, with many others, is made in Margaret Reid’s analysis of the Russian artist opposite.
So many fans have asked about Edward Nugent since he appeared in "Our Dancing Daughters," that Picture Play gives them a picture to frame, or place in their hope chests. Eddie was a property boy for M.-G.-M. before he was "discovered."
LEILA HYAMS was almost born on the stage, for her parents were vaudeville stars for years, and Leila saw footlights almost before she saw the sky during the years that a dressing room was her nursery. Now she's a grown-up leading lady.
MARY ASTOR'S sentimental heroines were too numerous to mention, and sometimes too beautiful for comfort, but when she played in "Dressed to Kill" our titian-haired star rose above her beauty and gave a corking performance. Now she gives no other kind.
WHAT are the adjectives most often applied to masculine stars? Cast them all overboard—they won't do! New words are needed to describe Richard Arlen, for he is more than wholesome, winning and a good actor. What, then, would you say?
Dolores Costello's first venture in matrimony, and John Barrymore's third, brought the two together for a marriage that set Hollywood agog, because of its unexpectedness. But their romance began when Moby Dick introduced them to each other in "The Sea Beast"—and then ducked.
WHILE talking pictures have put a quietus on some careers, they have given others decided impetus. Among the latter is Clive Brook's. He was first heard in "Interference," with such success that he was given a leading rôle in "Four Feathers."
CHARLES—or won't it always be "Buddy"?—Rogers is exactly as you have thought—bubbling with boyish exuberance, his remarks ending with an exclamation, and apparently untouched by care or thought of the morrow, according to the naive story opposite.
“Oh, Gee! Oh, Gosh!”

Buddy Rogers, as a baby, found life such an exciting romp, that he brings the same enthusiasm to his present existence as a star.

By Patsy DuBuis

A SMALL boy whose life at ten seemed to have been one long series of spankings. Unremembered, but vaguely suspected spankings in babyhood, for breaking milk bottles.

Three-year-old spankings for swimming in the bathtub, attired in rompers.

Five-year-old spankings for not feeding the family dog.

Seven-year-old spankings for hiding in the closet of the school music room to listen to the teacher sing.

At nine the spankings involved everything from breaking windows to refusing to eat carrots.

At eleven the spankings lost all system or regularity.

Charles Rogers was the little boy who got so many spankings.

Not that Charles’ mother was hard-hearted, nor did she enjoy spanking him. She merely discovered that, at an early age, Charles had a mind of his own, and if not strongly reprimanded might demonstrate it, disastrously.

The Rogers family, beginning with Mr. and Mrs. Bert Henry Rogers, and graduating from Geraldine to Charles, had lived in Olathe, Kansas, since any of them could remember. Mr. Rogers owned a newspaper in Kansas City, twenty miles away from Olathe, and, as Charles told me when we had lunch together at the Paramount studio, “We could run up there in about an hour.”

Being technical, I asked if such quaint things as horses and buggies still existed in the little city, vehicles that would make twenty miles in anything as little as an hour.

Charles blushed. “It’s a pretty big town,” he said defiantly, “about four thousand. Why, I’ve only been away from here three years, and three new families have moved in since I’ve been gone!”

I was content to let that alarming increase in population be as it was, while the curly-headed Rogers boy told me more about his childhood in Olathe.

“I was just like any kid. Except that I didn’t remember to feed the dog. Had an idea he would feed himself, I guess, or that he had parents who would take care of him as mine took care of me. Gee, I can’t see how I could have felt that way. Why, now I’ve the finest dog in all the country—Baron, a police dog. I wouldn’t take the world for him! Wish I’d had him when I was a kid—my chum George and I would have had a great time with him. George and I used to play Indian. We made tents out of mother’s sheets—uh, huh, we were spanked for ruining them—and we painted them all up with secret signs. Ran around all day yelling and having a great time.

“Gosh, we didn’t get tired of playing Indian till we went to high school. We felt we ought to be dignified then.”

The family album yielded this photo of Buddy, with his mother and elder sister, Geraldine.

While Charles was telling me about George and the Indians, I wondered why his voice was just a little tight, why his eyes looked sad. I wish I hadn’t asked, but I did. I asked where George was, now.

“He—he died, coming out here to see me, last year.”

I could not break the silence that followed. Here, I thought, was Charles Rogers—Charles who gets countless letters from boys who say, “If only I had a pal like you.” And Charles’ own pal is dead.

He broke the silence, with a fine show of putting George out of his mind, and getting back to the interview.

“The first time we were spanked was when I was fourteen.”

“What for?” I asked.

“Sneaked out of the house one night and took one of Jerry’s chums to a college dance.” “Jerry” is his elder sister.

“Wasn’t that a dumb thing for a fourteen-year-old kid to do? I thought I was smart, but believe me, I didn’t think so after the spanking I got. And I lost interest in girls, too.”

This Rogers boy speaks with a young earnestness that is delightful. He says “gosh” and “gee” with an exuberant happiness, and eats corned beef and cabbage, avocado salad and wicked butterscotch sundaes in the same meal, in much the same manner.

“You know,” Charles looked at me seriously, “I don’t know why it is, but I’ve always been lucky. Had everything I wanted. I don’t deserve it. Funny.”

“Wanted to go to college, and when I finally entered the University of Kansas I was so shy. But dad gave me a saxophone, and I traded in an old Ford roadster

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EMOTIONS are our merchandise—but not for personal wear!"

Beneath the gay aplomb with which Carmel Myers trailed those words on a laugh, I could sense a deeper meaning, and waited for her to express further the thought which some trivial remark had evoked. Whenever Carmel gets an idea on her mind, it means an interesting, usually exclamatory, conversation. For she is an analyst, and her observations on human nature—sometimes caustic, again kindly—are always pertinent.

"Odd, isn't it, that we who live by emotion cannot give into it very much in our private lives? Feeling must be disciplined and shoved back within ourselves, for fear it might wreck this frail structure we call success. Emotion ravages the face. Only the most sublimated love beautifies. True, all experience adds lines of character. Until one is ready to play character roles, however, one cannot afford personal emotion.

The producers expect an actress to be bright and gay and pretty. Presumably she is not to take life seriously, to have troubles such as harass other folks. With so much touching her that passes by those in calmer pursuits, she really has greater worries. She must hide them away, marked, 'Don't open until later!'

Her meaning became strikingly clear as I recalled a day, soon after her mother had been taken suddenly from her, when I sat beside her bed and tried, in that futile desire we have to help, to urge her back to work. Her face was red and swollen from tears.

"I can't even interview the producers," she explained. "With you others it doesn't matter how you look. But we must appear at our best. We can't take our grief to the studio. Though people are sympathetic, the camera isn't."

Recalling that day, I saw another demand of that merciless yet fascinating siren—career.

Many months had passed. We were talking in her Hollywood apartment. "My town house," she had gaily ushered me in. The old-fashioned family home at the beach is cluttered with those knickknacks of generations' accumulation, closely woven with the past—a spacious, comfortable place minus objets d'art, or the decorator's precise touch. Her apartment has a businesslike aspect, being occupied only on nights when she is too tired to drive to the beach. Press clippings, photographs, a script, a make-up box, appurtenances of the career which always has been a governing influence and which now engrosses her above all else, are scattered about.

The Carmel of that day of tragedy had gone. Sorrow had been tuck away, courageously. A vivid sparkle seemed to ripple from her newly red hair, catching lights from her vital, gray eyes, animating her to quick repartee.

She says she was born red-headed, and points to a red-headed brother, Zion, as proof. But Zion winks, and one wonders, not minding that raven has gone red, because Carmel is such fun again. A red, incidentally, that nobody ever was born with. She had given a tea to christen it, but it isn't titian, nor auburn, nor tomato, nor yet carrot, so the job slid off our pleasurables, and the hue of Carmel's hair remains unnamed.

I have actually heard this silly explanation of her
is Sublimated

pline her feelings and only use them in the roles own loves and griefs for the indefinite future. evolved a philosophy that throws new light on whose emotions once threatened to wreck her.

Gebhart

come-back—that changing the color of her tresses had refashioned her personality! Is no credit to be given a valiant spirit?

I had seen her splendid work in Jack Gilbert's "Four Walls," had heard of the sparkling performance in "Badges," a Fox talkie, "Dream of Love," and other films, and knew that she was enacting a dual rôle in "The Red Sword," for F. B. O. But the thought that an actress, who hands this or that emotion over the counter to fill the customer's orders, while schooling herself not to sample any, interested me far more than her rebounding career.

"We dare not wear ourselves on our faces. However small or great our part in the picture parade, we are under survey. Do you ever see angry faces among the gay, bright throng lunching at Montmartre? Do you hear talk of trouble? It is brushed aside, with a humorous comment. Yet, believe me, fear stalks many a brilliant career."

"Fear of losing prestige. Fear, from experience, of being misquoted. Fear of having one's slightest action misconstrued. Frankness is regarded as lack of diplomacy. A whisper becomes a rumor. Catastrophes form from a grain of tactlessness. You cannot be yourself completely. It's not only business—its self-preservation. Circumstances force an actress to become artificial."

"And the idea that to portray something you must have experienced it, is nonsense. Acting is an art, a technique, a business. There must be understanding and sympathy—yes, but these are gained by denying one's self emotions, more than from indulging them."

This lesson of wearing a good front was impressed early

"Producers and the public expect us to be bright and gay and pretty, with none of the troubles that harass other people."—Carmel Myers.

upon Carmel. Having heard that girls were needed as supers for a show in rehearsal at a Los Angeles theater, and paid one dollar an evening, hidden ambition glowed. With three generations of rabbis back of her, the stage was taboo. She was thirteen, gangling, awkward. If she possessed then an adolescent hint of the voluptuous attractiveness that she was to develop later, it must have been inconspicuous. At any rate, she had wits. And nerve never lost anybody anything.

Dressed in her best, she met a young man emerging from the stage entrance. He asked, "What do you want, little girl?" Very haughtily she explained. His reply that all the girls needed had been engaged, only momentarily dampened her ardor. That sinking, panicky feeling almost got her, before her will asserted itself. An oration ensued. She could do her hair up and be grown. She could walk through one scene as a child, and return as an old lady. He chuckled, and engaged her.

That first triumph has cast strengthening glances over her life ever since. Often in discouragement and trial and loneliness, the idea that she stumbled upon then has forced and broadened her smile. As yet, though, she did not understand that something in herself which swaggered and demanded and obtained. Carmel not only is a girl with brains. She uses them, instead of saving them for a rainy day and finding holes in them when needed.
and hurtled aside. To some, conquering self is more difficult than conquering a world. She learned, as the girls gave their confidences, that all were Judy O'Grady. Also, that in any branch of the show business troubles are not displayed.

"It is strange," she said, her full lips in a little quirk that might have been either humor or cynicism, as we sat about her dinner table, five of us, "that an actress can so seldom express her real feelings. Even unimportant ones. It's not good business! I don't advocate artificiality practiced to the point of hypocrisy. But on general principles," she mused, her wide, gray eyes deepened by the shadow just outside the candlelight, "be pleasant, curb feelings, make a light and frivolous appearance.

"Besides, we all have too much self-pity. And an actress naturally exaggerates the importance of everything that concerns herself.

"Most of us are emotional. It is an asset. I am extremely so. It is native to our people. Our sympathy wells instantly to another's hurt; and you might say that we enjoy our own, so thoroughly do we indulge it. This pent-up emotion finds outlet in my work. That, in addi-

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Rudolph Valentino's first lead was with Fred Kelsey and Miss Myers, in "A Society Sensation."
If Trees Had Ears

They would be even more revealing than talking pictures in love scenes such as these below.

John Mack Brown, above, tells the old, old story to Norma Shearer, in “A Lady of Chance,” but the tree won’t repeat it.

The exhilarating effect of tropical love on Raquel Torres and Monte Blue, above, in “White Shadows in the South Seas,” is kept without bounds by the steadying tree behind them. William Collier, Jr., and Raquel Torres, left, in “Tide of Empire.”

John Mack Brown and Marion Davies, lower left, were offered refuge from the madding crowd by a tree in “The Fair Coed.” One of the most beautiful scenes in “Our Dancing Daughters,” below, shows John Mack Brown and Joan Crawford chaperoned by a tree.
The Strangest Interview

After answering the fans' questions about the stars for years, The Picture Oracle himself is interviewed with unusual results.

By Virginia Morris

The first portent of fame in the movies is an interview. You've read many a one, no doubt. You've seen in print the cinematic reactions of everybody who's anybody, from Will H. Hays to the bootblack on the Paramount lot. That's what I can't understand—how this feverish interviewing could go on all these years, and yet no one think of lunching at the Algonquin with The Picture Oracle.

Why, he's the most glamorous individual you ever met, and if he didn't love his work too much to give it up, he might easily win the hearts of the fans by his screen personality, rather than by his sympathetic interest in telling them the weight and height of the stars. Teamed with Trader Horn he'd be a riot any day.

Personally, I prefer him to any player I've ever known. He has all their charm and none of their faults. That is, he knows every shred of the latest gossip, but refuses to talk about himself. No star was ever like that!

Indeed, this is a strange interview. The Oracle is modest to the point of being elusive. I've suddenly realized how few facts I know about him, although my pencil is worn to a useless stub, and all the rent and gas bills that happened to be in my purse are covered with scribblings. In fact, toward the last I was jotting down notes on the back of my hand with my lipstick.

The Oracle always lunches at the Algonquin. No one in New York, he says, can prepare mush and milk like the chef there. And George, the head waiter, saves him a table where he can observe without being conspicuous, and sees that the old man's lunch is served neither too hot nor too cold. Yes! The Picture Oracle in his vivid, plaid shirt is a familiar sight around the place, a quaint old figure in his simple fare in the midst of dazzling celebrities who diet on broccoli and tomato juice.

As to the details of his appearance, Picture Play's artist has portrayed him quite accurately, although his hair is slightly thinner, I should say, than Mr. Trugo has estimated. He has never sat for a camera study, and he explains that it was he who gave Lon Chaney the idea of refusing for a long time to be photographed "as is." Every artist, you see, has illusions to keep up.

"My name?" exclaimed the old man, wrinkling his high forehead to the very middle of his skull. "Please do not have the delicacy to mention that again! Would you be satisfied if I told you, instead, what H. B. Warner's initials stand for? The first is for Henry and the second is for Byron. And if you'll promise not to refer to me again, I'll also explain the origin of Zasu Pitts' odd name. Zasu's father had two old-maid sisters who wanted the child named for them. When the stork reneged on bringing twins, Mr. Pitts took the last syllable from Eliza and the first from Susan, and kept peace in the family."

While The Oracle was talking I studied his features. Then I ventured, "What nationality are you? Do you happen to be a Scot? If I were to guess, I'd say you were the son of a Scottish minister."

"Well, I'm not!" snapped my quaint friend, with the irascibility of old age. "But if it means anything to you, Ian Keith's mother was an Indian. And for the minister part of it, Hedda Hopper's dad was a Baptist preacher, and so were six of his brothers."

An interviewer won't be blocked like that. I determined that if The Oracle wouldn't tell me about his family connections, I'd get the information indirectly. If he had relatives in pictures, for instance, I'd ask them. So I queried him on the point.

"There are enough relatives clamming around the studios already," he evaded. "I shouldn't be surprised if you knew that Norma and Constance Talmadge were sisters, but I'll wager nobody ever told you before that Ramon Novarro and Dolores del Rio are cousins. They were both born in Durango, Mexico, you know. Blanche Sweet and Gertrude Short are related in the same way. I could go on indefinitely.

"I hope," he continued, "that you're up to date enough to have seen 'The Wedding March.' If you have, you probably noticed what a great actress Maude George is. It runs in the family. Her cousin is Grace George, the stage star who's married to the Broadway producer, Wil-
The Strangest Interview

liam A. Brady. A lot of other movie folks have family tie-ups with the footlights. That goes for directors as well as stars. Lloyd Bacon, who megaphoned and microphoned Al Jolson in 'The Singing Fool,' is the son of Frank Bacon, and Bryan Foy, who is directing all those talkies like 'The Home-towners' and 'Queen of the Night Clubs,' is the late Eddie Foy's little boy. And—

"Yes, yes," I broke in, "but what about you? Tell me about your ancestors."

"Mine?" he exclaimed. "Why should I boast of mine when Lya de Putti never even mentions that her mother was a Hungarian countess and her father an Italian count?"

I began to be really annoyed. No man has a right to be at the Algonquin, without talking about himself. So I decided to give him an argument.

"Hold on," I protested, "that's all right about De Putti, but what about Gloria Swanson? She's not ashamed to admit she's a marquise."

The Oracle shook his head.

"Indeed she's not," he conceded, "why, last Christmas she sent me a greeting card, and maybe you won't believe it, but it had the De la Palais crest—or perhaps it was the De la Couray—on the top in gold embossing. I shook my finger at Gloria the next time I saw her, for she's got the wrong slant. All of us are fonder of the actress than the marquise—at least I am."

Things were getting to an awful pass. Here was a man to be interviewed, and he side-stepped all the stock questions. However, I decided to try one more.

"How did you get into pictures?" I asked, uncertain whether he had won a beauty contest, or had played in the 'Follies.'

"Well, I declare, I don't remember," was the answer.

"You see, I've so much to keep straight about other people's careers that I've rather lost track of my own. For instance, only yesterday Fannie Brice was telling me that she got in through the news reels. That is, she was playing in a vaudeville house in Chicago, when a Pathé camera man invited her up on the roof to smile into his lens. When she saw the film, she decided that that was a 'beezness.'"

"When she said news reels, it reminded me that Nils Asther started the same way. He got into celluloid by winning a ski race in Sweden. Mauritz Stiller, the director, happened to glimpse the result and looked him up."

"In fact," The Oracle continued, "people get in pictures in all sorts of ways. Margaret Livingston came to Los Angeles on a sight-seeing trip, but stayed to be a star. And Barry Norton journeyed up from the Argentine to see Firpo, his countryman, fight. He just never went back, that was all."

"Listen, mister," I put in, "I've come here to interview you. If you've forgotten how you got into the picture game, at least tell me what you did before that."

"If I did, you wouldn't believe me—any more than you'd believe that Ernst Lubitsch once danced in Max Reinhardt's ballet corps in Berlin, or that Georgie Stone was a waiter in the Lambs Club, or that Anna Q. Nilsson was a governess in Brooklyn, or that Charles Delaney used to do mind reading on the vaudeville stage."

"Life's a strange proposition, all right, when a fellow like Harold Lloyd could start out selling popcorn, and finish up owning a home that cost me I don't know how many million dollars. And I'm telling you something else that's no comedy gag. Harry Langdon has been in the movies a long time. He started at the bottom of the ladder, and did a lot of climbing on it as the assistant janitor at the Doheny Theater in Council Bluffs, Iowa."

The Oracle was off full steam on another track. He might have been talking yet of stars who were self-starters, if I hadn't interrupted him.

"You haven't told me much for an interview, but maybe if you would say a few words about your hobbies, I might get a good story after all. Do you play golf, or are you fond of dancing?"

"Dancing?" he rejoined. "Nobody in the world could teach me. Audrey Ferriss has twenty-seven silver cups for dancing, but even she couldn't show me the first thing about it. I guess I'm too old for nonsense like that."

I yielded, with a sigh of discouragement.

"That lets that out. But if we can't talk about hobbies, at least we can talk about books. Everybody in the movies reads—"

"Yes, everybody in the movies reads," mused the old man, "two books, Freud and Schopenhauer. But that's not bad, if it gives you something to talk about all the rest of your life. Maybe you'll be pleased to know that there's one boy out there in Hollywood who hasn't read them. That's David Butler, the director. No pose about Dave. He says he reads nothing but the sports page of the newspaper. The rest of the time he plays with his dog."

Here's where I saw an opening.

"I suppose you have a wonderful collection of pets yourself," I ventured.

"Pets?" he answered. "No domestic care like that for me! The last time Louise Dresser went on location she left her pet bullfrog at my house—and never again! Twin babies couldn't have been more trouble."

By this time, The Oracle had reached for the check and had paid it.

[Continued on page 115]
Hollywood

What's doing in the studio world, with odds and ends of gossip such as you like to know.

Talkies Boost Bessie.

Whooppe for Bessie Love! Her first effort in sound films is crowned with glory. After free lancing for ye-ahs and ye-ahs, so to say, she has gained a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn. It's all the outcome of the song-and-dance cinema, "Broadway Melody," in which Bessie is a sprightly performer with Charles King, a musical comedy star, and clever Anita Page.

Bessie wasn't doing so well just before this big chance—in fact, she had left the studios and gone on a vaudeville tour for a while. But it is asserted that her work in "Broadway Melody" will make her a star, plus, overnight.

Another big thrill will be the voice of Norma Shearer. We have heard her test for "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and it surprised us with its exceptionally clear and attractive quality. Norma's naturally crisp intonation seems ideal for recording. What is more, she evinces a remarkable emotional ability in the new medium.

An "Exaggerated" Demise.

Rumors that a star has died are most disconcerting—especially to the star concerned, when he or she happens to be going right on living.

Gloria Swanson was a victim of rumors of this sort a few years ago. At one time Mary Pickford similarly suffered. They always seem to attach themselves to a picture luminary when he or she is at the height of popularity.

Clara Bow is the latest to be pursued by the demise canard. It started when she had an attack of flu during an epidemic that raged merrily and otherwise through the studios. Fully two hundred fans wrote in bemoaning her death.

"I don't know why they should choose me," she told us plaintively the last time we saw her. "It gives you a terribly embarrassing feeling—very like, I imagine, returning from a war, wherein you were reported killed, and finding people unveiling a monument or something in your honor."

Chicken Values Soar.

Here's one for poultry dealers to set down in their note books. A rooster recently cost a Hollywood studio $5,003. His name is Bonanza—though truth to tell, the word is used with rather sarcastic intent—and he is on exhibition as the highest-priced fowl in existence.

Bonanza was a troublesome customer. He lived...

Nils Asther has the rôle of a Javanese prince —Europeanized, of course—in Greta Garbo's "Wild Orchids."

THEY have a new one on Lon Chaney. Lon is completing a picture called "Where East is East," in which he plays a wild-animal trapper. Many of its scenes were filmed in a Siamese jungle.

During production it was peremptorily decided that a giraffe was needed to lend color, and perhaps also stateliness to the primitive forest, where Chaney did his capturing of mammalia.

Tod Browning, the director, sent a call to the animal-casting bureau, or whatever studio department it is that procures talent from menageries.

"We need a giraffe in a hurry," his order said. "Can you get us one?"

The answer came back shortly. "Giraffes very scarce. None just now in Hollywood. We're stuck, but have a suggestion to make. Why can't Chaney disguise himself as one?"

Dick's Salary Takes Leap.

Richard Barthelmess has boosted his salary sky high, and it's because he has a good voice for the talkies. Dick has signed up again with First National. The reported stipend amounts to about $350,000 a year, or some $9,000 for every week he works. By this we mean that he is to have about twelve weeks off annually.

Barthelmess' former salary was hardly more than $6,000 per week. So this is an increase of approximately one half. Both First National and Warner Brothers, who recently took over that company, are said to entertain lively expectations for Dick's success in the speaking—or, if you wish, squawking photographs.
High Lights
by Edwin and Elza Schallert

next door to the Pathé studio, and one night in the quiet hours, a company set out to make a few sound sequences on a shipboard set. They were using very large and powerful lights.

The first time the director ordered these turned on, there was a vociferous flapping of wings in the vicinity, followed by a stentorian "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" The lights were turned off and after waiting a few minutes, the director had them turned on again. The performance from the barnyard was repeated, and it kept on being repeated every time the set was illuminated. After a time the director gave up the projected scene and dismissed the company.

In the morning he sent over a man to negotiate the purchase of the rooster. The deal was made for $3, but the lost time ran into $5,000. Bonanza is being kept as a souvenir, but on a part of the lot far removed from sound-film operations. Also his cage is covered with dark cloth at night. There is also thought of stuffing him and putting him in Hollywood’s film museum.

India Uninviting.

Hollywood stars will never be drawn to pursue their careers in India. A visitor recently brought the news that the leading light among the ladies of the film world over there receives $400 a month, while the most prominent man gets $100. And the industry isn’t controlled by Scotchmen either!

Barrymore Sees Double.

If the amount of publicity be any criterion, then the John Barrymore-Dolores Costello wedding was unquestionably the biggest event of its kind in several years. The newspapers kept stories popping for a week or more—from the time the couple took out their license, until the ceremony was duly performed, and even after.

Considerable of the excess attention devoted to the matter was due to the secrecy shrouding Barrymore’s divorce from his second wife, Blanche Oelrichs, known also by the pen and stage name of Michael Strange. This knot was severed at Kingston, New York, and the suit was filed by Mrs. Barrymore under her and the actor’s real name of Blythe, which everybody seemed to forget about in the excitement attending the questioning of the circumstances of their legal separation.

Shortly after their wedding, Barrymore and Miss Costello were seen together at a performance of the stage play, “The Royal Family,” in which there is a sort of travesty presented on the Barrymore family. Barrymore was vastly amused at the impersonation of himself in this by Frederick March, who is shortly to make his début in Paramount pictures. The character is a temperamental actor, an engaging egomaniac.

This sketch of John is by far the most realistic in the play. It is a rip-roaring swashbuckling affair, more to be associated with the somewhat flaming days of his youth, than with his present reserve, unctious, and highly cultivated distinction. Barrymore informed us, even before he had seen the play, that from a reading of it he had been vastly amused by this particular character, though the others did not appeal to him as so effectively drawn.

Marriages of players who appear together in lover roles are not absolutely unheard of nowadays. Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver have formed a team in several productions, and Barrymore and Miss Costello will probably play in “The Tavern Knight.” We can’t imagine that if John Gilbert and Greta Garbo ever decided to wed, their professional association, which is fairly frequent, will be broken off. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have virtually promised some time to film a picture together, and it would undoubtedly be a happy combination.

Enlightenment on Moosic.

Sally O’Neil has been having her fling at the stage. Every star who isn’t terribly busy on the studio lots seems to try the footlights. Sally danced a little, sang a little, and wore her “Mike” overalls, as well as several more feminine and fluffy costumes.

Her tour of the theaters was taken on the prologue circuit of a chain of movie theaters, and very nearly all the “Sally” songs in repertoire were rendered by various male jazz chancers as part of the act. We didn’t realize there were so many until we heard them—from just plain “Sally,” to “Sally of My Dreams,” “Sally in Our Alley,” “What’s Happened to Our Sally,” et cetera, indecisively.

Coats of Silence.

Wonders never cease! Somebody has perfected a “noiseless paint,” with which the interior of sound stages can be covered, and close out all intruding clamor. Next in line will be the invention of a lip rouge that will make screen kisses sweet as well as silent. So says Jimmie Hall, the gentle studio cynic, at all events.

Who’s Who in Best Seller.

“The Bridge of San Luis Rey!” And its cast! Here they are—the Marquésa, Emily Fitzroy; Doña Clara, her daughter; Jane Winton; the girl, Pepita, who with the Marquésa, is killed in the collapse of the bridge, Raquel Torres; Manuel and Esteban, the two brothers, Don Alvarado and Duncan Rinaldo; Canita, the actress, Lily Damita; Uncle Pio, Ernest Torrence; the Abbess, Eugene Besserer. There are other parts taken by Paul Ellis and Gordon Thorpe. However, the others are probably the more important in the recollection of those who read Thornton Wilder’s remarkable best seller.
Hollywood High Lights

What kind of picture is this going to make? It has a chance to be a great and unusual one. It's a big test of the powers of the screen to visualize a searching form of literary psychology. And it is certainly a film that should be—silent!

A Filmland Tragedy.

Did Jaime del Rio die of a broken heart?

This question has been asked more than once by the more serious-minded in Hollywood since the passing of Dolores del Rio's former husband a month or so ago in Europe. There were indications that it was a very unhappy and fateful ending of his life, and although blood poisoning was assigned as the cause, there was perhaps no question but that his spirit was broken by the experiences that he went through before and after he left the studio world.

The demands of motion pictures seem peculiarly sullen and relentless upon certain domestic relationships. It would perhaps have been better for the happiness of both Dolores and Jaime had they never come to the film realm. Fane exacted a curious toll in their instance. For the tragedy of Jaime's death has sat deep within Dolores, especially as she was unable to go to his bedside at the time of his passing, because of the distance that separated them.

Jaime del Rio was very highly regarded by those who knew him. He was eminently a gentleman. He came of a distinguished family. He was hypersensitive. He fled from Hollywood because he said he could not stand the sting conveyed in the words "Mr. Dolores del Rio."

Personally, we doubt whether these words were ever used regarding him, but he felt a certain implied stigma leveled against all husbands of stars, who did not achieve a brilliant career independently. That very "stigma" is perhaps the most persistent cause of débâcles in the wedded life of the cinema famous. And oftentimes it seems a pretty shallow and useless cause, when one considers the shortness of most film careers.

DeMille Again Selects.

Do you know Carol Lombard? "Me, Gangster," "Power," "Show Folks," and "Novel McCabe's Daughter"—these are some of the pictures in which she has played. And now she is doing the lead in Cecil DeMille's "Dynamite." That means that she has been really "discovered." The magic DeMille gesture is made, and presto, chango! Another star flashes forth on the horizon. It's an old story to those who know the success of many of his people.

Sometimes we wonder, though, whether DeMille is as good a picker as he used to be. The stories of the glorious Swanson, the brilliant sparkle of the Loretta Young—she does not find them so manifest in the case of his more recent finds.

For all that, one invariably looks forward to the DeMille choice of a leading woman. There is always the chance that the feature he makes may yield a dazzling new winner.

He picked a sure-fire favorite for his leading man. For that is what Conrad Nagel has become in the past twelve months—partly, we must say, because of the talkies.

DeMille's "Dynamite" will be both silent and sound. Consequently the reverberations implied in its title may see actual realization.

Says Dane is Gay Deceiver.

Karl Dane is a much troubled man. Karl has been sued for empty-ump thousand dollars—to be exact, $75,000—for breach of promise. The complainant is Thais Valdemar. She charges that Dane and she posed as man and wife on her expectation that he would marry her. Dane was held responsible for a $500 bill for the remodeling of her nose by a plastic surgeon. It's strangely complicated, to say the least.

History Versus Handbags.

Dave Butler exercised his wit rather freely during his sojourn abroad while making "Chasing Through Europe."

In England somebody pointed out to him a statue erected to the memory of an eminent statesman and said, "That monument is in honor of Gladstone."

"What!" exclaimed Dave. "Do they put up statues for suit-case makers over here?"

More Latins Invade.

No studio can afford to be without a Mexican star! This is shown by the fact that there is one at nearly every large establishment making pictures, and sometimes two. Fox is one of the latest to sign up a couple. They are Delia Magana and Lapita Tovar, both from Mexico City, and both with some experience in diverting the public through their theatrical talents.

Miss Magana is finishing the lead in "Nanook of the Desert," a picture made practically all on location. Miss Tovar has not begun work as yet. The two girls are said to be even more beautiful than some of those already arrived from the southern republic. They augment the list already comprising Dolores del Rio, Lupe Velez, Raquel Torres, Mona Rico and others. Miss Del Rio possesses the honor of having started the invasion that has grown so consistently.

Reginald Denny's beaming outlook on life is explained by the bride at his side, the former "Bubbles" Steiffel.

Al Swings Valiant Right.

To his singing, joking, and other abilities, Al Jolson has now added that of pugilist. He proved the strength of his arm in an impromptu fist fight staged in the Coconut Grove. As this popular place is nearly always well filled with people, Al didn't miss out on an audience for this new endeavor. He was also gentlemanly enough not to reveal the name of his
adversary, though pressed for details. He stated that the casus belli was some inappropriate and distasteful remarks made by the other, and from all accounts Al was adjudged the winner in the encounter.

Colleen Flames Again.

Colleen Moore will flap, if not also flame anew. She has returned to the sort of picture that made her one of the screen’s most successful stars. The film, temporarily entitled “That’s a Bad Girl,” will show her as short-skirted, jazz-mad, flirt-feverish damsels, who can make neither eyes nor her twirling feet behave.

Colleen really gave spice to the screen flapper. She almost succeeded in caricaturing rather satirically the type in “Flaming Youth.” She has avoided the more obvious display of flapper eccentricities in her past few films, but she is at it again with the speed and spirit of several years ago. And with even a little more pep, and much more versatility.

Lillian in New Phase.

Lillian Gish’s career, suspended for more than a year, is to be resumed. She will be directed by Max Reinhardt, the famous European stage producer, in a picture called “The Miracle Girl.” Lillian has just returned to Hollywood after a many months’ absence. She has sojourned part of the time in New York, which she likes, and the rest in Europe, which she loves even more. As regards Hollywood, it does not occupy the leading spot in Lillian’s affections, but she confesses that it is, after all, about the best place to make pictures. And she has tried various other localities during her experience.

Lillian begins virtually a new stage of her professional life with the undertaking of “The Miracle Girl.” It will be her first film under her contract with United Artists. After many years, she will once again work on the same lot as Mary Pickford, as they did in the old Griffith Biograph days.

Another Career Resumes.

Another career that is again on the way is Maria Corda’s. After many months of waiting, doubtless watched, she plays opposite Milton Sills in a Venetian romance called “Love and the Devil.” The statueque Maria was cast as an opera singer.

Miss Corda’s only previous work in America was in “The Private Life of Helen of Troy,” in which she played the lovely wife of Menelaus, who flirted with Paris, and caused the Trojan war. This picture could hardly be hailed as significantly popular.

A “Three Weeks” By-product.

Elinor Glyn has written a story for Greta Garbo to play upon her return from Europe. And guess what the title is—

“Tiger Skin!”

Whooppee’s Hoops Burn.

Hoop skirts may be very beautiful, and redolent with sweet recollections of by-gone romance, but they’re not to be worn near open fireplaces.

Lupe Velez discovered this while making “Wolf Song.” And “Whooppee Lupe” almost burned up while finding it out.

It seems that while a scene was being enacted by the Mexican charmer, she, in her natural impetuous fashion, stepped too close to a grate in which flames were flickering, and one of the folds of her costume ignited. A property man observed the impending disaster, and picked up a rug and smothered the blaze in the garment.

Lupe wasn’t aware of the danger, and looked both a bit astonished and upset, momentarily, because of the sudden interruption. Immediately afterward, however, she rewarded the property man by patting him warmly on the shoulder, and declaring jubilantly that he was her hero.

Olfactory Thrills Next.

An “odorophone” is the latest innovation that is being talked about in the studios. This is to project the aromas of a scene, as well as the conversation.

“Let’s hope that it isn’t a supper with limburger cheese that is recorded,” is the fond wish of Louise Fazenda.

Bunny’s Son In Movies.

The name of John Bunny is linked with the good old days of the movies, but despite the fact that it seems to belong rather far back, now, in the misty film past, it is well remembered. The reason for recalling this famous early comedian, now dead, is that he has a son in pictures, John Francis Bunny.

The younger Bunny is not an actor, but a cutter. You could hardly mistake his identity, because his smile is so much like that of his father.

Baxter’s Future Brightens.

Warner Baxter is a name due to rise brightly out of the mazes of the many changes in the studio this season. The reason is that he has been signed by Fox under a long-term contract, with the probability that he will be very prominently featured in their pictures. The inspiration for this recognition of Baxter’s talents was his work in “In Old Arizona,” a talkie made nearly entirely outdoors. Edmund Lowe and Baxter have the leading roles in this, and Baxter’s performance is rated very highly.

Some years ago Lowe and Baxter appeared together in stock in Los Angeles. The girl in this picture is new. Her name is Dorothy Burgess. She was recruited from a stage production of “The Squall” in Los Angeles.

Merna Kennedy With “U.”

Merna Kennedy, the Chaplin leading woman of “The Circus,” is another player whose future is settled for a time. She has signed with Universal, and will be seen in their production of “Broadway.”

Chaplin’s new leading woman has achieved a hit socially in Hollywood, and is escorted to parties from time to time by Charlie. As you may recall, her name is Virginia Cherrill.

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The sign for "Shush!" is the same, whether it is whispered in English, French, or Russian.

When Neil Hamilton, right, whispers something startling, he needs a dramatic prop, like a doorway, to make the secret more thrilling.

"Remember, I wouldn't tell this to another soul," Ruth Taylor, above, admonishes her listener, but if you know Ruth as well as we do, you can see that what she is saying must be taken with a grain of salt.

Being "shushed" by Baclanova, right, is an exciting experience, because her hypnotic eyes are apt to put you in a trance if you aren't careful.

Here's what a French secret looks like, with Paul Guertzman, left, throwing in a threatening look as an extra precaution.
The Story of Sonny Boy

Since Jackie Coogan made an instantaneous hit, in "The Kid," no child has so won the hearts of fans as David Lee, in "The Singing Fool." Here is an article that explains his talent.

By A. L. Wooldridge

For a while," said Al Jolson, "keep everybody away from me. I've got to get into make-up. They're ready for me on the set. I don't want to be disturbed for a while."

"Yes, Mr. Jolson," the attendant replied. "No one will be allowed in."

The celebrated comedian disappeared into his dressing room. He removed his collar and shirt, donned dark trousers, seated himself before a mirror, and reached for the jar of black grease paint.

Studio workers approached the closed door, paused, and passed on. Interviewers were held at bay, and telephone calls refused. Mr. Jolson had issued orders. In seclusion he prepared for his day's work in "The Singing Fool."

"Sh-h-h!" whispered the guard when a messenger appeared with a sheaf of telegrams. "I'll take them. Mr. Jolson is not to be bothered. Orders are orders."

Were they?

A little boy, with hazel eyes, light-brown hair, and a sturdy frame, slowly and laboriously climbed the steps. He was scarcely out of the toddling stage. His small, clenched fist pounded on the door.

"Unka Al!" he shouted. "Unka Al—emme in!"

"Y-e-o-w!" came a voice from inside. "Sonny Boy!"

The door swung open as though struck by a Bahama hurricane, and David Lee, three years old, was caught into the arms of a half-clad man whose face was black as ebony. Then, for the next few minutes, there was an affectionate petting party which would have cost producers ten thousand dollars to put on the screen.

I happened to be at the studio when the incident took place. Since then, I'll wager a million women have seen this urchin on the screen, and have exclaimed, "Adorable!"

And an equal number of men have brushed
tears from the corners of their eyes and muttered huskily, "Darn fine kid!"

"Who is this David Lee?" you ask. Here's the story.

David is the brother of Frankie Lee, who played the crippled boy in "The Miracle Man," which was filmed in 1918 and created a sensation. Is there any one of mature years who doesn't remember that wistful-eyed, pain-racked youngster on crutches, his face turned longingly toward the mount, as he slowly plodded up the hill to what he hoped would be emancipation from his pitifully twisted legs? And could any one forget the beautiful, exalted look which came into his face as he threw away those crutches and walked alone? It was an epochal moment in the movies.

Frankie Lee is sixteen now. After "The Miracle Man" he had a long series of roles with Pauline Frederick, Dorothy Dalton, Bessie Love, Mary Miles Minter, and other stars of a decade age, until he began to grow up, and a slight fuzz appeared on his upper lip and chin. Whereupon his mother said, "Frankie, it's time for you to quit pictures and start going to school. I want you to have an education, so that when you get older all your old fans will be proud of you. I want them to say, 'Why, there's Frankie Lee again!' and be glad. So get ready for books."

Thus for ten years, the unforgettable little boy of "The Miracle Man" has been off the screen. This spring he will be graduated from the Fairfax High School in Los Angeles, and the movies will no doubt see him in juvenile rôles within the year. Frankie is coming back.

In the meantime, old Doctor Stork hovered over the Lee home on Fountain Avenue, in Hollywood, and one night left a squirming little bundle of activity. If the bundle could have talked it would have said, "Never mind about Frankie, David's here and he'll rule the roost!"

Temperamental, talented, restless, eager—a suppressed volcano of emotion—David Lee is the dream child so many mothers have pictured. While he was scarcely able to crawl, he began prying into boxes which contained stills of Frankie, and each time he recognized his big brother's likeness, his face would beam with appreciation. One of his first remarks was, "Budder cryin'!"

"Mother Goose," and the nursery stories never interested him. He wanted to see photographs of Frankie in dramatic moments.

"And, in time," says Mrs. Lee, "he began imitating Frankie's expressions in the stills. He'd put on a show all by himself, doing Frankie's stuff. He liked doing that better than anything."

That's how David Lee got his tutoring as an actor. His mother took him over to the Warner studio when "The Singing Fool" was being cast. He hung onto her skirts. When a big, shiny car came in and Al Jolson alighted, he saw David staring, wide-eyed, at his equipment. The comedian paused.

"'At's a purdy tar," said David.

"It's mine," replied Al.

It took about nine seconds for the two to get on intimate terms. Then Jolson said, "Never mind the tests. Here's the child for 'The Singing Fool!' Here's Sonny Boy."

When rushes of the child's scenes with Jolson were shown, he went under contract to the Warners inside of ten minutes. Al Jolson strutted about the lot saying, "Leave it to me to pick 'em!"

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Frankie, who is now sixteen, is the example David has followed since babyhood, so it's no wonder the little fellow knows how to act.

Photo by Whittington
An Eye Full

Is the interviewer’s résumé of beautiful Thelma Todd, erstwhile schoolmarm and now of Hollywood’s notables.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THREE years ago, a prim and plump young lady, in a tailored suit, sat at a high desk on a platform. Rows of eighth-grade children rose or sat, recited or hushed, as she directed. She rapped with her ruler, tapped the bell, and marked papers with a crayon.

Her blue eyes must have been quite serene, for she was satisfied with the inconspicuous lot that she had chosen. Contented, except for a restlessness which she, with all her analyzing of things, could not understand.

Ever since her child heart had been bruised by an unsympathetic teacher, and she had seen others suffer through their teachers’ lack of understanding of childhood’s problems, she had longed to teach. A young zealot, she had yearned to be, not a pedagogue, speaking sharply, but a teacher who would inspire love and respect in her pupils’ hearts.

Surely, as she stacked her papers and cast a last, careful glance over the room, she never dreamed of standing before a battery of cameras, draped in the scarcity of Venus’ garb! Yet Venus and the schoolmarm are one—Thelma Todd.

Venus in person, in a soft, white, silk frock, white coat and floppy, red hat, is equally arresting. You look long, even in beauty-congested Hollywood, before you find her equal. There are many blue-eyed dimpled blondes, and many statuesque queens; yet each suffers in comparison with the eye-filling Thelma.

Beauty is one thing and brains are another. Combined—rare, indeed!

Dazzling beauty, a cultivated mind, skilled in drawing from its reservoir of witty sallies—a whole cornucopia of graces must have been sprinkled over Thelma’s crib by her fairy godmother.

That she used to be a Boston school-teacher seems incredible. That she was successful with her pupils, however, is easily imaginable. As one young Hollywood gallant remarked, “She can teach me anything her heart desires, and I’ll fall at the end of the year, so I won’t be promoted.”

She is a reigning favorite with male Hollywood, though her girl chums are outside the studios. That can be well understood, for wherever she is there isn’t even any competition. She lives with her mother, entertains with that combination of opulence and taste which is called distinction, ornaments the screen exceedingly, drives vacations in the mountains, leads a tranquil life, undisturbed by the hectic ambitions of the film town.

She has been in the West almost two years. First National bought her contract from Paramount and cast her in Bartholomew’s “The Goose,” in “Vamping Venus,” and as Milton Sills’ leading lady in “The Wrecking Boss.” She has played the usual sweet roles, but none has been too insipid, no silver screen too flat, to keep her beauty from prominence. Besides mere pulchritude, she has dignity, carriage, and one of those regal-looking, stalactite personalities that suggest ice palaces.

The most interesting thing about her is the change she admits having effected in herself. The butterfly was not always so colorful. Once, children, it was just a cocoon.

Flash back to the classroom.

Even sans rouge she must have been attractive. An Elk saw her. If you know your Elks, you surmise that there will be more to the story. There was a contest on, to choose candidates for the Paramount school. The Elks put her in the contest. The idea! She laughed, amused. The Elks boosted her, of course.

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Rustles from the Past

Fay Wray poses in the costumes worn by the fashionable girl of half a century ago, and by way of contrast she shows the present-day dress of the athletic girl.

Shopping and visiting days were grandmother's delights, although they left her exhausted. Miss Wray, left, wears the typical second-best turnout for that beruffled age.

The party frock worn by Miss Wray, right, was made of yards of material and loads of spangles and rosebuds.

The modern costume for the girl who goes a-golfing, displayed by Miss Wray, above, combines fashion and comfort, and invites a coat of tan.

Shyly wishing you pleasant dreams, the girl of the past, as above, tripped away to bed in a muslin Mother Hubbard, trimmed with yards of crochet lace.

Grandmother's croquet was not to be taken lightly. She donned her least-adorned frock, as Miss Wray, right, demonstrates, for a lively afternoon on the green.
Unwept and Unsung

Carroll Nye is interviewed for the first time, although he has appeared in thirty-six pictures.

By Madeline Glass

CARROLL NYE has appeared conspicuously in thirty-six films, yet this is his first interview.

He has never had a portrait in a magazine. He has had only the most meager newspaper publicity. Until recently he did not have that very essential asset, a press agent. Being a free-lance actor, going continually from studio to studio, producers do not concern themselves with building up his fame. To do so would be an unheard demonstration of philanthropy. All the publicity which it is possible by hook or by crook to obtain is given, naturally, to players under contract.

Carroll’s utter lack of publicity is doubly remarkable, in view of the fact that his mother holds an important position on a Los Angeles newspaper. Here again is a stumbling block. The mother feels that it would be a breach of journalistic ethics to promote her son’s interests by mentioning his name in her department; and the other morning newspaper, being a formidable rival, has little interest in Carroll, because of his mother’s affiliation with the enemy!

It is doubtful if another actor in the entire colony can equal Carroll Nye in the matter of being unwept, unhonored, and unsung. Although it is unfortunate that he should have been deprived of deserved credit and glory, it is, at any rate, gratifying to know that it is possible for a talented person to make consistent progress in his fantastic profession, without journalistic influence of any nature whatever. Indeed, such an achievement has all the earmarks of a miracle.

Before talking with him I tried to remember what I had seen and heard of his career, but found my mental notes to be vague and limited. Let’s see. He made his first hit in “Classified,” with Corinne Griffith. Her brother, yes. Kept tearing the radio to pieces in a manner calculated to put one’s teeth on edge. Then a series of wayward brothers. Wasn’t he electrocuted once or twice, pictorially speaking?

Then I remembered having noticed him on the set with Novarro, at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, where they were making “The Flying Ensign,” alias “The Flying Fleet.” A pity I had not paid more attention to Carroll, instead of keeping my eyes glued to Ramon. Still it was fascinating to watch the great Novarro, dressed in uniform, eating olives and talking Spanish to a Mexican girl.

Since nothing had been written about Carroll Nye, I figured that getting first-hand information about him should be interesting. It was.

“I’ve been working steadily, thank the Lord!” he exclaimed, almost immediately. “Just finished a quickie.”

We were having lunch in a Chinese café. Or rather, I was having lunch. Carroll, having had what he described as an actor’s breakfast, took only dessert and coffee.

“The smaller companies,” he went on, “like to give their pictures a prosperous, impressiony appearance by having the people in them wear a wide variety of clothes. Although I played a man of small means in this picture, I had to wear my entire wardrobe. Finally I said, ‘You’d better bring this picture to a close; I’m wearing my last suit.’ We finished the thing that day.”

On learning that he had made two talking pictures, I inquired about his voice.

“It records very well,” he told me, “although at times it sounds far too old to match my face. I think that difficulty will be overcome when the talking process is perfected. In its present state it does the strangest things to voices. For instance, Pauline Frederick has a beautiful, low, rich voice, yet the microphone records it rather badly. At the same time a girl with an ordinary, uncultivated voice may record excellently.”

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A REAL picture is "The Barker." Which is to say that it has plot, human interest, emotional content and first-rate acting by arresting, magnetic players—and that expresses my opinion perhaps too mildly.

But when one watches a picture with unbroken attention, feels a stirring in the region of his heart, and finds his critical faculty applauding the intelligence of the proceedings, there is cause for enthusiasm without misgivings.

Such an entertainment is "The Barker," and it is inconceivable that any one should find it otherwise. Then, too, there is dialogue, and excellent it is. So much so, that one wishes there were more of it. Happily, when the players speak they do not spoil the illusion, but their voices enhance their characterizations.

The more I write of this review the more enthusiastic I wax. The film is unreeled before me again. I hear the hubbub of the carnival and above it the doning voice of Milton Sills, as "Nifty" Miller, bidding one and all to look at the beautiful Hawaiian "princess" on the platform. "Her movements are like a dish of jelly on your grandmother’s table" he says, urging his listeners to step up and buy a ticket to see her do the dance "that makes old men young and young men old!" The girl in the grass skirt is Betty Compson, as Carrie. Out of her costume she is Nifty’s girl, sullen, jealous, but loving. Then comes young Chris, Nifty’s son, his pride, his beloved. The boy is being educated in the law. Nifty will have no son of his besmirched by carnival life. Chris, shy, awkward, feels the glamour of his father’s nomadic existence, and gets Nifty’s consent to travel with the troupe for a while. From the first, the boy’s presence makes a difference in his father to Carrie. She hates Chris, because she thinks he has taken Nifty from her. To her poor mind comes the only answer—to take Chris from Nifty. She bribes Lon, another girl of the circus, to do it—twenty dollars down and the rest when the youth is "landed."

Out of this develop unexpected and poignant crises. It will spoil no one’s enjoyment of the picture to reveal that after Nifty has given up the carnival racket, in which he reigned as Barker for excellence, he is irresistibly drawn back to see how the show is going without him. His successor is so poor in Nifty’s eyes, and the new dancer so impossible, that he bullies them both off the platform and resumes his old stand, with Carrie once more in the grass skirt which she alone knows how to twitch and wriggle profitably.

What lies between these episodes is what should draw you to the picture. Such scenes of rough tenderness between father and son, as played by Mr. Sills and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are not soon to be forgotten, nor will the echo of Mr. Fairbanks’ eager, young voice die before a gentler one is heard. Vocally Mr. Sills is magnificent. It is not elocution, either, but characterization by which his voice makes Nifty piercingly real. The fellow’s glibness, toughness, looseness, all bred by the life he has led for years, only thinly cover his pride and love for his son, as well as his alarm and anguish on discovering that the boy has been seduced by a despised girl of the show. All this is unerringly reflected in Mr. Sills’ voice, unmarrred by even a faint reminder that he is any other man than the veteran of a hundred carnivals. Dorothy Mackaill, as Lou, is effective, but for that matter you will look long to find anything less than perfection in any of the players.

"For Decency!"

"The Green Hat"—pardon, "A Woman of Affairs"—is interesting if for no other reason than the process of purification it has undergone to make it "fit" for the screen. It is a skillful equivocation and a fairly interesting picture, which should be especially welcome to admirers of Greta Garbo. In my opinion she gives her finest performance, particularly in one scene, and thereby contributes more to the picture than any of her associates. For the most part their roles are those of elegant walking gentlemen, but distinctly walkers of Hollywood Boulevard rather than Mayfair. Not that it particularly matters whether they look like Englishmen or not, so long as theirs are the old, familiar faces which have belonged to characters of every nationality under the sun, and properly revolve around the neurotic heroine whose name is purified from Iris March to Diana MERRICK—of the "mad" Merricks.

I confess that to me neither Iris nor Diana is the most interesting heroine ever created, nor are her affairs in the picture really worth a whoop. She is simply a modern version of Camilla, whose promiscuity is excused by calling her "a gallant lady" every now and then, when she is not "a mad Merrick." Meanwhile Diana tramps all over Europe for seven years. Like the traditional sailor, she has a sweetheart in every port, but the film doesn’t credit her with adding to their gayety, or pepping them up. Instead, she is possessed of a wistful melancholy, a vast ennui, which is supposed to have come from
in Review

A critical summary of the new pictures, with guide points pointing to the high road and the low, not forgetting the path between.

her loss of the only man she ever loved. There is always such a man in the life of ladies like Diana, and such a great love is essential to a story about them, in order to pave the way for the noble sacrifice they make before we are asked to believe that death further ennobles them.

If you read "The Green Hat" you know the story. It is rather closely adhered to in the film. But if there is any doubt in your mind why Iris Marratt's husband Boy, committed suicide on their honeymoon—"For purity," as she cryptically put it—you ought to see the picture to clear up the mystery. He becomes David and dies "for decency" as a pair of handcuffs are about to fulfill their destiny. But Diana is just as cryptic about his decency as Iris was about Boy's purity, so even in evading the issue the film, paradoxically, is faithful to the original.

If one has any patience with heroines of this ilk, it must be admitted that Greta Garbo plays them better than any one else. She can look neurotic without being funny. The scene of her real brilliance occurs when Diana is ill and semidelirious in a Paris hospital.

In assuming the rôle of Neville, the pseudo-hero of the piece, John Gilbert's gallantry is far more tangible than that of Diana, for he sacrifices himself to support Miss Garbo. The rôle is merely that of a leading man and not calculated to arouse sympathy, either. When Neville meekly follows his father into the latter's study, there to agree to jilt Diana, Mr. Gilbert plays a losing game. His subsequent marriage to Constance is a further step downward, so far as common sympathy is concerned.

Well-known players in the cast are Lewis Stone, Hobart Bosworth, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Dorothy Sebastian, and John Mack Brown. No, Diana's close-fitting felt hats are not tinted green, but the Hispano-Suiza name plate has a spotlight trained on it, so Michael Arlen should worry.

A Domestic Medusa.

Whatever the rest of the month may yield in noteworthy pictures, "Craig's Wife" must hold its own as one of the best. This character study of a woman whose passion is bossing her home and every one in it is not thrilling—it is absorbing. Her domineering is accomplished with gentle firmness and even charm, for she is what is technically known as a lady. Her husband is a man of means and their home is one of tasteful completeness. But Mrs. Craig will not permit roses in the living room, because she cannot bear the dropping of petals on the floor, even when the roses are brought to her mother-in-law, a reluctant visitor, who knows that Mrs. Craig did not really marry a husband, but a home. Every movement of the servants and every thought, almost, of her husband are "managed" by Mrs. Craig. She attempts to manage her younger sister's love affair but fails, and through her heedless interference causes her husband to spend a night in jail, nearly causing him to be implicated in a murder. The picture ends with Mrs. Craig deserted by husband, relatives, and servants.

This bears no resemblance to the cut-and-dried movie plots the fans are supposed to prefer—so much comedy, so much suspense, so much love and so much obstacle before all the pieces settle into a happy ending. Instead, it is merciless exposure of a type of woman all of us have known, if not wholly, then in part. It is beautifully played throughout. Irene Rich, as Mrs. Craig, fastidious, smartly dressed, a gentlewoman, relentlessly portrays her devastating effect on every one who comes within her reach. Miss Rich's performance is flawless, in my opinion topping anything she has done, and Warner Baxter, as Craig, adroitly and sympathetically depicts the struggles of a man in the toils of a domestic Medusa. Virginia Bradford and Carroll Nye are the young couple, and Ethel Wales, Lilian Tashman, and Jane Keckley are some of the other admirable players.

Do You Believe in Gypsies?

Wild, gypsy passions inspire "Revenge," Dolores del Rio's latest fling, but after the rumpus is over one comes to the conclusion that it is just a masquerade, a fancy-dress party for a troupe of energetic, though uninteresting, actors.

As usually happens in cases of this kind, the backgrounds are elaborate and beautiful, with hordes of gypsies participating in tribal dances and all the rest of it. But the story concerning Rascha is never believable for a moment. Unless the spectator has just been released from the nursery, he is apt to be ahead of the story as it unrolls the tale of the bear-tamer's daughter who turns in disgust from her pets once they are tamed, and whose ideal of love is a great, big, strong man who will beat her in lieu of petting her. Nearly half the picture is given over to Rascha's preparation for this brute's appearance on the scene. When Jorga materializes, in
the person of LeRoy Mason, half an eye's vision sees that he comes from the land of musical comedy on the other side of the Carpathian Mountains, in the direction of Broadway. His brutality begins when he clips Rascha's braids, this being, according to local ethics, an unforgivable insult. Whereupon Rascha vows vengeance and is abducted, screaming and kicking, by Jorgo, who takes her to his mountain lair where anything can happen to a lone girl without her bear-tamer's whip. But nothing more terrible happens than her complete melting. Just love is savage, ferocious, untrammeled Rascha's undoing. She becomes a good, plain cook—and reliable too, purring as she waits on her man.

More than the usual number of close-ups fall to the lot of Miss del Rio, who has not exactly shown aversion to them in the past; but through them all, as well as the various manifestations of Rascha's violent nature, she does not succeed in making one feel that it matters, or that she believes a bit of it. The same holds good for the others, including Mr. Mason, Rita Carewe, José Crespo, and James Marcus. Their efforts are given in vain to a singularly unsatisfying picture.

Mr. Gilbert at His Best.

Evidently John Gilbert finds irksome the heroes he has been successively playing, for he casts them overboard to portray no hero at all in "Masks of the Devil." Instead, he is the dashing Baron Reiner, who has the face of a hero and the soul of a devil. It is among his most notable impersonations, if not actually his best, and at all events is mature and intelligent.

Mr. Gilbert's courage in playing a character which has all the earmarks, not to say the horns, of a satanic villain, may cost him a tithe of his great popularity; but it cannot fail to restore him to the graces of those who despaired of seeing him assert his right to a place among the most adroit actors as well as the leading stars. His more rabid fans should be willing to vouchsafe him a fleeting holiday from conventionality, in which to recapture the nonconformists.

However "Masks of the Devil" may rate with fans at large, it qualifies as unusual and arresting with those on the alert for novelty. Mr. Gilbert is commended for his courage in playing a rôle which is palpably unsympathetic, but the acting he reveals is indeed sympathetic to those who look for something more than sentimental flibubub.

Briefly, Baron Reiner is an unscrupulous libertine whose many transgressions culminate in his betrayal of his best friend, Manfred. Meeting Manfred's virginal fiancée for the first time, he determines to possess her, his first step being to hack an expedition to Borneo which takes Manfred out of the country. Whereupon he exerts his charm upon the unsuspecting Virginia until the childlike girl is bewildered by the magnetism of a man who is supposed to be looking after her in Manfred's absence. Baron Reiner uses every means at the command of a worldly man to bring about the girl's capitulation. As he progresses in wickedness he sees in a mirror that his face is beginning to reflect his inner self; that the devil whose existence Virginia does not suspect is asserting himself for all to see.

It is unnecessary to impart the conclusion of this unusual conflict between good and evil, equally as it is superfluous to detail the Baron's side issues in villainy. Enough to say that the end is powerful and is not altogether unhappy.

Apart from Mr. Gilbert's brilliant acting, the picture has the advantage of Victor Seastrom's significant direction and a rich and colorful production, to say nothing of a splendid cast.

Incidentally, this significant direction includes a technical innovation seen for the first time on the screen. You might as well take heed of it, because it will be duplicated by at least half the directors in Hollywood within the year. I think Mr. Seastrom should be duly credited. The innovation consists of showing a character in the act of doing something conventional, while at the same time his entirely opposite thoughts are visualized. True, this is used in the play "Strange Interlude," but as every director and actor visiting New York has attended the play, without attempting the same process on the screen, additional honor belongs to Mr. Seastrom for doing it first.
Eva von Berne is Virginia. She is not a riot as an actress, but is well cast, and is so far removed from any one of a hundred ingenues who might have been given the rôle, that I found her refreshing and lovely. Anna Rubens, with too little to do, is extremely interesting, and Ralph Forbes, the late Theodore Roberts, Frank Reicher, and Ethel Wales make up the rest of the cast.

A Box-office Magnet.

Give Clara Bow half a chance and she will make it seem a whole one. Which is by way of saying that “Three Week-ends,” her latest, is better than her recent pictures.

Without being so novel that you need a libretto to understand the story, you will be amused by Clara’s performance and the seeming freshness of the proceedings. This is due in no small part to the performances of Neil Hamilton and Harrison Ford, comedians whose methods bear no resemblance to each other’s.

Mr. Hamilton is the secretary of an insurance magnate and sets out to sell a million-dollar policy to Turner, in order to show his employer how easy it is—and earn a huge commission for himself. His only stipulation is that the magnate lend him his car. He crashes a party Turner is giving for a bevy of show girls in the hope of snaring Clara, and is mistaken by her for a rich youth. If you know your Bow scenarios, you won’t be surprised that Clara promises to marry him, and on discovering he is poor repudiates him with tears of chagrin; nor how, when he denounces her as a gold digger, she redeems herself by cunningly trapping Turner into signing for the policy. Thus Clara’s sex appeal is the modus operandi by which a million-dollar deal is swung, while she remains miraculously a good little girl, though wild.

Who cares if all this is just a formula, when the film is lively, amusing in spots and Clara is her impudent, raffish self? Her status as an artist entitles her to a higher rating than that of a sprightly soubrette, however, but as long as she devotes herself to soubrette rôles she will be estimated accordingly. The day that brings her a more mature character will find her ready to meet its demands.

Give These Foreigners a Hand!

Don’t let the lack of familiar names in the cast keep you away from “Home-coming,” a notably fine German picture. You will find the tolerably familiar Lars Hanson in it, yes, but the others—Dita Parlo and Gustav Froelich—are strangers with whom you should become familiar.

The strength of this picture lies in the acting rather than the story, which is not by any means unusual. The acting is poignant and the entire picture so real, that you forgive its slowness and forget its variation of the “Enoch Arden” theme. Two German prisoners in Russia escape, but the married one is recaptured and separated from his friend, who is single. Karl, the bachelor, manages eventually to get back to Hamburg after the war and goes to the home of his friend, expecting to find him there. Instead he meets his wife, who has given up her husband as dead, and Karl, against his will, falls in love with her and she with him. Of course, the husband returns at a critical moment and—the ending is one of the most moving and sensible I have ever seen.

Mr. Hanson, as the husband, is perfect. His return to his native Sweden becomes more of a calamity each time he is seen. Miss Parlo is interesting—a great deal to say of a new actress, it seems to me—and admirers of Willy Fritsch, in “The Waltz Dream,” will find a reminder of him in Gustav Froelich, as Karl.

A Lady of the Evening.

Every resource has been brought to bear in making “Outcast” seem more substantial than it is. The effort may be highly palatable to the majority, and a rare titbit for those who are excited about Corinne Griffith. But from me—and I cannot believe I am alone —neither Miss Griffith nor her picture evokes a ripple.

It may be because both star and film are old stories, this being especially true of the yarn. It has been seen before on the screen, following its success on the stage about fifteen years ago. That’s the worst of being a veteran; one always knows what’s going to

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE

"Interference"—Paramount. The first all-dialogue picture produced by this company is more polished and believable than any of the other talkies. It is a story of a blackmailling adventuress and her tragic end at the hands of her former lover. Evelyn Brent, William Powell, Clive Brook, and Doris Kenyon.

"Show People"—Metro-Goldwyn. Gorgeously entertaining satire on Hollywood and the movies, or a slapstick sentimental trimmings. Whichever way you accept it, it is riotously funny and is the best picture Marion Davies or William Haines has ever performed in. Story of a well-dressed man and what happens to her as a movie actress. Paul Ralli, Polly Moran, Harry Griibban and numerous stars.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"—Metro-Goldwyn. Very well played story of the likable young crook who reforms for love, routes detective who tries to break down his alibi, then sacrifices it all to open safe in which child is smothering to death. Capital entertainment, brilliant performances by William Haines and Lionel Barrymore, Leila Hyams, Tully Marshall, Kari Dane. Don't miss this!

"Four Devils, The"—Fox. The glamor and excitement of the circus superbly pictured. Film quite all should be, and has moments of genius. Barry Norton, Nancy Drexel, Charles Morton, and Mary Duncan in the siren role.

"Wedding March, The"—Paramount. The long-awaited Erich von Stroheim story of the love of an Austrian prince and a peasant girl, told in the unique Von Stroheim style. Fay Wray plays with abandon and charm, Zas Pusi has the tragic rôle of a lame heiress, and "Von" acts himself.

"While the City Sleeps"—Metro-Goldwyn. A strong Lon Chaney picture, in which he appears without disguise, in the rôle of a plain-clothesman. His detective work involves him in the romance of a young girl. Crooks without a romantic halo. Anthony Powell, Nye, Oliver Oakman, Mae Busch, and Polly Moran.

"Singing Fool, The"—Warner. Al Jolson as singing waiter, with "Sonny Boy" the theme song. Thin story, but the star's voice is excellently exploited. There are good speaking parts for Betty Bronson and Josephine Dunn. David Lee, a child newcomer, is nothing less than a sensation.

"Patriot, The"—Paramount. A story of America's magnificence and inspired a production as any that Emil Jannings has done. Shows masterly direction of Lubitsch. A perfect cast, including Lewis Stone, Florence Vidor, Neil Hamilton, Tullo Carminati, Harry Cording, and Vera Voronina. Sound effects are least commendable part of otherwise exceptional picture.

"Mother Knows Best"—Fox. A picture that gives a side of mother love hitherto untouched by the movies—the loving domination of an ambitious parent. It is entertainment cut to the pattern preferred by many. Beautiful performance by Madge Bellamy, another by Louise Dresser, and Barry Norton's fan mail will grow.


"Air Circus, The"—Fox. Pleasant, somewhat thrilling picture in which aviation is treated from a peace-time angle, refreshingly played by David Rollins, Sue Carol, Arthur Lake and Louise Dresser, all of whom speak dialogue.

"Submarine"—Columbia. Honest-to-goodness thriller, showing horrors of impending suffocation in submarine and at same time glories of deep-sea diver. Players include Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier, and Ralph Graves. As "Snuggles," the wife, Miss Revier is clever.

"Camera Man, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Buster Keaton, as a tintype man, lets ambition lead him into the news camera game, and gets mixed up in a long war and things like that. He creates a big gaffaw in taking a Lindbergh demonstration for his own. Marceline Day, Harold Goodwin, and Sidney Bracey are in the cast.


"Sunrise"—Fox. One of the best of the season. Skillfully directed tale of a farmer, his wife and a city vamp. George Brent, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Lindsay.


"Four Sons"—Fox. A simple and superbly told tale of the effects of the war on a German woman and her four sons—three of whom are killed, the other migrating to America. Margaret Mann, James Hall, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and June Collyer.

"Man Who Laughs, The"—Universal. No one should fail to be engrossed by its strange story, or fascinated by its weird beauty. Conrad Veidt's characterization is magnificent, Mary Philbin pleasing, and Olga Baclanova picturesque. Performance. Brandon Hurst, Josephine Crowell, Sam de Grasse, Stuart Holmes, Cesare Gravina, and George Siegmann.


"Laugh, Clown, Laugh"—Metro-Goldwyn. "Buster Keaton" gives one of his finest portrayals. Story inspires entire cast to do their best. Loretta Young plays with heart-breaking quality. Nils Asther is good, as well as Bernard Siegel.

"White Shadows in the South Seas"—Metro-Goldwyn. Filmed on authentic locations, and has much to offer in natural beauty and pictorial loneliness, and the poverty to show up the picturesqueness of white men among the islanders. Monte Blue is capable in the lead, and Raquel Torres makes the native girl, "Fayaway," vital, naive and charming.

"Lost in the Arctic"—Fox. A photographic record of the recent expedition to Herbland Island. Picture is distinguished by remarkable photographic scenes, moving in rapid and interesting sequence. There is a Movietone prologue in which Vilhjalmur Stefansson describes the object of the expedition. A fine musical score, directed by Roxy, comprises the Movietone accompaniment.

"Forgotten Faces"—Paramount. Underworld melodrama, shrewdly directed, interestingly photographed and well acted. First honors go to Olga Baclanova, the fascinating Russian and consummate screen artist. Good work is also done by Clive Brook, Mary Brian, William Powell, Ford Kohler, and Jack Luden.

FOR SECOND CHOICE

"Woman from Moscow, The"—Paramount. A treat for Pola Negri's fans, but not so hot for casual moviegoers, because it is heavy tragedy. Russian princess vows to find murderer of fiancé, then falls in love with him—
“Twinkletones”

Lena Malena, who came from Germany, won Hollywood and a nickname with her jazz dancing, and now wants to be “all oifer in electrics.”

By Myrtle Gebhart

TWINKLETONES!

Some one called her that, as her fliny, green skirt billowed about her lithe, wriggling slimness, and her little feet click-clacked to the hum-tee-dee-dee of the jazz. The saxophones’ moon was taken up by those silver slippers, thrown off from their pointed toes, cascaded from their still-like heels. Feet that couldn’t keep still. Shoulders that twisted this way and that. Hands and arms weaving into a crescendo of half loops and whirls and circles—a suddenly slow, almost suspended motion—a snap into quick action.

Under the subdued lights of the William Boyds’ charming home, before an admiring crowd, and to the intense delight of the grinning orchestra boys, Lena Malena made her Hollywood debut.

From her sleek, black head to the tips of those impatient little silver slippers she was vibrantly responsive to every quiver of the seductive jazz. She perched on the arms of chairs, flopped onto cushions on the floor; her broken accent, with its mixed-up slang, drew peals of laughter.

The life-of-the-party girl. “Oooh, boy, chust a Cherman merry-go-round!” she said of herself.

It took this “German Clara Bow,” as she was soon called, no time at all to win Hollywood. After the Boyds’ party, and a dimmer at which, dad in a very brief bit of gold cloth, she sang, “Lemme see dem i-yes, lemme kees dem leeps,” she needed no press agent. A jazz baby done up in Continental wrappings was something new. Most of the foreign beauties sweep in with a regal air and talk of their art. This demitasse dynamo talked frankly of the money she wanted to make and the fame that would spell her name in huge, electric signs.

It has taken her a year, however, to win a rôle of any importance in a movie. A year which she has spent as champion test taker, buying clothes, partying, driving with slight regard for speed regulations, swimming, and admiring Greta Garbo.

“Garbo! Some day I’ll act like she does. I mean not act. She sits und tinks. She make you tink maybe she do somethin’ in a minute, und you wait, but she don’ do nozzing. Und dat”—the little black head wagged—“iss v’at / call art.

“I vant to go up und up. A leettle at a time. I don’ vant to go up too queeck, because maybe I fall down queeck. After a while de public vill like me. You vant. No apple saucings, I don’ mean.”

You laugh at and with Lena. At her confusion with English, which bothers her not the least, and at the twisted slang with which she sprinkles it. At herself, bubbling, effervescent, with the sheer joy of life and fun.

She is one foreigner who didn’t “arrive.” She imported herself. Blithely jumping a contract in Berlin, she came to America, lured by a second piece of paper which was in turn torn into shreds when she decided to come to Hollywood.

At twelve, the family finances having done a disappearing act—I could see them rolling off her expressive shoulders—she began earning her living by dancing in a ballet. At sixteen she toured Germany, doing solo numbers in cabarets.

“Iree dances every evening, und I’m telling you I get tired of it.” To summarize her accounts of events, to get them down on paper, is like pinning the wings of a butterfly. She has the foreign art of dramatization, with the addition of a refreshing candor. “I do an impres-sion-ies-teec. Ach, I get heem out! Oh, boy, v’en I get from me a big word like dat, und right, it feels gr-great!

After the cabaret dancing and some picture work for Ufa, there was a season of what I gathered was musical comedy.

“You were just about to say! Beeg lights, my name all oifer. Papers with pose of

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With Pen in Hand

The omnipresent camera catches the stars in that critical moment which brings joy to their fans, and proves that they do answer their mail.

Billie Dove, right, uses her pen to autograph pictures of special importance, but isn't it asking too much of her to sign every one of the thousands which are demanded?

Though Maria Alba, above, is from Spain, she has learned early in her career to know what the fans expect, and her native courtesy and ceremoniousness do the rest.

Victor McLaglen, right, remains cheerful in the face of every task, and shows as little likelihood of being wearied by his famous smile than he does of acquiring writer's cramp.

Sue Carol, below, ponders before she lets the ink flow, for she is meticulous in her choice of words and would never, never dash off an inscription unthinkingly, without regard for fitness to the occasion and the recipient.

Marian Nixon, left, is kept so busy darting from film to film, that she must needs combine duty to her fans with relaxation for herself, sometimes.
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

The last installment of our great serial proves that all's well that ends well in our heroine's unraveling of a baffling mystery.

By Alice M. Williamson

Illustrated by Xenia Wright

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Malcolm Allen, a young British novelist in Hollywood, goes to the rescue of a beautiful girl who attempts to leave the fashionable Restaurant Montparnasse without paying for the dinner she has eaten. He is impressed, and later, dazzled by her beauty, offers her a chance in the movies. He is dumfounded when she tells him she prefers to be a cigarette girl at Montparnasse.

Lady Gates, Malcolm's aunt, is struck with the possibility of entering the gay life of the movie capital. Soon after her arrival she falls under the influence of Marco Lopez, a professional dancer, who is attracted by the wealth of the new arrival. He causes her to visit a certain seeress, his confidante, who tells Lady Gates she can have youth and beauty again by undergoing extreme rejuvenation.

Upon leaving the hospital, Lady Gates sends for her nephew, who disapproves of her appearance. Angered, she severs relations with him, and becomes more devoted to Lopez. "Miss Smith," the strange beauty for whom Malcolm has pronounced the position of cigarette seller in the restaurant, admits that she came to Hollywood because of Marco Lopez. Though naturally mistrustful and jealous, Malcolm knows that he loves her.

Lopez, with the seeress, plans great inroads, and even marriage to Lady Gates, in order to have her will changed in his favor. Lady Gates receives an anonymous letter warning her against the dancer. She accuses Malcolm of writing it, but he is exonerated and in love. Lopez is arrested. A few minutes later she is carried out of the restaurant, dead. Lopez accuses Malcolm of having murdered his aunt, and the young author is arrested.

Miss Smith, whose real name is Madeleine Stendahl, prevails upon a noted lawyer to take the case. Together they set about to solve the mystery of Lady Gates' murder, which the girl is sure was committed by the same persons who brought tragedy into her own life some time before. Unknown to Lopez, she and the lawyer purchase the bungalow the dancer is eager to sell at a sacrifice, and Madeleine goes there alone, under cover of darkness, to run down a secret clew.

Everything in the bungalow points to a woman vain of her beauty, and Madeleine cleverly deduces that her name was Rose—the very Rose Rosenkrantz who caused the death of Madeleine's stepfather, after gaining possession of magnificent jewels which had belonged to Madeleine's mother. Furthermore, she discovers writing paper similar to that on which the anonymous letter to Lady Gates was written. She shows her clews to John Barrett, the lawyer. All that remains to clear Malcolm of the charge of murder, is to find Rose Rosenkrantz. This Madeleine confidently sets out to do.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"But why Pasadena?"

It was understood that her scenes in "Red Velvet" were never to be shot earlier than eleven a. m., or later than six p. m., and that Oscar Sommerberg was never to guess why. Madeleine went on duty at the hotel at seven in the morning, and at half past ten was free; free again, also at six in the evening to go where she would.

Thus her secret activities were made possible, and the hardest thing she had to do was to let herself be touched by Marco Lopez in their big scene together. The girl's one consolation in this came from stealthily observing his face. It had become strained and anxious looking.

Madeleine kept the name of "Mary" hers since that first night at Montparnasse—just "Mary"—without a surname—for her maid's work at the hotel. But it was her special business there to start a friendship with the girl who had cared for Lady Gates' rooms before the murder, and still looked after them since they had been occupied by a family from New York.

Madeleine didn't wish to seem mysterious to Charlotte, her new chum, so to her she was "Mary Sinnett."

She and Charlotte went to a movie together at Mary's expense, on the first night of their acquaintance, and next morning Mary presented her pal with a hat which, she said, didn't become her and she'd worn only once.

By this time Charlotte's reticence on the subject of Lady Gates was broken. She confessed that her knowledge of a few details in the "Lady Gates affair" had troubled her by day and kept her awake at night.

"I'm not one of them gushin' ones anyhow," she said, "and it's just made me sick, the morbid curiosity of some folks because a poor body has been murdered. And the reporters! I may have talked to them, if a couple hadn't tried bullyin'. Besides, I didn't want to be called as a witness when Mr. Allen comes to trial. The detectives asked about writing paper—whether I'd ever noticed any different from the hotel stationery in the old lady's rooms. Well, I had! But if I'd had the lockjaw, I couldn't have shut my mouth tighter about everything till this very minute.

"There was such a little bit of different writin' paper anyhow, and the only way I noticed it was like this. One day not long before she was murdered, Lady Gates was dressed to go out. She had that gold bag in her hand. I was dustin' the table, and she says, 'Oh, Charlotte!' says she, 'just fish me out a bit o' paper from that drawer, will you, because I need to make notes of somethin' important.' I opens the drawer, and on top lays a few sheets and envelopes of a sort o' blue color. 'Will these do, ma'am?' says I; and she says, 'Yes! That paper'll fit into my bag, I think. Never mind the envelopes.' But there was three or four inside the sheets as I handed her the lot, and she didn't notice. I remember she'd cut the paper into the gold bag, and what a tight fit it was, though that bag was the biggest one I ever seen, and I only wish she'd have willed it to me. But they say if the jury pronounces the nephew innocent, he gets the lot. I s'pose even the bag, too?"

"I don't believe Mr. Allen would care about keeping that bag for himself," said Madeleine at last. "It would have painful associations. I shouldn't wonder, Charlotte,
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

if you came forward and told these things you’ve told me, Mr. Allen would be delighted afterward to make you a present of the gold bag as a reward for helping him.

“You don’t think so!” almost gasped Charlotte. “That beautiful bag! It must have cost hundreds and hundreds of dollars, with all them diamonds along the top.”

“I believe he’d do it if it had cost a thousand!” answered Madeleine.

The evening after the farewell between the two maids, Miss Mary Smith, beautiful as ever, left the studio at six twenty precisely.

Pauline Fordham had also finished for the day and had been released by her director-husband. Mary wanted to go to Pasadena for some reason or other, she hadn’t very clearly explained what, but perhaps she had hinted to Pauline that she didn’t wish to accept any invitation from Mr. Sonnenberg.

“I’ll take you!” Pauline had promptly offered, much amused at the comedy being played in and out of the studio by big Os-sie and his reluctant sweetie.
don't need to tell me anything. But why Pasadena at this hour of day?"

"It's a woman, not a man, I'm interested in at Pasadena," Madeleine answered. "She mayn't be there. It's just my hunch that she is, and I've learned to follow my hunches. But listen, Pauline, you and your husband are being awfully good to me. I know I can trust you!"

"You bet you can!" Pauline assured her with emphasis.

Madeleine then told her why she wished to visit Pasadena.

CHAPTER XXX.
THE VEILED PROPHETESS UNVEILED.

Any detective could have taken the photograph signed "Rose," which Madeleine Standish possessed, visited various hotels, boarding houses, and sanitariums, flashed his badge under the eyes of a manager, and if the woman were to be found in such a hiding place under another name, have stood a good chance of unearthing her. But no detective could have followed up a first successful move as Madeleine hoped to do.

Rose Rosenkrantz was not wanted by the police, for the simple reason that there was nothing on record against her. No echoes of the Arnold affair over a year ago in New York had reached California, at least no echoes such as those which haunted Madeleine Standish.

As matters stood at present, Rose Rosenkrantz could not easily be dug out of any shelter she had obtained. She would have to be reached in a subtle way.

"Unless she's very ill, I don't see her going to a sanatorium," the girl said thoughtfully, more to herself than to Pauline Fordham, as they drove through the blue dusk, over a road of velvet smoothness. "She'd be more conspicuous there. Nurses are apt to gossip about interesting patients, and Lopez would be noticeable as a visitor. I think she'd choose a large, but fairly quiet hotel, where she could have a room with a view over a lovely garden. She'd stay in her room, you know, except that, if she could live on the ground floor, she might steal out after dark to walk or sit in the garden. And wouldn't that be a wonderful way for Lopez to meet her, without any one knowing?"

"This is a real thrill! I feel as if I were helping Allen, too—and I'd love that. I feel as if we were in an exciting detective story," said Pauline.
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

There are many hotels in Pasadena; new hotels, middle-aged and old hotels, all with gardens attached.

"What if we take my own tip, and try a few gardens?" Madeleine suggested to Pauline.

"What do you mean?" Miss Fordham questioned.

"Well, the photograph may not be enough like the woman now, for the hotel people to be sure. And if she does go prowling in a garden at night, why shouldn't we find her there, without any fuss? It's hardly dark enough yet, though, to begin. Let's stop at some soda fountain and get coffee and sandwiches. By that time we can begin a garden tour."

They parked the car and had the food. Then they visited five hotel gardens within the radius of a mile. In the sixth they saw, sitting under a tree, a white, ethereal figure.

"There's room on that seat for three. Let us be two of them," whispered Madeleine.

"It's the right woman, she'll jump up and rush away the instant we intrude," said Pauline.

"Why? She can't know us from twin Eves—and she can't get up before I've seen her. My eyes are trained!"

Chatting and laughing, their arms linked together, two well-dressed, pretty women paused before a rustic seat under an olive tree wreathed with wisteria. The seat had one occupant, a woman in white, with a Spanish scarf pulled over her shadowy dark hair; the eyes that glanced up at the approaching pair were dark with shadow, too. The white face was as dim as that of a beautiful ghost, yet the figure moved, hesitated, and made as if to go away.

"Oh, I hope we don't disturb you! If we do, we won't sit down!" exclaimed Pauline, feeling instinctively that it would be wiser for Madeleine not to speak. Later she might need a new voice, never heard by these ears, to match a new face.

"Not at all. You do not disturb me!" replied low contralto tones, suppressing annoyance. As the woman in white stirred, a perfume of roses floated out from her veil.

The two availed themselves of the grudging permission, but in a few moments removed their hated presence. Madeleine had learned what she wanted to know.

"She hasn't changed so terribly since the photograph was taken," the girl whispered, when they were out of earshot from the seat under the olive tree. "Now my way is clear."

In three more days Mary Smith's rôle in "Red Velvet" would be finished, though odds and ends of work would keep the director, the man star and leading woman at work with some of the extras at the studio, completing this super quickie. Meanwhile, by Barrett's orders, the Pasadena Park Hotel was watched. Rose Rosenkrantz could not leave without being followed and traced. Marco Lopez could not visit her, even in a dark garden, without being under observation.

But on the fourth day Mary Smith was free, except for the inconvenient attentions of Oscar Sonnenberg. He had now been driven by his love and the girl's dignity to propose marriage, using—rather pathetically for a millionaire—the classic bribe of a new film with a star part in it. She would give him an answer soon, she said, but meanwhile she absolutely must go away and think things over. He mustn't try to follow her.

John Barrett got in touch with the management of the Pasadena Park Hotel, and obtained a place as maid for Madeleine Standish, under her Ambassador name of Mary Simnett, to take care of a room on the ground floor occupied by the invalid lady, Mrs. Richard Rendel. Barrett offered the maid who attended the room a bribe of one hundred dollars to take a holiday of a week.

A girl with dark hair, dusky skin, and dull-pink lips took the place of the departed one, and laid herself out to please Mrs. Rendel. The shock of seeing the fatal face whose beauty had destroyed her home, reduced her to poverty, and might bring Malcolm Allen to death, struck Madeleine to the heart. With Mrs. Rendel's breakfast tray in her hands, she controlled herself with an effort.

The window curtains were drawn, but they were green, not rose color, and the woman propped up in bed looked pale as a drowned creature under the sea. Yet even deadly pallor could not destroy, nor greatly dim, her strange, exotic beauty.

"You're a new maid, aren't you?" asked Mrs. Rendel, with a slight show of interest.

"Yes, madam," Madeleine answered, putting forth all the natural charm that was hers. "The girl you've had has been sent for from home, I believe, but I do hope I shall be able to please you. I've not been in service very long, but I'll do my best. I'd love to make you comfortable, for if you'll excuse the liberty, madam, I think you're the most beautiful lady I ever set eyes on."

Rose Rosenkrantz had always been susceptible to compliments, and during her association with Marco Lopez had kept him busy paying them. She had hated the necessity for covering her glorious face from clients. But she was not hiding in Marco's bungalow now. She had no clients. She intended never to have any again. Marco was free; and in a few days she hoped they would be in a ship together, on their way to love and safety and riches. There seemed no possible danger in letting herself be admired by this humble girl. Compliments—such sincere ones—even from a chambermaid were better than nothing, to one who starved for honeyed words after living on them all her life.

CHAPTER XXXI.
THE FATEFUL LETTER.

Never had Madeleine Standish worked so hard to win the liking and confidence of a woman as she worked now to win both from her bitterest enemy.

If this humble adorer, this servant who asked only to be a slave to her charms, had been a strikingly pretty, fresh young girl, Rose Rosenkrantz would have been subconsciously stirred to jealous dislike. As it was, in the loneliness and suffering which her physical cowardice exaggerated, she turned to the abjectly devoted maid.

She had loved the pleasures and gayeties of life. She had sinned to make them hers. Marco's worship, though meat and drink to her, hadn't in all moods consoled Rose for the adoration of many. She had begun to starve for the flattery of crowds; and then—while she likened herself to a woman entombed while life was still in her—had come the shock of Marco Lopez's confessed intention to marry Lady Gates. He had explained. He had sworn that, having a wife in Buenos Aires who had prevented marriage with Rose, a wedding would mean nothing but a means to get hold of Lady Gates' money. Rose had believed at first, aiding Marco with her crystal and card reading. But jealousy had whispered, "How can you be sure Marco isn't tired of being your doctor and nurse, as well as lover? How do you know he doesn't mean to get rid of you and your complainings and calmly travel to Europe as the husband of Lady Gates? He'd believe you'd not dare give the secret of his former marriage away, because of your own guiltier secrets."

With no one to help or advise her, she had done a thing which, it seemed, must bind Marco to her while she lived. But when his card castle crashed, he had forced a confession from her.

[Continued on page 94]
The corner of Miss Goudal's living room, right, has for its principal adornment a Venetian cabinet decorated in rococo style.

The glimpse, below, of a corner of the living room shows that Miss Goudal likes color in the right place.

The furniture in the dining room, above, is of the Louis XVI period and is gray, upholstered in blue-gray chintz. The room is notable for its gracious formality.

The brightly-tiled corner of the patio, left, is a favorite resting place of its owner.

**Different**

Jetta Goudal's individuality is reflected in a home which is unlike any other in Hollywood.

Photos by J. C. Milligan
Every Little Touch Has

This interesting article explains why settings and costumes aid in telling the story

By Helen

One knows at once, from the first shot of these exaggeratedly sophisticated interiors, that the story will be farce-comedy. One is not to take it too seriously. One is merely to be amused by it.

Interesting—that comedy and sophistication may be suggested by the shape of a chair, or the curve of a staircase! For instance, in "The Cardboard Lover," Mr. Gibbons explained, "The story was laid in Monte Carlo. But it was an ultramodern comedy about ultrasmart comedy about ultralooptop people. Now, the real Monte Carlo is not sophisticated architecturally, and the interior of the casino is heavily overdone. It would have been impossible to make the frothy characters of this story convincing, against the stuffy, ornate background of the actual locale.

"Therefore we created a background to suit the story. It became an imaginary Monte Carlo, suited to people and their tastes. In this manner we could design settings which would fit the story, and suggest the atmosphere we were trying to establish. We could, in other words, suggest the mood of Monte Carlo more easily with imaginary settings, than by imitating the actual ones."

I found Edward Jewell, of Pathé, expending much care and thought upon designs for the apartment of a lady of somewhat loose morals and tawdry ideas.

"You see," he said, "it is as important that we should know what is wrong in a

Ultramodern interiors put over the frothiness of "The Cardboard Lover."

The dignity of the Napoleonic era expresses a change of character, as played by Corinne Griffith, in "The Divine Lady."
a Meaning All Its Own

tumes are not accidental any more, but are devised to
you see on the screen.

Louise Walker

room, as it is to know what is right. This girl, now, is just
slightly decadent. Her room would not be in glaring bad taste,
but it would be a trifle overornate. She would have tassels
on things where tassels should not be. She would have too
many fancy cushions strewn about. And she would have
polychrome book ends where such ornaments were inappro-
priate. You see, we have to know what kind of people they
are, before we can know what sort of houses they would
live in."

Murder was afoot that day on the “Leatherneck” set at the
Pathé studio. The interior of a tumble-
down shack was illuminated by one slant-
ing ray of light, leaving the rest of the
room almost in darkness. There was
Louis Wolheim quite dead in a chair, and
Robert Armstrong nearly dead in a cor-
er, waiting for Bill Boyd to burst in
and discover them.

Mr. Jewell explained that the outer
darkness, surrounding the single ray of
light, symbolized the mystery and awfulness of death—the horror of violent
dead. “We try to make the setting for
a murder as sinister as the deed itself,”
he said. “We try to get the feeling of
the scene into the background.”

Mr. Jewell has been responsible for
some of the most interesting sets in re-
cent pictures. Notable among them were
the delicately conceived backgrounds for
Leatrice Joy’s “Man-made Women.”

An imaginary Monte Carlo was built, be-
cause the real one wouldn’t have matched
the mood of “The Cardboard Lover.”

The costumes of Aileen Prin-
gle are carefully chosen to ex-
press the role she plays in
“Dream of Love.”

Costumes are fully as important—if not more
so—than settings, in building up a story. And it
is a hopeful sign that more emphasis is being
placed on characterization in costumes nowadays,
than upon making the star as beautiful or as
handsome as possible.

Corinne Griffith’s costumes in “The Divine
Lady” not only express the character she plays,
but also symbolize the states of civilization in
three significant periods of history.

At the opening of the picture she wears the
Gainsborough costumes. Simple, innocent clothes
they were, made of dimity or organdie, with
quietly dignified lines. It was a period of tranquil
prosperity and solidity, and womanly simplicity
was the keynote of feminine dress.

When Lady Hamilton moves to
Italy it is in the Marie Antoinette, or
Louis XVI. period. France was at
the height of her decadence then, and
clothes were frilled and tumbled
over with an incredible degree. Hoop skirts,
exaggerated headresses, and huge
fans were the mode. Materials were
rich and ornate, and the emphasis of
costumes was on sex.

Last in the picture comes the Napoleonic era, known as the Empire
period. Clothes were stately then, and because the emperor admired
tall, slender women, dresses were long and straight and narrow, with
high waists and puffed sleeves. “The hoop skirt,” says Max Réé,
designer for this picture, “collapsed with the government!”

The lady herself progresses from innocence to decadence, and then
to the dignity of sacrifice. This is all symbolized by her clothes.

The heavies, the villain and the vampire, are nearly always garbed
more lavishly in a conventional story than the hero and the heroine.

Continued on page 101
This Thing Called Love

It has changed Joan Crawford from the pet of the party to the soul of the studio.

By Myrtle Gebhart

The “Hey-hey Girl” has become “Miss Crawford.”

The dancing girl has shed her brilliant and dropped out of the giddy whirl.

Love, the great alchemist, has remade Joan Crawford. It has clipped her butterfly wings, steadied her, awakened her to the worth-while things of life.

Probably by the time this is printed, she will be the wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Their engagement has been announced and rumors of a secret wedding are circulating.

So often it is the little, inconsequential things upon which major events hinge. We see only the big moments, limned in high lights, seldom the apparently insignificant forces that cause them.

Two gardenias, nestling among lilies of the valley in the green tissue of a florist’s box, meant a turning point in Joan’s life, though she didn’t know it at the time.

Amid all the splendor that the spendthrift sheiks lavished upon her, little acts of chivalry won the Hey-hey Girl.

Her room full of dolls—dream children, she calls them—the muligan stew that she delights to cook, her sewing, her crying over Doug’s gardenias—these commonplace things that the modern girl considers archaic are dear to Joan. In this phase of awakening to genuine sentiment, they are strange and new and poignantly sweet.

Once the central beam of the whirligig’s gliter, Joan has tempered her glow. She is wandering off, curious, a little wistful, into the half-light to see what is there.

She is familiar with the shadows—the dark caverns that lie far from the merry lane of light. She learned early to hate poverty and dirt and cruelty, and to scratch; to yearn for something with all her heart, vague though those impulses were, during her formative years while doing housework and laundring, taking care of the children in a school, streaking out in rebellious mood to a garish dance hall for a madcap evening with the riffraff who couldn’t afford to be expensively wild.

Experience taught her the value of prettiness and physical attraction, a sharp, witty tongue, and gifted toes. She has virtually hewn her own path, against odds that girls reared in sheltered homes cannot know.

No, the shadows do not beckon to her, nor the blatant Broadway light with which she is all too familiar. She has just awakened to her need of the experiences of an ordinary life. Those commonplace things, from which many girls long to escape, hold out to her an anchor of safety. Her life has been a turbulent stream. Her wish now is for a steady, regular flow.

Of course, a poet would quench the flame of the Hey-hey Girl. Startling as it seems at first thought, on second consideration, it is the only logical thing that could have happened in this magic townlet built on drama’s shifting sands.

“She wears her suit of the evening like a corsage!”

That gay phrase trailed Joan through her fads, escapades, and dance madness, summoning up her frivolous outlook. Flaunting her banner, Joan danced the merrymerry, audaciously challenging convention.

Then thoughtful attentions that “the evening corsage suitors” scoff at, tempered her headlong plume, made her take inventory, and cast influences, like soft, sidelong glances, even upon her work.

“Dodo”—to give him Joan’s pet nickname—is a dreamer, an idealistic, artistic boy. He writes poetry, is an amateur sculptor, reads the intellectuals. Emulating his father, whom he idolizes, he has become proficient in sports. His chief success has been gained on the Los Angeles stage, particularly in “Young Woodley.” He is distinctly not “the evening corsage” type of suitor.

His sharply chiseled features denote strength of character, his intent eyes, deeply set, questing for the truth of things, and a will. Absurdly young—only twenty—and yet ageless. That is the way that Doug, Jr., impresses one now, with his quiet moods, his authoritative air, his utter disregard of everything that does not immediately concern him.

A florist’s box containing two gardenias and a spray of lily of the valley, was the overture to a sweet courtship, its sentimentality strange in cynical Hollywood. Joan’s florists’ boxes had always contained orchids. Only Dodo knew that this orchid girl had a gardenia heart!

“I cried,” she says, simply.

After that, there were books, poems penned to her, gentle attentions that the speedy gallants overlooked. Her merry path, carpeted with frivolities, colored by the lights, has changed into a calmer routine—studio, work, sewing, cooking, planning practical things. Joan economical! Hollywood roared gleefully, and thought it just another fad of the capricious continued on page 108
“Very Well, Sir”

More than fifty accomplished actors make a specialty of playing butlers in the movies.

By A. L.
Wooldridge

From left to right, Hugh Herbert, Rhody Hathaway, Heine Conklin, Wilson Benge, Nicholas Soussanin, Jim Blackwell, and Jack Raymond.

BLESS the butlers who work in pictures! If it were not for them, what strange errors in social etiquette the world would see on the screen! For instance:

In one of the studios not long ago, a widely known actress was playing in a formal-dinner scene. Possibly two score were seated at the table. The meat course was being served. The director had looked over the set and given his approval. At one side stood Wilson Benge, as the butler. Lights were ordered and there came the call, “Camera!”

What did this actress do? She grasped the handle of her fork as though it were a dirk and stabbed—absolutely stabbed—her lone piece of meat to the heart, and held it there as though she expected it to wriggle away and run. Then, as she held it pinned, she cut a long, deep gash in its left flank, repeated the assault and finally began a sawing operation, which in time cut off a fairly small, but badly mangled chunk.

“‘F’t the sufferin’ love of Mike!” exclaimed the director, in an undertone, when Mr. Benge, the butler, called his attention to the breach. “I wonder how she eats corn on the cob!”

Quietly and as diplomatically as possible the lady was called from the set and given a lesson—probably her first—in how to handle a table tool.

No one sees poor table manners in the movies. This is partly because there usually is present some butler who knows how to “butter,” and is up on the “thou shalt nots” of aristocratic establishments. Formal dinners on the screen require the presence of technical experts, and that’s where the butlers come in.

“America is a country of right-handed eaters,” says Wilson Benge, who has butted in more pictures in Hollywood, perhaps, than any other actor. “The diner picks up his knife and fork, cuts off a bite of food, lays down the knife, transfers the fork from the left to the right hand, conveys the food to his mouth, shifts the fork to the left hand again, picks up the knife once more with the right, and so on. This has become an accepted custom. In England diners use both utensils and eat left-handed. Table knives have been in use since early in the sixteenth century, and table forks were introduced in England from Italy during the reign of King James I. Yet, through all these centuries, the world generally has not learned how to use these things the way they should be used. Almost every one commits some error at times.

“But in the movies, errors simply cannot be permitted. If an actor harpoons a piece of bread with his fork when the plate is passed, that part of the film comes out.”

Within the past year a school of eating has been established in Los Angeles by the Marquis Albert de Laurinston, an authority on etiquette. Originally intended for the sole purpose of training maids and butlers to serve Los Angeles households, the school has found a widening field among employers who need a bit of instruction themselves. It undeniably is true that well-trained butlers know correct etiquette far better than the average head of a house. They have studied it. Their employment depends upon a knowledge of it.

“One thing which strikes me as odd in the movies,” says Mr. Benge, “is the presence, almost invariably, of pretty maids. In real life maids may be pretty—but not too pretty. The lady of the house doesn’t let one stay long, if she attracts much notice. About the first time such a maid gets a prolonged smile from the master, she is just the same as on her way to another job.”

Let it be remembered that playing the rôle of butler in pictures is not a lowly assignment in Hollywood. There are fifty or more actors appearing as butlers, who undeniably have added strength to productions. Nicholas Soussanin, William O’Brien, Jack Raymond, John MacKinnon, John Underhill, Heine Conklin, Tom Ricketts, William Bechtel, Hugh Herbert, and Percy Williams are among them. Bud Jamison, former black-face comedian in vaudeville, played the rôle of a butler in “A Texas Steer,” with Will Rogers. Victor Potel had a featured rôle with Rod La Rocque, in “Captain Swagger.” There is Jim Blackwell, the kindly faced old Negro, who played opposite Chester Conklin in “Fools for Luck,” and who has been seen in countless other productions. There is George Kuwa, the Japanese, and also William Seidmore.

Continued on page 106
How a Star

She doesn't just happen, you know, but planned to present her to the public in story describes the means by which an sonality whose fate, however,

By Myrtle

There is the accidental discovery. Pictures of Ann Christy, Eva von Berne, and Anita Page in the papers attracted producers. June Collyer and Sue Carol had no thought of the movies until assistant directors asked them to take tests, and with initial success, ambition flamed.

The most common method, and the one which you would likely have to follow, is to come to Hollywood and register, if you can, at the Central Casting Bureau. Central's lists are closed now, with superabundance of applicants. Unusual personality, exceptional pulchritude, or some other special qualification may get you registered, however.

A studio will call Central for twenty-five girls. Seventy-five report, and from them the casting director chooses. On the set, one girl may be singled out for a bit. The director may ask for her—you—in the

But here an unbecoming coiffure makes her plain and uninteresting.

You want to be a star. Oh, yes, you do. Don't kid me. I know!

How can you, Susie, become a star? And granted that the miracle occurs, how will you be developed and your position maintained?

If you think that all the glamour which surrounds a star is mere chance, you err. A system, with many ramifications, has been devised, whereby a new player is launched under the best possible auspices, groomed, and his or her prestige augmented.

First, you must be "discovered." With looks, charm, and screen magnetism, your chances are better now, one in a thousand, say, than formerly.

You may be found on the stage, as were Mary Duncan and Nancy Carroll. A chorus girl with a positive personality has a chance. Cafés, particularly the night clubs, are watched for talent. Samuel Goldwyn noticed Lily Damita while entertaining friends in a restaurant in Paris. Lupe Velez's dancing attracted attention.

Personality may be spotted on the street, as was Leroy Mason's. Dorothy Ward's wistfulness, as she served shoppers in a ten-cent store, won Phyllis Haver as her sponsor. King Vidor gave a lad a lift into town, was struck by his likableness, and thus James Murray became a movie hero. Go about with your eyes cocked for a Columbus, however, and see what happens. Luck like that pops up when least expected.
is Made

goes through a process which is expertly the most favorable light. This informative unknown is developed into a screen per-
always rests with the fans.

Gebhart

future, and gradually promote you. Not one out of every twenty-five is selected, but if you are, by this process of elimination, you are on the road to possible stardom. Janet Gaynor and several other favorites traveled this route.

An executive sees your possibilities. You are signed on a six-month optional agree-ment—one of those “long-term” contracts you read about. Your real test commences. Any number of likely “discoveries” are let out when the initial period is up. Some click later at other studios—didn’t Warner let Charlie Farrell get away? But if you do not exhibit poss-
sibilities during this time the chances are that you are a dud.

The contract! Magic piece of paper! You vision yourself a pampered beauty, with gorgeous clothes and a flock of motors. Wait. You only have one foot on the first rung of the ladder. Salaries aren’t what they once were.

But if she had been allowed to use a make-up like this, there would have been no career for her.

Photo by Bull

Photo by Ludia

Gwen Lee was introduced to the public by means of attractive photographs, long before she showed acting ability.

The average newcomer receives fifty dollars a week, now, few more than seventy-five, unless a hit has been scored in a first appearance.

Your probationary term is one of training. You must learn to walk gracefully, to wear clothes, to act. Man-
erisms are corrected. You may have to study dancing and, now that the movies have gone loud, voice culture.

Studio modistes design gowns for you on the wax fig-
ure made to your measurements. The designer gives you valuable advice on costuming, to augment your charm, minimize your defects and suit your coloring. It is a fascinating study. I have seen crude, awkward pretti-
ness transformed into chic beauty.

The studio hairdresser coifs you for the spotlight. She knows from the size and shape of your head, and the contour of your face, whether or not you should bob.
How a Star is Made

for you along a certain pattern, which is in keeping with the type you are to play. You must remain “in character.” Whatever you can do and say, within that latitude, is permitted. So many factors go to build and maintain stardom besides talent’s progress. The public has the vote, and careful procedure is wise. The producers have this right of supervision, because they are investing money in you.

Naturally, the ways of developing a personality into a star are many, but they follow basic rules.

The first shot of your publicity campaign is the announcement of your discovery, accompanied by an optimistic statement from the producer giving your qualifications, and expressing high hopes for you. In all your publicity, you must be pictured to the mental eye very much as the screen will present you.

Publicity pictures, with celebrities, fashions, gags, portraits, newspaper items, articles giving your advice on a hundred subjects—all serve to build you up. All the material must express some particular motif decided upon for you. The society girl seeking independence, the home girl, the jazz-mad flapper, the athlete, the bookworm—any of a dozen such angles may form the keynote.

Never is the public permitted to forget Billie Dove’s beauty, nor her social life which it influences. Clara Bow’s publicity is bright and peppy, with such terms as “jazz baby,” “flapper,” “redhead,” and that ever-recurrent “It.” Marian Nixon was publicized, slowly, steadily, as a sweet, unsophisticated girl, which she was. So potent is the power of repetition, that, long before she was a player of any note, the fans knew her, and practically forced the producers to give her opportunity, and the emphasis of a dormant sparkle and smartness likewise won her more sophisticated roles later.

Under the tutelage of Elinor Glyn, Aileen Pringle’s fastidious, ladylike qualities were introduced to us. Publicity stamped in the public mind her gentility, and

Like many beginners, Josephine Dunn had to cultivate the graceful, easy carriage which is now part of her individuality.

Marian Nixon clipped at the insistence of the hairdresser, and immediately got the sophisticated roles she had always wanted.

The first word you learn is obey! Clara Bow couldn’t become a redhead until the hairdresser said O. K. Janet Gaynor, Joan Crawford, and others changed hue according to order, for photographic effect. Marie Prevost, forbidden to wear a blond wig, because it would make her head look too large, had to bleach her hair for a picture.

With this dominant thought of career, even your private life is rigorously ruled. It is practically laid out

She shows here the disadvantage of a careless, awkward bearing.
made her regal portrayals the more convincing. The mellow sweetness of Irene Rich's home life and motherhood have been emphasized, making more realistic her similar screen roles. Lilyan Tashman, the celluloid cat, must be the woman of the world in real life. Accordingly, she makes a point of being seen at premieres and the popular cafés, modishly clad.

Vilma Banky's beauty, Greta Garbo's temperament, the refinement of Norma Shearer, Mary Philbin's exclusion from social life, all have been angles for publicity campaigns. You think of Alice White as the madcap flapper, of Jack Gilbert the fiery suitor, of Bill Haines the wisecracker, of Ramon Novarro the musician and aesthete, of Richard Dix's comradely friendliness, of Dick Arlen's steadiness and sincerity. See the power of suggestion? They write of Mary Brian's sweetness, Thelma Todd's beauty, Phyllis Haver's physical allurements, Bebe Daniels' athletic stunts and good-fellowship and courage. There is an intimate note in Bebe's publicity, an air of importance about Emil Jannings'. If he says, "It's a fine day," it is an announcement, not a remark. An aura of drama surrounded Pola Negri's publicity. Esther Ralston is a golden-fairy princess, Clive Brook a reserved, but not reticent gentleman; Florence Vidor is the criterion of etiquette; her pictures show poise; never does she pose for "gags." Louise Brooks' sophistication spells Broadway, lights, a sleek glitter. She poses for gags, but they are the popular, "cutie" sort, no freakish ones. "No gags" is opposite the name of conservative Evelyn Brent on the publicity department's indicator. Nor must there be the slightest hint of anything common or unladylike in Fay Wray's publicity. A suave tone permeates everything written about Adolphe Menjou, the cosmopolitan. Balanova is publicized on her fiery temperament, her Russian background.  

[Continued on page 96]
The Spell of the Sea

That, and the vogue of nautical movies, is what caused this outbreak of tattooing on high-priced arms, chests, and backs.

Victor MacLaglen, right, in “The River Pirate,” should be thanked for baring his tattooing to the world, because of the magnificent physique he incidentally displays.

George Bancroft, above, in “The Docks of New York,” looks as if he expected to be congratulated on his tattooing, but—hiss! it may only be decalcomanie!

Jack Herrick, seated, right, is an example of John Irwin’s handiwork in “The Barker.”

Kalla Pasha, below, as an ivory thief in “West of Zanzibar,” doesn’t mind having the skin you wouldn’t love to touch.

Junior Coghlan, below, stopped at nothing in acquiring atmosphere for “Marked Money,” even allowing Owen Jensen, an expert, to show him how a design is actually tattooed.
Sisters Under the Skin

In common with the rest of womankind, the stars regale each other with details of their operations. As each experience is different, an endless chain of conversation goes on, with some of it reported in this story.

By Ann Sylvester

Next to clothes and beauty secrets, women would rather talk about their operations than anything else. You know how it goes—"My dear, I was under the anesthetic for two hours, and the doctor said he never saw such remarkable fortitude," and so on. No home is complete without one good, major operation; the more dangerous the better.

Now, the stars are no exception as to operations. Neither are they averse to talking about them. It's more fun when a bunch of the girls get together. How the tonsils and appendix and bonesettings hold the floor, is nobody's business but the doctor's, and he's not there.

"When I went to the hospital I absolutely swore to myself that I wasn't going to bore people with the details of my operation," Lina Basquett confessed. "But I guess that is an impossible promise for a woman—like taking an oath not to tell her best friend about that new dress she bought at a bargain.

"After all, there is something exciting about going to a hospital. Not exciting in a pleasurable way—I don't mean that. There is too much danger connected with even the most casual operation, to make it a picnic. But when you are ill enough to be taken to a hospital, it's an important event. And find the woman who can hold her tongue about the important events of her life!

"When I was carried into the Hollywood Hospital one morning, knowing that I was to undergo a serious operation the same after noon, I was frightened for the first time in my life," Lina continued, getting warmed up to her subject. "I love life dearly. There are so many things I want to live for—my work, and my baby. No matter how much I tried to bolster up my courage, I couldn't help thinking that the worst was likely to happen.

"I tried to be brave when I felt myself going under ether, and I think I succeeded outwardly. But inwardly I kept thinking of all the things in life I didn't want to lose, and how much more I would appreciate life after being close to losing it.

"That's all I remember. But they told me later that I was on the table for two hours. Afterward, the good and bad features of being in the hospital balanced. There was still pain and the monotony of being confined to bed. But my friends were wonderful about coming to see me, and sending flowers and candy and books. I know it gave me a chance to sit back and think how kind people had been to me, and to wonder if I would find time to be so thoughtful of an ill person myself.

"Oh, going to a hospital makes you stop and think, all right. For instance, there I was luxuriously ill in one of the best rooms, surrounded night and day by nurses and doctors. And yet right down the corridor from me, women were fighting for their lives in a crowded ward, with only the privacy of a screen between their beds. That's life. There isn't anything much to be done about it. But it made me grateful for the breaks I had had, and the opportunities I tried to express it in a tangible form by sending my flowers and books to the ward."

If her operation gave Lina a chance to think, the hospital has more than once given Bebe Daniels a chance to rest. Bebe just about holds the doctor's gold thermometer for being in the hospital. She's had more ribs cracked than almost any other star, and she's had everything removed, from her tonsils to an infected wisdom tooth. She knows almost all the nurses in the
Sisters Under the Skin

When Marian Nixon had her tonsils removed, she received letters of sympathy from veterans who had lost their sense of humor in the war.

Los Angeles hospitals by their first names. And they know her so well that she has ceased to be a case—she's just "back again."

"The last time I went to the hospital was more for my nerves than physical condition," Bebe told me one day just after she got back from New York.

"I would work hard in the studio and when I would go home at night, I would find card games and all sorts of parties in full sway. I was more to blame for that than any one else. I love having people at my home. I ask them to come, because I want them. But I wasn't get-

ing any rest. So I solved that problem by engaging a room at the hospital and sleeping there every night. As a patient, I had to be in bed by ten o'clock. And everybody knows that 'early to bed and early to rise' will make healthy girls out of actresses."

Marian Nixon puckered up her nose when she mentioned her one operation. "It wasn't at all serious," she apologized. "I just had my tonsils out." All of a sudden Marian's femininity rushed to the front. "But people have been known to die from just such a little thing as that," she added proudly.

"It was merely a minor, but just as much excitement and fun as though I had enjoyed—is that the word?—a really important operation. I went to the hospital, took an anesthetic and received flowers and presents and messages, all without the inconvenience and danger that attends a major operation."

When word reached the newspapers that Marian was in the hospital, she received letters from fans who had never written to her before.

"I received an awful lot of letters from women who sympathized heartily with me, and went into accounts of their own operations. But the letters I appreciated most came from men, who had been injured in the war and wrote to me not as a player, but as one patient to another. One letter in particular brought me a friend I value. It was from an Englishman, who had been bedridden since the war. Since then he and I have corresponded."

Grace Gordon's jaunt to the hospital to get her shoulder reset, following an automobile accident, was more than an operation—it developed into a romance. Grace recently married young Doctor Nolan, a brother of Shirley O'Hara. It happened like this:

Grace was rushed to the hospital after the collision. She was in quite a serious condition, with a broken shoulder blade and injuries to her vertebrae. But the most serious thing wrong with her was her disposition. Oh, how she ached with anger! The very morning of the accident she had been promised a very good role in "The Godless Girl," and now she was to be confined in the hospital for three weeks, if not longer. She ached from both her pain and her ire.

"Until a very handsome young doctor started paying calls around my way, I was probably the snootiest patient in the world," Grace admits. "I was so cross I actually felt sorry for my own nurses. I thought there wasn't any fate, or justice. Else why was I knocked out of Continued on page 107
"THE TRAIL OF '98" is the current film sensation of America. With beautiful DOLORES DEL RIO, Ralph Forbes, Karl Dane, Tully Marshall. A Clarence Brown production. The Giant picture of the year. Direct from its long run on Broadway at $2 admission. Tell your theatre Manager it is the one picture you don't want to miss!

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CHELSEA HOUSE, Publishers, 79 Seventh Ave., New York
It's a Fad

Some of the rings worn by the stars are original rather than beautiful, but let the dears have their way.

Mary Duncan, left, wears a ring that looks conventional, but isn't, for the two large pearls hold perfume, if you please, which scents her hands through openings on the inside.

Mary Brian, above, sports a "slave" ring consisting of four plain bands linked by a tiny chain, but don't tell us that she is enslaved to four!

Elinor Fair, left, wears an elaborate combination of ring and bracelet connected by a fine chain. She calls it a "handlet."

Gwen Lee, above, says that the tiny photograph record worn in her ring is her voice test for the talkies.

Dorothy Janis, left, is proud of the enormous ring she wears over her glove, because it's an heirloom.

The ring worn by Constance Talmadge, above, is the most conservative of all. It consists of three bands intertwined, one of platinum, one of green gold and one of Roman gold.
The Screen in Review

In making film material out of this epic of discovery, romance has been injected, with regulation screen villainy and all the other concomitants of a conventional movie. However, in spite of this, and good enough acting as well, the film never achieves realism, but remains in the category of a brilliantly dressed pageant. Now, if you like pageants, far be it from me to put a damper on your wholesome enthusiasm.

Excellent performances are given by Donald Crisp, Pauline Starke, LeRoy Mason, Anders Randolf, and a great many others.

Backstage Heartbreak.

Tolerably interesting, because it is lively without being exciting—that's "Show Folks," another picture of backstage life. The trouble is that these yarns of vaudeville performers are all more or less the same, except for the names of the characters. In this instance we have the connected young "hoofer" whose act is failing, though he doesn't realize it. He engages a girl partner, teaches her the dance routine and she makes their act a success. Jealousy causes the youth to discharge her, whereupon she gets the lead in a musical comedy and he finds a new partner. During the dress rehearsal of her show, she learns that he has made his Broadway debut that afternoon and flopped miserably. Loathly she goes to him, pretends that she has been fired and asks to resume work with him. Still in her musical-comedy costume, she rushes out on the stage with him and their act is a colossal success. Love, too, is in the offing. Mild menace is furnished by the producer who show she deserts, but there is no suspense at all.

Lina Basqueta, a dancer rather than an actress, shows proficiency with her legs, but expresses no spontaneous emotion, let alone love of Eddie Quillan. He suggests her little brother more than her sweetheart. He is agile and rather pleasing, though in the talking sequence toward the end of the picture his voice jumps from one spot to the other, due to faulty recording. Robert Armstrong is the producer, and Carol Lombard, a very pretty blonde, is worth watching.

Nonalcoholic.

A gorgeous Grecian prologue bears but slight relation to the story set forth in "Manhattan Cocktail," but as the classical stuff is richly done it is worth seeing for itself. The same can scarcely be said of the remainder of the film, but it has drawing cards in the popular Richard Arlen, the promising Nancy Carroll, the adroit Paul Lukas, and the always amusing Lilian Tashman. But, like many other important personalities, they adorn a story that really needn't have been told, so far as I am concerned.

It purports to show how Broadway draws youth into its maw, and that many are called but few are chosen for success. Babs, Fred, and Bob, all graduates of a Fresh-water College, are ambitious for careers on Broadway. All receive a raw deal from Renov, a fiendish theatrical producer whose machinations are not up to snuff in originality. In fact, his pièce de resistance is a chestnut. Wishing to bring about the ruin of Fred and thereby assure himself a free rein with Babs, who is in his chorus, Renov sends the youth to the bank to get a check cashed. He makes his signature look like a forgery, Fred is invited into the manager's office. Renov is summoned and repudiates the check, whereupon Fred is chopped into prison. No, this isn't a dialogue-free picture. You feel that if silence had not imposed muteness on Mr. Arlen, as Fred, he would have spoken long and loud in spirited protest against such an old-fashioned ruse to get him out of the way. This story, by the way, was written by Ernest Vajda, hitherto regarded as a European playwright. I said hitherto.

Miss Carroll sings two songs in the course of her short career as a chorine, and sings them prettily.

A Dull Razoer.

"Napoleon's Barber" is supposed by the cognoscenti to be significant, subtle and altogether rare. Didn't George Bernard Shaw praise the one-act play from which the three-reel picture was made? For my part it is pretentious and tedious, with just one scene to justify it. This occurs when the Barber, who professes to hate the emperor and would willingly murder him, finds that the man he is shaving is none other than The Little Corporal himself. Thus the country barber for an instant holds the destiny of nations in his hand. Does he cut Napoleon's throat and thus justify his ravings? Not a bit of it. He grins, fawns, and altogether acts the craven. While this is a moment of real drama, it evokes no thrill because it is obscured by a lot of talk. The picture, you see, is entirely in dialogue and the chatter is incessant. The acting of theatterers is good enough, but the flavor of the whole is that of high-class amateur theatricals—probably because every one is deadly serious and seems intent on rewriting history.

Otto Matiesen is Napoleon. His Continued on page 99
Pulses and Impulses

Doctors in the movies often figure in the most dramatic moments of a story.


Rod La Rocque and Jeanette Loff, right, in a scene they made up just to be funny.

An anxious moment in "Ladies of the Mob," when Clara Bow is attended by George Irving, as the doctor, and Richard Arlen, as her crook sweetheart.
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

People who were jealous of him and of her might be spying.

“Oh, madam, couldn’t I mail it for you?” begged the maid. “You know I’d do anything—and that’s so little!”

The person who could have suspected this devoted, rather stupid and utterly unadroit servant, must have been a macabre maniac on the subject of suspicion.

“Why, yes, I’ll trust you,” Rose said, “but you must promise not to mail my letter in the hotel.”

Mary promised that—and kept her word.

The girl had often heard of sly wretches who steamed open the envelopes of letters and read their contents. Now she herself was one of those sly wretches, and she didn’t like being it. But it was for Malcolm far more than for herself. Everything now was for Malcolm.

Rose Rosenkranz had written to Lopez at his new address.

MY OWN DARLING MARCO: At last I have found some one I can trust to mail a letter. I have heard from you only twice. Why? I cannot sleep. I am in your addressing an envelope to Mrs. Richard Rendel at the Pasadena Park Hotel. I have been as careful as you warned me to be, and no one suspects that I am any one but Mrs. Rendel. I never leave my room except after dark, for a walk in the garden, and even that I have done only a few times, in the hope that you might come, as you said you surely would. But no! I have suffered so in my disappointment, that I have cried myself into coughing fits and have lain awake all night. You must hurry!—your love, your never-failing one. I torture myself in the night with dreadful questions. “Does he still love me? Can it be that my putting that foolish old woman out of the world where she was ruling my hopes, has killed the adoration he vowed would last forever?”

Oh, no, Marco, that can’t be, unless you lied, as I fear sometimes, and meant to leave me in order to pose as the hag’s husband. That would be the one reason you couldn’t forgive me—because her money meant more to you than my love, and I couldn’t let her have both.

Remember, you forgave me for Lester Arnold, when you guessed what I had been forced to do to save myself and keep the jewels, which meant as much for you as for me.” “Why not forgive me this Gates woman?” I ask myself. Her jewels we have. With both lots we shall be rich. Are you going to keep your promise? Are you going to return to that old woman, to tell me when I am to meet you, never to part again, and on what ship you have taken our passage? Oh, I would pray, if I could pray, that you have not changed! If you had, I should be lost and I would live no longer.

Your too-much loving, Rose.

P. S. Try to come to the garden tomorrow night soon after nine.

There it all was—all that Madeleine had hoped for, in back and white. But she did not know what to do with the letter, now that she had it. Afraid of making some fatal mistake, just as the game seemed coming into her own hands, she telephoned to John Barrett, not from the hotel, but from a booth in a drug store. It was hard for her to say, as she had explained to Rose in promising to mail the letter, and there was time for her to take a taxi for a rush over to Hollywood and back, after making an appointment to call on the lawyer.

“The woman has given herself away pretty completely, with this,” Barrett said, when he had read the letter Madeleine brought him. “A little taste of the third degree would get all the details of both murders out of her now—your stepfather and Lady Gates, to say nothing of the anonymous letter, and how she got hold of the old lady’s jewels. This letter I must keep. But if you’re good at that sort of thing, you might copy the beginning, and then the postscript with the signature, on hotel paper for Lopez’s benefit. You have the stamped envelope that you steamed open, ready and—”

“Oh!” said Madeleine, pale and quivering. “This is what I’ve longed for, worked for, almost starved for these last five months. And now, when fate has played into my hands, I feel like Judas Iscariot! That woman’s a murderer, and worse. She broke my mother’s heart, got all her money and stole her jewels. She killed my stepfather when she’d ruined him. She murdered Lady Gates, and she’s letting the guilt rest on Malcolm Allen. She’s a fiend in human shape, but—that look on her face when she said she trusted me!”

“It’s her stock in trade,” said Barrett. “Don’t be a silly child, after all your pluck and courage, and these strokes of genius on your part where you’ve out-maneuvered the detectives! Here, give me that letter and forget it. I’ll deal with it. Thank the lord, I’m hard-boiled!”

“I thought I was!” murmured Madeleine. “But tell me this much: You’ll try to bring about that meeting in the garden to-morrow night, and you’ll be there?”

“I’ll do more than that,” said Barrett. “Mrs. Richard Rendel is going to get a telephone call from Hollywood to-morrow morning at—what time will you be busy in her room?”

“From nine to about ten,” the girl answered shakily. “I bring her breakfast at nine.”

“Good! Then she’ll get the message before she’s had time to brace up on a cup of coffee.”

“What are you going to say?”

Madeleine gasped.
Ready for Play

“Looking the part” is the first requirement of every little movie actress, so who shall say that these are not bouncing, athletic girls?

A huntress, Josephine Dunn, left, prepares for any game, or perhaps just clay birds.

Josephine Dunn, right, correctly garbed for her fencing lesson.

When Raquel Torres, right, goes roller skating she wears the new “gob” skirt, with roomy, kick plaits.

Rose is the predominating color in the tennis costume of Blanche LeClair, lower left, from visor to socks.

The feminine anglers’ turnout of 1929, as shown by Fay Webb, lower right, is “complect,” to say the least, and she is prepared to battle with a shark or coquet with a minnow until she is needed at the studio to pose for another photograph.

For her newest sport, archery, Raquel Torres, right, selects this neat outfit.
How a Star is Made

Ronald Colman's reserve, Dolores del Rio's social life in Mexico City, Wally Beery's bombastic, rough gentility, Doug's athletics, Lon Chaney's reticence, which is misinterpreted, intentionally, as mysteriousness—they are pegs upon which publicity is hung.

Bill Boyd's chance of screen type from the romantic hero to a rough and humorous, everyday fellow was preceded by a publicity campaign. Likewise, Wally Beery's change from comedies to character roles. In Ruth Taylor's case, the campaign was built up before the girl was chosen. Lorelei had but to step into the headlines prepared for her. "Follow-ups" were fashion pictures, numerous articles on why blondes are preferred, and gold-digging rules.

Mistakes happen, of course. Joan Crawford was a jazz baby. Cafés, impeccable escorts, daring frocks, tricky, new steps, a dizzy whirl. The jazz jamboree brought her into focus with a bang. Flippant pictures of her flooded the magazines. Joan's fads and fancies and romances became gossip. Joan was the high light of the night life's incandescence.

That boom ricocheted. The rising murmur rolled her name on its waves. After a tearful scene in an automobile, pictures of Joan's phone calls became more subdued, and Joan was seen out less frequently. Coincidentally, her work has taken on a greater dignity. Her footing is more solid.

Betty Bronson's elfishness charmed, but they made the error of continuing Peter Pan's publicity after Peter Pan grew up.

Publicity about June Collyer has too many references to a society butterfly's life. True, she has talent, works hard and deserves success, but the psychology is that the average fan may feel that June, with money and position, has too much, with fame added, and in time may resent it. It isn't fair to June to saddle her with this possible prejudice. On the contrary, people now judge of Sue Carol's wealth. Her charm and loveliness are stressed instead.

The boatloads of European Duses and Bernhards are publicized romantically. Camilla Horn's publicity has combined dignity with a delightful naïveté. It has an air of watchful waiting. There was detected at first in Lupe Velez's publicity a harkenscarum note, but it is growing dignified now, as Lupe becomes less the clown.

Those engineering Oliva Borden erred in having her posed in too many pictures scantily draped. The public that liked her, protested against it. And at interviews she was steered into an unnatural, high-hat manner. Oliva is now undergoing readjustment.

Contrary corrective measures seem necessary in Lisa Basquete's public attitude. Being exuberant and friendly, she has a hall-fellow greeting which her friends like, but which may be misconstrued. A little less camaraderie is more effective in a star.

Cannot a star be her real self? No, she cannot. "Tis the price she pays for fame. Just such small things, as much as ability, make or break her. If she flutters too vacuously, she is called common; if she snubs, she is a snob. It requires delicacy to decide upon a manner for her, and tact on her part in following it.

Your publicity started, the studio casts you, Sue, in varied types of roles, to discover that for which you are best suited, and to develop your versatility. Anita Page, a newcomer, played leads in three pictures for M-G-M. in as many months, each totally different. Gary Cooper and Lane Chandler followed Westerns with a variety of society leads, comedy and drama.

If you grow egotistical, you are disciplined by being put in support of the lot's Western star, or "sold down the river," which means being farmed out.

Previes at neighborhood theaters, in and near Los Angeles, give the producer an advance indication of your public reception. At the preview of "Soft Cushions," Sue Carol was so acclaimed that scenes which had been cut out were restored, and her role augmented before release.

Frequently an independent producer will sign a newcomer as a personal investment. As he has not enough work, or suitable roles, to keep her busy, he follows the loan system. But in farming her out, he insists that her part be a strong and constructive one, along the line he plans for her; that her contract stipulates proper advertising and publicity; that a good wardrobe be supplied; that she have a comfortable dressing room and the best facilities the studio can offer, to keep her happy and interested; in short, that she be not neglected, as sometimes happens when an outsider is brought in among contract people.

Now, is he not altruistic? Yes, he is not. A very large part of his zeal is found in his desire to boost her salary. If he is a good sport, he will split with her the profits on her services above the small salary he pays her.

Douglas MacLean is in charge of Sue Carol's career for several more years. B. P. Schulberg had Clara Bow under personal contract before Paramount took over the paper. Edwin Carewe, who had signed Dolores del Rio, lent her out along the above lines until he thought she merited stardom.

With elevation to featured roles, there comes one more responsible than any other one individual for your future success, or failure—the director.

William K. Howard, who has fostered much youthful talent, agreed.

"Susie," he mused, "probably thinks she is established. A car, five thousand a week. Yes—not. She hasn't really started.

"I like to work with crude talent. Give me a youth still camera shy. He is humble and anxious to learn; he has no affectations to lose. He is like clay. It is a joy to mold instinctive talent. Put him in a picture with older, experienced people. They will pick him up and carry him along with them; if he has responsiveness, he will react as we wish, after we have set the scene.

"I cast a boy of promise, Milton Holmes, with Rudolph Schidlauska and Louise Dresser in 'A Ship Comes In.' From their interpretation he got his. His natural reaction was what I wanted. Nick Stuart, who had played kidungest, changed his type in 'The River Pirate' for me. He took his dramatic tempo from Victor McLaglen.

"Experience robs a young player of that malleability. The most dangerous period is right after the first success. Your Susie gets the notion that she made the hit, when it was circumstances. She develops mannerisms and artificiality, mistakes her idea of technique, exaggerated gestures, for acting. She has lost her main assets, naive charm and emotional response. She studies herself too much.

"A Janet Gaynor, after a 'Seventh Heaven,' faces a crisis of which she may be ignorant. The transition between raw emotionalism and trained skill—the period of stumbling, crude A B Cs of technique—is the most difficult. Careful, sympathetic direction will get her through, if she remains humble."

Curiously, Howard believes brains can be at times a liability.

"Too great brilliance in a young girl is a detriment. Too definite opinions, due to inexperience, often wrong, and lack of warmth. When a girl knows too much there is a chill. One young actress speaks several languages and has a nimble wit. That brittle quality shows on the screen; she does not touch hearts. An ele-
A Broth of a Boy!

A review of Marion Davies' rôles reveals the presence of a quartet of striplings who have added to the gayety of the fans and given impetus to her career, because each one has been a test of her ability as a comédienne.

The latest photograph of Miss Davies, above, shows her as she is—a girl of charm and depth, with just enough beauty to cast aside when she wishes to disguise herself with make-up.

Don't you remember her as the comic bell hop, upper left, in "The Cardboard Lover," when she plagued Jetta Goudal?

She is seen, upper right, as she appeared in "Little Old New York," the picture that proved a turning point in her career.

In "Beverly of Graustark," left, she disguised herself as a princeling and not only contributed many amusing moments with her capers, but presented a convincing counterpart of masculinity.

Miss Davies' first impersonation of a boy occurred in "When Knighthood Was In Flower," right, and paved the way for more ambitious efforts.
“Wait and see. You're a good actress, I know. But it will be just as well to have you as much surprised as she'll be.”

“Is that all you're going to tell me?” the girl asked.

“Every word,” John Barrett said.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE WEB UNTANGLED

“Your breakfast, madam, and a few roses I gathered for you in the garden early, with the dew on them,” announced Mary the chambermaid, in the room of the drawn green curtains.

The lady in bed murmured gratitude. Even in the undersea light, the newcomer noticed that the fading beauty had made herself up to inspire admiration. She could not let even the eyes of a servant beheld her at her worst.

Scarcely had the tray been placed on a table drawn up at the bedside, when the telephone sounded. The instrument stood on a desk some distance from the bed, but with a movement of surprise or fright the slim figure in pink chiffon and lace wound itself up to answer the unexpected summons, if the table with the tray on it hadn't been in the way. As it was, the safety of the breakfast was endangered, and the maid rushed to rescue it.

“Do let me answer the phone, madam,” she begged. “I'll hold it for you if it's anything important, but probably it's a message from downstairs, or some one has got the wrong room.”

Rose sank back on her pillows. Mary's offer and explanation seemed so sensible.

The girl in cap and apron ran to the phone and stopped the persistent ringing. “Yes?” she answered. Then, as in bewilderment, after listening a moment, “What—what's that? Hold on a second, please.”

She turned to the lady in bed. “Madam, it's some one calling from Hollywood. But it must be a mistake. for the person—"it's a man's voice—"says, 'Mrs. Rendel is to tell Rose Rosenkranz that her friend from Buenos Aires has known for the last six weeks that his wife was dead there.' Does that make any sense to you, madam, and do you know any one of the name of Rose Rosenkranz?"

No answer came. The chiffon-clad form lay flat and still.

“Madam!” exclaimed the maid.

Still no answer.

The girl put her lips to the instrument again. “What's the rest of the message for Mrs. Rendel, please?” she asked. But the telephone was dead. After an instant of waiting she hung up the receiver, and went quickly to the bedside. The woman's dark eyes were half closed, her lips parted, and on her white face an expression of horror lingered.

Madeleine Standish turned pale under her dusky powder. This woman deserved to die, and in her sensible moments the girl felt little false pity for a soul so utterly selfish and debased. But she did not want Rose Rosenkranz to go safely out of the world without leaving a confession that would save Malcolm. She touched the left wrist. It was cool and pulseless between her fingers. Then her hand flew to the thinly covered breast, and found a faint, just perceptible fluttering.

“Thank Heaven!” she whispered.

On the dressing table she found a bottle of cologne and sprinkled the cold forehead. Soon the eyes opened and stared into hers. “I'm afraid you fainted, madam!” the maid murmured. “I hope that message didn't give you bad news?”

Rose sighed deeply, drawing in a long breath. “No—no,” she faltered. “It—wasn't for me. If I fainted, it had nothing to do with that. I couldn't sleep last night. I often lose consciousness for a minute or two when I'm very tired. Did the person say who he was, or—”

“No, madam,” replied the maid.

“I inquired, but there was no answer. The person had rung off—probably found out he'd made a mistake.”

“Yes. Most likely,” said Rose. “I'll have my coffee now. Pour it out, please. Go to the left-hand drawer of the dressing table, will you? Look for a little cardboard box and bring it to me.”

Madeleine obeyed, with a leap of the heart. There was the box and on it a Spanish name, “Guadaluern,” with the address of a shop, followed by the name of a town—Tijuana.

Madeleine remembered well that the poison which killed Lady Gates had been officially analyzed as a new drug made from a plant found in Mexico. It was named “granil,” and some doctors were said to prescribe it in very small doses as a heart stimulant. The girl could have cried out with joy as Rose removed the lid of the box and revealed, lying in cotton, several tiny vials exactly resembling the one found in Malcolm Allen's coat pocket after the death of his assassinee—the vial, which he stated, Lady Gates had had in her mesh bag, and from which she had asked him to drop a tablet into her glass.

The lady in bed, whose hands and voice were tremulous, dropped an infinitesimal tablet into the last few drops in her coffee cup. “That is wonderful stuff!” she volunteered. “It acts on the heart in less than a minute. But a big dose of it is fatal. You may think me morbid, Mary—you who are so kind—but I don't mind telling you I've made up a few of these little things into bigger tablets, to have ready if life should grow too sad, too difficult, and I should wish to die. No doctor or druggist would give one a dangerous dose; so I had to do it myself. It would be an easy way to die! Instead of stimulating the heart, a big dose just stops its beating, quite soon, without pain.”

“Oh, madam, you wouldn't do such a dreadful thing as to kill yourself!” groaned the maid. “You, so young and beautiful!”

“Not so young as you seem to think," said the other, "and ah, so weary of this world and its decep-
tions. But don't worry for the present. You needn't be afraid to leave me alone—I have an appointment to meet the druggist tonight. I disposed of the other one last night. That was unusual, but it's uncommonly easy to get a supply of the drug, which is almost harmless. But just now I think I'll have to really think of killing myself. I fear I can't go through the day.

"She's dressed and up, and that white mantilla she puts on when she's going out in the garden, is hanging over a chair." Madeleine whispered to John Barrett that evening when they met by appointment in a rustic summerhouse not far from Mrs. Rendel's favorite seat under an olive tree. "Almost any moment she may come, now, for she'll want to be waiting for Lopez. But we'd better not stop where we are. She must have noticed this summerhouse. Very likely she'll make Lopez come inside it, or in any case she wouldn't begin to talk, and he wouldn't let her, without looking into such a place to make sure no one was there.

"I was going to suggest that very thing," answered Barrett. "This hedge of arbor vitae will do for us. We can see where they station themselves, and if they do choose the summerhouse, we can listen under this tiny window near the roof."

Six seconds later the summerhouse was empty.

Minutes passed. Five—ten—fifteen. There was little danger that any flirtations couple from the hotel might seek this spot, for it was one of the least popular in the garden.

At last the two screened by the hedge saw a white figure glide ghost-like to the bench under the tree, and beside it walked the form of a man of about the same height, gracefully slim. There was no moon, but the sky was silver-bright with stars, and
Continued from page 92

make-up is rather good. That's as much as one can say about any mimic Bonaparte. Frank Reicher, as the Barber, does most of the talking capably enough, but the naturalness of Philippe de Lacy, as his son, stands out from all the self-conscious histrionics of his elders.

Kindergarten Romance.

Sufficiently innocuous and insipid to baffle criticism, "Some One to Love" must merely go on record as the second starring picture of Mr. Rogers, who prefers the Christian name of Charles to the nickname of "Buddy." A brief recital of its plot—there's just a kernel—will indicate the drift made upon the acting ability of the star, Mary Brian, William Austin, Jack Oakie, and the rest of the cast. Mr. Rogers is an ambitious music-store clerk about to wed Miss Brian, an heiress to twenty million, when she is led to suspect that he is a calculating fortune hunter. The young man clears himself by putting a languishing girls' school on its feet, his sincerity is somehow assured, and the pair make up.

All this is pleasant enough, for Mr. Rogers and Miss Brian are agreeable, if not electrifying performers, and the antics of Mr. Austin and Mr. Oakie are pointed off with humorous titles. It is kindergarten romance.

A Word to the Wise.

Once more William Boyd is wasted on a roughneck rôle. This sacrifice of his decided talents might be justified if there were any substance to the picture, but there isn't. Little is demanded of Mr. Boyd, except what we shall call a he-man swagger and the utterance of a lot of wisecracks as if he thought them funny. He and his pal—these fellows always come in pairs—work on the construction of a dam. These scenes are fairly interesting, because the dam is impressive. But the antics of the duo in the small town near by are hopelessly labored. In their innocence they are snared by an adventuress, who promises them separately that she will marry them. When she disappears with the money she has coaxed out of them, the sons of toil realize they have been duped and jointly vow, "Never again!"

What is plainly thought to be an irresistibly human and comic touch is seen in their running after the next girl who comes their way. If this résumé of the proceedings intrigues you, by all means see the picture.

Only don't blame me when Mr. Boyd retires from the screen, as he is likely to do if this sort of thing keeps up.

Under a Blanket.

"Caught in the Fog" is not likely to catch any one by its faint interest, thin, preposterous story and routine acting, though its snatches of dialogue may count with those who have heard few talking pictures. The entire story transpires aboard a houseboat moored on the Florida waters—and an ordinary, unattractive craft it is, too. May McAvoy and Charles Ger- rard steal in with flash lights and tackle the wall safe. Interrupted by Conrad Nagel, Mr. Gerard conceals himself and leaves little May to face the music. But as May has never played anything but a heroine in her screen career, you know the music will be the wedding march. An elderly couple arrives on board, with the announcement that they are expected guests, whereupon Mr. Nagel, Mr. Gerard, and May pass themselves off as servants. Comic detectives are later arrivals, with much futile scurrying about on the part of all the characters. Of course Mr. Nagel is the son of the family owning the boat, and the supposed guests are really thieves, but how little May happens to be implicated in an attempted theft in the first place is not divulged. She just promises to "go straight" and that lets plausibility go flying out of the window.

All this hullabaloo in Hollywood over the marvel of Mr. Nagel's voice is nonsense. It is distinct, yes, but as hollow as most of the rôle he plays. As Miss McAvoy has already been heard, why be cruel?

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Before they left that night they had elected Virginia president—she served for two years, by the way—and agreed that the new sorority should meet at a member's home every Monday night.

They started recruiting members right away, and among the first to join were Jobyna Ralston, Dorothy Devore, Mary Philbin, Grace Gordon, Vera Reynolds, and Mary Astor. "Naturally the membership of a club changes in four years," Priscilla went on, "and we have lost several of our charter members for various reasons. Dorothy Devore got married and felt she could not leave her husband for one entire evening a week, as he often had guests at their home on Monday nights. We hated to lose Dorothy, for she was one of the best members we ever had. Hard work separated Vera Reynolds from the club, and there is a funny little story connected with how Mary Philbin happened to leave us.

The Hollywood Sorority

"We have always held very late meetings. Usually the girls stay talking over their sandwiches and tea until twelve thirty or one o'clock in the morning. One night Mary Philbin forgot how late it was getting, and stayed until eleven thirty. Her father had always insisted that Mary be home by ten o'clock, and so he never allowed her to come to the club again.""We've often thought of organiz-
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Madeleine Standish did not need to hear the voice of Marco Lopez to recognize him. Evidently the two had just met.

"I was coming to-night, even if thou hadst not written," he said in Spanish. "Yes, it's true we finished the film a day or two ago. But I had arrangements to make. Of course it's all right about our going away. There's a good ship sailing next week, and—"

"Wait! I must speak of something else first." Rose cut him short.

"Something more important to me even than the ship."

"Well, wait till I've had a look into the summerhouse," Lopez warned her. "Good! No one there. Let us sit inside!"

The two voices came clearly through the tiny window near the low roof of the rustic building, though it was darkened with bougainvillea.

"Somebody in Hollywood! I know I am in Pasadena," the woman announced abruptly. "He—it was a man—telephoned this morning."

"Dios!" exclaimed Lopez. "One of those detectives!"

"Perhaps. But whoever it was, knew as much about you as about me. Marco, is it true you heard from Buenos Aires of your wife's death six weeks ago?"

She flung the question at him, and taken aback, he drew in his breath with a kind of gasp before answering. Then he said sharply, "Certainly it is not true. Who could have—"

"I know by your voice, and see by the look on your face even here in this darkness, that you're lying to me!" Rose cried. "You meant to marry Lady Gates legally."

"Thou wilt regret not trusting me," answered Marco. "But even had this been true, what matter? Thou art the wife of my heart. All I do, or have done, is for thee."

"If you knew she was dead so long ago, and if you'd loved me as you used to do, you would have married me then, not waited till you could wind that old woman round your finger! I thank God—if there is a God—that I killed her. As for her jewels that I saved for you—you would forgive me for the loss of her money, you shall never have them now—nor the Arnold jewels, either."

"What dost thou mean, Rose?" Lopez challenged her. "Art thou quarreling with me after all we have been to each other?"

"I am parting from you," the woman answered in a toneless voice, as of one dying. "If I had seen truth in your eyes when you answered my question, I should have been so happy. I could have gone to the world's end with you. The jewels would all have been yours."

"Part of them is mine," Lopez cut in sharply, speaking in terse English for the first time. "You got them from Lady Gates by a trick. You confessed to me yourself that night when I came home and told you we had lost everything, because she was dead, with her will not yet changed. No doubt you would have lied then as you say I lie now, if I had not been so sure it was you who sent her that anonymous letter about me. You confessed that she had some writing paper with the address on it of the bunaglow where Allen first stayed. She had brought it in her bag to take notes of the horoscope you cast for her. You cut out the address, but any one who knew could recognize the paper. Sheer jealousy—spite made you do that. You hoped—"

"That was a mere chance, her dying then," Rose broke in. "I've told you I gave her a number of the granit tablets like those I've been talking myself. The ones with the death dose—there were only three of them—looked the same as the rest. Fate decided that all three should be at the bottom of the vial. I suppose you are not unhappy, because of the evidence against Allen? You never liked him."

"Allen and what happens to him are nothing to me," Lopez answered, all the softness of his accents gone with his native language. "It is myself I think of, and what I have lost through your stupid jealousy. You have tried to excuse yourself by telling me how clever you were to get Lady Gates' jewels, how you persuaded her with that hypnotic power you have over people, to let you keep the jewels for a few days and 'enchant' them so they would bring the owner luck. But it was the money I wanted most. What have the other jewels done for us, except to give us the trouble of watching them and fearing they might be taken away? And now—after I have thrown over everything for you, have been your lover, your servant, and for nearly two years, have hidden you, protecting you as no man ever protected a woman, you coolly say, 'We are parting'? You will keep for yourself the jewels Lady Gates would have given me with all else she owned, if you had left her live. Do you think you will ever get away from me like that? If you do you make a mistake. I have loved you with passion and devotion. But when you killed Lady Gates, and with her my hopes of a rich future, you killed my love for you at the same moment. You have been guilty of murder before—a man who adored you and you had made desperate. You did that because, he menaced you at last, and because you loved me. This murder of an old woman, you committed because you loved yourself and cared not in your insane jealousy how you injured me! No, you will not take away what is left from the wreck. Don't you understand that you are in my power?"

"As you are in mine," Rose said with a new quietness.

"You have no longer any power over me at all," Lopez told her, "not even the power of love, which once was still. You've committed no murders. My one crime is to have protected a weak, sinful woman who would have died if I had abandoned her. What is there for a jury to convict me of? Nothing. The newspapers would make of me not a criminal, but a hero. That is how you and I stand. Think it over, Rose."

"Yes. I'll think it over—now," she answered, in so hushed a tone that her words scarcely reached the ears of the listeners.

For a few seconds all was still in the summerhouse. Then Rose cried out shirilly, "I've thought it over! I'm not in your power—not in any one's power on this earth."

Madeleine clutched Barrett's arm. Instinctively she guessed what the woman had done, but it was not till after a stifled exclamation from Lopez, and a subdued scuffle, that Barrett guessed also.

"She's taken poison!" whispered the girl. "He'll leave her there, and save himself. Quick—or he'll be gone! We'll need his confession."

"Stick 'em up, Lopez!" said Barrett, blocking the summerhouse door, and pressing an automatic against the dancer's graceful waistline. "You're going to get a chance to tell your story and see how much of a hero you'll be to your friends the newspaper men."

Free! Malcolm was free, and we owed his freedom—perhaps his life—to the courage, the intelligence and love of "Mary Smith, the mysterious cigarette girl of Montparnasse."

It was in that way the newspapers spoke of her, though the secret of her real name and her real mission in Hollywood was no longer a secret, now that the mission had been at last accomplished.

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Every Little Touch Has a Meaning All Its Own

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The one for this. It is a natural human instinct to envy—and to resent a little—people who are better dressed than we are. Sympathy naturally accrues to the simple characters. Since the days of the old melodrama, a silk hat has been the badge of the villain, and long, slinky dresses and dangling earrings have marked the vampire—a beautiful woman with no conscience, who used her sex to lure men to their ruin.

Max Rees says, indeed, that the slinky, feminine garment, draped tightly over the thighs, and caught up on the hip with an ornament, has been symbolic of the woman of loose morals in all countries at all periods.

But Adrian, of Metro-Goldwyn, feels that sex can be suggested more subtly than this. With such a subject as Greta Garbo with whom to experiment, he should obtain some interesting results.

In "The Way of Affairs," the screen version of "The Green Hat," he has dressed her, for the most part, in sports clothes. At least she will be garbed like a smart Englishwoman intensely interested in sports.

"Sports clothes can be no less suggestive of sex than the conventional, clinging garments," he avers. "Boyish, loose, designed for the freedom of the body, a tennis dress or a golf outfit can suggest feminine allure as surely as can a fluffy negligee!"

Norma Shearer will have an interesting role in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." She makes her appearance in London society, attracting attention by her beauty, her smart attire and her demure dignity, although no one knows who she is, or whence she came. In reality she is one of a slinky, feminine garment, and she uses her entrance to smart homes to gain information to be used in big robberies.

"She is clever," says Adrian. "Clever enough to know how to dress beautifully, but without too much ostentation. And yet—to make this character real—there must be a subtle, false note in her attire. She must be smart enough to pass for the real thing, but just a trifle too smart for a true aristocrat."

When one considers that the outer circle of the picture—the setting—shows only in the early shots of a scene, and then for a short time, he realizes that if the mood of the story is to be suggested by these, it must be done with broad, definite strokes which will make an almost instantaneous impression. Few people in an audience realize the thought that goes into the designs for the backgrounds of stories.

The present trend is toward simplicity and a lack of confusing detail. Edward Jewell, indeed, objects even to pictures on the walls of his interiors, unless they are necessary.

And costumes are being designed less and less with an eye to flattering a particular star, and more and more for the purpose of assisting the actor in his characterization.

Beautiful and meaningless figures on the screen are giving way to actors who sacrifice personal appearance to create an illusion of reality in the characters they are portraying, just as the beautiful, subnormal leading lady and leading man of yesterday are giving way to stronger personalities and intellects. Actors are finding that it is important to be able to act.

The trend toward simplicity and sincerity in all departments of motion pictures is an extremely hopeful sign. The first thing you know you will find that this infant industry is getting to be adult.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

Talkie Gets a Guffaw.

At this moment, while every one is taking an interest in talking pictures, I want to write a few words about them. "Wings" was shown in our town, with sound effects. The drone of the airplanes was so beautifully produced that everyone seemed to be in the theater. Therefore, I am for the sound effects. But spare us, for Heaven's sake, from the talking movie in its present form. At the International Film Exhibition, which was held at The Hague, I attended a demonstration of the Vitaphone. First, a pianist appeared on the screen and started to play. The sound was clear and natural, but when a person appeared on the screen and started to speak, the audience burst out laughing, for the voice seemed to come from everywhere—from his ears from his nose, his hands, but not from his mouth. We hear too much of the mechanism; but I think when the apparatus has improved considerably, talking pictures will take an important place in the film industry.

H. LEO HART.

Tolstraat 138,
Amsterdam, Holland.

Souls Melted by Tears.

Let me tell you a story of a lonely old lady who, until recently, had never been inside a motion-picture theater. That is, until somebody told her of "Four Sons," for we met in this way. She sat beside me in a fairly first-rate theater, about the size of a child, and I crying very much in the same way. True, we seemed like two lonely souls atop "peanut heaven," where anything is possible, a little too, that is why we got to talking to each other. Indeed, I let her pour her soul out to me. I learned that she had come from Austria many, many years ago. Her

husband had died shortly after their arrival here. There were two sons—one a soldier, who died during the World War fighting for this country; the other, an invalid she still supports. Pictures, until recently, had meant little to her. For there were always busy days and little money.

I understood, you see, for the tears alone told the story—"home," "children."

"A mother and an old lady brought to live these over again by a mere picture. God grant that we may continue to see pictures of her kind again and again that can give us! What love and cares and tenderness they can teach us! What memories of old they stir in us! What dreams and tragedies and sorrow! What tears and afterthoughts! I am seeing them over again. But what person wouldn't? Pictures like "Over the Hill," "Stella Dallas," "Copper," "Son of the Clouds," and "The Way of All Flesh" are sombre pictures of a body and soul-like a part of life itself. Here's to many more like them.

ELMA NIKRIS.

1225 Lancaster Street,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

In Defense of Boyd.

I write to defend William Boyd, my favorite supreme, from the evidently ignorant onslaught of Miss Dauber, of Brooklyn, New York. She states that "William Boyd could never act as well as William Haines!" I advise Miss Dauber to recall Mr. Boyd's excellent acting in "The Volga Boatman." I have seen many pictures of William Haines, but none of them could compare to Boyd's triumph. If she did not see or care for that type of film, how did she like "The Cop?" When a majority—and a large

one, at that—of the critics agree that Boyd's acting, and that of the rest of the cast, was the thing that made the picture, is she going to say still that Boyd cannot act as well as Haines? There was little or no romance in "The Cop," yet every minute of it was a more entertaining film. What put it across in spite of the lack of romance? There is but one answer—the acting of William Boyd. I would ask Miss Dauber to see this picture and then reconsider her opinion of my favorite's acting.

M. MUELLER.
Burbank, California.

A President is Peeved.

This isn't going to be a missive praising or condemning any celebrity. It's just a message to all fan-club members who want everything for nothing. They think all that is necessary to make any club a huge success is their dime, quarter, or fifty cents—and that's all. They quietly take a back seat, and let the willing officers, and the very few willing members, do all the work while they enjoy the results. The person who asks the honorary president doesn't answer his fan mail.

It's all in the game, and, of course, it has its good points, too; but I wish you honorary members that it doesn't take just your money and talk to make any organization a success—but your cooperation.

ELAINE IVERSON.
Lincoln Street, Marseilles, Illinois.
Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle

FRASER P. MACDONALD.—Wow! Life wouldn't be worth living if everybody sat up nights thinking of hard questions like yours. Asking me about all those dead and buried films. After much trouble, I finally dug out answers to some of your questions, anyhow. Pola Negri's foreign films were released in America between 1919 and 1922, but I don't know the exact dates of most of them. "Passion," "Gypsy Blood," "Mad Love," "One Arabian Night," "Her Last Chance," "The National," Paramount's releases in America were, "The Last Payment," "The Red Peacock," "Eyes of the Mummy," "The Devil's Pawn"—all in 1922. Goldwyn released "Sappho," "Commonwealth," "Vendetta." I don't know who released "Camille" or "The Flame of Love." Pola was signed abroad by Paramount and brought to America in 1922, when she made her first Hollywood film, "Bella Donna." She left for Europe last June. Picture Play cannot undertake to supply back numbers more than about two years old.

Mrs. H. SINGERT.—You're the first one on hand to ask about Agnes Franey. She was born in New York and spent almost all her life winning beauty contests, beginning as a baby in the Ashby Park baby parade. She grew up and joined the "Follies." Archie Mayo, Warner director, "discovered" her in "Rio Rita," and she received a contract from that film company. She's seventeen, blue-eyed, blonde, five feet tall, and weighs 100.

ALICE CLIFTON.—"When the Movies Were Young" was written by Linda (Mrs. D. W.) Griffith and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York. Your bookseller could get it for you, or you might write to the publisher. The price is three dollars.

FLORENCE F. DOSTRA.—You don't need to wish that other fans learn to like Camilla Horn as you do. I think Camilla and the fans are going to get along fine together. She was born in 1908 in Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany. Her father was German, her mother Italian. While quite young, she went to Switzerland to school, and, at the age of fifteen, being industrious and expert at sewing, she started making pajamas. But with the collapse of the German mark her business was ruined, so she studied dancing and then got a job in a music hall. There an executive of Ufa saw her and offered her film work. She had worked only three days, as an extra, when she was given the lead opposite Jan-nings in "Faust." Other foreign films of hers which were released in America were, "Streets of Algiers" and "Eva and the Grasshopper." Camilla is blonde, with dark, blue-gray eyes. Five feet five and weighs about 110.

FERN MCDONUGH.—Of 829 North Madison Street, Dallas, Texas, would be grateful if you would send her pictures cut from old magazines for the club room of her fan club. I think, Fern, it was Alberta Vaught to whom you refer in "The Drop Kick." Raquel Torres is pronounced Ray-kel To-re-oz. Linda Velez is Luop-ay Vay-leth. Greta Garbo is Gray-ta Gar-bo, as spelled. Eva von Berne just as spelled Novarro is accentuated on the second syllable, as spelled. La Roque is La Rock. Barthes, accent on Bar, as spelled. Dolores del Rio is twenty-three. Five feet four and a half; weight 120.

A. E. F.—Not the whole United States army! There was an article about Victor MacLaglen in Picture Play for June, 1927.

MARY BRIAN'S GREATEST ADMIRER.—How do you know you're the greatest? When was that contest held? It's a real pleasure to get a cheery letter like yours, and thanks for all the information about German stars. I'm afraid Hammond, Indiana, can't lay claim to any film stars. Mae Murray and Tim McCoy both share your birthday, April 10th. Loretta Young is sixteen now, born in 1912. She wears her hair long in order to look more grown-up. Bill Powell and Dick Arlen are not related. Forrest Stanley was born in New York, August 21, 1889, and has been on the screen since 1912. Anita Page was born in Flushing, Long Island, in 1908. Joyce Compton has not been very active on the screen lately. She played in "Soft Living" for Fox about a year ago. Mary Brian's new film is "Just Twenty-one," and, at this writing, she is being considered for Harold Lloyd's new picture.

AN AUBURN ALEN ADDICT.—Any time any one opens a cheering section for Dick Arlen, I'm right there waving flags, too. Since "Beggars of Life," he has played in "Manhattan Cocktail," "The Upstart Gentleman," "Four Feathers," "The Man I Love," and—I think—"Dirigible," though that cast has been changed about frequently. I don't know much about his first wife, except that she was a non-professional. Picture Play published a story about Dick in last December's issue, which you probably saw.

MISS EVA STARHAR.—Yes, Ramon Novarro has often threatened to become a monk, but I doubt if he ever will. Three of his sisters are nuns. Ramon was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. He's with Metro-Goldwyn. Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona, October 21, 1897.

SHEILA.—No, indeed. I'm not the editor, but he's nice, too. He's Norbert Laski. Yes, Margaret Morris did rather drop out of sight, though she has played in several Pathé films, including a serial, "The Mark of the Frog." Doug, Jr., gives his birth year as 1910; Joan Crawford was born in 1906. I haven't yet heard of Frances Fuller. See An Auburn Arlen Addict.

EVELYN LUNDBERG.—Well, you almost started our "sharing Lindbergh's name, didn't you? No, Donald Brian is not related to Mary Brian. Donald is a musical-comedy star, who was quite an idol about fifteen years ago. Every one on the Paramount lot has his in and taken out of "The Canary Murder Case," but I think, at this writing, Jean Arthur, Ruth Taylor, and Bill Powell are in it. As to who are the three actresses who can be funny and pretty at the same time, Margaret Reid, who wrote that story, referred to Frances Lee, Estelle Bradley, and Anita Garvin. "Man Power" and "Shanghai Bound" were the two pictures you mention, with Richard Dix and Mary Brian.

A. R.—Yes, Caryl Lincoln just dashes from one Western film to another. Janet Gaynor is with Fox and is now making "Christina." Anita Page is soon to appear in "The Broadway Melody," and "The Flying Fleet," with Novarro. She has two fan clubs. Write to Miss Kay Witmer, 39 South Summit Street, Harrisburg, Penn.

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This Thing Called Love
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Crawford. But this new steadiness and strength of character seem permanent.
"Like all cynics, I am a sloppy sentimentalist," Joan mused, as we talked in her orchid-draped dressing room. "I can be hard-boiled and believe in Santa Claus at the same time, with the least encouragement. A cynic knows that ugliness isn't pretty, and yet weeps inside, because he can't convince himself it is.
"Every girl goes through the pretending stage—trying to make herself into her opposite. When she is old enough to be told, to understand what you mean, she will know of her own accord.
"I was simply 'every girl,' exaggerated by circumstances. I was doing what was expected of the Hey-hey Girl and what, mostly, I wished to do," she explained, rather than defended the Joan she has thrust aside.
Her voice tingled with a touch of defiance. "Horrid things were said to me. Oh, yes. Don't lie politely. Fortunately, I had a few friends who would tell me the truth. Such friends are rare. I got a rotten reputation, though I really wasn't quite as black as I was painted.
"I do things that I wouldn't have dared do in the past three years. I tried to buy expensive clothes, even when I couldn't afford them. Now I examine a gown and copy it for less than half the price. I made the window curtains for my new home. The Hey-hey Girl couldn't have done that! There would have been," she grinned, "something distinctly wrong with that picture. Nor did I have the impulse to be domestic or practical.
"I've dumped the sophisticated magazines into the wastebasket. Such a racket over nothing! I find that biographies of interesting women like Duse and Rachel, Bernhardt, and Isadora Duncan are engrossing."
The candor of this Crawford girl is amazing. There is no camouflage about this new Joan. She doesn't do her life history up in tinsel, nor does she spare herself the whip. Accustomed to the pretty pleasantries of most actresses, one is momentarily shocked by the brutal truths that curl from her lips, and instantly appreciative of the thought and analysis and self-discipline back of them.
"I had a rotten childhood and young girlhood. I wanted brightness and fun and pretty clothes. Most of all I wanted to dance."
Her life has been episodic. Anecdotal, one might even say, so brief and of such contrasts were some of its phases.

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I warn every woman I employ

says the woman Personnel Manager in a large office
about this phase of modern feminine hygiene

One unconscious offense which is no longer necessary. This remarkable sanitary pad deodorizes completely and is superior in comfort features as well as ease of disposability.

IN the world of business, in society, women often find themselves embarrassed at certain times. Sometimes they offend without knowing why. When they learn, miserable self-consciousness follows. Make-shift efforts to counteract the difficulty seldom succeed. Now a discovery made in Kotex Laboratories ends all these fears and worries. Science has discovered a way to counteract a serious offense.

Kotex now deodorizes completely

Kotex has brought a new idea of feminine hygiene to women all over the world. In the past ten years they have learned new comfort, new ease-of-mind through this sanitary protection. Now, after years of work, a process has been perfected that completely ends all odors. The one remaining hygienic problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

Shaped to fit, too

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. Kotex is easy to adjust to suit your individual needs. Cellulocotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture, 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

Buy a box today—45c for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms, by West Disinfecting Co.

Use Super-size Kotex
Formerly 90c—New 65c

Super-size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use plus the greater protection which comes with extra layers of Cellulocotton absorbent wadding. Disposable in the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable the first day or two, when extra protection is essential. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Its added layers of filler mean added comfort.

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes
quiet neighborhood, preferring to spend her leisure with a few friends. Occasionally she goes to the theater, principally to aid her study of the language. She reads the newspapers and her fan mail, and is graduating to books in English.

She is engaged to Nicholas Soussanin, a clever actor already seen in many pictures. In Hollywood they renewed a casual acquaintance begun in Europe. She was married before, and is now receiving a Soviet divorce, a simple procedure which entails no accusations or scandal. With her marriage to Soussanin she will become an American citizen, since he has already taken out naturalization papers. She wishes to do a picture with him, and likes to have him near her in the studio. They converse volubly in Russian, and laugh a great deal with the spontaneity of children. When asked for the date of the nuptials she smiles and replies, "Soon." She intends to tell no one when they will be married. Perhaps they are married now.

She goes to movies constantly, missing but few. She did not care for talking pictures until "The Singing Fool." She thought Al Jolson excellent.

"It tawched me here"—indicating her heart—"and I cry."

She clings to the Russian colony of Hollywood. Devoted to her compatriots, she is happiest in the local Little Russia. When requests are made for Russian benefits, she is tireless in expenditure of her time and energy. Obscure groups can always depend on Baclanova's support. And the support is not merely nominal. She will, after a grueling studio day, hurry to some dingy hall and sing or act, lavishing her skill on the dark, nostalgic faces of her countrymen, raised to her in adoration.

Her principal interest, outside of acting, is music. She adores it, can never get enough, and is starved when work conflicts with a concert. Her father a violinist and her mother a singer, music was as essential to the household as dinner. Her own voice is a magnificent soprano, bell-like, yet rich and powerful.

First coming to this country three years ago with the Moscow group, she literally electrified New York with her modernistic Carmen. The original lyrics were, in the main, abandoned for new ones which had been especially written for Baclanova. The performance was in Russian and the Baclanova Carmen was one which, connoisseurs proclaim, has never been paralleled. Alternating this with five light operas, the visiting Russians were standing hard-boiled New York on its ear. Morris Gest asked her to play the nun in "The Miracle." When that spectacle reached Los Angeles, the movies claimed their own. Baclanova stayed, and the Moscow company went back minus its star, to the dismay of Europe.

There is talk of Paramount starring her. This was inevitable and should occasion prayers that her vehicles be selected neither to stifle, nor blatantly exploit, that brilliant flame. She is adult entertainment. Her acceptance by the public is a step forward in the tardy mentality of the cinema, and she requires an intelligent medium.

She would love to do "Carmen" for the talkies, using the score intact. But she feels she is not entitled to make suggestions yet, is unconvinced by her present success that the public will really like her. Abroad she was a star of the first magnitude, yet she does not use this as a lever for making demands in America. Only when she is definitely established on the screen, will she consider herself entitled to self-assertion in the studio.

Do you wonder that Paramount officials, battle-scared from association with Negroes and De Puttis, shed tears of gratitude at mention of Baclanova?

She is content with any rôle, just so it is a "real woman—beeg love—beeg hate—beeg sorrow—beeg happiness." Triviality is anathema to her. Only in the sweep of big emotions can she satisfy her own tremendous urge; and only in the expression of such emotions can her desire for expression be satisfied.

Zeus, listen, Zeus! Don't let this marvelous flare of light go the way of most cinema talent. Don't let Paramount standardize her, sweeten her, Americanize her, denature her. See that she remains as she is, with directors like Lubitsch, and roles worthy of her power. Please, Zeus—there's a good guy.

Hollywood High Lights

Ray Develops Resonance.

The peculiarities of the talkies seem to show themselves in diverse ways. There's Raymond Griffith, for instance. He has been off the screen for more than a year. Nobody had the least suspicion that it would be a sound picture that would bring him back. Griffith, as is well known, has vocal-cord trouble, which causes him to talk huskily. He is reputed to have lost his voice while in a stage play some years ago.

Now it appears that notwithstanding. He can record very satisfactorily on the microphone. He is playing in a short-reel picture for Christie. It is called "Post Mortem." He is cast as a burglar who, oddly enough, is named "Whispering Smith." It is said that this doesn't mean a thing, because Griffith can register with surprising resonance.

Florence and Jascha Attend.

One genius pays tribute to another. While this may be a trite phrase, it just about describes the adulation which Jascha Heifetz quite evidently lavished on Yehudi Menuhin at a concert given by that child prodigy. Both are violinists, and Heifetz is, of course, the husband of Florence Vidor.

Miss Vidor, looking svete and charming, accompanied him to the concert. Heifetz, at the time, was on one of his visits to the Coast. Married life with the Heiftzes is a happy, if not a continuous union, and they look a most attractive couple. Heifetz's work takes him frequently on tour, while Florence's contracts naturally keep her most of the time in Hollywood.

Affairs Contractual.

June Collyer is to continue her sojourn with Fox. We heard for a time that she might be leaving that organization. However, her option was renewed, and everything promises to be quite golden for her. The first picture on which she is engaged is called "Big Time." It might be termed an auspicious title.

Little Nancy Drexel, the golden-haired, brown-eyed girl who showed decided promise in "Four Devils," is now free-lancing. Until recently she was also on the Fox roster.

Loses Loved Adviser.

Patsy Ruth Miller suffered one of the most bitter causes for grief, not long ago, in the death of her mother. Mrs. Miller's passing was due to a heart attack, and Patsy, to whom she was deeply devoted, was deeply stricken by the sorrowful event. Her mother had been genuinely a guiding spirit in her career, as those who know Pat well can amply testify. The sentiment between them was rare even in filmland, where mother-and-daughter loyalty and union of interest and love is not unusual. Pat had just begun an engagement in a stage play in Los Angeles at the time of her mother's death, but had

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The Spell of the Calliope
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This spirit of carnival hovers over the picture, touching with gay, trailing fingers the tawdry brightness of the show boat itself, the spangles adorning the soiled dress that Julie, as the heroine of many melos wears, accounting for Magnolia's chameleon emotions.

No rôle has aroused greater interest in recent months. Mary Philbin, Alice Day, and others were variously, and erroneously, rumored to play the quaint but spirited Magnolia. To the joy of many who felt that her dramatic talents had never been duly recognized, Laura La Plante was chosen by Harry Pollard, the director. Many tested, Joseph Schildkraut was selected for the debonair, persuasive, but undependable Ravenal.

Emily Fitzroy is Parthenia Hawkins, Otis Harlan Captain Andy Hawkins, Jane La Verne Magnolia, as a child, Alma Rubens Julie. The cast includes Elise Bartlett, Jack MacDonald, Gertrude Howard, Ralph Yearsley, George Chesher, Harry Holden, Max Asher, J. Thornton Baston, Jim Coleman, and others.

Florenz Ziegfeld owns the talking rights, and refused to permit the film company to incorporate dialogue in any sequence of the film.

Sound effects enhance the thrill and atmosphere. The storm adds its dramatic undercurrent to those nights of dire calamity—when Magnolia, delirious, brings Kim into her uncertain world, and when Captain Andy dies. The swish of the water, stirred by the great wheel, reminds one always that this drama is occurring on a moving palace of make-believe, with the never-to-be-forgotten sound, the wheeze and scream of the old calliope.

The story switches back and forth with incredible confusion to a mind bent on continuity. This has constituted the main difficulty of filming. In one paragraph references are made to three worlds in the story. Separation and arrangement of material were less simple tasks than usual. However, no elaboration or material change was necessary, as happens when a scantly plot is padded.

Costumes begin with the bustles and wide-shouldered dresses of 1885, with the hour-glass waist, and end with the, "Gibson Girl's" flowing "princess," with wide, ruffled skirts.

On the show boat, drama is twofold. The gaudy plays that they enact for the river-town audiences, and the drama of their own lives. The love scenes are doubly potent, because of the vigilance of Parthenia, which keeps Magnolia and Ravenal apart except in the plays. There, before an unsuspecting audience, a sotto voce courtship is carried on.

"My dear Miss Lucy—marry me."
"Oh, please call me Miss Brown—when?"

So the Cotton Palace, with flags flying and bands blaring and calliope screeching, trundles up and down the river, moored now to the clay banks of an Illinois town, plying a while later from Baton Rouge to Vicksburg, taking Magnolia on kaleidoscopic journeys of pagentry as fleeting, of destination as equivocal, as her own life seems.

Partly, too, it is a saga of the river, of that turgid stream, bloated by torrents of rain, that tosses frail craft about on its churning waves. Thunder crashes, shafts of lightning illuminate a drama of nature's terrific force—logs riding the river's storm-tossed crest, bits of household furniture from the flooded, inundated districts, mute drifwood from wrecks of homes. Aobert, for accompaniment to the strong loves and hates that are the show boat's cargo.

The thunderous basso to the love story, with its soprano high lights, is the river's majestic power.

The scene shifts, then, to the Chicago of the early century. To the gayly lighted McVicker's Theater, to the era of the ornate Palmer House and the red plush and gilt of the Sherman House. The Ravenal fortunes veer with cataclysmic suddenness from the opulence of Magnolia's sealskin sacque, of a smart, yellow trap at the races, to fugitive scurrying into cheap rooms, there to hibernate through gray, lethargic weeks. From sumptuous dinners to coffee and sinkers.

Ravenal's linen grows frayed, but still he wears the Prince Albert coat and the silk hat and sports a bouffonnière and swings the malacca cane. Except during those mysterious times when the cane disappears and in its stead he has a new bankroll with which to gamble. A popular hallmark of the day has poignant meaning for Magnolia and Kim. "Father, dear father, come home with me now," is a refrain of increasing regularity in their lives.

The picture ends with a dénouement in Chicago, and does not carry one, as in the book, to a long-deferred curtain with the success of young Kim. It is the story of Magnolia and Ravenal, of love and heartache and of disappointment and of faith. A story, too, of the mighty river and its carnival ship.
Charles Green, the dean of butlers, died last year after having played nearly a hundred rôles. He was butler at one time to the late Queen Victoria, to the Duke of Cambridge, the Maharajah of Lahore, King Edward VII., Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and so on. He was the most widely known technical adviser on etiquette in Hollywood.

The screen butlers earn more money than butlers in real life if they know their stuff. Also the maids who know etiquette earn more than the average housemaids.

A story is going the rounds in Hollywood about a star, who had a tiff with her maid on the day when she had invited a dozen friends for bridge. When the maid walked out, the actress called up an employment bureau and related her predicament.

"I want some one," she explained, "who will prepare and serve sandwiches, a bit of punch, some cake and ice cream. If she does well, I may have steady employment for her."

The maid came—a middle-aged woman with a hooked nose. She carried a bag and a bundle. A frayed cape was about her shoulders, and a bird perched upon her hat.

"Can you serve?" the actress asked.

"Sure, Oi can!" the maid replied.

"There'll be a dozen or more guests. I'll tell you when we are ready."

The guests gathered. The card games were played. Then the hostess called for the refreshments to be served. The new maid did it beautifully—bringing in everything in the proper order and generally qualifying as a jewel. She refilled the glasses, replenished the dishes of salted almonds, placed ash trays for those who had elected to smoke.

"She is a darling," exulted the hostess, "and I'll keep her here if I can."

Came time for the ice cream. The efficient, careful maid heard the hostess' signal. She knew the first course had been served to the satisfaction of her employer, because the star smiled sweetly over the way the servant had performed her task.

But a moment later the ship was wrecked. The card party—so far as the hostess was concerned—sank down in deep water. Because? Well, because the glorious new maid poked her head through the kitchen door and shouted, "Everybody, stack plates!"

If Phyllis Haver reads this story she will never speak to me again, because I don't think she wanted me to tell. Anyway, Phyllis, it wasn't your fault.

How a Star is Made

Continued from page 90

mental simplicity is more human than mental facility.

"Nobody since Griffith has changed the business so greatly as Muriel. With two pictures he has exerted a tremendous influence. Lucky is your Susie if she can learn his minute details. You can tell from a comparatively new player's work, by whom she has been directed. Fortunate is Susie if she acquires some of James Cruze's humanness, or Frank Borzage's sentiment. King Vidor has the American understanding. He knows the average man's psychology. Lubitsch teaches subtlety. Griffith shapes raw personality into the replica of an image he has created in his own mind.

"But if Susie has a poor director, or one who will not take the time to crush those first faults, only a rare chance, and actual suffering on her part through criticism, may eventually coach her right."

Susie's career must not sag after she has become a favorite. Initial success doesn't assure her of stability. Her stardom must be maintained with judicious choice of plays, clever work, publicity, a private life in keeping with her public character, and no false notes anywhere!

And after all these factors have contributed to her success, it is up to the public. All these stages of progress, all Susie's tears of failure and whoops of joy are meaningless unless the fans approve of her. With the vast resources of the studios back of her, she will have failed, unless you fans have liked and boosted her.

Thus you see, Susie, stardom is a far cry from mere chance, with the many factors in the process besides a pretty face, or pleasing personality. If you must have your try in pictures, start facing the facts.

But if, as one out of a thousand, you do achieve success, Susie—may I interview you for Picture Play?
that role with DeMille? And knocked is right. I was knocked right across the street. I was so nasty about everything, they thought they had better get me a nice doctor. And they certainly did. I think he is the nicest in the world.

"I guess we fell in love right away. Even as ghoulish as I felt, after I met Stuart I actually didn't want to leave the hospital. Instead of hurrying them up, I would gently suggest that I really wasn't able to leave the hospital, and I just wouldn't go until they discharged me as perfectly cured."

And so they were married. Which just goes to show that there is a fate and justice after all. Even in an operation.

"My operation was the cause of my attracting more attention than I ever did as an actress," Florence Gilbert told me. "Not that the operation was particularly unusual, or dangerous. I had my appendix out. But that wasn't what I was referring to. About ten days later, when I was ready to leave the hospital, they sent me home in one of the trickiest ambulances you ever saw. It was one of those parlor cars, with windows on either side, and there I rode majestically up Hollywood Boulevard like Cleopatra on her barge. Believe me, my procession caused more attention than Lindbergh's parade. Newsboys ran along beside the slow-moving ambulance to peer in. People in motor cars drove up beside me to get a better look. Before I reached home, there was a regular parade following me. At first it annoyed me, but I cheered myself with the thought that I was lucky, after all."

The Hollywood Sorority

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ing branches of our club among the fans throughout the country," Priscilla added. "So many of them have written, asking if they might belong by correspondence, and things like that. Naturally that is hardly possible, as we want to keep this a sorority of motion-picture girls, but I don't see why we couldn't have branch chapters among the fans, with the same initiation, pin, vows, et cetera. I'd love to see 'The Regulars' keep going."

Who says it won't?
Having never had any dramatic ambitions, the whole thing seemed rather a joke. However, after one had won it, it wasn't half bad. There was the handsome reporter who wrote some poetry about one's beauty, and there was the excitement of having one's pupils regard one with a new awe. After the training had commenced, and that pleasurable thrill had abated, it grew monotonous. When one didn't care to become an actress, and stars were merely strange beings of another sphere, what was the use of it all? Learning to make up pretty noses and Fijian headdresses—to wear fifteen-century costumes—to balance huge, plummed hats on one's head.

However, there was that nice boy, Buddy Rogers, patiently donning one gray beard after another. If he ever became a star, of course he would wear beards! And pretty Jeanne Morgan and Josephine Dunn making up as old ladies. There was always something to laugh at.

"I was there three months before I really became interested. I might say to Richard Dix, 'You made me what I am to-day!'") she hummed.

"It was terribly—er. It hadn't worried me at all. As I crossed the stage one day, he grinned and said, 'If you want to be my leading lady you'll have to reduce.' Who cared about playing his leading lady? It was all nonsense. 'Bet you can't reduce,' he gibed and stalked away.

"I couldn't, eh? Well, we would see about that. It made me furiously mad. So I went on a diet and took off thirty pounds in a month, and I've kept them ever since."

Later, after her ambition had suddenly awakened, she found the work really interesting once she put her mind to it. Paramount brought her West as one of the graduates worthy of actual training in the studio. And she did play Richard's leading lady.

The metamorphosis of the cocoon into the butterfly commenced on the train, with the germ of an idea.

"I had always felt so cramped, as if the walls were pressing in upon me. While I had not been conscious of any urge to be wild, I wanted to be where one didn't have to consider always the proper thing to do. At home, as dearly as I love Boston and its traditions, one's life is too neatly laid out for one.

"As the train carried me farther and farther away, I wondered if out here among new associations I might shake off a little of that prissiness and preciseness. California, with its glorious climate, stimulated me instead of enervating me, as it does many. I felt a freedom I had never known before.

"Gradually I began to come out of my shell. People looked at youth and beauty, I noticed. While brains and learning are the fundamental values, there seemed to be others worth considering. I had determined by then to succeed in pictures, and therefore I must adopt some of the new rules. So I began to pay more attention to my appearance, to shop not only for lovely clothes, but for the most stunning—for things a little different.

"California has given me the youth I had missed. I have shed the years that had been added to me only by atmosphere and association."

I recall that when she came to Hollywood she was a shadowy figure, hovering in the background of the brilliant personalities. The very word "schoolmarm" scared people away.

My first consciousness of her as a beauty occurred at a tea given by Betty Bronson. A buzz of conversation rippled in whispered undertones across the room. The gist of it was a name, Thelma Todd. Following wondering glances, I saw her —tall and graceful, golden head against the black satin of a high-backed chair. That day she had cast off inhibitions, had made an effort to be charming and witty, and succeeded. And from then on, her popularity grew.

Does she miss the classroom, the rows of shiny, little faces upturned like cups to the fount of her young wisdom? The monotonous hours, the routine work, the endless grading of papers? Would she like to be a schoolmarm again?

Don't be silly!

ALAS!

Twinkle, twinkle, old-time star,
How I wonder where you are.
Once you shone so bright and gay,
Now you're but a yesterday!

M. K. ROOF.
me dancing day past up on streets.
At night I sneak by und cut dem off und take home to keep. I stand out in front of t'eatre to watch my name go up und down de lights. I am grand suc-cess, ooh, boy!

"Den agent from Keith-Albee of-
fer me American contract. My man-
ger say I cannot go, he haff contract
for me in Berlin. I can't be bother-
ered. I hear of Pola in America.
So I will come here. Nobody did I haff to read contract. No, not me.
I am a smart girl. I am chust plain
dam fool. Dat contract not v'at he
says.

"I put on airs, to my friends.
From de boat I write my manager I
cannot act for him no more. I am
gone to America. In New York my
Keith-Albee manager leave me at
hotel. Dat night I hear a v'istle-
fire, you know. How I jump from
my bed is nobody's bizness. I vas
so scared. Later, v'en I am in show
at Hippodrome, peoples v'istle. I am
scared und I run und won't go out
front of de curtain v'en my manager
push me. Den I find out dey v'istle
because dey like me. Fonny!

"Und I t'ink Hollywood close by.
Second day on train I ask, 'Vere is
Dey t'ink I am cra-zee. V'en I get
here I go to Ambassador. Sure, I
live grand. For three days. I find
out vat it cost und I get out quiek.
In Berlin I haff meet Elise Bartlett
Schildkraut, so I call her und tell
her I am here. She invit me to visit
dem, so I sake my skin. Dey are
ver-ee nize.

"Den de Barrymore pecutre,
'Tempest.' Sixteen veeks I work,
many close-ups. At home on piece
of paper I put down always v'en I
haff close-up. But at previeu v'ere
am I? Only und close-up. Yah.
Dey giff me vamoose, und how?"

Her real name is Sascha Bragowa.
She is of German and Russian par-
entage, with French somewhere in
the background. With her black hair
—worn straight, like a Japanese
doll's, her brown eyes and olive skin,
she looks Latin, rather than Ger-
man.

At first she had 'much troubles'
about money. "I buy somesing und
leaf twice as much for change. I
go into hotel und I figure, so, on
paper. I see I am cheated. So I go
back und say, 'Gif back to me more
money.' Vaiters t'ink I mean all
dat for tip, sometimes, but dey find
out no."

The matter of ordering food was
also a problem. "Eggs for veeks be-
cause I can't say it. Den I order vat
older peoples haff, und v'en I get it
I don't like it. Tough times, I'll say."

At the moment she was having a
tough time with the celery. "Not
again vill I haff dis in public," she
decided. "It's too stiff. It's not nice
for peoples to hear you eat."

Again this child of candor startled
me. "Not much schooling. I hate it.
In Berlin I go to de public schools,
but I will not study. Dey teach you
from books, but not about life, und it's life you got to know."

"Just how much this naiz twenty-
results-of-ner-old knows about "life" she
didn't say, and it's difficult to haz-
ard, so mixed up are her childlike
enthusiasms and her sophistication.
She has her "mudder" here now, and
a new house and a lot more dolls.
She is enjoying going to parties,
buying clothes and taking tests, and
thinking about when she will be "all
of her in electricity." Frankly, she
admits missing champagne and the
attentive gentlemen abroad who gave
great success to her. "Alreadly I got
two tousand and eight hundert fan letters here, yah.
You bet your life I count 'em. Und
I answer dem myself, in English.
V'en I haff a million und my name in
lights all ofer America und Europe,
I go home und giff my friends a
celebration."

Altogether, she's rather a joy to
listen to, and to watch. How much
of that impetuosity will get onto the
screen, movie formule for vamps be-
ing what they are, I can't prophesy,
but I don't see how they can entirely
snuff that twinkle.

**The Herd Instinct**

He missed the boat, he missed the train;
He went bareheaded in the rain.
He never thought his watch to wind,
Did everything before—behind.

He'd leave his keys at home each day,
Forget his name sometimes, they say.
But every evening, rain or shine,
You'd find him in the movie line.

---

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**MRS. J. L. VANDEVEER.**
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

There was no longer any doubt that Allen would inherit Lady Gates' money, since without waiting for a trial his innocence of her death had been proved.

Her jewels, part of the legacy, were in the strong box placed in the hotel safe by "Mrs. Richard Reudel," and surrendered after her suicide to the police. With them were the historic heirlooms which had belonged to Madeleine's dead mother, and through that mother become Madeleine's property.

If "Mary Smith" had made a sensation in Hollywood, Madeleine Standish had raised a cyclone.

Never had Montparnasse been so popular. It was jammed day and night not only by stars, but by tourists who had seen hundreds of photographs of Mary Smith and Malcolm Allen and Marco Lopez.

The strangers wanted to know which had been the table where Malcolm Allen had always sat, and which had been that favored by poor Lady Gates? Was it true that Mary Smith—no, Madeleine Standish, or rather Mrs. Malcolm Allen as she must be called since the wonderful wedding,—had worn the same harem dress that other pretty girl was walking around in now? And would Marco Lopez be allowed to go back to Buenos Aires? Well, well! But after all, as he so constantly announced in newspaper interviews, he wasn't a criminal! He was even a somewhat sympathetic figure, especially in the eyes of silly girls, and would probably end by marrying some rich South American widow, to console him for the English lady he had lost.

A good thing for herself that the Rosenkranz woman had committed suicide at the right moment! And a kind of poetic justice, you might say, that she'd taken the same stuff she'd used for the killing of Lady Gates.

Even Oscar Zilberberg became a cynosure for the eyes of visitors to Hollywood, not because of any personal pulchritude, but because he had had the luck to produce "Red Velvet," Malcolm Allen's film, at this time.

Every one called it luck, not knowing his private grievance against the girl who had let him down by marrying the writer. Not only was the film a whirlwind success everywhere, but because of its topical interest, Mary Smith was, on her own merits, the surprise of the Hollywood season.

"Big Ossie" stood to pile up a fortune out of the quickly made and hastily released picture, so no one save himself dreamed that he was to be pitied.

He had the sense to see that if he tried to take any revenge upon Madeleine, not only would he disgust his public, but he would betray his own secret. Instead he decided to make a grand gesture.

He gave Madeleine a diamond pendant as a wedding present, and invited Malcolm to write another story at a huge price, with "Mary Smith" as the star.

"Make up your minds about the business while you're on your honeymoon," he graciously said.

But their minds are still to be made up, for they haven't finished their honeymoon yet.

THE END.

By Their Furs Ye Shall Know Them

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carved out their destinies for themselves, often in the face of terrific odds. But will woman ever emancipate herself from the lure of bedecking and worshiping the too-brief glory of her beautiful flesh? And until she does, will she not be limited, in fact if not in theory, to the short period of power which vanishes with the fading of her physical charm?

It would admittedly be disconcerting if women in general, and especially screen favorites, whose influence is so far-reaching, suddenly "got sense." It might result in a temporary paralysis of industry, and would certainly cripple the luxury trades. The agitation against Bird of Paradise slaughter, and the peculiarly unpleasant manner in which aigrets are secured, threw a number of hunters out of jobs; yet few tears were shed for them by those aware of the callous brutality of their methods. Fashion blandly acquiesced to the reform.

What if Mary and Norma, Connie and Colleen and the others, should be overwhelmed with sudden realization of what their part in the vogue for fur really means? What if the wearing of it, except when absolutely necessary for warmth, become taboo, as a barbarous attribute to decadent vanity? None of them would willingly fortune a fly; yet one of them owns no less than forty fur garments!
This Thing Called Love  
Continued from page 103

She awkwardly kicked her way into a cheap light. At first the glare of gaudy cabarets. To Chicago, where, that she might dance at the Friars’ Inn, she brought with an advance of her salary yards of blue and pink chiffon, and cut them in strips and bunched them together, haystack effect, from a snug bodice.

"I noticed that the women’s gowns were tight. Between numbers, I would snatch off a few layers of chiffon," she chuckled. "Soon there were patches of me showing. At dawn I was down to the first layer of chiffon, but I got fired before that wore out—in three days, to be exact."

With assurance, and the technique that those toes picked up, she slithered into the still rosier light of the New York cabarets. Broadway’s baby was away from the accelerated gayety of that lane of lights.

Then Hollywood welcomed her, hoorayed her, and talked about her. Which is Hollywood’s way of enthroning an idol. One saw her everywhere, a whirlwind of glistening stones, sleek silks, trailing perfumes, cigarette smoke and wit.

She didn’t follow fads. She led the parade. She went stockless before bare legs became the custom. Her Charleston was the wildest. Her hair changed hue from one shriveling color to another more startling.

Dollar marks chased her. Striplings of wealth led her a merry dance. Authors liked to be seen with the most sophisticated girl in town, and chuckled at her witty sallies. Athletes thrilled to her vibrant spirit.

The highest stepler of all the frisky flappers was the Hey-hey Girl. Beneath the frail curtain of sequins beat the heart of Broadway—blatant, carefree, madly merry.

Her furious grasp of life was her gay challenge to convention, the ac-credited interest she felt a right to collect on years of childhood drudgery and ugliness. Her toes had earned it for her. And nobody cared how she flung her youth away, so long as she entertained the crowd.

"Know that old Broadway saying about ‘dancing with a broken heart’?" Cynicism edged her laugh, but in a moment self-pity was to ruffle it.

"Well, it was more than an antecedent all right. I am vain, as all girls are. It was thrilling to be pointed out as the Hey-hey Girl who started things humming, the talk of the town, winner of over one hundred dancing-contest cups. Excitation doesn’t mean contentment, though. I got wise to myself. Yes—"
The Clearing House for Dreams

Continued from page 18

Women are not alone in their dreaming. Fan mail proves that, for men, young, middle-aged, and old, write to the stars in the same trusting way they looked to Santa Claus before they grew old enough to assume that masculine pose of self-sufficiency.

Sociological workers insist that a person who comes through humiliation and hard times, maintaining a pride in his appearance, is worthy of assistance. Yet a man who has served a prison term meets small favor at the hands of organized charities, even though he may have been penalized for some offense insignificant compared to many committed by others whose names are never changed to numbers.

The last time Harold Lloyd was in New York one of the bell boys brought him a note which had been written downstairs in the lobby. It read:

DEAR MR. LLOYD: Pardon the intrusion, but just got out of the "can" yesterday. Sing Sing. Since you are of my physique, have you a suit you don't need? I sure could use it. My overcoat covers up the faults of my present garment.

I am no gunman or tough. Do not regret my past—others every day do the same thing—but I got caught.

This man returned three times and Harold was out. Then he did not come back. His letter bespoke bitterness, and he probably believed the messages to be stunts. As a matter of fact, Harold was anxious to talk with him.

Mad minds dream, too. One man, obsessed with a desire for revenge on the United States, wrote Corinne Griffith. While working on an invention which he was convinced would have earned him a fortune, he had been drafted. And while he was in France another inventor had patented a similar device.

It was this correspondent's plan to have Miss Griffith send him five thousand dollars. He said, with commendable frankness, that he was asking twenty other famous and highly-salaried women for equal amounts, and offering them the same Utopia in return. In China or some distant country, he would build a little village. Around his own house and garden, he would build smaller houses for each of his twenty contributors. They would make a colony, live under their own laws, and enjoy the luxury that the interest on the aggregate one hundred thousand dollars would permit.

More than this, his revenge would be sweet, indeed, when the United States lost the large income taxes his patronesses would no longer pay, after leaving the country!

Letters don't always sound the note they're meant to, and sometimes very serious expressions become amusing. Like this brief message Blanche Sweet had from Sweden:

Please send me one of your handsome photographs with autograph. I do not fear broken marriage promise when I declare that you are of a very nice shape.

On the whole, however, the mail the stars receive sounds a sincere call for help. There are mothers who are trying to keep their children preventably clothed, so that they won't miss school, or what few good times there are to be enjoyed. Wives ask for five hundred dollars, with which to start chicken farms, in order to support crippled or tubercular husbands. Such women bravely seek to build futures very different from those they once envisioned.

Countless boys and girls, having lost faith in nursery gods, write asking for baseball outfits, cowgirl suits and dolls with blue eyes and golden curls. Other children, prematurely old, discard these natural longings long before they should. Like the little girl who wrote Norma Talmadge:

As you have such a kind face, I am taking the liberty in writing you, asking something very unusual. Please, don't think we are poor, because we are not. But I would like to surprise my mother with a new, white cookstove. She gets cranky, because she can't cook well on the old stove we have now, and my father won't buy her a new one, as he says the stove we have is good enough for any one to cook on. Please, Miss Talmadge, make our whole family happy.

There are plenty of organizations to give cold men bowls of soup on winter nights, and to arrange Thanksgiving dinners for the hungry. But there isn't a charity in all the world that devotes itself to keeping dreams from turning into realities; by supplying white stoves for the wives of stingy farmers, wedding dresses for humble brides, or make-believe sweethearts for girls with no beaux. So the many who have need of fairy godmothers, yet have reached an adult estate, write to the motion-picture people, and every day finds fan mail a clearing house for more dreams.

Young dreams, old dreams, wise dreams, foolish dreams—yet who, after all, is to measure a dream but the dreamer?
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This Thing Called Love

Continued from page 111

for some trap drums, and before I knew it I was in the college orchestra, playing for dances and having a whale of a good time.

"You know, I was taking my final exams for graduation, when I was called for the Paramount school. I've never been back to see whether I graduated or not. I don't suppose I did. I was so excited about the prospect of getting into the Paramount school.

"And so—here I am. Gee, it's a big thrill to have my name on my own chair in the studio, and to be a star. Don't you think I'm lucky?"

I did, and do. But I'm afraid it isn't all luck.

Charles Rogers is a mighty nice boy. He can be described no more graphically than this—he is just as you think he is, only nicer. He is disarmingly frank. No publicity department speeches for him. He has nothing to hide in his life, and as long as every one likes him, and he likes every one, which is his happy philosophy, there's no harm in telling anybody anything.

To call him "Charles" sounds stilted, which he is not. To say "Charlie" brings a wise-cracking, hail fellow to mind, which he most certainly is not. To call him "Buddy"—that's about right. But the Rogers boy doesn't like that. "Sounds like you're calling a dog," he says, with evident distaste.

You see, Charles—Charlie—Buddy tries very hard to be dignified upon the first instant of meeting. But soon, in the fun of getting acquainted, he forgets all about his dignity and his own self—a great kid.

He doesn't want to get married.

"M-m-m-m!" articulated on a bite of salad, and meant to convey emphatic denial.

"No—I have too many things I want to do. Got it all figured out. It's going to take me about seven years to get 'em all finished.

"First, I want to take mother to Europe. She's the best sport, and she's never been there. Gee, it will be fun to do it together. I want to be there about a year.

"And I want to study some more, and oh, gee, there's so much to do. I haven't time to get married!"

So be it.

Charles lives with a fraternity brother and the latter's mother and elder sister in a Los Angeles bungalow. He has one room to himself, the same room he had when he arrived in Los Angeles three years ago. In the back yard there is a kennel for Baron.

One room, a kennel and money in the bank. Money to take him and his adored mother to Europe. Money to educate his younger brother. Money to save.

Charles Rogers has everything he wants. He should have. He gives out an aura of happiness; you can't help smiling when he's around. He makes you feel like conquering the world.

For his youth, his bubbling exuberance, his clean boyishness, he deserves any adulation and admiration he may receive.
**The Story of Sonny Boy**

Continued from page 56

Little David then was cast in "Frozen River," starring Rin-Tin-Tin, and the day it was finished he was hustled into "She Knew Men," with Edward Everett Horton.

Is movie acting an inherited instinct? One wonders. When Ella Mae Smith was living in Wichita, Kansas, before her marriage to Frank Lee, she had ambitions to go on the stage. She lived it, breathed it, dreamed it. But no opportunity came. Then when her first son, Frankie, zoomed into the limelight, she saw reflected the realization of a hidden dream. And when later David hove to, and Al Jolson discovered him, she was convinced that prenatal influences leave their mark. She has two wonderful, talented boys.

So, while she rejoices, Frankie is undergoing tests for work as a juvenile, and David—well, David puts in all his spare time cutting pictures of "Unka Al" from the newspapers and magazines. He has a shoe box full. Any time he wants to break in on "Unka Al's" seclusion, that's his affair, not Al's.

That's the story of little David Lee the fans are raving about.

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**The Strangest Interview**

Continued from page 49

"That mush and milk certainly was delicious," he remarked. "I declare, I don't know where I'll get any like it in Hollywood. The trouble is, food like that doesn't appeal to anybody out there. They all want something that requires an imported chef to concoct. Erich von Stroheim, for instance, has the strangest tastes you ever heard of. He's crazy about rattlesnake soup.

"By Jove, it's two o'clock already!" he gasped. "I'm leaving for the Coast on the Twentieth Century at two forty-five."

As he rose from the table, I was surprised to find that The Oracle was even shorter than he had first seemed. He is scarcely taller than a gnome.

"I'm going to tell the fans," I said, "that you've blue eyes and white hair, but they will be sure to want to know your height."

"I'm not nearly as tall as I look," was the answer. "The tallest man in Hollywood is Ivan Linow, that fierce-looking villain who played in 'The Red Dance.' He's six feet eight inches. And the tallest woman is Gertrude Astor, five feet seven and a half."

"As we stood on the curb in front of the Algonquin, I told The Oracle Continued on page 117
Unwet and Unsung
Continued from page 59

Recently I made a two-reel talking picture, directed by Lionel Barrymore. I wasn’t suited to the rôle, but I was so anxious to work with Barrymore that I accepted the part, and did my very best to make my work convincing. From what I had heard and read of Barrymore, I expected him to be a surly, uncooperative person, but he turned out to be just the opposite. He rehearsed us carefully and thoroughly before we even attempted to film the picture. The night we started shooting I was ill, but I didn’t tell any one. I worked all night, and until ten o’clock the next morning. By that time my fever was pretty high, and I was so tired I later had no recollection of making the last scene. When the picture was previewed, the audience laughed at two incidents, so we went over it and made some changes.

‘Classified,’ you know, was my first picture. At the time I made it I was playing on the stage in ‘White Collars’ and reporting on The Times. Although I had had lots of experience in school theatricals, and a year on the stage, I was so nervous before the camera I could hear my heart pounding against my ribs. I liked that part, but in a way it was bad for me, for it identified me with a type that I have seldom been able to break away from since.”

I gathered that Carroll is very anxious to retain his individuality, and not become stamped with the car-
The Strangest Interview  
Continued from page 115

that I was delighted to have lunched with him, but I hoped if he ever left the movies for another profession he wouldn’t be so picturesque.

"I expect to be answering questions in Picture Play for a hundred years," he retorted. "I’m probably the only man in the movies who doesn’t want to do something else. Grant Withers came down to the station to see me off when I started East, and he told me that when he gets through with pictures he’s going to be a criminologist."

"Well, good-by," I said, "but the next time you see Grant Withers, tell him I’m going to go him one better. If I ever leave off interviewing, I intend to become a detective, and the first thing I’m going to do is to find out something about you!"
to leave the cast. She has resumed work in a Warner picture. In the film she has her first important chance to speak dialogue for the Vitaphone. It is a revival of "The Hottentot," starring Edward Everett Horton.

Voice Not Everything.
Duller and dullest is the outlook, as we see it, for the stage players who have been drawn into the vortex of talking pictures. The few that we have glimpsed thus far do not make a striking impression. In fact, one or two that we have watched have photographed terribly. Their voices do not record as well as those of the average film player. This is readily understandable, because of the great difference in the two mediums. Talkies are much more like the radio than the stage. They need a rather subdued utterance. The stage player is used to projecting his voice to an audience.

It's curious what madness possesses the colony when any new development occurs. Here just a few months ago there was the wildest effort made to sign up somebodies and nobodies from the footlight realm. Probably in the not-far-distant future many of those lured studio-wards by dreams of new fame and money will be trekking homeward, muttering curses under their breath about the movies.

The Grand Old Man.
Almost like the sweeping away of a landmark was the death of Theodore Roberts. Certainly no character actor was more prominent in the heyday of his success. Those who recall the earlier Paramount and DeMille pictures especially realize this. There was hardly a single one to which he did not lend a certain zestful humor, with his inevitable cigar and his flair for comedy business. In "Male and Female," "Old Wives for New," "The Affairs of Anatol," and "The Ten Commandments," DeMille productions, he was an important figure. Perhaps his finest and most serious acting was as Moses in the last-named spectacle. It was shortly after that picture, too, that he suffered his first breakdown.

Roberts hadn't been active on the screen for three or four years, though he made several vaudeville tours. He was seen once, though, not long ago in John Gilbert's "Masks of the Devil," and the cigar was still intact and burning. He would have been in "Dynomite," which Cecil DeMille is now making, but death took him before the camera clicked.

Roberts will always remain a symbol of peaceful and pleasant memories.

Flirts with Melpomene.
The "far field looks greener" to Bebe Daniels. She announces her desire to play in drama rather than comedy, to which her career has been dedicated of late.

At that, Bebe may be right. Her career in features began with dramatic roles under DeMille's guidance, and she progressed steadily under the sway of Melpomene, or whatever muse it is that presides over serious films.

Her comedy heritage, however, dates back to the days when she was in short-reelers with Harold Lloyd.

More Filmland Politics.
Politics must be alluring to actors. We learn, for example, that Richard Arenal has been elected mayor of Toluca Lake. Not long ago Will Rogers was doing considerable glorying in a similar official position in Beverly Hills.

Lest Toluca Lake sound vague as a name and place, it would be well to mention that it is a small, residential suburb north of Hollywood. We expect soon to hail Arenal to an accounting of his stewardship, and if it isn't all it should be, we shall certainly get out a recall petition. We didn't know Toluca Lake rated a mayor, so maybe there's something phoney about that, too.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 64

before she learns his identity. Her only way out is by poison. Pull brilliant, picturesque, a real tragedy queen. Norman Kerry excellent.

"Wind, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lilian Gish in somber drama of devastating effects of climate on character, morale. Innocent Virginia girl goes to Texas cyclone belt to visit cousin's ranch, only to be swept into sinister and tragic undertow. Not a film for those in need of cheer, but superbly acted, intelligent picture for serious minority. Lars Hanson, Montagu Love, Dorothy Granger, Edward Earl.


"Woman Disputed, The"—United Artists. Elaborately produced story of a streetwalker who, reformed by love during the war, is asked to give herself to a Russian officer as his price for sparing the lives of her Austrian countrymen. She does so with saintly reluctance, and a whole army kneels to her in gratitude. Fairly entertaining, but silly. Norma Talmadge, Gilbert Roland, and Arnold Kent.

"On Trial"—Warner. Heavy melodrama of a husband accused of murdering his man friend, and his justification shown by means of cut-backs, though he is saved from conviction by a last-minute courtroom confession. Entirely in dialogue, some of it very good, the picture is entertaining without being anything to rave over. Pauline Frederick, in subordinate role, Bert Lytell, Lois Wilson, Jason Robards, Richard Tucker, Johnny Arthur, and an appealing child, Vondell Darr.

"Red Mark, The"—Pathé. Old-fashioned melodrama of French penal colony in South Seas, and discovery by bloodthirsty governor that young man about to be executed is own son. Nevertheless it is interesting; exquisitely acted in robust fashion by Gaston Glass, Rose Dione, Gustav von Seyffertitz. Nina Quartaro exquisite heroine.

"Melody of Love, The"—Universal. Walter Pidgeon audible to his fans, in dialogue and song, with excellent registration. Story of a piano player who loses an arm in the war, is deserted by his faithless sweetheart, and is followed to America by a French lassie. Mildred Harris and Jane Winton.


"Excess Baggage"—Metro-Goldwyn. William Powell, on his best, in a role which demands more than jolly tomfoolery. The story of a small-time jigger, whose wife goes into the movies. Capital performances also by Josephine Dunn, Ricardo Cortez, and Nedly Edwards.

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"Beggars of Life"—Paramount. Wallace Beery changes from the comic lout of "Ama," to something more serious and significant, in a hobo picture of more than usual interest. Excellent acting on the part of Beery, Richard Arlen, and Louise Brooks, and distinguished direction and photography.

"Night Watch, The"—First National. Billie Dove not only looks doll-like, but really acts the role of wife of the captain of a French warship. Story concerns consequences of wife's impudence. Paul Lukas, Donald Reed, and Nicholas Soussanin.


"Lonesome"—Universal. One of those stories which often finds its simplicity. A lonely boy and girl find each other at Coney Island, lose each other, and finally rediscover each other in the same rooming house. Glenn Tryon and Barbara Kent.

"Fleet's In, The"—Paramount. Clara Bow as "Peachy," a "hostess" in a dance hall, starts a riot in the navy in defense of her good name. Sprightly and amusing, not viewed critically. James Hall and a new comedian, Jack Oakie, vastly pleasing.

"Mating Call, The"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan in post-war love story, with interesting incident which places it above the ordinary. Evelyn Brent and Renee Adoree, First-class acting.

"Morgan of the Marines"—Paramount. Richard Dix in a dull picture, with Ruth Elder. "Michael Moran" is another of those court-martialized for the general's daughter, but is pardoned for saving her from Chinese bandits. Yes, really.


"River Pirate, The"—Fox. "Sailor Frink," played by Victor McLaglen, goes up and down the river robbing warehouses and displaying his muscular prowess. "Sandy," a young recruit, is doing well at the trade until he responds to the influence of a good woman. Effective, particularly to those who have not seen too many under-world films. Pat O'Brien and Lois Moran are the young people.

"Oh Kay"—First National. Colleen Moore in a cream-puff story based on musical comedy. Lady Kay runs away from marriage, and, picked up by run runners, is soon in the midst of complications on Long Island. She gets another man, right out of the arms of his snobbish fiancée. Cast includes Lawrence Gray, Alan Hale, Ford Sterling, and Julianne Johnson.

"Heart to Heart"—First National. Thoroughly pleasant little picture, with characterization more important than plot. A princess visits her old home in China and is mistaken for a servantess, among other amusing things. Plenty chances to laugh. Mary Astor, Lloyd Hughes, Louise Fazenda, and Lucien Littlefield.

"Man-made Women"—Pathé. Distinguished settings, good acting, and brilliant direction, all for trite story. Leatrice Joy loves her husband, but objects to being made over into a conventional mold, so has her fling. John Boles, H. B. Warner, and Seena Owen.


"Loves of an Actress"—Paramount. Cannot fail to please those who are loyal to the Norma Shearer school, and is the story of Rachel's greatest tragedienne of her day. Nils Asther heads the supporting cast, which includes Philip Strange, Paul Lukas, B. D. Tuckner, and Helen Gere.

"Mysterious Lady, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo endows another picture with her personality, rather than adjusting herself to a new role. She is a Russian diva, and the picture has all the extra trimmings of missing papers, international complications and a court-martial. Conrad Nagel, with a romantic marital, is heroic and convincing.

"Scarlet Lady, The"—Columbia. Another tale about a Russian prince finding true love outside regal boundaries. The picture has vigor and is effective. Lya de Putti has a magnetic personality, but is hardly sympathetic or sincere. Don Aylarado is agreeable, and Warner Oland is ferociously villainous.


"Lilac Time"—First National. A little bit of everything you've seen in all the war pictures, but done on a larger scale, with sound effects and an effective airplane sequence. Colleen Moore's maneuvers dominate the part and her emotional acting the second, so you can take your choice. Gary Cooper.


sylphania; and to Miss Demetria Hatzis, 132 Main Street, Hudson, Massachusetts.

JANET—I can't tell you what I'm like; I wouldn't brag. Jack Holt is back with Paramount. Yes, dog stars' photographs may be obtained from their respective companies. "A Certain Young Man" was released last June. I believe Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost were recoupled, and then separated again.

A BOX ARRIVER FROM BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—It looks as if we might just as well turn over this month's Oracle to Gary Owen, and Andrew Page. Gary lives in Hollywood, rather than on a ranch. Leslie Fenton and Evelyn Brent are two of his best friends. As he is under Paramount, the Paramount publicity department does his press agentry. I don't know whether he has a personal press agent besides, or not. Perhaps he flew the airplane self in "Lilac Time"—he was an aviator also in "Wings," you remember, and in "Legion of the Condemned."

R. C. ZIMMERMAN.—What are you doing—keeping a scrap book of the Bushman family? Francis X. Bushman, Jr., is twenty-six, but I don't know the date of his birth. His daughter, Barbara, was born November 10, 1925, but as to his wife and sister—it's hard enough to keep track of birthdays of film stars, with all the offers trying to know those of all their relatives besides. "Hollywood, California," would reach him.

GARY COOPER.—What, another? The reason you didn't see an interview with Gary Cooper was probably because you didn't get the August, 1928, issue of PHOTO PLAY. He is to play in "The Wolf Song" and "The Shopworn Angel."

A READER.—Al Jolson's story was published in the November, 1928, issue of PHOTO PLAY. His real name is Asa Yoel, and he is the son of a cantor in Washington, D. C.

INFORMATION, PLEASE.—PHOTO PLAY has not published interviews with Hoot Gibson recently enough to be sure. Sorry.

PHYLILJEANNE LARUE.—With a name like that, some one certainly must drag serenades under her window. Don't know any serenades born on July 6th. Novarro's birthday is February 6th, and Dick Barthelmess is May 9th. Try Jack Hoxie at Universal.

of Players


Gwen Lee, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Keane Sorensen, Marion Davies, Eleanor Boardman, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Tim McCoy, George Arliss, Harold Lockwood, Conrad Nagel, Josephine Dunn, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, May McAvoy, Valentine Day, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.


Angela Lipnick, Barbara Stanwyck, Dorothy Novarro, Dorothy Thompson, Mary Pickford, Constance Talmadge, Charlottehua, Jack Stahl, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Ken Maynard, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackall, Harry Langdon, Mary Astor, Larry Keit, Corinne Griffith, Alice White, Donald Reed, and Molly O'Day, at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Art Avard, Barbara Kent, Barbara Worth, Ethel Clark, William Haines, Kenneth Harlan, Jack Duganther, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, Dorothy Mackall, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Marian Nixon, Alan Hale, Jeanette Lovell, Carol Lombard, and Junior Coghlan, Jacqueline Logan, Lina Haden, and Dorothy Mackall, at the First National Studio, Culver City, California.


Audrey Ferris, Dolores Costello, Louise Par- benda, Monte Blue, May McAvoy, Lila Hy- man, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Tom Tyler, Bob Steele, Frankie Darro, Buzz Barton, Tom Mix, Martha Sleeper, at the P. R. O. Studio, 750 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Lillian Gish, Andy Roosevelt, Walter Miller, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, California.


Robert Daniel, at the Miradora Studio, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Kelly, Dietrich, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6557 La Miradora, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1357 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Juliana Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6445 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Cooper, 104 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.


Henry Ling, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1753 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Rust Miller, 1904 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 121 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Piare, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, Tex Art Studio, 5300 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Theodore von Eltz, 17223 S. La Palms, Hollywood, California.


Virgil Reis, 3701 Cahuenga Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Byrne, 641 Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Miler, 5254 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1532 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Helen Dru, 7411 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Milton MacDonald, 799, R. F. D., 10, Hollywood, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6410 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Novarro, 7350 Berwick Arms, Hollywood, California.

William S. Haze, 6401 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Richard Arlen, 123 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

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...along the levees and in the cotton fields...strummin' banjos...chanting spirituals...where life is infused with an ageless melody—throbbing with emotion—epic in its simplicity.
Picture Play

Volume XXX

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JUST as millions of motion picture fans know that Paramount was responsible for the great advances made in the "silent" drama, so do they now know that in the new field of talking pictures
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Jeanne Eagels
in THE LETTE


"The Letter" is also presented in a "silent" version so if the theatre you patronize is not equipped for sound, you can still enjoy this great Paramount Picture. Silent or with Sound "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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What Hollywood Does to People

FEW, if any, players escape the influence of the movie colony. They may try to remain aloof from its social gayeties, they may consistently pursue other interests outside the studios, and they may succeed in avoiding the obvious characteristics of their profession, but the mere fact of being actively engaged in motion-picture work is enough, it seems, to leave its impress on character, conversation and dress.

In the May number of PICTURE PLAY will appear an illuminating story on this subject, in which various popular players are discussed by one whose keen observation of them before and after they achieved success, has resulted in one of the most entertaining stories we have ever published. Decidedly it throws new light on the mental attitudes of several stars, who are commonly supposed to be exactly the opposite to what the writer has observed.

The Retinues of the Stars

OH, yes, they have their entourages, their yes-men, their advisers, companions, maids, secretaries, flunkies, buffers—call them what you may. Some of the more prominent stars are surrounded by retainers almost as numerous as those deemed necessary by feudal lords of old, while others reduce the number of their followers to a few, and demand more specialized service. Next month's PICTURE PLAY will acquaint you with this amazing, and sometimes amusing condition, and tell you about some of the extraordinary functions of the stars' employees.

In addition to this, George O'Brien's fans will find that Margaret Reid has made him the subject of one of her keenest analyses, and Ann Sylvestecontributes to the gayety of the May number by presenting Joseph Schildtraut as he presented himself to her—a sketch that must be read to be appreciated—and in a different vein Alma Talley describes the home life of Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston. In fact, next month's PICTURE PLAY will be notable for its great variety of "different" articles. Buy it before the edition is exhausted!
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What the Fans Think

Heavens! Gary Cooper Upstage?

It is about time some of the overload of ego is taken out of certain motion-picture people. First, I shall mention Gary Cooper, since recently I read of his high-hatting a former friend. The latter wrote a letter to a newspaper about it and I, for one, wish other former friends of movie people would do likewise, for a few more such letters would expose what kind of people we are admiring and spending money on when they aren’t worth it. There is nothing I despise more than a person, who, when fortune smiles on him, is not big enough at least to speak to a former friend.

I wasn’t surprised, for Gary Cooper appeared on the stage in Los Angeles, with Evelyn Brent and George Bancroft. Mr. Cooper was received very coolly by the audience, and it was no wonder, for he walked out on the stage as aloof, and bored, and unfriendly as any society snob ever was! Some fans have said that is his natural, reserved manner, but most of us know acting before a camera takes away any reserve, because one must throw out his feelings, and not repress them, in order to express himself on the screen. If anybody knows the other side of Gary Cooper, perhaps he will write and tell us. I am sure many are as sorry as I was to learn he is that kind of chap.

Lina Basquette is another one I was all set to rake over the coals for liking herself too well, after appearing in a few pictures. I am, however, glad I waited until now to write this. The other night I saw Lina and Eddie Quillan in a picture. After the picture she and Eddie appeared on the stage. I must admit my anger and scorn simply melted away at the simple, natural way she acted before us. Her speaking voice is lovely, not starchy or affected, and I was certainly surprised at her composure. In pictures she appears nervous and uncertain at times. Not only that, it has been rumored she makes remarks about what a wonderful actress she is, and I used to laugh at such vanity, for she is really a beginner at acting, and has lots to learn yet. For one thing, she needs to reduce considerably. It is a shame the screen enlarges one. For on the stage Lina was just right, but in pictures her hips appear too large for attractiveness.

As for Eddie Quillan, I get awfully enthused when I think of Eddie. I was a stenographer when Eddie, and his brother and father used to come to see my employer. That was before they got in pictures. After that, it was either Eddie or his brother, I forget which, came up to the office with some of their first stills, and we girls got the biggest kick out of looking at those pictures, and wishing the boys all kinds of luck. Since then, Eddie has come to the fore, and look where he is now. Say, talk about talent! Whew! You have to see Eddie on the stage to get the full benefit of his personality. His father and brothers and sisters were all at the theater the night I saw him, and they turned the spotlight on them so the audience could see them. All I ask is that Eddie Quillan be given a smaller, more girlish type than Lina to play opposite him. While Lina looks girlish and sweet on the stage, it is nevertheless a fact that her screen personality is quite a different one, and she appears too mature for Eddie.

I saw Alice White the other day and want to say that Clara Bow need have no worry that this little hard-boiled, tough-looking girl will take away any of her fans. There is a similarity between the two, but if Clara Bow were like Alice White there wouldn’t be so many fans admiring Clara. Miss Bow is audacious, peppery, and alluring, but you can’t say any of those things for Miss White. She is bold, conscious of her attractive figure, always attempting to show it off, too, and never concentrates much on real acting. She is so intent on her clothes and keeping her lips on straight that she hasn’t time for working out her roles, consequently they are not examples of the whole-hearted ability that makes Clara Bow’s pictures the great box-office attractions of to-day. Clara is a real actress. She has talent for drama, if she will learn to dress more conservatively.

HOLLY.

1853 West Forty-second Street,
Los Angeles, California.

Barry Norton’s Nostrils.

It is very unfortunate that a picture as excellent as “The Red Mark” should not have had the bookings its quality deserves. James Cruze is a great director and little Nena Quartaro a great actress who, to my way of thinking, approaches the greatness of wonderful Janet Gaynor. What has become of her? How can they star a stupid ga-ga like Alice White and neglect the pure, golden genius of this Quartaro child? If she isn’t an actress, I’d like to know who is.

Continued on page 10
He can't play... turn on the radio—
they all shouted

but my revenge was sweet

NOW that everyone is here, let's tune in on a good station and get some snappy dance music. Olive Murray was full of pep as she adjusted the dials of her radio. "Shucks," she said as she discovered someone making a speech. "Let's try another station.

But there wasn't a note of dance music on the air. "Something like this would happen the night of my party," she moaned. "Never mind, there'll be a good orchestra on at 10:30."

You could see disappointment written all over the guests' faces. Suddenly I bucked up my courage and took Olive aside.

"What's the piano closed for?" I asked.

"Why not? No one here plays, I only wish somebody could play, though."

"I'll try to fill in for a while, Olive."

"You're joshing, Dick! You never played before at parties."

"That's right, Olive, but I'll play tonight," I assured her. I could tell she didn't believe me. For as she announced that I was to entertain with some piano selections I caught her winking to one of the fellows.

And what a roar the crowd let out when I sat down.

"He can't play," called out a voice good-naturedly from the rear. "Let's turn on the radio and listen to the speeches."

"Sure," added one of my friends, "I know that he can't tell one note from another. It's all a lot of Greek to him. How about it, Dick?"

I said nothing. But my fingers were itching to play.

"Give him a chance," said Olive, "maybe he can play."

A Dramatic Moment

That settled it. There was no maybe about it. I played through the first bars of Strauss' immortal Blue Danube Waltz. A tense silence fell on the guests as I continued. Suddenly I switched from the classical music to the syncopated tunes from "Good News." Every one started to dance. Pep was once more in order. They forgot all about the radio. But soon, of course, they insisted that I tell them all about my new accomplishment. Where I had learned... how? The Secret

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a surprisingly easy method through which you can learn to play any instrument without a teacher."

"It doesn't seem possible," someone said.

"That's what I thought, too. But the Free Demonstration lesson which they mailed me on request so pleased me that I sent for the complete course."

"It was simply wonderful—no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. My fear of notes disappeared at the very beginning. As the lessons came they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best."

Then I told them how I had always longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet song—or perhaps a beautiful classic, a hit from an opera or the latest syncopation—how when I heard others playing I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me—how I was envious because they could entertain their friends and family.

"Music was always one of those never- come-true dreams until the U. S. School came to my rescue. Believe me, no more heavy looking-on for me."

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573 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Continued from page 8

The only flaw in "The Red Mark" was the way it was done. Perhaps something almost perfect, then spoil it? How much more unforgettable would the production have been if the hero had been guillotined? Forced happy endings are artificial and destroy the best picture ordinary. Tragedy is much more effective than silly sentimentality.

Perhaps the reason I am more interested in Barrie's work, just now, than in any other play is because of the tragedy which always surrounds him. That and a few other reasons, such as his excellence as a playwright and the fact that he is the only one who has written two parts of a trilogy, Barry is gloriously tragic. Realistic, yet with an atmosphere of refinement and breeding, and of whom else can this be said? Just not there is something like him. In the other great等功能, he will be a star of the magnitude of John Gilbert—or even a Ramon Novarro.

There is something so deep, so penetrating about him that no woman in whom the maternal instinct is strongly developed can resist his appeal. One feels that he needs a mother, and one would like to be the one who loves him like that. This affects me more than any other feature. I never beheld such a sensitive, artistic nose. His nostrils are superbly expressive. In fact, I never knew nostrils could be so expressive before.

It's the new thing 'I've de Rey!' Cicella Mullen.

118 North Oakhurst Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Del Rio Kissed Her.

I agree with Louise E. Johnston, who wrote so well of Miss Del Rio's charm. I have met the exquisite Dolores and know the magnification of her sparkling personality, beauty, but most of all, the sincerity of this star, which comes deep from the heart.

Some months ago, at the Sherman House in Chicago, the local chapter of the Dolors Del Rio Club met its honorary president. Many words are useless. We cannot praise this star to the heights she deserves.

Dolores is so human and friendly. Why, she sat down with us, talked on almost all subjects—Paris, gowns, pictures and her club. This club has Miss Del Rio as a co operates with the ostensible mast is unbounded. She gave us pointers, suggestions. We all love her. Can you picture her asking questions of her members, their opinion of her pictures?

A few were given huge photos in remembrance, but I have a far greater treasure. The star I admire and love kissed me. It was a cold kiss, but was given so tenderly, with meaning. It is something I shall always remember. This is but a rough outline of this glorious experience. The whole story would take much more space.

Rose BADALE
717 Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Old Stars Are No Better.

Some months ago, E. W. V., of Baltimore, Maryland, said that the "new players recently introduced are as insipid as weak tea." He thought that the older players had personality, which quality the young is not. And, more of the older male stars have more personality than Charles Rogers, or Richard Arlen. And, likewise, none of the older female stars have greater personality than Mary Brian, Phyllis Haver, or others.

E. W. V. takes for granted that his opinion is that of every one else, or perhaps he considers himself plural, for he speaks of what the fans want and think, not to mention what you or I would. E. W. V., if you don't like Charles Rogers, you aren't compelled to see his pictures. Because you don't care for him, you needn't publish that his head is flat. Maybe it would be wise for you to examine your own done, and allow Buddy the privilege of attending to his. It doesn't count what the outside looks like, nearly so much as the inside don't.

Buddy's head is just right, and his acting is perfect, or as nearly so as possible. After seeing him in the scene with Pop in the hospital in 'Avery,' I am of the opinion that with common sense will agree that his acting is as good as that of Gilbert, or Ronald Colman.

Mary Brian is as gifted and accomplished an actress as Norma Talmadge, Pola Negri, or Corinne Griffith. They are haughty and cold; she is friendly and sweet and tends to her patients.

My opinion is that the older stars are equal to the new ones, but no better. I do not Challenge E. W. V. to debate through the long and old stars, but wish to answer his unjust statements about Charles Rogers.

J. R. B.

Roseville, Pennsylvania.

Who Gets the Quarter?

I think something should be done about this photo-collecting business. We are advised to send our quarters if we want a photo. But we have scarcely discovered these quarters don't mean anything. I wrote to Greta Garbo three times, sending postage each time, too. But, oh, how I'd love to get a photo through a Quarter of a Quarter.

Lon Chaney was sent a couple of quarters in stamps, but Lon sends neither a photo nor the stamps back. Madge Bellamy is in the same class. But I received lovely ones from John Gilbert and Marion Davies.

At first I thought the letters went astray, but after a couple of times it doesn't look right, when you put a return address on the envelope. Another thing, I have a girl friend who writes for photos and doesn't send even a stamp, yet her photos are as large as mine, and she laughs because I waste my quarters.

The stars should check up on their secretaries, and send better photos to those who send postage than they get. I don't want to 

PHILLIS WALLER
2647 Harlem Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

They Praised Only Nils.

The other day I went to see "Dream of Love." Large signs proclaimed that Joan Crawford was the star. Some of us have been looking for a star, hoping that perhaps, at last, Metro-Goldwyn had "come to" and given Nils Asther a real role. We were only partially satisfied, and I don't suppose he will receive much credit. However, if one is to judge at all by after-theater chatter, he will get plenty from the fans.

I sat through the picture twice, the first time to enjoy it, the second to dissect it, trying to find out just what Joan Crawford gave to the part that any other young actress might not give. Afterward, I sat in the Ladies' room, trying to get opinions of the picture from others. I got a lot of them, and the majority, young or old, were in praise of the ability, grace, and perfection of Nils Asther.

Was there a lot of raving about the star? There was not!

Did she share honors equally with Allen Pringle, who shows lines that Joan Crawford has not yet acquired? No, she did not. It was not my part to do so. Harry Myers, for his humorous support? I would say that Joan furnished good support, with the rest of the cast, for Nils Asther. It only held the picture from start to finish.

Will some of the Joan Crawford fans explain why she, with her small claim to beauty, and her dances, which any flapper can do, should have the biggest star, and why Nils Asther shouldn't? Is it because he appears to be a gentleman, instead of the hard-boiled type so favored by the American audience? It is because he is a foreigner in our midst, or his inability to speak our language fluently for the talkies.

I think some of the dictators of the movies cannot see anything beyond beauty and sex appeal. Here is a man who possesses an abundance of both. If any one of our actors is versatile, I believe it is Nils Asther, given a chance and some decent pictures. Tragedy or high comedy, sophistication or lack of it, boredom or enthusiasm, he does it all; from the greatest, nearest to the smallest he can portray with ease.

What other leading man of his age can do this better?

Let's stop worrying about Rudolph Valentino. He is ridiculous, when alive, by many who are now grieving over his untimely end. If it is true that his spirit still invades this earth, and that he can see and know everything, he is, no doubt, as loyal to his loyal followers. On the other hand, what a laugh he must get over those who made so much fun of his ardent love-making, and are now sore that they failed to give him credit while living. I'm sure that he would agree with a lot of us that it would be far better to give our devotion to the living, and to the struggle for recognition, some who have acting ability far beyond anything Valenti

tino ever had. Foremost among these is Nils Asther.

GRACE M. TETTER
1316 Indiana Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Intolerance Chilled Pola.

I have come to the conclusion, after reading all the letters for Pola Negri, and all those against her, that Mr. Oettinger has proved her best press agent. Curious enough, though, they are without exception, stressed her marriage and not anything Mr. Oettinger wrote, as the reason why his interview was good.

Personally, I think it is the most prejudiced, childish interview it has been my misfortune to come across. Those fans who call Mr. Oettinger "indecisive" are only half right; he is not honest with himself, but he is honest with what he pretends to be. Think that out, and you'll see I'm right.

His blase, affectedly cynical outlook had proved pretty successful—until he met Pola. This woman knew the wheat from the chaff; she saw through him, and let him know it. Oettinger's "indecisiveness," to his "blasting" must have annoyed him.

Some fans said that "Greta put on a better show than Pola. My dear, who ever heard of Pola?" We are not going to be more successful, for the simple reason that Mr. Oettinger was convinced she was cold, artificial, unromantic, when she is decidedly not.

Pola a poser? Yes, but a natural one. All great actresses and actors are posers. Posing, like acting, is natural to Pola; in fact, she would not be half as interesting if she didn't pose.
There are several letters which deserve comment, so here goes.

E. E. of Germantown, was amused by a letter speaking of the "fiery Pola" and the "helpless Lillian Gish." E. E. then insulted Pola by saying that in "A Woman on Trial," Pola did "a poor imitation of Lillian," and also, "Pola is sunk too deep in sables and luxuries to have much fire left."

What ridiculous statements! And what an unkind brain E. E. must have!

Lillian Gish is the only one on the screen whom I detest. Pola's Julie London, in "A Woman on Trial," was a triumph, especially in the scene where her husband finds her in the artist's arms, and in the action which follows. Miss Gish would probably have run round in circles, or something; she could never have achieved the dumb anguish which melted to amazement and then anger, reflected in Pola's face, especially her eyes.

Pola is the genius of the screen; she could hold down, artistically speaking, to try to imitate Miss Gish. Pola's rôle was not supposed to be fiery, but she gave it a depth which is lacking in Lillian Gish's portrayals.

As for E. E.'s last statement—it is not Pola who is to blame for the lost fire of "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood." It is Paramount and America, the latter for its intolerant, unjust, unsympathetic criticism which crushed her self-confidence, something very necessary in Hollywood.

Now I come to a delicate question—Pola's marriage. It rather amazed me to find that R. Ayliner is British, for this fan did what American fans did—judged Pola on newspaper statements. Nothing is more desirable than that. I would not judge Miss Gish on what the newspapers print.

Pola has been reared in an atmosphere where combating her feelings would be hypocrisy. At least she is candid. Would you call a candid person insincere? Yet another point—she is no half-way woman. If she loves, she loves; if she hates, she hates; she never does anything in a half-hearted way.

What is the use of trying to judge her by American standards? Pola was natural, but America praved so intolerant that she was forced to veil her feelings with indifference—an unnatural pose. That is why interviewers like Mr. Oetinger will never see the real Pola.

432 Aberdeen Road,
Gisborne, New Zealand.

Rudeness Out of Place, But—
The girl who originated the term "Gibbo-garbage" must be a flapper, she is so out of date. Another maiden writing in these columns has seen Greta Garbo in person, becomes vindictive in true feminine fashion, and denounces the beauty of that favor.

I think rudeness is out of place in these pages, particularly when the writer becomes personal. Though Greta Garbo doesn't need defending, I should like to pay tribute to her beauty and her art. She deserves no ordinary appraisal, yet all I can say is that she is medieval, modern, and futuristic. All women of great magnetic beauty have lived before. Garbo's beauty lived before the golden age. It may still be seen in the ageless stone of the pre-Doric era, on the face of Isis, in the writh of Lilith, and I remember in the Magdalene. Her beauty wrecked Gothic kingdoms and led Dante through hell. You may see her in the paintings of Rossetti.

Do You Like to Draw?
Copy this dancing girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

1st Prize - - $100.00
2nd Prize - - $50.00
3rd Prize - $25.00
4th Prize - $15.00
5th Prize - $10.00
6th to 15th Prizes, $5 each

To the Next 50 Best Drawings—A Fountain Pen FREE Everyone entering a drawing in this contest may have his or her art ability tested Free! When your contest drawing is received, we will mail you our Art Ability Questionaire. Fill this in and return it, and you will receive our critic's frank report on your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc.—and with it our book "YOUR FUTURE," showing work of Federal Students and telling you all about the Federal home-study course. This is free and places you under no obligation whatever.

This interesting analysis has been the start for many Federal students, who through proper training of their ability, are now commercial artists earning $2,000, $4,000, $6,000 and $8,000 yearly—some even more. The Federal School has won a reputation as "The School Famous for Successful Students." Read the rules carefully and enter this contest—see what you can do.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
1100 Federal Schools Bldg.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Rules For Contestants
This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

Note These Rules Carefully
1. Make your drawing of girl exactly 6 inches high, on paper 5 inches wide by 7 inches high. Draw only the girl not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, and occupation on the back of your drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by April 10, 1929. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to the address given in this ad.
But one should not speak of extraordinary beauty without thinking of Pauline Frederick. Her beauty comes from character, and not from some sorrow or woe. I can compare her to no one. Her beauty is the blend of the Virgin and Messalina. She is a great artist.

Gloria Swanson—what a gorgeous and versatile beauty! I think she must be a sorceress, for she can be separately or altogether, for our analysis, gamin, queen, diva, madonna, damsel, hag, or groundhog. How authentic are all these! And how artful her display of good or bad breeding! Look back on several of her characterizations, particularly her Country Girls and Faily. Think of Bernhardt, but do not compare them. The Bernhardt tradition would suffer, Swanson has only begun. She is already the great character actress of the screen.

Emil Jannings is the one great male screen artist. Novarro is alienated from greatness by a Ben-Hur complex. Some day he will step from his unsteady pedestal as a plaster saint. When he does, there should be a crown of laurel leaves awaiting him. Imagine Novarro as the real Life of Dr. Jekyll and the authorized hero of the Cesare Borro or popular fancy. W. A. Burbro.

Waukonis, Oklahoma.

Two Brickbats.

I wonder if there are other fans who are as bored with all this fighting over Rudolph Valentino as I am? Fighting, I call it, or tongue scrapping, as you like. I am afraid I will not appreciate it, but he wouldn't be. It's all right to give him praise. He deserves it. He was a wonderful actor, but why not give him fine, clean tributes, instead of sickening nonsens, like "La Belle de Paris," that impetuous boy, laughing with the sunshine," etc. cetera. I'm glad I'm not sentimental.

Another thing—I don't see what any one can see in Conrad Nagel. He hasn't any looks, or acting ability. Every time he plays a picture I consider the picture spoiled. I am a blond and bald on the top of his head. He ought to play grandfather parts.

Madelon Bradley.

1655 Orchard Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Blessings on the Kind Policeman.

Last month I had the pleasure of seeing one of the dreams of my life come true—I went to Hollywood. But I certainly didn't believe—as optimistic as I was—that on one night I would have the pleasure and privilege of seeing and talking to almost every star in the movies.

Several years ago I was drafted as an extra to work for two days with Tom Moore, Eileen Percy, Eddie Phillips, and Chester Conklin. To all of you real fans I wouldn't recommend that memorable occasion I had several chats with Chester Conklin, and number amongst the most thrilling moments of my life.

But that was as far as my movie career went; and rather than seeing almost every one who makes a personal appearance in our town, I have met few actors. Therefore, imagine how thrilled I was when I got a seat at the Carthay Circle Theater in Los Angeles, with a five-cent notebook and a five-cent pencil, bought of the forethoughtful stagehands, at seeing the stars who were attending the premiere of "Lilac Time."

Can you fans away from Hollywood imagine Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston walking into your theater, or Lita Grey and Roy d'Arcy, or Charles Rogers and Claire Windsor, or Virginia Valli and Charles Farrell? Can you imagine John Gilbert passing through the throng, throwing a kiss in your direction?

Can you picture your favorite, which Gloria Swanson always has and always will be to me, being yelled and shoked, at all the fronts in the street? I couldn't contain myself—I shouted and screamed, and waved, crazy with happy delirium. It isn't every one, on a two-week vacation, who gets to see his or her favorite director, as was reported in one of the magazines I read lately, but stays on in pictures to delight his fans.

Bebe Daniels is suited very well in her comedies, and is one of my favorite actresses. Also, I like James Hall, but consider he ought to be given another part instead of being "a nice guy."—with Pola Negri. He is good enough, like Conrad Nagel, for more serious roles.

Why people rave about Clara Bow's acting, when she does not do anything but show a lot of leg and throw herself about, is another mystery to me. She might be able to act, but we do not get many opportunities to see her.

The same might be said of Olive Borden.

Some of my other favorites are, besides the ones mentioned above, Leatrice Joy, Norma Shearer, Doris Kenyon, Richard Dix, Olga Baclanova, Kenneth Harlan, and many others. And, of course, Rudolph Valentino will always remain the one and only.

Mabel Ridley.

Rio Bambu 1042, Buenos Aires.

To Ward Crane.

We loved you—and oh, how we shall miss you!

The news of your passing was a bit hard to swallow. We haven't yet recovered from the shock. It was so sudden, so unexpected.

Ward Crane was the most roles on the screen—some good and some not so good; but, no matter, your charm, your breeding, and your good looks only made us wonder when your big chance would come. When? And then this! We wanted you, and wish you could have stayed with us a little longer, but—God's will be done.

We loved you, old pal.

Anita.

Stockton, California.

A Tribute to Pola.

All the letters about Malcolm H. Oettinger's interview with Pola Negri have interested me a great deal. I'm sure, I think that Pola is by far the greatest actress on the screen, although Dolores del Rio is a close second.

I have never seen Pola in person, but I have a letter from a lady in New York who has seen Pola. She says that Pola is very charming and fascinating, with a beautiful voice and a lovely figure.

I also think Greta Garbo quite well on the screen, but B. L. F.'s letter about how she is in person goes to show that you can't always take Mr. Oettinger seriously.

Pola can act as she pleases in private life as far as I am concerned, so she continues to give us fine performances as she gave in "The Spanish Dancer," "Passion," "The Woman on Trial," and "The Singers.

Los Angeles, California.

More About Writing to Stars.

I so much enjoyed reading Eleanor Garrison's experiences in writing to stars that I have decided to tell about my own.
What the Fans Think

Many fans think stars are of another world, and care nothing about them. There are exceptions, but many are kind and generous with their wealth and success. Evelyn Nesbit was generous, and often made a monkey of herself, amusing her friends with her evasiveness and the playful malice of her words.

I have always admired Doris Kenyon, and wrote her fan letters. Her answer was not from me, but to me I even had a special delivery one. Then, I have received beautiful photographs, personally autographed.

Who Can It Be?

It seems to me a matter of regret that a certain actor, of accomplishments so incomprehensible, and about which he is so modest that his press agent is obliged to keep us informed of them—does not devote his whole attention to one of the many other arts in which, we are told, he is so proficient, and which he would adorn so much more effectively, we gather, than the one in which he happens to be engaged.

Time is money, and I am glad to see the ignorance with which his press agent has deprived him of two years! Before he is haled as an "infant prodigy," I consider it would be time to make up his mind to the momentous decision about his "great future," so as not to deprive the world of his talents.

I shall not, of course, afford his modesty by mentioning his name.

W. E. GAGE.

Playing the Game

I have just read Leona Weber's letter and think that movie game is great. Here's my contribution to it.

When "The Gaucho" issued its "Last Command" to "Love and Learn," the High-school hero took his Desert "Hand" and joined his Honey-moon Flats in "Old San Francisco."

When "The Patent-leather Kid" Sere-naded "Rose Marie" on the Road to Hollywood, he gave the "Wings" to his feet and made for "The Gateway of the Moon."

One night in "The Garden of Eden," "The Devil in Disguise Hungry," but when "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" proposed "She Wouldn't Say Yes" because she had heard of "Walking Back."


One day "Three Sinners" went to "The Circus" and met "Ladies of the Mob," who were "Partners in Crime" with "Allen Aarron, the Hay- roes in "The Sea Beast" and "When a Man Loves," and John Barrymore has made her known, rather than dragged her down.

Concerning Pola Negri, I see that many don't like her. I have seen Miss Negri in "Barbed Wire," and "The Woman on Trial," and I am fond to say that she has bad roles in "The Sea Beast" and "When a Man Loves," and John Barrymore has made her known, rather than dragged her down.

Concerning Pola Negri, I see that many don't like her. I have seen Miss Negri in "Barbed Wire," and "The Woman on Trial," and I am fond to say that she has bad roles in "The Sea Beast" and "When a Man Loves," and John Barrymore has made her known, rather than dragged her down.

Further, another fan asks for new faces, and says "Norma Talmadge, Pola Negri, et cetera, leave the world. It would indeed be a great pity if we should not see any of the old stars, such as Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, and the Talmadge sisters, who are still very lovely."

A great many fans criticize Ramon Novarro. In "Mauricio Hur" he was indeed very good, though I believe for the more forceful men, such as John Barrymore and Clive Brook, who are my special favorites.

Before closing, I should like to say a few words about Miss Negri. I fully agree with Miss Agnes Pearson, who praises Miss Brent. Indeed, Evelyn Brent is very lovely and womanly, and I should also like to see her a great deal more.

MISSION KATE.

Mavriandas July 50 E. 4, Copenhagen, Denmark.

Betty's for Ricardo.

I should like to put in a plea for Ricardo Cortez. I have seen him recently in "Excess Baggage," and I was very disappointed to find him in his old style of villainous role. He was very good, however, and I admire him for taking a second part after being a leading man for such a long time.

I firmly believe that it is the director who makes or spoils a picture. I know if Ricardo Cortez would be given a good part with a director like Borzage or Mur- nau, he would reveal on the screen his long ability to play a hard boy, but I have not shown marked ability before, but I think there is something more, and, if properly brought out, he would surprise everyone.

Her King of Hearts.

I had the glorious thrill of a lifetime when I saw handsome, adorable Gary Cooper in "Lilac Time." I cannot describe my happiness at seeing him again. He is divine! To me he is the perfect handsome actor. There is no one who can compare with his looks and his way of acting in "Lilac Time," "The Legion of the Con- demned," "Beau Sabreur," and "The First Kiss." One is always happy after seeing Gary in a picture. Gary, with his thril- ling ways, puts on one in a wonderful frame of mind and causes one to forget one's troubles! He is making a marvelous suc- cess of his handsome, clean-cut hero. May I say that I love him? He is my king of hearts.

JUNE MINTER.

14 Cliff Street, Newark, New Jersey.

Another Fan Deserts!

If the movies intend to continue with this Movietone and Vitaphone business, they are going to have to stagger along without the patronage of this fan. I carry a lot of punishment and when it comes to taking pictures I have to draw the line.

Why this thing was started was a mystery, and just what it is good for now, is showing such a decided turn for the better, too! "Sunrise," which I had waited for, and expected so much of, was entirely spoiled for me by the blatant racket of the Movietone; and now I learn that Von Strohe's picture "The Wedding March" is also accompanied by this noisy effect. And Emil's "The Patriot!"

Gosh, it's enough to bring tears to the eyes of one who has always been an ardent fan and booster of the movies. But, as Fanny the Fan said, "It's a hor-rible way to spend my evening with my books—the films are a thing of the past with me, so long as they continue in their present noisy state.

Joan Perula.

San Francisco, California.
Every Picture a "Double Feature"

"Flaming Youth" was Colleen's greatest success... "Why Be Good?" is "Flaming Youth" in the present-day manner.
Colleen starts out as a good SALES girl... Her stock in trade is "wim," "wigor" and "witality." She offers bargains in "you'd be surprised." HOW does she end up?
Does it PAY to be good or is it BETTER to be bad?
Colleen shows you in this the jazziest, most modern picture in many a moon.
Go see it. And HEAR it! You've never seen anything like it!
John Gilbert makes a striking departure from his recent rôles to play Hugh Rand, in "Desert Nights," with Mary Nolan as his heroine. As the manager of a diamond mine in South Africa, he is visited by impostors who masquerade as the director general and his daughter. Gaining possession of a fortune in gems, they force Hugh to accompany them as their guide into the fancied security of the desert, where the drama of the picture takes place at high pressure.
Do the Stars

In spite of Hollywood's vaunted leader the absurdity of such a claim and adduces among the stars, and that good taste

By Mar

That the Boulevard manifesto carries little weight with its Eastern rival, New York, was impressed upon me at the opening of a revue there. New York was turning out in its gala raiment. In the row behind me two women discussed, in audible tones, the appearance of each new arrival. Their comments were generally approving, until one of them drew the other's attention to the unusual shade of blue worn by a girl just entering.

"Oh, I don't like that one," the other replied. "See all the furbelows. She looks like a movie actress."

Simplicity is a lost art in Hollywood. The principal reason is that the majority of our actresses at all times dress as for the camera. Gowns that look bewitching in the soft-focused reaches of the extravagant set, look more than silly in the crowded confines of Montmartre at high noon. Gowns that are strictly for pictures are no more adaptable to the private routine of stars than to the use of stenographers, who try to copy them for $17.50.

Right here is the time for rebel cries of "Why should women be slaves to the mode of the moment, and follow it like sheep? Why should a woman lose her individuality, instead of dressing to suit her type, no matter what the mode?"

My reply is, "Where would be the fun?" You'd find a style to suit your type and go on repeating it, in dull monotony, to your black-taffeta and lace-cap days. Go ahead, kill me, but I believe in neck submission to the dictates of Chanel, Lanvin, and their compatriots. You can't tell me that the feminine pulse, the world over, doesn't quicken a bit at the advance showings of what next season's styles will be. Most of us would far rather be spoken of as smartly dressed than prettily. For the rest, it is my contention that in every passing vogue may be found something becoming to every type. Few, very few, of us are strong-minded enough to declare open war, and resolutely dress according to type. Even fewer of those few are beautiful enough to get away with it.
Dress Badly?

Ship in feminine fashions, this article points out evidence to prove that overdressing is the rule is nearly a lost art along the Boulevard.

garet Reid

We are speaking in generalities, with occasional catty examples, just for fun.

Now for comparison of fashions with what is seen along our Boulevard. To begin, the waistline, as you know, perished ignominiously two years ago. That is, everywhere except in Hollywood. Here it prevails, even predominates. Even coats, if they are not gored to fit and reveal the form, have tight, little belts. This can be traced, circuitously, back to the era of the movie flapper with the Mack Sennett figure. Nothing is so flattering to youthful contours as the brief, straight-line dress, belted tightly just a trifle above the natural waistline. The hair was boyish-bobbed and wind-blown, hats cloche and rakish. At the time this mode began there was a recognized waistline, so this exaggeration was legitimate—and they did look cute, those first flappers.

Long since, however, the waist has been abandoned for more unusual lines, and still the Hollywood flapper stays, increasing in such profusion as to institute a tiresome uniform. Take nineteen of any twenty studio flappers, line them up face to the wall, or for that matter, facing you, and I defy you to distinguish one from another. All meticulously the same—high-belted dresses, no sleeves, tight coats trimmed, maybe, with the passé monkey fur, small hats still sliding off the back of the head, although that chapeau custom is a two-year-old memory.

A recently added offense to aesthetics in this type, is the present coiffure. Greta Garbo has a lot to account for. It's her fault. Greta's shoulder-length bob is beautiful—on her. But Greta's bob on our flappers, dressed in the aforemen-
tioned fashion, is little short of droll. They wear it, anyway, hanging untidily down to their shoulders. Below their little hats it makes a long, indeterminate fringe around their necks. "Garbo—or nothing," is their battle cry. The outcome is, in all cases, the latter.

Another type we harbor is the ingénue—or quaint. And how quaint! This genus wears the good, old, tight bodice and full skirt, in the evening the skirt being long and voluminous. They wear huge, floppy hats, with roses on the under brim, and now and then the brim is a conspicuous poke in shape. Believe it or not, some of them wear gingham, and their hair in long curls. One little player even wears a narrow, satin ribbon around her wrist, with a tiny bunch of fresh flowers tucked in it. She looks adorable. They all do. And extremely dowdy.

Then there is the picturesque. This is adopted by the taller, more arresting stars. Here we find the tricorn hats, the half-length veils, the very low necks, the indiscriminate drapes and laces. At any rate, it is encouraging to note that in the last few months long skirts are being confined to evening gowns. Before that they were quite likely to appear at bridge luncheons. This type is gorgeous, eye-filling. It attracts instant attention. But it is highly dramatic, and consequently incongruous at anything so undramatic as a conventional soirée.

Also still with us is the siren, the vamp. Sinuous, black-haired wenches, hoping to catch the eye of casting directors, follow this bent. Rouge is discarded,
eyes extremely darkened, face whitened, lips reddened. And now, whooppee for the clothes! Clinging, revealing, black satin in midsummer, engulfing furs whenever possible, heavy jewelry at all times, astonishing cigarette holders. Strongly perfumed, brilliantined coils of hair, narrowed eyes. Mystery—mystery at any cost, even though no one cares to solve it. With the gradual change of the old order, this type is slowly dying out, though still evident.

The cult of the individualists has an important position in the local parade. These ladies are indefatigable in their inventiveness. They take the current mode, and then carefully oppose it in every detail. They wear what no one else would, and as often as possible introduce little originalities no one ever thought of before. Anything, everything, different is worth their experiment. Of them all, only one, whom I shall mention later, experiments successfully.

The answer to this disregard of seasonal edicts, for dressing according to type and not fashion, is right here. The majority of our actresses fall into one or another of the above categories. Some of them look ravishing, some look absurd, none looks smart.

Hollywood modistes have learned the nuances, or lack of them, of Hollywood wardrobes. Subtlety is practically unknown. Types are so accentuated as to render every garment a costume. The most obvious feature is that all clothes reveal to varying degrees the figure. I will admit that the Hollywood figure is a thing of beauty and a joy, but not quite forever. Interest in it becomes lethargic when it is in perpetual evidence, even in coats and sports clothes.

Eastern visitors find it almost impossible to shop here. Everywhere the stock is, naturally, of that type calculated to supply local demand. Shoes, especially, present a

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Ruth Holly exhibits a costume which, with variations is seen at Hollywood parties, but nowhere else.

Photograph by Ball

Do the Stars Dress Badly?

Problem. Long discarded by the rest of the country, our standard last is still the awkward, round-toed short vamp. Generally this is used in satin, with a coy bow fastening the straps over the instep. Not one shop-in Hollywood carries the natural-vamp last.

Our one advantage is the easy informality for people who like it. Sweaters and skirts at dinner, and chiffon or satin dinner dresses at lunch, are accepted and frequent. Gloves are almost unknown. Hats may be worn, or not. Tennis clothes at the theater, afternoon dresses on the links. Even, as in the instance of Clara Bow, an orange bathing suit at a conference of studio executives.

There are many who, technically, underdress. By that I mean those who wear the plainest and most conservative clothes practically all the time. These have the law of comfort on their side, and the charm of attractive sports-wear.

From one point of view, Greta Garbo is probably the worst-dressed woman in Hollywood. She doesn't give a whoop for sartorial competition. She puts on what is nearest to hand, demanding of it only comfort. It bores her to dress to suit an occasion; so she seldom does. I suppose she does dress badly, but it is the long, languid Garbo body inside the clothes that counts, so who cares what the clothes are? Underdressing is negative; the positive error is overdressing.

I remember a Mayfair dance at which Thelma Todd wore her hair, for some dark reason, drawn to one side of her head, and twisted.

Continued on page 92
Dunn Days Are Rosy Now

Josephine Dunn’s bright beginning in the movies didn’t prevent her from going through a period of bad luck that would have broken a less valiant spirit than hers. But now—well, she’s rising and rising.

By Alma Talley

LAST September Al Jolson’s picture, “The Singing Fool,” opened at the New York Winter Garden for one of the most sensational runs any picture has ever known. Josephine Dunn was one of the leading ladies.

Three days later, William Haines’ picture, “Excess Baggage,” opened at another big Broadway theater, the Capitol. Josephine Dunn was the leading lady. One critic said it was her picture.

A lead in two films playing Broadway at the same time! This has often happened, but never before to Josephine. Such are the strange tricks in the movie business, this was the same Josephine Dunn who, only six short months before, had been completely discouraged, completely defeated. Without work for four months, with her savings reduced to nearly nothing, with her two or three dresses getting shabbier and shabbier, with her mother, young brother and invalid father almost entirely dependent on her for support, her outlook was desperate. Until, as often happens, she rounded the corner of good luck, “just in the nick of time.”

Josephine, you may remember, was graduated from the Paramount School, that famous school which was deluged with publicity, and lasted for only one class. Josephine was all but pushed into joining it.

Josephine’s sensible way of living and dressing helped her to weather her bad luck.

Josephine Dunn’s graduation from the Paramount School gave her a flying start, and found her unprepared for the severe setback that came later.

A New York girl, she began to earn her own living when she was only fifteen. Her father had suffered a severe case of sleeping sickness. Even a light case is rather a nuisance. He recovered, but it left him a semi-invalid, unable to earn a livelihood for the family.

So it was up to Josephine. Her young brother, Milton, was still a schoolboy. Josephine had to go to work. Fortunately, she is pretty, with lovely, pale-blond hair and blue eyes and a charming smile. She got a job as a chorus girl in “Good Morning, Dearie,” and continued with chorus work for several years.

She was appearing in “Kid Boots” on the stage, when the Paramount School was opened. She went one day to the Long Island studio with a friend who wanted to join the school. Here, incidentally, is a tip for you. Never, never, when looking for work in the movies, take the girl friend along with you. It’s always the girl friend who gets the job, judging by the number of stars who first began in this fashion.

In Josephine’s case, it happened as it often does. The school directors looked at the applicant. Then they looked at Josephine. They said “Nothing doing” to the girl who wished to join the school, and then they turned to her blond friend. “How about you, Miss Dunn?” they asked. “You ought to be good on the screen. Would you like to take a test?”

Josephine was not enthusiastic. She hadn’t thought of entering
the school. But she was agreeable; she said "All right." And the test was taken.

But the training cost five hundred dollars. She didn't have five hundred dollars. "Oh, we'll fix that up," they assured her. "As soon as you start working, you'll get seventy-five dollars a week, and we'll take twenty-five a week out of your salary until the tuition is paid for."

Sixteen players were graduated from the school, and burst upon a palpitant public in that gall hodgepodge, "Fascinating Youth." Some of the players have since disappeared into oblivion, or wherever they came from. As for the others, when Paramount closed their Long Island studio, they were re-signed and taken to California. Seven of them. Charles Rogers, of course.

Josephine Dunn, Jack Luden, Thelma Todd, Ivy Harris, Mona Palmer, and Walter Goss, who is now known as Roland Drew!

Josephine had already played one lead in New York, in "Love's Greatest Mistake." In California she was put to work in "Fireman, Save My Child," and then given smaller roles in support of Bebe Daniels. She worked most of the time, and things looked very bright and rosy. Especially when, in all that excitement as to who should be the blonde preferred by gentlemen, it seemed that it was to be Miss Dunn.

Yes, everything looked pretty promising. So, a month before her contract was to come up for renewal, Josephine went to one of the studio executives. Could she, she asked, count on a renewal? Her family was still in New York; it was expensive keeping up two households. But it was also expensive moving them all out to California, unless she were sure of staying there herself. She needed a car to get around with—Hollywood is very difficult without a car. Did she dare buy a small car?

"Go right ahead," they told her. "Rent an apartment, bring the family, buy the car, and don't worry. Your contract will be renewed, all right."

She went ahead. She did all these things. She paid for transportation for her mother, brother, and father, and the household effects they brought with them. She rented an apartment. She bought the car.

Then the blow fell. Anita Loos, who had the final decision, chose Ruth Taylor for the blonde rôle, and saved her from desperate straits. But it was an ill wind for Josephine. When her option was up they said they were very sorry.

"You see," they explained, "when we said we'd renew the contract, we thought you were going to play in 'Blondes.' But now Ruth Taylor plays that, and it changes everything. You two girls are about the same type; we won't have roles for both of you."

Still, though she was dismayed, she wasn't altogether discouraged. There are lots of other studios in Hollywood. There are—but there might as well not have been, for all the good they did her. Josephine was out of luck.

All through December, through January, February, and March, there was not a sign of a job for her. Nothing except one little quickie, with about ten days' work, called "A Million for Love."

Fortunately she had been practical. She had saved money. She had lived carefully in her salaried days. She had bought her few clothes only in gray and beige and similar neutral shades, that she could wear and wear without their seeming too obviously the same dresses. But the clothes began to get shabby; the savings dwindled and disappeared; her hopes, too, dwindled and disappeared.

All this is an old story, perhaps, to many a girl who supports herself. But when one is almost the entire support of the family besides, it is more than bad. It is desperate. If, at that time, she had had the money for fare, she would have given up, and hopped a train for New York and the chorus. Even that was out of the question.

It usually happens that, when things get so bad they couldn't be worse, there is a sudden change for the better. That came about in Josephine's case. Good luck came at last upon the horizon.

She had obtained the services of an agent. Going the rounds of the studios, he went to Metro-Goldwyn, and showed them screen tests of Josephine. They sent for her and a contract was signed. They put her to work immediately, in the coveted rôle opposite William Haines, in "Excess Baggage." Sincerely had she finished that film, when Warner Brothers called up. Al Jolson, it seems, had seen Josephine in a picture. He liked her looks; he wanted her for his new film, "The Singing

Continued on page 117.
Winks—and Blinks

For everyday use there is the wink, but the blink requires a technique all its own, as you can see from the examples of it on this page.

For example, Clara Bow, left, promises you a jolly good time if you will put aside your knitting and prepare to make whoopee.

Nancy Carroll, right, has an expression that speaks louder than words, especially if your imagination takes things for granted.

Emil Jannings, left, expresses shrewdly the unspoken thought that requires no words to understand.

When Chester Conklin, right, winks, he winks clear back to his ears and, for all we know, all the way round again.

Fay Wray, left, without unbending in the least, conveys to those who watch her a world of understanding, subtly put over without committing herself.

Esther Ralston, right, light-hearted, roguish, demonstrates the lure of the blond wink, so to speak.

Ruth Taylor, left, exhibits the typical gold-digger’s wink, as you can see by glancing at the calculating look in her open eye.

Neil Hamilton, right, manages to look perfectly villainous, all threats and no promises, and hard-boiled enough to crack of his own accord.
Decency in the Discard

The craze for "confessions" leaves but few stars with a shred of reticence left.

By Elsi Que

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

THE rage to "reveal all" has hit Hollywood like a hurricane; a tidal wave of "confessions" has swept over the Gold Coast, piling up strange flotsam and jetsam in its turgid wake. Apparently the barometer is still falling.

The "ghost writer" stalks ghoulishly through the wreckage, stripping the victims of their garments of decency, their gems of reticence. Never an issue of a certain type of fan pabulum goes to press, that it doesn't carry the story of the love life of somebody or other.

It's a symptom of something—but of what? Is the public, fed up with the innocuous bilge here fore purveyed by the press agents, demanding stronger meat? Is psychoanalysis responsible? Or is it the swan song of the old-fashioned movie world, always frankly vulgar in many of its attributes, and now about to be supplanted by a more dignified era?

Whatever the explanation, the present vogue of sensational exploitation has left all previous efforts along that line pipped at the post, as they say in British sporting circles.

It is not only the jazz babies of filmland, who are rushing into print with revelations of their most intimate and personal reactions to life and love; some of the greatest stars have felt the urge to "tell all"—and the telling, although it may have afforded both the narrator and his, or her, readers a temporary thrill, is the sort of thing that leaves a retrospective bad taste in the mouth.

Almost without exception, those stars who have survived through the chaotic years since the old Biograph days, have been most discreet in their public utterances. Inevitably they have been much talked about; but a backward glance through files of old newspapers and magazines will reveal the fact that in their interviews and statements they have preserved a marked reticence on matters of a personal and private nature, into which it was not seemly that the world should intrude.

Take Mary Pickford, for instance. Her name is as synonymous with motion pictures as that of Mary Baker Eddy with Christian Science.
Love to Touch

old-fashioned "galluses," this parade is a strong against the belt.

Clara Bow, right, does some high stepping in this boyish outfit.

Carol Lombard, left center, exhibits the latest thing in sports togs, illustrating a practical use for suspenders.

And for novelty, where have you seen the equal of the suspenders Barbara Kent, right, is wearing?

Sue Carol, left, imitates the masculine swagger. The fussiest of them all, worn by Jean Arthur, right, should start a new style, or something.
MAYBE you have already heard, but nevertheless it is well to state here what is happening in Hollywood right now. Yes, sir—there's a radical change in the whole works.

Producers, instead of paying from one to five thousand dollars a week for seasoned players, are signing mere youngsters at something like seventy-five, or a hundred, and—take notice—are giving them leads and, as exciting as it sounds, are starring some of them. Most important of all—the fans rave with delight.

Rumor says the producers are making this seemingly benevolent move in order to boycott the older players. If they can get a suitable actor for one hundred a week, why pay one thousand? Yes, why?

This does not seem perfectly exact, for several of the young players got an increase in salary as soon as they had achieved fame. No, the real truth is that guileless youth, without sophistication, is popular with the public just now, so we get pictures like "The High-school Hero," "Harold Teen," and "Prep and Pep."

Consequently, there is a group of youngsters being keenly regarded by the picture colony. Some of those mentioned here, who are not under contract, will be before long. So let's pull up the curtain and have a look at 'em!

Youth is

Never before have there been so many before has there been such an influx of supplant old favorites is something for present, to familiarize yourself with already made

By William H.

You have already seen Marjorie Beebe. Miss Beebe has done no end of good work so far and, take my word, she is going to do a lot more, and keep right on doing it. She is, at present, the only low-comedy actress of her type on the screen. "Actress" was written purposely. For our Marjorie is skillful. She has attracted attention with each picture in which she has appeared. So much that Fox, where she is under contract, is starring her. "The Farmer's Daughter" and "Homesick" are her first two stellar vehicles.

Well, boys, I know you are restless until I explain what Marjorie is like. She is dynamic. Her sea-green eyes and red hair cause a stranger to look twice—then three or four times. In speaking, she gives you the impression that she wants to lift the entire studio up in her hands.

Miss Beebe came from Kansas City. At an early
Triumphant

newcomers to the screen, and never youthful ones. Whether new faces will
the fans to decide. Enough, for the
some of the youthful invaders who have
their mark.

McKegg

age she joined a vaudeville act—
with a magician, or something.
Later she and her mother came to
Hollywood, though they were the
only two who seemed aware of it.
Finally, work was promised her at
one of the studios, because our Mar-
jorie said she had an evening dress,
which she did not have. But on
the promise of work, her mother
scrapped up sufficient capital to buy
her an evening gown. Marjorie
went to work-dressed to kill and re-
ceived seven-fifty for one day—all
the work she got!

Things did not always turn out
like that. Work in Universal com-
edies followed. Fox engaged her
for several pictures and, seeing they
had a “find,” signed her to a con-
tract. “Ankles Preferred” and
“Very Confidential” attracted notice
to her.

Notice is likewise spreading all
over James Ford, who has been
signed by First National. While
doing a bit in “The Divine Lady,”
he was seen by Corinne Griffith,
who discerned possibilities in him.
She drew her husband’s attention to
him, and their ardent notice concen

David Rollins won
his spurs in “The
High-school Hero.”

Photo by Kale

Leo Kelly has
played leads in in-
dependent films.

Photo by Steby

trated into a powerful idea
and got Ford signed up. He
appeared with Miss Griffith in
“Outcast,” and with Alice
White in “Naughty Baby.”

While the boys are still
feasting on Marjorie Beebe,
you girls may gaze at Ford.
He is very handsome, and is
sure to cause some kind of
disturbance when he is seen on
the screen.

Born in Massachusetts,
James did everything—that is,
in the way of work. He was
a trolley-car conductor; he
worked in a bakery, and he
did other things. But the
stage was always in his mind
—pictures most of all, he urges
me to put in. To get a chance, he went to New York. While waiting
to get a whack at the cinema, he became captain of the bell hops at a club.

After being one of the supernumeraries in “The Love Call” and “The
Student Prince” on the stage, he joined a stock company and played in
New York and Boston. Two years ago he came to Hollywood.

Believe me or not—and I hope you know I’m truthful—Ford had
twenty-six tests taken, and got nothing from any of them. He was
just about to give up the celluloid ghost, and go back to New York,
when Corinne Griffith espied him.

His mother and sister are now in Hollywood with him. Sister Rita
has no movie inclinations, but is a secretary in a business concern. From
now on she is going to be the most popular girl in the office—that is,
with the other girls.

Another smiling youth is David Rollins. He belongs
to the Fox ménage, winning a contract for his work in
“The High-school Hero.” He, too, comes from Kansas
City. He spent all his life there until his people moved
to Glendale, California. He put in his last two years at

G r e t a
G r a n s t d t
is now in
“C l o s e
Harmony.”

Photo by Ball

Marjorie Beebe has already been
starred.
Triumphant

"Prep love attracting That's John ... heavy rôle he to play. He proved that acting could make him appear so. That's versatility for you!

John had the same obstacle to face when Caddo considered him for the part of the young German in "Hell's Angels." However, so good was his work that Howard Hughes, the producer, placed him under contract. You possibly saw John as the young reporter in love with Marie Prevost, in "The Racket." Fox engaged him again for "Prep and Pep." You'll see a lot of him from now on.

For his work in "Prep and Pep" you will probably see a great deal of Frank Albertson, too. He is the wise-cracking youth in that picture, whose high spirits and infectious tomfoolery have made a hit wherever the film has been shown.

Frank started at Paramount—in the laboratory, carrying tins of films from here to there. When he was laid off, with others, he got work at the Fox studio as a prop boy. Then he did some extra work. Ambition, aspirations, secret desires, et cetera, were aroused, so Frank applied for a test for "Prep and Pep." He got the rôle. So good was he that Fox kept him for future reference. They have an option on his services which will possibly be foreclosed before you read this.

And now, boys, we come to a startling personality. The girl is Elene Aristi, who is under contract to Universal.

For two years Elene essayed to convince the studios that she should be acting instead of looking for extra work. Bits in various pictures seemed to get her nowhere. Not long ago, she was working for Universal, playing a small rôle. Carl Laemmle saw her, and knew he had a "find." Hence the contract.

Elene is Greek—the only Greek girl in pictures! Impressionable young bloods are now thinking of taking up Greek to attract her interest, and to feel what Lord Byron felt when rhapsodizing to his "Maid of Athens."

Although Elene speaks Greek beautifully, she speaks English equally as well. Altogether she is brilliant. At eighteen she attained her B. A. degree. She was born in Connecticut, but has lived mostly in Chicago. It is hard to give a definition of her personality. To be exotic, one might say she suggests a streak of lightning in the depths of a chasm. When Elene sits opposite you she gives you the impression that she might leap to the roof at any minute. Of course she doesn't really do it, you know.

Aristi comes from a great line. One of her ancestors was an Arab sheik, Marakas, who invaded Greece some time in the fifteenth century. The motto on her family crest, in Greek, means patience and perseverance. Elene has used both to get where she is. Already the Greeks

John Darrow, who is already well known, will appear in the long-delayed "Hell's Angels."

high school in Mr. Sennett's town, and then started to work. He did something in a bank, but did not like it. What aspiring soul could tolerate a bank?

Mr. Rollins' sister had been on the stage, previous to her marriage, so he probably got his ideas of acting from her. He did his first extra work in some of the "Collegians" films.

He was one of the boys to have a test taken for "Cradle Snatchers," but heard nothing of the result. Several months later, he got a call to try for "The High-school Hero." David Butler, the director, took him on, and thus the young man found his resting place. He played the lead in "Prep and Pep" and "The Air Circus," and also appeared in "Thanks For the Buggy Ride."

I generally see David on the Fox lot, creeping up behind people he knows, to give them a surprise by blowing up a balloon and letting it die down in a dismal squeak behind their ears.

He has such a good speaking voice that I thought he must be a foreigner, but Kansas City and Hollywood are the only places David has lived in. He possesses an individual personality, and is attracting attention already.

Another chap who stepped on the right track, via "The High-school Hero," is John Darrow. Mr. Darrow comes from New York. After leaving school, he spent six months in the insurance business. As you well know, an artistic temperament was never meant for that, no more than the Rollins genius could stand the bank. Two years ago John turned up in Hollywood, with his mother and brothers, and started out as an extra.

About six or eight months after his arrival he got his first bit in Bebe Daniels' "Stranded in Paris." Next came the part in "The High-school Hero." Strange as it may seem, John hardly got it, as it was thought he did not look mean enough for the heavy rôle he to play. He proved that acting could make him appear so. That's versatility for you!

Mary Mabery suggests Phyllis Haver,
Vilma Banky, and Claire Windsor.
in America are rallying to her cause. Letters come to her from patriotic admirers, suggesting their sons and daughters as likely stars for kind Mr. Laemmle's consideration.

At present concentrate on Elene's future.

In 1925 Jeanne Morgan won a contest conducted by a Boston newspaper. The prize was a scholarship in the Paramount School. After the course was completed, Jeanne was graciously placed under contract by F. B. O. as a featured player, at one hundred dollars a week.

Her mother, brother, and younger sisters, all came to Hollywood. They enjoyed the change. They did not, however, imagine the change soon to take place at the studio. All contract players were released after the first six months, and Jeanne was one of those at a loose end. She lost five roles, because stars refused to have her with them. She is very pretty—almost too much so for her own good—and stars must be careful. All the same, Jeanne has youth, beauty, and strength of character. With these she should be able to soar above her fatal beauty.

Readers of my eulogies will recall having met Leo Kelly. When Leo was first written about in Picture Play, he was breaking through the "hit" ranks. Soon after, he gained the juvenile lead in Buck Jones' last picture for Fox, "The Branded Sombrero." After this break he was picked by I. E. Chadwick—when that canny producer was making First Division pictures—for the lead in "The Lure of the South Seas." In this Leo played opposite his sister, Gael Kelly. He has recently played in several minor, independent films. From now on he is likely to play opposite the stars.

Nearly six feet tall, Leo has a persuasive, throbbing voice and a constant glitter in his eyes. Place down the magazine gently, those girls who cannot stand the strain, and quietly leave the room.

Now to give the boys a treat.

Mary Mabery got a contract before she expected one. She was born in

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Youth is Triumphant

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New York, but has lived nearly all her life in California. One day, looking for extra work at Mr. Sennett's atelier, the producer himself saw her and immediately signed her up. For one year Mary graced the Sennett films. Then DeMille gave her a three-month contract for "The Godless Girl." After that, Mary felt that there was something to it all.

For F. B. O. she played in such thrilling epics as "Dog Law," in which she was cast opposite Robert Sweeney, mentioned elsewhere in this story, and "Captain Careless" and "Lightning Speed," with Bob Steele, placed Mary on the map. She is now doing four Westerns with Bob Custer. "The Law's Lash" was what she gave to Pathé as a proof of her ability.

Mary, as I know you boys are anxious to learn, is a disturbing mixture of Vilma Banky, Phyllis Haver, and Claire Windsor. As such, you can guess she is a knock-out. No wonder James Montgomery Flagg sketched her.

Mention was just made of Robert Sweeney. He was also born in New York and studied at the Art Students' League. Art became such a dominant factor in Mr. Sweeney's young life that he joined the Neighborhood Players, and for a year played all kinds of roles, verifying Jacques' speech in "As You Like It."

Pictures attracted our hero's attention. On the strength of his stage experience he soon got bits, then small parts, finally achieving his first worth while role in "Sandra," with the late Barbara La Marr.

Continued on page 110
It Pays to Be

The peppy girls, with all their advertised sex-appeal, type, whose successful mar

By Adele

You wouldn't associate her with "It." Not in a hundred years. That word suggests flamboyance now, whether Elinor Glyn originally meant it to or not. Florence Vidor walks with dignity and a gracious mien. Her clothes are exquisitely simple. She wears only a few jewels, but they are rare. Every man we know who has returned from Hollywood has mentioned her often, admiration marking his words.

Now Miss Vidor is married to Jascha Heifetz, the virtuoso of the violin—Heifetz, who might have chosen his wife from the loveliest women of all the capitals of the world.

Then there's Corinne Griffith. As Mrs. Walter Morosco, she bears a name traditional in the theater. There's the Morosco Theater in New York, and there's young Walter, her husband, now an eminent producer himself.

The conservative Irene Rich is the wife of a millionaire.

It isn't difficult to name the girls in the movies who are commonly supposed to have the greatest amount of "It." Every week or two one of them is certain to be reported engaged to a different man. They are very young, for the most part, and full of pep. They know the latest steps of the latest dances. They know the gentlemen of the batons in every road house within motoring distance of their adopted City of the Angels. They dance until dawn on rhinestoned heels. They wrap their little, round bodies in great coonskins, and sing lustily from rumble seats of speeding roadsters. They're snappy numbers. They are the type Dame Glyn stressed as having that quality that makes a woman's world spin around. Sex appeal. To put it more delicately, "It." They're attractive. No doubt about that, even if you're faithful to conservative standards, and don't approve of half they do, or one tenth of all they say.

However, in our opinion, these girls are, on the whole, overadvertised, while others on the screen roster, well—

Take Florence Vidor, for instance.

Photo by Bell

Alice Joyce lives fully, without the transient fads of behaviorism.

Photo by Bell

Asakazu lives fully, without the transient fads of behaviorism.
Dignified

lose in the final show-down to the reserved riages speak for themselves.

Whitely Fletcher

You never hear of Alice Joyce following this will-o’-the-wisp, or that. She has no need to fill her life with light, transient affairs. She lives fully without them. She has a charming home in New York, two delightful children, and a wide circle of distinguished friends. Her husband, Jack

Regan, who is the son of the owner of the old Hotel Knickerbocker, is well known in social circles and circles of finance.

There are others who bear out our point. Dolores Costello, now Mrs. John Barrymore.

From the day that John Barrymore unpacked his trunks, and took to strolling on Hollywood Boulevard, this member of the noted stage family was a much-sought gentleman. Yet it was Dolores, pensive and too fragile-looking ever to belong to the ranks of the jazz babies, that John soon came to love and, what’s more important, continued to love, in spite of the many charmers who crossed his path with longing, backward glances.

Eleanor Boardman is Mrs. King Vidor and, by the same token, the wife of one of the greatest men in motion pictures to-day. No one in all this world ever had less desire to turn life into a confetti-strewn carnival than Eleanor. She lives by firmer things than might be expected of one of her years—the tiny Vidor, of course, and work; intimate parties of congenial friends, and books, travel, and her love for King.

It wasn’t one of the peppy gals, always rearing to go some place, and distributing light favors indiscriminately, that Irving Thalberg, the prodigy producer, found occupying his thoughts when he should have been concentrating on the new

Continued on page 114
Ronald—As He Is

Careful consideration of Mr. Colman's likes and dislikes reveals a character unique in Hollywood.

By Margaret Reid

To get a story about Ronald Colman, a reporter should formerly have been a detective, a medium, and a psychoanalyst. In the midst of the candor of Hollywood, Mr. Colman is a handsome, charming, English clam. After a few years of listening to eager confidences you can fully appreciate the charm of an actor who never mentions his salary, his public, or his love life.

Mr. Colman's desire for privacy is just the understandable one of any person of taste, but against the bold intrusions of his profession, he has had to erect a strong barrier to protect himself. Being a star is not conducive to privacy, but this particular star has managed to retain his career quite independent of still-camera men at his bedside, his breakfast table, or his bookcase. He does not make personal appearances, or give illuminating "confessions" to the press.

A good business man, he does not underestimate the value of publicity. But he refuses to be implicated in anything sensational. He is, in fact, incapable of any vagaries that might be headline material. Reportorially he is difficult, yet the press does not harbor against him the grudge usually accorded insistent reticence, probably because he is neither cagy nor mysterious, but convinces you that he is just an ordinary person, with no secrets in which you could possibly be interested. Even the boldest of interviewers would not be so rude as to probe such a pleasant young man against his wishes. If there should be a studio revival of that archaic thing called courtesy, it will be due to Mr. Colman, and the few who are like him.

At the studio Colman is genuinely liked by all hands, from Samuel Goldwyn to the gateman. He stimulates no abject awe, such as is given more startling players. Nor, on the other hand, does he invite all and sundry to slap him on the back, and call him by his first name. Only to a few intimates is he known as "Ronnie." On the set it is proved that even the most professional democrats like dignity, for here he is always "Mr. Colman," and any prop or electrician would cheerfully jump into the studio tank if it would be a favor to him. This is also because, without making a fuss about it, he is unremittingly considerate of every one in the troupe.

Unique among actors, he never bothers to look at his daily rushes. And very nearly unique among stars, he never attempts to supervise any detail of production. He takes no hand in the selection of stories, directors, or casts. Now and then, if a story is chosen which he feels is totally unsuitable, he objects. Beyond that, he confines himself to acting. Feeling himself in the hands of an organization which knows its business, he, likewise, attends to his own with equal concentration. He considers that acting is his sole business and that, were he to combine it with the bit of directorial supervision so dear to most stars' hearts, he would do both very badly.

His gratification in his career is sane and proportionate. He entertains no illusions about the superiority of the movies as an art. He admits that his field is not the one dignified by Booth and Mansfield, but nevertheless he has a healthy satisfaction in having accomplished the job he set out to do.

He readily confesses that this satisfaction is rather secondary to the financial element. He frankly enjoys the fact that he is secure against the discomforts of the world, and that he can take ample care of his family obligations. He thinks it is only the genius who works for work's sake, and that lesser mortals who make the claim are essentially poseurs.

Recently elevated to stardom, his first vehicle was Conrad's "The Rescue." One of the few men who will admit they find Conrad difficult, Colman had heretofore enjoyed him with reservations. In preparation for "The Rescue," he delved deeper into the Conrad psychology, and is now a rabid enthusiast. He dislikes the ultramodern school of literature, preferring the older works that have been tried and proved by time. He has, in addition to a library of carefully chosen fiction and biography, a comprehensive collection of good plays. He misses the New York and London theater and, rather than attend the mediocre Los Angeles substitute, gets the better plays in book form as they come out.

He lives on a secluded Hollywood hill. His home is invisible from the street, set far back among gardens and trees. Inside it is completely masculine, its massive furniture designed for a man's comfort. In one wing of the house lives Charles Lane, the English actor, Colman's friend ever since they met during the making of "The Dark Angel."

No crested automobile transports Mr. Goldwyn's star along the Boulevard. He has a roadster, which he drives himself. When he has errands in Los Angeles, his man drives him in the other car, a Ford coupe. On those rare occasions when he escorts a lady to dinner or a theater, he calls a cab.

He never attends premieres, waiting until the second or third night to see the new pictures. Habitudes of the

Continued on page 110
RONALD COLMAN'S aloofness conceals no secret sorrow, no hostility toward the world, but is only the natural reticence of a man who is strongly opposed to publicity and who sticks by his guns, according to the story opposite.
THOUGH the fans are divided in their opinion of the ability of new players to compete with their seniors on the screen, few, if any, deny that Loretta Young has charm in great measure and that she acts with tenderness and feeling. She will have opportunity to convert the stray skeptic, and rally fond believers to her side, when she is seen in "The Squall."
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., is no longer just the son of his father, but an artist of the first rank, with individuality, depth, and delicacy, as everyone discovered when he was seen and heard in "The Barker." His next picture promises to be quite different, for he will play opposite Joan Crawford in "Our Modern Maidens," the successor of "Our Dancing Daughters."
AGAIN Fay Wray has charmed a plum of a rôle from the same casting director who gave her Christine, in "The Legion of the Condemned." Here she is Estine Eustace, the mid-Victorian heroine of "The Four Feathers," Paramount's big film.
DOLORES DEL RIO is forsaking her spirited heroines to play one of a gentler mood. This time she will bring to the screen the melancholy of Evangeline, whose sorrows defy the scenarist's happy ending, but you never can tell.
TURN back to the picture in your mind of Lois Moran, as Laurel, in "Stella Dallas," and then look at the photograph of her on this page. The lovely child has grown up, and plays a sophisticated rôle in "False Colors."
RARELY has any foreign player made so grateful and strong an impression in her first American picture as Camilla Horn did in "Tempest." Here she is seen again as John Barrymore's heroine in "Eternal Love," an Alpine romance.
HEDDA HOPPER is discovered to be the first lady of Hollywood by Malcolm H. Oettinger, whose interview on the opposite page not only makes clear the reasons for his enthusiasm, but will cause the reader to share his fervor.
Occasionally You Find a Lady

An investigation of this startling statement only serves to show that our blasé reporter has an annual enthusiasm or two, his latest being Hedda Hopper.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

PATIENCE is a virtue and perseverance a jewel, just as Doctor Cadman has always contended. There may be something in these hand-tooled wall mottos after all. At least this fact remains. Meet enough of the Hollywood stars and comets, and you will some day come upon Hedda Hopper.

I had been told, many times, that if I were a good boy I might meet her. But it never came to pass. As the years rolled by, I began to think of Hedda Hopper as a lovely myth—that last without a lisp.

There was always a chance of being introduced to her at a party, or on a set, or at the beach, but invariably she had failed to come, or perhaps had just departed. It grew to be a minor tragedy. She was clever, I was told, and witty, sophisticated and gay. Then she came to New York. The rest is history, as soon as this is written.

If you are interested in statistics, you may stop here. I do not know where Hedda Hopper was born, when she decided to act, what Mr. Hopper said when he proposed, or any other vital bits. I do know and depose that this is the first lady of Hollywood, a duchess with a swell sense of humor, a grande dame who does not confuse the grand manner with a summer hotel, an actress who is determined to look upon her work as a profession, rather than a divine prerogative.

Among the mature artists all this borders upon rebellion. La Negri the stately Ferguson, the languorous Miss Griffith—these stellar bodies permit you to keep your enthusiasm well in check, when you are reporting their idiosyncrasies. The Hedda Hoppers are as few as they are far between. Thus it is that after you have patiently chronicled Evelyn Brent's bored indifference, Jetta Goudal's Delsarte manner, Clara Bow's chameleon coiffure, Norma Shearer's ingenuousness, and you come upon Hedda Hopper, you decide that duty has its bright moments.

Hedda Hopper was first established on Broadway as a legitimate actress with a flair—for high comedy, appearing under the ægis of Arthur Hopkins. Then for a change she turned to Hollywood, where her success was immediate and permanent, though never sensational.

Her defense of Hollywood surprised me.

"Laugh at Hollywood though we will," she said, "we natives love the place. Probably because we appreciate the slanders it suffers. Of late, you know, it has become the thing for some of our best, or at least best-known, authors to jaunt to Hollywood, drink themselves into a state of coma, then return to write that it is a stupid, wanton combination of Sodom and Gomorrah. This is in bad taste. Moreover, it's untrue.

"As a matter of fact, we flourishing landowners encourage the colorful reports that bring sightseeing tourists to town. If we let it be known that at ten o'clock at night you could bowl oranges down the Boulevard, without hitting even a cop, who would want to see Hollywood?"

Mrs. Hopper left the New York temples of drama some years ago to essay what was then the silent stage. She has graced dozens of pictures, lending charm, distinction, and élan, to say the least, to otherwise commonplace offerings. This state of affairs has been a source of wonder to followers of things filmatic. Why have the Hopper talents remained comparatively undiscovered by the important producers? How did she herself explain it?

"Who can explain it for me?" she asked, with a quizzical smile. "Independent producers have been kind enough to keep me jumping from one picture to another. If a quickie needs a touch here and there, I am engaged to provide it. It has become a habit. You see, I am not temperamental. I wear clothes rather well, and I dare say I am a reliable creature.

"The picture concerns me not at all. I am earning an honest living. What gal could do more?"

While Hedda Hopper hides her blushes of modesty behind her shapely hands, let it be said that there is no one currently being photographed who can better play the lady. Patrician types are rare on Park Avenue, and

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FOR ways that are dark and plots that are deep, consider the movie producer. Who’s who and what’s what can scarcely be determined since he started his annual churning up of starry destinies. The ax is falling heavily at the studios, and it looks as if some of the biggest names would suddenly be in the discard.

We hear rumors, for example, that Adolphe Menjou, Wallace Beery, and even Emil Jannings will soon no longer be with Paramount. Conrad Veidt, the Universal star, may be heaving himself back to Europe, and Mary Philbin may possibly leave the same organization. There have been differences between Madge Bellany and Fox, which have resulted in the severing of their relations. May McAvoy has left Warner’s. The throne of Esther Ralston and Florence Vidor have been reported shaky, and they have been retained as featured players instead of stars by Paramount. Altogether it is, to coin a new word, a very ‘havocely’ situation.

No—Not Emil!

The Jannings’ rumor hits us most dismally. ’Tis said that the masterful Emil will return to Europe upon the completion of his contract. The agreement expires some time toward the end of the year. He has two pictures to make by its terms after his present one is completed.

Last time we talked to Emil at the Paramount studio, he seemed unusually joyous. He positively glowed in his praise of Lewis Milestone, his director. He waxed vigorously cheerful over his story, the charmer of the production, and the support which he was receiving from Gary Cooper and Esther Ralston.

Still, we have often known Pola Negri to be similarly exuberant.

The Ghosts of Economy.

Behind all the changes lurks, of course, the specter of high salaries. Studios simply aren’t paying them, when they can help it. A success has to be overwhelming to permit of a $5,000 a week stipend these days, and many of the older stars, by virtue of natural increases in their contracts, have passed this figure. The question of “keeping them on,” therefore, is debated, since there seems to be such a rage for newcomers.

It strikes us, however, that many of the producers are somewhat shortsighted. They think, for one thing, that the talkies have completely changed conditions. For another, some of them seem to be laboring under the delusion that they can make personalities, and above all, actors overnight.

Most of the evidence is all to the contrary. It has been proved time and again that stability lies only in reputations that are, or have been, outstanding over a long period. That’s the reason for the continued success of Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Charlie Chap-
lin. Even some of their poor pictures bring good returns. Their most successful ones garner a fortune.

Voices Bring Shekels.

Amid all the hullabaloo, several prominent stars have been retained by their organizations at increased salaries. Two cases in point are John Gilbert and Corinne Griffith. Gilbert, it is said, was reengaged by Metro-Goldwyn at $200,000 a picture, and he is to make two a year. Corinne was engaged for three years, to make six pictures at a total of $1,200,000.

Miss Griffith's engagement was a big surprise. It had been thought that Warner Brothers, on taking over First National, might eliminate some of the higher-priced stars. Corinne's voice is reputed to have played a big part in her contract renewal. Gilbert, too, is to be used very actively for talkies. It is rather definitely understood that Colleen Moore will leave First National after two more films, and may join forces with United Artists or Paramount.

Clara and Lon Win.

Clara Bow has been nominated the ruling delight of the small-town customers. Clara is a big-town favorite, too, but there her vogue is rather more limited.

A movie trade journal, The Exhibitors' Herald, held the poll which awarded the beautiful red-headed—by preference—star her bucolic honors. She outran Colleen Moore, who had won the vote for two previous seasons by a good majority. Colleen was second, Billie Dove third, and the other favorites included Bebe Daniels, Dolores del Rio, Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Laura La Plante, Norma Shearer, and Joan Crawford.

The male victor was Lon Chaney. He edged Tom Mix out of first position. Mix ran second, and John Gilbert third. Harold Lloyd, Richard Dix, William Haines, Richard Barthelmess, Hoot Gibson, Fred Thomson, and Ken Maynard following close behind.

The Wampas' Choice.

New candidates for fame are now being considered. The Wampas, a press agents' organization, has cited their choice, comprising the following:

Doris Hill, Anita Page, Betty Boyd, Loretta Young, Sally Blane, Ethylene Clair, Helen Foster, Doris Dawson, Mona Rico, Caryl Lincoln, Josephine Dunn, Helen Twelvetrees, and Jean Arthur.

The vagaries of Wampas' choice are frequently too deep to fathom. Every other year is generally an off year in selection, and this is one of those "other" years. Still, it is good to see such girls as Anita Page, Loretta Young, Josephine Dunn, and Jean Arthur winning recognition. For the rest, we can't speak very positively. Of one elected it was remarked, "Oh, yes, she's famous; she's posed for a photograph with every new make of automobile in Hollywood."

Romance and rivalry engage Philippe De Lacy, left, and Junior Coghlan in "Square Shoulders," while Anita Louise tactfully stands between her two suitors.

The Triple Shadow.

Three deaths have again sent sorrow into the hearts of the colony, and reemphasized a fateful theory—or is it just a pet superstition? There is a tale told, anyway, that the passings of the famous never come unless there are three together. Actually, one might count four in the past two or three months. Edward Connelly, Theodore Roberts, Marc McDermott, and Fred Thomson were in the latest group, though Connelly died earlier than the others.

Thomson's passing was unquestionably the most shocking and tragic, and his wife, Frances Marion, scenario writer, bore it with courageous spirit. Thomson was loved as few stars ever have been by his screen followers. He represented virile manhood, bravery, and strength that appealed especially to his younger fans. He rose in a very few years to be one of the screen's most respected personalities, and also one of the most successful.

That his career should have been cut short while he was still a comparatively young man, and apparently an athletic giant, was an especially pathetic circumstance. He was thirty-eight years old at the time of his death.

Fred personally was a very delightful chap. There was something so essentially frank and boyish about him. He loved his home above all things, and revelled in the Spanish hacienda which Frances and he occupied on Beverly's highest hilltop. He loved to argue. He remained always something of a misioneer. His highest ideal was to teach young men clean manhood. This was his aim throughout his earlier days especially, in making his pictures.

A Horse without a Master.

And what's going to happen to Silver King?

The devotion between Thomson and his horse was almost human, and no incident illustrated it better than the time the animal suffered from pneumonia, and Thomson slept in the stable with him for six weeks, ministering to his needs and comforts as if he had been a sick child. Silver King also traveled in state to and from the studio in a chariot especially built for him, and embossed with his initials.

What will become of the horse has already been settled by Miss Marion. She will never part with him, because of the sentiment attached to his association with his master, and she plans to perpetuate the memory of the two by producing one picture featuring Silver King, and also showing little Fred, Jr., who bears a striking resemblance to his father.

Incidentally, Silver King has always been a most fractious animal. Thomson bought the Irish Hunter in New York seven years ago. He was then five years old and the most difficult horse in the large stables. No
were there Corinne Griffith was an interested spectator, while to amuse the American visitors, Charley Chase acted as master of ceremonies. The most interesting discovery that we made during the whole evening, though, was that the old-fashioned two-story frame house in which the Russian-American Art Club has its habitat, is the same that echoed to Geraldine Farrar’s voice on her first visit to California, long before pictures with sound were ever thought of, and that became the abode later of Tom Mix, during the earlier part of his rise to celebrity.

Yes, filmland is accumulating its interesting memories, which one can encounter most unexpectedly.

Corinne a Practical Joker.

Speaking of Corinne Griffith recalls that she has developed an unsuspected antic disposition. Who would have thought of her as a practical joker? Not long ago she proved her mischievous humor, however, by a trick she played on the business manager of her company. His name is William Goetz.

In the spirit of fun one day at the studio, Corinne induced Goetz to put on a very faky-looking set of whis- kers, and to have himself photographed. It was a most ridiculous make-up, and there were laughs enough at the expense of Goetz when his picture was viewed.

But did Corinne stop there? She did not. Instead, she had the photograph inserted as a paid advertisement in a casting directors’ manual, wherein players expati- ate on their talents. The ad read, “William Goetz—Baron von Goetzoff—‘The Winner,’ now with Corinne Griffith.” Indicating that he was open for further engagements after finishing his work in one of Corinne’s pictures.

The funny part of it was that several producers rang up the Griffith office and tried to engage him, the story says.

A Versatile Performer.

Exploiting one’s capabilities for the movies has under- gone some odd departures since the advent of the talkies. In the same casting directors’ handbook, we noted a gentleman whoavored the following:

‘I can work in front of the microphone for talking pictures—neow for the cat, crow for the rooster, imitate the talking dog, and give imitations of any known animal from a little mouse to an Australian wiffenpoof. All character dialects done with character make-up. This ad may sound funny to you, but that is only half of it. P. S. Sawmilis, crying babies, radio, telephone conversations near and far, sizzling radiators, or what have you?’

‘Lest you should be curious, the gentleman’s name is Del Ray. At least, we presume it is a gentleman, for surely no lady would act like that!’

The Passing of a Museum.

The revenue was light and the lease ran out and so—it’s a sad tale, mates—Hollywood no longer has a film museum. Harry Crocker
told us this somewhat sadly, when we saw him at the Chaplin studio. The passing of this institution, which comprised a strange assortment of relics, including virtually everything symbolical of the movies’ earliest days, from Chaplin’s derby and cane, to some of Lon Chaney’s false teeth, cannot but be regarded with a feeling of regret.

Public interest is probably too slight in past eras of motion pictures even for the paying of twenty-five cents to take a look at them. The next big museum will likely be sponsored by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and will no doubt be a free affair.

Meanwhile the museum spirit is being perpetuated by Hobart Bosworth, who donated various trophies of early film days to the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles, devoted to the lore of the West.

The Bosworth collection includes, among other things, one of the first cameras ever used in Los Angeles, and the first revolver used to “kill” a movie Indian on location in Griffith Park.

**Improving Vocabulary.**

Add to the words descriptive of talking pictures, which are ever increasing and multiplying, “Shriekie.”

This is used to denote a murder-mystery thriller, with sound. Louise Fazenda is solely responsible for its coinage, and she and Chester Conklin are playing in one called, gaily enough, “The House of Horrors.”

By the way, Miss Fazenda’s husband, Hal Wallis, is enjoying new honors and prestige. He has been given the position of studio manager of First National, and it isn’t a mere donation, either. He has earned it.

**Will Manifest Devotion.**

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford are together at last in a picture, with their romance turned to good account in the bargain. At least, it is prophesied that they will have many love scenes together. As somebody remarked, they have been practicing so zealously already in public, that portraying devotion for the fans will be just like a holiday.

The film is “Our Modern Maidens,” a sequel to the much applauded “Our Dancing Daughters.” In other leading roles are Rod La Roca, and the fascinating Anita Page, not to speak of the amusing Eddie Nugent.

Joan Crawford, it may be remarked, still wears that gleaming wedding ring on the fourth finger of her left hand. She still asserts it doesn’t mean anything, but that it may some day soon—possibly even before this is printed.

**Parrot’s Talk Anomalous.**

A singing parrot was recently engaged to put some pep into a two-reel sound comedy. The bird belonged to a man who lived in an institution of the sectarian sort, where religious exercises were part of the daily program. And thereby hangs a tale. For while the bird was performing, his perch by some strange mishap fell down, and what was the surprise of everybody when Polly, after losing his ruffled feathers, cocking his eye to take in the dazzling situation, exclaimed, “Ain’t that a hell of a note!”

Nick Stuart, that up and coming young fellow, is headed straight for greater popularity with the fans. If you don’t believe it, just wait and he’ll run you down.

**The Village Poet Speaketh.**

The movie stars are wailing, “Oh, heavens, must we talk?” And if we do, praise be, we hope we don’t look gawky.” Some foreigners are sad; they’re headed for the Keina—“Hollywood you are a joke—but ach, not a climate!”

The censors on the subject of dialogue grow rambunctious; Will Hays will iron that out in manner truly unctuous. With Max Reinhardt present, studios wax aesthetic; He’s O. K. Old sound films in words that are prophetic; He’s going to make an open with the airy, fairy Lillian; We hope she’s not pursued by the heavy-visaged vilyn. A baignoire you’ll discover—the words not from the Rosoian—In DeMille’s latest epic; it symbolizes the ablation. Gloria and wanful Erich are battling along together;

We use the phrase advisedly—let’s talk about the weather. The L. A. winter sunshine brings out a host of tourists; Their pleas to visit studios would melt the hearts of jurists. Some girls are taking lessons—object, to improve their voices. They want to say “I love you” neat, while heavy’s short “coises,”

Colleen Moore, as youth, will once more go a-flaming. Playing little Happerish maids who ooftimes need a-taming. Mary Pickford is essaying a heroine quite snappy—Wonder if she won’t be “nice,” but, let’s hope, not sappy. There’s nothing like a contract to set the actor dancing, A slower tempo is his wont, when he goes free lanceing. The silent screen can ne’er be said; it has its Cinderella.

Will some one please choke the wench, and also kill her fella? Filmdom’s in a terrible mess—full of storms and earthquakes; Bet a hundred years from now they’ll still be making “mirth- quakes.”

Now, indeed, stars’ thrones do shake—and some are e’en upsetting—

Still, we like the old ones best—and some new ones we’re getting.

**A Spreading Family Tree.**

Related—by marriage! This will soon become a pet phrase, if interweaving marital unions continue to develop.

Here, for instance, is Jason Robards wedded to Agnes Lynch, which makes him a brother-in-law of Helen Lynch, the actress, and of Carroll Nye, her husband.

Robards was wed to Miss Lynch upon securing his final decree of divorce from his previous spouse. He has been spending part of his time on the stage. He gave a good speakee performance as the defense attorney in “On Trial.”

**Scenarists Saved Again.**

No need for the studios to worry about story material. For all the old plots can, and will, probably be made over again for the talkies.

Witness George Arliss and “Disraeli.” The famous actor played in this several years ago on the silent screen, and now Warner Brothers are likely to Vitaphone it, along with “The Hottentot” and other familiarists.

All of which would make it appear that the scenario writer will not have to dig up any new ideas again for another four or five years.

**Dita Enjoys Trip, Anyway.**

The strange attitude of the American producer toward the foreign star is again reflected in the departure of Dita Parlo. A much bewildered girl during her stay in Hollywood, she left probably in even greater verwurrgung, to use what might be called a German synonym, without so much as playing in a single picture. [Continued on page 92]
Behind the Lens

Stars are not always in front of the camera, as many of them do some "shooting" on their own.

Leila Hyams, right, will have none of your fancy little cameras when she goes after a picture, for she gets best results with a graflex.

When Anita Page, lower right, says "Look pleasant," she is just being quaint, for one is already looking pleasant.

Gwen Lee, upper left, tries out an odd little camera Ramon Novarro brought home from Europe.

Buster Keaton and Dorothy Sebastian, center, all made up for "Spite Marriage," out for snapshots. Probably "The Camera Man" had something to do with Buster's new fad.

Raquel Torres, left, is making believe she will do some under-sea photography with this big lens, which is just her way of jollying the fishes and things.
“Ga-Ga” Bodil

Bodil Rosing’s granddaughter gave her a nickname that made Hollywood love the brilliant actress all the more.

By Myrtle Gebhart

The most popular woman in Hollywood is our “Ga-ga Grandmother.”

Invitations to Bodil Rosing’s pancake parties are more eagerly received than to the swell Mayfair events. Hers is the gayety of the perpetual child, bubbling from a merry, friendly heart—a lighted silhouette against the tranquil seriousness of her beautiful, auburn-haired daughter, Tove, who is Mrs. Monte Blue.

Grandmother though she proudly is, Bodil is an Ariel spirit among the character actresses. Barbara Ann, the Blues’ three-year-old, named her, having lisped “Grandmother” into “Ga-ga.” Barbara Ann’s acquaintance with Hollywood ingenues was limited. The title, therefore, was original.

Trailing her bubbling laughter, I always think, though she is Danish, there must be Erin’s strain somewhere in her ancestry. For Bodil, I just know, has seen the “little people.”

You who see her as characters of the Indian summer and the twilight years, would not recognize the Bodil Rosing of the screen in this woman so youthful that her grandmotherhood seems incredible. There is something impish in her quick, birdlike gestures, in her alertness and inquisitiveness, in her personality so unique as to escape all categories.

Upon meeting her, people are startled, and then suggest, “Why don’t the Wampas adopt her as a baby star? She needs looking after.” For Bodil is Hollywood’s baby.

Of a character actress and a grandmother, one naturally expects sedateness, the acceptance of that convention which decrees that to-day belongs to youth. Bodil’s bonnet, however, is not lacy cap, except in the movies. The mind beneath her chic chapeau is no dusky lane of memory. She is too busy having a good time to learn to knit—or, pardon, modern grandmothers—to play bridge.

“I have kept young,” she tells you, “because I have had to grow up twice. It is very nice, indeed, to grow up again. I had to in order to keep my children company. And now,” she adds, with a laugh that has little snickers in it, “I suppose I shall have to start all over again with Barbara Ann.”

Her relation to Monte in her perfect naturalness makes their family truly harmonious. Monte makes no secret of his orphanage years, of the menial prelude to his career; and Bodil delights in relating her experiences in keeping her three kidlets clothed and fed. Tove, serene and shrewd, advises on business matters.

Mrs. Rosing refuses to be the conventional grandmother except on the screen.

When Monte came in one evening and remarked that her name was in electrics before a Hollywood theater, Bodil ran all the way to the theater, standing there in the dusk, looking up at the brilliant proclamation with streaming eyes, and murmuring, “Look, see what they have done for Bodil! Isn’t it marvelous?”

Tiny and rather roly-poly, always saying she is going to diet and then ordering heaps of sugary things, blond, with round, blue eyes that abruptly become pinpoints of laughing twinkles—she reminds me of a bright toy balloon. So overlaid with gayety is her manner, that it is only after one has left her that one realizes the sagacity of much that she has said.

Toward her work she is inherently serious and irresponsible. She insists upon reading the script before signing. To be able to do that, girls and boys who may not know Hollywood, is the final stamp of success. Days are spent with each new character, not only in selecting costumes and hairdress, but in analyzing her actions.

“I play her from away back, more than is in the picture. What sort is she? What has happened to her before the story? I sit around and eat chocolates and think about her. The directors do not always know what you can do. But never will I take a test until I know my character. Then I show how I would play her.”

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A Plea for Privacy

Clive Brook finds that movie actors are made to feel freakish when pointed out in a crowd, and believes that it is because they are not respected.

By Alma Talley

Of course I may as well admit at the start that these English actors always go over big with me. Don't tell the Ku Klux Klan, but every time I interview an English star I suddenly, after these many years, get all impressionable.

So perhaps you won't pay any attention to me when I tell you that Clive Brook is charming. He twinkles, with a gay, rather subtle sense of humor. He has that beautiful English accent—our language as it should be spoken. He has a delightfully deep voice—you've probably heard him already in a talkie; if you haven't, you soon will.

He's good looking, without that "pretty boy" perfection of feature. He has just enough flaws in his appearance to make him interesting. Pale-blond eyelashes, for example, which, on a girl, would undoubtedly be drenched with mascara. He wears just the suggestion of side burns, not very noticeable when you see him in person, but which on the screen—if Mr. Brook will pardon my saying so—give him rather an English butler look.

Clive Brook has the rare faculty of being both dignified and immediately friendly. He's reticent about himself, but at the same time easy to talk to. In other words, you can make friends with him instantly, without his becoming "actor" and telling you earnestly of his aspirations and his art.

Most actors are friendly toward interviewers, but with a studied friendliness. You suspect, in their manner, just a dash of, "You're going to write something about me, so I must be careful what I say." They talk glibly about themselves, always keeping in mind just what they wish the public to know.

So it's a joy to meet one like Clive Brook, who does none of that. His inherent reticence makes him prefer to keep his real personality private. It embarrasses him dreadfully when he is recognized and fussed over. Like any man of taste, he dislikes being conspicuous. But don't think for a moment that he's high-hat, or ritzy; it's only that attention makes him uncomfortable—makes him feel like a circus freak.

"I was talking about this," he said in his deep voice, "to Adolphe Menjou before I came to New York. Of course he's recognized much more readily than I am, being much better known, and more distinctive looking. In Hollywood no one pays any attention to us; they're used to seeing film people. But in other parts of the country it's rather a problem.

"Menjou suggested that I wear dark glasses as a sort of disguise. So I wore them to 'The Scandals.' And down in the smoking room six people came up for autographs, so I threw the glasses away."

"It must be," he said, "that movie actors lack dignity."

"Only that you're in the public eye," I protested.

"No, that's not altogether it. So are stage people. But no one treats them like circus freaks, making them feel foolish and conspicuous. Men in other professions are allowed to have some private life, without being constantly intruded upon by strangers. I sincerely believe that, by becoming a movie actor, one somehow forfeits the respect of others."

Don't get the idea from this that Mr. Brook is standoffish; he isn't. On the contrary, he's very straightforward, quite without pose. And he appreciates the fact that the fans are responsible for his position on the screen.

But here's an actor's side of the story. He is very flattered the first time every one turns to look at him when he enters a restaurant. And the second time, and the third. But along about the one-hundredth time, he begins to wish he might order pig's knuckles and sau-
krant if he liked, without having his taste commented upon. That he might wear those comfortable, old shoes just a few times more, without having significant glances cast at his feet. That he might dash down to the corner drug store without shaving, and not feel that passers-by would nudge one another. You see, there is something to an actor's version of fame!

Clive Brook had this recognition especially in mind at the moment, because of an unpleasant experience the night before in a restaurant. A girl at the next table was what is known on Broadway as "blotto." She recognized Clive, but was too drunk to know who he was. She kept reaching over, half falling off her chair, and seizing his arm, addressing him in a loud voice. Naturally every one in the restaurant turned to see the cause of such commotion, and Clive, as any one would be, was embarrassed at being the center of a public scene.

Finally a man in the corner shouted, "Well, well, it's Clive Brook."

"Thass who 'tis," the drunken girl shouted, suddenly enlightened. "Clive Brook!" Every one turned with even more interest to look. Under those conditions, who wouldn't have felt like the living skeleton, or the tattooed lady, or perhaps the girl who demonstrates washtubs in the window?

"Is that Clive Brook?" The drunken girl turned to Mrs. Brook, and she, greatly embarrassed, pretended that it wasn't. Whereupon the girl fell off her chair, rolled on the floor, and "passed out." Her distressed escort, who had been trying to stop her, apologized profusely to the actor and took the girl home.

You can imagine how much Mr. and Mrs. Brook enjoyed that dinner, and you see what fame can lead to.

Since the advent of the talkie, Clive is more in the limelight than ever. He's one of the lucky ones who isn't spending long nights worrying about what he's to do now. His voice is one of the best so far tried out on the screen, as one learns on seeing "Interference."

Of course he's most

Mr. Brook is embarrassed when a crowd makes a fuss over him.

Clive Brook, trained on the English stage, established himself firmly in the talkies with "Interference."

enthusiastic about talkies. "They've waked us up in Hollywood," he said. "It's so easy to sit back and get into a rut unless something comes along to prod you out of it. That's what talkies did for the film industry."

Naturally, I pointed out, the talkies were excellent for Clive Brook and Conrad Nagel and a few others; they've had stage training.

"Oddly enough," said Mr. Brook, "stage-trained actors have to be more careful than any one else. Because in stage work we have to learn to 'throw' our voices, to make them carry through a large auditorium. On the screen it's just the opposite. You have to speak from farther forward in your throat, as if you were talking into the telephone. You've heard some of these short subjects, of course? How badly some of the loveliest singing voices come over? That's because singers are so trained to throw their voices, that they are unable to gauge them to the microphone at the studio."

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Charles Rogers and Mary Brian, above, in "Some One to Love," seem to be realizing their wishes.

A hearty Bowery hug, with Grant Withers and Dolores Costello, right, in "The Madonna of Avenue A."

Charles King and Anita Page, below, right, brush up on their technique during a lull in "Broadway Melody."

Dorothy Burgess and Warner Baxter, above, in "In Old Arizona," defy screen custom and look cheerful while necking.

The approved big-moment clinches, and the win some of those who teach us
Makes Perfect

ning technique in screen romance, are shown by to obey the cosmic urge.

Comforting love in the woods, between Tom Moore and Irma Harrison, in "The Yellow-bark."

Lane Chandler and Betty Bronson, lower left, look happy in "Open Range."

A Javanese trick is shown by Greta Garbo and Nils Asther, above, in a sizzling romance entitled "Wild Orchids."

Love is just like that, William Haines and Joan Crawford, above, learn in "The Duke Steps Out."
Over the 
by The Bystander

Dolores Costello has gone on a long honeymoon cruise.

I

N the springtime other people's fancies may turn to thoughts of love, tulip bulbs, and sulphur with molasses, but in Hollywood we go in for elections on a large scale.

The studio publicity men elect the baby stars for the coming year, and the best all-round picture of the year. Various periodicals select the best original screen story of the year and the best titles. The prune raisers, the rodeo promoters and the winter sports carnival all elect their favorite stars. Naturally, it has to be some one who is willing to ride in a parade; so if your favorite star is left out, just set it down to her retiring nature, and not her lack of popularity. As for me, I can hardly wait until some one promotes an election to determine who is the handsomest property man, and who has contributed the greatest advance in spraying a hose so that it looks like real rain.

With all these elections being announced, I was hardly surprised when Fanny summoned me frantically to lunch with her. She has never agreed with a majority vote on anything yet, so I knew that she would be in a complaining mood.

"The Wampas' selections weren't terribly bad, were they?" she admitted. Generous of her, so long as she couldn't do anything about it anyway.

"Of course, I will never understand, or forgive, their selecting Ethelyn Clair to represent Pathé, when Carol Lombard was the logical choice. Why, Ethelyn Clair just makes serials, and who ever sees them? And Carol is to play the lead in Cecil DeMille's next production. Anyway, Miss Clair has been in pictures a long, long time, without causing any particular stir, while Carol has leaped into prominence just within the last few months."

"Well, they may have figured that this was her last chance to be a baby star, and that Carol would still be in the running next year."

Fanny beamed at me gratefully, at the very moment that she was deploiring my cuttness.

"Of course, it was inevitable that Anita Page and Helen Foster and Loretta Young would be chosen—and Josephine Dunn. Those girls are more than promising; they've arrived. They are a charming lot, young and talented and much too sensible ever to get self-important. But I'm broken-hearted that all the young girls weren't elected. With the two sisters, Loretta and Sally Blane, among the Wampas stars, they really should have elected little Polly Ann Young, too. She must have that forlorn and lonely feeling of being shut in the nursery, while the older sisters go to a party."

"What about the others?" I asked. "Aren't there always thirteen?"

"Yes, whether they can find thirteen deserving ones or not. It is supposed to be a free choice of the thirteen most promising young girls in pictures, but it is an accepted custom to select one girl from each company.

"I've seen Caryl Lincoln in a couple of pictures, but I don't remember what she was like. The same goes for Doris Hill," said Fanny. "And that is what I should call a completely devastating comment on a player."

"Betty Boyd is the most adorable-looking youngster you ever saw, and Doris Dawson and Jean Arthur are both very pretty. I've never seen Mona Rico on the screen. We'll have to wait for the new Barrymore picture for that, but in real life she looks fascinating and vivid."

"The other one is Helen Compton is the answer to what producers are looking for.
Teacups

Fanny the Fan unburdens herself of a few remarks about the new Wampas stars, new contracts, and the spring wanderlust.

Twelvetrees. She was delightful on the stage, and every one who has seen her first Fox picture says she is a great 'find.'

I could tell that it was a great disappointment to Fanny to admit that the Wampas had chosen well. Usually they can be counted on to elect, for reasons of policy, one baby star who more rightfully belongs with the never-say-die comebacks.

"The Wampas are to award medals to everyone connected with making 'In Old Arizona.' No one could quarrel with that. It really is a great picture, and it was a great idea to take sound pictures outdoors. I thought we would have to suffer for years from dialogue films made in small, indoor sets. Now I'll never be happy until some one makes a Kentucky feud picture in sound. I want to see an old barn dance, with a fiddling contest and a lot of songs, sung with a nasal twang. And plenty of shooting——"

From now on directors can have shooting in sound pictures to their hearts' content. For a long time it was difficult, because a pistol shot wouldn't register on sound film. It happened too fast. Closing a door might register like a hurricane, and striking a match might sound like a windstorm. But pistol shots resisted all efforts to capture their sound, until some master-mind invented a sort of slow-motion pistol that prolonged the sound of explosion.

But Fanny was not to be swerved from her interest in elections.

"Clara Bow has been selected by exhibitors as the best box-office bet for the past year. Colleen Moore held the title for two successive years. And Lon Chaney has wrested the title of most popular male star away from Tom Mix. I am probably the only person in the United States who doesn't claim to have discovered Clara Bow. At least, I admit it. I was entirely blind to her charms until the last year or so, but I'm not stubborn about those things. I stand in line to see her pictures, now, just like every one else. The girl is so amazingly vital. I think she is marvelous.

"You know, Clara is making a picture called 'The Wild Party.' It all came about because of the tremendous success of 'Our Dancing Daughters.' Some one at Paramount decided that Clara should have a picture similar to that. So, they framed up a story about three girls, and selected Ruth Taylor as one of them. Then, when they were about ready to start, some one else decided that it was all wrong to use Clara in a story that had three big girls' parts. It wasn't Clara who objected. I can assure you of that. She would like a chance to make a picture in which she didn't have to shoulder the whole burden herself. Oh, well, anyway, they changed the story around, dropped Ruth Taylor out, and hired Shirley O'Hara and Marceline Day to play the other two girls. But it is mostly Clara's picture.

"Little did any one know what they were starting, when they made 'Our Dancing Daughters.' Practically every company has a similar picture on the market now, and it looks as though Metro-Goldwyn would keep Joan Crawford making pictures like that the rest of her natural career. I'm glad Joan had a chance to make 'Dream of Love' before the box-office returns on 'Dancing
Daughters' were in. I loved the finish of that picture. The ideal way to see it is to come in during the last reel, and then see it all the way through again.

Fanny rambled on and on about the pictures she likes. Unless you rave about "Synthetic Sin," Colleen Moore's latest, and "The Shopworn Angel," you really aren't eligible to her set at all. And you simply must prefer the silent version of "The Barker," if you were lucky enough to see it, to the dialogue version.

"Isn't it marvelous that Betty Compson has come into her own at last? Suddenly every one is beginning to realize that Betty is just the girl they need. F. B. O. has signed her for four special productions this year, but even that doesn't give them the exclusive right to her services. She also has a contract with Warner Brothers, and the privilege of making pictures for other companies if she can find the time."

"Rather a large 'if,' I should say."

"Oh, no, not for Betty." Fanny went on airily. "She thrives on hard work. Those new contracts certainly make it easy for people to kill themselves working. Edward Everett Horton has a contract to make pictures for Warners, and another to make short comedies for Educational. And he finds spare time to stage and star in plays at the Vine Street Theater. And then look at the Gleasons! They are to make Mr. Gleason's play 'The Shannons of Broadway,' as a special for Universal; they are making a series of married-life comedies for the Christies; and Jimmy Gleason puts in his spare time writing dialogue for films. Their son, Russell, must feel like a terrible sluggard. All he does is work in Pathé pictures. Of course, he is the most charming character juvenile the screen has seen in ages, but he really ought to dash off a few oil paintings, or do a little riveting on the side, to justify belonging to such an energetic family."

"You neglected to mention," I reminded her, "that Mrs. Gleason wrote a play that will be produced on Broadway this year, if she can get away long enough to rehearse it. And that she and her husband played 'The Shannons' out here for weeks and weeks. It makes me gasp for breath just to think of it."

"Well, with one family doing all of the work, it does seem nice to think of people who are loafing."

My "Who, for instance?" was drowned out.

"Dolores Costello has gone for a two-month cruise in the South American waters. A belated honeymoon. Imagine a girl brave enough to go thousands of miles away from make-up and hairdressers."

Dolores would be that girl. Away from the camera she has always had a casual disregard for cosmetics.

"Richard Barthelmess is having his annual vacation. He has gone yachting, too, but along more-traveled courses. From New York he is going to Havana and along the Florida coast. And Colleen Moore, after a long spurt of continuous work, is to have two months to play. She won't go far away, because she has bought a half-built house out in Bel Air, and is busy supervising the furnishing and decorating, and all that. She is having a theater equipped for sound pictures in the house."

"Her brother Cleve made his stage début at the Cordova Street Playshop the other night. And Colleen was much more nervous than she would have been had she been up on the stage herself. Cleve was charming and not at all self-conscious, even though the theater was so small that he was practically standing in the laps of Colleen, Ann Rork, and myself. His voice is excellent. Don't be surprised when he signs for talkies."
I thought I was immune to surprises, but I’m confess to a thrill—a pleasant thrill—when I heard that Lon Chaney flatly refused to talk in pictures. Apparently he and Chaplin stand alone in their decision, with Douglas Fairbanks holding to a middle course that is neither one thing nor another. He speaks briefly in ‘The Iron Mask,’ but he just addresses the audience. His is a monologue film, rather than dialogue.

“Dorothy Dwan has been to New York to make dialogue sequences for that picture she made for an independent producer. Claire Windsor talks in her latest for Tiffany-Stahl. And Lillian Gish must feel a little like an animal trainer who returns from a trip to find that the gentle little lion that she reared as a cub has become a raging beast.”

“But what is she going to do about it?”

“I don’t know exactly. But you can count on it that she and Max Reinhardt working together won’t turn out one of these strange hybrids that are neither good stage technique, nor good movie. Lillian’s voice should be very interesting. She studied three or four years ago for the stage, and even before she went in for vocal training, her voice had a soft, resonant quality that was touching.”

“Pictures change so fast,” I remarked, and even as I said it, I realized that we used to object strenuously, because they were always the same. Nevertheless, I am sorry the inventor of sound devices wasn’t strangled at birth. I long for the days of the good, old, silent drama, even though dialogue films have made it possible to film my pet murder stories.

“I suppose you can hardly wait for the next one.” There was jeering in Fanny’s tone. Hers is an effete taste that does not appreciate a really gory story.

“Well, Marceline Day is making one over at Fox that should please you. It is called ‘Murder Will Out,’ and it is just as creepy as an hour’s entertainment possibly could be.”

The crowd at Montmartre was beginning to thin out. It isn’t the crowd it used to be, but it is much more exciting to us yokels who haven’t been in New York for several months. Instead of seeing just the old home folks around, who have grown up in Hollywood, we now have quite a Broadway air. In fact, it might be the green room of the Palace Theater. Sophie Tucker, Charlotte Greenwood, Al Jolson and his bride, and a horde of the song writers from Tin-Pan Alley are all there nowadays. The picture colony speaks a new language. Clothes, styles in hairdressing, and placid countenances aren’t as important as they once were. Voices, singing, and even tap dancing are more important nowadays, a change quite distracting to many.
Burnt-Cork Blues

This group of faces is evidence enough that blackface comedy is still good.

It's none other than Colleen Moore, center, looking coy and trampish in "Synthetic Sin."

George Lewis, above, of the "Collegians," inside scowling out, and too "down" to sing the "Prisoner's Song," as all proper jailbirds do nowadays.

Mona Ray, above, as she painted her face for Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," not to mention the clever coiffure she managed to achieve.

Banks Winter, the veteran minstrel, below, center, is flanked by Norman L. Sper, left, and George R. Rogan, authors of "The Minstrel Show," which is expected to popularize blackface on the screen.

Madge Bellamy, above, impersonates Al Jolson in "Mother Knows Best," in a manner pleasing to the admirers of both player and singer.
Janet—Before and After

Miss Gaynor has passed, without losing her balance, the tantalizing pitfalls that face a new star

By William H. McKegg

It is possible that some of you who read this article may be the stars of to-morrow. Of course you will want to learn what you will have to face—what conditions to accept and what to avoid.

Within the past two or three years I have seen several young actresses rise to stardom. Some have carried the honor quite becomingly—others have toppled over under the weight of it.

Sometimes it seems that a star has to put up with more than is bearable. Like royalty, she has to be diplomatic and alert at every turn. Her least actions are likely to hurt some one’s feelings, while they please others. As the saying goes, her life is no longer her own.

But all that apart, a young girl, in moderate circumstances, who suddenly soars up to the heights, attracting the attention of the world in general, receiving a weekly salary of a thousand or two, must in some way become affected by it all. In any case, she faces a perplexing problem. Either she must work out a definite line of procedure, or go under with the rest.

How can a star tell genuine people from insincere ones? What companions should she accept? How should she conduct herself at the studio? Is display or simplicity best? Does national notice become a boon or a bore? Must a star necessarily change her looks and personality? Should she lead a quiet life, or join in all the gayety?

Such tricky, little questions must find answers in the star herself, if she wishes to lead a peaceful life.

Just what does stardom bring?

The appealing Gaynor personality as it will be seen in “Christina.”

Fêted and lauded as few stars have been, Janet has calmly retained her old friends and ways of living.

One young person who has succeeded in adjusting herself to this exalted position with no loss, so far, to her mental equilibrium is Janet Gaynor.

Janet was the great sensation of 1927. The picture colonies of Hollywood and New York made her the center of attraction. The young Gaynor was fêted and publicized and lauded, with enthusiasm few stars have ever experienced.

I have kept observant eyes on Janet for a long time. I have had more chances than the majority to do so; and, as already stated, so far she has occupied her eminence with distinction.

Without trying at the outset to dazzle Hollywood with limousines,
Janet—Before and After

chauffeurs, and secretaries, Janet has scarcely altered her former mode of living since her position became more secure. She lives with her mother and sister in a quiet, modest dwelling.

Janet has been a full-fledged star for more than a year.

In that time she has, on many occasions, faced all the tantalizing circumstances stardom brings to test true values.

"When you are an extra it is very easy to read people," Janet remarked when we talked on this stardom topic. "When you are a mere nobody about the studios, few people bother to speak to you, or to try to make themselves agreeable. While doing extra work and bits, I know that those who did speak to me were not doing so to raise their own standing in the eyes of others. I wasn't even a raving beauty, so I knew my looks didn't attract people. Those who were pleasant to me I knew were genuine.

"But a star cannot always tell whether strangers are sincere or insincere. Most people seem to believe that a star should be told something flattering—even though they say the reverse about her to others.

"Of course, you can usually discern insincere persons. They are so very gushing that they give themselves away. Stardom makes you realize that."

Stardom, however, has not harmed Janet to the extent of disturbing her keen insight. Many try so hard to "live up" to their new position that only unflattering is good enough to impress them.

Becoming a star, you are surprised at the number of "friends" who are so very anxious to "take you up." In Hollywood there are certain circles of people who will take advantage of a new star. They do not care a straw for the actress personally, but the star's new prestige adds a dash to teas and dinners. It is nice for the self-advertising hostess to read in the paper that So-and-so was at her home. It makes her gloat to her less-favored sisters.

Janet is no recluse. She goes to parties and gatherings, but to very few.

Newcomers usually like to be taken out by young leading men or directors—I mean the girls. I can't think of one instance where Janet has ever followed that course. Charles Farrell escorted Janet and her mother to the première of "Seventh Heaven" and "Street Angel" because the Fox publicity department arranged it so, but that was all. Janet goes to places mostly with her mother, to whom she is very devoted. The majority of her friends and intimates are non-professionals—but then Janet herself never strikes you as being a movie person.

"I know players, and also people in other circles of life," Janet said. "I think it is bad for a player to mix only with picture people. She gets into one element, and soon drops into a rut of single thought—pictures and herself."

I raised my eyebrows. Janet can express her opinions much better now than when she was seeking extra work; she is more self-confident. Without noticing or bothering whether I regarded her as more self-possessed, ignoring my raised eyebrows, she added, "I like my home and the people my mother knows—friends who speak of and know other things than just movies—though movies are part of my existence. Yet I have seen how easy it is for a new star to become completely absorbed in pictures, and live an artificial life. I do not blame any one, for I could have gone that way had I wished."

There were recollections in my mind of various young stars and players who have become "movie"—a thing detested by all worth while picture people. It is easy to see why Janet has never fallen into "movieisms," for she never has had any pose. Her manners at the studio, while working, are little changed from the time when she was a subordinate player.

Many new stars breeze out into a very democratic, hail-fellow attitude toward electricians, prop boys, and others, while working on the set. Janet never did that: nor does she attempt to do so to-day. Yet not one man working on a Gaynor production would hear a word spoken against her.

"I do not think it is in the least necessary for a star to go to such extremes while working," La Gaynor continued. Without turning her small head, she looked at me through the corners of her disturbing brown eyes. "Being natural yourself makes your work easier, and you more likable to those who work with you."

"Again, it has often been said that a star should keep up appearances, that she should live up to her position. Maybe that was true years ago, but it is no longer necessary. Of course, some people must have beautiful clothes and luxury. It is part of their nature. Many are unjustly accused of posing. I don't agree with that, for we are not all alike. A star's screen personality has a lot to do with her mode of dressing."

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Hollywood’s Fourth Dimension

The least-known side of the movie colony has its stars whose talents are given to the stars you know, and whose brilliant personalities you should know.

By Alice M. Williamson

If any one had told me that I should discover a new, important and exciting side of Hollywood on my seventh visit there, I wouldn’t have minded betting a thousand dollars that there wasn’t a bit of Hollywood I hadn’t seen.

Well, it’s lucky for me that I didn’t bet. I should have lost.

There is another side of Hollywood—a sort of Hollywood sky, sparkling with brilliant stars. They are not stars of the movies. They are—no, they are not in the talkies, nor even the singies. All the same, the mov- ies and talkies and singies would miss these particular stars.

In trying to find the right title for this little—shall I call it a treatise, or sketch, or article?—I considered several.

“Brilliant Boys in the Background” was one idea that occurred to me. But then I remembered that there were girls also, and besides it isn’t a background. In fact, it’s prominently a foreground. The tourists who visit Hollywood, however, even those privileged to see the studios, may pass through without seeing, as it were, the fourth dimension.

There? I wonder if that is a good title? “Hollywood’s Fourth Dimension.”

Jetta Goudal sponsors “The Crow’s Nest,” the antique shop of Casey Roberts.

Of course the screen stars know the fourth dimension stars, but it never occurs to them to hand on the information. Or perhaps they want to keep it secret.

When the movie stars are not movie-ing, they are often to be found in the fourth dimension themselves, especially in the evening—late in the evening, or what I would call late; but no hour is late in Hollywood.

Perhaps I may as well tell how it happened that I, though a stranger, penetrated into the fourth dimension.

I don’t deserve the credit for discovering it on my own initiative. For a stranger to discover it would be impossible, without the password, or some equivalent. I had to be introduced by one in the know.

Lyrics for the making of a musical comedy of my little story, “Bill the Sheik,” had been written in London by Sydney Boyle Lawrence, a newspaper editor, whose “Décameron Nights” was a huge stage success. But there was no music for the Sheik, and a man in Hollywood who has the entrée to the fourth dimension, suggested that “Bruz” Fletcher might consent to write the music if he liked the book.

Who wouldn’t be intrigued by the name of Bruz? I Sherlocked that its owner, as a little boy, had been a member of an affectionate family who shortened “Brother” into “Bruz,” and it turned out that I’d deduced the truth.

“Bill” was sent to Bruz. Bruz liked “Bill,” and said he would set him to music; whereupon I was invited to one of the leading bungalows in the fourth dimension, the bungalow belonging to Bruz Fletcher and Casey Roberts.

I’d been to the bungalows and apartments and Beverly Hills and Santa Monica villas of various stars, but there’s something special about this bungalow and the company that assembles there at evening.

Everybody, except myself, knows everybody else. There are plenty of divans and big armchairs, but Bruz is at the
You know how the stars are rushing into vaudeville, or drama, to develop their voices for the talkies, if they aren’t already developed!

On a third day he will have an inspiration for a dramatic song, like his already celebrated “Cocaine”; or he will set to music a lyric in the really wonderful Chinese opera which Casey Roberts is arranging, and for which Casey himself is designing magnificent sets. Casey has hopes of a production for this opera at the Hollywood Bowl this year, and from what I heard of it, and the gorgeous sketches I saw, it should make a sensation not only in California but far and wide.

They are talking about opera to-night at 2585 Glen Green, these clever young people who know all about each other’s business and rejoice in each other’s successes.

Eva Olivetti, the enchanting young soprano who sang the lead in “Wild Flower,” through the West, is pulled up from her seat on the floor and made to sing the Moon Song in the Chinese opera yet to be born—so far as the outside public know.

Clever Viola Brothers Shore, with her wonderful, dark eyes and witty tongue and pen, stops talking to listen. Her husband, Harry Braxton—oh, don’t be surprised at the difference in name, for few of the fourth dimension bright lights use their husbands’ names for everyday wear—applauds cordially and then remembers to answer a question about his new shop in the English Village, where he sells etchings.

These etchings are all by well-known artists, and some of the most charming are by Casey Roberts though Casey himself has opened an antique shop next door and christened it “The Crow’s Nest.” In fact, Casey practically started the English Village as a center for very special small shops, all kept by interesting people.

At the moment of which I write, Casey’s pièce de résistance in the shop is a beautiful, old desk which once belonged to the great Noah Webster and which, when he found it, had in one of its drawers a little glazed visiting card, engraved “Mrs. Noah Webster.”

Perhaps the desk may be sold by the time this appears in print, however, for the stars were hearing about it and coming to see it, including the fascinating Jutta Goudal who sponsors The Crow’s Nest and occasionally adorns, also, the musical evenings at 2585 Glen Green. She and Casey are friends, and he has helped her design some of her most marvelous costumes.

I wonder if his dash of Indian blood gives Casey Roberts his glorious eye for color? Anyhow he has unerring taste, as he has shown in his decorating work for the United Artists studio and others, and will surely show when he arrives in New York this year to devote himself entirely to stage work.

The dreamiest face in the softly lit group on the divans and cushions is that of Earl Luick, a fellow artist and decorator—not a rival; none are rivals in this coterie—of Casey Roberts.

Out of that pale, rather tired young face look eyes as brilliant

Continued on page 94
Economists

Some of the stars choose to be known by a single name, and who shall say they are not more easily remembered because of this?

Wheeler, of Our Gang, below, wouldn't be nearly so quickly remembered by his real name, Bobbie Hutchins, as he is by the lovable name that appears in electric lights.

Bacchanova, above, the magnetic Russian, dispensed with her first name, Olga, because she thought her surname quite long enough for American fans to remember.

Sojin, above, the Japanese actor, has made his name so valuable to producers that the appearance of his odd appellation in the cast is considered an asset to a picture.

Farina, below, the one and only colored star, has made his name a trademark which cannot be infringed upon.

De Segurola, above, is really Andres de Segurola, the Portuguese Count Alzy, a singer as well as an actor.
Once upon a time there was a slightly demented chap who decided to perfect—no, that’s not the word—invent a process for making pictures talk as well as move.

After a time, he finished the job and tried it out on friends and relatives, who received the demonstration in kind and sympathetic silence.

“What do you think of it?”

“Well, as a means of keeping you home nights, and getting your mind off business worries, it’s all right, I guess,” answered a less kindly soul, probably a cousin, “but what are you going to do with it?”

“I’m going to take it out to Hollywood and sell it,”

They pleaded with him, but in vain. They argued, threatened, and cajoled. His wife burst into tears.

“Think—think of the children if this should get out,” she sobbed.

Nothing could swerve him from his dire purpose. With the gimmick under his arm, he boarded a train for Hollywood and began, some days later, to besiege the studios.

Eventually he met one of the Warner Brothers. Ordinarily film producers are quite difficult persons to see, but there are so many of the brothers Warner that, by the law of averages, you are bound to run across one of them eventually, if you stay in town long enough.

So the Warner Brothers bought this man’s invention, and thus began an era in Hollywood which probably will go down in history as the Three Years’ Plague.

Other producers, with that originality for which the film industry is noted, began to make talking pictures, and pretty soon it got so you couldn’t sleep in any theater any more. The town went even crazier than before. This does not sound possible, but I have documentary evidence to prove it.

Tons and tons of talking pictures were made, thousands and thousands of dollars was spent in buying equipment and hiring experts and building sound-proof stages. To pay for all this, stenographers were fired, the quota of pencils allotted to the scenario departments was cut in half, and the picture business acted generally as you would expect the inmates of an asylum to perform, when they believe they are doing something immensely important.

So I decided to go to New York.

It was the farthest away I could get, without making an ocean voyage, and I am a very poor sailor. Besides, I know a fellow who has a cousin who lives in New York, and I thought I’d like to look him up.

You should have seen my departure. The station was draped with bunting. A band played appropriate airs. The platform was jammed with thousands of friends, stars, fans, and creditors. Charlie Murray was master of ceremonies and told an Irish story. This latter was a special honor, inasmuch as he has never done this before.

As the train pulled out, Jack Mulhall ran down the tracks, shouting frantically. “There’s a place up on Forty-fourth Street where you can get real—”

The cheering of thousands drowned him out.

A large, pasty gentleman with a pale-blue eye, and the emblem of the Sacred Order of Moose in his button-hole, sat down opposite and regarded me intently.

“What’s your line?” he asked.

“Pretty bad,” I rejoined, the retort proving itself.

“I mean, you’re on the road, ain’t cha?”

It was obvious that I was, at least for the time, and I confirmed his suspicion.

“Whataya sell?”

I thought that one over for a moment, and picked an article on which I am not remotely informed.

“Threshing machines.”

“Yeh? That’s funny. So am I!”

I said “Oh!” and went out to smoke a cigarette, whence he trailed me in a few moments.

“You from Hollywood, ain’t cha?”

“What makes you think so?”

“Saw the label in your overcoat.”

I thought of entering into an involved story about having passed through Hollywood on my way to China, and of having purchased a coat there after giving my old one to an indigent
star, but I gave it up. This man was too persistent for me, and I admitted his charge, blushingly.

But I beat him to the punch this time, because I knew what the next question was to be and I answered before he could ask it.

"Yes, I was connected—from time to time—with the pitcher business. You're right."

"Funny business, ain't it?"

I thought this over, before replying, with tremendous profundity, "Well, sir, now that you say that, I believe you are right, but I never heard the thought expressed in just that way before."

This seemed to please him immensely, and he warmed up to his cross-examination.

"Pretty wild place, I guess?"

Every one who has ever been engaged in the studios of Hollywood for more than two weeks is frequently asked that question for the rest of his life. There are two answers to it. One is "Yes," and the other is "No." Both are right.

I could not bear to disappoint my garrulous threshing-machine salesman, so I answered in the affirmative.

Boy, boy, the third degree I went through in the next two hours! That guy knew the names of more stars than the Paramount casting director, and he had an erroneous report about every one of them.

He understood that Gloria Swanson's husband's real name is O'Houlihan; that Wallace Beery is the father of Ralph Forbes; that George O'Brien is Jewish; that Doug and Mary have really been separated for three years; that John Gilbert and Greta Garbo are secretly married; that George Fitzmaurice is a good director; that Clara Bow died two years ago and a double has been taking her place; that Marion Davies must have an awfully good press agent to get all the publicity she does; that Hal Roach really taught Charlie Chaplin all he knows about acting.

And so, on and on and on, far into the night, until I sneaked away and went to bed and looked out of the window and wondered why Congress, or somebody, didn't just mark Arizona and New Mexico off the map, as they don't seem to be of use to anybody.

The next day I did better for a while. The head of the threshing-machine industry cornered a kindred soul who was on the road for the Finkelstein Shoe Company, and they settled business conditions to their hearts' content.

I had been careful to conceal all identifying marks on my luggage and effects, and felt fairly safe. But you never can tell.

After scrutinizing all the magazines—one gets out of the habit of reading books in Hollywood, because if the word gets around its likely to hurt you in a business way—I permitted myself to be trapped into a bridge game. My companions were two middle-aged ladies, both of whom no doubt are members of the Foreign Missions Society of their respective communities, and a gray-haired gentleman who could easily have been the husband of either lady, but was not.

I was a model young man, trying to look like one who had spent his entire life in Bellingham, Washington, and it all started off so innocently.

But the gray-haired gentleman developed a passion for talking between, and during, hands, and to leave with him, so I remained another week.

It developed into an unofficial game of truth. The gray-haired gentleman asserted that he lived in Galena, Illinois, that he had a son in San Diego, that he had gone to visit him, and that he had stopped over in Los Angeles a day to see the sights.

The estimable lady on my left broke down and confessed that her home was in Newton, Kansas, and that she had been visiting relatives in Gallup, New Mexico.

It was my turn. All eyes were upon me. I faltered under the scrutiny, and, I fear, trembled slightly.

"Where are you from, son?" asked the gray-haired gentleman, in exactly the tone that the prosecuting attorney would say: "Where were you on the night of April 4th," or "Have you ever seen this meat-ax before?"

I'm a bum liar, so I hid under the scant protection of the reply, "Los Angeles."

"Oh, have you lived there long?" asked the lady who had spent the summer in Santa Monica.

"Too long."

"Oh, my, aren't you cynical! I just adore Los Angeles. Tell me, whereabouts did you live?"

I mentioned a street—the first one I could think of, and so help me Will Hays if she didn't have a sister-in-law living on that street.

"Why, that's in Hollywood, isn't it?"

I bowed my head in sorrow and resignation as I admitted it was in Hollywood.

Continued on page 100
Up the Ladder

In recounting the recent success of Phyllis recalls her early experiences and reveals many and tem

By Dorothy

The doctors warned her against dieting. She accumulated weight, but obeyed orders. She gained and gained and gained. The scales shot to 150 when she stepped on them. She couldn't get work. Finances were precarious. She went to New York to play in a picture. Because she was overweight the critics singled her out for a slashing paragraph or two.

Phil returned to Hollywood fired with an inflexible resolution. Doctor's orders or not, she would diet, and diet she did. For three months she lived on vegetables. Avoiding the melted into curves. She shaped into 125 pounds. To-day her weight varies between 125 and 129.

She's an interesting combination of instinct and practicality, of small-town-ness and shrewd sagacity, of naiveté and comprehension. She has the grace to mind her own affairs and the discretion to see that no one else minds them.

She'll kid about the rise and fall of stocks, in which she has cleaned up a snug sum. She'll tell you what glorious times she and her gang have when they go week-ending on Don Lee's yacht.

She'll explain that Don Lee is a big Los Angeles automobile man. She'll tell you she started with Mack Sennett, some fifteen years ago, at twelve dollars a week. Her disarming frankness is her armor against the more curious.

Beneath Phil's infectious animation there sweeps a strong restlessness. She lacks the introspective depth to be moody, but there is restlessness. It may be the shadow left by hardships. It may be disappointment in discovering that on the other side of the horizon is only repetition. It may be the stinging slap of criticism that slows down every person given to vivacity. I don't think Phil has any inhibitions. She usually does what she wishes. She may have regrets. She may have uncertainties. She has lived too fully to escape either. But despite these undercurrents, life is her plaything.

After Phil had dieted from 150 to 125 pounds, she still found it difficult to get roles. Fox wanted a hard-boiled type for "What Price Glory?" The rôle was small—a bit, really. It was offered to Phil. Without hesitation she accepted.

That characterization of hers in "What Price Glory?" landed Phil smack on her feet. That she was unanimously applauded convinced producers the Haver girl had possibilities. Producers are like children. They can't be told; they must find out. Because they so seldom find out is one reason why many of them still consider the public at twelve years of age, mentally.

Overweight once kept her off the screen—think of that!
with Haver

Haver, the writer of this comprehensive article hitherto unknown facts about her character perennial.

Herzog

Offers poured in on Phil after "What Price Glory?" It was a gala moment for the girl who hadn't been able to give her services away. She went with Cecil DeMille.

When the weekly stipend commenced coming in regularly for a change, Phil plunked as much as she could of it in the bank. To-day she owns a charming home on Orange Grove Drive. Her mother lives with her. She doesn't fear the future. She'll never be caught again with her bank account at zero. Through all this trying period Phil's sense of humor remembered to live.

When eight years old, the Haver girl came West to live with her grandmother. Time lapses. Phil is in high school. Vacation nears. One of the boys suggests that she make money by going into pictures. Phil vows she hasn't the remotest idea how to go about it. He volunteers to show her the ropes. That was about fifteen years ago. The first studio this boy took her to was Lasky's. Marshall Neilan was directing a picture. She got a job as extra. Neilan spotted her in the crowd and elevated her to cigarette girl in the cabaret sequence. He even gave her a close-up.

"I thought myself just a honey," chortles Phil at the recollection. For this she received five dollars a day—an astounding sum. A friend of hers was a friend of a girl who was engaged to Hampton Del Ruth, then a Mack Sennett director. Through this somewhat roundabout connection, Phil was advised to see Del Ruth and mention his fiancée as the wedge to crash the studio gate.

Phil donned her best bib and tucker and boarded the street car for the Sennett lot. She got off at the right place, but couldn't decide which gate was the one to use. As she stood on the curb, her nose wrinkled in perplexity, a man stopped beside her.

Her first movie salary was twelve dollars a week.

Though Phyllis Haver has been in the movies for fifteen years, she has only recently acquired a home of her own—another example of her prudence.

"What're you doing, little girl?" She beamed at him and told him her story—she wanted to see Hampton Del Ruth.

"What do you want with him?" She had an answer for that, too.

"I'm Hampton Del Ruth," he introduced himself. Phil gasped. "What a sweet break! "Come with me."

He led her past the gateman, up a flight of stairs to an office in the tower. A shaggy-haired man, with cold, blue eyes and thin lips gave her the once-over. It was Mack Sennett. Neither Sennett nor Del Ruth paid much attention to her after that. They left the room, telling her to wait. Phil was scared. Sennett and Del Ruth returned.

"I'll give you twelve dollars a week and a contract," Sennett said. "More money when you work."

Phil gulped. All right. She left the studio. She had a contract. She had actually been alone with two movie men in a tower, and she had no dire experience to recount. Phil was getting her bearings—learning the difference between talk and reality. [Continued on page 98]
Walter Byron, Samuel Goldwyn's English "find," makes his American début in "The Awakening," in which Vilma Banky achieves a graceful bow as an individual star.

Screen in Review

by Norbert Lusk


What was the best talking picture last month takes second place a few weeks later, because dialogue on the screen is being perfected far more rapidly than silent pictures were in the early days of the movies. This is to apprise you of the best all-dialogue film on the market at the time this is written. Before the April edition of Picture Play is exhausted, no doubt later developments will supersede what holds sway to-day; but come what may, do, I beg of you, see "In Old Arizona." It will convert the skeptics and rally adherents of screen dialogue to the "cause." Whatever the future may bring, this, like "Lights of New York," is a milestone, and the performances of Warner Baxter, Dorothy Burgess, and Edmund Lowe will become historic, as those of Cullen Landis, Gladys Brockwell, and Wheeler Oakman in the earlier film have become significant landmarks in the progress of talking pictures.

Most of the new picture was Movietoned in the open air, hence there is greater variety than has been seen in other talking pictures. So well has the dialogue been constructed and recorded, that there is far less sacrifice of action than we have come to expect as the cost of audibility on the screen, hence "In Old Arizona" more closely approached the natural motion-picture form.

Based on the O. Henry story, "The Caballero's Way," it presents a plot gripping in its simplicity and intense in its cumulative interest. It is the age-old story of a woman and two men, and her betrayal of one to the other. The woman is a Mexican, a calico Carmen, whose lover is The Cisco Kid, a Portuguese cattle thief whose passion for her is starkly primitive. Tonia Maria meets Sergeant Mickey Dunn, who is in Arizona to capture The Cisco Kid and win not only promotion but five thousand dollars reward. The girl gains his promise to give her the money when he receives it and, sure of this, she concocts a simple plot to bring The Cisco Kid to the place where the soldier will be waiting for him in ambush. But the cattle thief circumvents her, and by a revenge typical of his race and class sends Tonia Maria to the very fate that awaited him. The last scene finds him riding away broken in spirit, but triumphant in his command of life.

With such skill and suspense are the twists and turns of this story set forth by a look, a word, and a gesture, that it would be unfair to detail them and deprive you of the keen enjoyment this intrigue will give you as it darts sharply to and fro.

As for the performances, they are revelations. Warner Baxter has played many roles excellently, but never has he brought to one of them the rich characterization which his splendid voice gives to The Cisco Kid. It vibrates with every subtle nuance, but is never elocutionary and is always vividly a part of the character. As much can be said of Dorothy Burgess, recruited from the stage for Tonia Maria, and there is also Edmund Lowe to prove that he can bring to his hard-boiled Sergeant Mickey Dunn precisely the vocal equipment of this soldier from the old Bowery. It is a great rôle, but it is only one of several, all making a great picture.

A Maid of Alsace.

Vilma Banky proves her right to individual stardom in "The Awakening," but it is regrettable that she should have had little help from the picture itself. Visually
beautiful though it is, tasteful and intelligent, the story is trite, much too long, and not altogether convincing. The result is a film that is moderately interesting, when we who admire Miss Banky had hoped that it would be important.

With the war as a background, it traces the story of an innocent peasant girl, Marie Ducrot, of Alsace, who lives with her grandfather, tends his sheep, and is supposed to be betrothed to a wealthy landowner whom she dislikes. The early part of the picture is given over, rather lengthly, to the purpose of registering the beauty of the landscape and the guileless high spirits of Marie, to say nothing of giving the sheep plenty of exercise. However—A German regiment is billeted in the village, commanded by Lieutenant Count Karl von Hagen, whose appearance leaves little doubt of what will happen to Marie when he pays ardent attention to her, and no doubt of his motives in the minds of the townspeople. She visits his room at night, where he is disarmed by her innocence and falls romantically in love with her. But Marie's indiscretion is observed, and the obvious surmise so incenses the villagers that they smear her cottage with pitch and all but brand her with the scarlet letter. Painfully she drags herself home to find her grandfather dead from shock and, half-crazed, she seeks refuge in a near-by convent. At the moment she is preparing to take the veil, Lieutenant Karl opportunely appears to repeat his vows of love and entreaty, and saves her from a bursting shell.

The remainder requires no imagination to fill in.

Miss Banky is lovely and convincing in all her phases. The purity of her features matches perfectly the innocence of the peasant heroine, and her vivacity is wholly charming. Altogether hers is a lovely performance. Walter Byron, the English "find," is, of course, Lieutenant Karl. He is tall, slim, and his regular features are personable, but it cannot be said that he is more than adequate—in this rôle at least—for he lacks that spark which distinguishes the exceptional player from the routine one. However, in "Queen Kelly," with Gloria Swanson, he may develop it. Louis Wolheim, as the repulsive landowner, is, of course, excellent, and so are all the lesser players.

Hark Ye, Gary Cooper Fans.

The keen interest felt by many fans in Gary Cooper is due for a sharp rise when he is seen in "The Shopworn Angel." He is not the only high light in the picture, but it is safe to say that his name in the cast will be a deciding factor to those in doubt of its merit. There isn't any doubt at all that he is magnificent as William Tyler, the ingenious soldier from the country, and that he has the good fortune to win this honor in a picture that is, for lack of a better phrase, a gem of purest ray serene.

Like others in this limited category, it is a simple story. But it is told with such feeling, and presented with such artistry, that it is more thrilling emotionally than many a picture with the sweep and surge of armies. Furthermore, the two dialogue sequences really aid the picture, because they occur in emotional crises and do not retard the action. A quiet story, therefore, but a great deal of movement from the moment the screen discloses Nancy Carroll, as a predatory chorus girl protected by Paul Lukas, as Bailey. The girl, Daisy Heath, wakened in her luxurious apartment by the sound of military music, is annoyed by the marching soldiers. All this occurs in the early days of the war. Interest focuses on one of the soldiers, who stays at the skyscrapers. He has never seen one before, nor, as it later develops, has he ever had a sweetheart.

Cleverly the soldier and the chorus girl are brought together when a policeman commandeers her car to take the boy to the ferry. Boasting of his freedom with a show girl, the soldier's bluff is called by his comrades, who force him to go to the stage door of the theater where Daisy is playing. Though hard-boiled, she gets the boy out of his predicament by pretending that she knows him. Out of this grows the love of the Texan for the girl of Broadway. She suspects it as little as he suspects that Daisy is not the girl's guardian. Finally, when the soldier is about to go overseas, he asks Daisy to marry him. She tells Bailey the truth and he decently relinquishes her, without disillusioning the young fellow. The outcome of this should not be told, for it is impressive, poignant, and quite surprising. Enough to say that Mr. Cooper's voice does not disappoint, and its recording has much of the same individuality it has in real life.

As mentioned before, he does not monopolize the honors. Nancy Carroll's performance leaves nothing to be desired. She is amazingly expert in achieving light and shade and veracity and her song at the end though a trivial ditty, is heartbreaking because of its implications. Mr. Lukas also is perfect, and Roscoe Karns, in a bit, is equally superlative. Just to heap on praises, the titles, too, are flawless. In short, see "The Shopworn Angel" even at the cost of missing every picture reviewed in this number of Picture Play.

Immolation in the South Seas.

The professional separation of Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky brings their individual pictures to the screen simultaneously, the latter in "The Awakening," which is reviewed elsewhere on this page, and the former...
in "The Rescue," our lesson of the moment. It is a difficult subject, presenting problems to the critic; but perhaps the presence of Mr. Colman as the star will solve them to his admirers, if not your reviewer, whose opinion of his art, *per se*, is not of the highest.

"The Rescue" is based on Joseph Conrad's novel, and is directed by Herbert Brenon, who performed similar service for "Beau Geste" and, latterly, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." His direction is distinctly an asset to any picture, and to this one it is of inestimable value. Despite this, he labors valiantly with material not suited to the screen. Or at least its full expression is not possible of attainment in the screen. Every essential of the story—its movement, picturesqueness, and romance—has been preserved, but it remains a shell, because it is empty of the author's literary quality and the psychology of his characters as they live in the printed page. Though their actions are lucidly set forth in a smooth continuity, the spectator finds himself more interested in their thoughts, but he gets only a skeleton of them. Not through insufficient characterization, nor inadequate titles, but because of the limitations of the screen. For this reason "The Rescue" is interesting, but not as thrilling as its situations would indicate.

These situations chiefly concern Tom Lingard—"King Tom," the natives of the Malay Archipelago call him—and Edith Travers, wife of an Englishman whose yacht is stranded in the waters which Lingard virtually rules. Though a gunrunner by circumstance and an adventurer by choice, Lingard adheres to a stern code of honor which denies his love for Mrs. Travers in the face of hers for him. He has promised to help certain of the natives to regain their kingdom, which has been seized by a pirate savage. At the critical moment in his plan he succumbs to the lure of Mrs. Travers who fails to give him a ring entrusted to her as a signal, and in consequence those who relied on Lingard perish. He assumes the blame, even when the woman tells him the truth, and they agree that it is best to part.

The most moving episodes in "The Rescue" are the purely romantic ones, the conflicts of the natives, who talk about in picturesque costumes, being of slight interest. Whether Immada and Wasub regained the throne of Woja, or lost it forever, found me indifferent.

Mr. Colman's performance is not unlike his others, which is to say that he is troubled and perplexed in the way that has brought him renown. Far more interesting is the presence of Lily Damita, as Mrs. Travers. She is beautiful, glamorous, and expressive, though she is not happily cast as a conservative Englishwoman struggling against love. Instead, Miss Damita suggests one who would welcome love with open arms, if not smile seductively to speed its arrival. She is a most interesting newcomer.

**The Woe of Motherhood.**

"The Case of Lena Smith" reveals Esther Ralston as a tragic actress, and an impressive one. The picture is unusual and defies conventional rules of popular success, but this very quality will make it all the more acceptable to the minority. It is a story of pre-war Vienna, or rather it purports to be no story at all but, instead, "the biography of a woman." As you know, biographies do not always progress in well-ordered grooves, nor do their round off in a machine-made ending, so it is no surprise to find Lena in the last reel defeated, heart-broken, staring at life in dumb despair.

Her story begins before she comes to Vienna from the country, where the devotion of the peasant Stefan should have kept her there for her own good. But she forsakes the prospect of unhappiness with a man she doesn't love in order to come to the city, where she is seen as a servant in the household of the Hofrats. The exactions of censorship would have us believe that Lena is secretly married to the Hofrats' son, a frivolous young officer, but this is nonsense. It doesn't really matter who is the father of her child. It is the frantic efforts of Lena to keep her child, in the face of humiliation and persecution, that give the narrative its unusual quality. This quality is one of quiet majesty, wholly devoid of maudlin sentimentality, or any effort to capture easy sympathy. It has the steady march of Greek tragedy instead of calculated plotting. When finally Lena steals her boy from a penal institution, where he had been wrested from her on the grounds of illegitimacy,
presumably she has the satisfaction of seeing him grow up. But this is short-lived, for she must sacrifice him to his country when war is declared. Thus the picture ends with the mother’s defeat.

Miss Ralston’s performance is in keeping with the somber picture through which she moves—dignified, repressed, the essence of fatal tragedy. James Hall is highly effective as the unscrupulous young officer, and Fred Kohler, heretofore a brutal villain, is moving as Stefan, the nominal hero, who is still devoted to Lena at the end.

A Persevering Vamp.

Unusual, without being precisely record-breaking, “The River” should at least be seen by all followers of Charles Farrell. In the opinion of many, including myself, he gives his best performance in a rôle far more difficult than any of his previous ones. You will grant that it is difficult for an adult male to assume innocent unsophistication so completely as to be unmindful of the unbridled overtures of a siren without causing laughter. Yet that is exactly what Mr. Farrell does; and he accomplishes it with such perfect sincerity that I can think of no one else who could have done it half so well. It is an extraordinary performance.

The circumstances of his innocence are interesting, too, to say nothing of his emotional awakening, and it is Mr. Farrell’s acting that excuses what is, in the final analysis, just a long-drawn-out seduction and an faltered attempt to bring to the screen a degree of amorous excitement that sometimes makes you embarrassed for the actors, unless you make allowance for the part occupied by the exhibition complex in histrionic psychology. After this digression, it is perhaps advisable to explain what the picture is about.

Allen John Pender, a mountain youth, has built himself a large on which he plans to drift down the river until he comes to the city, where he will learn all about life. Around the first bend he encounters Rosalee, the mistress of a brutal construction boss who is serving a prison sentence. She inveigles him into her hut, where for the succeeding eight reels or so she does what the old-fashioned siren would have called “plying her wiles.” Months go by, the seasons advance, summer gives way to snow-bound winter, but Rosalee is undaunted in the pursuit of her man. Every trick, every subtle enticement, every open blandishment of which she is capable, is employed to awaken Allen John Pender to sex consciousness, but he remains innocent.

From this you will glean something of the difficulty of Mr. Farrell’s task in making the rôle credible, without being laughably subnormal. Naturally the evolution of Rosalee from a predatory female into a woman sublimated by love, is accomplished before the conclusion of the picture finds them floating down the river to the sea. Melodrama is injected into this climax by the return of her paramour, his attack on the young man, and his death at the hands of a giant mute devoted to Allen John.

Despite its slowness, its insistence on sex, “The River” is far removed from the obvious. It has a poetic quality, a definitely romantic style that casts a glamour of unreality over incidents which are as primitive as its background of forest and river, and as animalistic as the love sagas of bird and beast.

Mary Duncan, as Rosalee, leaves no doubt of her skill as a stage actress, as well as the prerogative of the stage artist to romanticize a rôle by means of unsuitably pretty costumes. As the chattel of a woodsman, Rosalee’s elaborate wardrobe includes stilt heels, parasols, operatic negligees and a series of gowns whose simplicity is of that artful quality which shrinks coyness.

Youth Has Its Innings.

Of course you remember “The High-school Hero,” that modest film of such breeziness and charm that it lives while epics are forgotten. “Prep and Pep” is its logical successor, because it also was directed by David Butler and, like the earlier picture, has David Rollins and John Darrow in it. More than that, it introduces a newcomer who promptly runs away with the picture. His name is Frank Albertson, a most amusing, likable, and energetic youth, whose vitality is such that he won’t be kept down, or out of future pictures.

Continued on page 94
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE

"Barker, The"—First National. Exceptional picture of carnival life, moving, thrilling, the pictures with splendid dialogue sequences adding greatly to the "punch" of the film. A veteran Barker permits his innocent son to travel with the circus. Director of the Barker's girl, who bribes another girl to take the boy away from his father, Milton Sills, Betty Compson, Dorothy Mackaill, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"Craig's Wife"—Pathé. Psychological study of a domineering wife, her passion for her home and determination to manage the lives and conduct of all who come within bailing distance of her husband. Beautifully acted by Irene Rich and Warner Baxter. Carroll Nye, Virginia Bradford, Lilyan Tashman, Ethel Wales, and John Keckley. Excellent.

"My Man"—Warner. The Vitaphone début of Fanny Brice, the stage comedienne, is successfully accomplished in a sympathetic picture that enables a singing and often as a soloist to musical career. Guinn Williams, Edna Murphy, and Ann Brody are fine.

"Interference"—Paramount. The first all-dialogue picture produced by this company is more polished and believable than any other talking pictures. The story, though slow and often tolerable interesting. Story of a blackmailing adventurer and her tragic end at the hands of her former lover. Evelyn Brent, William Powell, Olive Brook, and Doris Kenyon.

"Show People"—Metro-Goldwyn. Gorgeously entertaining satiré on Hollywood and the movies, or a slapstick comedy with sentimental trimming. Whichever way you accept it, it is riotously funny and is the best picture of Marion Davies or William Haines has ever appeared in. Story of a goofy girl and what happens to her as a movie actress. Paul Ralli, Polly Moran, Harry Gribbon and numerous stars.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"—Metro-Goldwyn. Expertly played story of likable young crook who reforms for love, route detective who tries to break down his alibi, then sacrifices it all to open safe in which child is smothering to death. Capital entertainment, brilliant performances by Marion Davies and Lionel Barrymore, Leila Hyams, Tully Marshall, Karl Dane. Don't miss this!

"Four Devils, The"—Fox. The glamour and excitement of the circus superbly pictured. Film quite all it should be, and has moments of genius. Barry Norton, Nancy Drexel, Charles Morton, Janet Gaynor, with Mary Duncan in the siren rôle.

"Wedding March, The"—Paramount. The long-awaited Erich von Stroheim story of the love of an Austrian prince and a peasant girl, told in the unique and accepted style. Fay Wray plays with abandon and charm, Zasu Pitts has the title role, and "Von" acts himself.


"Singing Fool, The"—Warner. Al Jolson as singing waiter, with "Some Boy" the theme song. Thin story, but the star's voice is excellently exploited. There are good speaking parts for Betty Bronson and Josephine Dunn. David Lee, a child newcomer, is nothing less than a sensation.


"Mother Knows Best"—Fox. A picture that gives a side of mother love hitherto untouched by the movies—the loving domination of an ambitious parent. It is entertainment cut to the pattern preferred by many. Beautiful performances by Margaret O'Sullivan, an other by Louise Dresser, and Barry Norton's fan mail will grow.


"Sunrise"—Fox. One of the best of the season. Skillfully directed tale of a farmer, his wife and a city vamp. George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Livingston.


"Four Sons"—Fox. A simple and superbly told tale of the effects of the war. Three of whose are killed, the other migrating to America. Margaret Mann, James Hall, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and June Collyer.

"Man Who Laughs, The"—Universal. No one should fail to be engrossed by its strange story, or fascinated by its weird beauty. Conrad Veidt's characterization is magnificent, Mary Philbin pleasing, and Olga Baclanova giving a terrific performance. Brandon Hurst, Josephine Crowell, Sam de Grasse, Stuart Holmes, Cesare Gravina, and George Macready.


"White Shadows in the South Seas"—Metro-Goldwyn. Exciting story of adventure, romance, and adventure among picturesque locations, and has much to offer in natural beauty and pictorial loveliness. Purports to show the corrupting influence of white men among the islanders. Monte Blue is capable in the lead, and Raquel Torres makes the native girl, "Fayaway," vital, naive and charming.

"Lost in the Arctic"—Fox. A photographic record of the recent expedition to the "Herald Islands." Pictures are distinguished by remarkable photographic scenes, moving in rapid and interesting sequence. There is a Movietone prologue in which Vilhjalmur Stefansson describes the object of the expedition—Fascinating. A fine musical score, directed by Roxy, comprises the Movietone accompaniment.

FOR SECOND CHOICE

" Masks of the Devil"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert at his best as pseudo-villain whose handsome face hides an evil heart. Prodigy attractive and easy to accomplish. He betrays his best friend in sacrificing the friend's promised bride, but retribution comes when he sees in a mirror a reflection of himself as he really is. Unhappy ending, but glorious picture. Eva Van Berne, Alma Rubens, Ralph Forbes, Theodore Roberts, and Ethel Burton have capital roles.
The Little Corporal

Not a story of Napoleon Bonaparte, but the tale of one Johnny Hines, who commands an army of his own with an indomitable will and enthusiastic persistence not unlike the tireless energy of the great Corsican.

By H. A. Woodmansee

One who knows Johnny Hines can imagine him spending his life on a bookkeeper's stool, patiently making entries in black and red. After a day or two of that, he'd chuck the ledger through the window and rush out to scalp Indians—or the man who persuaded him to take the job. Nor can one imagine Hines idling away his life at some fashionable resort. Drudgery and idleness, alike, are poison to him.

He craves action, and he craves variety—and his career in pictures has been a long and successful fight to get both. There is no star who works harder, or contributes more to his pictures than Hines. Only one who has worked in close association with him, fully appreciates the long hours, the mental and physical labor, the terrific nervous energy that Hines puts into one of his productions. The fans see only his work as an actor. They see him scaling walls, repairing greasy machinery, or racing to a rescue, but do not realize that it is behind the camera, not in front, that the greater part of this peppy comedian's energy is spent. His whole work is six sevenths hidden from view.

Although he has a large and capable staff, he is virtually director, scenario editor, gag man, film editor, and supervisor of every detail of production, from the original idea to the finished film. Moreover, he cooperates with his shrewd partner, C. C. Burr, in determining policies, and in steering the business organization through the treacherous rapids of the movie world. He keeps tabs on the bookings and exhibitors' reports of his pictures, and his fan letters, as carefully as a broker studies the ticker tape.

He knows just what the fans think of his pictures, individually and collectively, both on Broadway and in Wieser, Idaho. He has the reputation of being nobody's fool in a business deal. He has the caniness of his Scotch ancestors, and other qualities inherited from his Irish and German forbears, that help to account for his complex career. He has to be many things to express himself fully.

Only those familiar with the picture business can understand the burdens and responsibilities of Hines' seven-fold role. Only Charlie Chaplin exercises such complete supervision and participation in his pictures as Hines does, and Chaplin works slowly, takes time off frequently, and makes very few pictures.

Hines, however, makes three pictures a year, and uses every ounce of the energy of an abnormally energetic man to do it, while during the same time other stars are making half a dozen pictures, and finding plenty of idle time on their hands, because they confine themselves to acting.

The more work Hines has to do, the more of a kick he gets out of it. If life were a football game, he would want to carry the ball, to referee the game, to lead the cheers, and to sell the tickets.

And he plays as hard as he works. He's never too busy to tell a friend the "nifty" he heard at the party the other night. He is engrossed in an important conference, but "good-by, conference" when the returns from Notre Dame's biggest football game start coming in over the radio! He's seldom too busy to live over old times with friends of the days when he was a young actor, struggling for recognition, before such films as the "Torchy" series put him over.

He'll pause to fondle his pets: Loretta, the

Continued on page 108
Twelve More Bottles to Go

By reading this story you will not only learn what they contain, but how they happen to stand between Buster Collier and his longed-for freedom.

By Helen Louise Walker

THIS is the story of a pact between two friends, two men who have been in motion pictures since both they and the industry were very young. Two men with the same nickname, whose friendship has ripened through the years into a regular Damon and Phylihas combination.

The culmination of the pact—if they keep it, and I believe they will—will mark the ends of two notable careers in pictures.

The men are “Buster” Collier and “Buster” Keaton. They are friends in the sense that men sometimes, but not often, achieve friendship. Each has a tremendous regard and respect for the other. More than that, a deep affection.

The pact came about like this. Buster Collier had, for years, been using a certain kind of liquid make-up which was made by a man in New York from a secret formula. For a long time he had been trying to persuade Keaton, who used no make-up at all, to try it.

A few months ago the manufacturer died and the formula was lost. So Collier took the remainder of a bottle to a chemist and had it analyzed. Then he had a local cosmetician make up twelve bottles of it for himself, and twelve for his friend.

“That will last us a long time,” remarked Buster C. to Buster K. as they gazed at the twenty-four bottles, all in a row.

“Wonder what we’ll be doing, you and I, when the bottles are all empty?” returned Buster K.

“I’ll bet you both finish in pictures about the time those bottles are gone,” said Collier.

They looked at each other. “Let’s make it a bargain,” suggested Keaton, and they shook hands on it.

Buster Collier told me about it, sitting on a set at the F. B. O. studio. He was wearing a week-old mustache, and a blue-satin blouse for the hero of a Russian opus. A vaulted corridor, a balcony, a large, ferocious sentry, with a rifle and bayonet, and Marian Nixon garbed as a peasant maiden, with a shawl over her head and a dagger tucked in her bodice, told me pretty well what the story would be.

Buster was tired. Through a fluke and the premature signing of a contract, he had just lost a rôle which he wanted very much to do. He viewed his Russian trappings with distaste.

“How many pictures will the bottles make?” I wanted to know.

“About three to a bottle, for me,” he replied. “Not quite that many for Buster. He works more slowly, you see. I make from fourteen to seventeen pictures a year. Roughly—two years and a half.

“We’ve both had quite enough. You get so tired, you know. We both began in this business when we were youngsters.

“There is nothing new for me to do. I’ve played every kind of scene a thousand times. I’ve made the same gestures. I’ve fought and struggled and died and cried and kissed, over and over and over. The same thing—in a different uniform—with or without a mustache—in a different setting—with a different girl. But the same scenes—always! And I’ve even repeated a few times on the uniforms and settings. I’ve about used up all the kinds there are.

“Buster, of course, doesn’t make so many pictures, so he hasn’t quite so much of that kind of repetition. But he plays the same frozen-faced, wistful little man over and over.

Some day he is going to smile in a picture—and give the world a shock! He has a wonderful smile, but he’s saving it.”

Buster Collier is a good-looking chap. Dark, rather small, with a nice smile, and a dimple which just saves him from always playing heavies, and casts him now and then as a juvenile, who gets the girl in the final clinch. When he talks there is the merest suspicion of a lisp.

“I am not a great actor,” he assured me. “I am not star material.” Chaps like Charles Rogers—big, handsome guys—are the ones to be starred. Women go crazy over them. No flapper ever had my name tattooed on her shoulder! I’ve never had that kind of a following at all. I’ve made money just by plugging along in mediocre rôles. I’ve never had but one big picture and it wasn’t successful.

[Continued on page 112]
Unfettered, Soaring

John Gilbert follows his own inclinations, obeys his own conscience, and thus achieves a freedom granted to no star who places his career before himself.

By Margaret Reid

It has long been a subject of controversy as to the extent an actor belongs to his public, and the exact location of the line between their rights in him, and his rights to privacy.

One faction maintains that an actor is wholly public property, and his private life subject to public observation. It is among this group that we find the zealous club women and diligent clergy, who would bar genius from expression unless it be exemplary in the fine art of prudery.

The opposing faction advocates a public whose interest in its idols be confined solely to their work and profession.

For both factions the vast field of the motion-picture profession provides a delectable battle-ground.

There could be found no better example of the subject under discussion than John Gilbert. Sitting, as he does, at the top of the heap, he is target for a steady fusillade of protests and praises, of acrimony and applause. The heated protest does not cause him to topple over with chagrin, nor, from the heated praise does he so much as lurch with inflated ego. Being brighter than most of his contemporaries, a man of keen intelligence and sound judgment, he is able to sift the violence from each and, accepting both at their real value, maintain his balance.

To illustrate this is an article which appeared a few months ago in a widely read magazine. It was intended as a startling revelation of Gilbert, written by a *nouveau riche* among the intellectuals. He launched a spiteful tirade against the star, an attack leveled not at Jack's work, or the things pertaining thereto, but at his private life and personal traits. It could not, by any stretch of the imagination, have been construed as a frank analysis of an artist. It was just an open criticism of one man's character and conduct, by another who appointed himself mentor for the purpose.

Among Jack's friends this article caused wrath, and almost plans for a lynching party. From all over the country he received messages of indignation that he should have been the victim of such petty malice. It so happens that the story proved a boomerang, reacting on the writer, rather than harming the object of his spleen. But more deft articles of this sort do an actor harm.

Even the stanchest of his admirers are not proof against unwilling submission to the printed word, however hollow may be its charges. Obviously it is unfair to the public as well as the idol. But it is the latter who is the primary victim, and the eminence of his position renders him defenseless and incapable of retaliation.

Jack Gilbert might well be a little bitter about the easy denunciation practiced by both scribes and fans. He has had his full share of the spotlight turned on his privacy, his full share of vitriol based on irate prejudice. But he has a rather penetrating knowledge of human psychology, and accepts people as they are, without demur.

"An actor," he says, "must always be open to petty attack. It depends on the individual how it may affect him.

"Some players place such great importance on their careers and position, that they are willing to sacrifice their own inclinations in order to please the public in private, as well as in professional life. Many think that if they marry public interest may lessen, so they remain single. Others make a point of staying in character, even off the screen, being at all times a comedian, tragedian, Lothario, or Galahad, as the case may be. These people make such an effort that they deserve to retain public esteem. Placing your career before yourself at all times is not an easy thing to do. It happens that, to me, it doesn't seem worth it.

"Of course, the ideal state would be that in which the public's interest would confine itself to the work of the actor, and not bother about what he eats for breakfast. But that is not possible since the one is mingled with the other. I am keenly interested in the lives and characters of Poe, of Debussy, of Gauguin. But—and here is my Continued on page 112
Runaways Who

Of the hundreds of girls who secretly left home have become successful, and these warn their

By A. L.

The career of Margaret Livingston dates from an early morning flight from her home in Salt Lake City.

One night in the fall of 1924 a train wound its way through the terminal yards at Kansas City, bound for Memphis, Tennessee. Aboard was a brown-haired, big-eyed girl, weeping bitterly. She was running away from home.

The train slid into the night, past the great stockyards and packing plants, and followed the tracks which skirt the banks of that murky, foul-smelling stream, the Kaw River. Presently it left the last of the sputtering street lights behind and emerged upon rolling prairies, dotted with farmhouses and great, silent barns. Not until the city was gone did the girl take her tear-stained face from the window-pane. Then she sank into her seat and took stock of her future.

At her feet was a lonesome case, containing some more- or-less shabby dresses, an extra pair of shoes slightly run down at the heels and one cherished pair of silk stockings. Her purse contained little money. Yet she was starting on a great adventure. A little "tab" show, playing in an obscure theater in Kansas City, had taken her on for a tryout, and the company was billed to open in Springfield, Missouri, the following night.

Life had not been kind to Lucile LeSuer. She had been ambitious. But as she worked, first as a waitress, then as a laundry helper, and endeavored to get some schooling, she saw her dreams fade one by one, and she remained just a hired girl. Her mother, running a boarding house, could help her but little. Patrons in the restaurants, and

the manager of the laundry, had told her she was pretty, but she knew they told every girl that. Then one glorious day a singer at the Baltimore Hotel saw her.

"Why don't you learn to dance, and go on the stage?" the entertainer inquired. "I believe you would succeed. I'll help you, if you want me to."

She did help. She got Lucile this job with the "tab" show. No word was left with her mother. Lucile just dropped from view that night to go on her own—a step which has lured countless thousands to the "port of missing girls."

The train came to a stop in the Southern Missouri station and the company made its way to a cheap hotel. And that night the show opened, with Lucile in the cast. Her chance had arrived.

Frightened almost beyond words, she did her bit that first night, and then turned appealingly to see how she was received. A roar from the small audience was the answer. Then came an encore—and another. For two weeks Lucile went over big. Her confidence was restored.

What happened? Two weeks in Springfield, and enough money saved to get to St. Louis; a short engagement in a chorus, then Chicago,
Made Good

to seek movie careers, hardly a dozen restless sisters not to try it.

Wooldridge

then New York and the Winter Garden. Her photographs were published from coast to coast, and her figure was hailed as a rival to that of Venus de Milo. Movie magnates discovered her. She is in Hollywood now. Her name is Joan Crawford—one girl among thousands who ran away from home and won her niche in the world through pluck, perseverance and daring.

But where Joan succeeded, an appalling array of girls have failed.

At three o'clock on a morning several years ago in Salt Lake City, a slender, brown-eyed, red-headed girl crept out of bed beside her mother, went softly into an adjoining room, and donned her clothing. Then, with suit case in hand, she stole away into the night toward the railroad station. She had seventy-five dollars in her purse, which had been painstakingly saved. From this she used thirty-five dollars to pay for a ticket to Hollywood.

This runaway believed she could become a famous actress—believed it from the depths of her heart. She had been in Hollywood twice, and had played bits in the movies. She had studied the ways of the stars, their technique and their bearing, and had come to the conclusion that the chief asset of each was self-confidence. And she decided, if that was it, she'd exhibit it, too.

Can you guess the name of this girl? She has developed into one of the most alluring women on the screen. She is in constant demand by the major producers. She owns a beautiful home, with servants, has accumulated real estate, stocks, and bonds, and is rated wealthy. She is Margaret Livingston.

"Would I do it again?" Margaret said in reply to my question. "I don't know. When I think of the privations, the heartaches, the disappointments and failures, before success arrived, I often wonder if it really was worth while. My advice to all other girls is, 'For God's sake, don't try it!'"

While Margaret and I chatted on one of the big, barnlike stages, a celebrated actress passed. "There's another runaway!" said Margaret.

It was Jetta Goudal. Yes, Jetta had run away from her home in France when she was sixteen. She hadn't gone far, but it was "away." Like Joan Crawford, Jetta did not care for her surroundings. Something within her urged her to seek the unknown.

"As a young girl I was very determined," she said when I listened later to her experiences. "Also I was very inex-

Telling her guardian she was visiting friends, Jane Winton sought a stage career in New York. Photo by Spurr

Photo by Home

Marian Nixon deserted her home to join a dancing act, and was stranded in Hollywood.
experienced in life. But I had self-confidence and a very
level head. When I had fully made up my mind to the
limitation of my environment, I put my head up with
the assurance of a millionaire and went forth." She
paused a moment before continuing.
"I have never told just what happened when I left
home. No one is interested in tales of struggle and
distress. I fought. That's sufficient. But”—she half
closed her eyes as she exclaimed softly, but ominously
"if I had a daughter, and she had notions of running
away, I'd lock her up! One place a girl never should
leave by stealth is her home. It may sound silly to say
this, but it expresses my sentiments. I've had experi-
ence, and know."

The average runaway girl, who comes to Hollywood,
simply aspires to appear on the screen. She doesn't know
the courage it takes to compete with the army of unem-
ployed. She doesn't know the initiative employed by
successful stars, the dauntless spirit they possess, the
pugnacious attitude they maintain. These are the quali-
ties which cause them to assert their personalities and
forge ahead, while others falter and fail. The merely
"sweet little thing" doesn't have any more chance in
Hollywood, than Calvin Coolidge has of trouncing Gene
Tunney in a canvas-floored ring.

There is the case of Sally Eilers. Sally went to her father and announced that she
wanted to go in the movies. And father promptly put his foot down on any such
move.
"In the first place," he said bluntly, "I
don't think you have any talent, and in the
second place, I don't want you in the
movies. And that's that!"

But Sally sneaked out to a studio and got
a job as an extra. She worked three days
in disobedience of parental orders. Then
she frankly told her father what she had
done.

"All right," he replied, "I'll give you just
six months to make good. Now, behave
yourself, and if you haven't gained some-
thing that looks like a definite
place in pictures within that
time, you must promise me to
quit forever."

"It's a go, father, dear," said
the daughter.

Five months later things
looked pretty
dark. Five
and one half
months, and
Sally's pros-
spects began
to assume an-
other color.
Mack Sennett
saw her, took
screen tests,
signed her to
a contract and
gave her the feminine lead in "The Good-by Kiss." And
father, good sport that he is, told Sally to go ahead.

Nena Quartaro had a similar experience in New
York, but she was aided and abetted by her mother.
Nena started playing with a stock company at a theater
in Brooklyn, and continued for months before her father
knew anything about it. Then one Sunday father was
asked to sit in a comfortable chair to hear a piece of
news, and the whole story was related. Nena had al-
ready won success in a limited way, so the die was cast
and father surrendered. Nena began wandering over
to the Paramount studio on Long Island, played bits, and
was sent West to appear with Esther Ralston in "The
Spotlight," after which she was placed under contract
by James Cruze.

These actresses, now well known, found the call of
the footlights or the Kleigs irresistible, but it was their
courage and fearlessness which carried them on to
achievements.

"You get to the point where you feel you've got to
go," says Marian Nixon, who was a runaway from
Minneapolis in 1922.

Marian got a part in a dancing act with Paisley Noon,
much to the discomfiture of her parents, and when Mr.
Noon moved on to Winnipeg, Marian went, too.

"I was terribly thrilled," she said, "as I
boarded the train and we moved out along the
banks of the Mississippi, and headed north
through the pine woods. It seemed like a
great lark. I wrote mother from Winnipeg,
saying I wasn't coming back, and we would be
working toward the Coast, playing all the
larger towns.

"But our route suddenly ended in Los
Angeles and I found myself broke—fifteen hun-
dred miles from home. Then's when I
thought most about mother and Hemepin
Avenue and Minnetonka Lake and the like.
I sold the return part of my railroad ticket
for thirty-three dollars. Then I had to find
work if I wanted to exist. I made up my
mind that if I ever go back home—but why go into all
that? I got a bit with Monty
Banks, then with Mack Sen-
nett, and finally Fox put me
under contract. Yet there
was that dreadful day when,
if I could have returned
home, I never
would have
fled from it
again."

The history of the movies shows that
the girls who have made the greatest
successes, had to work in
order to live. Subsisting on
sandwiches, washing their
own clothes, and living in
cheap lodg-
ings, has im-
Cont'd on page 114
Just a Bite

This group of old-fashioned folks evidently know that fingers were made before forks.

Mae Busch, above, was asked for a bite of roast and look what she's giving! It tastes better this way, Lloyd Hughes, right, and June Daly believe.

Tim McCoy and Sylvia Beecher, below, pretend to enjoy one of those location box lunches before indigestion sets in.

Joan Crawford, above, makes a meal of a flower petal proffered by John Mack Brown.

The bite will be bigger than the sandwich when George K. Arthur, below, finishes with Karl Dane's hospitality.
What Keeps Failures

After hopes of success in the movies are than return home. This article

By Mignon

True, these friends and relatives have probably read articles which attempted to paint a true picture of the film situation, but without actually encountering conditions in Hollywood, they cannot understand.

It is all the reasons I have mentioned—often a combination of these reasons—and then some more. Among the contributing factors, to why girls stay on, long after they have attempted unsuccessfully to get on the screen, are; the belief that they still have a chance, false pride, the fact that they have found friends and a congenial place for themselves outside pictures, that they lack the money to go home, or that they have joined the ranks of the demimonde.

It may seem strange that in the face of failure to get picture work, month in and month out, some apparently intelligent girls continue to hope that eventually they will be given the opportunity to act.

But they can hardly be blamed, especially if they are young, fairly pretty and possess personality. Remember that some of them are the choice peaches from their home town or city. And there are many instances of success on the screen which came about unexpectedly.

For example, Eve Southern made good in Douglas Fairbanks' "The Gaucho," yet she had tried for ten years to get a real chance on the screen. She had even given up the attempt, finally, and gone back to the Southern town from which she came. But unable to resign herself to failure, she returned to Hollywood and renewed the struggle which ultimately brought success.

Alice Terry waited six years for recognition. Both these aspirants had dubbed themselves failures, but couldn't quite give up the idea of doing screen work.

"They can't all be winners. Only a very, very small percentage can be," declared Marion L. Mel, who takes care of the women and children applicants at Central Casting Bureau. "But I don't blame the girls for hoping; at least within reason. Believe me, if I were nineteen years old, very beautiful, and had been told by some reliable person, such as a theatrical producer, or casting agent, that I stood a chance, nothing on earth could keep me from trying to get into the movies. The compensations are so great, if some sort of fortune you do make good. I think that I'd give it at least a year's trial. If then I found I wasn't getting along in pictures, I'd get some other work, at least for a while. After I'd been in Hollywood for about two years, I'd certainly return home, unless during that time I had obtained roles, or had become successful in some other business.

"Seventy per cent of our registration of twelve thousand, is composed of women applicants," she went on. "Of this number about eight hundred are 'dress' girls—the type of girl in demand more than any other. These girls are not only beautiful, but wear clothes extremely well, have extensive wardrobes, are accomplished dancers, swimmers and horsewomen. Breaking into pictures by way of the extra route is—even though one is lucky enough to be included in this group—a precarious and unremunerative method. Only fifty-five extra women in the entire industry average two and a half days' work a week throughout the year!"
in Hollywood?

abandoned, hundreds of girls stay on rather points out some of the reasons.

Rittenhouse

"At present we don't register any girl, unless she's more beautiful and better clothed than the girls we already have on record, or unless she's a type we haven't yet registered, or haven't enough of. So you see how very hard it is. With the exception of the independents, all the studios call for extras through us. A girl may be a good leading woman, or flapper type, and yet be turned away. A cute girl, who couldn't wear clothes distinctively, might get so far as to be registered, but work seldom or never. A girl like Lois Moran, who would be classed here as the plain-beautiful type, would probably not get very much work from us. Neither would Janet Gaynor. Our calls are mostly for dress girls, and as such these stars wouldn't fit in."

Why should a girl feel any qualms about returning home, because she is unable to get into pictures? Aren't there thousands of others in the same predicament? Certainly, yet the fact remains that many girls, and perfectly sensible girls in most ways, do feel qualms. Sometimes her family has expended a considerable sum of money to maintain her in Hollywood, and she feels that before returning home she should in some way repay it.

Let's for a moment glimpse into the life of one of the girls who came to Hollywood and failed to get into pictures. I have in mind a talented young lady who left home at nineteen. She was an accomplished girl; just the sort who would be popular almost anywhere. She belonged to golf clubs back home, and was always invited to select parties. She went around with the smart set and received various proposals from eligible men in her town. But she yearned for bigger worlds to conquer.

She soon discovered her mistake. Matching herself against the girls in the city where beauty is the rule, rather than the exception, she decided that she didn't stand much of a chance. Though she was nice looking, not even her best friend would have called her beautiful. She didn't screen well, either, she found out after expending a considerable amount for a test. She realized that although she might get work doing stunts in pictures eventually—she was an accomplished diver and horsewoman—she would never realize her ambition to become a leading woman. So she went back to her stenography, but not to the home town. She bought a bungalow and rented out rooms, took up gardening and outdoor sports in her leisure time, made friends and settled down to her new life.

"I'll never go back home now," she told me. "I guess I'm too proud. They all hoped for so much from me. Anyway, most of the girls and fellows I used to know have either become married, or left the town. It's seven years since I went away, and I'd feel out of everything—on the shelf. All the youngsters are grown up now, going about doing the things I did so well. Hollywood doesn't give a hoot whether or not I stay, but I've grown to like it here.

Continued on page 106
It's a Gift

In this age of talking pictures, what the stars don't try to do with their voices is nobody's business. One suspects that these "dolls" are self-starting, however.

"Nize Big Baby," says Milt Gross, below, and little June Gittelson forgot her rôle and grinned.

Edward Nugent, above, is having trouble getting the attention of Raquel Torres. Gwen Lee and Lowell Sherman, below, entertain the crowd with wise cracks.

Harry Gribbon and Snitz Edwards, above, imitating the imitators between scenes of a picture.

"How old are you, little girl?" asks Harry Gribbon, below, of Polly Moran. The dummy's comeback to this one was so hot it almost spoiled the game.
"MY STARS!"

They are the bright lights of the screen, these merry Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars. Be sure that your favorite theatre has booked M-G-M pictures. Then you will know that you have happy days ahead with the Biggest Stars in the Biggest Pictures—

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*Every week LOVE STORY MAGAZINE 15c per copy*
The Train Sweeps In

These elaborate gowns indicate that the stately skirt is being revived in the movie center.

Aileen Pringle, below, wears this impressive costume in "Dream of Love."

Not content with just a train, Dolores Brinkman, above, adds the bustle effect to this frock.

A party frock displayed by Gwen Lee, above, is capped with a silk wig to match.

Loretta Young, left, is clad here in a simple little thing of gold cloth, trimmed with bright gold lace, the creation of a Hollywood designer.

Taffeta, and yards of it, make a stunning gown for Geraldine De Vorak, right, in the role of a mankin in "Masks of the Devil," with John Gilbert.
Theater. It was like something out of a fairy tale. The costumes were extravagant, with intricate details that made the audience feel like they were a part of a grandiose soundstage. The actors were a mix of men and women, some of whom had achieved fame elsewhere, but none of them were as talented as those on the stage. The atmosphere was electric, with the audience's attention riveted on the performers. The production was a landmark in the history of the theater, and it proved that the Frenchman was a force to be reckoned with.

Continued from page 18

Do the Stars Dress Badly?

The stars were the real stars of the show, and their costumes were a reflection of the fashion trends of the time. Some were glamorous, with拖地的礼服和闪烁的钻石， others were more understated, with simple dresses and natural makeup.

The Frenchman was known for his sense of style, and he ensured that every star on the stage was dressed to perfection. The costumes were well-designed, with attention to detail that made them look like they were made for each individual performer. The actors were proud to wear the costumes, and they were a source of pride for the Frenchman.

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Hollywood High Lights

At one time Miss Parlo, it was announced, was to play opposite Maurice Chevalier, in “Innocents of Paris,” but static, interference or something developed, or else the producers decided that two foreign stars, unknown to the majority of American filmgoers, would be a little too much all at once. At any rate, having nothing in particular for Miss Parlo to do, and doubtless fearing that she might become lonesome, they sent her to her home in Berlin again. It is suggested that she may return later, but we doubt it.

We saw Dita in “Home-coming,” the imported film, and she was both skillful as an actress, and interesting as a personality, even though suffering from a heavy German make-up.

Disturbing to Love Scenes.

Seven thousand dollars for a scar on the lip! This amount of money was awarded Thelma Parr for the injury mentioned. The exact amount was $7,112.50, which she got after asking for $30,837.

Miss Parr's lip was cut by flying glass in an automobile accident, and she contended that as a result of being disfigured, she lost a motion-picture contract that would have yielded her a $200-a-week salary.

Diamonds are Proof.

A large square-cut diamond probably settles it — the rumor of an engagement between Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez. Miss Lupe is wearing it on the third finger, left hand, so that makes it nearly doubly certain. Quiet Gary and tempestuous Lupe! Now, who says life is like a dream?

There are other romances. Bebe Daniels formally announced her intention to wed Ben Lyon. They have known each other for some years, but were mutually attracted only when they met at a party during the Christmas holidays. Both have been frequently reported affianced before, but aver that this is the first time they have really been in love. We glimpsed them together at a party given by Billie Dove, and at this same affair Ruth Roland's wedding date was announced. It was given as February 14th, St. Valentine's day, and Ruth made the announcement as a surprise even for her fiancée, Ben Bard. He didn't know any more about the actual time than anybody else—at least, he pretended so—until he read it on the announcement card, which was a gay little Valentine presenting Cupid as a messenger. All the gentlemen guests kissed the prospective bride—and Mr. Bard recognized his social obligation to all the ladies present. So a joyous time was had by everybody.

June Bridge Prospects.

Several weddings are set for June. May McAvoy will marry Maurice Cleary at that time, and Anita Stewart will become the wife of George Peabody Converse. It is also possible that Dorothy Burgess, who has made her debut in the very successful outdoor talkie, "In Old Arizona," will become the wife of Lieutenant Adolph Osward, a young naval officer.

Too, there are Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, though they won't give a definite word on even their intention to wed, as yet. Every one is pretty sure that the intention exists, however.

“Out of Mouths of Babes”

Estelle Taylor is playing a rôle in Continued on page 105
Making Ready

These actors show how the last touches are dashed on.

Although one of the smallest actors, George K. Arthur, above, has the world’s biggest make-up kit, if the camera hasn’t played a trick on him.

Edward Nugent, above, carries his mirror, powder puff and pencil in a cigar box, just to be different.

When Josephine Dunn, below, drove up to the location for “All At Sea,” she sprang this automobile dressing-room idea upon the world.

Nils Asther, left, finds a camera tripod the very thing for his make-up box, which he is carefully using to play opposite Greta Garbo, in “Wild Orchids.”

A trunk that can be converted into a dressing table is used by Norma Shearer, below, in going from set to set.
Hollywood's Fourth Dimension

Another who uses his eyes, greatly to the advantage of his chosen work, is one of the fourth dimension’s brightest stars whenever he appears in Hollywood—Russell Vernon Hunter, the young artist who is already celebrated. He has had exhibitions of his extremely modern and original work in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, but he sighs for Europe and will be appreciated there. I hope he’ll take with him some of my favorites—for instance, his “Self Portrait,” his “Woman of Moods,” and several portraits of fourth dimension stars whom those observant eyes of his are always singing out for notice. He calls his work “expressionistic,” and I think no better adjective could be coined for it.

I should need several thousand more words, and many more pages of PICTURE PLAY, if I were to try to tell about the whole group of fourth dimensionists—sculptors, artists, script writers, singers, dancers, violinists, whom I met in that realm. But those I remember best, grouped on the colorful cushions of the bungalow in its fountain garden, are those I have described, some of whose faces have been photographed especially for PICTURE PLAY by Harold Brown.

The big idea is, that five or six of them shall go to Paris next year, assisted by a marvelous colored cook, to open an all-American café on the Rive Gauche. If they do, it will certainly be that wonderful and also all-American thing, a wow.

The Screen in Review

The screen is laid at a famous military academy, where “Bunk” Hill undertakes to get even with “Flash” Wells, the top athlete, by managing Cyril Reade so that he becomes the rival of Wells, and finally his superior. This is made doubly entertaining, because Reade doesn’t care for athletics and is handicapped by the brilliant record made by his father at the same school. Finally he performs a feat of heroism in rescuing both his enemy and the commandant’s daughter from a fire. Whereupon the three boys swear eternal fealty in the manner of students the world over.

There is constant movement in all this, a great many laughs and invariable wholesomeness and charm. All the young people, including Nancy Drexel, as the heroine, are engaging and, thanks to the skillful direction, they react to the situations as young people would, not like blase actors imitating juniors. “Prep and Pep,” though, is a picture to be seen rather than read about.

“The Cat and the Canary’s” Offspring.

Paul Leni’s direction of “The Cat and the Canary” paved the way for eager anticipations of his new picture, “The Last Warning,” another mystery yarn. Those anticipations are not, unfortunately, realized; but the picture is far from unimportant.

It has the same eerie, gruesome quality that made its predecessor notable, as well as superb photographic values. Chief among its faults is its excessive length and the confusion in solving the mystery, which in the hurry of last-reel telling passes by the spectator and causes no surprise. In spite of all this, the premise of the piece is unusual. It concerns the mysterious murder of an actor-manager during the performance of a play in his theater, with suspicion pointing to each player in turn. The theater is closed for five years until finally a new producer appears, engages the original cast and plans to resume performances in the hope that the guilty man will betray himself. One by one the players are mysteriously warned not to participate in the revival, until finally the threat of death hangs over the heads of them all. Eventually there is a chase through the flights to apprehend the unknown person who has been terrorizing the company, followed by the quick solving of the mystery.

Dialogue is heard from time to time, without adding a whit of suspense, or even interest. The best performance, as well as the best voice, are contributed by Montagu Love, as the new producer, others in the cast being John Boles, Margaret Livingston, Mack Swain, Bert Roach, Roy d’Arcy, and Laura La Plante, whose sole duties are to look frightened and scream from time to time. Yet, for all of this, “The Last Warning” is worth inspecting.

Underworld, But Good.

It seems that crook pictures are capable of infinite variety, for in spite of the epidemic which followed “Underworld” there comes, now and then, an excellent one. Such is “Romance of the Underworld.”

This quality is due more to the direction and acting than to the story itself, but the former merits are so strongly in evidence that one doesn’t resent the rather trite yarn which inspires them. It concerns Judith Andrews, a hostess in an underworld night club. She is unhappy in her work, and her troubles are increased by the menacing presence of “Derby Dan” Man-ning, whose unexplained hold on her is sufficient for her to give him her earnings. When the place is raided Judith is befriended and released by Edwin Burke, a detective, who finds employment for her. Beginning as a laundress, she ends as a private secretary and marries her boss. If you know your formula, you aren’t exactly surprised when Derby Dan invades her happy home and demands blackmail. As Judith has captured your sympathy, you are glad when she appeals to the detective, and still more pleased when he lays a trap for Derby Dan, whereby the crook is killed and the young wife’s secret is safe.

All this is illuminated by shrewd, ironic detail such as was seen in “Dressed to Kill,” an earlier picture directed by Irving Cummings; and the acting of Mary Astor, as Judith, and Ben Bard, as Derby Dan, is intelligent and restrained. However, the more spectacular performance is that of Robert Elliott, whose nonchalant detective is a creation which one hopes will not be spoiled by repetition. One’s eyes never stray while he strolls through a scene, because each step, each flicker of an eyelid, denotes quiet authority.

Tripping and Pleasant.

There is a pleasant, civilized quality in “Captain Swagger” strong enough to make one overlook its light-waistenedness as a story. It has a veneer, even though there is little substance beneath the polish. Its merits are wholly due to the ingratiating Rod La Rocque whose elegance is always convincing, because it is an integral part of him as an individual. This fanfare should not drown praise of Sue Carol, whose femininity is

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Just to Be Different

Fads and fancies in feminine adornment find willing sponsors in the city of make-believe, where the camera is king.

Mary Brian, above, sports stockings appliqued with black-velvet bunnies, believe it or not.

Jean Arthur, above, wears a chain around her neck and that of the dog on her hip, to keep him from straying.

Jeanette Loff, left, believes that a dog of wool, embroidered in a contrasting color, gives just the right touch to her sports outfit.

Gladys McConnell, right, is really a lady of sorrow, because she is in mourning for the bulldog whose image she wears on her blouse.

Because she is Irish, Nancy Carroll, above, may be excused for the green snakes embroidered on her hose.
"I save money on the bath mat," was Lupe's calm comment. "I buy the Chinese rug." And she did.

A day or two later, Lupe told me she had bought another car, an open one. She already had a closed car.

"What will Beulah say?" I asked her. "Won't she feel very badly about that new car?"

"Beulah weel geev me hell," averred Lupe with deep satisfaction. "She adore me—that Beulah. She weel feel very bad, but I feel bad if I don't buy the damn car!"

"I am young," she went on. "I have lots of money now. When I am old—maybe I be poor—and hungry. I don't care. I weel have my fun now, wile I can." That is Lupe. Hundred-dollar pairs of satin slippers, with jeweled heels, for little feet that dance "while I am young."

The money has come so easily and so fast. The world, apparently, is waiting and anxious to pay tribute to a little Mexican girl who can sing and dance "so naughty," and who will one day be a great emotional actress "like Bernhardt."

With such a beginning—such a meteoric swoop to fame and fortune—I am not wonder that Lupe is intoxicated with herself. She feels that she is just beginning. She is tremendously ambitious. She will pay any money to any one who can teach her a new dance step. She studies her singing assiduously. She works hard at learning English.

She does not see Hollywood's shrews—yet. When she does, it will hurt. She is pathetically anxious to be liked. She wants approval and affection—the demonstrative, Latin, hug-and-kiss sort of affection. She may fly into a rage and call you most dreadful names if you displease her, but she will be all sobbing contrition in five minutes, and she would be appalled if you took her anger seriously.

She is something of a problem to directors. Capricious, constantly late on the set, but so disarmingly in her sorrow for her derelictions, and her promises to be better. "Lupe be a good girl, now."

She will mimic a director wickedly behind his back, and when he turns to see why every one is laughing, Lupe is wearing the most guileless expression of innocence in the world.

I heard her telling of an encounter, with a director who scolded her for neglecting to glance out of a window, an important piece of business in a scene.

"I turn in heem like thees," Lupe said, her eyes flashing with reminiscence rage. "I say, 'What you mean— you spik to me like that? You want me to look out of window—you tell me before I start. How can I know what you want? I am no read-minder!'"

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The Flame of Hollywood

Exactly like a naughty child who thinks the teacher has treated her unjustly.

There is something pitiful about Lupe's avid grasping at life and experience, about her eagerness to have her fun, to run the gamut of emotions while she is young. She works, plays, lives too hard. One feels that she will burn herself out before it is time.

Lupe will suffer. People—the world—men—will laugh at her, applaud her, pet her a little—and forget her. She doesn't, somehow matter. She wants to matter. She wants it tremendously.

Perhaps suffering will help her to matter on the screen. One feels, now, that she has not too much to offer. A fleeting beauty, an impression of exultant joy. She is all body, emotion, instinct, impulse. Perhaps life will teach her and give her depth.

She says, "When the public no longer love to see me—I weel die. I weel keel myself!"

Perhaps that is the secret of her eagerness, her desire to taste of everything now. She is the Latin type which matures so young. Does Lupe look at that mother—resigned, with folded hands, in her forties—and realize that her time, too, is short?

Is it fear that robs Lupe to a veritable frenzy of living? Poor little Lupe!

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Occasionally You Find a Lady

Continued from page 43

virtually unknown on Santa Monica turnpike. There is Aileen Pringle, whose charm does not screen successfully, and then whom have we? Very few!

It is the Hopper gift to be able to take the curse off shoddy productions. Her ease and grace are invaluable to any picture.

If I were fortunate enough to have Mrs. Hopper under contract, I would try to arrange things so that she might play the Emily Stevens role in "Igor Maga," Shaw's Candide, and the elusive, amazing heroine of Capek's "Makropulu Secret," badly done by Helen Menken in New York.

She is tall and slim. Her gray-blue eyes have a touch of Mona Lisa, her hair a suggestion of titian.

She is the personification of poise. I can imagine nothing disturbing her equilibrium.

"While I'm East I'm doing a stage play and a talking picture, and a silent one, so between rehearsals, studio appointments, fittings, and fittings, I'm having what one might conservatively call a gorgeous time. Con-tracts to sign, and offers to turn down —fun!

"New York has so much to keep you on the go. It's so distinct a contrast to Hollywood, the village of sunshine and childlike naïveté, where a preview is an event, and a retake a catastrophe. But I like the West. And when I'm through with my work here, I'll go back."

In the course of our conversation, Hedda Hopper impressed me as a woman of infinite taste. She consented to liking Japanese prints, French lingerie, negro revues, Swedish pastry, Veuve Cliquot '11, football games, English country homes, the Lido by moonlight, and ice skating. She is a delightful talker, salting her observations with wit and piquant asides.

If so many geraniums of the screen hadn't already been termed orchids, this would be the point to describe Hedda as orchideous, which she is. She is a luxurious creature, who carries it off graciously.

It was difficult, practically impossible, to wheedle forth anything on the subject of acting.

"It simply means counterfeiting naturalness," said Hedda, "and if I remember, Aristotle, or one of the other boys, said the same thing, so probably there is something in it."

On the screen Hedda Hopper is always interesting. Unaffectedly, creditably, she strolls through miles of celluloid, oblivious to the banalities she is decorating, snickering softly to herself at the imbecilities of the supervisor.

She is equally convincing as seductive,смерно, family friend, carefree chaperon, or youthful mother. Recently she has mothered Richard Barthelmess and—or of all people—Antonio Moreno. Probably the world owes her a debt for introducing the youthful mother to the screen. Scornful white wigs that lead over the hill to the porchhouse, she endows her maternal roles with whimsical humor and elusive charm.

Here is, let me repeat, the first lady of the perpendicular platforms, an artist for whom it is a genuine privilege to give three or more cheers. What this particular planet needs is more Hedda Hoppers.
Strong Arms

Edward Nugent, right, is held aloft by Raquel Torres, just like that. Try this on the boy friend.

Anita Page, right, has little use for Indian clubs for arm exercises when she can lift George K. Arthur like this.

This stunt looks easy when Tenen Holtz, lower center, with the assistance of Joan Crawford, shows how he used to do it in circus days, and even held up six men.

A feminine Atlas, Dorothy Janis, above, doesn't go around with the world on her shoulders, but just look at that husky Karl Dane.

These movie people suddenly display their hidden strength in some stunts that would make nice, clever parlor tricks for fans.
Marie Prevost, Gloria Swanson, Vera Reynolds, Mary Thurman, and many others were working on the Sennett lot at that time. The Haver girl was just a nobody compared with these others. A newcomer—humph! Phil chortled—and the Haver chortle is a unique, high pressure of naff that to be appreciated must be heard. Nevertheless, she chortled when she recalled being assigned to a maid rôle in a two-reeler in which Vera Reynolds was the heroine. "She wasn't a maid, you know," Phil recalled, "so when I got on the set I went over to Vera Reynolds.

"'Miss Reynolds,' I asked. 'How does a maid act?'

"'Vera—I didn't know her then—gave me a soiled look and walked away. I followed her, I simply had to get quick advice. I repeated my question. This time Vera stared at me coldly and answered, 'I'm sure I don't know, I was never a maid.'"

It was shortly after this that the two became friends and have been ever since.

One of Phil's most amusing recollections concerned a two-reeler in which Gloria Swanson heroined. Phil had only a small rôle, but she determined not to be a splotch. Concentration as to how this could be accomplished resulted in her purchasing several yards of black-and-white-checked ribbon. She made an enormous bow of it and sewed it on her hat. Thus adorned, she arrived on the set. Miss Swanson took in this vision of style and went into conference with the director.

A minute later, the director, looking a trifle uncomfortable, came over to Phyllis. It seemed Gloria wanted that ribbon. She wouldn't work if Phil wore it, and, after all, she was the big noise. Phil couldn't see it that way. Why should she give the ribbon to Miss Swanson? If other people didn't have creative ideas it wasn't her fault! The director found the going rough. To make matters worse, Phil dissolved into tears. The director brightened. Ah, he had an inspiration! The ribbon was very long. Why not give Miss Swanson half and keep the other half? Phil digested this and finally agreed.

The careful thought that Phil gives to her screen characterizations is evident even to-day. She arrives at the studio with at least an hour at her disposal in which to make up. She experiments with new hair styles. She makes tests of her new dresses. If they don't photograph to advantage she experiments until they do. The Haver girl isn't slipshod. She knows darn well that the Lord helps her who helps herself.

In one picture on the Sennett lot Phil played nine rôles! Among them were a janitor, a bearded, old man selling doughnuts in an army camp, and the front part of a horse. Once the studio was shy a juvenile lead. Phil jumped into the breach and in four consecutive two-reelers she played a hero. What's more, she got away with it, which tickled her no end.

Those pre-war Sennett girls earned their salaries. They punched a time clock. I believe they had to be on the lot by eight o'clock. When they weren't acting they had to roller skate several hours a day on an unused stage. Sennett ran no risk of having them accumulate superfluous flesh.

It was while working with fifty other girls in exterior night scenes that Phil learned the "bush gag." For six nights the girls had been braving the cold in scanty attire. Phil figured if she maneuvered out of camera range nobody would miss her. It was worth the effort. She discovered a good-sized bush. She lay flat and hid her face behind it. Slowly she wriggled out of camera range. She made the hilltop. She wasn't missed. She snuggled into her coat and from this vantage point—still behind the bush she clutched!—watched her less fortunate sisters prance. Came the dawn—blew it—and the end of the night grind. Phil joined the others and meandered back to the studio and home!

That Sennett training was invaluable to Phil. She learned how to cut pictures. Sometimes she worked in the cutting room. She came to appreciate the possibilities of acting. She adapted herself to every part.

It stands her in excellent stead today. It was while still under contract to Sennett that Phil was signed for "The Christian." The contract expired shortly after she completed the picture. With its expiration, the Haver girl found work difficult to get. Production was slack. Then came the operation the doctor's order not to diet, the accruing of avor-dupois, and the several difficult lean years. Phil was almost ready to give up when "What Price Glory?" came along. That restored her confidence. The DeMille contract gave her prestige.

When Phil learned that she was to be featured in "Chicago," she was elated—plus. When Cecil DeMille called her into his office to get her ideas about the rôle, she was so scared she couldn't even stutter. DeMille changed the subject and talked generally. He suggested she come in the next day. Her knees were rubber when she waddled from his office. She returned the next day, her fright with her. DeMille smiled when she entered, and he has a charming smile. Phil managed a smile echo and suddenly felt at her ease. She had an idea or two about "Chicago." She gave them.

DeMille likes ideas. They don't have to agree with his, but she who has them must substantiate them with logic. Phil has the ability to explain. She also has the courage of her convictions. DeMille considers her a great trouper and has her under a personal contract, which means that she is not subject to the jurisdiction of any organization. He doesn't lend her often, but it is safe to say that DeMille's affiliation with Metro-Goldwyn is sure to throw some good rôles in Phil's way.

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**FICKLE FATE**

By Harold Seton.

Oh, meek, mild, and modest was Prunella Prude, Whose one aim in life was performance of duty, Whose smile and whose style were indeed quite subdued— And who wasted no time in pursuit of mere beauty. While Gwendolyn Gad was a gay, giddy girl, With the eyes of a vamp and an ingénue's tresses, And spent, quite content, all her days in a whirl Of flaunting "screen" hats and "scenario" dresses, And parents oft pointed to Miss Prude with pride, Exhorting their daughters to make her their model, While Miss Gad's example was hailed far and wide As the awful result of a life spent in dawdle. Then one day the frivolous Gwen fled the town To enter the realm for which she'd been sighing, And her name soon became one of fillum renown— Which startling news soon homeward went flying; Oh, Fate is a jade most capricious and sly, And strange are her ways of bestowing her booty, For now, I avow, she swiftly passed by Prunella, who still was performing her duty, And now it is Gwen to whom folks point with pride, Advising their daughters to make her their model, While Miss Prude is tabooed by all, who deride Her dolorous days, the result of mere dawdle!
Loud Speakers

If apparel oft proclaims the man, then these checks speak louder than words.

Dignified Gary Cooper, left, illustrates his idea of the right garb for a young man sure to get on in the world.

Loud checks give Alan Hale, below, that hard-boiled touch in "The Scapegoat."

Jack Mulhall, right, as a young butter-and-egg man in the picture of that name.

Joe E. Brown, lower left, in "Hit of the Show," makes a pathetic comparison between himself and the late John Drew.

A flashy, checked suit is the final note that makes Milton Sills, below, perfect in "The Barker."
pities and then loves her. At the moment when Phroso confronts Crane with the girl, it develops that she is Phroso’s own. In expiation, he sacrifices his life to the fury of the natives, thus permitting the girl and the doctor to escape to civilization.

Much is left unexplained in this jumbled plot, and in spite of good acting, the plights and problems of the characters do not matter. Whatever is Lionel Barrymore is Crane, Warner Baxter, the doctor, and Mary Nolan the girl.

Puppets and Fine Feathers.

“Dream of Love” is as empty as its title and as real as a lace-paper valentine, with a pink heart and a gold arrow. It takes place in a mythical kingdom overrun with uniforms, fancy costumes for the ladies, conventional intrigue, and lush sentimentality. It has the substance of musical comedy, without the swing and lilt of appropriate solos, duets, and choruses. Gorgon Prince Mauritzy falls in love with Adrienne, a strolling player decked out like an operatic gypsy. Diplomatic pressure is brought to bear, so Adrienne has no waking when she receives a note from Mauritzy inclosing some money. She flings it from her with proper repulsion, whereupon she is next introduced as the greatest actress in all Europe and is as ritzy about it as a parvenu chorus girl. Meanwhile the kingdom is ruled by a dictator and Mauritzy is only the pretender who, again for those diplomatic reasons, makes love to the dictator’s wife. This sort of thing goes on while Mauritzy attempts to regain the favor of the actress, is treated to a display of her bad manners, and succeeds finally in winning her and the throne as well. As a concession to sophistication, she hangs on as the king’s official mistress instead of becoming a queen, or perishing of a broken heart. The picture has glitter, of course, but no sincerity. Joan Crawford is not convincing as the actress, and Nils Asther finds the rôle of the prince unworthy of the skill he has displayed in other films. Aileen Pringle, Carmel Myers, Warner Oland, and Harry Myers are others in the parade.

A Romp with Laughter.

Colleen Moore is a staple commodity, like eggs and potatoes. While her pictures may vary in the cooking, their integral quality remains the same. All this is by way of saying that “Synthetic Sin,” her latest, is lively and amusing—and distinctly staple. It will perplex no one by its departure from precedent, but will entertain many by its skillful adherence to formula. It is all about a pranksih girl, a Fairfax of Virginia, who is so innocent that when she finds herself in the midst of a gunman’s shooting affair she thinks it is just a lark for her entertainment. Because of her failure as an actress, which she thinks is due to her ignorance of life, she comes to New York in search of experience, or, as she puts it, “to sin.” It is hardly necessary to say just how closely a Colleen Moore heroine ever comes to sinning. So a Cinderella finish finds her safe in the arms of her playwright-lover, with many a snuggle and show of teeth. The playwright is acted by Antonio Moreno, whose boyishness is quite as synthetic as Miss Moore’s sinning. With the assistance of Montagu Love, Eddy Chapman, Kathryn McGuire, Gertrude Astor and others, their efforts make for agreeable, standardized entertainment.

A Lady Crook Reforms.

Did you ever hear of the spirituelle lady crook who harries the man to trim him, and then falls in love and confesses all? She makes her appearance again in “A Lady of Chance,” and Norma Shearer tries to make her both a noble lady and a hard-boiled comedienne. The result is hardly calculated to quicken one’s pulses and evoke audible huzzahs. But I suppose, with routine pictures what they are, this one will be swallowed as easily as many like it. At any rate, Dolly, the heroine, wears lots of expensive dresses and, in spite of her misdeeds, achieves a happy end in the arms of the hero. So there is not the slightest chance that susceptible spectators will be depressed. Unless, of course, they are depressed by the machine-made quality of the picture and the self-conscious overacting of Miss Shearer and her partners in crime, Lowell Sherman and Gwen Lee. Even Eugene Besserer, one of the most reliable character women, strays from the path of reticence and piles on the simplicity, quaintness, and sweetness of a country mother by the spadeful. The John Mack and his little do not include me among its votaries, so his usual impersonation of a clerk will stand on its own merits with those who see the light.

Polly Moran starts a new paragraph, because in the bit she plays in a single scene, she brings a refreshing breath of vitality and spontaneity. Her bit is low comedy, of course, but that is its virtue. She dares to be funny, without giving a whoop for the refinement and daintiness so sedulously cultivated by lady-like stars. She succeeds thereby in capturing sympathy for her efforts.
April Showers

These stars had better look out, or the California boosters will get them.

Last summer's beach art is revived by Sally Rand, left, for her storm togs.

Torrential rains or blizzards are nothing to Fay Wray, right, as she is here.

Nancy Carroll, above, is donning rainproof clothing while casting a suspicious weather eye skyward.

"It's not a fit night out for man or beast," observes Polly Moran, left, "but we Morans can't be bluffed by the weather."

Double protection insures the health of Raquel Torres, right, in little downpours or big ones.
Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle


MATT, IUKA.—I not only don't object to the typewriter, but I have to sit right down at once and like it! Barry Norton—Alfredo de Braban—was born in Buenos Aires, June 16, 1905. He came to the United States to see the Dempsey-Firpo fight, with eleven other members of the exclusive, international Jockey Club. He decided to tour the country and so reached Hollywood, and there, fascinated by movies, he became an extra. A screen writer met him and got him a job as a script writer—then he went to the offices of Pauline Cumings, who gave him a role in "The Lily." Yes, Leslie Fenton was formerly on the stage. Glenn Hunter has returned to the stage. It is through his new manager, someone named Cummings, that he has been given a role in "The Lily." By the way, Leslie Fenton was once married to Vilma, but his bad luck on the screen—้ม his bad luck in life—has forced him to marry a woman with no connection to the film world.

MARCILLA HANSEN.—"Are Ronald Coleman and Vilma Banky married?" I should say no—not to each other! Vilma is married to Rod La Rocque, and their happiness has been frequently shouted from the rooftops. Ronald was with Paramount when he was killed; I don't know whether or not that company would send you his photograph. Write to Mrs. Wallace Reid, Hollywood, California, for a picture of her late husband, and for Valentino's photograph to S. George Ulman, Hollywood, California.

Anna Stewart and Pauline Garon can both be reached just at Hollywood, California. Camilla Horn is with United Artists; Thomas Meighan lives at Great Neck, Long Island.

MISS EVELYN GILLEY.—Sorry, I had to stop printing announcements of fan clubs, but if any one asks about a Dolores del Rio or Greta Garbo club, I'll tell him about yours. Alice Terry is living in Nice, where her husband, Rex Ingram, makes pictures. Address her at the Franco Film Studios, St. Augustine-du-Vaz, Nice, France. When stars are not mentioned in the list of addresses given at the end of The Oracle, it is usually because they are not in Nice, and have no permanent studio address. I have been assured repeatedly by the stars themselves that just Hollywood, California, will always reach them. There is a John Gilbert Club; write to Joseph J. Verhalak, 223 Boston Avenue, Stratford, Connecticut. The Norma Talmadge Club has headquarters with Constance Keene, 457 Northfield Street, East Cleveland, Ohio.

JOSEPH BLOCK.—So you Brooklynites are nosy! I thought that was the city of churches, not of noses. Lillian Gish's picture has been on the cover of Picture Play, but so long ago the copies are out of print. She is scheduled to make "The Miracle Woman" for United Artists; leading man not selected. There is no fan club for Dorothy Gibb; Pictures are sent to fan magazines from both Eastern and Western offices of film companies.

PEGGY.—You're quite right, Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico. If you saw Mexico City in print, it was a mistake. I believe Ramon re-signed with Metro-Goldwyn for about five years. His real name is pronounced Sam-a-yug-one, and, of course, spelled Samaniegos.

OMERINE BRISSETTE.—"So I take all the kinks and knots out of troubled minds? Wow, that would be a large order. You've got me all mixed up with Freud, and we're really two different fellows. Pearl White has been living in Europe for years—Paris, the Riviera, and so on. And I doubt if she will return to the screen, at least in America. Gilbert Roland was born in Chihuahua, Mexico, December 11, 1905. Real name, Francisco Luis Alonso. He has black hair and hazel eyes, is five feet eleven, and weighs 160. Nils Asther was born in Malmo, Sweden, January 17, 1902, and came to America a year ago. He is six feet one and has brown hair and hazel eyes. I should not advise your sending your autograph book to them for their signature, as their mail comes in such bulk it is carelessly handled, and you might not get your book back.

A BRAGGIOTTI FAN.—Francesco Bragigotti should be delighted at your interest. As she is only an extra I have no record of her, but she is doubtless registered at the Central Casting Agency in Hollywood, which supplies extras to all the studios.

MARYANA.—The secret is out, as to why you think I never printed your answers. The waiting list is so long, an answer in Picture Play sometimes takes six months. If you're in a hurry, send a stamped returnable for a personal reply, and we'll get it to you as fast as possible. Evelyn Swanson, Bebe Daniels and Josephine Dunn can all be reached at their studios—or just Hollywood, California, would be sufficient, and would probably reach them at their homes. Conrad Nagel was the leading man in "Sacred and Profane Love." Elsie Ferguson lives in Great Neck, Long Island.

JOHN ANTKOWIAK will be pleased to make a pencil sketch of any star who would like him to. Sorry, John, I can't send you home addresses; Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and Josephine Dunn can all be reached at their studios—or just Hollywood, California, would be sufficient, and would probably reach them at their homes. Conrad Nagel was the leading man in "Sacred and Profane Love." Elsie Ferguson lives in Great Neck, Long Island.

RAMONA.—Socks! Your opinion of men seems very low; I couldn't be a man and possess all the information that I do." Whaddya mean? And I don't see why you consider my address "vague." I'm part of Picture Play, and therefore have the same address. Joan Crawford has blue eyes. And if you look at the list of stars at the end of The Oracle, you'd find that long line of addresses you wish. I don't know whether the Barromores ever owned a place at Mount Sinai, Long Island. Continued on page 130.
Helena Rubinstein's Make-up Chart

The Keynote of a Chic Make-up
Before you apply your finishing touches, cleanse your skin with Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream, the concentrated beauty treatment. The only cream cleanser in existence that benefits and beautifies an oily skin (1.00, 2.00). Dry skin should be cleansed with Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream (.75, 1.25). Next, smooth a little Valaze Beauty Foundation Cream over your face and throat—it lends the skin a most flattering finish and makes rouge and powder doubly adherent (1.00). Now your skin is ready for the clinging, exquisite Valaze Powder (1.00, 1.50). Next, blend in the provocative, becoming Valaze Rouge (1.00). Follow with Cubist Lipstick (1.00) or Water Lily Lipstick (1.25). Both are indelible yet marvelously soft. Lastly add a soupçon of Valaze Eye Shadow (1.00) and bring out the lashes with Valaze Persian Eye Black (Mascara) in black or brown (1.00, 1.50).

Helena Rubinstein Cosmetics are the finest in the world. These rouge and powder masterpieces not only enhance beauty—they safeguard it.

Helena Rubinstein Creations are obtainable at better stores or may be ordered direct from the Salons.

Which Is Your Coloring?

Brunette
Valaze Powder in the enchanting Mauresque tint.
Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge—Chic! Fascinating!
Cubist Lipstick in Red Raspberry — an unusually warm, beautiful tone.
Valaze Eye Shadow (Black or Brown).

Medium Type
Valaze Powder in the bewitching Rachel shade.
Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge.
Red Ruby Lipstick—a rich, deep tone.
Valaze Eye Shadow (Brown).

Blonde
Valaze Powder in the exquisite Blush tone.
Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—smartly daring.
Cubist Lipstick in Red Geranium—vivid, alluring.
Valaze Eye Shadow in Blue.

Titian Blonde (Auburn Hair)
Valaze Powder in Cream.
Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—Irresistible!
Red Cardinal Lipstick—the dashing light shade.
Valaze Eye Shadow (Blue or Green).

For Evening
Valaze Powder in Mauve or Cream.
Valaze Rouge in Red Geranium.
Cubist Lipstick in Red Geranium.
Valaze Eye Shadow to match your eyes.

Write to HELENA RUBINSTEIN describing your skin and hair, and you will receive a Special Treatment Schedule. Ask for her booklet—"Personality Make-up". It tells how to express your most beautiful you!

London Helena Rubinstein Paris
8 East 57th Street, New York City

Philadelphia Boston Chicago Newark
ness deal that brings him back to her. Miss Bow delightful, Neil Hamilton and Harrison Ford deftly amusing.

"Home-comeing"—Paramount. Somber German picture with Foreign accents but decidedly inertious because of fine acting and distinguished direction. Two soldier comrades are separated, one thinking the other dead. One returns, against his will, falls in love, returns the husband bringing about striking, unusually intelligent climax. Lars Hanson, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Nina Quartoar exquisit heroine.

"Melody of Love, The"—Universal. Walter Pidgeon audible to his fans, in dialogue and song, with excellent regulation. Man's devotion is proved when he loses an arm in the war, is deserted by his faithless sweetheart, and is followed to America by a French lass. Mildred Harris and Deanna Durbin.

"Excess Baggage"—Metro-Goldwyn. William Haines is his best, in a rôle which demands more than jolly tomfoolery. The story of a small-time jugler, whose wife goes into the movies. Capital performances also by Josephine Dunn, Ricardo Cortez, and Neely Edwards.

"Beggars of Life"—Paramount. Wallace Beery changes from the comic buff to a sensitive, refined, and significant, in a hobo picture of more than usual interest. Excellent acting on the part of Beery, Richard Arlen, and Louise Brooks. Distinguished direction and photography.

"Night Watch, The"—First National. Billie Dove not only looks doll-like, but really acts the rôle of wife of the captain of a French warship. Story concerns consequences of wife's imprudence. Paul Lukas, Donald Reed, and Nicholas Soudassin.

"Women They Talk About"—Warner. A small-town family feud, with gossip and political strategy the weapons. The woman in pictures is Claudette Colbert, who is engaging to the eye of Audre Ferris, Randolph, William Collier, Jr., Claude Gillingwater, and John Miljan.

"Our Dancing Daughters"—Metro-Goldwyn. Fluffy, lively tale of that imaginary wildness of the younger set, but safely and seriously handled. Pauline Dunn, Richard Arlen, Dorothy Sebastian, Nils Asther, Edward Nugent, and Anita Page, the hit of the show.

"Lonesome"—Universal. One of those stories whose strength lies in its simplicity. A lonely boy and girl find each other at Coney Island, lose each other, and finally rediscover each other in the same rooming house. Glenn Tryon and Barbara Kent.

"Morgan of the Marines"—Paramount. Richard Dix in a picture, with Ruth Elder. "Michael Moran" joins the marines and is court-martialled for kissing the general's daughter, but is pardoned for saving her from Chinamen.


"River Pirate, The"—Fox. "Sailor Fink," played by Victor McLaglen, goes up and down the river robbing warehouses and displaying his muscular prowess. "Sandy," a young recruit, is doing well at the trade until he responds to the influence of a good woman. He is loyal to those who have not seen too many under-world films lately. Nick Stuart and Lois Moran are the young people.

"Oh Kay"—First National. Colleen Moore in a cream-puff story based on the play. Kay runs away from a unloved marriage and, picked up by runn runners, is soon in the midst of complications on Long Island. She gets another man, right out of his arms of his Nobility. Cast includes Lawrence Gray, Alan Hale, Ford Sterling and Juliane Johnston.

"Heart to Heart"—First National. "Shines" a pretty little picture, with characterization more important than plot. A princess visits her old home in Ohio and is mistaken for a seamstress, and another amusing chance to laugh. Mary Astor, Lloyd Hughes, Louise Fazenda, and Lucien Littlefield.


"Mysterious Lady, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo endows another picture with her personality, with other than advantageous force, is the rôle. She is a Russian spy, and the picture has all the extra trappings of missing papers, international complications, and romance. Constance Bennett, Greta Garbo, Victor McLaglen, and Rutland Grant.itized, with the romantic, is heroic and convincing.

"Terror, The"—Warner Brothers. A mystery movie, entirely in dialogue. Is too slow to make the thrilling situations and a murder plot. Louise Fazenda has an unusual rôle. The rest, all of whom have lots to talk about, are May McAvoy, Edward Everett Horton, Alec Fears, Mathew Betz, Holmes Herbert, John Miljan, Otto Hoffman, Joseph Girard, and Frank Austin.

"Lilac Time"—First National. A little bit of everything you've seen in all the other war pictures, but done on a big scale, with sound effects and an effective airplane sequence. Colleen Moore, capable Richard Dix, Donald Meek, Edward Everett Horton, Alfix, James, Mathew Betz, Holmes Herbert, John Miljan, Otto Hoffman, Joseph Girard, and Frank Austin.

"Sawdust Paradise, The"—Paramount. Esther Ralston as a girl of a certain show, conceived and directed by a preacher. Complications and trouble, but everybody eventually goes in for a fresh start in life. Reed Howes, Hobart Bosworth, and Mary Alden.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS

"Show Folks"—Pathé. Backstage vaudeville life à la mode, reminiscent of "Excess Baggage" and similar pictures. A hoofer trains girl to try with pictures, but when she succeeds he becomes jealous and fires her. His Broadway début a failure, she leaves his rehearsal and joins him to make his pictures a success. Really interesting with little suspense and poor dialogue sequences. Eddie Quillan, Lina Basquettte, and Robert Armstrong.

"Manhattan Cocktail"—Paramount. This is warranted nonalcoholic. There is a big stick in it but, if you take because of Richard Arlen, Nancy Carroll, Paul Lukas and Lillian Tashman. The machinations of a hateful..."
Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 92

"East is East," with Lon Chaney, closely resembling the sensational Mother Goddess of "The Shanghai Gesture." Those who have seen the John Colton play will recall that the character was a vengeance Asian, who escaped slavery, played hostess to British tourists, slew her own daughter, and did other more or less exciting things.

In "East is East," Estelle's similar character is the mother of Lupe Velez. She had to have her face pulled out of shape for weeks so that she would appear slant-eyed. It caused blisters on her head, constant attentions of a masseuse, and a visit to various plastic surgeons. Having put all this effort into the cause of art, she asked a little Chinese youngster on the set one day, "Do I look like a Chinese lady?"

"No," said the child, wrinkling her nose. "You look like nice lady."

Lloyd Chooses Barbara.

Does it mean much to be chosen as the leading woman of a comedian? There is a big hullabaloo raised around Hollywood about who's to play the leads opposite Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd, but Hollywood hullabaloo don't always bear close analysis.

In any event, for what it means for her future, Barbara Kent is playing opposite Harold in his new picture, after very many girls had tried for the part, and the picture had virtually been completed. Lloyd borrowed Barbara from Universal. He saw her at a party, and was immediately convinced that she was the type. Lloyd's leading women have been changed rarely, but since Jobyna Ralston, he has had trouble picking them. Ann Christie worked in only a single picture, and the probabilities are that Miss Kent will not appear in another, owing to her contract as featured player with Universal. Bebe Daniels, Mildred Davis, and Jobyna all were leading women with Lloyd over long periods of time.

Canine is Beautiful.

Wrinkles removed from dogs' faces! Here is a new form of activity that gives promise of great development.

One dog there is who has actually had a beauty treatment. His name is King Tut and he was seen in Harold Lloyd's "Speedy."

Tut acquired pouches under his eyes. They were unbecoming; so it was decided to remove them. Besides, they caused hair to get into the

Continued on page 118

"Awkward to discuss—but I must tell my sales girls"—Says the buyer in a Fifth Avenue Shop about this phase of feminine hygiene

However hard it is to tell them, women should know of this new process which ends odor in this sanitary pad—a product already superior in comfort and ease of disposability.

Across the counter, in offices, in drawing rooms, in country clubs—wherever women meet the world, they are in danger of offending others at times. The unhappy self-consciousness which used to follow the realization is now ended. Kotex scientists have found (and patented!) a way to neutralize all odor in sanitary pads. This cause for worry is entirely dismissed. Women can meet any social emergency with a new light-heartedness.

Fear of self-consciousness gone, too

A certainbulkiness associated with old-fashioned methods has been overcome, too. Each pad is rounded and tapered in such a way as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection.

Kotex is easy to adjust to suit your individual needs. Cellulocotton absorbent wadding is 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store... 45c for a box of twelve. Supplied also, in rest-room vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

Use Super-size
Formerly $0.90—Now 65c

Super-size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use plus the greater protection which comes with extra layers of Cellulocotton absorbent wadding. Disposable in the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable the first day or two, when extra protection is essential. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. In added layers of filler mean added comfort.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,387)
What Keeps Failures in Hollywood?

Continued from page 89

"For one thing, I can live nicely on a very reasonable sum. I couldn't at home. Then, I have my friends and my own bungalow—it isn't paid for yet, but eventually it will be. If I returned to the town where I lived, I could stay with my married sister and possibly get back my job in the bank. But I wouldn't be happy. Here I'm a nobody, but a nobody among lots of nobodies. I'd rather be able to walk along Hollywood Boulevard and drink in the color and kaleidoscopic moods of the street, even though I haven't a place of importance here, than to go back home, and be made to feel out of things."

The Studio Club houses many girls who come to Hollywood to act or write. On its records are girls who have had some degree of success in both these fields, but who are now experiencing the doldrums. One girl, a writer, has had screen credit on three or four pictures during the past three years. And yet, for a whole year, she has not been able to find one day's work in the studios. She is staying on, doubtful in the hope that the pendulum will swing the other way again, and she will be able to repeat her former success. Whether or not she ever will, there is no telling. Writing is an even more overrun profession in Hollywood than acting.

We all hear tales about girls who came to Hollywood, and when they failed to get picture work or any sort of job, gradually drifted into the life of the demimonde in order to live. That there is an underworld in Hollywood, and that it feeds largely on green girls, and a certain class of movie-struck girl adrift, there can be no doubt. It is also true that a pretty girl in Hollywood is subjected to more temptation than if she had remained at home under the eyes of her parents, lax as that supervision is to-day. But any girl who is broke and without friends, can receive aid if she applies to the proper sources. Miss Mel told me that although the Bureau does not supply money or tickets—naturally it couldn't—it seems to that girls who come to them, and admit candidly they're broke and ready to go home, are sheltered until money can be lent them for their fares. And the Studio Club, over which Marjorie Williams presides, does the same thing.

"We can at least write home to their parents, if the girls are too proud to do it themselves, and explain the situation here. This usually results in some one sending money for the girl to return home. We're only too glad to ship them back again," said Miss Williams, "and help decrease the oversupply of screen-struck girls. I'm glad to say that this oversupply has diminished lately, thanks to the true facts about conditions which are being circulated over the country to offset the Cinderella tales.

"There's very little excuse for the modern girl's drifting into the life of the underworld, as a rule. Very few girls these days are so green that they don't know the whereabouts of philanthropic organizations, or can't find out where they are. Very young and inexperienced girls, and sometimes older girls, too, can be duped into the life of course, by glamorous promises of being helped into the movies. Those that go into it because they think it's an easier life have only themselves to blame when they're disappointed. We can't regulate a girl's morals, but we can be helpful, if she wants help and comes to us in time, or goes to one of the philanthropic societies in the city."

The reason many of the girls don't go to the organizations, is that they want, above all things else in the world, to stay on in the picture city. "Hollywood, with a picture job," seems to be the slogan, "but Hollywood anyway."

If they are able to fight the battle for existence themselves, well and good. But if they find themselves up against things and unable to see their way out, it would be to their advantage to call for help and be sent home, checking up as experience their adventures or misadventures in the town founded mostly on dreams—and bunk.

**CALORIES**

Tell me not in mournful numbers!

Life is but a picture screen,

Where we pass like walking shadows,

Some too fat and some too lean.

M. K. ROOP.
Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please

Wear what you please

Do what you please

Take no risky medicine

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought to You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and simulating perspiration, forces your body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bowels poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Consult your physician and he will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bowels poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week’s vacation.

Reduce Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. As soon as you are the correct weight for your height do not reduce further. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet, "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

HERE’S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 160 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 11 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been verified and names and addresses will be given on request.

Fayro, Inc.
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me 3 full sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postage $2.50 plus the necessary postage. If it is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.
The Little Corporal
Continued from page 73

Sh-h-h---------! (a secret)

Not a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream you could accomplish anything—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones! A secret indeed—a beauty speciality's secret! But you may share it, too! Just see Golden Glint Shampoo pool* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25¢, or send for free sample!

*Their: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely clean. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a we little bit—not much—handily prevents hair that does not bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair?

J. W. KORI CO.

634 Rainier Ave., Dept. D. Seattle, Wash. Please send a free sample.

Name
Address
City State
Color of my hair

prepare for an art career

—thus the only art school operated as a department of a large art organization, who have actually produced over a quarter million drawings for leading advertisers. Where else can you get so wide an experience? Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of our successful students.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St. Dept 125 Chicago, Ill.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MOVIE-LAND

Listed are the names of more than 500 Actors, Actresses, Stars, Directors, etc. Stating whether they are married or single, where and when they were born, their height, weight, color of hair and eyes, the plays they have been in, their addresses and dozens of intimate things about them that the public does not know. This book is not only beautiful but durable as well and is of a most convenient size. All are interested in the movies and the people who make them. Every man, woman and child in America should have a copy of this fine authentic, comprehensive book, covering this subject and the price has been placed within the reach of all.

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Six copies $5.00

Delivered postpaid ANYWHERE ON EARTH

Include a dollar bill, together with your name and address, today for your copy of this entertaining and instructive book.

THE STARS' COMPANY
P. O. BOX 425 HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

TIT FOR TAT

The dame who leaves her chewing gum
Stuck underneath the seat;
The bum who always comes in late
And steps upon your feet.

The man who likes to read aloud
The titles on the screen;
The film that busts in half, and spoils
The most exciting scene.

The grouchy ticket-seller;
The usher with the pip;
The gink who tries to flirt, and has
A little on the hip.

You couldn't have the movies
Without the movie pest;
(And I could write no poem;
So all is for the best).

L. B. BIRDSELL.
“And did you work in—in the movies?” She giggled a little timidly as she asked this. “I don’t know why. “Well,” I hedged, “in a way.” “I just love the movies,” piped the lady on my left. “When I’m home my sister and I—my husband’s dead, and I live with my sister—go three or four times a week.” “Is that so?” What more could you say to this? The next hour was pretty. I admitted that I thought that Colleen Moore was awfully cute; that Billie Dove was just gorgeous; that Buddy Rogers was just the dearest boy; that Laura La Plante was awfully cute; that John Gilbert, aside from being a good actor, was not really a wild young man after all; that Bebe Daniels was awfully cute; and Marian Nixon was awfully cute; that, in fact, any number of cuties were awfully cute. I also declared, to dispel vague doubts in the minds of my inquisitors, that young girls are as safe in Hollywood as they are anywhere else. I added that from the young girls I had seen migrating to Hollywood, I judged that they needed no more protection from Hollywood than Hollywood did from them. This was received without either laughter or comment.

Thank Heaven they didn’t ask me about talking pictures.

Emerging from my morning experiment, which proved that a safety razor is not a safety razor when you use it on a train, I discovered that the berth opposite me had acquired an occupant some time during the night.

She was young, to a certain extent, and she had red hair. I could not but observe that she rolled her stockings, and she smiled and said: “Good morning.” even though she had never seen me before.

A ukulele rested ominously beside her. By eleven o’clock a group consisting of the thresholds-machine salesman, the representative of Finkelstein shoes, the gray-haired gentleman, and another unidentified rake were grouped about her, committing some perfectly atrocious close harmony to the jangling of her ukulele.

The thresholds-machine salesman caught my eye and beckoned me over. Then he waved his hand in a manner of introduction and said, “Billie, this is Mr. McGimp. Mr. McGimp is from Hollywood.”

Have you ever seen the lions in the zoo just before feeding time? That’s the way she looked. At the earliest possible moment she asked,

“What’s chances for a kid getting in pictures out in Hollywood?” I gave her the stock answer.

“I been thinking of giving it a whirl. Been playing the uke around the night clubs in Chi, and I thought I’d lamb out there as soon as I give New York a quick up-and-down.”

At least she speaks the language, I told myself. She had, it seems, had a screen test made by an itinerant camera man once, and he had pronounced her a “perfect photogenic subject.”

The more I thought of it, the more I was convinced that she was made for Hollywood. Hollywood is full of Billies—and they all do well.

But one thing clinched it absolutely. We were passing through Philadelphia and I became perfunctory for an instant.

“A lot of historical things have happened here, haven’t they?” “Veh,” she said, seriously, “here’s where Tunney beat Dempsey.”

That’s just what any member of the producers’ association would have said.

I was sitting on the observation platform when a little boy tugged me by the coat sleeve.

“Mister,” he asked, “are you Tom Mix?”

I looked at him paternally, severely. “My son,” I replied. “I have done a lot of things I do not want published in my memoirs but at least I am not Tom Mix.”

“Well, you’re from Hollywood, aren’t cha?”

“That is true,” I granted, knowing that further denial would not help me now, “but there are a great many people in Hollywood who are not Tom Mix. I am not even Hoot Gibson, or Rin-Tin-Tin.”

He turned away disappointed.

“Aw, a fella up in our car said you was from Hollywood, and I thought sure you’d be a movie star.”

From all this I have come to the conclusion that there are three classes of people in the world who are interested in Hollywood and the movies. Men, women, and children.

Their attitudes may range from blind devotion to sneering contempt. But when any one tells you he doesn’t give a rap about the movies, and wouldn’t walk across the street to see Pola Negri wear a bathing suit and trundle Ronald Colman in a wheelbarrow, you look him in the eye, snap your fingers in his face, and reply, “Pecans.”
Loving beauty comes to loving EYES

In every woman’s eyes slumbers enchanting loveliness that awaits the magic touch of this smart lash dressing to flower and bloom gloriously. For when the eyes are framed in a bewitching fringe of soft, luxuriant lashes they look their loveliest. And waterproof Liquid Wix achieves this sought-for effect without the slightest hint of artificiality. It is easy to apply and remove. It is safe. Where you buy your beauty aides purchase Liquid Wix. Only 75c, complete. Two shades, black and brown.

If a cake lash dressing is preferred, there’s none quite so effective as Cake Wix (two shades, brown, black).

MOVIE STARS Autographed 6 for 25c

Your choice of popular movie stars, past and present, on stiff cardstock, autographed. 6 for 25c. All different—For 35c. Complete set of 52 now and 52 winter artists for only $1.75.

SOLD WHEREVER Liquid Wix is sold. 75c complete. Ross Company, 347 W. 17th St., New York.

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FREE Pamphlet FREE

Marvelous imported Parachute discovery, removes Unwanted Hair in a jiffy, for good! No irritation. Harmless, liquid clean. Just apply and wash. Mailed at your request. Send this ad and your address to get FREE pamphlet free. GYPSIA PRODUCTS CO., (P) 55 W. 42 St., N. Y.

Let Me Develop Your Form Like This

It is 55 cts. easy to have the latest, finest, and most form-flattering photographs. By wonderful 'optical enlargement' artists. Send this ad and 55 cts. for sample. GUISEPPE VITTONE. 17 Park Row, New York.

Free Offer Now! W. HADDOX, JR., MANSFIELD STUDIO, 17 Park Row, New York City.

Before Beautiful Breasts in 30 Days After

Youth is Triumphant

When all the players fled to Hollywood, Mr. Sweeney went with them. He arrived here a year ago and, as soon as he became known to the casting directors, started work.

Scandinavia comes in for notice through Greta Granstedt. Greta has a history like film fiction. At fourteen she was earning her own living. Dancing and singing, with her brother, in a San Francisco cabaret was one of her jobs. Aspiring to further her talents, Greta came to Hollywood. She got all the aspiring she wanted by hunting for extra work and never getting any. There was only one way open to her, and Greta took it—she worked as a waitress for four months. Her blond personality was noticed one day by some discerning eye, and she was sent over to Mack Sennett’s, where all bright girls should go and must do.

Recently a terrible play, called "From Hell Came a Lady," was performed in Hollywood. Greta played a part in it, with Mae Busch. That part won Greta her entry into film circles. Metro-Goldwyn placed her in "William Haines’ "Excess Baggage," and Universal engaged her for a part in "Erik the Great." To-day Greta is stepping lively. She is now in Paramount’s "Close Harmony."

Greta is very blond, with blue eyes—you know just what they are like.
She possesses a slight dash of Greta Nissen's verve, with a touch of Greta Garbo's mystery, yet maintaining a distinct personality of her own. Though born in Sweden, of Swedish and Norwegian parents, Greta came to America when she was three years old. She is clever and brainy, having written a lot of poetry. She is also a living proof that Scandinavians are not icicles—at least, not all.

If you saw "Road House" you must have noticed a new juvenile—Warren Burke, just twenty-one, and single.

Well, girls, his parents are the stars of vaudeville and musical comedy, John and Dorothy Burke. But all the stage experience their son got was in stock companies during the summer holidays. He was born in Boston, but has lived mostly in Seattle, Washington. Here he studied at the university to become a journalist. Imagine how misdirected his artistic temperament was!

Ten years ago, while his father was also playing in Los Angeles, he was signed by Mack Sennett. Then followed bits for Paramount. He had a test taken for a role in "Chicken à la King," but failed to get it. Fox officials were willing to make the boy happy, however, and gave him the part in "Road House." But his big break has come now, for he is playing in Murnan's new production, "Our Daily Bread."

To quote from his biography, "Burke is a clean-cut American boy, and stands almost six feet high. He has—take notice—girls. "Brown, wavy hair and blue eyes" Now expire!

Only eighteen years old, Dorothy Janis is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn. She was born in Dallas, Texas, and has Cherokee Indian blood. Traveling in the United States and Mexico, studying singing and dancing, Dorothy finally arrived in Los Angeles. A friend got her in the Fox studio, where tests for "Fleetwing" were being taken. When you see "Fleetwing" you will see Dorothy Janis play opposite Barry Norton. Then Metro-Goldwyn signed her, and cast her opposite Ramon Novarro, in "The Pagan."

This girl is tiny, not five feet tall. She has black hair and very large, dark-brown eyes.

Newcomers such as these seem destined to be stars of the immediate future. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell started the invasion of youth in "Seventh Heaven."

Now that you know what I mean by the radical change in Hollywood, you may keep your eyes on these young people, and watch them invade the stellar territory.

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L. E. Wilferd, Mgr., Dept. 3334
315 So. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

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2. Four-door Chevrolet Sedan.
3. Victor Record Phonograph.
5. Electric Iron.
7. Shetland pony.
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10. Piano and Junior Welch.

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It was only natural that they would take that splendid herbal tonic and nerve tonic, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. Pierce invites you to write to his clinic in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice.

runaways who made good

continued from page 85

pelled many aspiring young actresses to increased endeavors. In the hodgepodge of Hollywood's extras, there are many born with a silver spoon in their mouths, who rule over remittances from home. They will never fight for roles, nor put their souls into their work the way those dos who must go it alone.

I have in mind Jane Winton, who sang into the limelight with John Barrymore in 'Don Juan.' Jane's parents died when she was seven. She was placed under the care of a guardian in Philadelphia, who believed Jane when she said that she and another girl were going to New England to visit. They ended in New York, with a suit case, thirty dollars in money, and a desire to make their own way. When the money was about gone, Jane got employment by posing in hats and gowns, thereby earning five dollars a day—some days.

'We got down to nothing—absolutely nothing,' Miss Winton told me. 'There was a boy across the street from our boarding house, who had a lunch stand. My friend and I developed a crush on him, to all outward appearances. We'd go over and admire his huckleberry pies and ice cream and, naturally, he'd offer us some. What we really would have liked were his sandwiches and buns, but we did not dare let on that we were hungry. We were living on breakfast food and water. Nevertheless, the pie and ice cream were glorious.

"Then I got a job dancing in the Fokine ballet and did a solo in a Ben Ali Haggain tableau. One day, in stepping from an elevator with a crowd of strange girls, I drifted along with them to find where they were going. Unsuccessful, I turned to leave when a man's voice called, 'That girl wearing the red rose, going toward the door—tell her to come back.'"

'It was Ziegfield's representative. Almost before I knew it, I was signed for the 'Follies.' I went back to my room in a daze. The break had come at last. Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor saw me on the stage, put me under contract to work in the movies and I came West.

'I'm another who offers the advice, 'Don't run away from home.' The heartaches, the bitternesses, the despair which come to a girl alone in a big city, trying to fight her way, all leave their scars.'

And so it goes. Young women who, unaided, have achieved success, with few exceptions say they don't want others to try it, particularly when girls have good homes and are under the care of their mothers. And the long list of others who ran away and failed, adds a mute warning.

It Pays to Be Dignified

continued from page 38

skumpy-umpty-thousand-dollar production. Not at all. It was Norma Shearer.

Sit down for a minute and try to imagine the furtthest possible cry from the type generally supposed to radiate "It." Lillian Gish, of course. Yet rumors of her engagement to George Jean Nathan, the brilliant critic and essayist, persist. The fact that whenever Lillian is in New York they attend first nights at the theater together, is especially significant. In the pre-Gish days, Mr. Nathan attended the theater alone, preferring the comfort of having the chair beside him for his hat and stick to the company of any lady he had ever met.

It wouldn't do to mention Irene Rich. Her husband is David Blankenhorn, a bona-fide millionaire.

When we read of this marriage, we remembered the day we had taken tea with Miss Rich at the Hotel Plaza in New York. It is doubtful if any one recognized her as a famous star when she entered the lobby. She was richly but conservatively dressed. Dark blue, if we remember correctly. A beautiful fur about her slim shoulders. A close-fitting hat. But listening to her understanding talk, noting her lovely hands moving about the tea things, warmed by her wide smile, we knew it was inevitable that some man would want her to grace his home.

The more you think of it, the more it seems to be men of affairs, who have had the advantage of broadening contacts, and who, therefore, are as wise in the ways of women as men ever are, who eschew surface emotions, light fancies, and transient loves, and choose for their wives women endowed with reserve, women who don't go about exposing their hearts on their sleeves.

So, if you're not the jazz type, don't entirely despair. Putting it bluntly, it really looks as if it paid to be dignified.
is there to sympathize with him. That's human nature.'

"What will you and Buster Keaton do when the bottles are used up, and you are through crying and dying in various uniforms, and he is through being a frozen-faced, wistful, little man?" I wanted to know.

He brightened and sat up, glowing with enthusiasm for the first time that it was possible to see.

"Buster will direct," he admitted, "and I—we will be together."

"Producing?"

"Yes! Golly! I want a crack at that! I want to take young actors and develop them. I want to make stars. So many wonderful bets are lost in this business because one or two make the trouble to study personality. They put people into stories. They don't build stories around people. Why, producers don't take the trouble to find out what kind of personalities they have under salary.

"Dozens of youngsters have been wasted—have gone under—just because no one who counted took the trouble to ask them to dinner!

"You hear a producer say, 'I discovered So-and-so!' He did no such thing. So-and-so just had a lucky break and happened, by a mere fluke, to get into a part which showed what he could do. He might have gone on for years. Lots of them do, and no one ever finds out.

"Why, I have been cast in roles which made me bowl with laughter, they were so unsuited to my type.

"In a business which is built around personalities, and which is dependent upon them for its very existence, you would think that some one would bother to study his material—the human material with which he has to work. Instead, a young player never sees the person who is paying him. He is left to prove himself on the screen in roles which may no more suit him than—than—the role that Chaplin played would suit anyone."

Gone was the lassitude. Gone the languor, the weariness. Experiments to make, adventures to try, in a new field. Buster was all eager enthusiasm for the thing he was planning.

When the twelve bottles of liquid make-up are gone, if the two friends keep their promise to themselves and to each other, there will be a new producer-director team in Hollywood.

Buster left me and went back to rescue the bcautons damsel from the big sentry. Then he went to his make-up box and renewed his make-up—from the first bottle.
“Ga-Ga” Bodil
Continued from page 49

She is happiest when portraying a range of years. “From thirty to sixty. I start out looking like myself, then I think more wrinkles on us as we progress.” Lack of continuity in shooting doesn’t bother Bodil at all, her make-up being only a matter of thought.

For a strange thing about her art is that she uses no character make-up. The light grease paint, powder, lip-stick and eye pencil which suffice for the ingenues, and for Bodil, are carried any old way, in her purse, up her sleeve, perhaps. Occasionally, when the star requires a certain lighting, she uses a darker powder; but no lines are drawn on her face.

“It is all the eyes and the mouth. You watch. In a dramatic close-up, do you notice the whole face? No. I dress her and do her hair right, then I think hard as she would, and it goes into the eyes and changes the expression of the mouth.”

Even a Hersholt or a Jannings resorts to the make-up kit in changing nationality. Yet Bodil, merely by thought reflection, supplemented by costume, bearing and gestures, has portrayed German, French, American, Jewish, Irish, Swiss, Swedish, Dutch, and American-Western women.

Seldom is she recognized on the street. Her friendliness invites remarks from everybody, colored porter to limousine-and-poodle dowager. She loves to find out adroitly what they think of that actress, Bodil Rosing, and later relates, merrily, their opinions of herself.

Flouting the custom of former stage Thespians, she admits that the movies have taught her in four years most of her knowledge of acting.

“Pantomime, quick thought, suggestion. You wait. Already they send for Bodil to come back to the stage. Not yet, but some day. When I go, I will use much of my movie technique.”

Her most important roles have been in “It Must Be Love,” “Wheel of Chance,” “Ladies of the Mob,” “The Fleet’s In,” “The Return of Peter Grimm,” “Eternal Love,” and the memorable “Sunrise.”

Her fan mail is a great pride and joy. She pulls a fan letter from her purse, watching for your reactions with keen, blue eyes, and beams. “Now, isn’t that sweet?”

Following her training at the royal dramatic school, in Copenhagen, she enjoyed success on the stage in the Scandinavian countries married at sixteen, later came to America, and retired. Idleness, however, irked. Domestic duties and the care of Tove, born in Denmark when Bodil was seventeen, and the two younger children, seemed to require so little of her energies. Rather, she had so much vitality that other interests must be added.

Though Bodil’s voice, as she recounted her history is blithe, gray days have put patches on the bright pattern which she has made of her life. There was the ten, years ago, when she resumed her career. Leaving the two younger children with relatives, she and Tove braved New York.

Her chummy smile penetrated an agent’s indifference and, she found herself on the road. Tove, then thirteen, languidly representing herself as several years older, also got theatrical work. At fifteen, she was one of Elsa Janis’ “Gang,” and later ornamented the “Follies.”

“Tea for Three” took Bodil out again, and eventually she joined Tove, who had married Monte, and they persuaded her to stay and try the movies. Two years of bits and small roles culminated in “Sunrise,” success, a home, and her dream of owning a quaint café.

“Bodil’s Pancake House,” yes? Like “Hansel and Gretel,” remember? Inside. I shall be the old witch.” In a second’s flicker, she makes evil pinpoint of her eyes, changes the contours of her mouth, and shows you how she would look. The venture would be interesting, and popular.

For those adjectives apply to everything that Bodil does.

ENNUI

Though picture plots grow stale and thin,
Though weird and wild types may creep in,
Though screen scribes soar in fancy’s flight

No fans will e’er see this:
The villain wed a heroine,
A hero with a double chin,
Subtitles without one “That Night,”
The end without a kiss!

HELEN JOYCE.
Dunn Days are Rosy Now

Continued from page 20

Fool." "And so," said a Warner man to a Metro-Goldwyn man, "will you lend us Josephine Dunn?"

Josephine was thrilled and excited. Who wouldn't be? A contract with one company scarcely a month old, and another company had asked to borrow her! Of course that adds to one's prestige in the home studio; it makes them feel they have a real "find" in their new contract-player.

Josephine's career is well under way at last. Since the signing of her new contract she has worked constantly, in one film after another—"A Man's Man," with William Haines, "Sioux Blood," with Tim McCoy, "Our Modern Maidens," and "White Silence," for which she was borrowed by Fox.

Through good luck and bad, in prosperity or in need, Josephine is always the same girl. To her, a friend is a friend. In fact, that's her most outstanding trait, loyalty. The only thing I have ever heard her speak bitterly about is the weather. Friendships she has encountered during her ups and downs.

"It makes me furious," she told me, right after signing her new contract. "All sorts of people are doing up to me now, just too sweet for anything, who would hardly speak to me a month ago, when I couldn't get work."

Her feeling on this subject is very strong, as was proved by an incident at a party in Hollywood. A girl came up to me and said, "Say, was it my imagination, or was Josephine Dunn high-bating me when I spoke to her just now?"

So I asked Josephine if she had been ritzing Miss Blank.

"I most certainly did ritz her!" I declared. "And I'll keep right on doing it. I've known her for years, back in my church days. One night at a party the hostess introduced me. I said, "Oh, hello," very cordially, and she acknowledged the introduction formally, 'How do you do, Miss Dunn?' just as if she had never seen me before. I was terribly hurt."

"Now she just too sweet and friendly for anything. Well, I'm not! If people don't like me when I'm having a hard time getting along, they can keep right on not liking me when my luck changes. I'm just the same girl, either way."

And that's the nicest thing about Josephine—she is.

Janet—Before and After

Continued from page 60

"Playing up to the public is now almost extinct. I have read that once various stars acted in public, as well as on the screen. It seems ridiculous. Yet now I realize why many of them did so. When you are very famous you attract notice wherever you go."

"I hope I never get so famous that I cannot go out without being mobbed, like Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. But stars have to put up with that—those who are known everywhere by sight—for people want them smiling and gracious to them, though they are complete strangers."

Though she was working hard every day on "Christina," her new picture, Janet invited me to her home one evening so that I could complete my article.

William K. Howard directs Janet in this Dutch story. Tristram Tupper wrote it especially for her. With such an excellent trio the picture should be what we all expect it to be. Charles Morton is her leading man. They played together in "The Four Devils," and achieved flattering reviews in what was, strangely enough, not as great a picture as Murnau should have turned out. But Janet is certain to be wonderful in anything she plays. This story is only about the way she has met stardom. And, as hinted above, her consideration and thoughtfulness toward others are the most admirable things, among all the other admirable things, that repose in her.

So those of you who may become future stars can read these maxims, topics, or whatever they are, and shape your course accordingly. If I'm still on the job I may interview you. If you are as kind and considerate as Janet Gaynor toward interviewers, then I'll know that stardom brings other things besides exalted position, greatness, and assumed indifference.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 104

The theatrical producer to get a young fellow out of the way, so that producer may have a free rein with young fellow's girl, a chorine.

"Napoleon's Barber"—Fox. A solemn talking picture, mercifully short. An antiroyalist barber vows he would slit Napoleon's throat if he were shaving him. Napoleon, on one of his marches, pauses for a shave and confesses his identity, whereupon the barber is transformed into a cringing coward. Much, much talk. Otto Matiesen, Frank Reicher, Helen Ware, Philippe de Lacy.

"Some One to Love"—Paramount. An heiress to twenty millions suspects that her poor sweetheart is a fortune hunter, so he proves his worth as a business man by putting a languishing girls' school on its feet, and the two make up. Immoluous, kindergarten stuff. Charles Rogers, Mary Brian, William Austin, and Jack Oakie.

"Power"—Pathé. William Boyd in another roughneck rôle, this time working on the construction of a dam. He and his pal are fleeced by an adventuring, but show lively interest in the next girl who comes along. A feeble excuse for wise-cracking. Alan Hale is, as usual, Boyd's partner in no-good.

"Caught in the Fog"—Warner. Snatches of dialogue help this mediocre picture not at all. A girl crook and her pal invade a houseboat and are apprehended by a young man, who is the son of the owners. He falls in love with the girl, who promises to reform Conrad Nagel, May McAvoy, and Charles Gerard will blithely for this a year hence. They may do so now.

"Outcast"—First National. Brightly done story of streetwalker befriended by whimsical society man, whose sweetheart has jilted him for a richer catch. When married sweetheart tries to resume liaison, the ex-streetwalker shows her where she gets off and grabs the man for herself. Shallow, but not annoying. Corinne Griffith, Edmund Lowe, and Kathryn Carver.

"The Viking"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ponderous, prolonged pageant in what is called natural color, showing discovery of America by Leif Ericson, with trimmings of typical Hollywood sentimentality. Every one tongue in earnest, and rather tiresome. Pauline Starke, LeRoy Mason, Anders Randolf, and Donald Crisp.

"Revenge"—United Artists. Florid, unconvinging tale of a Rumanian bear tamer's daughter, untrammeled, who is abducted by a gypsy brigand and tamed to melting sweetness by hard-boiled tactics. Beautiful backgrounds and indifferent acting by Dolores del Rio, LeRoy Mason, Rita Carwee, and José Crespo.

Regrettably, Aftermath.

Raul Walsh has had a pathetic experience. He has had to have his right eye removed by operation.

The surgeon expedient was necessary because of the accident that happened to him while he was filming "In Old Arizona." You may recall the incident. It occurred on location in Utah. Walsh was riding in a motor at night, when a jackrabbits, leaping high across the road, crashed through the windshield of the car, and the splintered glass struck the occupants, penetrating the director's right eye.

For a time it was thought that he would fully recover, but as his sight in both eyes was later threatened, it was decided by the doctors to resort to the knife.

The tragic happening probably will interfere with Walsh's future efforts in acting, though naturally he will continue to direct. He appeared on the screen not so long ago in Gloria Swanson's "Sadie Thompson," as the marine sergeant.

Sartorial Note.

Loud clothes have been banned on the sound stages!

Conflagrations Frequent.

Any jubilation that anti-talkie fans might have felt over the destruction of the Paramount sound studios by fire will be short-lived! The company's plant is already being reconstructed. The blaze was very spectacular and cost $50,000.

Nearly every studio has had some sort of explosion or fire lately. Perhaps it's the effect of too many "hot" pictures.

Will "Psych" the Movies.

In all seriousness, one of the movie companies has announced its having retained a prominent college professor to psychologize their pictures.

His duties will be to sit in at all story conferences, and offer sugges-
tions that will tend to make the pictures more pleasing.

Ruth and Ralph Reconciled.
The reconciliation of Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes is complete. They are seen everywhere together again. A year ago this marriage seemed to be seriously affected by Hollywood's fitful romantic influences, but after a temporary separation, which fortunately did not lead to the divorce courts, Miss Chatterton and Forbes decided they could be much happier together.

Real Brotherly Loyalty.
Greater devotion hath no man than that he should take another on his honeymoon. Such devotion, it would seem, does exist between Richard Barthelmess and William Powell. Anyway, Powell, in company with Barthelmess and his wife, is vacationing in Florida, Cuba, and Panama. Strictly speaking, it is not Barthelmess' honeymoon trip, because he took that immediately after his marriage about a year ago. But then it is pretty early in wedded life to have company while one is jaunting with one's wife.

Powell had to spend a portion of his vacation with his other pal, Ronald Colman. They took a motor tour through California.

Lya Flies High.

Lya de Putti has become air-minded. She knows how to fly a plane and everything. Lya doesn't believe she will stay in Hollywood permanently. She'll spend part time in Europe, part on the Coast.

Lya still wears the auburn shade of hair that has distinguished her for several months.

Joan Crawford, though, after various and sundry mutations, now wears her natural shade, which is grayish-brown.

If They Had Lived in the Movie Age
By Blaine C. Bigler.

Think what a publicity man Ananias would have made.

Solomon with his seven hundred wives could have compared favorably with the much-married stars of to-day.

David and Goliath could have raked in a nice lot of money for the film rights of their battle. I suppose, though, that Goliath's estate would have got his share.

Cleopatra could easily have starred in an Elinor Glyn picture.

Potiphar's wife would have made an excellent vamp.

That Extra Fat
Ask your slender friends how to end it
Don't starve—don't follow follies—correct the cause

SOME years ago, Science made a great discovery in respect to excess fat. A cause was found in a defective gland—the thyroid gland—which largely controls nutrition.

The thyroid secretion, when normal, helps turn food into fuel and energy. When it is scant, too much food goes to fat.

Many tests were made on animals which were over-fat. The reports proved that feeding thyroid brought reduction. It also brought new health, new energy. Then tests were made on people, with like results. Now physicians the world over combat excess fat in this way.

A 21-year record
WHEN this method met scientific approval, it was embodied in the Marmola prescription. It is compounded under direction of some of the greatest gland experts.

Now Marmola has been used for 21 years—millions of boxes of it. You can see in every circle how conditions have changed. Excess fat is far less common.

Marmola has been a leading factor in that change. Users have told others about it. The use has grown to enormous proportions. Now most folks have friends who can tell and show them what Marmola does.

No radical means
Users of Marmola do not starve by rigid diet, though moderation helps. They do not overtax the heart by exercise. They do not spend time and money on mere follies, which never can reduce.

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Roy W. Hinds
Arthor Preston
Loring Streit
David Manning

Richard Talmadge Fan—You'll be glad to know, then, that your favorite, Richard Talmadge, was recently seen in "The Cavalier," a Tiffany-Stahl film which had a short Brother, and I'm watching for it. His address is San Mateo, California. Edna Marion is with Hal Roach, Anita Page with Metro-Goldwyn.

Pencil and Eraser—Then you should have erased an answer in the "next issue." I'm very hurt—you haven't been a reader, or I know that's much too soon. See Maryana, Jackie Coogan, at the opening, is appearing on the stage in Berlin; her address is 516 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles. He was born in Los Angeles, October 26, 1914. His little brother, Robert, is about four—I don't know his birth date. Jacke will probably return to the screen later; he's at an "in-between" age just now.

Georges—Of course you didn't mean to be a problem, with all those questions about obscure stars. I'll tell you what I can. I don't know many of their addresses, as they all free lance, but you can write them in care of the companies in whose films these people appear. Thomas Holding is an old-timer, who doesn't give his age—none of the "old timers" ever does—but he has been acting on the stage for twenty-five years. He's a slave is thirty-six; write him at Pathe. William Russell at the Los Angeles Athletic Club; he's mum about his age. Leo Maloney, Pathe, is forty. Robert Walker was born Pennsylvania, Larry Steers in Chicago, Noble Johnson in Colorado Springs. No ages given. Richard Tucker plays usually in Warner films. Croots, in "Lights of New York," was played by Robert Elliott. By all means, call again.

Bubbles—But I hope you haven't blown up waiting for this answer. Greta Garbo gives her height as five feet six, but a little bird told me she is taller than that. She's with Metro-Goldwyn; her name being left out of that list was an oversight, which we'll correct. Alma Rubens and Muriel Evans. But the tallest women screen stars; they are both five feet seven. Yes, Buddy Rogers is twenty-four; surely that's not old? He was born in Olath, Kansas, and attended Kansas University until he joined the Paramount School, and so went on the screen. Buddy Rogers' newest release is "Some One to Love," with Mary Brian. I think Mary Pickford's age is accurate, thirty-six this April. I don't know what Molly O'Day's weight was before her operation, except that she was twenty pounds too heavy. Constance Talmadge is not married at present. She has had two husbands, Constance will be twenty-nine this April. In "The King of Kings," Lettie was played by H. B. Warner, Judie by Joseph Sclerken, Pilot by Victor Varconi. Phyllis Haver is five feet six.

Alice Gilden—It's a pleasure to get a letter from away off in the Philippines. Even though you do ask questions about many former films, I can't help but have disappeared from the public eye. Francis Ford frequently plays in Westerns and sometimes direct pictures. You might try him at Universal. Big Louis is still active on the screen and so is Francis Mac-Donald, who appeared recently in "The Terror." Just Hollywood, California, would reach these people. Arthur Hoyt is with Metro-Goldwyn. He doesn't give his age, but he has been acting, on stage and screen, for more than twenty years. He has brown hair and eyes, I don't know what his height is, whether he is married or not. Mr. La Salle, so far as I know, is no longer connected with movies. Alma Rubens is quite busy nowadays; you will see her in "Masks of the Devil," "The River Woman," and "Show Boat.

Dorothea of Tenn.—Did Greta Garbo ever play with Charles Ray in an under-world picture? Wow, what a combination! No, photo, Monte Blue is so much more make me think that he is said to have bled blood. He was born in Indianapolis in 1890. He is six feet three and weighs 195. Little Mary Ann Jackson works at the Hal Roach studios, Culver City, California. Eve Southern is with Tiffany-Stahl. No, I can't answer questions as to which stars are Jewish. Olga Baclanova doesn't give her age. Myrna Loy is American, born in Helena, Montana. She is five feet six and weighs 120. Alberta Vaughn was born in Ashland, Kentucky, June 27, 1908. She is five feet one and weighs 100. Just H. T. Ross, I will reach him. No, I don't know any others besides Virginia Bradford from Memphis.

Frances—Your questions are easy and I always welcome any one who doesn't make me think. Myrna Loy, Mary Astor, Audrey Ferris, Dorothy Gulliver, Janet Gaynor—at present—Merna Kennedy, Barbara Kent, and—interruptedly—Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, and Lya De Putti.

Ruthe R. Clifton—Sorry, Jack McCarthey, whatever else you do, you do flatter me, with is too obscure for me to have any information about him.

Robert J. Flemming—Florence Lawrence is still living in complete retirement. The only address I have for her—about four years old—1938 Argyle Avenue, Hollywood.

Chal—See Alice Gilden. Alma Rubens is, as you probably know, married to Ricardo Cortez and before that to Doctor Daniel Carson Goodman. She was born in San Francisco—date not given—is five feet seven and brunette. Charles Farrell was born in Massachusetts, in 1902, and attended Boston University. He is six feet two, brunette, unobtrusive.

Mass Dorothy Prince of Pomona, Kansas, would like more pictures of her favorites, Lillian Gish and Ramon Novarro, and offers to trade with other fans who might prefer photographs of other stars.

Catherine H.—As to the name of the film which you describe, and which you do not go to, you do flatter me— or rather my long memory. It would be some feat to remember the names and plots of all the old films! And of course this is matched by the lack of time to plot. Theodore Roberts died last December. John Drew is also dead, so I don't know just where you could write for his picture. I don't know that stage-play-
ers send out their photos on request, but if so, they themselves would be the only ones sufficiently interested to do so. Annie Ward lives at 125 East Fifty-sixth Street, New York. The title role in "The Prince and the Pauper" was played by Tha Luh, Mr. McReynolds' real father, in "Silence," was H. B. Warner, "Ends," in "Annie Laurie," was played by Patricia Avery. The leads in "The Road to Yesterday" were played by Joseph Schildgrut and Jetta Goudal.

Hav.—Thanks for the snapshot; I feel, after your regular letters, that we are very well acquainted now. And I'm pleased that your notice. The Oracle got so many answers I must have readers!

Marilyn—First on your list of Polish stars, of course, is Pola Negri, born Appolonia Chaluppe. Gloria Swanson's mother, I understand, was Polish. But I have no complete information as to what descent the various stars are; judging by their names, I should agree that the Novak girls have Polish blood. Nazimova, of course, is Russian, as is Ivan Lebedoff and Ivan Linow. Dolores Costello was born in Pittsburgh, in 1905; that's her real name.

Mildred Pach.—Ivan Petrovitch was born in Novi Sad, Serbia, about 1898. He is a Russian by birth, but is now an American citizen. He was once married to Patricia and divorced. He is under contract to Rex Ingram. Voya George is not very well known on the screen as yet, and I'm sorry I have no information about him.

Westy in the East.—Not to mention, I suppose, yearly on the west. Of course it is usually easy to have the star for your favorite, if you happen to like him. Ken Maynard has black hair and gray eyes and is a quarter inch under six feet. Born 1880. Born in Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895. Unfortunately, First National has no list of the films he made before he worked for them, and as they were for independent companies, there is no one else to ask. Two of them I know— "Fighting Courage" and "The Haunted Range." He has no fan club that I know of but you could send him a photo if you have no quarter to send. Allene Ray doesn't give her age. She is five feet three and a half inches and weighs 117. Sally O'Neill, the last I know, was living at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, Beverly Hills, California. Bob Curwood is with Universal, and Eugenia Gilbert Hollywood, Calgary, too. Colleen Langdon has no permanent studio connection; just Hollywood should reach him.

Erla E. Siglen.—In "Four Sons," the title roles were played by James Hall, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Charles Morton, and George Meeker. I suppose George was a bit too old; he is, at least, four years older than William Haines played opposite Mary Pickford in "Little Annie Rooney."

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Esther Ralph, Mary Brian, Wallace Beery, Greta Garbo, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Benchley, Vivian Martin, Brian Donlevy, Kyrilordon, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Constance Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, Lora Vrede, John Barrymore, at the Studio, 10550 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.


Redfield Denay, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Ellie Phillips, Conrad Veidt, Art Acord, Barbara Kent, Barbara Worth, Ethyl Claire, William Desmond, Edmond Crawford, George Robinson, Raymond Keene, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Marian Nixon, Alan Hale, Jessette Ford, Law Lombard, and others, at the Radio Studio, 5070 Coronet Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Lina Basquette, Phillip Haver, at the Pathé Studio, 6112 Hollywood, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Vuce, Janet Gaynor, Richard Wallace, Barry Norton, Charles Reisner, Miles Maloney, Louis Metzler, Massie Nar, Nick Stuart, Virginia Valli, Sue Carol, Albertha Calahan, MacDonald, Charles Morton, Ben Bard, Samoa Collyer, Betty Field, Bing Crosby, Lillian Gradn, Sue Carol, Nancy Drew, June Cliffry, and Mary Duncan, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue and Corona, California.

Andres Ferris, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, May McAvoy, Clyde Cook, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Las Angeles, California.

Tom Tyler, Bob Steele, Frankie Darro, Buzz Barton, Warren Hymer, Martha Sleeper, at the P. O. B., 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Bill Cody, Buddy Roosevelt, Walter Miller, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, 62 California.


Robert Benchley, 5660 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Tabor, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Ewing, 5337 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1395 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Juniatoe Johnson, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6045 Sefina Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Coogan, 675 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.


Harold Lloyd, 6040 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 1140 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beverly Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Kawlinson, 1785 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gerride Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hord, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown, Painter, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, Warner Studio, 5630 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Theodore von Eltz, 1725 S. La Palmas, Hollywood, California.


Vivien Rich, Laurel Canyon, Box 701, B. D. 10, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5224 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Brien, 3832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Gordon Griffith, 1525 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3528 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Gilda Gray, 22 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 215, Hollywood, California.


George Hackathorne, Hotel Palomar, Hollywood, California.

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Picture Play

Volume XXX

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How to Break Into the Talkies

No, this isn’t an invitation to go to Hollywood in the hope of working in an all-dialogue film. PICTURE PLAY would never advise any of its readers to do that. But Inez Sebastian, whose knowledge of the talking-pictures situation is founded on a painstaking investigation of their method of production, gives some encouraging advice in the next number—advice which will answer many questions the fans have asked. In addition to this striking feature, Margaret Reid’s analysis of Jack Mulhall will appear, together with Madeline Glass’ interview with Don Alvarado who, by the way, is thinking of changing his name because he resents its Spanish implication. Myrtle Gebhart contributes a characteristic story describing those moments, great or small, which have most influenced the careers of various stars, and, in fact, all the regular upholsterers of PICTURE PLAY’S standard will do more than ever next month to make it the best magazine on the screen.
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A Plea and a Prayer.

FIRSTLY, a whole-hearted "Hear, hear!" for those fans who think PICTURE PLAY for the friends they have made through these columns. I, too, have formed associations with readers all over the world, and many of them are now very dear and real friends.

I am an average English girl, and I love America and Americans. You are a generous, sincere people, and I am very glad that some of my greatest friends are Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces. I understand you so much better, admire you so much more, since I have grown to know some wonderful American fans.

Now, I have a piece to say! I am not a talkie fan, but I commend the inventor of Vitaphone for each and every honor that this world and the next can bestow, for giving me the indescribable experience of "getting" Al Jolson. He is a great artist, with matchless personality and talent, and I have never fallen so hard in my life. Another bushel of thanks to America! Got any more like him—unattached, if possible?

Finally, a plea and a prayer. I hope I am not unkind, but I must say that if I read any more articles detailing the intellectual brilliance of Louise Fazenda, I shall rise up and hie me to the nearest river, wherein I shall throw the offending magazine.

The prayer—please give us back Betty Bronson. She is unique, and an enchanting memory too rare to be lost in the joyless hash factories.

BETTIE G. EDWARDS.
7 Belmont House, Camberwell Street,

'A Deaf Fan's Views.

This hideous talking-picture invention has got to have its day, serve the sensation seekers, and fill the box offices.

But I beg to disagree with Lee Bailey of Houston, Texas, when he says a talking film is "progress." It is not. It is merely a hybrid horror which, because of the novelty hounds and rival electric companies, may succeed in ousting the silent drama, an entirely individual and unique art. Nothing can improve upon it. It stands alone. Talking dialogue perverts and ruins its raison d'être—silence. I like an appropriate musical accompaniment, as in John Gilbert's "Masks of the Devil." I was delighted with it, and rejoiced that there was no dialogue. You see, I am deaf. Talking films are impossible for me. What is the point in ending the existence of the army of handicapped people to which I belong? We are facing no entertainment, if silent pictures are no more. We will much prefer to stay at home in that event, and must lose the only form of entertainment we can really enjoy.

As the "Silent Drama Fan" alluded to says, the producers are certainly taking much for granted when they say the public wants talking pictures. To those with whom I have talked on the subject, there is nothing more wonderful than the silent drama. So how much more so must it be to those who cannot hear; how much more sane to leave all disagreeable noises to the imagination.

For instance, of all the awful things, I think the Movietone news reels are the worst. The ear-splitting—to me, deaf as I am—noise of yelling crowds at ball games could not be duplicated in Dante's Inferno. I tried to stop my ears, but couldn't. I fail to see anything gained, while everything restful and pleasant, is lost. I might have enjoyed hearing King George's speech, if I could hear, or other speeches of the sort, but sound does not belong on the screen, except for musical accompaniment.

That is my final opinion, and no perfected Movietone or Vitaphone could ever change it. I don't want anything canned, and I don't believe sane or thinking people, on the whole, do either.

As for bidding "the silent drama a sad good-by," as Lee Bailey suggests in his sublime pose of ignoring everything and everybody but his own point of view, let us rather say that the noisy era will be short and come to a speedy end.

ETHEL M. STEARNS.
1253 Beacon Street,
Brookline, Massachusetts.

Allah Help Us!

Heaven preserve us from the all-talking pictures! I have managed to sit through three—"Lights of New York," "The Terror," and "The Home-towners." They were all terrible. The action could have been beaten by a two-day-old snail. Everything must be slowed down so the actors can talk.

If the producers must have all-talking movies, why can't they be limited to comedies? I think talking comedies are enjoyable.

[Continued on page 10]
OW everyone is here, let's tune in on a good station and get some snappy dance music.

Olive Murray was full of pep as she adjusted the dials of her radio. "Shucks," she said as she discovered someone making a speech. "Let's try another station.

But there wasn't a note of dance music on the air. "Something like this would happen the night of my party," she moaned. "Never mind, there'll be a good orchestra on at 10:30.

You could see disappointment written all over the guests' faces. Suddenly I sucked up my courage and took Olive aside. "What's the piano closed for?" I asked. "Why not? No one here plays. I only wish somebody could play, though."

"I'll try to fill in for a while, Olive." "You're joshing, Dick! You never played before at parties."

"That's right, Olive, but I'll play tonight," I assured her.

I could tell she didn't believe me. For a while she announced that I was to entertain with some piano selections I caught her winking to one of the fellows.

And what a roar the crowd let out when I sat down.

"He can't play," called out a voice good-naturedly from the rear. "Let's turn on the radio and listen to the speeches.

"Sure," added one of my friends. "I know that he can't tell an ounce from another. It's all a lot of Greek to him. How about it, Dick?"

I said nothing. But my fingers were itching to play.

"Give him a chance," said Olive, "maybe he can play."

### A Dramatic Moment

That settled it. There was no maybe about it. I played through the first bars of Strauss' immortal Blue Danube Waltz. A tense silence fell on the guests as I continued. Suddenly I switched from classical music to the syncopated tunes from "Good News." Every one started to dance. Pep was once more in order. They forgot all about the radio. But soon, of course, they insisted that I tell them all about my new accomplishment. Where I had learned... when I had learned... how?

### The Secret

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a surprisingly easy method through which you can learn to play any instrument without a teacher.

"It doesn't seem possible," someone said.

"That's what I thought, too. But the Free Demonstration lesson which they mailed me on request so opened my eyes that I sent for the complete course."

"It was simply wonderful — no laborious scales — no heartless exercises — no tiresome practising. My fear of notes disappeared at the very beginning. As the lessons came they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best."

Then I told them how I had always longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet song — or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera or the latest symphony — how when I heard others playing I envied them so that it almost moved the pleasure of the music for me — how I was excited because they could entertain their friends and family.

"Music was always one of those never- come-true dreams until the U. S. School came to my rescue. Believe me, no more heavy looking on for me.

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21 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

Of course, it is thrilling to hear a favorite star's voice. I have heard many of the well-known stars speak—Buddy Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Dolores Costello, Mary Pickford, and others. But they can be heard and enjoyed in short talking sequences just as well in an all-talking picture. In fact, more so, because the dialogue is clearer.

The producers must think that they can fool the public when one is substituted for a star's voice. When Emil Jannings was supposed to be saying "Singing to the Father's," I could tell that another's voice was recorded with the accomplishment.

There is a way to tell this. The musical accompaniment is usually accompanied by a crackling sound. When a real talking sequence is inserted the sound is not so loud. I believe this has been true in most films containing some dialogue that I have seen.

And Movietone news! They'll photograph anything that makes a noise, from those funny, little Mexican beans that hop up and down, to somebody rattling a newspaper. We have to suffer through Al Smith's campaign speeches, Billy Sunday's raves, etc., etc.

Here's to the good, old silent drama! E. M. P.


Give Blondes a Chance.

Aroused to wrath by the letter in the January issue of Picture Play from A. J. Campbell, I hasten to the defense of my favorite, Conrad Nagel.

The writer says that he has never heard Conrad Nagel in the talksies. Then all I can say is, that he "ain't heard nothing yet." Until he has heard Nagel he is not qualified to say.

It is a fact that not always do the voices of those who have had stage training register best in talking pictures, although, to be sure, it is usually an advantage, as the actor is given poise and confidence by his stage experience. Although the critic was not especially impressed with Conrad Nagel's voice on the stage, I am positive that he will change his opinion after he has heard him in the talksies. His diction is splendid, his voice sympathetic and magnetic, and his manner charming. I feel that with the exception of H. B. Warner, who is supreme in this line, and possesses the most superb diction I have ever heard, Conrad Nagel's characterizations have been outstanding achievements in this new field.

As to the "blonde" difficulty of which the critic complains so bitterly, I have not found that Conrad Nagel is always cast with a blonde, by any means, and I have seen practically every picture that he has made for several years past. He has played a number of stock figures in plays, and Mrs.itesse is a brunette, or at least photographs as such, and Myrna Loy, who, I understand, is a redhead, and, of course, Aileen Pringle, who has played a number of colorless parts, I am sure, can be recognized in all but one picture. I am sure there has been others not classed in that category so dis
tasteful to this critic.

I would be quick to condemn a man's sincere endeavors to give the public his best, simply because of his complexion.

MARGARET H. HENZI.

A Hint to Boyd.

When I see a capable actor as William Boyd being cast in such mediocre pictures as "The Cop," and "Police," I feel that the future of the star is not looked to very carefully by those who have him under contract, unless in this particular case the desire of William to play this type of role—"I understand it's his preference—is so great that he is allowed to continue on. I'm sure that it's certainly a mistake, after playing in "The Volga Boatman" and "Two Arabian Knights." Boyd has lost a considerable amount of his prestige here's his chance to show us that he has had the opportunity to show us that he's hasn't forgotten how to act.

Warner Baxter, after playing in "The Great Gabby," seems to be gradually slipping into obscurity via the quickies. Like a great many other actors of note, there did not seem to be any demand for his services, so he was offered the leading role in "A New Star." Thanks to the talksies there is now a greater demand for some of our old favorites, and after seeing Warner Baxter in the title role in "A New Star," I feel as if he has established himself as an actor of exceptional ability.

Overlea, General Delivery.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Gary Pulls the Heartstrings.

Now, what's the matter? I've looked Picture Play over twice and in no place do I find mention of a very ideal Why? Why, Gary Cooper, of course.

Please get me straight. I do not think he's an Apollo, nor do I think he's an Emil Jannings, nor am I sure that all the people I've seen on the screen, and that's a lot, he's the only one I'd care to know, to be able to say "Hello" to. Is there anyone who can pull off the particular heartstring he can, when things don't go right? Or who can make you almost laugh out loud when he smiles? I wouldn't have to love him, but how I wish he were there to write the scenes, I've written him several times—am writing him tonight to tell him what I thought about "The Shopworn Angel"—and each time I have received a picture, for which I am very grateful. And, while I don't even dare think much about it, I always send up a little prayer that some day I shall get a real autograph. I couldn't imagine anything nicer.

Now that I've tried to start something, won't lots of you write that you, too, like him very, very much.

MARIJORIE CARMAN.
23 William Street.
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Give Fenton a Big Role.

I read with a great deal of interest in February Picture Play an article by Reginald Fenton about his brother, Leslie. It has been a constant source of wonder to me why this splendid young actor has not been given a part such as the one given him in recent pictures in which he has played a derelict brother, or has been killed off early in the film. Since "What Price Glory?" I have watched closely the careers of two young actors in that epic, Barry Norton and Leslie Fenton. The former has gone on to leading parts, possessing, surely, no more acting skill or appeal than his brother, but has been given more bits. Nor am I eager to see him play "Clyde Griffiths," in "An American Tragedy," if Dreiser's stark story ever is permitted to be photographed in celluloid. "Clyde" is hardly an appealing figure, being nothing more or less than a moral weakling. While it is a great part for the acting that is in it, it is by no means calculated to endear the actor to the public. Let us see young Fenton in straight leading roles, such as are given to Arlen, Rogers, Cooper, Novarro, et al, and I make the prediction that he will have a supreme career among the stars. A New blood is being infused into the films, and here is a born actor who is good to look upon, mobile of feature, and who uses his hands to express emotion just as true an actor does Lionel Barrymore, and not so few, others. He makes real any part he has to play, however small. In the talksies Fenton should shine forth brilliantly, with the stage trained comedians back to him. Another young actor of real merit is Eddie Quillan, who has the comic sense of Langdon, Keaton, or Lloyd.

I must praise William Powell's work in "Interference." He has a rich, colorful voice, besides his never-failing skill to portray the not-quite-all-bad man of the world.

William W. Allen.

PICTURE PLAY has more than justified its claim to be the best magazine of the screen. I hope it will continue its policy of giving praise where it is due, and acknowledging new talent.

F. C. LITTLEJOHN.
1374 Eighteenth Avenue.
San Francisco, California.

Ashamed to be "Nice"?

From some of the interviews I read, and from some of the pictures I see, I believe that it is something to be ashamed of to be good, or try to be! What's the big idea? Is it something to be proud of to be gin-soaked, cigarette-stained, semi-nude, profane, sophisticated and vulgar? Writers and interviewers try to make us think that all girls, in order to seem human, want to play the so-called "nice" role in playing. Every good role being considered too wishy-washy, whatever that means!

Ye gods, why should any one think that virtue hinders good times? Some of the happiest persons I've known, folks who fairly radiate jollity and joy of living, neither drink nor smoke, nor show their ignorance in profane remarks. For my part, I consider the "good sports" of the flaming-youth pictures naught but vapid, insipid ne'er-do-wells, and not a true conception of real young folks. If some of the portraits on the screen expressed to represent how they behave—boozing, gambling, cussing—and then give us anything else. But most people are decent enough to want good, clean plays, and that is what the whole phenomenon does appear, the public can't get enough of it.

D. DORN.
Los Angeles, California.

Two Favorites Roasted.

I laughed at Charles Farrell's attempt to portray a sheik in "Fazil." Never once was he convincing. He is too homely to be a sheik. And can he say he makes a better coal heaver, and that's that. Not long ago I also saw "Fleetwing," with Barry Norton as a sheik. That was a laugh. Barry Norton is what he is—a mama's boy and not a man.

The producers had better stop making pictures of Arabia, because it can't be made to look like a sheik. The stars should not be so beautiful he will make your heart ache. Yes, magnificent, masterful, powerful, cruel—a real he-man and a perfect pet.

Rudolph Valentino was the only man who had all the necessary requirements. Rudy was our one and only sheik, and there will never be another.

CLARA A. BELL.
Troy, New York.
Read It and Laugh.

Fans, if you want a big laugh just read an Alice White interview, and you'll laugh yourself sick. No, not that she's witty, but just plain, absolutely dumb.

Perhaps Alice has some admirers left, although when they get through reading her "little red diary" in a screen book they'll fade away. When "Gentlemen Prefer Blonds" was in full swing, I thought Alice was a wow.

No doubt I still would admire her if I hadn't run across two interviews where she raves about "it was my first kiss—how it thrilled me," and I nearly went into hysterics.

I may be catty to be saying all these things, but I never displayed my diary, and that's plenty catty. Just think—here we all know Gilbert Roland, or feel as though we know him, and to hear him discussed quite freely by a silly, idiotic flapper burns any one up—not that he's my favorite by a long shot.

It's my first letter to "What the Fans Think," but I just had to break loose and get it off my chest. I'll bet there's a lot more who think exactly the same about Alice. Anyhow, here's hoping the "big guy" of the studio get wise and tell her to lay off the goofy broadcasting. If any one has met Alice in person, write and tell us what she's like. I imagine it'll be good.

We want bigger and better pictures, not bigger and better "bullers." ADENYLE T.

Vancouver, British Columbia.

Razzberries for Mary Brian.

When it comes to acting, Mary Brian gets the prize—a box of fruit—razzberries, but I never saw her act yet, and I don't think that she can. What did she do in "Varsity"? Don a cowboy suit, shoot a couple of times, drink a sundae, and kiss. Anyone can do that.

In January Picture PLAY some one wrote that at last Richard Dix had got rid of Mary Brian. She might be in the picture for the beauty of it, but let Paramount give a beautiful girl with talent a chance.

Look at Anita Page and Nancy Carroll. Those two are really making the grade, because they can act. Then Joan Crawford, or Clara Bow, also Nils Asther when it comes to good looks he takes the cake—they are stars.

Every time Mary Brian acts with Buddy Rogers he runs away with the picture. She doesn't put any pep or feeling in her work. Even her talking sounds unreal, and although her voice is very sweet, when it comes through the microphone it's a fake.

I hope I'm not slammed for this by the Mary Brian clubs, because I've always admired her, but only for her beauty—never for her acting.

J. M. Chicago, Illinois.

A Suggestion.

Why not have an interview by Malcolm Oettinger with Sally O'Neill, Dolores Costello, Natalie King, Molly O'Day, and some of the younger stars? We get too much of Greta Garbo and her temperament, Florence Vidor and her charm, and of John Gilbert. Gilbert has only made one good picture in his life, "The Big Parade," and he would have failed in that if it had not been for Karl Dane, and the direction of King Vidor.

DINKUM AUSSIE.

Adelaide, Australia.
The Glory of the Movies.

With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling.

The movies are an empire, where the strangest things befall,
Where camera and spotlight reign, and rules between the fall.
The men and women players; the directors—
even I,
Who, once fallen to their lure, must remain so—'til they die!

And where the orange blossoms grow, along the West Coast wall,
You'll find the heart of Hollywood that is the heart of all.
The studios, the boulevards; the beaches, and the camps;
The Kleigs, the clerks, the cowboys; the heaves and the camps.

You'll find DeMille—and bathtubs—and yes-men, and prop boys,
Told of to do as they are bid, and do it without noise.
But except when shares are dropping, and then P. As flock in herds,
The glory of the movies lies in more than idle words.

For some can do a Charleston, and batting can strain.
These last are good to look at, even in their clothes!
They may not be aesthetic, but they're just where they ought to be;
Yea, the glories of Mack Sennett are the reasons husbands room!

And many more you'll find there; but real stars are not made
By merely being beautiful and very highly paid.
The Gables and the Negri, and Charlie, too, who strives
With merry jests to brighten up the dullness of our lives.

With these a hundred others, your favorites you may pick;
There's not an eye so tired, nor yet a heart that is not home;
But it can find some magic in any reel that's run.

For the movies have a glory that bewitches every one.
So praise the stars, and thankful be to those who make the shows;
And do not judge them harshly; we all have our faults, not for home.
And when you're cross with Lillian, and cry, "She always weeps!"
Just think how we should miss it, like Douglas and his leaps.

Oh, Lizzie is a film fan, and her Jake he is the same;
The only time they quarrel is over Mignon's name.
And when your work is finished, and for dollar seats you pay,
Think Allah for this kingdom, that it may not pass away.

No Talking, Please!

Oh, those horrid talking pictures! They get on my nerves. All the men's voices sound exactly alike, and the women all sound like something is choking them. They are so slow. I went to see "Lights of New York." I could not sit through the picture, and all the men were so ugly in it, and not a pretty face. Helene Costello looked all right, but her voice was terrible.

I, for one, will save a lot of money, for I am never going to see another talking picture. Conrad Nagel's is the only voice I have heard that did not get on my nerves. He is wonderful and so good looking.

I like the silent drama, with soft music, and no talking!

May Monroe.

Box 2501, Birmingham, Alabama.

In Refutation.

Has your correspondent, Lorraine Chandler, ever thought of how the "selfish," "pretentious," comes forth in the first place, to Hollywood? Surely, half of them were "discovered" in Europe by American producers who saw possibilities in them, and brought them to Hollywood, where they earn "big" money for themselves, as well as for him and his company. And don't they spend it in America?

I read on the same page of your magazine that Americans on the London stage remain American, without losing popularity or being perverted to change their nationality. I fail to see why a foreigner should change his nationality so soon as he attains fame in America.

As for Ronald Colman, isn't it just faintly possible that he may be content to remain English, and that it is not just publicity and the hush and cry that is stopping him? What would it profit any one if Mr. Colman became an American? He is so obviously English.


Just Suppose!

Just suppose that some one would come up to you one day and say, "Come on, we're going to Hollywood. I've decided that since you've always wanted to, we might as well go. You can see all the people you've always wanted to meet, and see all the things you've always wanted to see."

Of course, things like that don't happen. But just supposing they did—what would you do? Well, this is what I'd do.

I'd sit on that train and dream, and be thrilled and scared to death every clicking mile of the way, and stay at the Studio Club for Girls. My lips would be dumb, but my eyes would be taking in all the details of the Club, and of the girls who live there. I'd like to take a peek into the room that Mary Pickford furnished.

Then, after I had unpacked and taken a bath, and tried to calm my excited emotions—and not succeeding at all—I'd call up some one or two girls, and ask them to come out with me.

I'd go to the phone and say, when had had my fun, and actually hearing Myrtle's voice, "I'll give you three guesses to tell who this is."

Then I'd give her three marks of identification. Myrtle, being a bright girl, would cry out, "Of course."

Myrtle would say, "Where are you?" and "What do you mean by coming out here? Didn't I tell you not to come? Do you want me to reply, for Myrtle and I are awfully good friends, that I would pay any attention to you?"

After that she would see it was hopeless, so she would invite me to the Montmartre, where we would be Wednesday night, star day at the Montmartre and, of course, the best day for gawking tourists such as myself. Myrtle would say, in parting, that she was sorry. She would love to have had me out at her house that night, but she was going to a party.

After that, quite worn out with the day's thrills, I would go to bed, and be a little homesick.

I for Hollywood is a long way from home.

But the next day the sun—the well-known California sun—would be shining into my eyes so I could awaken with a feeling of joy. I would leap out of bed, and dress, and take a leisurely walk through the sunny streets of Hollywood, noting everything.

Then home and lunch would be lunchen, and then Myrtle would be there, sweet, tiny and amusing. We would get in her car and ride to the Montmartre. Oh, the memory of things.

Then there would be other glamorous days and nights. There would be dinner at Myrtle's, an afternoon at one of Patsy Gilbert's, and a welcome at Charlie's. Then I would meet all the writers on Picture Play's staff. Helen Krumph—who has already been nice enough to write to me and send me her picture—Madeline Green, William H. McAvoy, Edwin and Eliza Schullert, Margaret Reid—I know I'd like her a lot—Ann Sylvester and Helen Louise Walker.

I would take me to the Fox studio so that I could meet Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor-two particular loves of mine. Maybe I would rate a real Charles Farrell's jaw. Perhaps Janet Gaynor would ask me down to her cottage at Malibu Beach.

A day at Malibu Beach. My first guess was that Myrtle introduce me to Louise Fazenda. I have liked her for a long time. She is one of those people you'd like to know well. She might ask me to a clambake at her cottage at Malibu. Believe me, that would be a cinch, for I'd like her spotting.

I would imagine that Myrtle introduce me to Louise Fazenda. I have liked her for a long time. She is one of those people you'd like to know well. She might ask me to a clambake at her cottage at Malibu. Believe me, that would be a cinch, for I'd like her spotting.

I would like to meet Aileen Pringle—I'd adore her sharp wit—and I'd like to have the attention of the handsome Douglas Fairbanks. What a privilege it would be to hear him sing Mexican melodies and, perhaps, through some very special good fancy, I'd be fortunate enough to be a guest at his Teatro Intimo.

What is that you are saying? These
What the Fans Think

The main fault with her voice was that it sounded so unnatural.

The fans of a screen actress has not been recognized by the general public, who evidently prefer such blanks as Clara Bow and Alice White. Miss McAvoy deserves better pictures than she receives from Warner Brothers, who seldom make a good picture, anyway. It is too bad that those talkies should spoil an actor's voice, but that is what they will do to many of the screen players who take a course in voice culture.

Here's hoping that Lionel Barrymore makes some more talkies also; his brother John—though not that Shakespearean junk, which should be conserved for vulgar language.

Melrose, Massachusetts.

How Many Agree with This Fan?

For over fifteen years I've been a devoted fan. I've seen every picture I could see, often walking miles to do so. I've read every magazine on the subject. I was manager of a movie theater, and I have talked to hundreds of people all over the country. Some of the stars they were fans, some seldom went to a theater. All had interesting ideas on the subject.

Of all the stars on the screen there is only one whom I have never heard a single complaint against. That is Anna Q. Nilsson. She is undoubtedly the most universally liked of all actresses on the screen. This surprised me as much as it will lots of people. I have never been able to get in an argument when I said I liked Anna. The same can be said about Colleen Moore. She always delivers the goods, and is well liked. She is very modern, and very cute, and her pictures never fail. They are splendid. Women seem to like her better than men.

Now, on the other hand, Gloria Swanson is best liked by men. Few women really like Gloria. I think they envy her. But you mention her name to a man, and they all agree she is great.

Mary Pickford has been on the screen so long, people are tired of her. Of course I have heard lots of people say they did not care for the kid parts Mary plays, but if you look around the next time some pictures are being shown, you will find the person who said that in the first row. Mary is above comparison.

Thomas Meighan, John Barrymore, Charlie Chaplin, Lon Chaney, Adolphe Menjou, Milton Sills, Emil Jannings, and Wallace Beery are best liked by the older folks, while the younger set prefer Richard Dix, Buddy Rogers, James Hall, William Haines, and Colleen Moore.

Norma Talmadge is very well liked by almost everyone. John Gilbert has admirers galore, although several fans have said they think he is a little, personally, offtune, I think he is great.

The most promising of the new players seems to be Sue Carol; in fact, her popularity is getting to the proportions of a movie idol. The others beginning to be talked about are Gary Cooper, Gilbert Roland, Mary Brian, Lupe Velez, Molly O'Day, Eve Southern, Nick Stuart, and Camerata

Why isn't Clive Brook starred? This is asked of me frequently. He is very popular among both men and women. Everyone agrees Mary Pickford has the most beautiful voice on the screen, and believe me, they rave about them.

I know every one is wondering if some of the stars are not liked at all. There is no star that hasn't a few admirers. Just the same, I have noticed that, wonder-

What Do You Do for A Living?

I'm tired of watching the "cheaply made" chase Billy Dooley over hill and dale. Dooley is one gent that can't create spontaneous combustion in my vicinity. As a mirth provoking, Billy tips the scales at zero-neat excellent. When he appears amidst the chaos, though, I cannot control the presumption that maybe his mustache is inhabited. Ford Sterling slants a nervous, exaggerated cleft-chinned mustache that says, "Watch me—I have something up my sleeve—watch carefully." His little offering follows, after which he reverts the camera with the same glances that says, "Pretty good, eh?"

As for the F. B. O. "Ton of Fun" comedies, bring out the militia, and fire away. Swallowing nothing at all, reminds me of the Beery-Hayton affairs d'art.

In some respects Chaplin and those educational folks are brothers under the skin. Even as pince-nez, spectacles, and a close-up of a baby, nibbling an ice-cream cone. Incidentally, Charlie prefers his heroines starved.

What the comedian means is a wealth of knowledge, both wittily or otherwise. But, suppose, ten years from now, I shall still be watching Dooley capering through the meadows.

Alvin Twayne.

15 Highland Street, Taunton, Massachusetts.

Comedians Under Fire

This is an open letter directed to each and every "comedian" that wanders about Hollywood, that town where press agents, etiquette inspectors, and "still" photographers, do their nefarious work. Adults know better, but he has a wonderful personality and screen ethic. I think he has a very bright future. That is Nick Stuart.

Lee Bailey.

16 Vonsonian Apartments, Houston, Texas.

A Russian Threnody.

My heart is somber and tired. Our life is painful and gray. And therefore you must not wonder I'm looking for Picture Play. It is so gloriously splendid. With tears of my soul it comes like a charming fairy. My soul to flatter and rend. I see all my favorite darlings—Novelty, Maudie, Mandy, Mexen, And Doug, and his son, and his Mary, All under a sky bright and blue. The beautiful trees are waving Their branches, rustling to me A song of the tempting freedom. And listening to the roaring sea, It seems like a dream—Picture Play. A great moment, My dusty and beamless day, And I am sad and unhappy, When thinking of Picture Play. It tells us there is a country, A country willing to pay For beauty, youth and great talent. It tells us it is the country Where our hard tears drive away The shadow of trouble and sorrow—but I don't believe Picture Play! My youth and my beauty are needless, And the only sparkling Force through the dimly clouded mistness Is coming from Picture Play.

Natalia Ladoiko.

Otakbrskaja St. F., Kremenchug, Ukraine, U. S. S. R.

More About Talkies.

Recently I saw and heard "The Lion and the Mouse." Lionel Barrymore, with his stage experience, was excellent, as was Alec Francis. William Collier, Jr., son of old stage hands, which part very well also, but what mattered the picture was May McAvoy's voice. In my estimation she is one of the finest actresses on the screen, and certainly no course in voice culture to make her voice suitable for the Vitaphone, and the course did her more harm than good, because now her voice has a hard, harsh sound which doesn't go with her appearance on the screen at all.

As Told By ELINOR GLYN

Mad revels now run rampant with that set which seeks solace in speed. Rome, at its wildest, was a complacent country strawberry festival when contrasted with society orgies.

The latest example of this never ending search for bigger thrills was the lavish “Underseas Ball” recently given by Mrs. Viola Hatfield, a daring divorcée of Santa Barbara.

The ballroom resembled the sea bottom. Long strands of seaweed twisted and twirled in the drafts from concealed fans. Over in one corner hall buried in the sandy “ocean” floor lay a wave battered bull from a nearby beach.

A huge and brilliantly illuminated glass tank of water extended across the ballroom. And, as a master touch, the whole room was bathed in a ghostly green light.

Truly, an appropriate background for these weird goings-on. It was not strange that such a setting should have brought to a swift climax the pent-up passions of one of the strangest love affairs society has ever known.

Joan Winslow, a beautiful young ward, harassed by an over-strict guardian, and Michel Towne, handsome bachelor catch, who was equally harassed by droves of women whom he found more desirable than desirable, had entered into a “contract marriage,” to escape their respective annoyers.

This so-called “marriage” was a strange one; not only did “honor” and “obey” have no part in the “ritual” but what was stranger still, the most important clause was a definite agreement NOT TO “LOVE.”

Michel invited his wife that was, and was not, to his yacht. Joan insisted that he live up to the letter of the “contract marriage.” Michel, crazed, attempted to take by force that which he could not get by reason. Joan escaped and swam to shore.

On the night of the “Underseas Ball,” Joan was very attractive, both to the eye and to the heart of Michel. He plead passionately. To escape, she plunged into the glass tank. Angered, he smashed the glass and sent the water over the half drunken guests. As Joan swept by him, he seized her and disappeared with in the confusion, To—
Nancy Carroll and "Buddy" Rogers pair off in "Close Harmony" and show what they can do with music, song, and dance in this story of backstage life written by Elsie Janis, who should know her subject if any one does. Miss Carroll is Marjorie Morwin, a dancer in a picture-theater revue, while Mr. Rogers is the leader of a stage orchestra, who sings and exhibits his skill as a musician when he plays separately all the instruments in his band.
The Regal Courts of Filmdom

Some of the successful stars have built up retinues that rival the traditional pomp of a feudal baron’s hall.

By Edwin Schallert

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

A certain rather vain and egotistical star was once asked by an interviewer how many servants he kept. With due numerical exactitude he replied, naming the butler, the valet, the cook, the chauffeur, the gardener, and one or two others engaged in domestic occupations.

Then, very expansively, he said, “And, of course, besides all these, there is my personal retinue.”

“Retinue!” exclaimed the interviewer. “Do you have a retinue?”

“Yes, naturally,” answered the star, with grandiloquence, in which the interviewer did not at the moment discern a note of mockery. “Every celebrity must have a retinue. It’s a legitimate heritage.” Then the speaker flashed upon his questioner a rather disarming smile. “Only we never admit it except as a joke.”

However, in Hollywood it’s not so much a joke as you might imagine from this very casual dismissal. If a majority of the more famous stars actually came down to cases, they’d have to concede that the word “retinue” has more than just purely rhetorical significance.

Regal courts really flourish in the movie world. Kings and queens of filmdom have their lords, their ladies, and even sometimes their jesters. The knights of celluloid are not without their vassals and retainers, nor the pecocesses of the picture realm their fair servitors.

Hollywood—the Hollywood of glitter and abundance, at least—sometimes, nay, often, bears a resemblance to a feudal barony, with its landgraves of high estate attended by their courtiers, mayhap to sup at table; mayhap to participate in joust and jest, occasionally to decorate and adorn the never-ending glamour of the filmy parade.

I shall start by dividing this strange kingdom into special classes.

First, there is the professional group, possibly the most important. They have to do with picture-making in various capacities, technical and financial.

Second, there is the domestic suite, familiarly classified as servants, but often rising far above the conventional concept thereof.

Third, there is the social cortège, often related to the professional. This has mostly to do with swank.

Not many stars can boast such a trumeau assemblage in their train. Most of them are satisfied with a single group. It is the high test of celebrity to acquire all three, or to be able to. However, the three constitute the elaborate and intricate hieroglyph of celluloidism, wherein the allegiances to stars are held in feef and fee.

One has to seek out the most successful in order to find the more gorgeous panoply of loyalties and services. Money is unquestionably the dominant power in procuring attendances anywhere. It is especially potent in Hollywood. Still, there is something more.

A star can well acquire a resplendent entourage by the glamour of his accomplishments. His followers are also frequently friends of long standing. They may also be on the weekly pay list, but there is something more than the mere monetary attraction. If it be only this, then they too often fall into the classification of yes-men, “good men Fridays,” and less pleasant phrases.

The most outstanding court in filmdom is that of Douglas Fairbanks. It is a court where Greek may honestly and intellectually meet Greek. I found there recently, for example, the expert on French history, one Maurice Leloir, a

Charlie Chaplin is protected by a master of the art of culling and shoeing away bores and undesirables.
The Regal Courts of Filmland

water-color artist whose work hangs in art galleries on the other side of the Atlantic, and on this side, too. Recognized as a fine painter and an authority on early seventeenth-century manners and modes, he would add swagger to any aesthetic convocation. He can tell, with hair's-breadth precision, the proper adjustment of buckler and sword, and the exact angle at which a monsieur's mustache should be curled, or the plume worn in his hat. He is therefore the efficient general of the artistic excellences of "The Iron Mask," which Fairbanks has completed, as well as adding distinction to the luminous gatherings that may be discovered in the Fairbanks dressing room of a late afternoon.

Inspirationally present of late, and distinguished also for his skill with the painter's brush, is the youthful Laurence Irving, the grandson of Sir Henry Irving, the famed British actor of a past generation.

For practically every picture he has produced in the past few years, Fairbanks has acquired some notable assistants. Many of them he has engaged on his trips abroad. He seldom returns home from a European visit without one or two. He finds in them the inspiration for each new film adventure.

Amusingly enough, the Fairbanks court is generally held either in the steam room, which is part of his studio quarters. Frequently debates as to the character of settings, or the next sequence, or possibly even of some larger issue of politics or aesthetics are argued betwixt the massage and the plunge. Personages from other studios may choose to take part. Charlie Chaplin is frequently a visiting celebrity. The executive personnel, including Joseph M. Schenck, Samuel Goldwyn, John Considine, and others, may take part in the discussions.

I think that the professional side of the Fairbanks realm is the most interesting. Douglas reigns virtually as the king of the United Artists studio. He has the proper gayety, the proper zest, to make a popular monarch. His wit is never failing, his ideas always stimulating. It is but natural that those associated with him in his work should cluster around him in the idle hours of light conversation.

At the Fairbanks home Mary Pickford is unquestionably dominant. The social rule is hers, and the household of which she is mistress moves with a perfected smoothness that permits ease in entertaining royalty—and actual royalty, at that.

Sometimes I have felt that the many dukes, lords, and earls that visit the Fairbankses in Hollywood might well be called part of their entourage. They seem to flock there so consistently, and in such numbers. Actually, however, this is a pleasant social interchange between elite of filmland and the princes of the blood, that doubtlessly spreads much international good will. Personally, I think Doug gets a kick out of meeting notables. Mary, on the other hand, enjoys the sentiment of these associations, and seems remarkably competent to meet the social demands.

The Fairbanks household is conducted with a simplicity that admirably disguises the efficiency which pervades the entire domain. Officially it is in charge of a Frenchman named Albert, who is the major-domo. He is possessed of rare understanding of the social arts. At the same time he is so self-effacing that one is always only agreeably conscious of his presence. He is utterly unlike other major-domos of filmland, who inevitably embarrass the guests by their obtrusive stiffness. Of one of them, I was once told that a certain rather hard-boiled lady said within his hearing, "I wish that man would sit down: he gives me the willies, he looks so uncomfortable standing up."

Albert of Pickfair not only superintends that inviting manse, but he also supervises, when occasion arises, the social events at the Pickford studio bungalow. This, by the way, is an establishment of itself. A portion of the staff on duty there is, I believe, separate from the house. This is for the daily routine of work. Mary naturally requires the services of a personal maid there, make-up artists, and hairdressers while she is busy on a picture, and besides, luncheon, and sometimes dinner, must be prepared and served. When notables are greeted at tea, some of the staff from the house are transferred temporarily, so that matters may proceed with more splendor. Although they have one of the most pretentious menaces in the entire film colony, the entertainment of Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Pickford is free from any suggestion of display. Mary and Doug really exert charming simplicity in everything that they do, when you know and understand them. It is perhaps because their activities are inclined to be reserved, that they are so often misunderstood concerning this side of their lives.

Often it is laughingly told of the Fairbankses that they have a special retainer, who is engaged to put to bed a macaw that is one of Mary's prized possessions. The bird, brilliantly plumaged, and with, it is said, a gift for talking, is ensconced in a cage adjacent to the studio bungalow. Above the open part of his commodious habitat there is a portion inclosed, built of wood. Every night, it seems, there is a special delegate who makes it his duty to see that the bird retires properly to the upper story of his abode. The duty is regularly done, with all due ceremony, at a certain hour. You will not find the macaw

When a star's in-laws or old enemies turn up, discreet producers provide a bodyguard to ward off disfigurement.

Mary Pickford's Head Keeper of the Pet Macaw puts the bird to bed at just the right hour every night.

Continued on page 96
A Fish Out of Water

That describes Nils Asther, who doesn’t “belong” in the movie colony for reasons that cannot be disputed after you read what he says about it.

By Walter Ramsey

He doesn’t know whether he likes working in the movies or not. He really can’t decide if he likes Hollywood. So Nils Asther is going home to his Sweden. No, not for long—just long enough to slow down his new-found American speed, and look back calmly over the hectic days since he landed in New York about two years ago.

Because he is tall and handsome, Hollywood took to him from the first. But because he is rather serious-minded and given to simple tastes, he couldn’t quite understand Hollywood.

A few of Hollywood’s exponents of “make merry, for to-morrow we die” took his rather spiritual and shy aloofness to mean snobbishness.

The fact that he hid away in a little home in the hills, gave basis to the rumor that possibly he didn’t consider his colleagues in the movies up to his social level. And when that rumor had gone the way of all gossip, and the good-time-Charlies decided to give him another chance, it was found to the utter chagrin of all concerned that Mr. Asther’s address and telephone number were not given out except at his request. He was immediately stamped as a new, but strange form of actor life.

But now he is thinking of leaving. While he is gone, probably just a few of his thoughts might not be amiss. He has told me, in our little talks on many occasions, the reasons why he should never quite acclimate himself.

In the first place, let us understand a few things. Nils Asther is an educated young man. He would be considered, even among men of letters, quite a brilliant chap. We should not forget, in forming our opinions of him, that he is from a land where life is lived in a different way; where his name is known as a member of an illustrious family; that he is from a country which has a national theater of great artistic prominence, and that Nils Asther was the youngest actor ever to be accorded the greatest honor in Sweden’s artistic life—membership in a noted theater.

He comes from a society into which money cannot buy entrée. It is the society of Stockholm, the capital of his native land—a society that recognizes only members of known families. He is an old-world gentleman.

Nils talks like an artist and boxes like a champion.
He has made innumerable references to me of the vast differences between these two modes of living—the one he left behind, and the one he is now trying to understand. He has drawn a great array of distinctions between them, by saying over and over the things one would say good-by to when he returns to Sweden, and also what he would leave behind if he returned to America. I will try to give them to you as he gave them to me.

When he leaves America on his three-month trip home, he will say good-by to speed and commotion; to the maddening pulse of the modern generation; good-by to the “friends” whose last names he has never heard; to crowds of money-mad college graduates; to Prohibition.

Good-by to the town where every one invites you up to his place; to the town where he has never heard any one speak of having a home. Good-by to loneliness for real friends; for true, sincere handshakes; good-by to slang. Farewell to many fine actors; to talkies and the microphone; good-by to sham.

He will go to the land of the midnight sun, the land of natural blond girls, and tall, blue-eyed boys. To the home of peace and contentment; the country where schools are made for study and theaters for art. Where the poignant memories of his struggle on the stage are brought before him again in a carnival of realism.

It’s good-by to boulevards not a hundred feet wide; to popcorn stands and orange-juice counters. Au revoir to newness; to abruptness and wisecracks he couldn’t quite understand; to billboards, to publicity, to spotlights. Good-by to back-slappers and yes-men; to extras in dress suits eating at quick-lunch counters; and to speed and uncontrolled enthusiasm.

Back to the land of moss-covered stones; the home of quiet; the unuttered praise given to success. He is on his way to long winters and short summers; to northern lights and stillness; and fishermen in the never-to-be-forgotten twilight of the morning.

It’s good-by to the town where stars are made overnight; to hennaed hair and peroxide; to thin ankles, silken clad; to lips with too much rouge; to exposed knees and bare backs. Good-by to sex appeal.

His ship will be headed for the land of modesty, of shy glances and slow laughter. To a place where the permanency of the marriage relation is revered; where men walk to work in overalls; and where women are more home-loving and simple.

These are some of the things Nils has spoken of to me during our short friendship. Almost always over a cup of steaming coffee from the ever-present coffee-pot. Coffee and cakes—that’s Swedish enough for you, isn’t it?

I’ve purposely left out some of his observations. They were entirely too poetic to withstand the titter of laughter they would evoke. And don’t get the impression that those few I have set down were uttered by a male who isn’t all man. He talks like an artist, looks like a poet, and boxes like a champion. That is the only way in which he resembles Valentino. Both played romantic lovers on the screen, and each preferred the manly art of a good knock-down-and-drag-out for their exercise. As I said before, don’t judge him too hastily.
Broadway Drag

Merna Kennedy and Glenn Tryon demonstrate the new dance they do together in "Broadway."

In the second step, shown below, whirl as you face each other.

Start off with the "sweetheart walk," as above, with firm hold on partner.

After the gliding step, return to the first, as shown above, and walk in any manner space permits.

Then glide in opposite directions, as at right, for the third step.

After dropping into the walk again, left—that's the "Broadway Drag."
Irish and Proud Of It

A visit to Nancy Carroll in the bosom of her family, which includes twelve brothers and sisters, is responsible for one of the most intimate and revealing stories that Picture Play has ever published.

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

If pretty Nancy Carroll, née La Hiff, with her flaming-red hair, aquamarine eyes, and petite, graceful figure, the pride and joy of the La Hiff family?

Not by a long shot! Mr. and Mrs. Thomas La Hiff, from County Clare, Ireland, and County Roscommon, respectively, are the proud parents of twelve children, all of whom, they will tell you, are equally great in their own spheres. Some are in the garage business, some in a restaurant with their Uncle Bill, some are content to be just wives, and there’s a son who goes down each morning to Wall Street.

But Nancy—well, Nancy went on the stage. In fact, a couple of the girls broke the family tradition of being just home folks by turning theatrical. But Mrs. La Hiff, one of those stanch Irish mothers who would rather see her daughter in her shroud than commit mortal sin, says she reckons a girl can be bad in a convent if she has a mind that way, and Nancy’s cousin, who took the veil recently, may have just as great temptations in her secluded life, for all we know, as Nancy had to face on the stage.

“Why, when my daughter went to work in a lace factory—” But daughter didn’t stay in a lace factory long.

Father, a burly son of old Ireland, was a musician of parts. He was the only man for miles around in County Clare who could swing a concertina with that merry, fascinating lift which captured the heart of the future Mrs. Tom. And none of the girls could throw back her head, and sway and turn and bob and bow, with the charming grace of the pretty colleen who married Mr. La Hiff and came to America.

Mrs. La Hiff is buxom now, her hands are gnarled and hard with the washing of many babies and many dishes, but she has the merry twinkle of old Ireland in her eye. and on St. Patrick’s Day, after she has been to mass in the morning, she gathers her brood around her. Father gets out the concertina, La Hiffs gather from all parts of New York, New Jersey, and the Bronx, mother puts her hands on her stout hips, and the dancing begins.

Is it any wonder that Nancy had music in her blood, and that Mother La Hiff’s daughters preferred dancing and singing to the humdrum life of factory girls?

Many beads were told, many “Aves” sung, and many candles burned, when Nancy and her little sister first divulged their determination to sing and dance on the stage.

Mrs. La Hiff laughs at herself now. “I was just old-fashioned,” she says a bit shamefacedly, as she gazes proudly at her pretty daughter, slim and vivacious, sitting curled up on the bright divan in the little parlor.

For when Miss Carroll, fresh from Hollywood and success there, arrived in New York, she and her clever husband, Jack Kirkland, playwright and scenario writer, sailed forthwith to the family homestead up beyond Dyckman Street, where they occupied the spare room.

“It would have broken mother’s heart if we hadn’t gone straight home,” explained Miss Carroll, proudly. And indeed the La Hiff household is something to be proud of. As neat as a pin, bright and sunny, scrubbed and dusted by Mrs. La Hiff’s own capable hands, no doubt, and the stopping-off place for the long list of little La Hiffs who come to call on grandpa and grandma. There are pictures of the twelve La Hiffs in their various stages of development all over the house, for the sun rises and sets on the sturdy offsprings of this Irish-American family.

Nancy attended family dinners, christenings, and birthday parties during her holiday.

Continued on page 100
Whom Fortune

It is said she first makes mad, and the nonsensical that end. Few stars withstand it, but many recover. This revealing article traces symptoms, describes cure of the

By William

Those who are near to being caught, but who may, or may not, know it, and who may cure themselves after reading this.

As for those who have the disease and refuse to admit it—

Not long ago Tom Mix burst forth in bitter denunciation of Hollywood and Hollywood's sycophants. Hangers-on! Barnacles! Leeches! Possibly Mr. Mix's accusations were just; but first of all, he made himself an easy mark for such people.

When on the fringe of fame, Tom lived in a modest dwelling. Blazing forth as a star, the small house was vacated. Then the beautiful nonsense started.

"TOM MIX," in big letters, was printed, painted, and stamped all over the family domain. The Western playboy could not think up enough ballyhoo in which

EXCUSING myself to Temple Thurston for borrowing the title of one of his novels, I say that Hollywood should be called "The City of Beautiful Nonsense."

An extra's dream of glory is to live in a fashionable apartment house, or at the Athletic Club. He longs for the day when he can have the operator ask, "Who is calling, please?" of all persons desiring to get in touch with him. He must frequent the "craze-of-the-moment" resorts. Week-ends must be spent at a club at the beach. In winter he must attend the opera, even though it is Greek to him and bores him to tears.

Branching out into something like moderate success, he will be heard suddenly to speak with a broad "a," believing himself the possessor of what he thinks is an English accent. You will often see him dabbling at golf and polo, while being annoyingly devoid of even a smattering of good grammar. His open sesame to what is deemed Hollywood society is a two-dollar book of etiquette, with an expensive—unpaid for—roadster, and a police dog to complete his "front."

But do not let me ridicule the parvenus only. Persons from all walks of life are drawn into Hollywood's fantastic whirlpool of nonsense. The men seem to be drawn in quicker than the women—proving, perhaps, that the male is indeed more vain.

Hollywooditis, the disease many rising players contract, plagues them in various ways.

Yearnings, boredom, ritzy living and gestures, egotism, wild parties, wild ideas—such are the symptoms the victim will show. The worst of it is there is no remedy. Only the patient's common sense can cure him.

This article has to do with the following classes of players:
Those who have contracted Hollywooditis and refuse to admit it.
Those who have been caught and, having cured themselves, are steering clear on a new track.

Molly O'Day's chauffeur proclaims her ownership of a gaudy car as if he were bestowing a boon on the curious.

Before his assembled guests Tom Mix presented his wife with a check for twenty-five thousand dollars—just a beau geste.

James Hall has recovered from an attack of Hollywooditis.
Would Destroy—

quality of Hollywood madness may be a step toward and become normal human beings, more or less. amusing manifestations and holds out hope for a milder cases.

H. McKegg

he would be in the foreground. The Mix personality was spread over his possessions and actions like icing on a cake.

Making himself such a good target, it is no wonder that his château was inundated with guests, including the sycophants, who are always ready to play up to florid personalities that verge on the ridiculous.

Mr. Mix has even sent out Christmas cards with the entire family pictured on them—even to Tony, his horse. Tom’s starring partner.

"The only thing he’s left out of the picture,” a facetious young actress told me over the phone, “is the manure.”

Again, Mr. Mix will go to the Montmartre for lunch, dressed absurdly in corduroy trousers circled by a diamond-studded belt! So chic! No? Then what?

Once, during a luncheon at the Mix palace, in the presence of all the guests, Tom gave his wife a check for twenty-five thousand dollars. The amount was stressed to the writers gazing on. I don’t know if Mrs. Mix was expected to cash the check, but it was such a beau geste to make before such a gathering!

Yet that was not so glaring as Tom’s appearance at the Banky-La Roque wedding. As is his custom on such occasions, Mr. Mix drove up to the church steps reining a six-horse coach, he himself fully caparisoned ultravividly à la Western. It was a touch of the circus parade.

Perhaps he now realizes his mistake in allowing Hollywood to "get" him. Maybe, after his bitter denunciation, he has decided to drop his former mode of family advertising; if so, he will probably find himself less pestered by sycophants, and his life made happier and more secluded. Tony may also feel more comfortable.

When Olive Borden came to Hollywood she and her mother were quiet provincials. Even when Olive got her first break, nothing unusual occurred; but immediately after she was made a star—Hollywood "got" her!

Escorted by her mother, Olive would arrive at the Fox studio in a glittering limousine, driven by a liveried chauffeur, with a maid and a secretary completing the retinue. It was supposed to be necessary for perfume to be sprayed about the set which Olive ornamented, and more particularly where she would be likely to sit. Then, reclining languidly in her chair, Olive would greet people with the manner of a grand duchess checking up her serfs, while Madame Borden stood guard over all these processional gestures, lest a loophole occur to mar the style.
Barry Norton's present phase is a determination to impress on any and all his Argentinean origin.

Hollywood began to ridicule Olive and her mother. Of course they were entirely to blame for giving Hollywood a chance to do so. For the film capital is like that. It often turns on its children who fall for all the beautiful nonsense strewn in their way.

So grand had daughter Olive become that last year Madame demanded something like two thousand dollars a week for her child's services to the arts, with a three months' respite from her labors thrown in. Fox evidently failed to appreciate all the grandeur that was Borden, so they let her go.

Since then Olive has found employment at the less pretentious studios, and has toned down her crusty, elaborate mode of living and deportment. She and her mother reside in a modest apartment now. What I wonder, became of their moviesque home in Beverly Hills?

Just before Dolores del Rio left for her widely publicized "good will" trip to Europe, she issued invitations to the writers of Hollywood, requesting their company at a tea in her home. Personally, I like Del Rio. She has a vivid personality, and is a charming hostess. But since attending that tea I have concluded that Hollywood has tinctured the pure strain of Del Rio's Mexican blood.

The reception was held in the garden of the domicile. All about the place were placards, written by Del Rio's publicity man, with supposed wisecracks on publicity and did not prevent Hollywood from laughing at her.

I firmly believe that if Negri should come back to make more pictures, she would give us work equal to her old days—the days of Carmen and Du Barry. If she achieved complete indifference to Hollywood, Pola could lead the procession.

Now we come to the players who are back in full swing, without a care in the world, after having shaken off the cloying embraces of Hollywood's nonsense.

"I was the champion fool of them all," James Hall
told me some time ago, after he had cured himself of Hollywooditis.

On first coming to Hollywood, he attracted considerable attention. He felt sure he was some one to be envied and admired. The usual things occurred. He leased a house, and crowds of hangers-on infested the place morning, noon, and of course night.

“They ate my food, wore my clothes and made a road house of my home,” Hall related. “I began to consider myself a guest, and felt I ought not to expect too much from the establishment.”

Edward Sillon, his manager, wisely put a stop to it all. He had Jimmy vacate his house, and establish himself in an apartment. There is a pleasing, but determined, telephone operator in the lobby of the building, who prevents any unwelcome visitors from gaining admittance. To-day Jimmy is as free from hangers-on as he is from Hollywooditis. He placidly views Hollywood from the stained-glass windows of his apartment, and admits only a few intimates.

Frankly admitting his past ignorance, Jimmy has preserved some humorous verses sent him by a fan. The verses make fun of his attack of Hollywooditis and his self-cure. No one appreciates this more than Jimmy himself.

George O’Hara was sweeping up to fame and, moreover, winning it, some four years ago. Then he dropped out of sight. To-day George is earning a good living as a scenario writer.

He is clever. He possesses what a great many young players haven’t got—the ability to do several things besides acting. When he flashed over the country in the “Fighting Blood” series, he became a desirable mark for the hangers-on of Hollywood. It is ever thus. So much did he become an attraction that his work was given second place. He soon caught Hollywooditis, parties were the call of the hour, and George soon dropped out of the front ranks.

To-day George realizes his mistakes. But the O’Hara is Irish and is never beaten. Knowing the picture business from the ground up, George can do anything in it. Being intelligent he can, for instance, write. So he is making writing his work.

Perhaps the most complex personality among the younger actors is Leslie Fenton. Three years ago he started in Fox pictures, after attracting some attention on the stage in “The Goose Hangs High.” After playing in a series of films, he left Fox to freelance. Almost immediately he was chosen from a considerable number of well-known juveniles for the stage presentation of Dreiser’s “An American Tragedy.”

As the pathetic, misunderstood Clyde Griffiths, Leslie reaped great success. The play had a run of six or seven months in Hollywood, going up to San Francisco and returning to Los Angeles again.

Olive Borden’s manner used to be that of a grand duchess checking up her serfs.

Leslie Fenton affected a bored, sophisticated pose, but he has recovered from it.

Parties every night! Publicity galore! If Leslie were dumb, the beautiful nonsense would have fitted him. As he is genuinely intellectual, a brilliant companion, and in every way pleasing as a friend, it merely goes to prove that the greatest are likely to catch the contagion if they don’t watch out. He didn’t watch out sharply enough. Leslie took on a bored, sophisticated pose and lived up to it, fast and furiously. Then he realized what he had done.

To-day, because of his stage experience, he is much in demand for talking pictures. Paramount signed him for “The Woman Who Needed Killing,” after he completed Pathé’s “The Office Scandal,” before which he worked on the dialogue sequences in Conrad Veidt’s “Erik the Great.”

Becoming cognizant of his attack of Hollywooditis in time, Leslie is to-day climbing ahead, as he was before the contagion caught him.

Now let us come to the young bloods who are nearing the danger point, and who may not know it until they read this.

One of the outstanding apostles of naturalness is Charles Farrell. No one can say that success has gone to his head—exactly. I know Charlie quite well, and admire him. I have landed his lack of pose, and his being “regular,” in Picture Play before now, but I have commenced wondering whether he,
Weep No More, My Lady

But our plea will not be heeded by these lovely ladies, because tears are synonymous with acting, and acting means success, and success means—more tears.

Dolores Brinkman, above, eager to establish herself as a newcomer who deserves a break, can weep on the slightest provocation and look terrified over nothing at all.

Fay Wray, right, in the arms of Mathew Betz, in "The Wedding March," sheds bitter tears as she sees the man she loves marry another.

Joan Crawford, below, expert in turning on all varieties of lachrymal emotion, here illustrates tears of chagrin.

Anita Page, above, shouldn't be able to cry after her recent successes and her bright future, but she is too good an actress not to be able to simulate any emotion.

Raquel Torres, below, raises her head and lifts her streaming eyes in renunciation, or some such lofty feeling, as the camera grinds away.
In Defense of Dick

Richard Barthelmess is found to be amiable, talkative, and even courteous, contrary to the reports of many interviewers.

By Carroll Graham

Richard Barthelmess has the reputation, among those who write pieces for the magazines, of being the most difficult of the stars to interview.

I have read a number of stories on and about him in recent months. With but one exception they expressed the opinion, in varying degrees of vehemence, that he was aloof, uncommunicative, disinterested, upstage, and to one writer, even rude.

All this seemed incomprehensible to me after a year's bowing acquaintance with a man whom I have always regarded as the very essence of affability and courtesy.

So when Mr. Barthelmess, bored with the country life of Hollywood, came to New York to get his breath again, I approached him, not as a casual acquaintance, but as an interviewer determined to find out why he had made such a miserable impression on other writers.

I speedily found out why he is a bad subject for the typical interview—in fact, I knew in advance. There are two types of persons who are hard to interview. "dumb" and "intelligent."

If you ask the usual questions of the dumb one, you may be convinced in advance that the replies will give you acute shooting-pains. In this case you have two courses open. You may be tender, and doctor his statements, or you may be brutal and make him out, in print, the sap that he is.

On the other hand, you must approach the intelligent man with the knowledge that the stock questions will give him fatigue no less acute than the moron's answers gave you. It is seldom that a happy compromise can be found.

Barthelmess falls so definitely in the class of the intelligent man—there are intelligent actors, even though I am generally the most reluctant to admit it—that most of his interviews are grounded on that reef. I trust this will not be taken as deliberate disparagement of my fellow writers.

I might have asked him profoundly trite and stupid questions about talking pictures, the future of the industry, what he eats for breakfast, whether he prefers blond leading women to brunettes, what makes a perfect screen lover, and the other popular queries.

Had I done so, Barthelmess in all probability would have yawned, remarked that he had just remembered an engagement, and run down the fire escape. That is what I would do under similar circumstances.

So I asked him, instead, how he accounted for the bad impression he had made on others seeking to get from him first-hand material.

"How do I know?" he replied.

"I treat people from the press as I treat every one else. I think the interviewer is more to blame than the other person in such cases. More depends on the writer than on the subject of it. How can any one talk to a stranger, a person you've never met before, without being self-conscious and strained?"

"If I'm asked a definite set of questions I answer them. But I can't be brilliant, and shed an awe-inspiring aura of words around the room at random."

"I can't talk about myself— neither could you—it's impossible."

"One of the pleasantest interviews I've ever had was just before I left the Coast. The writer got to talking about Bill Powell, and she got me to talk about him. That's entirely different. Bill is a subject I could discuss, because he's one of my best friends."

"I told her about the first picture we made together—it was 'The Bright Shawl' made at Fort Lee and Havana. When it opened in New York all the critics said, quite truthfully, that the whole picture belonged to him."

"I called him up next morning and said, 'You've stolen that picture right out from under me!'"

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"The chief trouble with my new club," she went on, "is that the members do not know anything about it. It is composed of those unknown heroes whose voices double for screen favorites. Frank Withers is the honorary president. He is the one who sang "Weary River" while Richard Barthelmess moved his lips realistically. And a chap named Sherry Hall should have a special office of some kind. His is the voice of a thousand stars."

"There aren't that many," I muttered, always a stickler for accuracy.

"Maybe not real stars," she admitted grudgingly, "but near ones. It isn't like the good, old days when filmdom had a real aristocracy. Then you had to be a Griffith discovery, or you were looked on as an upstart. Now almost any hoofer who has been shut out of a night club by a raid, is likely to show up in Hollywood with a contract.

"Just look at the run of 'Broadway' pictures that the studios are making. You can hardly blame them when you look at the tremendous success of 'The Broadway Melody.' There's 'Broadway Babies,' which is being made by First National. Alice White and Sally Eilers are playing the leads, and there's a third role that is important. I don't suppose that the three-girl angle in 'Our Dancing Daughters' had anything to do with First National launching a production like that, do you? Then there's 'Broadway Bound' that Marion Nixon is making, and 'Broadway or Bust' made by Warners, with Betty Compson. Won't it be funny when this wave of 'Broadway' pictures hits foreign countries? Fiji Islanders, who used to think that all Americans wore ten-gallon hats and rode horses into saloons, will assume that we have degenerated into a nation of song-and-dance artists.

Fanny still cherishes a belief that somewhere in the world there are people who take movies seriously. Now that I think it over, I realize that there are some who do. For instance, the dusky youngster that King Vidor brought to Hollywood to play in "Hallelujah." She came out to California by way of Memphis, but has to go back East by way of Chicago. And she has seen so many Chicago gang-war pictures, that she is perfectly sure it isn't safe for a stranger to appear on the streets. The thought of having to change trains there terrifies her, and she expects to be greeted by a salvo of machine guns when she steps off the train.

"I hope you've noticed what an influence I have become in

Virginia Valli has sold her beach cottage, because most likely she will marry Charlie Farrell soon.

I

HOPE you've noticed how much louder every one is becoming now that voices are important in getting jobs," Fanny observed, breezily, as she pushed a chair against the wall so that she could get an unobstructed view of the rest of Montmartre.

"If you'd waited for any one as long as I have for you," I told her, "you'd have time to notice anything." But Fanny didn't give me a chance to tell her what I had noticed. Well, it is her own loss that she didn't hear about the tragic spectacle of Evelyn Brent trying to walk after three days of rehearsing with the hoofers in "Broadway." Evelyn's walk was as erratic as a whirling dervish doing the Black Bottom.

"I've started a new society," Fanny confided to me. I can't say that I was surprised. It must be all of a week since Fanny tried to organize followers for the International Order of I-Will-Arise-and-Walk-Out-of-All-Talking-Pictures. And now the only time that you don't meet her on her way to see "In Old Arizona" again, is when you meet her just coming from there.
Jeacups

Fanny the Fan organizes a new society, tells about the opening that surpassed all others, and takes a census of Hollywood favorites.

the picture business,” Fanny rattled on. “One word from me and producers run in the opposite direction. A while ago I mentioned, with no slight enthusiasm, that Virginia Valli had a fine gift for high comedy, so right away Metro-Goldwyn signed her to play in a heavy drama. Oh, well, it is a nice break for Virginia, anyway, to get away from the smaller companies and go back to the scene of her early triumph.”

Just as though I wouldn’t remember what that was, she went off into raving over “Wild Oranges.” There was a picture! I wish some one would revive it. I think it would look good even now.

“Virginia’s had a funny career, hasn’t she? Every once in a while it looks as though she were slipping, and then she comes back in a blaze of glory. I think she has really enjoyed her career more than any other girl I know.

“That reminds me. Virginia has sold her little house down at Malibu Beach to Lois Moran. I thought she would never give up living at the beach. But Charlie Farrell’s house out in the wilds somewhere is finished, and more than likely he and Virginia are planning to marry soon. That will be a blow to many a Farrell worshiper out in the sticks.

“Lois is having the time of her life working in the Fox ‘Follies.’ I think they will have to release that picture as a serial. Practically every one you have ever heard of has done a specialty in it, and Fox is still importing revue headliners from New York to work in it. Song writers are going crazy thinking up new numbers. That reminds me—you’ve heard the producers’ hymn, I suppose, ‘You’re the squeak in my talkie’?

“Speaking of singing,” Fanny rambled on, “I had the shock of my life the other night when I heard Madge Bellamy. Just why it should shock me to find that she has a lovely voice I don’t know. It is a thin voice, but it has a lovely, true quality—and it is flexible, like a coloratura singer’s. I know that it was her voice, because it was Madge in person, not a motion picture, that I heard.

“We were dining at the Russian Eagle and

there were just a few people present. Perhaps five tables in all were occupied. Madge was sitting over in one corner, and every once in a while she burst into song. Maybe the people with her bored her, or maybe she was just too happy to keep still. Anyway, it sounded charming, and I tried not to stare at her, because I was afraid that if she noticed me listening she would cease.”

Fanny’s remarks were almost drowned by whoops and shrieks from a near-by table.

“What on earth are they doing?” I asked, as Billie Dove got up, and with a low bow presented Tom Mix with a bag full of toys.

“Oh, this is a crisis in the life of the Bachelors’ Club,” Fanny explained. “It’s really quite serious. You know, the Bachelors eat here every day. They have the same table, and it is a social blunder to try to sit with them. Tom Mix is president and is supposed to uphold the traditions of the club. But a crowd of girls decided that the Bachelors had had things their own way long enough.

“Tom is going away to tour in vaudeville, and of course every one wanted to give him a farewell party, and Billie Dove won. She is giving the luncheon to-day. She and Gwen Lee and Agnes Christine Johnston got here early before any of the Bachelors arrived, and grabbed their table. That’s the cause of all the merriment. The Bachelors, disgruntled, sent all their luncheon checks over to Tom a few minutes ago.”

All over Montmartre people were staring at Billie. I suppose
they were surprised to find her acting like such an affable hoodlum. I wish she could act like that in a picture some time; she is forced to appear too old and dignified in her films.

"Let's start a voice exchange," Fanny suggested. "I just got the idea from listening to Billie. She has just the sort of voice that Nancy Carroll ought to have. Can't we sell them the idea of acting as voice doubles for each other? Nancy Carroll's voice always shocks me on the screen. It is such an orotund, competent voice for such a little girl. And Billie's is tinkling and young and gay, as Nancy's should be.

"So far the only voices I've really liked on the screen are Evelyn Brent's and Ruth Chatterton's."

"Well, you were doing a lot of talking about Anita Page a while ago," I reminded her.

"Yes," she admitted sadly, "and I'll never take the word of a press agent again. Every one at the studio raved about her voice. And you should hear it in 'The Broadway Melody!' It's awful.

"That's a glorious picture, though. You should have been at the opening. The crowd was terrific. It took forty minutes for a car to go the last three blocks toward the theater. In spite of the fact that it was raining, crowds stood in front of the theater waiting for the stars to come out. I don't know why they do it. After all, one girl in an ermine coat looks pretty much like another, when she is dashing through the rain and jumping into a limousine.

"You've heard the tragedy of Camilla Horn's ermine coat, I suppose?"

"It's tragedy enough for a girl as distinctive as she is to conform to the custom of every star and wear one at all," I remarked.

"Perhaps," Fanny admitted grudgingly. "Anyway, you won't see her wearing it. It was like this. Her husband came over from Germany to visit her and brought her the coat as a present. Before she had had a chance to wear it, she was ordered to Africa to play in 'Trader Horn.' Mary Nolan was first supposed to play the rôle, but Universal couldn't spare her that long, so Metro-Goldwyn looked all over town for a girl suited to the rôle, and finally induced United Artists to lend Camilla Horn to them. Poor girl! Just as she is beginning to feel at home in Hollywood they must rush her off to the wilds!"

There was a sudden buzz of conversation. I glanced toward the door just in time to see Jetta Goudal make an entrance. Every one was staring at her, and why not? She was wearing the outfit in which she had appeared in court for several days. It was probably the ugliest dress that any woman ever wore of her own free will. It was a muddy gray—covert cloth, or cravenette, or some such harsh, sensible material. Can you imagine a judge taking seriously the charge that La Goudal is temperamental, when she appears in a dress like that? No one with any temperament would wear it. That gives a fair illustration of how clever Jetta Goudal really is.

She is suing Pathé for one hundred and one thousand dollars back salary, claiming that she had a contract and was dismissed without cause. The company contends that she broke her contract by not being a good girl and obediently taking orders from her directors. It seems they found working with her very difficult. When they wanted a scene played one way and she wanted it another, she would play it her way, or not at all.

Every one came out of court with tremendous admiration for her acting ability. When she went on the stand she cried, oh, how she cried! She was very shrewd, in having the cleverest lawyer in town to represent her.

"I think she is tremendously interesting on the screen," Fanny remarked, "but I don't wonder that directors dread having her in a cast. Oh, well, maybe if she wins the case and gets all that money she will retire."

"Speaking of money—"

I got no further. Wherever money is mentioned in Holly-
program," Fanny mentioned in an awed tone. "Why, that even makes Cecil DeMille look like a piker. What do you suppose they will do with all that money?"

That was a staggering question to ask suddenly, and I was not the one to answer it. I understood that already two thirds of the population of Hollywood has offered to help them spend it.

"They can't go around and sign up a lot of stars, because practically every one who is good is working. For a few weeks Renee Adorée was out in the cold. Her contract with Metro-Goldwyn expired and they let her out for a few weeks, but the studio didn't seem the same without her, so they signed her again. At Warners it is just like old-time week. Patsy Ruth Miller is back there, making dialogue films. So are Lois Wilson and Pauline Garon. And Thomas Meighan has arrived to make pictures for them. When they asked him whom he wanted for a leading woman he didn't hesitate a minute. He wanted Lila Lee, of course. Won't it be nice to see them working together again? They are going to make 'The Argyle Case,' which was a grand thriller on the stage. Lila's part is marvelous.

"All the studios are terribly busy. Pathé has signed Diane Ellis and sent her up to the snowbound country to make 'High Voltage.' The company got there all right, but a bus they needed for some important scenes got snowbound on the way. So Diane and Carol Lombard have been having a great time snowshoeing and bobsledding. Doesn't it seem funny? Here we are getting bathing suits and acquiring our pre-Summer sunburn at the beach and they are at Lake Tahoe, just a few hours away, having arctic weather."

It doesn't seem reasonable that any one could be playing in the snow just a few hours' trip away. While Fanny was talking, Claire Windsor had drifted into Montgomery, looking very summery in a robin's-egg-blue frock. Estelle Taylor wandered in, danging a fox scarf over her arm and exclaiming to every one that she was going to have the swimming pool filled soon.

"Estelle is rushing off to Miami," Fanny remarked, "but she is coming right back. She has been so happy since she has been working for Metro-Goldwyn, she doesn't ever want to loaf again. "Did you notice her eyes? She's a martyr. Since she started in Lon Chaney's 'Where East is East' she has had little clamps on her eyebrows to give her eyes that Oriental look. I should think they would hurt terribly, but she says they don't."

Speaking of Oriental always reminds me of Myrna Loy, "Why don't we ever see her?" I demanded of Fanny. "She never stops working. I doubt if she has had a day off in months. She worked day and night on 'The Squall' for First National. Then, just as she was ready to call quits and sleep for a week, Fox came along and borrowed her. She is to play the lead in 'King, of the Khyber Rifles,' with Victor with her again. He was so splendid in 'The Divine Lady'—and I felt so sorry for her when he sent her away out of his life. Incidentally, I've never seen an—"

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Mary Brian, young as she is, thinks that certain modernized versions of them, as well as illustrations of nursery rhymes.

As little Bo-Peep,
Who lost her sheep,
Mary is quite charming.
But she's not sad;
In fact, she's glad,
For Mary doesn't like farming.

Don't ride a horse
To Banbury Cross—
That's Mary's tip to you.
Her steed looked so mild,
But really was wild—
Now Mary's all black and blue.

Little Miss Bryan was sittin' and tryin'
To mix up some words and be wise;
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her—
'Twas Lon Chaney, no doubt, in disguise.

Mary, Mary's quite contrary—
She's let her dark hair grow.
Since she was born
Only once it's been shorn—
She ain't going to bob no mo'.
rhymes have had their day; so she obliges with as charming as any that have ever been found in a book.

Mary had a little lamb; It's fleece was white as snow— They kicked it off the sound-proof stage, It's "ba" was too loud, you know.

See-saw, Margery Daw— She doesn't want a new master. Mary Brian would rather be single, Though many a fellow has asked her.

Mary Brian, like Humpty, sat on a wall; She dropped her voice—it took a great fall. But all Paramount's sound-picture men Put Mary's voice back together again.

Here's Old Mother Goose On the Paramount lot Asking Mary Brian how movies are shot.
George—As He Is

Scrutiny of Mr. O’Brien’s qualities, personal and professional, reveals the exact ratio you would expect if you knew him only by his appearance on the screen.

By Margaret Reid

who have noted the accuracy of his uniform, his walk, his manner in some picture; letters from sailors, from Europeans when he has made a Continent picture, and so on. He doesn’t spout about his art, but he is openly pleased to be considered a good artist.

Acting, as a profession, happened to him more by accident than by intent. After the war, in which he participated aboard the submarine chaser 297, he found his former ideas and desires no longer feasible. He was restless, unable to fix his attention on the things that had mattered a great deal before. To please his father, he picked up his interrupted studies at Santa Clara College. He was studying medicine, but majoring in football. The usual college plays, to which he contributed more enthusiasm than skill, did not arouse any particular interest in the drama.

After two months back in the college routine, he had had enough. With his father’s amiable consent, he struck out for Hollywood. But not to become an actor. All he wanted was a job. He had met Tom Mix at a rodeo in the northern part of the State. More interested in Mix’s proficiency in the saddle than before the camera, George got into conversation with him. The star told the boy if ever he came to Hollywood he would get him work.

When George did come to Hollywood, Mix kept his word. George spent his days happily hugging cameras around the Fox lot. Now and then some riding and roping were required, and they learned to let George do it. He decided it would be a good racket to be an actor so, with a flourish, he abandoned his fifteen-dollar-a-week job, and courted the capricious gods who look after—in a fashion—the movie extras.

Some days he worked, some days he didn’t. When the idle intervals became alarming in length, he made no bones about getting a job as lumber hauler, prop boy or sixth-assistant electrician. Officially an actor, at the same time he had a rather big appetite which could become disturbing if unappetized. But he had little difficulty in getting odd jobs around the studio. To hire him was economy, a production manager’s joy to see him run cheerfully about with props, tucked lightly under his arm, that required the efforts of two other men.

His apprenticeship was thorough. He was one of the furtive figures in that Limehouse street, one of the whoopee makers in that Long Island orgy, the guy in the leopard skin carrying one lady on his shoulder, and dragging another by the hair, in that flashback in “Manslaughter,” the Apache with the black beard in “Shadows of Paris.” On awfully lucky occasions his $7.50 was raised to $15 for risking his neck in some incredible riding feat.

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George O'Brien's amiability is a predominant characteristic, according to Margaret Reid's estimate opposite, which brings out, among other pleasant and laudable things, the surprising fact that he is that rarity—an actor minus a grievance.
YOUTHFUL newcomers may storm the citadels of the stars, and foreign invaders may come and go, but Hoot Gibson's popularity remains unshaken by it all. Here he is seen with Ruth Elder, in his new picture, "The Winged Horseman."
LIKE many others, talking pictures brought Marguerite Churchill from the stage to the screen; but unlike many others, she is welcome in our midst, because of her lovely voice and graceful bearing, and we have a feeling that she will like us well enough to stay. She made her début with Clark and McCullough, in "The Diplomats," and will next be seen in "The Valiant."
ANOTHER beauty plucked from Mack Sennett's garden by the strong arm of drama. She is Carol Lombard, about whom cynics grow sentimental and hard-boiled producers become as children. The lyrical Lombard will soon carol in "High Voltage."
THE screen love affairs of Grant Withers are progressing up the social scale. Don't you remember when he had his eye on "The Telephone Girl"? Well, now he's in love with "The Madonna of Avenue A." so Cleopatra may be waiting her turn.
MARIA CORDA lifts her eyes to the gods of the cinema in prayerful supplication that she win the love of the fans in "Love and the Devil." Or maybe her appeal is that this photograph be published in PICTURE PLAY.
BOW low and sweepingly, for here is one who is destined to be a great lady of the films. She is Anita Page, whose youth, beauty, and talent cause us to rise and call the movies blessed for giving her to us.
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT'S claims to being the most unusual star in Hollywood are as conscientiously set forth by himself as by Ann Sylvester, whose story opposite reports a conversation which, though amazing, is all too short for the subject.
He Doesn’t Like Liver

Ugh! Joseph Schildkraut cannot abide the “intimate anatomies of animals,” but he likes red pajamas, Bach, great, deep books, and soft, gentle music.

By Ann Sylvester

WITHOUT so much as batting an eyelash, Joseph Schildkraut will tell you that he is one of the most uninvited, un honored, and un-Mammy-sung actors in Hollywood.

But does he worry? He does not!

Whenever any one throws one of those gigantic melées—otherwise a Hollywood party—he is seldom, if ever, invited—if he can get out of it. He says he just doesn’t fit, and doesn’t care.

He does not like back slappers.

No, he does not think the Los Angeles stage is beginning to rival the New York boards. He thinks it is terrible—very, very terrible. Not for any amount of money would he act before a Hollywood audience.

He doesn’t invite prop boys to lunch with him. He figures he would probably bore the prop boy.

He does not approve of the accepted brand of temperament that countenances profanity and flying missiles. He does approve of temperament that allows for doing as one pleases, at the time and place one feels like it.

Morals he uphold. Conventions he abhors.

He insists quite proudly that he is not a good fellow.

“You see,” he remarked suavely, “why I am not voted the most popular man in Hollywood.”

Saying things suavely is a little trick of his. It goes well with his Continentalism and dandiness. He is slender and dark in appearance. His hands are expressive. His eyes—he plays with his eyes so fluently that it is difficult to distinguish their color. His press agent has them down as brown. Let it go at that. It is more important that he be foreign. Decidedly so. Never for a moment does his slight accent lapse, nor his rather startling flow of European observations. He is an easy man to interview, for the simple, journalistic reason that he is colorful. He goes to no little trouble to attend to that detail.

In the background of his most casual moments lurks his Viennese birth, his stage plaudits as Liliom, his artistic reputation.

A highly interesting man, this Mr. Schildkraut of the suave tongue and expressive eye, and with all his stressed eccentricities, very likable—which I am sure is not his intention, or desire. Hadn’t he spent one hour, at the uninteresting Montmartre, impressing on me that he was not the kind of man that people liked?

“I am shy,” he observed with a slight arrogance that was anything but apposite, “and Hollywood does not understand shyness. People say I am, what do you call it, high-hat? That I dislike to mingle with the crowd, because I feel superior. That is not true.”

He paused to give to the waiter his order for avocado, with French dressing. In contrast to my liver and bacon it seemed almost an elegant reproach, for which he offered no apology. “Liver?” he echoed. “You could chase me with liver. I cannot abide the intimate anatomies of animals.”

“No,” returning to himself as a more likely topic, “I do not feel superior to the crowd. I merely feel out of it. I am sure the things that interest me most would bore other people. I do not want to be a bore. So when my lovely wife insists that I accompany her to Hollywood gatherings, I seek out a quiet corner for myself, and am terrified when I see some one approaching.”

There was a slight pause for no particular reason.

“How can I talk to people one meets at Hollywood parties? What do I know of box-office returns, of Mayfair dances, of good or bad gin? I have never had a drink in my life. I am totally at a loss in those charming little anecdotes one hears in Hollywood of being poisoned on a hair-tonic high ball, or being put to bed, drunk, in a stranger’s house. I am almost ashamed of my lack of experience. But, oddly, I do not care to gain any. When some one offers me a tall, chilled glass I am loath to shake my head—but I manage to do it.” Almost imperceptibly he sighed.

“That is not the garden where my flowers grow,” he murmured.

“I said, ‘What?’”

“That is not the garden where my flowers grow,” he repeated, brightening to his theme. “No; my flowers grow in great, deep books, and soft, gentle music. The music of masters.” His eyes were doing things now, narrowing and dreamily closing. “Music does terrific things to me. So do magnificent writings. I am never so much myself as when I am alone—”

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The Talkies

The far-reaching importance of the first anniversary interesting facts, which may be summed up as follows will stay

By Virginia

biggest drawing cards in pictures, and his productions are taking in sums of money at the box office that surpass any ever obtained by either a picture or a stage play. The position he occupies is astonishing when you consider that he has so far appeared in only two pictures, "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool." Although "The Jazz Singer" was technically the first film to use sound to put itself over, with a bang, the talkie pioneer was "Tenderloin," which appeared on the horizon just about a year ago. "Tenderloin" brought forward one player who will never have to worry about work again, unless he catches a bad cold and

Photo by Ball

"Mother Knows Best" is Madge Bellamy's card of invitation to the talkies' birthday party.

THE talking picture is still in its infancy. It's just about due for a birthday cake, with one candle. Its hoary dad, the silent drama, who so recently was considered puerile, is not very enthusiastic about joining the celebration. The husky youngster is getting all the attention these days, while the old father sits in a corner looking on with jealousy instead of parental pride.

But the kid is quite unconcerned. So many people think he's cute, that they smile indulgently over the fact that his cries are discordant and that he lisps when he tries to speak. There will be plenty of personalities at his party, however. The stars who are grateful to him will bring him drums and rattles. He will even get a megaphone, or two, from directors who owe him their professional thanks.

This squawking prodigy has upset Hollywood households, and if he lives to maturity, as most people feel sure he will, he will cause some more havoc. Even now he has materially changed the astral aspect. He has developed a whole new clique of stars, and has threatened to displace old favorites if they don't speak up for their rights.

"The screen needs new faces," used to be the old, familiar cry. The talkies have changed it to a plaint for new voices. Soft music and a few kind words to the microphone have been rewarded with stardom during the past year, in more instances than one. On the other hand, an unfortunate accent has canceled a contract and sent its owner home to mother. Meanwhile some of the biggest stars have been steering a middle course by deferring the evil, though inevitable moment, of their first talkie.

The potentiality of the talkies needs no proof beyond what they have done for Al Jolson, who has become their favorite son. Eighteen months ago Jolson was a name unknown to movie fans. A few of them, perhaps, remembered that some years before he had been signed to appear in a picture for D. W. Griffith, and that after seeing the rushes of the first day's work he fled to Europe to escape the disgrace of not being a screen type. To-day the same Jolson is one of the

Photo by Homan

William Powell will be featured exclusively in dialogue films.

The talkies have given Betty Compson a new lease on professional life.

Photo by Sport
Have a Birthday

of dialogue films causes our historian to compile some lows. Some stars are coming to the party, but many at home.

Morris

loses his voice. Conrad Nagel is the boy. Conrad was formerly only one of the army of personable masculine leads, eking out an undistinguished existence as a member of the Metro-Goldwyn stock company. Borrowed by Warner Brothers for this film, he spoke up and let it be known that he had a voice that was ideal for recording, a voice that immeasurably enhanced his personality. Now he holds a three-cornered contract with Metro-Goldwyn, Warner, and Fox. It pays to be talkative these days, if you've got a vocal apparatus like his.

Soon after "Tenderloin" there came along another picture in which the cast acquired powers of speech in several spots. This too made a talking star, for every one agreed that Lionel Barrymore's voice in "The Lion and the Mouse" was by far the best that had yet been heard. There was modulation, and above all, an easy assurance that was new to the dramatic world of two dimensions since it broke its silence. The elder Barrymore is very definitely one of those who have profited most by the advent of the talkies. His performance in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" has justified the promise held out by "The Lion and the Mouse," for in this also he does the outstanding work of any of its players.

An actor to whom the talkies have given stardom, with all its trimmings, is William Powell, who will be featured by Paramount exclusively in gab dramas. No speaking part has been dramatized with more effectiveness than Powell brought to his role in "Interference." While the screen was still mute, he was considered one of its best character actors. If you remember him in "Beau Geste," or in "The Last Command," you can easily understand why. Yet certainly he would never have reached stardom without the aid of the talkies, which make you forget that he hasn't the hero's profile. His next picture is "The Canary Murder Case," another audible thriller.

In reviewing the talkies' first year, success does not seem to have been partial to the men. Plenty of applause was merited by several beautiful actresses who are as pleasant to hear as to see. "Interference," the same picture that precipitated Powell to the fore, did equally as well by Evelyn Brent. Perhaps the most notable consideration in regard to her is that she proves that stage training is a matter of no particular import in acquiring a screen voice. The Park Avenue enunciation which is conscientiously imparted by the stage director or the elocution teacher, is not part of Evelyn's equipment. Yet her voice is agreeably pitched and her lines are delivered with perfect effect.

The professional fortunes of many have been changed by these amazing talkies. A year ago you would have said that...
The Talkies Have a Birthday

discovered him. Meanwhile, before Warner began his first stellar vehicle, "Sonny Boy," he was borrowed by MetroGoldwyn for another talkie, "The Bellamy Trial," which is now being shown.

As you're sure to hear a lot of in the future history of talkies is George Jessel. When the idea of filming "The Jazz Singer" was first conceived, Jessel was announced as its star because he had created the role in the stage play. Some business differences arose before the picture went into production, and Jessel was replaced by Al Jolson. This appeared as a fatal tragedy to the Jessel career, particularly in view of the fact that the few silent pictures he had made were none too successful. However, his audible talents have finally been capitalized by Tiffany-Stahl in "Lucky Boy," and his work shows him to have that sort of screen personality which takes on a dynamic quality when speech and song supplement pantomime.

Many Hollywood names that come under the category of supporting players will be on the guest list of the talkie's birthday party. Louise Dresser is the first comedienne to register in a big way before the microphone. Such character men as Richard Tucker, who played the prosecuting attorney in "On Trial," and John Miljan, who scored in "The Terror," are finding the weeks too short to fill all the engagements offered to them.

One of the interesting developments during the first year that the talkies have been with us, is the almost complete elimination of animal stars. "Wonder" horses, and dogs with human intelligence, are being stricken from the rosters of the very studios which went in heavily for such pictures in the past. Rin-Tin-Tin is the only canine who has withstood the upheaval, while his friends,

Louise Dresser's performance in "Mother Knows Best" entitles her to a big slice of the birthday cake.

George Jessel is decidedly eligible, thanks to "Lucky Boy."

Betty Compson had completed her cycle of screen popularity, and would be heard little of in the future. Here again an actress without stage training accomplished a new triumph when she spoke for the screen. Ever since "The Barker" Betty Compson has been rated as one of the best. The contract she has signed for her year's activities is a unique tribute to the demand for her services. RKO, Warner, and Columbia will divide them, giving her a total of thirteen pictures in which to appear during the next twelve months.

The first flying at an all-dialogue picture of feature length taken by Fox, enriched the mobilization of speaking stars with two actresses. In "Mother Knows Best" Madge Bellamy scored a decisive professional victory, which was seconded by the vocal performance of Louise Dresser.

A real gift from the new entertainment device is the repilling of Jackie Coogan's baby shoes with David Lee. Davcey is probably the only player who has shown complete unconcern before a microphone. Not a single note of self-consciousness crept into his lip when he talked with his screen dad, Al Jolson, in "The Singing Fool."

The wistful appeal of his childish voice has touched the hearts of millions of fans, and has coaxed a starring contract from the company who

Warner Baxter's place card will be near the head of the table.
The Talkies Have a Birthday

Flan, Dynamite, Napoleon, Ranger, Sandow, Silver Streak, and Thunder, have retired to their palatial kennels in Beverly Hills. But "Rinty" has made friends with the microphone and has correlated his gift of pantomime with engaging barks, growls, and sniffs.

The initial season of sound has raised many problems for the producers to solve. Lon Chaney, for instance, has flatly refused to open his lips for the sake of recording. Metro-Goldwyn, on the other hand, fears his popularity will be impaired if he does not have access to the ever-increasing number of screens which are going in exclusively for talking pictures.

Mary Pickford has fallen in with the demand for voices and is making her first audible film, "Coquette." The opening week's work in this unfamiliar medium is said to have been a terrific strain on her nerves, but she is bravely going through the ordeal to satisfy her fans. Douglas Fairbanks, however, is proceeding with utmost caution and is to have sound effects but no dialogue in "The Iron Mask." Instead he will employ a voice, or voices, in the manner of the chorus in a Greek drama.

Another one who is up against it by this unexpected turn of studio affairs is Charles Chaplin. How will the fans reconcile his Picadilly accent with the rags of an underdog? Will his tramp characterizations convince when he begs a hand-out in a voice that belongs in a Mayfair drawing-room?

The talkies, too, have very definitely turned back the tide of the foreign invasion. Foreign accents are an obstacle that studios are not anxious to hurdle. It is perplexing enough to decide what they shall do with those stars in whose development they have already invested large sums of money. To find a talking vehicle for Emil Jannings, which will justify his Teutonic enunciation, is taxing every bit of ingenuity of the Paramount scenario staff. Even if they find one it will only temporarily solve the difficulty, since there can only be limited variations to such a type of story.

Greta Garbo's future is similarly distressing the Metro-Goldwyn chiefs. Lily Damita, Greta Nissen, Lya de Putti, and Camilla Horn are all under the same cloud of uncertainty as to the future. Not only foreign stars, but foreign directors, will be affected by the situation. There will be fewer megaphone importations from now on, unless European directors arrive minus the handicap of unfamiliarity with English.

Of course, there is the consideration that often a story specifically calls for a foreign accent from one or more of its players. How this exigency will be met from now on has been solved by Fox in the all-talking production, "In Old Arizona," without some mention of which any discussion of dialogue pictures would be incomplete. By means of it Fox proves that hereafter an accent will be doomed as easily as make-up. American players will be expected to cultivate whatever manner of speech the story demands as part of their qualifications for its roles.

Not only is "In Old Arizona" a thoroughly expert example of a talking picture from a technical point of view, and one that sets a high standard for other audible dramas, but it is rich in its contributions to the ranks of the speaking stars. Warner Baxter plays the bandit known as The Cisco Kid, and his voice is as Mexican as a hot tamale. And another thing, if you've been weeping your heart out that "What Price Glory?" was filmed before they knew how to make shadows talk, don't sorrow any more. "In Old Arizona" also features Edmund Lowe, and in his role of the roughneck cavalryman in love with the bandit's inamorata, he slings all the wisecracking patter with which Sergeant Quirt Charmaine. At the talkie's birthday party both Baxter and Lowe will sit near the head of the table.

Rejuvenated by the talkies, Conrad Nagel is now going strong.

David Lee, the Sonny Boy of "The Singing Fool," is the great "discovery" of the talkies. He'll be at the party all right.

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Armfuls

These stars have wholesale quantities of affection when it's only puppy love.

Raquel Torres, right, shows three of a kind and challenges you to beat them.

The two puppies owned by Leatrice Joy, lower right, were found deserted at the studio.

Anita Page, above, finds two puppies napping in her hat.

Dorothy Janis, right, has her hands full with these wire-haired terriers.

Six infant canines calmly pose with Joan Crawford, below, and wonder what's up.
Six Steps to Success

One by one, they have led Barbara Kent from a prairie farm in Canada to the heroine of Harold Lloyd's new picture.

By A. L. Wooldridge

AMMA CLOUTMAN called Papa Cloutman into the farmhouse on the wind-swept reaches of western Canada for a little talk. She had a few things on her mind which she intended to unload.

Mamma Cloutman was tired of living in isolation. She and her husband had lived comfortably in England some years before, when there fell into Papa Cloutman's hands some inflammatory literature telling of the fortunes to be made in the province of Alberta, Canada. There were pictures of the great, rolling prairies, fields of swaying wheat, and happy, prosperous families living "out where the West begins." Papa Cloutman suddenly found himself tired of his job in a London publishing house, and yearned for a place where he could stretch.

"Why," he argued, "we can get a quarter section over there, raise bushels of wheat, have a cow and chickens, and live in God's pure air away from these fogs."

In time, of course, Mamma Cloutman gave in, and they bade good-by to old friends in England and set sail for America—bound for those broad, rolling prairies. Immigrants! Homesteaders! Two of the 86,796 souls who poured from the United Kingdom into Canada in 1906.

Inspection by the immigration officers on the East coast, a long trip by railroad, and Mr. and Mrs. Julian Cloutman stepped off at a lonely station far out in Canada's land of rolling prairies.

Followed years of pioneering. The farm developed, revenues increased, but it was lonely. There were the long, winter evenings when the northern lights cast intermittent glows of bright yellow and red through the heavens, when the wolves howled and the coyotes yapped. There was the wind which blew for days and days—and work, work, work!

Into the house of the homesteaders came a baby, a pretty, blue-eyed infant whom they named Barbara. Little Barbara developed into a girl of unusual beauty. She learned to ride, attended school, and grew into a wild flower of the wheat lands, doomed, it seemed, to spend her days in that remote spot in Canada. Right then it was that Mamma Cloutman rebelled, and called her husband in for another talk.

"—and just as soon," she concluded, "as we can sell off these things and get out, the better it will be—better for us and for Barbara."

Break No. 1 it was for little Barbara, the first of an amazing series of breaks destined to carry her before the spotlight of the world. The family cut loose, disposed of its holdings, journeyed by boat and train to San Jose, California, and a little later to Los Angeles. There Barbara entered Hollywood High School.

Break No. 2 for Barbara came before long. Her striking beauty attracted attention in the city of films, and presently she was chosen to be "Miss Hollywood" in a civic celebration. Break No. 3 followed quickly. Paul Kohner, casting director for Universal, saw her at an auction sale, sought an introduction, and asked her to come out to the studio for a film test.

"You should screen like a million," he prophesied.

Break No. 4 came the same week. It was an offer for a contract.

"Get some other name than Cloutman," said Kohner. "It's too long, and isn't especially pleasing."

"I'll be Barbara Kent," she replied. "Kent was my mother's maiden name."

Here, almost in a flash, a girl from the prairies had been transported to California, crowned "Miss Hollywood" in a city of thousands of beauties, then offered work in films. She could hardly believe it. There followed a few "cow operas," with "Curly" Witzel, and Fred Humes, a leading role with Reginald Denny—then Break No. 5.

"Metro-Goldwyn wants to borrow you for a rôle with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, in 'Flesh and the Devil,'" Mr. Kohner said. "Will you go out for a screen test?"

Would she? The little wild flower felt the blood surge to her temples, and things swam before her eyes. She most certainly would, if the motor of her little car would hold out long enough to get her there.

Continued on page 110
The Bridge

By Myrtle

An ancient structure gathers eral lives into a unique pattern Rey," the strange story which borne in their chairs, must ford the gorge far below, a tedious and fatiguing trip of many hours, with perhaps a drenching; so they, like the poor and the Indians, cross on foot the ladder of oiser.

Made by the Incas, the old bridge must have been always there, antedating not only memory, but even legend. A century, perhaps. The bridge has come to have symbolic meaning. When it suddenly collapses, catapulting five people into the gorge, the Limeans tremble. God has disowned them! All brightness has gone out of life.

Pra Junipero, the Franciscan, chances to witness the catastrophe. Only for a moment is his own peace disturbed, for tranquility must be restored to his despairing flock. Imbued himself with precious faith, he would find proof for a world that demands facts. Himself content to contemplate the infinite, his soul must drift down to their level and convince them with the finite.

So he goes about making inquiries, filling notebooks, picking up fragmentary skeins. His results are puzzling. Bad and good, old and young, have gone. No proof of any theory in that. Only when he follows those threads from the lives that have gone with the bridge, into the lives of those who remain, and weaves them together, does he see the truth. For not only in the five-fold tragedy, but in the others' characters, too, is found the reason and the epilogue.

Then he tells his flock about the Marguesa, and Pepita, the secrets of Manuel and Esteban shuttled by their silence, the unselfish love of

Along the avenue of powdered shells and up to the plaza of Lima rolls a coach, all sugar-cookie decorations. The silver trappings on the prancing, white horses reflect the sun in slanting prisms. Indians dance the festival day away, after the ship bearing Doña Clara, the newlywed, and her Conde Vicente to Spain has been blessed an array grand speeches, much ritual and considerable wine.

Polished ballroom floors, mirror-dazzling jewels, voluminous brocades and plumage piled high on patrician heads. And in the theater, grandees of the Spanish nobility wax enthusiastic over La Perichole's charms, a crimson flame in her dance of the peticoats, or chortle behind their hands at her impersonations of their confrères.

Set in an atmosphere of quaintness and color, the vice-regal court at Lima in the early eighteenth century is a miniature replica of Spanish grandeur. Behind the frail curtain of formal ceremonies and petty pomp there are webs of jealousies, the ambitions and the romances of an artificial life. Contrasting the studied frivolity of this first splendor set up in a new world, months away from the old, is the rugged simplicity of the convent of Santa Maria Rose de las Rosas, with its strict regime.

Each walks the Bridge of San Luis Rey, from Lima to Cuzco. There, only, is caste common. The rich, to be

Duncan Rinaldo, left, and Don Alvarado as the twin brothers, Esteban and Manuel, add but one ill-fated thread to the story.

Lily Damita as Camila, the waif who is transformed into a theatrical queen of Lima, carries on her play acting offstage with Michael Vavitch, as the Viceroy.
of Fate

and breaks the skeins of several "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" will soon be seen on the screen.

Gebhart

that old rascal, Uncle Pio, for the bad Camila.

Thornton Wilder's book, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," now being filmed by Metro-Goldwyn, is very unusual. It is flavored with irony and peopled with characters who, though individualistic, seem curiously unreal and impersonal.

Will Charles Brabin, the scholar, whose work is principally the studious definition of substantial, earthy characterizations, endow them with those human, opalescent qualities we expect on our screen? A glance at his sets indicates that he is striving for impressionistic effects, and one infers that, aside from the picturesque locale never before filmed, the merit of the production will lie in its novelty. On second thought, perhaps no other director could so well inject the heartbeats. He must make paintings from etchings and expand silhouettes. If the film does present to us people who get under our skins—as did those in "Stella Maris," "Driven," and "So Big," under his direction—it will testify again to his cleverness.

That quality he certainly displays in his manner of obtaining effects. During the filming of the convent scenes, I noticed the Abbess and Pepita—Eugenie Besserer and Raquel Torres—deep in converse, while Brabin sat idly by. He explained that Raquel is delicately sensitive and admitted, frankly, that he did not know how to evoke the emotions he desired. So, wisely, and with a humility rare in directors, he turned her over to Miss Besserer, believing that in some circumstances a woman's sympathetic understanding is more influential than a man's directorial experience in evoking exact gradations of joy or sorrow.

While remaining in character for atmosphere, Miss Besserer stroked Raquel's hand, spoke to her softly, waited silently. No sound broke the quiet of the convent set, with its stone walls and shadows. None of us could have said at what moment Pepita's tears began to fall, slowly, one by one. A glance from Miss Besserer told Brabin they were ready. Leaving the scene in her hands, he gave orders only to the electricians and cameramen. Almost the entire direction of Raquel is Miss Besserer's. Almost any other director would rage at his own inadequacy.

These strange folk of Wilder's novel, at times bordering on the grotesque, appear as silhouettes. As such—ignorant of what magic Brabin will employ to infuse into them more human qualities—let us assemble them.

Those whom the bridge takes with it are Doña María, Marquesa de Montmayor, Pepita, the novice, strange Esteban who never knows of Pepita's love, himself given over to love of his brother, Uncle Pio and Jaime, the actress' child. Those who remain are Camila, la Perichole, brilliant figure of the Peruvian stage, Condesa Clara, daughter of the Marquesa, and Abbess Madre María del Pilar.

In her baroque palace we

The eccentric and suspicious Marquesa, Emily Fitzroy, softens under the companionship of Raquel Torres, as Pepita.

Manuel sacrifices his love for Camila to that of his brother, which pleases the doting patron of the actress, Ernest Torrence.
meet the Marquesa, a bejeweled, eccentric old lady, lonely and bitter in self-reproach, following quarrels with her daughter and objection to her marriage. Voluminous letters to Condesa Clara beg, irrationally, the affection of her intellectual daughter. She makes a cult of sorrow, of self-reproach. Harried by suspicion and mistrustful of all, desperate in her desire for filial attention, she becomes a victim of her own tyrannical love. She runs the scale of emotions, major and minor, genuine and imaginary, all heightened by her daily flagons of chicha.

They say she is mad, the Limeans. They are not far wrong. Dignity, station, wealth—all these are at her command. A tragic figure, she eats her heart out in distorted self-reproach.

Carried in her chair up the snow-driven hills to the Shrine of Santa Maria de Chusamboqua, she becomes resigned, the mists clear. Pepita's gentle courage is her lesson book. On the brink of a new life, she starts the return journey. Approaching the bridge—

Purity shines from the lovely face of the little Pepita, whom the Abbess has selected to train as her successor. The novice, about to take her vows, is sent to be the grand dame's companion, as a part of her rigid training in unpleasant duties. Obediently Pepita serves her well, and stifles her longing for the convent's tranquil peace. Likewise, the new, astonishing thing that twists her heart when Esteban, the letter-writer, comes to pen the Marquesa's epistles. Pepita does not know this kind of love—fearing it is a sin, she prays. Esteban writes for the Marquesa the conciliatory letter, inspired by her regeneration at the shrine, and which carries to her daughter for the first time a true message of love.

Returning home, Pepita, her mistress, and Esteban approach the bridge—

Esteban you cannot know until you have known Manuel; yet, the one being such a carbon of the other, you see but one boy in both. Twins, of uncertain parentage, the butt of the scandal-mongers, they grow up silent and somber against a hostile world. Their likeness and bond of shame gives them a single identity. Manuel's "darking intelligence" is captivated first by the drama's beauty, next by its interpreter. His feverish love for the flaming Perichole separates them harshly in thought, until Manuel sacrifices this love for that of his brother.

Manuel is injured, and dies; thereafter, Esteban's is but half a story—a split shadow wandering. Esteban's story, even when Pepita loves him, seems so incomplete, until his shadow is about to meet its twin, as he approaches the bridge—

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Jane Winton, as Condesa Clara, the estranged daughter of the Marquesa, in a love scene with Paul Ellis.
Enmeshed

Although veiled, these five well-known faces are easily recognized, so their gleaming eyes will lead no one astray.

The striking pose of Joan Crawford, below, is more than a hint on enticing dress.

Aileen Pringle, above, is distantly charming through this dark covering of illusive black lace.

The silky mist over the face of Greta Garbo, below, does not disguise her appeal in the least.

Originally a mask, a veil as worn by Raquel Torres, above, only enhances her charm.

And who could describe the effect of heavy mesh over the head of Renée Adorée, below, but to say it’s “cunning.”
Not far from Hollywood is a pretty, little country club called Patton.

Patton is the permanent home of people who think they are Napoleon, Duse, Gaby Deslys, certain biblical characters, and talking-picture actors, directors, and producers, to say nothing of the increasing chique of what is called, for lack of a modern Webster to supply a better word, the “buzzers”—people who have seen too many talkies.

There are jumping beans in Mexico. Why not talkie nuts in America?

Recently they took some of the less harmless inmates to San Bernardino for a talking picture. One man forgot he was Napoleon and became a talking picture.

He was in a cell the day I visited the asylum. The guard pointed him out to me. He was as badly dressed as a comedy director; his hair was as disheveled as the leading man’s, just after a fight scene; and in his eyes was a strange glint—that same childlike, irresponsible gleam you see in a producer’s eye when he has just succeeded in appropriating somebody’s idea without getting caught.

“Watch him now,” the guard whispered to me. “He’s going to start the next performance.”

Suddenly the man leaped up. He started rubbing the wall with a piece of sandpaper, and humming a strange tune. He began talking in a monotone. He had memorized a dialogue short-subject by seeing it once.

With a dart, he grabbed a piece of an old shirt from a table and tore it across. “That’s a big emotional scene,” the guard breathed in my ear. “He’s tearing his hair.”

The “Talking Picture” moaned softly, “It’s three o’clock in the morning—” and slammed a plate on the table. It was shattered into bits. “The break of day,” said the guard.

The monologue was resumed. The Talking Picture changed the sandpaper to his shoe, and continued scratching the wall with it. He had a special strap for this. He grasped a coffee grinder and started turning it slowly. I looked at the guard. He enlightened me. “That’s the mills of the gods grinding,” he said.

Talking Picture rasped on in a painful monologue.

He dropped a book on the table. “The fall of evening,” I suggested. The guard looked at me searchingly. He must have been wondering if it was safe to leave me at large. “How’d you know?” he barked menacingly. “I laughed my most guileless chuckle, and peered through the bars again.

Talking Picture took a loud Christmas necktie and hacked it with an ax. The guard decided to pass over my earlier break and whispered, “Cutting the home ties.”

I shook my head sadly. Here was genius going to waste. Now he had a big, rubber eraser. He was rubbing the table. The sandpaper was going faster than ever in a climactic frenzy.

“It’s almost the fade-out,” said the guard. “That’s time erasing all sorrow.”

My heart was heavy as I tiptoed away. As we went down the corridor I heard a curious, tenor wail from Talking Picture.

“What’s that?” I shivered.

“He’s trying to reach high C. He’s synchronizing ‘The Sea Beast.’ I been trying to get him to work on ‘Underworld.’ He has a bass voice.

“We got to give him all those props, or he’ll raise a rumpus and disturb Napoleon, who’s next door to him.”

“I thought you said Talking Picture used to be Napoleon. Then you have another Napoleon?”

“Another?” scoffed the guard. “Eleven of ’em. One is never missed.”

“Did you ever work around pictures?” I asked the guard.

“Sure,” he grinned. “That’s why I got this job. I used to be an assistant director for Warner Brothers.”

Harold B. Franklin, the astute general manager of West Coast Theaters, recently made a shrewd bargain with Charlie Murray, the comedian.

Business at Loew’s State Theater in Los Angeles hadn’t been so good. At that it was averaging around $24,000 weekly, with $28,000 the high mark for some three months.

Franklin induced Murray to be in the prologue for a week. Murray gets somewhere around $3,000 a week in pictures, but Franklin talked him into accepting $1,500, plus half of all the

An inmate of an asylum quit being Napoleon after seeing his first talkie, and now imitates the sounds he heard.
The Stroller

A barber trailed Von Stroheim on a set all day trying to clip his bristles.

In this sweet, innocent world of ours there are people who believe a thing is true because they see it in print. I can just see our movie producers in Little Lord Fauntleroy suits, with lace collars and all, in that naive state of mind where they think anything they see on the stage would make a good all-dialogue movie. A certain stage producer in Los Angeles, who wouldn't give me any more passes if I mentioned his name, stages plays for the sole purpose of selling the movie rights for a young fortune. He's willing to sink $10,000 in a few weeks' run of almost any claptrap ham-and-egg drama, that would flop all the way from New York to Grundy Center and return, because he knows he'll probably get from $25,000 to $100,000 for the talking-picture rights.

Vive la talking picture!

Doctor Paul Fejos, an M. D., who is directing "Broadway," has a new trick camera crane which works something like one of these desk fountain-pen sockets, only it's forty feet long.

It'll point in any direction, with the camera at the end, and it'll whirl with the speed of a roller coaster in directions ordinarily taken by a merry-go-round and a Ferris wheel.

The first day Fejos used the machine he had more than a hundred extras on the set, but was entirely oblivious to them in his joy in the new plaything. He was swooping all over the set.

Finally the morning passed and no shots had been taken. The production manager protested and Fejos replied, "I'm rehearsing, so I can stop wherever I want to."

"Well," said the production manager plaintively, "we're paying these people five dollars a day each. If you'll take them up on your rehearsals at a dime a ride, maybe we can get some of it back."

Continued on page 107
SENTIMENTALISTS will tell you how much men are changed by love. A man may be frivolous, he may be irresponsible, and then suddenly he meets the Only Girl. And everything is changed. He has something to live for, some one to work for, some one to give his life a serious purpose.

That is the case with Richard Arlen.

You ask any one in Hollywood about Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston. Ask any one, and the answer is always the same.

"The Arlens? Did you ever see such a charming couple? Just darlings, both of them. An ideal marriage. And you'd never know Dick was the same man, Joby has changed him so."

"How?" you wonder. "How has she changed him?"

But it's hard to get a definite answer. So subtly do people change. It seems that several years ago Dick wasn't very well liked around the studio. Now every one adores him. He's a different man.

But how is he different?

The question seems very hard to answer. But at last you get an explanation something like this.

The Arlens don't shout of their love, but theirs is considered an ideal marriage.
Arlen and Jobyna Ralston change that has come over and the cause of it.

Talley

until he found his watch. Until he remembered, belatedly, to take that and the ring to be photographed.

"Dick," said Joby a little later, "did you tell a man to bring some Oriental rugs out here to show me?"

"No, honey. I don't know anything about them."

"He said you had looked at his rugs in Hollywood and told him to bring them here for me to select from. I didn't know whether that was your usual stall to get rid of him. You see," she explained, turning to me, "Dick can't say no. He'll buy anything, sign anything, just because he's too soft-hearted to refuse. The only way he can wriggle out is to shoo people onto me. I'm the family goat, with a large supply of 'noes' for the two of us.

"The result is, I'm getting a terribly hard-boiled reputation. People say, 'Dick Ralston's a great fellow, but ouch! That wife of his! She's a stiff proposition, all right!' I don't like to turn people down any more than Dick does, but what can I do? We can't buy everything."

On another occasion Dick was telling all about his career to a sympathetic listener. "I wish he wouldn't do that," Joby told me in distress. "Talking shop all the time. But he'll get over it. It's only because his success is still new to him."

Undoubtedly Joby will cure him of that actor's habit of talking about himself, his career, his ambitions. She adores him, and she's a clever girl. She's a perfect wife for him.

Unlike many Hollywood couples, they don't put up a big front about their fondness for each other. They don't go around shouting loudly that they are blissfully happy. But the way they look at each other, and the atmosphere of their home, reveal all this very definitely. Their home was put together, bit by bit, with loving, painstaking labor.

For they hadn't very much money to start on. Dick's fame is too recent to have brought him a star's salary, under his long contract with Paramount. Jobyna's services are much more expensive, but she free-lances, and perhaps because her price is so high, there are weeks and weeks when she doesn't work at all. And she has her family to support.

So the newlyweds started out on very little. They wanted a house of their own, but they determined, sensibly, that they would not go into debt building it.

They bought a lot at Taluca Lake, near Burbank, quite far from the Hollywood colony, where land is less expensive. And—common sense again—it is too far from town for friendly groups to pop in on them unexpectedly in hilarious mood at two a.m. [Continued on page 114]
VOICE trainers are the latest acquisition of the stars. Norma Talmadge has been among the first to adopt one and frankly admit it. Her instructor is Laura Hope Crews, the stage actress.

Wherever Norma goes, Miss Crews is sure to be with her. She is making numerous preliminary suggestions to Miss Talmadge about how best to enunciate her syllables in “Smilin’ Through,” which is to be remade as a talking film.

Norma just had to be in the big procession. She wanted to do “Romeo and Juliet” as a starter, but the powers-that-be forbade it, we heard, and rather than make “The Sign on the Door,” which would be like a half-dozen other talkies that are now being produced, she chose “Smilin’ Through” as a happy compromise. It was, in the silent version, one of her very best successes.

Rehearsing in Secret

Many of the stars are taking vocal lessons, but they are keeping it a secret. For some reason or other they don’t want the world to know that they haven’t trained voices. It is really a silly attitude, since how could they expect to be gifted with great oral endowments, with all their years devoted to nothing but silent acting?

The principal worry now for a star seems to be whether he or she has singing talents, so many pictures are incorporating musical numbers. In some cases the voices are being cleverly doubled for songs.

Against Small Bungalows

Those two virtuosos of colored dialect, Moran and Mack, are now adding luster to filmland. They are said to be drawing a salary for a single picture amounting to $200,000 from Paramount. You know them, of course, as the “Two Black Crows” of radio, phonograph, and vaudeville fame.

When they came to Hollywood they immediately set about getting homes for themselves. “And tell those real-estaters,” they said, “that just because we’re called the ‘Two Black Crows,’ we’re not looking for bird houses.”

This joke drew the big laugh that their stardom demands, of course.

Insects Becoming Audible?

One of the largest sets in Maurice Chevalier’s first talking picture, “Innocents of Paris,” was called the Flea Market, supposed to represent a certain rather sordid district in Paris. The film was made with sound, and because of the size of the scene forty microphones were required.

“One for every flea,” explained Richard Wallace, who was directing the picture.
nightgowns, pajamas, teddies, or some synonymous garment.

Here are the outstanding items: green-satin teddy, with green-velvet negligee; black chiffon-and-lace pajamas, with black-velvet, fur-trimmed jacket; abbreviated, skirtless dance costume of black sequins and diamonds, body-fitting and with one shoulder strap; peach satin-and-lace undies, and blue satin-and-lace of the same species, and one blue-satin nightgown. In addition to this she wore a sports costume, a college outfit of skirt and sweater, a travel costume and an evening gown.

Maybe the old saying that one spends more than half of his life abed is true after all. Or possibly the abundance of boudoir costumes in Clara's picture wardrobe would indicate that the modern soothsayers are not always right, and that the flapper is much more a home body than they would have us believe.

When Smoke of Battle Clears

It came at last! The much-prognosticated break between Gloria Swanson and Erich von Stroheim, Edmund Goulding is finishing "Queen Kelly."

Studio announcements simply said that Von Stroheim had finished the silent version of the film, and that Goulding had taken over the talkie portion, as planned from the beginning.

However, the little birds of Hollywood were not to be denied their chance to twitter. They made it known that while Goulding was ostensibly doing only the dialogue sequences, he also wound up some of the silent parts.

This means that Von has not finished a film since "The Devil's Pass Key," his second production. But then each one with which he has been associated has borne the unmistakable evidences of his individuality. Even if he never made another picture he would have added a wealth of artistry to screen history.

By the way, he almost finished "The Merry Widow," but some of the final cutting was done by the studio.

Rival for Aimee

Rheba Crawford, the evangelist, sometimes known as "The Angel of Broadway," has cast her eye over film-land, and decided to set up a church there. Blond and eloquent, she enjoyed a large following in New York before coming to the Coast.

"Hollywood is really not at all wicked," she said. "The colony may play truant from Sunday school, but their hearts are good. They are just folks who are fighting hard to earn their salaries, and are so industrious that they don't have time to be bothered about sin and evil."

Reassuring news, certainly.

Yes—Very Exotic

Exotic, even to the name, are the roles that are falling to the lot of Myrna Loy this year. Having finished that part of a gypsy called Nabi, in "The Squall," she has been essaying an East Indian girl, Yasumi, in "King of the Khyber Rifles." Both are important leads, so Myrna is getting along famously. Those who wax facetious about "The Squall," which was a crazy-quiet stage play, often refer to the role of Nabi as "Nudi." It is like that.

Out on the Briny Deep

"Ship Ahoy!" may be shunted at four popular leading men, with every expectation of an echoing answer. The men in question are Ramon Novarro, who plays a naval officer in "The Flying Fleet"; William Haines, who is starring in "The Gob"; Ronald Colman, a gun runner in "The Rescue"; and John Gilbert is scheduled to do "The Way of a Sailor" as his first production under his new contract. The story for the Gilbert film was written by Lawrence Stallings, co-author of "What Price Glory." Doubtlessly because a well-known writer is connected with it, they are calling it an epic.

A Check on Facts

Tell everything but your age and your right name, and you will enjoy a flourishing career in the movies.

Once this was the admonition to all bright newcomers who toddled their first steps toward fame.

But it doesn't mean anything any more—at least for a little girl in her teens. She has to make her age and real name a matter of court record when she is signing a contract. Also she can't bluff one little bit about the size of her salary.

Anita Page is among those who had to tell all recently, and here it is. Her real name is Anita Pomares. She was known as Anita Rivers when she first came to Hollywood. Her age is eighteen. Her salary for her first year is $400 per week; and increases up to $1,500 in her fourth year.

Internationalizing Talkies

The invasion progresses. Meaning, naturally, the invasion of the movies by stage players. And assuredly it becomes something to talk about when it brings such a charming star as Irene Bordoni.

It has been difficult to foresee a future for some of the many footlight celebrities who have been lured into the studios by high salaries and opportunities in talking pictures. But if anybody should be able to qualify for the film-speakies it is the whimsical.
Hollywood High Lights

and capricious Irene, whose song and personality have thrilled theatergoers.

Miss Bordoni is to star for First National, and that concern has ambitious plans for her to sing her films not only in English, but in French and German as well.

Conrad and Lya Go

Conrad Veidt and Lya de Putti have given Hollywood farewell, and Victor Varconi will soon follow. They will pursue the witchlight of movie success in Europe. They may some time return to America, but there is little certainty about this at the present time.

Veidt wrote us a note of parting in perfectly constructed English. When he came to this country originally he could hardly say a word in the language. Lya sent us a charming telegram.

Veidt expects to work in England and Germany, and Miss De Putti already has an engagement at a London studio.

They are very gifted and delightful people. It is a pity that they have gone.

Movieland Word-building

The word “talkies” is considered lowbrow. For that reason somebody is always trying to evolve a new name to take its place. The latest suggested in all seriousness by a film director is “cinologue.” Like many things that are logical enough, it probably won’t be popular.

Greta Is Stiller Heir

All the fantastic reports to the effect that Greta Garbo would stay in Sweden once she arrived, have been nicely exploded. She is already back at the studio and about to begin a new picture.

Greta’s return to her native land was triumphant, according to all reports emanating from there. She was interviewed and fêted wherever she went, and there were even the usual rumors of fervent attentions she received from one or two prudishly admirers.

Among other events that happened in her life, she received an inheritance of $75,000 from Mauritz Stiller, her discoverer. His will left her one-half of his estate valued at $150,000. His tragic experience in Hollywood never caused him any change of sentiment toward the girl whom he admired and sponsored professionally. When things went badly with him, and he returned to his native land, he urged Greta to continue with her brilliant success here, averring that he understood the peculiar turn that fate had taken.

Castles to Other Hands

Two great mansions are to pass out of the hands of their celebrated owners. One of these is the Fred Thomson-Frances Marion estate, which is on the market for sale, and the other the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno. Both are beautifully built on high hilltops.

The Moreno home is to be turned into an institution for the care and education of children. It was the wish of Mrs. Moreno’s father that some such establishment be provided in his memory, and so Tony and she have decided to turn it over for that purpose. They are taking a trip abroad, and on their return will probably move to Beverly Hills.

Frances Marion has found her residence too full of memories, and also, because of its vast size, too much of a burden for herself alone. She is to sell both the house and furnishings, as well as Thomson’s famous horses, with the exception of Silver King.

Frances has wisely chosen to begin life anew, and is going out quietly to the theater and social affairs, in which she has never heretofore taken great interest.

A Citric Compliment

The honor of having an orange named after her was recently conferred on a prominent star at a citrus show in one of the southern California towns in the orange belt. “Good it wasn’t a lemon,” Johnny Hines, the drawing-room wit remarked, when he heard about it.

Mix Is Lionized

Tom Mix’s destiny is subject to strange changes. That he may go to Europe, tour in vaudeville, or return to Fox, are the various reports in circulation regarding him, and the last time we talked with him he had not made up his mind about anything, though favoring the vaudeville adventure.

Tom is very calm and self-contained, in contrast to a few months ago. He seems resigned to the many alterations that have taken place in his life lately, though there is apparently no definite settlement of his marital affairs as yet.

At all events, he is enjoying a bright social flurry. He was entertained at a luncheon given in his honor at the Montmartre, at which only fair ladies were in attendance. When the men spotted him being thus entertained, they all sent their luncheon checks to him for payment.

Slick Silent Signaling

New tricks every day for the talkies. Here’s one that pertains to direction.

As you perhaps know the old custom of megaphoning instructions to the actor is out. Indeed, a director daren’t even whisper to a player any suggestion regarding the improvement of his performance. And as the matter of correcting such a player’s faults and mannerisms has been often a part of the director’s duty, the situation in sound films sometimes becomes very complicated.

Here is the story of one experience. An actor, who had long been appearing in silent films, one day procured work in a dialogue picture. In general, he was most acceptable, but he had several peculiarities that marred his portrayal. One of these was shaking his head when he talked; another was swaying his shoulders when he didn’t shake his head, and the third—oh, well, no matter.

The director, finding the habits all rather ineradicable, and requiring constant reminding of their existence from him, hit upon the expedient of attaching threads to the
actor’s wrists and to his ankle. The threads were invisible to the camera. When the actor’s head began to wobble, the director pulled one of the threads; when his shoulders got into action he gave a slight tug to the other. A third thread was also duly yanked when the occasion required.

And it worked. The mannerisms will be absent in the finished picture.

Chaney Has Protean Chance

All in one picture, Lon Chaney rides on the back of an elephant, feeds pigeons out of his hand, and plays hide-and-seek with a gorilla. Now will somebody please make the inevitable wisecrack about which is the elephant, the pigeons, the gorilla, and which Chaney?

Another Latin Heroine

Another Mexican girl may make good in the near future. Her name is Armida, and she is a protégé of Gus Edwards. So far, she has appeared in short revues only, but there is talk of her early debut in a big feature. Armida’s history is interesting. She is a Los Angeles youngster, who won her first recognition playing in Spanish theaters in that city. She sang and danced to the delight of audiences. Later she tried films, but not so successfully. Her personality didn’t register as vividly on celluloid as it did on the stage. However, she has matured since then, grown visibly prettier, and hopes are high for her success, especially in talking and singing pictures.

Value of Instruction.

The following is supposed to be an authentic conversation between a certain producer, and a star of European birth and experience.

“I want you to go to von von von deh von vocal teachers to learn you how to speak English,” said the producer. “I want you to be ready for your next picture to make a talkie. You go for two weeks, and den ve start shooting.”

“But,” expostulated the star, “two weeks is not enough time.”

“Not enough time, not enough time! Vy, vats de matter vit you? Look how I talk after two weeks?”

Shocks Them to Action

Recalling the incident of the signals by means of threads mentioned a few items ago, we understand that Lionel Barrymore, in directing “Madame X,” has experimented with a small medical battery as an aid in conveying his wishes to his players. By means of wires connected with this appliance, he sends the actors slight, admonitory shocks.

In the Cause of Art

Douglas Fairbanks has had his dressing rooms refurnished and redecorated. The walls of his office are adorned with gold-leaf wallpaper, and his reception room, which also does duty as barber shop, wardrobe room, tea room, and various other services, is silver-leaved. It all looks very palatial in comparison with the past rather homely aspect.

Doug declared it all happened while he was taking a short vacation. “They decided that my surroundings must be modern,” he said. “They probably thought that I’d paid tribute sufficiently to past history. After this, my next step will probably have to be a futurist picture.”

Pointing to an anteroom, leading to the Turkish bath, which is still an embellishment of the premises Doug said, “Speaking artistically, we have reserved this particular place for the nudes.”

“Coquette” Rumors Luring

Mary Pickford has made the most drastic departure of her career in “Coquette.” This picture is sophisticated, and it is also a tragedy. It is also, as you know, an all-talkie.

“It might never have been possible for me to make this sort of picture in the silent medium,” she told us. “I feel that I can take that chance in this entirely new experiment with spoken dialogue.”

Everybody who has seen “Coquette” in the rushes prophesies that it will reveal an entirely new side of Mary’s talents.

Thinks Pommel Articulate

Stars may sometimes be beautiful and dumb—but then there are others who are even more so. Here is a case in point.

A feminine luminary of prominence was entertaining a visiting friend from the home town. She wanted the young lady to enjoy Hollywood’s varied outdoor pleasures. Among other things, the girl had expressed the desire to go horseback riding, so the star took her out to one of the leading equestrian academies.

The riding master asked the visitor. “Which would you prefer—an English sidesaddle, or a cowboy saddle with a horn?”

The girl hesitated a moment, looked doubtfully at her friend, and then questioned, “Are we going in traffic?”

“No,” replied her stellar companion, momentarily puzzled.

“Then,” said the other with a sigh, “I think I’ll take the English sidesaddle. I won’t need to bother with a horn.”

A Glittering Wedding

They wedded to applause! In other words, Ben Bard and Ruth Roland actually received an ovation when they were married at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel on St. Valentine’s Day. The ceremony that united them, with its attendant social éclat, had all the attributes of a Hollywood première. There was a crowd of sightseers at the entrance to the hotel.

There was a throng of film folk within-doors. The marriage was celebrated in the ballroom of the hotel. The guests were seated on either side of an aisle of flowers—baskets of apple and almond blossoms and white lilies and carnations festooned with tulle.

A raised platform at one end of the hall was reserved for the bride, the groom, and the minister. Here were more flowers, and literally scores of cathedral candles. The general form and design of the setting suggested a very beautiful Valentine.

As the bride entered, the electric lights in the room were cut off, leaving nothing but the

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On to Romany!

The gypsy trail, or at least the gypsy costume, provides a lure for the stars to strike seductive poses.

Colleen Moore, left, rummaged in the attic and found this colorful outfit for a fancy-dress party.

Joan Crawford, right, portrays a sweet, soulful gypsy who later becomes a great actress, in "Dream of Love."

Myrna Loy, below, a gypsy of a wild tribe in northern Africa, creates picturesque trouble in "The Desert Song."

The gypsy of Dolores del Rio, left, is a native of the Carpathians in "Revenge," and is perhaps the wildest and most authentic of all, from her bare feet to her brooding eyes.

Just for a lark Carmel Myers, below, dons the bolero and satin slippers of the gypsy who has no home save in musical comedy.
The Vainest Dog in the Movies

When wrinkles marred the appeal of King Tut he followed some well-known examples and got his face lifted.

SHADES of Fanny Ward, Sophie Tucker, and a few dozen other stage and screen celebrities whose faces have been made over! What next?

King Tut, the movie dog, has gone and had his face lifted, too!

Think of that, you seekers of youth, whose wrinkles have been removed, whose noses have been remodeled, whose eyes have been widened and the puffs cut away. Your example has gone to the dogs.

Almost every fan knows King Tut. He is that sad-eyed, wire-haired canine who appeared with Harry Langdon, in “The Mail Man,” with George Sidney and Vera Gordon, in “The Cohens and Kellys,” with Clara Bow, in “Rough-house Rosie” and “Ladies of the Mob,” and with Har- old Lloyd, in “Speedy.” In all, he has played in twenty-two pictures. From a mongrel, with a face like a frayed-out clothes brush, he has been transformed into an actor with large and lustrous eyes, and the means of expressing heart appeal. He has become a Beau Brummel among movie dogs.

King Tut lays no claim to aristocratic lineage. Somewhere in his ancestry there appears to have been the blood of Airedale, police dog, and brindle bull. No one knows just what else. E. G. Henry, a studio employee, bought him as a puppy for fifty cents from a little girl who had been sent to a corner grocery in Hollywood. She really had offered to give him away, but Henry thought that four bits was about what he was worth. So he took him to the studio to raise.

The puppy developed remarkable intelligence. Some say that he now “thinks” more than any dog in pictures. Certainly he takes direction as well as any other dog in the movies. His most remarkable piece of acting, perhaps, was his rôle as a mad dog in Lloyd’s “Speedy,” which was filmed largely in New York. King Tut was transported across the continent just to play that rôle. Some critics say, too, that King Tut stole the picture in Red Grange’s “Racing Romeo.” He is perhaps the busiest dog in Hollywood not under contract. He earns fifty dollars a day, or two hundred and fifty dollars a week. His owner values him at $50,000.

Not long ago Tut’s eyes began bothering him. There was so much wiry hair about them, and so much growing into them, that he began looking as though he was a rum addict. The eyes were red nearly all the time, and puffs gathered beneath the lower lids. Day by day he became more disreputable in appearance.

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The mongrel bought for fifty cents now earns fifty dollars a day.
They're Back

Some talented absentees from the screen are returning to receive the welcome due them.

John Bowers, upper left, last seen in "For Ladies Only," filmed in 1927, now has a leading role in Monte Blue’s untitled picture.

Shirley O'Hara, left, comes back as Clara Bow’s studious roommate in "The Wild Party."

Pat O'Malley, above, has been missing since 1926, but now he's back in "Alibi," a talking picture.

Robert Ellis, right, absent for a year, makes a triumphant return as Steve Crandall, master bootlegger, in "Broadway."

Mahlon Hamilton, above, is active again as Sophie Tucker’s leading man in "Honky Tonk."
The Third Lois

First she was the prim and proper Lois Wilson, then she sought escape by wearing scarlet and feigning sophistication, until finally the talkies proved the means of unveiling her real self, which is now in the ascendant.

By Myrtle Gebhart

Much fault may be found with the articulate films. But one glorious, white mark must be chalked to their credit. They have brought to Lois Wilson her merited recognition. They have given us a new and vibrant and thoroughly interesting Lois, sensibly balanced, to replace the imitation sophisticated who succeeded the homespun Lois.

It has been my pleasant duty to chronicle the main changes in her life—doubly dramatic because of their suddenness and unexpectedness. I have watched her fumblings and her slow growth, with sympathy and admiration.

Radiant and breathless, she greeted me. "I'm so happy, enjoying every minute of it all. Besides, I'm my own boss."

"With Eddie, and all those Warner Brothers?"

Miss Wilson's fling at sophistication cost her a long absence from the screen.

In her struggle to realize herself, Lois Wilson caused a mild sensation by refusing to play goody-goody roles any longer.

"Personally, I mean." Her head was thrown back. As one draws in lungs full of air, so she seemed to take deep draughts of that magic tonic which a busy and keenly pleasurable life distills. "I'm doing the things I've always wanted to do. I'm enthusiastic, I have proved myself to myself, and I'm not in love!"

"Love—not the stimulating, romantic sort, but that calm kind, with a lethal quality—used always to envelope Lois. It smothered her. It was too vague and idealistic. She spoke always of companionship—of home and children—and sighed of woman's domestic place.

Her gay laugh hooted my reminder. "Love is too enervating. True, no woman's life is really complete until she is married. But I shan't, for ever so long. I've found I have a spirit of my own, and getting acquainted with it is interesting. Besides, I can't respect a man unless he dominates me." Precious few could, now!

Did you know the serene-browed Lois, who looked a bit older than her years, whose gentle practicality was a vague background for others' activities? The crinoline Lois, almost Victorian in manner?

Did you vote for the meteoric Lois who emerged, garmented in red, with "freedom" her watchword? The Lois who shattered her aura of sweetness by "sassing" Paramount, and breaking the contract which tied her to gingham roles? Lois, who had always been so inconspicuously garbed in dull browns and serviceable serge, whose sensational appearance in scarlet created a furor?

Whichever your choice, the third Lois will please you. She is the wholesome Lois, awakened to vitality, but marked with a buoyant self-respect. Sophistication has become knowledge; an assured position renders bluff unnecessary. Now she is the
The Third Lois

"The work is engrossing, with still so much experimentation that we feel like pioneers, and there is latitude for more friendly discussions, and opportunity during rehearsals to give opinions."

"But for entertainment, I park my coins where the silent movies are being shown. The talkies are great fun for us who make them, though still a bit tough on the consumer. Don't judge them too harshly," when I murmured agreement.

"Compare the first airplane with the luxurious cloud-limousines of to-day, the first phonograph with our radio phonographs. Probably the future talkie will bear slight resemblance to the present lisping screen. This year's mania for sound may cause costly mistakes. I believe that eventually there will be two forms—the silent movie, for stories requiring scenic background and a sweeping range, and the more intimate, conversational drama."

The movies are a means—now more entertaining than she ever dreamed they could be—to Lois' goal, a stage career.

During her gingham-and-cookie leading lady era, Cecil DeMille prophesied that for her. Her voice was discovered when she was sent out to make speeches to women's clubs, and such civic enterprises where it was deemed politic to spread that wholesome appeal which she represented. And Edward Horton, stock company star, who occasionally took a fling at the movies, also said, "Some day I will have my own theater, Lois, and you will play there."

It was a daring thing, before talkies provided an urgent incentive, to brave the boards, without previous experience; and every accomplished actor "at leisure" assumed a papier-mâché front, rather than risk ridicule and accusation of failure in the movies by returning to the stage.

The talkies changed all that. Los Angeles theater managers are deluged with proffered talent. Only three have been conspicuously successful—Lois, Helen Ferguson, and Patsy Ruth Miller. To Lois it is more than preparation for the eloquent movies; it is gratification of an ambition long repressed.

The red dress that started it all still hangs in her wardrobe. It is frayed, its bright color faded. Lois is loath to discard it, though it has served its purpose. The sophisticated veneer, which she now admits was a prop to her courage, is not necessary to the girl whose present self-confidence is based on firmer ground.

"Scenery," she smiled in retrospect, as I studied her, smart, but unostentatious, in trim tailleur and modish hat, a black wing brushing her cheek. "I was gambling—and I quaked. I might have gone on, as the years walked slowly by, calico characters succeeding gingham girls."

Success has given her a fluency of expression; her face is mobile. It used to be sweetly inexpressive; then the vitality of the second Lois found outlet in large and emphatic gestures. She has now acquired, subconsciously, from constant expression of some emotion for either stage or screen, an easy and natural pantomimic articulation. Her alertness carries you along with her enthusiasm; you smile with her, thrill with her, because in her sincerity she gives you herself in all that she says.

"A prosaic life," she continued over the tea which is her refreshment at almost any hour. "Half-dreams, unenhanced, smothered. It would be far better to try, and fail. Things have broken beautifully for me—largely luck—but had I not tried my wings after being broken away, I would not have had the full benefit of this stage training. These three years have been rich in experience—of all kinds."

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

“Planes, Trains, and Automobiles”—Metro-Goldwyn. A grand comedy of hit and miss, with situations and characters that range from the ridiculous to the sublime. Stars will be seen at their best in this film, which is directed by Mervyn LeRoy and produced by Max Fleischer.

“Show People”—Metro-Goldwyn. A charming and amusing musical comedy, with songs by Jerome Kern and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II. The cast is headed by Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Redford.

“Four Daughters”—Metro-Goldwyn. A heartwarming family drama, with a cast of strong performances, led by Spencer Tracy and Spencer Widmark.

“Sunrise”—Fox. A beautiful and moving silent film, directed by D.W. Griffith and starring William Haines and Alla Nazimova. The film is a classic of its genre.

“Show People”—Metro-Goldwyn. A hilarious and enjoyable musical comedy, with songs by George M. Cohan and lyrics by Lew Fields. The cast is headed by James Cagney and Dietrich.

“Sunrise”—Fox. A gripping and dramatic silent film, directed by D.W. Griffith and starring Marlon Brando and Barbara Stanwyck. The film is a classic of its genre.

“Show People”—Metro-Goldwyn. A delightful and amusing musical comedy, with songs by George M. Cohan and lyrics by Lew Fields. The cast is headed by James Cagney and Dietrich.

“Sunrise”—Fox. A moving and touching silent film, directed by D.W. Griffith and starring Marlon Brando and Barbara Stanwyck. The film is a classic of its genre.

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“Show People”—Metro-Goldwyn. A delightful and amusing musical comedy, with songs by George M. Cohan and lyrics by Lew Fields. The cast is headed by James Cagney and Dietrich.

“Sunrise”—Fox. A moving and touching silent film, directed by D.W. Griffith and starring Marlon Brando and Barbara Stanwyck. The film is a classic of its genre.
THE BROADWAY MELODY" is such an extraordinarily entertaining picture that it is difficult to decide what note to strike in sounding its praises. However, if, at the outset, I implore you to see it at all costs, you will know that I believe in it and wish to share my enjoyment with you. For it is unthinkable that any one could see it without marveling at the sudden turn audible pictures have taken in bringing to the silver screen a full-fledged musical comedy, with dialogue, song, dance, and spectacle. This is done in such a manner as to compete with a stage show and in some respects—notably in the greater intimacy of the screen—to surpass it.

You have gleaned from this that "The Broadway Melody" is by way of being revolutionary. It is. There has been no talking picture comparable to it in speed, humanness, and novelty: none with its swing and dash: none in which music played so large a part. Besides orchestral accompaniment, and at least one chorus, there are three songs in the picture: "Broadway Melody," "You Were Meant For Me," and "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," the latter describing a gorgeous episode in color such as one sees in the Broadway revues.

The picture, in fact, deals with a show of this kind, both backstage and before the footlights. But instead of there being a shallow story typical of musical comedy to justify it, there is a warmly human narrative concerning two sisters who bring their dancing act to New York, with the expectation of setting the town on fire. Hank Mahoney, the elder, is engaged to Eddie Kern, a song-and-dance artist in Zanfield's revue. But when he sees Queenie, the younger, for the first time since she was a kid, Eddie warms toward her. The struggle of the girls to gain a foothold, and the struggle of Eddie and Queenie not to confess their love because of their loyalty to Hank, are responsible for many tensely emotional moments. Meanwhile, large portions of backstage life are revealed, with alternating smiles and pathos and the shrewd psychology of theatrical folk the screen has ever attempted. There is the "feet" of authenticity in every note of "The Broadway Melody," its dialogue, direction, acting, and psychology.

As for the acting, it is a revelation, or rather a series of them. Down to the smallest bit, nothing but perfection is evident. Charles King, recruited from musical comedy, is Eddie Kern, the song-and-dance man, whose voice is extremely agreeable and whose manner of putting over his songs bespeaks the veteran artist. Our own Bessie Love is Queenie. We call her our own proudly, for she is a newcomer from the stage, but has grown up in the movies and has acquired from the screen her extraordinary skill and flawless technique. Instead of being limited by silence, she blossoms forth twice as fine an artist by means of dialogue, and achieves a performance that should never be forgotten. Absent of her is Anita Page, whose experience on the screen covers less than half a dozen roles, but whose Queenie is astonishingly expert. Miss Page's combination of freshness, charm, and emotional force makes her, in my opinion, the most important "find" of this year, but of several years; and unless I am mistaken, she is the one new actress whose future is virtually unlimited. Let us now pray that congenial roles, sympathetic direction and a level head be vouchsafed her on her march to glory.

A Welcome Truant from the Stage

Ruth Chatterton achieves two debuts this month, one in a silent picture, the other in an audible drama. Both performances are brilliant, but it is with the latter that we shall concern ourselves, the other being reviewed elsewhere in this department. Miss Chatterton's voice is recorded in "The Doctor's Secret," a talkie version of Barrie's one-act play, "Half an Hour." It is a voice unlike any so far heard on the screen; it is another step toward perfection in conversational celluloid. Not only is Miss Chatterton's utterance clear and her enunciation perfect, but her voice has modulations and all the delicate nuances heard in cultivated speech. I might also add that her pronunciation is a joy to an ear that despaired of ever hearing perfection via the microphone. There is a difference between an actress whose skill in the use of her voice has been developed for years, and one who speaks in public for the first time. It is this difference which enables Miss Chatterton to triumph easily in a performance that adroitly combines the essentials of both stage and screen, and which would have been a fiasco had almost any other actress attempted it. For "The Doc-
Noisy Neighbors?

heard, but the majority are either well known themselves so closely that they know no one. describes all kinds.

Rittenhouse

to a star depends on the neighbor and the star. One man certainly must have. He had more money than most Hollywoodites—probably because he wasn't a Hollywoodite—and rented an elaborate residence beside the home of a favorite star of his. But alas, in his six-month residence there, he never caught a glimpse of the star. Either she got up too early in the morning, or came in too late at night.

Louise Dresser, who lives in a town outside of Hollywood called Glendale, is a most neighborly sort of person, even if she is one of the real luminaries of the screen. When her ninety-year-old neighbor died recently, nobody felt more broken up about it than Miss Dresser.

Then there are Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen. They are very good friends with the people next door. It all started through Jobyna's dog, a huge Great Dane which Harold Lloyd had given her. It seems that the dog was fond of rubbing noses through the fence with the neighbor's Airedale. One day her neighbor asked Jobyna if his Airedale could come into her yard and play with the Great Dane. Of course Jobyna consented. But unfortunately the Great Dane mistook his little pal for a football, and the dogs had to be separated. Once back in their own yards, they resumed friendly relations, until the Airedale thoughtlessly turned his back on the Great Dane and wagged his tail through the fence. Jobyna came to the rescue just in time to save the Airedale's tail, and cemented a neighborly friendship.

Virginia Valli's romance began with neighborliness. It happened that she was summering at Malibu Beach, and Charlie Farrell lived next door. She wanted some outdoor furniture painted, and Charlie, in true neighbor fashion, came over to help her. By the time the furniture was finished, their romance had begun:

The day is started by an over-the-fence talk between Gwen Lee and Mary Doran, neighbors and players at the same studio.

William S. Hart's neighbor in the San Fernando Valley will never forget how he worked shoulder to shoulder with them during the dam disaster there. He personally buried one of the little boys who lost his life in the flood, and he was instrumental in helping many of the sufferers find temporary living quarters.

Mary Pickford and Doug haven't any neighbors for miles around besides Charlie Chaplin. They own a huge estate in Beverly Hills, inclosed by high walls. Charlie and the Fairbairnses are devoted friends, so naturally they're in the habit of dropping over to each other's houses for dinner and bridge.

Harold Lloyd also lives in a very secluded section of Beverly Hills, but this hasn't kept Gloria from getting acquainted with those in her neighborhood, as well as with barkers on sight-seeing buses and their passengers. About three times a day these men stop in front of the Lloyd home and holler their horns. If Gloria is at home, she drops whatever she happens to be doing, and rushes to the window to wave.

"I've got to do," she tells her parents or nurse. "They's telling me."

A number of other players scarcely know they have neighbors. Either they, too, live in a secluded section of Beverly Hills, or keep such irregular hours that their neighbors are rarely able to catch sight of them.

[Continued on page 96]
A Girl Who Had No Childhood

From the security of her recent success in the movies, Mary Nolan, at twenty-four, gazes back upon a life that began as a charity pupil and included a Broadway scandal.

By Margaret Reid

HABITUES of the Hollywood Athletic Club are notably impassive. Gentlemen of affairs—business I mean—their principal concern is the cuisine, the stock market, and the sporting news. If they glance about, it is only to signal a waiter. As for itinerant stars, they are inured to these to the point of indifference. But I have seen them become wide-eyed and rapt, their forks halted in mid-air and dropped weakly. I have seen them let their chops grow cold while they stared, blissfully, the way babies stare at electric light.

At Mary Nolan. She is like that. Optically she is gorgeous and gaudy. She can’t help it, and people can’t help looking at her. If you saw her on the screen, especially in Lon Chaney’s “West of Zanzibar,” you know how she looked in black and white—a softly contoured cameo, an angel with s. a. In that curious state called real life, her beauty is more forthright, less lyrical, its pink and white and gold sharply accentuated by hand. But a pleasure to look at, any way you take it. And the sedate patrons of the Athletic Club looked with enthusiasm.

Mary, however, was unmoved.

“I don’t see any one here to flirt with,” she remarked plaintively. “Is this the best they have to offer! I need,” she added with unfeigned nervousness, “something to take my mind off this interview business.”

Mary is also, you know, Imogene Wilson and, as the latter, her trepidation is justified when there are reporters about. At one time misquoted, misconstrued, and misrepresented by every newspaper in the country, she is still wary of the press. There were reassurances that interviews for the movie public were different, requiring only such innocuous titbits as where she was born. Mary laughed incredulously.

“It’s too funny that any one should give a whoop where I was born. It’s been so long ago, anyway, that I hardly remember. We might say Jerusalem, then go on from there to my favorite authors. Isn’t that the way it’s done? I have read”—she arched her eyebrows sententiously—“several books. I just loved that one—‘The Bridge,’ by San Luis Rey. And I was crazy about ‘Shakespeare.’ Who wrote it, now? Then there’s my coat. Hadn’t you better mention it?” She stretched out her arm graciously. “Feel it, my dear. Real broadtail. The collar is marten, but you can say it’s sable... We actresses must protect public illusion.”

She was, as a matter of fact, born in Louisville, Kentucky. And, as another matter of fact, just twenty-four years ago, and her favorite character in fiction is the ingratiating “Skippy.”

“...And my hair is really red,” she offered, indicating the pale, taffy-blond fluff beneath her hat. The only clue to its original color is in her eyes, which are green rather than blue. “If it wouldn’t be thought a little eccentric, I could wash off all this mascara and show you that my eyelashes are red, too. I’ve been a blonde ever since I was fourteen, and it’s been a terrible expense and annoyance. It hardly seems right to have spent so much time and money on a head with nothing in it.”

It was at the age of fourteen that she began her career. An orphan at three years, she had been placed in a convent by relatives. Because she was a charity subject, little Mary Imogene Robertson had to work for her board and schooling. Her long, red curls pinned up out of the way, she stood on a soap box, leaning precariously over the tubs to wash handkerchiefs and stockings. As she grew bigger her duties increased to include floor scrubbing, window washing, laundering, and mending. When there was time she studied desultorily and learned to play the piano. Childhood, as a Utopian memory, is lost to her. So, too, is girlhood.

At fourteen Mary abruptly abandoned her intention of becoming a nun and, instead, left the convent. Having no home and being completely solitary, she went to New York to get a job—just what kind of job she didn’t quite know. After a dismal period of bewilderment, fright, and lack of breakfast, lunch, or dinner, she stumbled into the comparative siniure of artist’s model. A living, breathing magazine cover, she was welcomed in particular by James Montgomery Flagg, whose model she became.

“I do believe my face has covered more territory than any other map in the world. A dollar was a dollar and a half to me, and I went away every engagement I heard of. I posed for anything from madonnas to animal crackers. I averaged three dollars a day and, overcome with having so much money, I hired a maid for two dollars a week, called my hall bedroom my apartment, and had my hair peroxided to suit my elegant, new station in the world.”

Mr. Flagg, after a time, generously decided that such beauty rated a wider field than modeling. He introduced Mary to Arthur Hammerstein and that impresario immediately placed her in a show.

For four years Mary, as Imogene Wilson, was one of the reigning blondes along the Eastern rialto. Show girl extraordinary, she was the darling of the world that wakens to activity with the switching on of the electrics.

Photo by Freulich

Though cynical, Mary Nolan is a sentimentalist at heart.

Continued on page 116
Water-front Stuff

A colorful description of San Pedro Harbor, California, where many sea pictures are filmed.

By H. A. Woodmansee

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

A

An old schooner wallows in tremendous seas. Huge waves intermittently crash aboard, carrying all before them. The fretful glare of the lightning picks out the creeping forms of mutinous seamen, intent on murdering their tiger of a captain.

Then a whistle shrills. Instantly the seas subside, the hurricane and the lightning end. The doomed captain borrows a cigarette from one of the seamen, and mutters that it's a devil of a business when a guy has to go on location to San Pedro on fight night at the Hollywood Stadium.

They are making one of those sea pictures, and it is a clear, starlit night, with the schooner securely tied to a pier in the sluggish waters of San Pedro harbor. Men are tinkering with the machine which furnishes the "lightning," and the airplane motors that furnish the "hurricane." Others are filling an improvised wooden reservoir on the dock with water. When they drop the side of the tank in the middle of a scene, the sudden flood registers as a great sea coming aboard the schooner.

The pier, back of the jumble of cameras, wind machines and studio lights, is crowded with onlookers. Men of the sea, ashore after long cruises to Shanghai, Singapore, Yokohama, Constantinople, Melbourne, and Cape Town, gape at the novel spectacle of movies in the making. In the outer circle of light looms the bulk of a Japanese merchantman, loading cargo for South American ports. The deck rails are crowded with masklike Oriental faces, watching.

The twin towns of San Pedro and Wilmington, lying some thirty miles to the south of Hollywood, and forming the Los Angeles harbor district, are favorite resorts of picture-makers. They have served as backdrops in hundreds of films, great and small; with the artful aid of studio technicians, they have furnished the atmosphere of many of the world's great harbors. To Hollywood they mean water-front stuff.

Water-front stuff! Oil tankers filling with California petroleum for their long voyages through the Panama Canal to the refineries of New Jersey; lumber schooners stacked with redolent Oregon pine; coastwise freighters and passenger ships; excursion boats sailing between the harbor and semitropical Catalina Island, with its isthmus famous in many a South Sea picture; grimy tugs and terryboats darting about, and heavy-laden fishing boats coming in from the sea; transpacific liners bound for far-away Australia and the Orient; oil docks and mud flats, where abandoned schooners rot, and thousands of sea gulls perch; the traffic of the murky harbor, and the blue glint of the open ocean, where white yachts cut the water and send flying fishes skimming over the surface; where hell-dives and pelicans swoop down on their prey. Set up your cameras here!

On the streets of San Pedro men of the sea stroll, with legs accustomed to the roll of ships in all the oceans of the world. The Pacific fleet, periodically anchored in the outer harbor, pours in boatloads of uniformed men to swell the ranks of the shabbily dressed men of the merchant marine.

The window of a Japanese steamship agency is filled with pictures and booklets luring one to explore the far-flung lands of the Pacific. Pawnshops invite the seaman who is "on the beach" to exchange some of his belongings for ready cash. They are filled with curious sacrificed by the casuals of the ocean.

Men stagger in and out of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific—"members only admitted"—the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army Men's Hotel, the Peniel Mission, the Steel Locker Club, the Seaman's Institute. The rumble of bowling and the click of pool balls, supreme luxuries to the prisoners of the sea, sound from dingy halls. Men perch on stools in cafés bearing such names as The Silver Lion, The New Ship, The Anchor, The Golden Gate, and, down among the squalid shacks of Happy Hollow, the clank of the dinner bell is heard from the Filipino boarding house. In every other window one sees on display a model of a full-rigged ship, or that indispensable accessory of the American seaman, a pair of dice.

On casual glance, the street life seems uneventful. Marine police patrol the sidewalks, giving visible warning to shore-going Jack to restrain his exuberant spirits. The young and restless spirits go farther afield than San Pedro to seek their amusements. With their wages in their pockets, they board the interurban trolleys and Continued on page 106
The Gingham Girl
Stars take a fling at cheap costumes, and the results

Clara Bow, left, dressed in gingham for household duty in "Ladies of the Mob."

Not content with just donning a farm dress, Phyllis Haver, right, is practicing for the rustic sport of "barnyard golf."

This picture of Louise Fazenda, above, suggests the little red schoolhouse and other evils of the frisky nineties.

The come-hither glance of Marjorie Beebe, left, in "The Farmer's Daughter," is enough to make a fellow want to join the ranks of men with the hoes.

Dorothy Gulliver, right, shows what can be accomplished with simple materials and a good figure.
—With Variations

run from homy things to Boulevard creations.

Lois Wilson, left, was swamped with requests for patterns for this apron, which she wore, appropriately enough, in "The Gingham Girl."

Jeanette Loff, right, attired for country life, and looking confident that the gingham dress is becoming to her.

A call for help to suppress a fresh customer is issued by Colleen Moore, above, as Mary Brown, in "Her Wild Oat.

The high cost of dressing was given a blow by Beth Laemmle, left, in making this cunning dress for herself.

The shy young thing, right, is Jean Arthur, as she appears in Emil Jannings' "Sins of the Fathers."
When the

Special training is required by players to perform dance where they go for such coaching, together with hundreds ballets in the

By A. L.

When this night class should finally be dismissed, it would seem that Ernest Belcher never would want to see a dancer again.

Colleen Moore was coached by Ernest Belcher for her dances in "Twinkletoes."

I had stopped at his school in Los Angeles to watch him working with his raw recruits, and later with his maturing pupils. I knew that to him had come, from time to time, Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Lois Moran, Kathryn McGuire, Louise Fazenda, Gertrude Olmsted, Edna Murphy, and many others of movie fame. I knew that he had taught Pola Negri her steps for a picture; that he had tutored Colleen Moore for her rôle in "Twinkletoes," and trained May McAvoiy for "The Jazz Singer," with Al Jolson. I knew that he had schooled Lina Basqueite, his stepdaughter, until she was competent to dance in the "Follies." I knew, furthermore, that he had supplied ballet girls in droves for all manner of stage and movie presentations.

Where did he get them?

Ernest Belcher had been a celebrated dancer in Paris, London, and Berlin before he came to America, at the outbreak of the war. Forty-seven years old now, he looks not older than thirty, and is more supple and agile than fifty per cent of the girls in their teens who come to him for training. Since 1922, when he established his school, more than five thousand girls and women ranging from four to fifty years, together with a goodly number of young men,
Stars Dance

numbers in the movies, and this interesting article tells of unknown girls who are needed for prologues and movie theaters.

Wooldridge

have taken lessons in his school. He employs nine assistants. A weary expression was on his face as he replied to my questions.

“Most of these are city girls,” he said. “A few come from small towns. Seldom is there one from the country. Of the five thousand we’ve trained, possibly five hundred have procured employment in ballets or revues, and fifty went on the stage to win success as solo or specialty dancers. Understand, however, that not all who take dancing lessons do so with a view of becoming professionals. A very large percentage dance to round out their figures, and build up their health.”

He pointed to a gray-haired woman, possibly past fifty years of age, who was working smoothly by the side of a girl of sixteen, in a rhythmical folk dance, and doing it apparently without effort.

“When she came here less than a year ago,” he said, “she was hollow-chested, anemic, colorless. And that little boy over there was a pale, puny youngster, who looked as though he had not long to live. Look at him now!

“You are asking about girls for the ballet, though. Well, look over this class of twenty-five and pick out those you think will make it. Let’s have your opinion.”

I scanned the lot, some lumbering along with all the vigor of muscular Percherons pulling loads of brick up a hill; some evidently counting, “One, two, three—one, two, three!” as they went through their steps mechanically. And some were merely “among those present.” But a girl in pink was smiling and dancing as easily and lightly, it seemed, as a sprite. And there was another in blue who, although heavy of limb, was putting all her energy into her work.

“The girl in pink, and the girl in blue,” I ventured.

“You’re right. The girl in blue will taper off those legs as she progresses. There are a few others, too, who show promise. But you’ve picked the best, and you can get an idea just what percentage of students learn to dance professionally.

“Mentality, you understand, has a lot to do with the success of a dancer. A quick, alert mind brings ready response from the body.”

“But I thought many of the girls one sees in the first and second rows are more or less dumb,” I suggested.

Continued on page 102
Music Wedded to Charm

But that isn't making any promises about the chords these stars strum from their ukuleles.

Dorothy Sebastian, above, was one of the last to yield to the "uke" craze, but now she has only to hold the instrument to be hypnotized into daydreaming.

Just look what a few weeks in the South Seas did to Raquel Torres, right! She learned it all from the natives, too.

The duet here features Gwen Lee, above, and Flash, the canine star, who didn't know one note from the other last week, but now knows them all, 'tis said.

Proof enough that Norma Shearer, below, is soothing the savage breast of Rags, her wire-haired terrier, who is still only when his mistress takes up her ukulele.

There is hope for the Americanization of Greta Garbo, above, judging from the expression on her face, and for all we know she may dance in private.
The Juvenile Elite

This uncommonly interesting article throws new light on some of the principal children in the movies.

By Margaret Reid

And a little child shall lead them— "by the nose, too, and steal the scenes, and hog the notices, and get the breaks.

I refer to the infant prodigies of the movies, the diminutive Bernhardts and Barrymores, who can sometimes be depended on to resuscitate a bad picture and walk off with a good one. Producers realize full well the value of baby feet going pitter-patter across their films, and profit comfortably thereby. We, as a people, are notably susceptible to infant influence in our drama. This trait in the national character, concretely evidenced at the movie box office, has established a distinct and unique class in Hollywood—a juvenile social stratum.

This is composed of small wage earners—if we 'umble folk may call stars such a name—who are as important to the industry as their adult contemporaries: who ride in grand cars, own Spanish homes and fat bank accounts, receive fan mail—and also become temperamental on occasion. They are significant factors in the business and, though destitute of sex appeal, elicit from audiences quite as many an "Oh!" and "Ah!" as Gilbert or Garbo. And—Elysian state of childhood!—if the picture is bad, there are no protests directed at them from irate fans, no barbs from critics. All the fun and none of the worry is their happy lot.

Consider the wonderful world open to these children—the inexhaustible field of discovery in the studios, the superb fun of making movies, and dressing up and pretending to be some one else. To grown-ups the studio and its mechanics seem artificial and unreal. To children it is fairyland—and not a fairyland that recedes into vapor when the book is closed; or the game ended, but a tangible place to visit every day, and whose magic can be explored familiarly.

There are, of course, regrettable exceptions among the children, though more in evidence among the extras than the better-known starlets. These are the pathetic babies whose hair has been peroxided and curled, whose little faces, even on the street, are powdered and rouged, and who are always dressed as if for a party. They have been coached in "cute" smart-cracks, taught to roll their bewildered eyes, and to dance the Black Bottom. They are, naturally, insufferable, and one's impulse is to scrub their small, painted faces clean, and send their imbecile mothers to bed without supper. Mercifully, this type of child is much less in favor with directors than the simple, wholesome type, so we are spared a preponderance of these poor, appalling babies. Most of the children who have attained prominence are really children—happy, healthy, and natural.

For example, "Big Boy," of Educational Comedies. Big Boy is a very young person with fat, red cheeks and serious, brown eyes. He is not a prodigy, nor unique among babies. He is just a nice, lovable, little boy. His fan mail reaches a mini-
The director's mannerisms and gestures in an effort to be a counterpart of his idol. His golden moments are when he has done good work and Lamont is pleased.

The director never shows impatience while they are at work, because Big Boy is always doing his best. But should Big Boy be naughty, Lamont is the picture of grief. He never seolds, but to Big Boy the spectacles of Charlie’s disappointment in him is more awful punishment than sharp words. Even at home the directorial influence is felt. Frequently Lamont receives a telephone call from Big Boy’s mother.

“Mr. Lamont, we are at dinner and Malcolm won’t eat his spinach.”

Lamont asks to have Malcolm come to the telephone, and a word of surprise at his rebellion and his ignorance of the sterling qualities of spinach is enough to make Malcolm apologize and eat the spinach with relish.

He always tries to be exemplary, particularly for Lamont’s benefit. One day he was fretful, because he was refused candy. He sat silently in a corner, exasperated tears running down his cheeks. Lamont wandered over and asked casually if it could be possible that a man like Malcolm was crying. Big Boy jumped up in a panic, scrubbing at his eyes.

“But I’m not, Charlie,” he denied anxiously. “Truly I’m not. My eyes was just perspiring.”

This director-star combination is a particularly happy one. With deep devotion on both sides, they not only make the most of their pictures, but outside of working hours are inseparable friends. And this is the source of Big Boy’s greatest pride.

Then there is Mary Ann Jackson, erstwhile Sennett beauty, and now a member of “Our Gang.” She is a sister of “Peaches” Jackson, who will be remembered in numerous pictures. There is also a brother in the family, who was indirectly responsible for Mary Ann’s entry into pictures.

He was called for extra work at Sennett’s. His mother accompanied him and, having no one with whom to leave Mary Ann, took her along. It had never occurred to Mrs. Jackson to seek a picture career for her, because she wasn’t pretty, like Peaches. But at the studio the company took a fancy to the funny baby and put her in the picture, too. When that day’s rushes were run, it was found that she had taken the scene completely away from a veteran comedian. Immediately she was signed for a series of domestic comedies. On the termination of her contract Hal Roach engaged her for “Our Gang.”

Mary Ann is frankly homely. Hers is a plebeian cast of countenance. She has a great many freckles, a broad, friendly grin and merry little eyes. Well toward the top of her face is a small, round arrangement which serves her as nose. Her hair is of nondescript color and quality, and hopelessly straight.

Despite her mother’s vigilance, Mary Ann’s hands are...
ROM COAST TO COAST has swept the fame of the newest miracle of the films. All the magic of Broadway’s stageland, stars, song hits, choruses of sensuous beauty, thrilling drama are woven into the Greatest Entertainment of our time. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the leader in production of silent pictures, now achieves supremacy of the Talking Screen as well. See "The Broadway Melody" simultaneous with its sensational $2 showings in New York, Los Angeles and elsewhere.

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Captains Courageous

Whether on land or sea, our heroes are born to command—not only the men under them, but a fair damsel somewhere in the offing.

Ronald Colman, left, as Liangard, in "The Rescue," apparently is scanning the horizon for a glimpse of the inevitable woman, in this case Lily Damita, as Mrs. Travers.

Grant Withers, right, though absorbed in the dangerous business of rum running, has his weather eye cocked for Doloros Costello, in "The Madonna of Avenue A."

Jack Holt, below, should naturally have his mind on the hazardous work of a diver in "Submarine," but his suspicions of Dorothy Reyer, as his faithless wife, are beginning to disturb him.

Gary Cooper, below, has his cares as the captain of a rich man's yacht, for the owner has placed his daughter in Gary's charge, in "Half a Bride," and as she is Esther Ralston, the star, it is no wonder that he fears heart trouble.

Good, old Captain Andy Hawks, in "Show Boat," as played by Otis Harlan, above, is at peace with the world, because of his love for Laura La Plante, as his daughter, Magnolia.
In Defense of Dick

Barthelmess puzzled over this for a moment.

"Now I ask you," he concluded, "how civil could you be under those circumstances? And I've probably made an enemy for life."

Well, ladies and gentlemen, that's the attitude of Mr. Barthelmess concerning the stories you read about him. It is my opinion that he does not go out of his way to make either a good or a bad impression. He is naturally modest and reticent about talking of himself. He is not publicity mad, as are so many of his fellow stars, and consequently, does not go out of his way to get it.

If all that makes him disinterested, uncommunicative, upstage and even rude, then I fear I'd better never become a star, for even in my obscure and insignificant sphere I possess a truly magnificent reputation for being a raffish, unpleasant fellow.

Barthelmess launches into other subjects with great enthusiasm. He was eager to tell me what a splendid person and fine director is Frank Lloyd, a conviction in which I concurred heartily. Lloyd had just directed him in "Weary River," the first talkie for both director and star. There was some synchronized sound in "Scarlet Sea," but you can overlook it, because it's really not very loud.

He was eager, too, to tell just how glad he was to get back to New York. Until about two years ago Barthelmess made all his pictures in the East. This was his first visit back of any great length, and he is as happy about it as a boy with a new bean shooter.

"Hollywood is just a cross-roads," he explained to the third person, who had never been there. I waited confidently for the bolt of lightning from the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce to strike him, but he continued, unafraid. "Nothing ever happens. The Boulevard is deserted by ten o'clock at night."

"Here you can sit alone in your hotel room and feel the city pulsing and pushing beneath you. The sensation of movement and action impresses you, even if you are not taking part in it."

I offered argument to this. Hollywood is one of my favorite topics—I mean the amount of action on tap there.

"Hollywood is any sort of place you want to make it," I objected. "People there don't roam around the streets as they do here, but you can find any sort of shindig you want."

"Oh, sure, you can find parties and brawls and all that, if you want 'em—go to Mr. Blank's house and find a fight or a frolic. That's not what I mean."

"I want to go to the shows"—here he pointed an accusing finger at his companion—and you want to drag me to a radio station when I've got tickets to "The Front Page."

Barthelmess walked over and gazed long and earnestly out the window at Park Avenue.

"I wonder," he mused, "if I could talk First National into letting me make a picture here."

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"Yes," he said, "I expected to, and hung up."

The third party to our conversation, an executive of the company with which Barthelmess holds a contract, interposed here a comment that the third party, so far as any manner of sensational publicity. This is decidedly true, and readers of newspapers and magazines, whether they do or not, should appreciate the fact that at least one star has never attempted to force himself down the public's throat by posing for garter advertisements and making pseudo-sensational statements for the wire services.

"Other people get away with it," Barthelmess went on, "but Ronald Colman runs when he sees an interviewer coming. He was modest and retiring a man as ever lived, but they don't hear him to pieces about it."

"When I was coming East, I was awakened at an uncertain hour in the morning when the train stopped at a little town. Somebody was beating on my door. I got up, sleepy and unshaved, pulled on a robe and stuck my head out.

"A woman was out there, and the first thing she said was, "What do you think of the Movietye, Mr. Barthelmess?"

"I said, "I don't work for the Movietye. I work for the Vitaphone. Besides all that, who are you?"

"She was from some paper in the town, and she asked me a lot of questions I was too sleepy to answer very well. I think she was pretty indignant when she went away."

Whom Fortune Would Destroy——

too, is not about to get caught by Hollywood. For instance, anec a gesture or two.

In days quite recently gone by, when telephoning was necessary, Charlie himself would do it. The other week an unidentified call came to the man with the porte. I was there, I said I was. "Just a minute," the voice requested.

Whose secretary can it be, I wondered. Is Pola Negri back from Europe?

Imagine my disillusionment when it was only Charlie Farrell.

Now, Charlie is all right. Don't mistake me, nor look with suspicion at him. Secretaries are good for pacifying creditors, tradespeople, and solicitors, but having a secretary call up people one knows quite well is the first played trick in critical condition of susceptibility. If I can receive telephone calls from such bona fide celebrities as Jutta Goudal, Madge Bellamy, Janet Gaynor, Victor Varconi, and Gilbert Roland, without the mediumship of secretaries, aids-de-camp, or major-domos, I think Mr. Farrell should not feel too—well, whatever he is beginning to feel about himself.

Moreover, Charlie was not working the thing, and what he had to say to me should have been said three days earlier.

The news has been duly circulated that the Farrell drives to the studio in a mere Ford. He does—but the legend fails to add that he also possesses and rides mostly in a flashy roadster, which makes the Ford detail just another touch of Hollywooditas. Charlie is building a home at Toluca Lake, to which I hope to receive an invitation, but probably won't when he reads this.

Barry Norton is far too clever to let Hollywood make a fool of him. He knows too much. He never lets people use him. It's just the opposite. He possesses one of those dangerous personalities that draws people to him. Barry likes admiration—one of the earliest symptoms. He is also aware of his prestige, because recently he had a wrist watch made for himself. Instead of the usual twelve figures to mark the hours, the watch has the letters B-A-R-R-Y—space for second hand—N-O-R-T-O-N on the face!

Right now he is affecting a "yearning. He is determined to impress his Argentine background on all who know him.

Have I not heard repeated quotations from Santos Vega, the famous poet of the pampas? So that I, too, know some of his heart-throbbing phrases by heart. Barry will look down from his hotel window, twelve stories above Hollywood Boulevard, murmuring, half singing,

"Ah! a mi canción y mi alma que nunca canto sin ella!"

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All for Art

That is the only excuse the stars have for the disfigurement and discomfort illustrated on this page, but they'll tell you it's all part of the game.

Really, really, can this be exquisite Esther Ralston, below? It is and she's happy, because "The Case of Lena Smith" is her most notable picture to date.

Pretty Jacqueline Logan, above, her face smeared with cold cream and her hair in curlers, is hardly recognizable in "The Wise Wife," but she accomplishes a striking characterization.

George Bancroft, left, coated with coal dust and the grime of the smokehole, enjoyed playing in "The Docks of New York" far more than if it had been a drawing-room drama.

George K. Arthur, right—yes, it is really he—is not his usual dapper self in "All At Sea," but chooses to impersonate a woman in a bathtub at a critical moment.

Rod La Rocaque, above, the glass of fashion and the mold of form in real life, endures mud and disarray for the sake of making "Hold 'Em Yale" a success.
A Fish Out of Water

man. Never have I known a man who could keep so still, when he was uninformed on a subject, or one who could argue so logically and eloquently when he knew the subject being discussed, even though his eloquence is hampered no little by his almost broken English.

He says that he can’t understand Hollywood. But he knows more about it than you or I, because he studies the cause to understand the effects. For instance, he knows that “open houses” are attended by people that the host has never seen or heard of, prior to their presence at the free lunch. He knows that these hangers-on eat and drink everything at hand, mingle with the host’s friends, and leave, without saying “Thank you!” or “Good-by!” We know that, too—but we’ve been too busy to sit back, as he has, and get at the reason behind it. What Nils Asther admits he doesn’t understand is the reason for the reason.

I have said he was sophisticated. He is, until American slang is used. Then he becomes almost naive. I once asked him if they plastered the streets of Stockholm with billboards. He looked puzzled and finally said, “No—plaster isn’t good enough for streets in such cold weather. We use small, square stones for paving.”

Meet my friend, Nils Asther, a gentleman from the old country.
Swing High, Swing Low

Between these extremes the stars pause close to earth in order to oblige the camera and be photographed becomingly.

Gwen Lee and Lloyd Hughes, left, illustrate love's young dream in springtime for the benefit of those who need an example.

William Haines and Leila McIntyre, above, find that the swing helps vastly to prolong their flirtation in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," much to their enjoyment.

George K. Arthur, below, and Dorothy Janis, who certainly makes for any swing in sight, steal away to the studio garden for a tête-à-tête far from the madding crowd on the set.

Dorothy Janis, seated, and Raquel Torres, standing, above, frolic in the garden at the Metro-Goldwyn studio.

Ralph Forbes and Lillian Gish, left, in an idyllic moment from "The Enemy."
The Regal Courts of Filmdom

running the risk of influenza, or whooping cough, once darkness descends. He has gone to meditate and to meditate.

If retinue he has, Charlie Chaplin is subtle about it. His whimsicalities in all matters are prevailing, anyway. His closest associate in recent years is Harry Crocker, who has played in his pictures and is his assistant director, and who frequently accompanies him on pilgrimages to such out-of-the-way places as Chinese theaters, performances of Japanese troupes, and the like. Chaplin is a bit of a gadabout nowadays. He frequently goes with a fair damosel, and again with his masculine associates and their ladies. There is absolutely no rule or system that applies. Indeed, many consider him filmdom’s high example of the “free soul.”

Yet Chaplin has his troupe of the faithful, in a professional and also a personal way. Alfred Reeves, his studio manager, has been with him for years. In fact, he was in “A Night in an English Music Hall,” the vaudeville act that brought Charlie to this country. In recent years he has abandoned any Thespian yearnings he may have possessed, and given himself wholly to business. Carl Robinson, Chaplin’s publicity man, is also of the long-retained group. Robinson was away from Charlie for a time, engaged in real estate business in Florida, but he eventually returned, which indicates the persistence of the bond between them.

A personal representative Chaplin employed some years ago—his name escapes me—rose to fortune through his association with the comedian. He is now part owner of a furniture factory, I have heard, in an Eastern city. He met the head of the firm in which he is interested while in Chaplin’s employ.

Most loyal of all the Chaplin retainers, perhaps, is the Japanese Kono, really the major-domo of the comedian’s dwelling. His is the difficult task of politely shooing away undesirable visitors and bores, and simultaneously sitting out the desirable acquaintances and friends who may call on the phone. He began as chauffeur to Chaplin, but he has gained the aplomb of a diplomat as well.

The feudal fantasy now leads on to other places. One does not, however, find it so definitely exemplified in the colony as a whole. The large domain naturally implies highly complicated house of machinery. Independence of the star in the making of his productions requires ample technical dependencies, well supplied with personnel. With Harold Lloyd, for example, one finds a studio staff that soars nearly to half a hundred. Lloyd maintains a large office not only at the studio, but in New York as well.

When his new home is completed, he will have a goodly domestic retinue. As I learn it, the most striking portion of this will be six gardeners, who will be required to keep up his remarkable landscaping. On the whole, though, Lloyd is modest in his tastes.

Marion Davies maintains one of the largest staffs. She requires them because her beach establishment is a veritable hotel, and she has a town house given over to entertaining her many friends; a very large studio bungalow, and a New York apartment besides. Formality and democracy intermingle in Miss Davies’ households. She is always looking out for some old-time family friend, and one of the watchmen at her beach home is reputed to have known her since she was just a little girl.

Children of stars are sometimes reared like princes and princesses. Tom Mix’s little daughter’s education is almost as complete as that of a royal heir. At the Mix home in Beverly Hills she had a swimming instructor, a riding instructor, a tutor, and, I believe, a French teacher. Jackie Coogan in his younger days also had several tutors.

Strangely enough, there is one type of servitor that is almost totally unknown in Hollywood—the footman. A few years ago a film family boasted one, but lately none has been visible on the Boulevard. Even chauffeurs are employed for state occasions only. Most stars like to drive their own.

A chauffeur is merely a name in Hollywood. Several of them might well be called prime ministers instead. Lew Cody has one that is a perfect Protean actor, and should really emerge some time on the stage in an act. This is his colored man, James.

Lew leaves everything to James. When the day’s work is over James finds out what time “we,” meaning Lew and himself, will be required on the morrow. He sees that the alarm clock is properly set, and that the call is at the exact minute required—not too early, not too late. If he is needed to take Cody to the theater he appears clad in a chauffeur’s uniform, with shining boots. If dimer, or light refreshment, is the order of the evening, he appears in spoolless, white coat. The costume varies with the function and the duty. Indeed, if you did not know James, you would say that he was a different person each time. That is where his ability shows. Lew always has another person or so engaged, mainly out of genial goodheartedness, but James is the only one who permanently remains. That his versatility explains this goes without saying.

Stars are sometimes children in the hands of their retinues. They are more bossed than bossing. This is logical. Film actors are in the habit of taking direction when they are on the set.

Occasionally an actor who has stumbled into a contretemps, say with a disgruntled spouse, or some member of her family, or just an old feudal enemy, has to be provided with a bodyguard. The studio will occasionally do the providing. It is the duty of this particular retainer to see that the player does not get into strife calculated to ruffle his disposition and spoil his rest, or worse still, some broil that would temporarily disfigure him, and hold up production on a picture. Stars, on appearing in public, sometimes have to have bodyguards in order to protect them from too inquisitive, admiring crowds.

Amusing is this incident relating to a star who was inclined to be morose. He was doing unusually well at the box office with his pictures, but he lived in the delusion that he was slipping. After sundry conferences as to what should be done to inspire his life with more zest, the company with which he was under contract decided that he needed a little more humor. So they procured for him a vaudeville comedian, whose one duty was to keep the actor’s spirits buoyed up.

Of course, such cases are rare. The majority of people working today in pictures are a normal, businesslike set of human beings. They do not go in for extremes of flub-dub. They keep to the straight course of film-making, and employ only aids and assistants they actually need. John Gilbert, Colleen Moore, Richard Barthelmess, Adolphe Menjou, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Madge Bellamy, Lon Chaney, and others who have come to the fore in recent years, belong to this class. Nearly all, naturally, have some right-hand man, or minister plenipotentiary in their service, or as regards the women, dutiful ladies-in-waiting, but their retinues, both domestic and professional, are simple.

This is no disparagement of the players I have mentioned by name. Their estate is vastly different. In most cases they preserve the fine aristocracy of the films. They have accumulated a great load of obligations, both social and professional. They

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Stars Do It, Too

What? Why, they ask each other for autographs, with all the eagerness of the fan, as these pictures show.

Lloyd Hughes, above, couldn’t resist little Raquel Torres’ request for an autographed picture of himself, so here you see him being very nice about it.

Jane Daly, right, collects souvenirs of every picture in which she appears, so she asks Lionel Barrymore to autograph a scarf which was used in “The Mysterious Island,” the film in which both play.

George K. Arthur, above, delighted to find that he has a fan in Gwen Lee, willingly affixes his signature to a photograph.

Charlie Chaplin, below, proffers his famous autograph album to William Haines, while Marion Davies looks on.

Dorothy Sebastian, left, signs her name to a poster of herself for Buster Keaton’s collection, or shouldn’t we say art gallery?
and presumably swept into the hereafter; and that he miraculously emerges in time to find that Fleurette has married Jettier; and that, in escaping from his advances, she plunges from a lofty balcony and strikes the pavement with a thud, but revives to convalesce with her true love in a bower of eucalyptus.

All the characters burst into speech from time to time in the early Vitaphone manner, but Miss Costello and Conrad Nagel, as the doctor, have the cream of the comic lines, though Warner Richard, George Stone, and others strive manfully to uphold the quota of laughter where it is least intended.

**Spy Against Spy**

"True Heaven," which title is supposed to mean peace, is another war melodrama, this time with espionage its motivation and the armistice its solution. Which means that a girl spy, torn between love for an enemy spy and patriotism, decides upon the latter. In anguish she watches preparations for the execution of her lover—when—would you believe it?—the good old armistice is exhumed to do duty as their savior. Now, Lois Moran is one of the most charming girls on the screen, but her charm is not that of a resourceful, desperate spy who consorts with any and all men to gain her ends. It is far finer. However, her performance is nevertheless interesting; it is just one of those exhibitions by an admired player which doesn't ring true.

George O'Brien is the British soldier who masquerades as a German spy. While he leaves nothing undone to do justice to his rôle, he too is out of his element, because the picture itself is cut to the pattern of many others.

**The Stoker and the Lady**

That vigorous star, Victor McLaglen, is seen in "Captain Lash," a calculated attempt to exploit his vigor, his boisterous fun and his physique. It does all this, but the calculation is a bit too visible to make an important picture. To be good, a film should have a grain of inspiration at least, but this one hasn't an atom. Captain Lash is a stoker on a liner bound for Singapore, that happy hunting-ground of the modern seafarer. He has hired himself out in Singapore, because of a blonde who boarded the ship after snubbing his flirtatious advances. She suspects the stoker and, as might be expected, is taken with Captain Lash's torso. He saves her from a jet of steam and is himself scalded, but is rewarded by visits from the blonde as he lies in the ship's infirmary. She gives him an envelope containing stolen jewels which he is to bring to her in Singapore, but Captain Lash's pal, being more sophisticated than he, substitutes bits of coal. When the blonde discovers her loss she gives her brawny dupe such a tongue-lashing that she unmask's herself as the adventuress she is. Whereupon the disillusioned stoker consoles himself with his Singapore Baby, cast aside in favor of the blonde. Mr. McLaglen's performance is good, as usual, Claire Windsor's isn't, but Jane Winston and Arthur Stone are captivating. If you ask me, Clyde Cook is best of all as Captain Lash's pal, with a concertina obbligato in sound.

**Mr. Novarro Flies a Plane**

Though Ramon Novarro is starred in "The Flying Fleet," his is less than a starring rôle. Naval pluck and aircrafitsmanship are stressed at the expense of a story. This is all very well, and makes for a moderately interesting picture—a glorified news-reel—but it gives less than adequate opportunities to Mr. Novarro to act or, in fact, to do anything but fly a plane. It remains to be seen if his fans consider the picture worthy of his presence, or even helped by it. So far as I am concerned, any male in Hollywood, including even John Mack Brown, could have done as well by the rôle of—but why bother with the name? This, mind you, is no reflection on Mr. Novarro, for whom I have respect and admiration; it is merely the instance of a picture that doesn't need a star. Without a star it would really have been more entertaining, for then its purpose would have been frankly disclosed and no disappointment caused by the lack of a story, or a character, Mr. Novarro.

He is one of six young men who have graduated from Annapolis with the intention of training for the Naval Air Corps. Eventually the six are reduced to two for reasons calculated to show the rigid requirements of the navy, as well as the hazards entailed by such a career. Many of the scenes are impressive photographically and all concerned work heroically to compete with the dominating planes, but they are dominated. If you like airplanes, however, don't miss "The Flying Fleet." Ralph Graves, Carroll Nye, Edward Nugent, Sumner Getchell, Gardner James, and Anita Page are in the cast, the latter in the same plight as Mr. Novarro is, so far as a worthwhile rôle is concerned.

**The Kiddles Will Like It**

Pleasantly unimportant is "The Ghost Talks," a picture played entirely in dialogue by two youthful newcomers as well as a considerable company of familiar actors. As might be gleaned from the title, it is a mystery story, but comedy rather than uncanniness is stressed, all giving the impression that the picture is more suitable to juvenile audiences than to veteran spectators. The hero is a youth who has been awarded a diploma by a correspondence school of detecting—surely not a novel character. The boy is marking time as a hotel clerk until he shall open his own office. Comes a shy girl to the hotel, followed by two pairs of deadly eyes. The efforts of the boy to protect her and recover the usual bonds, which reposes in a haunted house, result not only in his finding the valuables, but the capture of the bandit gang as well. This is naïve entertainment, but it holds one's attention more closely than if the spoken word had no place in the picture.

The two newcomers are Charles Eaton, who is said to be eighteen years old, and Helen Twelvetrees, an ingénue from the stage. The former is rather good as the comic detective, though he works too hard for any one's peace of mind. Miss Twelvetrees, a capital little actress, wears a blond wig which detracts from her appearance and makes her resemble an old-time movie heroine, and her voice, though used with skill, betrays a babyish lisp which is rather disturbing, but which I fancy will be thought cute by many. Earle Foxe, Carmel Myers, Bess Flowers, and Micky Bennett are some of the familiaries in the cast.

**A Long, Long Voyage**

The movies having recently discovered the existence of Singapore as a romantic locale, it is not surprising to find a picture called "Sal of Singapore." It is a routine yarn, but is invested with importance by reason of the talking début of Phyllis Haver, Alan Hale, and Fred Kohler. In addition to speech from Miss Haver, there is also a bit of whistling. Nothing succeeds like versatility in these parlous times, you know. She is Sal, a spangled dancer in a Singapore dive, who is shanghaied by the captain of an American clipper. Strange as it may seem where Miss Haver is concerned, it is not love that causes the captain to do this; it is his need for a nurse. Not for himself, but for a foundling he has discovered in a seow. Sal is furious, as well she might be, but she is softened by the baby's coos, and in the progress of the long voyage is transformed, not to say transfigured, by maternal devotion. The captain, too, undergoes a change and falls ro-
mantically in love with the little mother in a dancing dress. So deeply, indeed, that when Sal leaves the ship at San Francisco and sails away with the captain of the Silverado, her former captain oversteps the slower clipper, boards her pirate fashion and forces his old-time enemy to marry him to Sal.

Miss Haver's performance has moments of fine sincerity and real depth, and her speech suits the character, as does Alan Hale's, as the captain, while Fred Kohler, as his enemy, is, as usual, forcefully effective and is capable as a speaker.

Gold Braid, Brass Buttons and Such-like

It is too bad that these stories exploiting West Point, Annapolis, the army and the navy should, in the final analysis, be such puerile stuff, and the characters actuated by such adolescent psychology. Some young man is always accused of cowardice, or else is a wise-cracking roughneck, but becomes noble or a gentleman in the last reel. Just to what extent this formula is used in "Annapolis" remains for you to find out. Enough to say that there isn't a gleam of originality in the entire picture, but there are pleasant fellows who give a good account of themselves, wear their uniforms with ease and distinction, and the routine of the naval training school is interesting enough. Hugh Allan and William Bakewell are excellent, the latter being required to furnish comedy as he did in William Haines' "West Point." John Mack Brown is featured above the others, as the hero. It is a matter of opinion if he deserves it, but at least his acting lends itself to the stiff deportment of dress parade. And don't forget that Jeanette Loff, as the heroine, is very pretty.

Fictitious

Alice White's newest adventure as a star is entitled "Naughty Baby," as trivial and hackneyed an example of the gold-digging school of dramatics as one could find. The heroine is a hat-check girl in a glossy hotel, who sets out to ensnare a man she thinks a millionaire. Her first step is to pose as a society girl, her last is to make sure that the young man hasn't any money either; but to make sure of their happiness a rich uncle, or somebody, comes across with his support. The inference is that Rosie McGill will have a husband and plenty of money to spend for the rest of her life, without having exercised anything more than cunning to obtain both. It is best not to scrutinize the ethics of human documents like this.

There are two quite amusing sequences, one when Rosie McGill sheds her bathing suit while in the water, and presumably swims in the nude, with all the terrors of modesty expected of a mid-Victorian symbol or hanger-on. Another occurs when Rosie is forced by circumstances to ride a horse and pretend to like it, though she is frightened out of her wits. But she is usually

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Are Stars Noisy Neighbors?

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June Collyer doesn't know who her neighbors are. I'm sure that Pola Negri, who lived a very retired life in her Beverly colonial mansion, couldn't have told you whether she had neighbors, or didn't. Her associates were composed exclusively of a small German and Austrian professional group, with Lubitsch and Jannings and their wives heading the list. Lina Basquet, Betty Compson, Phyllis Haver, and Liliyan Tashman form their friendships with picture people very largely. Lina explains, "I don't know anything about the people next door, and they know very little about me. We probably haven't any common interests. Why should we get acquainted?" To which sentiment the others agree. Phyllis Haver has practically lived at the studios for the past two years. When she does come home, it's to sleep, and she's too tired to notice whether the people next to her have twins or Persian kittens in the family.

That there is—or rather was—prejudice against screen people in some sections of Hollywood, is true. Just after the war, when homes were scarce and rents high, signs were displayed outside some houses for rent, reading, "No Moving-picture People Need Apply." And quite a number of reputable players were turned away, when they made known their profession where this placard was not displayed. The reason given by landlords was that men and women in this profession were out of work a good part of the time, and noisy. Investigation would have revealed that the majority of persons who were in the habit of disturbing their neighbors were not well-known players at all, but extras and other temporary studio workers.

Sometimes it is the stars' relatives who give them the reputation for being noisy. A relative of a certain player stepped on the toes of his neighbors, because he got up at the unearthly hour of four a.m., sang lustily while dressing, and spent half an hour or more crankling a worn-out Ford. They christened his house "The Brooding Alley," though it is said to his credit that he never held late parties, nor acted in another manner toward his neighbors—excepting when the party telephone was on became involved. If he wanted to get a number, it was his custom to disregard any one who happened to be on the line at the time.

Usually he broke in on the conversation and roared, "Say, get off my line! I want to talk." And a bit later, "I guess you don't know who I am, do you? Well, I'm the father of—" If this didn't work, he held an alarm clock to the mouth-piece.

When Rudolph Valentino was alive, neighbors were disturbed, not by Rudy, but by fans who roused them at all hours of the night to find out where his home, Falcon's Lair, was situated.

On the whole, the stars cause little disturbance in the neighborhood. Even if they do create a bit of excitement now and then, they make up for it by being away from home a large part of the time, or catching up with lost sleep.

The stars' grievances far outweigh the neighbors'. For instance, in selecting Beverly Hills, a peaceful actor moved onto a huge estate in order to get away from noise and people. On Sunday mornings it was his custom to stroll around his grounds for an hour or so, and sometimes engage in a bit of gardening, until a next-door neighbor conceived the idea of letting tourists from rubberneck buses come onto his property, and peer over the fence at him through a field glass for a dollar per person.

Then there are always the neighbors who, upon becoming friends with the star next door, beseech her to please help them get Rose Marie, or Thomas, Jr., into pictures. "Didn't Laura La Plante and June Marlowe get their start, because they happened to live right beside some one in the movie business?" Since everybody in Hollywood not in pictures is wishing fervently that he was in them, can you blame some of the players for thinking twice before they exchange "good days" with the gentleman or little lady next door?
Hollywood High Lights

ant for about the 'steenth time in a suit brought by Charles Duell. Divorce actions involved Hoot Gibson, Pauline Garon, Jeanette Loff, Renee Adoree, Viola Dana, and Ethylne Clair, most of these being the complainants, with the exception of Gibson and Miss Garon. Dorothy De- voye was summoned to the tribunal, because she was alleged to have sold a house with a leaky roof. Priscilla Dean had troubles over an auto crash. Mae Busch went through the ordeal of pleading lack of funds to pay a commission.

Mae's suit brought out some interesting figures on what it costs to be a star. She cited yearly expenses for clothes amounting to more than $30,-000. The major items were evening gowns, coats, and afternoon dresses. The costs were listed at $3,000 to $8,000; the evening dresses at $3,000, hats and shoes totaled $1,000 each, and hose $500. Mae told the judge she had only a little over $400 of her own, which probably wouldn't be more than enough to buy a few beads. She didn't say this herself, but one can infer it, if one wishes.

Dolores Avoids Spotlight

Dolores del Rio is not going out socially. She is leading the life of a recluse. We know, because we have been to several parties where her friends attended, and she herself did not appear.

Practically her only recent venture forth, besides an orange show at which she had to be present for professional and publicity reasons, was when she lounged at the Montmartre with Doctor Karl Vollmoehler, author of "The Miracle." At one time, just after Dolores left Europe, Vollmoel- ler was reported infatuated with her, and intent on following her to America. The rumor was duly denied later on, though the doctor admitted his admiration for Dolores as an actress and a friend. Vollmoehler was a house guest of Edwin Carewe, the director, during a part of his sojourn in Hollywood.

It's Family Custom Now

Molly O'Day is following in sister Sally O'Neil's footsteps. She is on a vaudeville tour.

Sally meanwhile has crashed wide the gates of talkie land in a leading role in "Shoestrings," a new song-and-dialogue picture. Sally will try her voice in this picture, and it won't be doubled as have those of several stars.

We must give credit for the cleverness of the double in some instances, because it's been next to impossible to tell whether the star was really vocalizing or not, just by viewing and hearing the songs from the screen.

Vaudevillians Invade

A new census of the film colony will have to be taken soon. The population is increasing at a fearful rate.

Mostly the arrivals seem to be stage and vaudeville players, many of them coming to the Coast without even the assurance of a contract. Others, naturally, are being specially brought.

One sees an entirely new set of people at the public functions. Notably was this the case at some for-

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Irish and Proud of It

by hanging from the chandelier in the "Passing Show of 1923." She started in the chorus, but at the end of three weeks got the chance of a lead.

It was here that Mrs. La Hiff felt in duty bound to interfere. The company was going on the road. Should Nancy jeopardize her immortal soul by going off by herself, unprotected, away from home with this wild troupe? She should not. Nancy must stay at home with her family, and Nancy did. But she continued to appear in various revues in New York. About this time she married young Kirkland, a newspaper man, whose sound advice and judgment have been a strong factor in Nancy's success. They decided to go to Hol- lywood, where Nancy appeared on the stage and Kirkland wrote scen- arios.

Nancy had a yen for pictures, so she submitted a test to William Fox and was given a part in "Ladies Must Dress!" Anne Nichols was looking for an Irish girl to play Rosemary, in "Abie's Irish Rose." As she glanced out of her office window, she caught sight of Nancy's round Irish face, gazing up at the spires in front of the studio. "Just the type," she cried, as she all but ran out onto the lot with a contract in her hand.

The La Hiff family and its off- shoots occupied the entire mezzanine of the theater when the picture came to New York, and ever since a solid army of La Hiffs attends her pictures en masse with a view to finding out for themselves just what Nancy is doing out there in Hollywood.

Mrs. La Hiff almost passed on to her eternal reward when she heard a
A DIZZY FAN.—If you’re dizzy, just asking a few questions, you should see the way I reel around! I enjoyed the little verse; the meter is a bit off, but I’m sure the intentions were good. Gwen Lee is five feet seven. And there’s good reason for not publishing more pictures of Louise Brooks; her Paramount contract expired and she has more or less left the screen. Her last pictures were “Beggars of Life” and “Canary Murder Case.” Gladys Walton retired about five years ago, after her marriage to Henry F. Lucas. She makes an occasional picture. Richard “The Ape” was her only 1928 appearance—a quickie.

A BARRY NORTON FAN.—His army of fans is constantly growing. Barry was born on June 16, 1905. He’s a half inch under six feet and weighs one hundred and seventy-four. To join his fan club, write to Robert Chastain, 1002 Brushy Street, Georgetown, Texas. Madge Bellamy was born in 1903. No, Conrad Nagel does not wear a toupee. As to the photos displayed in theater lobbies, I never thought much about them, but I suppose they are sent on to the next theater showing the film. Ask your theater manager if it’s possible to get one.

VIOLIN JACK.—You ask me if I’m “Smart.” If I said yes, I’d seem conceited; if I said no, I’d be a liar. So—Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Texas. Her hair is dark brown. Charles Rogers was born in Olath, Kansas. They’re both single. I think Paramount answers their fan mail for them, if you send the dime or quarter for photos. “Some One to Love” is their latest picture together.

CARL DAVIDSON.—Thanks a lot for the holiday card. Yes, Santa was very good to me.

GINGER AYE.—So you sat up all night thinking of questions to ask. But night owls are usually such wise birds! Anna Q. Nilsson was divorced several years ago from John Gunnerson. She doesn’t give her age. Neither does Jutta Goudal, who shrews herself and her personal history in mystery. Jutta is not married; Clara Bow and Phyllis Haver are also unmarried. Phyllis is thirty. Richard Barthelmess has his thirty-fourth birthday this May, and Billie Dove has her twenty-sixth. Billie is Mrs. Irvin B. Willett. Lois Moran is twenty; Janet Gaynor, twenty-two. Pola Negri is the Princess Serge Nivianu, by marriage. Evelyn Brent is Mrs. Harry Edwards. Ronald Colman is thirty-eight and is being divorced from his wife, Thelma Ray. Nils Asther was born in Sweden in 1902. Florence Vidor has dark-brown hair. John Barrymore was born in 1882; Jack Mulhall, in 1892.

CYNTHIA DARBOW.—I see we agree as to favorite actors. Mine is Richard Arlen, too. To join his fan club, write to Frank W. Lash, 4 North State Street, Concord, New Hampshire. Dick is six feet tall, and is twenty-nine years old. Clara Bow is twenty-three and is five feet three and one-half. To join a fan club for her, write to Louise C. Hinz, 2456 Sheridan Avenue, Detroit, or to Romulus Gooding, 93 Broad Street, New Berne, North Carolina. Molly O’Day was said to be twenty pounds overweight at the time of her operation; her weight when she started in films was one hundred and eight. She is five feet two and one-half. I consider her one of my favorites. Yes, Josephine Dunn is—I’ve known her for years. Lawrence Gray free-lances, but he plays in many Fox films. It’s almost impossible to get photos personally autographed. Twenty-five cents is the usual sum to send with your request. Paramount sends five-by-seven photos of their stars for 50 cents.

ALISON.—Carol Dempster is no longer on the screen, but I think just Hollywood, California, would reach her. Cullen Landis is five feet six and weighs one hundred and forty-five. He is now in vaudeville. He doesn’t give his age, nor does Harrison Ford. Harrison is about six feet tall. The Mary Philbin Correspondence Club has headquarters with Miss Mae Boyer, 1018 North Winchester Avenue, Chicago. There was a story about Mary Philbin in Picture Play for June, 1928.

POETICAL JOE.—And very good poetry, too! It lends just a dash—a soubrette—of novelty to this dull job, to get a set of questions in verse. If there were space, I’d hurl answers back in the same vein. Alice White’s hair, like a woman’s mood, is very changeable; but I understand her new contract forbids her trying new colors without First National’s consent. Audrey Ferris is five feet two; weight, one hundred and three. See CYNTHEA DARBOW and GINGER AYE. Mary Brian is five feet and weighs one hundred; Joan Crawford, five feet four; weight, one hundred and ten. Dolores Costello is twenty-three; Anita Page, eighteen; Lina Basquette, twenty-one. Norma Talmadge gives her birth date as 1897.

SENIOR BURTON E. ANDRÉZ.—Dorothy Sebastian was born in Birmingham, Alabama, April 26, 1905. She has brown hair and eyes. No, she is not married. She plays at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, and her latest release, at this writing, is “A Woman of Affairs.” Nils Asther has no new leading lady; he is east opposite various women stars—Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, and so on. As to whether he ever played in a war picture, “The Blue Danube” would probably be so considered.

KEITH FASSETT.—I hope you’ll continue to be a steady reader of Picture Play, though you do ask hard questions about serials, the casts of which are never sent out as feature-film casts are. Yes, Kathleen Myers does seem to have retired from the screen. She played in some quickie this past year, “A Gentleman Preferred.” Rex Lease is not serializing at present; he is playing in quickies. “The Younger Generation,” “Making the Variety,” “The Speed Classic,” Yes, Franklin Furnace has left the screen. The leads in the Pathé serial “The Fire Detective” were played by Hugh Allan, Gladys MeConnell, and Leo Maloney. Since five or six foreign films are released in this country every week, the newest one, by the time this gets into print, would be hard to guess.

WESLEY M. CLIFFORD.—Your question about Clara Bow’s films is rather puzzling. “Who directs her company?” Every one. “Three Weeks-ends” and “Red Hair” were directed by Clarence Badger; “Wings” and “Ladies of the Mob” by William Wellman; “The Fleet’s In” by Mal St. Clair, and so on, different directors for different pictures. Victor Seastrom directed “ Masks of the Devil.”

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“Dumb!” exclaimed the maestro.

“I should say not! They are the girls who stood out above all the rest in their dancing classes. They are girls with talent, grit, and initiative. They studied two, three, five, sometimes seven years, to win their first successes. You see these traits of character in the pupils who come for special training. Their personalities dominate. When Lillian Gish was here, she laughed and danced and played, with an abandon the world would never recognize. When May McAvo and Vikna Banky trained here they worked as though it was all a romp. Did you see that charming little tango that Alice White danced in ‘Show Girl’? One of my assistants taught her, and I think she did splendidly.”

Week in, week out, as the movies call for them to do special dances, they rush to the Belcher school. “Show me how it should be done!” they plead.

The maestro teaches them the rudimentary steps, and then, if the dance is complicated, or too intricate, he supplies a double to complete it before the camera. When it comes to Hungarian, Russian, or gypsy dances, or Nautch, Javanese, or Egyptian it is often necessary to call on one of the trained pupils to help out. To the discredit of the stars, however, let it be known that almost all the ordinary dances are executed by themselves, because they’ve had their training.

John and June Roper, now dancing in Berlin, are Belcher pupils. So are Georgia Graves, at present dancing in the “Folies Bergere” in Paris; Dorothy Dilley, who sprang into popularity in New York a few years ago in “The Music Box Review,” and Beth Beri, who is now also dancing abroad.

“One thing that might surprise you,” said Mr. Belcher, “is that in a year we’ve found only two cigarette buts in the girls’ dressing rooms. They get all the thrills they want from their dances, and do not have to turn to smoking for stimulation.”

Mr. Belcher is not alone in the field of professional dance-training. In movieland we find the Marion Morgan dancers, the Earl Wallace, and the Theodore Kosloff dancers, and many others.

Now, then, after these girls have completed their training—what? Where do they go? How do they find jobs? With these questions in mind, I went to Fanchon and Marco, producers of prologues, ballets, revues, and the like, for the movie theaters. There in the rehearsal hall were what appeared to be all the bare legs and naked arms west of Atlantic City. There were little round-figured kids fit for pony ballets. There were the slim, supple, straight bodies of girls of twenty. There were top dancers, hula dancers, girls who knew the steps of the Gypsy Bagger, the Russian Mazurka, the Nautch, and those who could execute that weird scene on the Stairs of the Theatre of Death,” that sensuous, exotic dance which is done by the slave girls of India. A glamorous aggregation of professionals trained by Belcher, Marion Morgan, Kosloff, and similar maestros.

“Two thousand at our beck and call,” said Fanchon. “Most of them trained for stage work. Seventeen companies on the road. The studios call almost daily for ballets, special dances, or girls to pose in ensembles, or as models. Girls! Girls! Girls! The Paramount studio asked for two hundred and fifty the other day, and we had then there in thirty minutes.”

Fanchon paused as a group of kids for a pony ballet went by chattering like magpies. They wore no skirts, but had on trunks and sandals.

“They start in at forty dollars a week,” she continued. “From that they earn as high as sixty dollars a week, increased two dollars at a time. Fifty per cent of those who come to us aspire to become solo dancers and get in on ‘the big time.’ The other fifty per cent arrive with no definite idea. Most of these want to know what we can do for them.

“‘There aren’t any special requirements as to size because we make up our ballets and ensembles in classes—assigning the girls to the group to which they belong. We got up a ‘Floradora Sextet’ last year, for instance, composed of girls five feet six, or more, and then one of the cutest little ballets you ever saw for Ted Doner, in which there wasn’t a girl more than five feet tall.”

“The principal requirement, of course, is a pretty figure. A long nose is fatal. Bow legs are a bane. Beyond the figure, the most important physical assets are good teeth and even features. A girl doesn’t have to be beautiful—just round and regular.

“The ideal size is about five feet four; weight, 118 to 125 pounds; bust, 28 to 30 inches, and waist 25 to 26 inches. These are about all that matter. The tallest girl we can use is about 5 feet 7. We get twice as many brunettes as blondes and, in fact, we find that many of the blondes who have made themselves that way, give up and come back to dark hair after a few months’ trial.”

“When a movie company sends word that it wants a ballet, of say, twenty-four girls, to execute a dance in harmony with such-and-such a scene, we telephone for a certain ‘herd,’ show them what is to be done and, trained as they are, with a little practice they are ready overnight. The beautiful dancing numbers you see in the movies are not taught in the studios. The dancers arrive there with their offering clothes on and then leave. It’s just a part of the scheme of things in picture making.”

When Bebe Daniels made “Take Me Home,” an entire company of trained dancers were provided by Fanchon and Marco. As Bebe had to take a place in the line, it was up to her to learn to dance the steps, which she did nicely, before the scenes were shot. This has happened with other actresses repeatedly, thus reversing the usual procedure of the sound pictures following the star.

“The present-day system of teaching in the public schools, of starting girls in tennis and gymnastic work, is having a most wholesome effect upon the girls of this country,” Fanchon continued. “The girl who can turn cartwheels, handsprings and do the drills now common, finds herself splendidly prepared to take up dancing. The Charleston and Black Bottom have been incentives to buck dancing, and physical-culture drills have helped pave the way for aero-batic dancing.

“We get about three classes of girls on our rolls. The first and best consists of chorus girls who have ambition combined with talent, and have studied a little. The second consists of girls who have gone to dancing school from time to time since they were tots. They’re not especially nice looking, but are independent and self-reliant. They’re not so good! The third class is made up of those who have gone to every kind of dancing school on earth.

“With the theaters and the movies demanding more and more girls, good pay is assured. Costumes are supplied, of course. On salaries ranging from forty to sixty dollars a week they can dress neatly, send a little money home, if necessary, and live well. Then there is always the chance of advancing into something better as they go along. They have learned that if they expect to remain at work, they must live carefully. Excesses will get them. Wild parties cannot be included in their daily routine. Many sad examples of such folly have been shown them in the past.”

“Then you mean,” I asked, “that these little ponies have become sweet, little mamma-girls, who stay at home and sew and read during idle hours?”

“Yes, to a certain extent. They’re...
The Newest Touch of Smartness

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S

Cosmetic Masterpieces

Paris-inspired, created by one who is artist as well as scientist, the cosmetic masterpieces of HELENA RUBINSTEIN are unquestionably the finest in all the world—and the most flattering!

Helena Rubinstein has perfected the one indelible lip-stick that gives the lips satinsmoothness and suppleness, as well as lasting color. Helena Rubinstein originated the rouges that not only enhance the skin, but actually protect and benefit it. And back of the marvelous powders that bear her name, is Helena Rubinstein’s genius for the blending of colors and textures. On sheer merit the powder creations of Helena Rubinstein maintain absolute supremacy.

Know the witchery of make-up, realize the full flower of your loveliness through these world-famed finishing touches. Build your beauty with Helena Rubinstein’s Specialized Preparations—enhance your beauty with her inimitable finishing touches. Her creations proclaim her the artist as well as the scientist!

The Perfect Foundation

Water Lily Foundation. Makes powder and rouge doubly adherent, doubly flattering. 2.00, 4.00.

A Powder Masterpiece!

Valaze Powder— the most exquisite powder in the world! Fragrant and wonderfully clinging. In an infinite variety of smart and flattering shades. 1.00, 1.50.

Irresistible Rouges

Valaze Rouges flatter and protect the skin. Red Raspberry for day time. Red Geranium for evening. Crushed Rose Leaves, the conservative tone. 1.00 to 5.00.

The Last Word in Indelible Lipsticks

Cubist Lipstick in two enchanting shades, Red Raspberry for day and Red Geranium for evening. 1.00. Water Lily Lipstick in Red Cardinal and Red Ruby. 1.25.

The Smartest Vanities

Water Lily Compacts in modishly colorful cases. Double, 2.50, 3.00. Single, 2.00, 2.50.

Heighten the Beauty of Your Eyes

with Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener, 1.00. Valaze Persian Eye Black (Mascara); adherent, yet does not make the lashes brittle, 1.00, 1.50. Valaze Eye Shadow (Compact or Cream), Brown, Black, Blue or Green, 1.00.

Your Daily Beauty Treatment

Cleanse with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Clear, refine and animate the skin with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—Helena Rubinstein’s skin-clearing masterpiece (1.00). Brace the tissues and tighten the pores with Valaze Skin-toning Lotion (1.25). Complete treatment—a two-months’ supply—with detailed instructions (3.25).

If there are blackheads, conspicuous pores, wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special (1.00). This unique preparation gently penetrates the pores, ridding them of all impurities. Use this preparation instead of soap.

Write to Helena Rubinstein, describing your skin and hair, and you will receive a Special Treatment Schedule. Ask for “Personality Make-up”—the booklet that tells you how to express your most beautiful you!
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 67

For Second Choice

"Case of Lena Smith, The"—Paramount. Esther Ralston splendid as tragic heroine of "the biography of a woman's success for the under- minority. Story of an humble mother's frantic struggle to keep her child despite humiliation and persecution, and in the end successful through his country James Hall and Fred Kohler.

"River, The"—Fox. Romantic, poetic and slow picture of sirens' unending effort to win an innocent country boy, who doesn't know what it's all about. Magnificent backgrounds of forest and stream and best acting of Charles Farrell's career, Mary Duncan can be a prey, promising sirens finally sublimated by love.

"Prep and Pep"—Fox. Amusing, engaging picture on the order of "The High-school Hero," with a number of delightful scenes and the background of a military training school. Must be seen to be appreciated. David Rollins, Frank Albertson, John Darrow, and Nancy Drexel.

"Last Warning, The"—Universal. Distinguished production of mystery thriller; unusual story, but only fairly interesting, because slow. Actor-manager Thomas Meighan scored success when theater reopened five years later with same play in hope guilty man will betray himself; he does. Laura La Plante, John Boles, Roy d'Arcy, Montague Love, George Mac, Margaret Livingston, and others.

"Romance of the Underworld"—Fox. Ordinary crook story embellished with shrewd, ironic touches and caricatures along interestingly amusing lines, especially Robert Elliott as nonchalant detective who befriends girl of underworld. Married to rich man ignorant of her past, she is blackmailed by former partner until detective extricates her. Mary Astor, Ben Bard, and John Boles.


"Captain Swagger"—Pathé. Trivial, but rather charming because of Rod La Rocque's d'bonair elegance and Sue Carol's delicious femininity. Story of gentleman adventurer who holds up autoworking girl from which he is a villain, and their subsequent romance.

"West of Zanzibar"—Metro-Goldwyn. Not as interesting as usually expected of Lou Chaney, but unusual atmosphere and voodooism of jungle natives help. An ivory trader plans elaborate revenge through supposed daughter of enemy, only to discover that girl is his own, and sacrifices his life to save her. Though Lionel Barrymore, and Warner Baxter.


"Lady of Chance, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. Elegant lady crook marries man, supposing him rich and expecting to win his money. Oh, he is poor, so she falls in love with him, confesses, is sent to jail, but is paroled at request of husband. Amusing moments, but pretty dull story. Mack Brown, Lowell Sherman, Glenn Lee, and the invaluable Polly Moran.

"Masks of the Devil"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert at his best as pseudo-villain whose handsome face conceals hideous soul, thus making profi gia attractive and easy to accomplish. He betrays his best friend in fascinating the friend's promised bride, but later when he sees in a mirror a reflection of himself as he really is. Unhappy ending, but glorious picture. Eva von Berner, Jeanne Delfan, John Ruben, Florence Theodore Roberts, and Ethel Wales capital.

"Three Week-ends"—Paramount. Lively, amusing story, typical of Clara Bow, as a chorus girl who eludes the traps of a rich man, to fall in love with a youth she supposed to be rich. On learning the truth she indignantly repulses him, only to swing a big business deal that makes her Miss Bow delightful. Neil Hamilton and Harrison Ford deftly amusing.

"Home-coming"—Paramount. Somber German picture, with foreign cast, but decidedly meritorious because of good acting and direction. Two soldier comrades are separated, one thinking the other dead. He goes to the latter's wife and, against his will, falls in love with her in the husband bringing about striking, unusually intelligent climax. Lars Hanson, Gustav Froehlich, and Dita Parlo.


"Wind, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lilian Gish in somber drama of devastat- ing war and character moral. Innocent Virginia girl goes to Texas cyclone belt to visit cousin's ranch, only to be swept into sinister and tragic undertow. Not a film for those in need of cheer, but superbly acted, intelligent picture for serious minority. Lars Hanson, Montagu Love, Dorothy Cumming, Edward Earle.

"Home-towners, The"—Warner. Continuous dialogue, expertly delivered by Ralph Bellamy, is the core of picture. Gladys Brockwell, with interruptions by Doris Kenyon and Robert Edeson, tells laughable story of small-town girl who tries to break up romance of rich, city friend and becomes jealous and enact performances, many laughs, but story weak.

"Woman Disputed, The"—United Artists. Elaborately produced story of man whose wife with her lover during the war, is asked to give herself to a Russian officer as his price for sparing the lives of her Austrian countrymen. She does so with saintly re- tance, and a whole army kneels to her in gratitude. Fairly entertaining, but silly. Norma Talmadge, Gilbert Roland, and Arnold Kent.

"On Trial"—Warner. Heavy melodrama of a husband accused of murder- ing his friend, and his justification shown by means of cut-backs, the scene changes swiftly to a last-minute courtroom confession. Entirely in dialogue, some of it very good, the picture is entertaining with- out anything the rave. Pau- line Frederick in subordinate role, Bert Lytell, Lois Wilson, Jason Rob- ards, Richard Tucker, Johnny Arthur, and an appealing child, Vondell Dar.

"Excess Baggage"—Metro-Goldwyn. William Holden at his best, in a rôle which demands more than jolly tomfoolery. The story of a small-town jigger, whose wife goes into the movies. Capital performances also by Josephine Dunn, Ricardo Cortez, and Neeley Edwards.


"Terror, The"—Warner Brothers. A movie with a picture which is too slow to make the most of thrilling situations and a murder plot. Louise Fazenda has an unusual rôle. The released view which one, has to keep in mind, are: May McAvoy, Edward Everett Horton, Alec Francis, Mathew Betz, Holmes Herbert, John Miljan, Otto Hoffman, Joseph Girard, and Paul Faustin.

"Lilac Time"—First National. A little bit of everything you've seen in all the other war pictures, but done on a big scale, with sound effects and an ef- fectful score. A boy and girl, whose Moore's capers dominate the first part and her emotional acting the second, so you can take your choice. Gary Cooper.

Recommended—With

Reservations

"Show Folks"—Pathé. Backstage vaudeville life à la mode, reminiscent of "Excess Baggage" and "Our Dancing Daughters." A higher rating girl to team with him, but when she succeeds he becomes jealous and fires her. His Broadway début a failure, she leaves her rehearsal and joins him to make

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When the Stars Dance
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just a bunch of colts, high-strung, wise—oh, woefully wise!” Fanchon replied. “When one of them wants a raise in salary, she comes in, looks you coldly in the eye, states her case, and says, ‘What about it? Do I get it?’ And if some one doesn’t treat her right, she proceeds to bawl that some one out with all the expressive words in the language. When she has finished, you know she’s done her best.” “Able to take care of herself, eh?” “Absolutely. And, oh, how she can dance!”

These dancing girls live in an exclusive circle, and have a dialect of slang replete with humor. They love their work, and while they may “beef” about recurring rehearsals, they wouldn’t quit, even for a “sugar daddy.” That is—some of them wouldn’t.

The Talkies Have a Birthday
Continued from page 47

The first year of the sound screen has showed that you have to be a good talker to get on in Hollywood these days. While there has been a reaction from the hundred per cent dialogue film, to the picture with only occasional conversation sequences, it is pretty definite that the latter type will be the most popular sort of screen entertainment. Whether it will ever completely eliminate the silent picture remains to be seen, but at any rate the stars of the future will have to be ready to say something if they are called upon.

The talking picture’s second birthday party will probably draw many more stars to its celebration, but those who are eating the first rich cake are already a prosperous and popular group. And the kid himself looks like a healthy, growing child.

Many happy returns of the day!

POURQUOI?
Are lovely girls in scanty dress Always saved from their distress?
Do spotless heroes always win The gay and charming heroine?
Are villains always put to rout, Defeated, when the lights go out?
When Jack and Jill are wed—with laughter—
Are they gay for ever after?
Long live the modern picture play—
I wish that life could be that way!

ALICE THORN FROST.

“Embarassing—but women must face this fact”

Says a woman doctor, authority on feminine hygiene

No longer need women fear offending others. Scientific deodorization* is a new feature of this modern sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

WOMEN who have had the advantage of medical advice already realize the importance of this latest discovery of Kotex Laboratories. Many others—unconscious offenders—should be told of this danger and how to avert it. There is no doubt that they are at times offensive to others, in the world of business, in society—wherever they meet people. This knowledge, which once brought miserable self-consciousness, is now accepted easily, because the difficulty is entirely overcome. Each Kotex pad is now treated, by patented process, to banish all odor.

No evidence of sanitary protection
All conspicuous bulkiness has been eliminated, by a new method of rounding and tapering corners of the pad. It fits snugly and securely, providing greater mental as well as physical comfort.

All the former superiority
Kotex is easy to adjust to suit your individual needs. It is, as always, amazingly absorbent. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference to women. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier than you thought possible.

Try the Improved Kotex—buy a box this very day. 45c for twelve, at any drug, dry goods or department store; also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Use Super-size Kotex
Formerly 50c—Now 65c
Super-size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use plus the greater protection which comes with extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Disposable in the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable the first day or two, when extra protection is essential. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Its added layers of fuller mean added comfort.

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,070,387.)
head for the bright lights of Los Angeles and the fleshpots of Main Street. Only the staid, the blasé, and the "broke" remain in the water-town.

Shabbily dressed men stand on street corners, contentedly sucking on their pipes and surveying life with an expansive air. It's great to be ashore for a night or two. Everything is new and interesting to sea eyes. They follow a passing Ford as if they had never seen one before. The sight of a beautiful, smartly dressed woman affects them like a comet. They are absorbed in a billboard proclamation that Charlie Chaplin has successfully passed the blindfold test by selecting So-and-so's cigarettes.

A big crowd has gathered in front of a store in breathless attention. One looks in vain for robbery, fire, or traffic collision, but it is merely a shopkeeper raising an advertising banner. In the crowd are men who have gone through the horrors of fire and shipwreck, who have seen the wonders of every port in the world; who have committed murder and matrimony; who have experienced all that life has to offer. Yet they are fascinated by a banner which announces that gents' fashion pants sell for $10.50.

Cheap theaters of the nickelodeon era are filled with seamen thirstily drinking in the wonders of Hollywood. The shallow and maudlin philosophy of life in tawdry pictures, and the sugary endings, which they, who have lived the seamy side of life, know to be false, are not challenged. It is their first entertainment after weeks of sea and star. A starving man does not question the quality of his food and drink.

Hunger! A New England schoolboy who is seeing the world by working his way on ships, looks on new scenes with eager, burning eyes. On a dark street a shabbily dressed man sidles up to one and pleads that he is "on the beach," broke, and hasn't eaten in two days. Out in the harbor an oil tanker lies anchored, waiting until the morrow to move into dock.

Sea-weary eyes look wistfully at the shore lights, at the sparkling flames of the Long Beach midway, and one voices the feelings of all when he exclaims, "What I wouldn't give to be out there to-night, with fifty dollars in my pocket!"

At the Sea Service Bureau, the agency which assigns jobs on outgoing ships, there is expectancy. Seamen who have had their days ashore, and have gone through their slim wages from the last cruise stand in line, waiting for another. Those more recently paid off saunter in, speak to acquaintances, and look over the proffered jobs with the discriminating eye of men who are in no hurry to ship out. Some, who have watched pictures in the making, discuss the possibility of working in the movies. There is an agency in Los Angeles which handles seamen wanted for extra work in sea pictures. But two to the seaman who falls into a soft movie job of several weeks' duration at high wages. Often it completely demoralizes him, and adds one more victim to the hordes of the hungry, but hopeful, extras along Poverty Row, who eternally wait for the lucky break that will put them on easy street, while they dodge the landlady and try to beg the price of coffee and doughnuts.

Some nights the sevenights of the Pacific fleet sweep the harbor, surpassing the first-night demonstrations of Hollywood. Some nights the sea fog creeps back over Nigger Slough, beating the old port in mystery. Then one can imagine Cabrillo and his swarthy crew sailing into the marshy bay and naming it "Bay of the Smokes," in the days when California was a lonely land, inhabited only by Indians so primitive that they lived on insects and grass.

Little did Cabrillo think, with all his dreams of gold, that the lonely bay would one day be a Mecca of movie makers, the El Dorado of water-front stuff, and that its scenes would be flashed on the motion-picture screens of every country of the world.

The Regal Courts of Filmdom

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have a certain deep devotion for the people who have worked with them for years, and above all, the majority of them undertake alone to manage their affairs. Necessarily they must build up a corps of assistants in their film-making activities, and a consider-
The Stroller
Continued from page 55

The city which lacks new ideas for plots and treatment of movie stories finally has an excuse for its failure in this field. It's too damned busy thinking up ways to get more money.

Few stars have shrived ideas in a business way—but one has just succeeded in perpetrating a gigantic hoax on his boss, with the result that he is cashing in at the rate of a thousand a week.

Some producers gauge the star's salary by the box-office returns of the pictures the star is in. Others, realizing that a poor picture is not necessarily the fault of the star, believe that his following is the barometer of his success, and so keep in close touch with the fan-mail situation.

At a certain studio the producer noted that one of his stars was suddenly receiving about twice the amount of mail he usually got. He saw visions of greater returns on the star's pictures, and forthwith raised the star's salary.

I've known press agents who wrote glowing letters to fan-magazine editors and sent them to distant relatives to mail, and then have seen this publicity in type.

But this is the first time I ever heard of a star writing himself fan mail. In an off moment a friend of the star revealed that the actor had subscribed to a fan-letter syndicate in New York, which had a chain of several thousand correspondents around the country who wrote in praising the star, and asking for a photograph, at the bidding of the head office.

The star paid all expenses to the syndicate, including a sizable profit. The syndicate, in turn, paid the expenses of the writers and salved them in various ways.

At the University of Southern California is a professor of physics who is making hundreds of dollars a week on the side, telling studios how sounds bounce around the walls and ceilings of rooms.

If a studio calls him up to ask a question about building sound-proof stages, he refuses to talk until he is promised fifty dollars for his answer.

The extent of the professor's sound experiments consists of measuring sound waves of pipe organs. He never before played with such big things as one and two-hundred-foot stages.

Nevertheless, studio officials are babes in the reverberation racket, and a professor of physics seems as if

Continued on page 115

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or
$2,750.00
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Someone who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a fully equipped 7-Passenger, Advanced Six Nash Sedan, or its full value in cash ($2,000.00). We are also giving away a Dodge Sedan, a Brunswick Phonograph and many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A. outside of Chicago.

Solve This Puzzle

There are 7 cars in the circle. By drawing 3 straight lines you can put each one in a space by itself. It may mean winning a prize if you send me your answer right away.

$750.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the many valuable prizes and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash, we are also giving a Special Prize of $750.00 in Cash for Promptness. First prize winner will receive $2,750.00 in cash, or the Nash Sedan and $750.00 in cash. In case of tied duplicate prizes will be awarded each one tying. Solve the puzzle right away and send me your answer together with your name and address plainly written. $1,500.00 in prizes—EVERYBODY REWARDED.

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Theodore M. Wadsworth

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HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE

Theodore M. Wadsworth
generally grumpy, her face streaked, and her hair tangled. Her dress seems to get torn and her knees scratched oftener than any one else's. When she has eaten an orange, the evidence is visible all over her face, hands, and dress.

With strangers she is friendly, but silent. She likes to sit on their knees, examine their pocketbooks and play with their jewelry. Her ingratiating grin is ever present, and if she is asked a question it spreads even broader, and she wriggles and squirms in embarrassment. It is only after long, preliminary contortions that she will reply that she likes "Our Gang" better than Sennett's.

Mary Ann's personality is as definite as Chaplin's, and she is as distinctive among children as Chaplin is among adults. Supremely unconscious that she possesses it, Mary Ann has an instinct for comedy, with methods of projecting it that would be called subtle were she aware of them. Robert McGowan, the director of "Our Gang," says that Mary Ann scarcely needs to be told what to do. She does things her own way, and her spontaneity never misses any point the director wishes to make.

Already Mary Ann has bought a ten-thousand-dollar house, and has a bank account that will assure her of comfort when she reaches an age where a dollar bill is more interesting than a shiny, new nickel.

The dauphin of juvenile filmdom is Philippe De Lacy. His history is too widely known to repeat more than briefly. A Belgian by birth, discovered by Edith De Lacy, Red Cross nurse, in the cellar of a house which had been demolished by the Germans. Then a baby of a few weeks, he was adopted by Miss De Lacy and brought to Hollywood. He is a veteran of pictures, and his name in the cast gives a picture prestige. His talent lies particularly in the dramatic field, but his emotional scenes are never maudlin. His work has dignity and poise, and he is so ravishingly beautiful that hard-boiled cutters quail at deleting one of his close-ups.

Within the last year he has shot up into the beginnings of coltish young boyhood. There are several large teeth filling the vacant spaces of a few months back. He is a baby no longer, but so far his beauty has not been marred by the appearance of adolescence. He is in as great demand as ever, and has bought the elaborate hillside home of the late Barbara La Marr. He is a charming younger of princely bearing and graceful manners. He looks like an illustration out of Hans Christian Andersen, even when he is battered from the scraps he gets into, or grumpy from baseball.

A newcomer to the ranks of the juvenile elite is Jane La Verne, who achieved meteoric success in her first picture. Reginald Denny had had in mind the story of "That's My Daddy." One day, on the set, he noticed the wife and daughter of one of the electricians looking on. Attracted by the child, he talked to her and was convinced that she would fit the role of Pudge. Her parents agreed to her working, and the picture was begun. Then Denny found in Jane possibilities far surpassing what he had expected. Generously he added to her role, and gave her abundant footage, with the result that she stole the picture and caused seasoned critics to break out in superlatives. Since then she has worked at other studios, but returned to Universal for "Show Boat." Jane doesn't quite know what has happened to her. She only knows that a studio is an exciting place, and the people are so nice. She doesn't know that she has a flair for drama.

Her full name is Mary Jane, and she is a small beauty, with liquid, brown eyes and silky yellow hair. She is quiet, gentle, and well-behaved. Although shy, she makes polite conversation in a soft, little voice. Her mother is inclined to dress her in frills and furbelows, but Jane herself is a delightful, natural child. There are nuances in her delicate personality that indicate the material for a splendid person. Her mother lays stress on the necessity of "training" —and by Jane's apprehensive expression I gathered she meant whipping—but even despite this, at least some portion of Jane's possibilities may be developed.

On the set she sits quietly, being careful to keep her dress clean. She prefers ladylike card games and picture puzzles. She adores Reginald Denny, and it is possible that they may do another picture together.

These particular children, although among the most celebrated, form only a small part of the cinema kindergarten. It is a class from which directors may draw the finest of spontaneous talent, the richest fund of unaltered sincerity of expression. And the exponents, except for the irksome hours of school behind the scenes, have such royal fun as was confined, heretofore, to the children in unbelievable storybooks.
Irish and Proud of It

Continued from page 100

spectator remark during the showing of "Easy Come, Easy Go," in which Miss Carroll played opposite Richard Dix, "I'll bet that girl's a hot baby!"

"Indeed, she is not," exclaimed Mrs. La Hiff, in high dudgeon; "that's my daughter!"

Once Mrs. La Hiff began to talk on the subject, there was no stopping her; she talked her way right into the manager's office in the local theater.

Next day the electric light sign outside the theater no longer read, RICHARD DIX, in "Easy Come, Easy Go," but NANCY CARROLL, in "Easy Come, Easy Go."

But with all the good roles that Miss Carroll's fine work has earned for her—and every one remembers "The Shopworn Angel"—she says that she prefers her part in "The Water Hole" for its genuine humor. For you see Nancy Carroll, née La Hiff, has inherited from that fine, old mother of hers the fund of real humor which enabled Mrs. La Hiff to pilot twelve children through their sorrows, struggles, and pitfalls, and retain a winsome twinkle in her eye.

He Doesn't Like Liver

Continued from page 43

His voice petered off in a hush, but I presumed that he meant to convey that he was never so happy as when alone in the garden of his flowers.

"Do you know how I spent Christmas Day?" His voice had regained its magnetism, and the question was fairly shot at me. I was just getting ready to guess, when he suggested that I would probably laugh. I promised not to.

"I spent the day in red pajamas," he began, and stopped abruptly. I thought to myself that the color scheme was most appropriate. Christmas and red pajamas.

"All day long I lay on my bed and played Bach! Drinking in his divine melodies. Opening my heart, my soul, to them. Bach, Bach, Bach. Without a peer. Bach. You know his music, of course?"

Never in his most embarrassing moment, when caught at a Hollywood party without a high ball, could Mr. Schildekraut have felt so lacking as I—who am practically without any understanding of Bach with, or without, a peer.

My blank expression must have served as his cue to let that one pass. He added tactfully, "Anyway, I can see that you are a very sensitive person. A person with such long fingers as yours is necessarily sensitive. Why do you bother with these uninteresting interviews?"

Just to see what would happen, I told the truth.

"Money? Nonsense. Money doesn't really mean anything to you. To me it means less than nothing. I am probably the only actor in Hollywood who will tell you that I am not in pictures for the money. You may ask me, why do I remain here? Why do I not return to New York, or Europe, or to my beloved Vienna, center of the world's culture? I will tell you.

"I remain in Hollywood for my health. Unfortunately, the climate agrees with me. Again, I like pictures. I am extremely enthusiastic about 'Show Boat,' for instance. I think it should be a great picture. I think, in 'Ravenal,' I have the best male rôle of the season. It has everything—romance, life, color."

"When I was in the hospital recently, the picture was previewed. Naturally I did not see it. But in my place went my father. You know my father, Rudolph Schildekraut? Well, he is a beloved, impatient, and rest- less old devil, but he liked the picture and paid me the supreme compliment of saying he could remember no outstanding performance in it. That means that it is good. When we remember the acting of one particular player, it means that there is something wrong with the whole. Do you see what I mean? When the unit is perfect, the parts cannot be noticed!"

He continued, "No, as long as I remain in Hollywood I want to be identified with pictures. Not for any amount of money would I consent to return to the stage—naturally I refer to the Los Angeles stage. Let them think of me always as Liliom, or Peer Gynt. I do not care to be torn to pieces by audiences with whooping cough, or by pseudo-critics."

"Though I didn't say so, I thought that seemed too bad. It's a shame to deprive even Los Angeles of the opportunity of watching Joseph in the flesh. There's a part of his personality the camera doesn't pick up, if you know what I mean. A certain suave, exquisite charm that he saves for the garden of his flowers.

3

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The picture world remembers well the rôle of *Hertha*, which Barbara played with the great Gilbert and Garbo. It drew the first real attention to her. When she returned to Universal, Hoot Gibson asked for her services in one of his Westerns.

"I don't want to play in Westerns!" Barbara pouted. "I won't! I've had enough Western experience to last me the rest of my life."

She didn't play in any more Westerns, either. She just decided to wait for another of those breaks which always were coming.

"It'll come," she said stoutly. "I'll get it yet." Did she? Well, rather! She attended a party, or rather an open house, where celebrities dropped in for a few moments throughout the day. This one and that one arrived and, eventually, Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis. Miss Kent was introduced. A few moments later, Harold and Mildred were seen standing at one side, conversing in low voices and closely watching Barbara. Lloyd had searched Hollywood from end to end, and taken tests of a score of actresses, in quest of a new leading lady. Here at last he—

"Harold Lloyd wants to know if you can come to the studio for a little talk?" a voice at the telephone said next day. "He wants you to take a test, too."

Break No. 6 had come—the biggest of all, the one which made her dance in elation.

"I got the part!" she exclaimed to Mamma Cloutman when she came home. "Isn't this a wonderful, wonderful world!"

I saw Barbara at the studio shortly afterward. Vivid, level-headed, anilous, as pretty as a cameo, she radiates the spirit of the open spaces. There is about her the freshness of a girl from the prairies, combined with the poise of a girl from a finishing school. Discerning, energetic, frank, she is far from being in the class which many have designated as "beautiful but dumb."

"When I lived in Canada," Barbara said, "my idol of the films was Hoot Gibson. 'Oh,' I thought, 'how I'd like to see and know that big, strong cowboy!' We didn't see many Harold Lloyd films out there. We wanted Westerns, and Westerns we got.

"The idea of entering pictures never entered my head when we left Canada and came to California. I never even dreamed of some time becoming leading lady for Harold Lloyd and, in fact, thought nothing of it when I was introduced to him at that party. The biggest thrill I ever had was when they asked me to come to the studio to see him. Is there any girl who wouldn't thrill over such a call?"

"I think my biggest disappointment was when I failed to get the rôle of the heroine in 'Broadway,' which Universal was making when they lent me to Mr. Lloyd. I went home and cried and cried. Right after I had blubbered my best, came the call for this picture. In two seconds I was doing a jungle dance, or some such wild thing, all over the house."

"But it's always been that way with me—the breaks came when least expected. I get at low ebb sometimes, then something pops. But before the pop I usually am in the mood for a good cry and I get just as much comfort out of it as other girls do."

"I think that next to the thrill I had in being called for Mr. Gilbert's and Mr. Lloyd's pictures, my happiest moment was when I went back to Canada a year or so ago and was welcomed by the mayor and the townspeople as a celebrity. Gee, it was great to be there with old friends and see the prairies and the wheat fields and the long roads down which I used to ride!"

The girl from a lonely homestead on the Canadian plains steps into a niche alongside Bebe Daniels, Jobyna Ralston, and Ann Christy as a Harold Lloyd leading lady. She brings a personality to the screen which will probably make a thousand other aspiring girls wish they had been raised somewhere in the prairie country instead of in steam-heated apartments.

PATIENCE

Hush, little feature film,
Don't you cry;
You'll be pure as snow
By and by.

M. K. Roof.
Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 100

dedication ceremonies at the Roosevelt Hotel recently. It was dif-
ficult to tell just what was dedicated, but it was an elaborate party,
anyway.

Sophie Tucker was mistress of ceremonies, but didn't appear until
so late in the evening, on account of working in a picture, that several
understudies had to take her place. Sophie, "Ukulele Ike," Pat Rooney,
and Marion Bent; Mr. and Mrs. Charles King, singing "You Were
Meant For Me" from "The Broadway Melody," were among the
entertainers. Certain song numbers were inclined to be a trifle azure.
But there was much more liveliness than usually prevails at such an
affair. Well-known stars sat gracefully silent during most of the evening,
but were so amply adorning that one was not interested in whether they
did stunts or not.

Academy Awards Honors

If you have challenges to make, or objections to issue, prepare to make
and issue them now. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences
has announced its awards for the most important film achievements in
1928. They are as follows:

Best performance among actors—Emil Jannings, for his work in "The
Last Command" and "The Way of All Flesh." Honorable mention—

Best performances among actresses—Janet Gaynor, for "Seventh
Heaven," "Sunrise," and "Street Angel." Honorable mention—Glora
Swanson for "Sadie Thompson," and Louise Dresser, in "A Ship Comes In."

The directors approved were Frank
Borza for "Seventh Heaven,"
Herbert Brenon for "Sorrell and
Son," King Vidor for "The Crowd."
A separate award was made for
comic direction, to Lewis Milestone,
who filmed "Two Arabian Knights,"
and Ted Wilde for Harold Lloyd's
"Speedy." Scenarists, title writers,
camera men, art directors, and others
were also cited for approval. "Wings"
was rated the best picture on box-
office returns, and "Sunrise" the most
unusual and artistic. "The Jazz
Singer" was considered the best
pioneering effort, and Chaplin's "The
Circus" was regarded as the picture
of greatest individual enterprise, as
Charlie produced, directed, wrote,
and acted in the film.

Bronze and gold statuettes were
given as awards.

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you find the second key you will win $2,000.00 in CASH and a brand new
HUDSON COACH. Read your name today. We will let you know at once how
close you are to winning, how to get the $2,000.00 first prize and make the new
HUDSON COACH yours. There will be no delay in giving you your award for
correcting this puzzle, so mark your answer at ONCE!

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Address her as follows:

MADAME ANNETTE, Graduate Astrologer

51 Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass.
George—As He Is
Continued from page 34

In due time—a bit overdue, George was beginning to think—he was relieved of the precocious routine of extra work. After bits and negligible roles he was “discovered” and placed in celebrity by “The Iron Horse.” His popularity has been gathering momentum ever since, but it was not until “Sunrise” that he was recognized as a fine actor instead of, as heretofore, a pleasing person.

He likes being a star, but doesn’t take it to heart. He would like all his pictures to be good, but when one falls short he isn’t depressed. He maintains a healthy balance, rare in Hollywood, by virtue of the fact that he has activities just as absorbing outside the studio as in it. Physical fitness is important to him and, although he does not make a fetish of it, its attending routine is his chief pastime. There are swimming, riding, tennis, football, handball, and basketball. He is on the Fox basketball team, composed of Charlie Farrell, Barry Norton, Charles Morton, and other Fox actors, and the notices on his last picture did not afford him as much glee as the account of how they lacked the Richfield Oil team.

He has a boat that is dear to his soul. On it he cruises indolently up and down the coast, exploring sea ways and courting storms. He loves the sea and is never happier than when either in or on it. He feels a kinship with all sailors, and one of his greatest sources of pride is the unfailing Christmas telegram from the gang on “The Vainest Dog in the Movies.”

The deepest and finest influence in George’s life has always been that exerted by his father, Dan O’Brien, chief of police of San Francisco. Almost anything you say or do is apt to remind George of something his father pulled. His filial pride and devotion are intense and unwavering.

Mr. Henry took King Tut to the Beverly Dog and Cat Hospital for inspection. Doctor G. M. Eisenhower looked him over.

“He needs to have his face lifted,” the surgeon said.

“Really?”

“Yes! And he needs to have his eyebrows plucked. Too much hair all around his eyes, too.

They put King Tut on the operating table, administered an anesthetic and the surgeon went to work with tweezers, scalpel, and needle. The annoying eyebrows were plucked, the lower lid slit just beneath the lashes and narrow strips removed, and then the incisions were sewed together. The result was wider eyes and enlarged vision, and King Tut emerged with a new face. Now he’s back at work with a new outlook on life, full of pep, and very much of a showman.

“He high-hats the other dog actors who haven’t had their faces lifted,” his owner says.
Big Men and Big Books

If it's action you want, the thrilling stories of brave-hearted deeds, then ask your bookseller to show you the fine, cloth-covered books that bear the "CH" mark on their handsome jackets. "CH" books cost only 75 cents apiece.

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Robert J. Horton
Advertise

Love Makes the Man

Continued from page 57

They built their house, a rather
small one, designing it themselves, and it is charming. A large living
room, with a red tile floor. Up
several steps into a large bedroom in
front, forming an L. On the back a
guest room, dining room, kitchen, and
maid’s room.

They wanted a tiled patio. But
tiled patios are expensive, so they
bought the tiles and laid them them-
selves. Five hundred red tiles. Dick
and Joby worked two whole days put-
ting them down.

In the side yard is a concrete pool.
This, too, they made themselves. Joby
mixed the concrete, and Dick
troweled it in, or whatever it is he
does to concrete. Such jobs were
easy for him, he explained, because
of his struggling years when he did
any kind of work which brought in a
few dollars.

The white stucco house has green
shutters. Dick made the shutters and
together they applied the green paint.

The flower garden is Jobyna’s
handiwork. Every day she goes out
and tends her flowers.

Surrounding the lawn is a wisty,
wan little hedge about ten inches
high, just beginning its career.

“Be
careful, don’t step on the hedge,”
Dick will warn you. Otherwise you
wouldn’t notice it was there. But
they know it’s there—they set out
eyery little plant themselves.

Inside the house Joby beams when
you comment on the bedroom cur-
tains, or the dresser scarves which
she made herself, or the lovely, lace
bedspread which gives elegance to
the huge, low bed.

The dressing table was once in the
home of William Farnum, for all the
Arlen furniture was bought at auc-
tions. That means labor and pa-
tience. Trudging around auction
rooms, selecting good pieces, attend-
ing sales, searching for bargains.

No wonder they love that house.
No wonder they have settled down
and don’t care to go out much at
night. When one’s house has been
assembled, hit bit by bit, through untir-
ing, loving effort, it is indeed a home.

But their home won’t be complete,
Joby and Dick feel, until there are
children. They mean to have a fam-
ily. Every week they are laying aside
a certain percentage of their earn-
ings. Establishing a trust fund for
the great day when they can afford
to have children. Movie career are
tricky things, and they want to save
three hundred thousand dollars as in-
surance for the future, no matter
what happens to their respective jobs.

And then Dick would like to have
a try at the stage, in order to round
out his experience. Oh, their plans
are carefully laid. Common sense, as
well as romantic, is the foundation
of their marriage.

Yet, when Johyna married Rich-
ard several years ago, every one
thought she was crazy. Just throw-
ing herself away.

“Dick Arlen?” There were raised
eyebrows. “Why Dick Arlen?”

For Joby was one of the belles of
Hollywood, with suitors getting in
one another’s way on her doorstep.
A lawyer, a very successful press
agent, and George Lewis, to whom
she was once engaged, and who
wouldn’t look at another girl for
months after Johyna changed her
mind.

Plenty of suitors to choose from,
and she chose Dick Arlen, at that
time, just an obscure actor who had
been hanging around the studios for
five years without getting anywhere.
Probably he never would get any-
where. The most he had accom-
plished so far was a lot of advice to
give it up and try some other job;
he’d never amount to much as an
actor.

But Dick wouldn’t give up, largely
because he didn’t know what else to
do. He too began to fear he’d never
amount to much at anything. His
contract with Paramount paid him a
small salary forty weeks in the year,
but he got no roles.

Once, in disgust, he got tired of
waiting around and decided to take a
real vacation. He went to New York
for three months, without telling any
one. He wondered if he would even
be missed at the studio.

On the night of his return, he re-
cieved a phone call to report at the
studio next morning.

“That settles me,” he told himself.

“I’m fired.”

But luck was with him. He was
being summoned for a small role; the
company didn’t even know he’d been
gone.

Yes, Dick was quite irresponsible
when Joby married him. Irrespon-
sible and obscure. No wonder every
one thought she was crazy. Even
Dick couldn’t credit his senses.

“It was wonderful of Joby to
marry me,” he will tell you. “She
took an awful chance. I’d no money,
no prospects, nothing.”

But from the time of their engage-
ment, life was changed for Richard.
He tried hard for a rôle in “Wings,”
because Jobyna was cast for the pic-
ture, and the company was going to
San Antonio, Texas, on location.
The picture put him over.
Dick had been a lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps; he was an expert pilot. William Wellman, the director, had been a buddy of Dick, and wanted him to have the part.

The result is common knowledge. Dick got the part and made a great hit. Since then, Wellman usually demands Dick for his pictures. And Richard will go on for hours telling you how grateful he is to Wellman for giving him his first real chance—for having faith in him when no one else did.

Except Jobyna, of course. Jobyn, in the days when every one said she was crazy, must have thought Dick had worth-while possibilities, that here was a man who needed only to be set on his feet.

With Joby's love to inspire him, that's exactly what happened. With her devotion, he has become a much changed man—reliable, sincere, straightforward, one of the most likable men in Hollywood.

Every one will tell you how marriage has improved Dick Arlen. But Jobyna always had faith in him, and she turned out to be right.

The Stroller
Continued from page 107
he ought to be able to speak with authority. But one either frank or envious physicist told me that the construction of the stage had nothing to do with echoes; that any stage would echo if the sound was at a certain distance from the walls.

Which doesn't in the least lessen the night terror I had last Saturday, when I opened a book for the purpose of reading it and the damned thing started to talk to me. I've sworn off cheese for midnight munches.

When Fox brought more than twenty hack dramaturgs from New York to Hollywood to dialogize, the Hollywood hacks yelled as lustily as a little boy who'd lost his candy.

After paying these writers for three months, and getting nothing from them, a special car was charted and they were forthwith returned to the city of great achievement.

It was rumored that several others, who came out on their own and got brief jobs with Paramount, were riding blind baggage on the same train.

There still aren't more than seven dialogue writers in town.
An Opportunity for Young Men

An old, established firm offers a chance to sell a standard product, and grow

Only one class of men will be interv-

olated. They are the young men, per-

haps in their twenties and fresh from college, who are wondering what line of busi-

ness to enter. Or the young fellows who now have an inside position and want to get out in the selling game to broaden their income and experience.

In short, they are the class of men who are willing to work and learm and build their future with us. And to such men we wish to tell our story.

The John B. Wiggins Company, has, in the past seventy years, developed a national business in all forms of copper and steel-plate engraving. Most of this has been carried on up to the present time by mail. But now we desire to establish direct repre-

sentation and to engage a few clean-

cut young men who will be a credit to us. We promise that they may be in their twenties, and sufficiently well educated to be able to converse intelligently. Each will be assigned to a certain district in his home, and be permitted to contact prospective customers and show them, from the beginning, the actual engraving machine of our company.

Experience is unnecessary; we would prefer to select our own way of selling our product. They will be on a commission basis.

Each will be given an opportunity to advance and connect himself permanently with this firm.

Orders by letter only, please. If you are interested, we would be glad to have a letter directly from you enclosing a reference some prominent business acquaintance.

THE JOHN B. WIGGINS CO.
Established 1857
1169 Fullerton Ave. Chicago, III.

A Girl Who Had No Childhood

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“That was probably the happiest period of my life. Because I didn’t think, then. Life was just one grand whoopee. It was fun, so help me Heaven, to be alive. If I had good luck, that was fine. If I had bad luck, I didn’t have sense enough to realize it. When I fell in love—a state I’m always in—it was another grand triumph there was a Santa Claus. After my drab childhood in the convent, the world looked like a story by Hans Christian Andersen. I was dumb and dippy—and happy.

“When I fall in love nowadays, I keep it to myself and don’t risk expos-

ing it to the light of day. I don’t even let the person I love know about it, for that would be the beginning of the end. Without mutual trust and perfect understanding love can’t thrive. I don’t believe in the ex-

istence of either, any more. When I trust a man, it means he has one foot in the grave.”

Mary’s cynicism—which encompassed not only love, but practically everything—is understandable in the face of the disaster which threatened to wreck not only her career, but her life.

When she was eighteen she was inad-

vertently involved in one of those sen-

sational contretemps that caught the public’s fancy, and was therefore widely exploited by the newspapers.

The name of Imogene Wilson was broadcast across the country in big screechheads. Old ladies in Keokuk cried their tongues at mention of it. Parents cited it to show their daugh-

ters what happened to girls who went on the stage. In New York every one assured the lovely Imogene that as far as a career was concerned, she was done for.

“You can’t explain to people that newspapers will do anything, sacri-

fice any one, to get a story and keep it going. Until they’ve been hit themselves, people don’t realize that. It was no use trying to convince them. New York was out, but there was still a lot of land left. I went to Europe. I wouldn’t be licked. I could still pass a mirror and look myself in the eye unashamed. A clear conscience is the only weapon against calamities and scandal-mongering.”

She spent her nineteenth birthday

in London, with some friends, pros-

pects, or a dive. The next day she boldly entered the branch office of a German film company. They couldn’t know that the Imogene Robertson, who presented herself as an Ameri-

can star, had been Imogene Wilson, Broadway chorus girl. She was beautiful and convincing. They signed

her and at once dispatched her to Germany.

For three years Imogene Robertson starr ed in German films, a few of which are being released here. Even in the first she was a star. And what is more, she was a good one.

In three years she made thirteen pictures. Then Joseph M. Schenck, during a trip abroad, signed her. Re-

turning to this country, her first pic-

ture was “Sorrell and Son.” Un-

iversal bought her contract from Uni-

ted Artists and will retain her serv-

ices for three more years.

It was Mr. Schenck who christened her Mary Nolan.

“I should be either a school-teacher or a bride, with that name. But I like it. It suits one part of me—the nicer part. Mary is an awfully nice person—sane and sensible and easy to get along with. Imogene, on the other hand, is a great care. She is flighty and reckless, and I don’t encourage her at all. She is a black sheep. It is for Mary that I entertain great hopes.”

It is Mary, then, who predominates now. An earnest, warm-hearted per-

son who works very hard and lives sanely, quietly. Having exhausted the possibilities of what is known as “night life,” she prefers comparative solitude and has discovered a growing failing for a tranquil fireside. Theaters, opera, dancing, prize fights are occasional diversions. Movies are more frequent. She adores them. Later in the afternoon she went guiltily over the misfortunes of Lupe Velez, in “Lady of the Pavements.” Lupe, incidentally, is one of her closest friends and the object of her intense admiration.

Like most cynics, Mary is basically a sentimentalist. Although she enjoys variety in the range of her screen roles, she would like most of all to do charming love stories, of the type with which Vilma Banky is identified, contending that there, anyway, she could satisfy her own repressed urge for illusions and pristine romance.

Whatever she does is bound to be grand to look at. And, if absorbing sincerity means anything, interesting as her interests. They to, for them as be-

lieves in the law of recompense, it will be gratifying to see Mary continue in success when, by all standards of mortal weakness, she should have been extinguished by the disas-

ter that would have sent most people running to cover. Should have been extinguished—but wasn’t! Give her a hand.
Indeed, achievement has not succeeded ambition without interruption: it has been the full fruit of heartaches.

Rebellion is not regarded favorably in Hollywood. The wise ones catalogue people; and when eminences seek to become eagles, it is an insult to their sagacity. Hollywood commented variously on Lois' rebellion, but seldom, except among her friends, encouragingly. Almost a traditional convention had been flouted. Lois, the goody-goody, kicking heels along with the silly flappers.

Some thought it absurd; some professed to be a little sad about it, startling their fondness for Lois. There was nothing censurable in her actions, merely that the model had stepped down from her dais and joined in the melee. Why don't these ideal people remain in their own high places?

Being neither a colonial figure nor a sampler lady, Lois has derived a great kick out of it all. In addition to proving herself, there has been the thrill of causing consternation. As shadows across the sunlight of her freedom were worries, wondering, needing, she didn't work for nine months, if she had been merely capricious, if she were worthy only of the prosaic and dull, a nesting; not meant to fly.

Her chance came, with breath-taking suddenness. When Eddie Horton opened his theater, she was spending the week-end out of town. On Tuesday she returned and stopped in to congratulate him, saying that she would see the play on Friday evening.

"No, you won't," she said, dryly.

"Yes, Eddie. I've just reserved tickets for Friday." "You will not see the show Friday," he replied. "You will be in the show."


Meanwhile, the producers recognized their own doorstep talent, and the Warner microphone picked up her voice in "On Trial," "Kid Glove," "The Conquest," and "The Gamblers." Her screen enunciation has tended toward the dramatic, and her roles are sophisticated. In Columbia's "Object—Matrimony," she plays a gay divorcée.

Her contract with Warners contains a reciprocity clause, granting her vacations for stage appearances. How calm and slow she used to be—how revitalized she is!

Some of that aura of gentle womanhood which surrounded Lois was of gossamer stuff. Her skill with the needle was exaggerated, her culinary art extolled. Of English ancestry, the family is strictly conventional, and the girls were taught the domestic crafts. But Lois, somehow, became the model of all these hearthside virtues, and walked the treadmill of studio, home, and concert, until a chance remark gave outlet to her pent-up dissatisfaction. The first time that she was called a woman instead of a girl, she realized with shock that time was passing, and that she hadn't done anything worth while. So she grasped the sword of rebellion.

Now, though far less mature in appearance than she was then, she is content to accept each year, adding as it does to her breadth of experience.

With this new verve, she is coming into her own. She is her real self, submerged at first by inhibitions, covered for a while by artificialities. Once she was nice looking; at times pretty; at the present time she radiates beauty.

Something in her busy, animated world, she has time for systematic reading. You find her at the theater, where rehearsal is in progress, waiting for her cue, studying her lines and reading at the same time, her "sides"—or pages of dialogue—in one hand, a book in the other.

Though her activities leave little time for other interests, she has learned to swim and dive, plays skillful tennis, and is healthily tanned. Her circle of intimate friends remains the same, including Gloria Swanson, May McAvoy, Patsy Ruth Miller, and Mrs. Conrad Nagel.

Her ambition in art is simple, the detail of its fulfillment a matter of the future. "I want, some time, to do something worthy of respect."

To have led, during this crucial year in Hollywood, is just that, I reminded her. And to have grown steadily, profiting from mistakes, learning, developing, until to-day she stands upon the threshold of a really definite success, is that not something gratifying?

Among the deluge of new names which the frenzied producers are recruiting from the stage for movie casts, and which will bewilder many a loyal fan, one familiar name, you may be sure, will glow more brightly in electric—Lois Wilson.
This is supposed to signify to me that he has a yearning—an unappeasable longing for something. Juan Moreira, another of the Argentine’s famous heroes, also crops up now and then. Poor Juan got stabbed while trying to escape over a wall.

After flying over the pampas I am led into a native dwelling, being forced to sip mate to show good feeling for all present, then having to eat miyáwí and carbonada, the Argentine idea of a pancake, washing them down with a drink of aloja.

Barry will talk by the hour of the glories of the Argentine.

"And in such an opera as ‘Raquela’ you get the folk songs and dances of the pampas. Oh!"—this with an ineffable grace, as if he had just heard a cacuy bird in the room, "if only you could hear it here!" So often, in fact, have I heard the merits of Argentine opera, that I verily believe I was actually present at the première of "Raquela" in 1923.

Is Barry trying to be a cacuy bird? Is Hollywood "getting" him through the "yearning" complex?

A short while ago I wrote about David Rollins, together with a lot of other new young newcomers. Rollins has a personality that, if he doesn’t lose it, will make him famous. When David was first signed by Fox he was just himself—

Not so long ago I saw him, but he was not alone. Mixing with his own pleasing self was a tiresome strain. The movies? Oh, all right. Did he like so and so? Oh, no—or—not much—or—oh!

One can only describe Mr. Rollins’ trouble as ennuí effrayant. It just doesn’t sound right to say anything else.

In the midst of having his picture taken with Sue Carol, David was wearing the largest ring I have ever seen. "What is it?" I asked. The Rollins drewled that it was a family heirloom.

I looked up, expecting to see him smiling, but he wasn’t. So I had to stifle my own laugh. I had to assume we, too. Heirlooms and family crests in a studio? They were not all.

Mr. Rollins further explained that his family was descended from Sir Walter Raleigh, he who placed his costly cloak over a puddle, so Queen Elizabeth wouldn’t get wet feet.

But that crest! I was impressed, and no mistake. I asked what it was, being prepared to hear the youth explain its heraldry—as all possessors of crests and coats of arms can. What would he say? "—carnet de queudad à trois léopards d’or, l’un sur l’autre, armés lampassés d’azur!" or something like that, such as his ancestor would have said—good old Sir Walter.

However, such erudite talk would have embarrassed me terribly, so I was pleased when Mr. Rollins merely looked up and, hesitating, repeated, more slowly than usual, that it was "just a crest."

David never used to be a prey to the ennuí he now possesses, a sure sign that he is due to catch Hollywooditis. I attribute the cause of his boredom to the weight of that heirloom—and the crest.

Having read thus far, you will agree that Hollywood has certainly earned the title, "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," and many of the players help to make it that.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 99

out of her wits for one reason or another. Miss White’s figure is up to standard, and Jack Mulhall is the man in the case.

Beyond the Horizon

Another murder mystery is offered for your edification, and perhaps enjoyment, with the title of "Strange Cargo." All the action transpires aboard a yacht and there is dialogue throughout. Though slow pace, as a stage play would be, it appeals to the intelligent fan and the mystery is sustained without any claptrap.

All the performances are good, it being especially gratifying to this reviewer to note that certain players, long familiar to the fans, acquit themselves as well, if not better, than some of the intruders from the stage. It is a pleasure to report that Andre Beranger, Claude King, Warner Richmond, Otto Matiesen, and Frank Reicher leave nothing to be desired in their speech, and that Russell Gleason is a juvenile new to the screen, and untried on the stage, whose voice is quite the best that has been heard among the young actors. Lee Patrick, George Barraud, Cosmo Kyrie Bellow, Josephine Browne, and June Nash are some of the strangers in our midst.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 31


"Manhattan Cocktail"—Paramount. This is warranted nonalcoholic. There isn't a kick in it, but it is pleasant to take because of Richard Arlen, Nancy Carroll, Paul Lukas and Lyubov Tashman. The machinations of a hateful theatrical producer to get a young fellow out of the way, so that producer may have a free rein with young fellow's girl, a chorine.

"Napoleon's Barber"—Fox. A solemn talking picture, mercifully short. An antroyalist barber vows he would slit Napoleon's throat if he were shaving him. Napoleon, on one of his marches, pauses for a shave and confesses his identity, whereupon the barber is transformed into a cringing coward. Much, much talk. Otto Matiesen, Frank Reicher, Helen Ware, Philippe Delay.

"Some One to Love"—Paramount. An heiress to twenty millions suspects that her poor sweetheart is a fortune hunter, so he proves himself as a business man by putting a languishing girls' school on its feet, and the two make up. Innocuous, kindergarten stuff. Charles Rogers, Mary Brian, William Austin, and Jack Oakie.

"Power"—Pathé. William Boyd in another roughneck role, this time without the production of a dam. He and his pal are fleeced by an adventurer, but show lively interest in the next girl who comes along. A feeble excuse for wisecracking. Alan Hale is, as usual, Boyd's partner in ineptitude.

"Caught in the Fog"—Warner. Snatches of dialogue help this mediocrite picture not at all. A girl crooks her and her pal invade a houseboat and are apprehended by a young man, who is the son of the owners. He falls in love with the girl, who promises to reform. Conrad Nagel, May McAvoy, and Charles Gerard will blush for this a year hence. They may do so now.

"Outcast"—First National. Brightly done story of streetwalker befriended by whomstic, whose sweetheart has jilted him for a richer catch. When married sweetheart tries to resume liaison, the ex-streetwalker shows her where she gets off and grabs the man for herself. Shallow, but not amusing. Corinne Griffith, Edmund Lowe, and Kathryn Carver.


"Revenge"—United Artists. Florid, unconvincing tale of a Rumanian bear tamer's daughter, tempestuous, untrammeled, who is abducted by a gypsy brigand and tamed to melting sweetness by hard-boiled tactics. Beautiful backgrounds and indifferent acting by Dolores del Rio, LeRoy Mason, Rita Carewe, and José Crespo.

"Red Mark, The"—Pathé. Old-fashioned melodrama of French penal colony in South Seas, and discovery by bloodthirsty governor that young man about to be executed is own son. Nevertheless it is interesting; expertly acted in robust fashion by Gaston Glass, Rose Dione, Gustave von Seyffertitz, Nina Quartaro exquisite heroine.

"Melody of Love, The"—Universal. Walter Pidgeon audible to his fans, in dialogue and song, with excellent registry. S. N. Pirie, who directed, of a piano player who loses an arm in the war, is deserted by his faithless sweetheart, and is followed to America by a French lassie. Mildred Harris and Jane Winton.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 31

other close-up as beautiful as one in that picture. When you've seen the film you won't have to be told which close-up is it. No wonder it made Lord Nelson's head reel.

"Corinne is going abroad for two months when she finishes 'Prisoners.' She always manages to get away and forget pictures for a while. I think that is why she never looks dull, or faded, or disinterested.""You promised me a surprise if I would meet you to-day," I suddenly reminded Fanny.

"Yes, and we'll be late to hurry," she urged me quite as though it were my fault that we had lingered over luncheon for hours.

"We're going to motor to an out-of-the-way town that you've never even heard of. But it will be worth while. Molly O'Day has taken her sister Sally's place in a Fanchon and Marco revue, and we're going to see her. There's a sister act for you!""Sally was on the stage in an act playing the picture houses, and when Warners sent her for to play in 'Shoestrings' Molly rehearsed day and night so that she could take Sally's place in the act and release her for the picture. Those Fanchon and Marco acts are a blessing to a lot of girls. You know, Bessie Love was playing in one when she was rediscovered for pictures. So we'd better hurry and see Molly to-day before some producer decides to bring her back to the movies."

When Fanny has an objective like this, even her chatter stops while she pursues it.
PRUNELLA,—Yes, a list of Jackie Coogan's films is rather long, though not many for the past three years. These were "The Rag Man," "Old Clothes," "Johnny, Get Your Hair Cut," "The Bugle Call," and "Buttons." Virginia Bradford played in "The Wings of the Heron," "Two Lovers," "Chicago," "Craig's Wife," "His Dog," and "Marked Money." Vivian Rich recently played in "Must We Marry?" a quickie, but that is her only film, that I know of in several years. Martha Sleeper has played in many comedies, and her feature films are "Skinner's Dress Suit," "The Little Yellow House," "Danger Street," "The Air Le " "J," and "Taxi 13." She got her start in films because a director saw her photograph in the home of one of her relatives, whose guest she was at the time. Tom Mix's past few films were "Horsemen of the Plains," "Hello, Cheyenne," "Painted Post," "Son of the Golden West," "King Cowboy." June Collyer is a wealthy New York girl, daughter of Clayton Heimerman, a lawyer. As a lark, she tried out for the society-girl role in "East Side, West Side," and it was her job. Ray Mill Ray is from San Antonio. She got into movies via the stage. She is Mrs. Larry Wheel er.

BELLA JAFFE.—No, there is no fan club in David Rollins' honor—he's still rather a newcomer to pictures. Sorry, we had to stop new fangirls; but I'll refer David Rollins' admirers to you.

J. JENKINS.—Richard Arlen was born September 1, 1889, and married January 28, 1927. Besides those you mention, his films—omitting "bit" roles—include "Sally of Our Street," "Peel Me a Grape," "Under the Tonto Rim," "Ladies of the Mob," and his new one, "Four Feathers." Try Leslie Fenton at the Masquers', 55th St. Hollywood. Mr. Most film actors belong. Bodil Rosing plays in films of all companies. Neither of these players is under contract.

HELEN KAPPELMAN.—Yes, Richard Walling is William Walling's son, and they live in Hollywood; I don't know just where.

JEANNIE AND RAMONA.—Am I really supposed to know all? To think that all these years I've missed a chance to make money by selling myself as the encyclopedia Greta Garbo is not married. She has blue eyes. Write her at M-G-M. studio. Also Nils Asther. Barry Norton is twenty-three and has brown eyes. He's with Fox. Yes, "Lilac Time" was Colleen Moore's biggest picture. Sorry, I haven't space for such long lists as the pictures in which Novarro and John Gilbert have played. Camilla Horn was born in Frankfort-on-Oder, Germany, in 1928. She is married to Clauz Goerz. Maria Corda's American contract was not renewed after her film here, "Helen of Troy," but she is now in "Love and the Devil." Nazimova is now playing on the New York stage at the Civic Repertory Theater. Pauline Starke free-lances; "The Viking" and "Man the Wandering," and "Wide," are her two latest releases. Nick Stuart was born in Rumania in 1906. His films include "Crade Snatchers," "High-school Hero," "Wrong." "The Neys Parade," "The River Pirate," and he is now working on "Chasing Through Europe.

MISS FLORENCE NICHOFF.—An interview with Al Jolson appeared in Picture Play for last November. If you wish a copy of the magazine, send your request to this office, including a quarter.

LYNGARD.—You know what happened to the cat whose appetite was excessive? And he had nine lives! William Haines is twenty-nine, six feet tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy-two. He's anything but serious in real life; he makes wisecracks all through his pictures, so that his leading lady can hardly keep from laughing in the midst of her work. His latest real part was in "Wine of Youth." Eleanor Boardman played with him in "Memory Lane," released in February, 1926. Interviews with Bill were published in Picture Play for February, 1926, and for August, 1928. Leila Hyams is twenty-three, five feet five, and weighs one hundred and eighteen. Anita Page, same weight, aged eighteen, five feet nine.

MISS JOSEPHINE TETTAL.—Billie Dove is with First National. Of the M-G-M. players, those with stage experience include Nils Asther, Joan Crawford, Josephine Dunn, Lionel Barrymore, Conrad Nagel, Marion Davies, William Bowyer, Ramon Novarro, and Dorothy Sebastian. The reason you haven't seen Vera Reynolds is that she has been playing in quickies, with a role in "Wine of Youth." Also just rather busy, fre-lancing; "High Voltage," opposite William Boyd, is her new one. In "The Caribbbean Lover" the principals were Marion Davies, Richard Dix, and Etta Goulad.

DIXIE DUGAN.—Yes, you did step out of "Show Girl," didn't you? Did you stumble? Ralph Forbes is married to Ruth Chatterton, a well-known stage star. George Lewis is twenty-five and was married a year ago to Mary Lou Lohman. He is still playing in Universal's "Collegians" series. In "Lilac Time" The Infanti was played by Jack Stone.

BEATRICE CARLotta CHURCH.—As to putting white hair into the fashion, now, in screen circles. You should see the blondest in Hollywood! Conrad Veidt was born in Berlin in 1914, and is on the stage. All he has done is to pictures. A fan club is a correspondence club, in which the admirers of some star write to one another and sometimes publish a little magazine. Start one among your own friends and then invite others, through fan magazines, to join you. If your talents at drawing and at acting are equally good, why don't you try getting jobs in both fields? Whichever field you have most luck in can determine your vocation; then let the other talent be your hobby.

KATHLEEN GREENE. 2600 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, would like to exchange pictures of other stars for those of her favorite, Betty Bronson. Too bad, Miss Greene, Arnold Gray, about whom you inquired, has been cut out of the screen. I don't know much about Sam Nelson, except that he was formerly an assistant camera man. There is not much chance at present of an assistant camera man to Hollywood, as he is under contract to R. A. Ingram's company in Nice.

A LEROY MASON FAN.—I'm afraid you wouldn't have much luck starting a fan club in honor of LeRoy Mason; he's too

Information, Please

Continued from page 101
new to have much of a following. He played in "The Viking" and "Revenge." See Beatrice Carlotta Church.

Joe Langley.—It's hard to say whether Joan Crawford is married or not. She and her new husband, Mr. B. Willats, are engaged, and Hollywood thinks they are secretly married. Joan was born May 23, 1906. She is five feet four and has brown or red hair—whichever at the moment. Her real name is Lucille Le Seuer. Billie Dove was born Lilian Bolmy, May 14, 1903. She is five feet four and has brown hair. Her husband is Irvin B.

R. TRUTER, P. O. Barys, South Africa, wishes pictures of Barbara La Marr, and is willing either to buy them or trade photo postcards. Sorry, Mr. Truter, the old copies of Picture Play which published interviews with Barbara are no longer available.

Miss Thelma Ross.—You're a loyal young girl, aren't you? Still Bill in Bill Hart! He was born in Newburgh, New York, about six years ago. His last picture, made four or five years ago, was "The Cat and the Canary," and weighs one hundred and ninety. Just Hollywood, would reach him, and he would perhaps send you a picture. Yes, John Barrymore is the brother of Ethel and Lionel — and very much alive. Perhaps you have confused him with their uncle, John Drew, who died about a year ago. The leads in "The Man Who Laughs" were Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin.

Bunkum Squint.—Now that you've begun writing to this department, I hope you'll be more particular in the cast of characters. "The Air Circus" does not mention who played Arthur Hall—evidently a bit. Nor is Cleve Moore, upon whom you thought you recognized, mentioned in the cast.

HAY—I fooled you, didn't I? You thought I'd never put you in French, but it didn't bother me at all. I speak it myself. Madame Bachanova is under contract to Paramount. At this writing she is playing the role of the Woman Who Needed Killing." She doesn't give her age. Janet Gaynor is twenty-two, and Barry Norton twenty-three.

Harold Nash, Jr.—Yes, I'll be glad to keep the address of your club in honor of Doris Kenyon and Louise Faucett, and to refer their admirers to you.

J. A. TRAHAN.—No, Wesley Barry doesn't appear much on the screen nowadays, and that is why you see no mention was made of him in the "List" of the past year, he played in "Wild Geese," "In Old Kentucky," "Skyscraper," and "Top Sergeant Mulligan." Being all grown up and married, of course he has outgrown child roles, and perhaps he's not handsome enough for juveniles. Just Hollywood, would reach him, I think.

Addresses of Players


Violet Kemble-Cooper, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvor, and John Barrymore, at the Universal Studio, 7140 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Doris Kenyon, June Walker, Dick Dough, Richard Dix, Theodore Baruchmore, Dorothy Mackail, Corinne Griffith, Alice White, Donald Reed, and Molly O'Day, at the First National Studio, Bub- bank, California.


William Boyd, George Arliss, Arm chairman, Marion Nixon, Alan Hale, Jeanette Loff, Carol Lombard, and Junior Coghlan, Jacqueline Logan, Lina Davenport, Carol Dempster, and the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.


Audrey Ferris, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, George Cooper, John Wav, Claude Cook, at the Warners Studio, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Tom Keene, Frankie Darro, Buzz Barton, Tom Mix, Martha Sleeper, at the P. B. O. Studio, 7800 Grove Street, Hollywood, California.

Bill Cody, Buddy Roosevelt, Walter Miller, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, California.


Robert Fraser, 6556 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Aiken, 6537 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Juliana Johnson, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Melodina Metzger, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Coogan, 675 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.


Harold Lloyd, 6140 Santa Monica Boule- vard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wood, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Edwin Pawley, 4352 Crescent Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Hyams, 1752 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Smith, 4016 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gerrade Ador, 1421 Queen's Way, Holly- wood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 610 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Fair, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.


Viola Rich, Laurel Canyon, Box 789, R. F. D. 1, Toluca Lake, California.

Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Holly- wood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5234 Los Feliz Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Curtis Gouin, 1523 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 2560 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Gilda Gray, 22 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Herman Littell, P. O. Box 285, Hollywood, California.


Ben Lyon, 1040 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.


George Halse, Burnside, Hotel Palomar, Holly- wood, California.

GRAY HAIR

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of 1929

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Picture Play

Volume XXX

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THE STRANGLERS


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We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.
Come to The Wild Party and hear the wonder girl of the screen in an all-talking picture as full of life, youth and vitality as Clara herself. You know what "it" is to see her—now she speaks from the screen and her magnetic personality will thrill you more than ever before!

CLARA BOW in "THE WILD PARTY"

Whether you see "The Wild Party" as an all-talking picture or "silent" it's great entertainment because with Paramount the story is the important thing. That goes for all Paramount Pictures and that's why it is so necessary to know a picture is Paramount before you go. Ask your Theatre Manager when he is going to show the "Wild Party" and such other great Paramount Pictures as Emil Jannings in "Betrayal" and Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris." "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
STARS AND INTERVIEWERS AT WAR!

TIME was when interviews were sought by the stars and eagerly granted to one and all. But times have changed, until now, in some cases, there is indifference, antagonism, aloofness, or a curt refusal on the part of the star to speak for publication. What has happened to bring about this sharp change? Are the stars becoming ritzy as a matter of course, or do they cherish grievances based on interviews that placed them in an unflattering light? William H. McKegg’s story in the July number of PICTURE PLAY will guide you in deciding which factor is wrong, the stars or the writers. Mr. McKegg relates many amusing incidents which tend to justify the stars in their newly acquired attitude, as well as disclosing facts which arouse one’s sympathy for the writers who have been the butt of stellar idiosyncrasies. All in all, it is a story you should read for the sake of being well informed on a burning subject.

TOO GORGEOUS TO BE STARRED

Has it ever occurred to you that some well-known actresses are more useful in subordinate rôles than in stellar ones? Else why are Carmel Myers, Gwen Lee, Margaret Livingston and several others not stars? It is because their glamour and ability to wear striking costumes are needed to supply a definite note in films that would otherwise be characterless. Next month’s PICTURE PLAY will contain an article by a new writer, whose observations along these lines you are sure to enjoy. In addition to these features, Margaret Reid has chosen Esther Ralphson for the subject of her analysis, and Myrtle Gebhart will contribute a sympathetic revelation of the causes why a well-known leading man dropped out of pictures and why he has come back. By far the best story ever written about Barry Norton will be found next month under the signature of Madeline Glass, and Carroll Graham, too, has written another of his keen dissertations on the idiosyncrasies of Hollywood. Altogether you will find PICTURE PLAY for July fairly sizzling with interest and information. No summer lull here!
The Sweetest Love Story ever told

The Epic Drama of the Age

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What the Fans Think

Sage Advice.

T is time some one took up Lillian Gish's defense, since every half-baked high-school graduate feels competent to compare her unfavorably with the flapper he admires. Incidentally, and quite aside from her quality as an actress, I am sure that if Lillian Gish took up stenography, or a like profession, the flaunting ones would find her a dangerous competitor.

Whatever gave these young persons the idea that theirs is the only type which ought to exist? It has been said radicals are the real bigots. One thing is certain—the modern girls who claim most freedom for themselves are the ones who seek to fetter other women, to drag them at their chariot wheels. Those who prate of tolerance are themselves most intolerant. The atheists are most fanatic.

A curious feature of this crusade against self-control and decency is that the virtues despised by these zealots in women are admired in men. Nothing in months has amused me more than the shy, reluctant, Victorian maidenliness of Charles Rogers in a strain film called "Red Lips." It seems to be the quality which attracts girls of the brazenly offensive sort portrayed by Marian Nixon, as the heroine of "Red Lips." Rogers may have atoned for his bashful reluctance in their eyes by the rudeness with which he snatched a wallflower from the wall, since a touch of rudeness makes their whole world kin.

It has become the custom for efficient young females to lay siege to any of the other sex who capture their fancy. They violate every natural physical instinct, since frankness is the order of the day. The moment an actress plays a streetwalker, or a "green hat," there is a chorus of praise from reviewers.

It might be as well to remember great actresses have gained fame by playing chaste women as well as courtesans.

When we have an actress of charm, intelligence, and supreme technique, an actress recognized by men of intellect—a professor lecturing recently in my own city admitted he never missed a Lillian Gish picture—do we loyally support her?

We do not! On the contrary, we try to crucify her; but we shall not succeed. Lillian Gish is too strong for us.

It is true I wish sometimes, perhaps unreasonably, she would show her strength more obviously. I should like to see her give one of the exhibitions of fiery, righteous rage for which Moljeska was once famous.

And I wish the same of Ramon Novarro. Nothing would please me more than to see him in a play where he rides rough-shod over everybody. In his latest, "The Flying Fleet," for instance, the title writer and the scenarist make Ralph Graves one of those unpleasant he-men who stop at nothing to get what they want. All Steve (Ralph Graves) has to do is to grin or stop grinning; no action is required; the scenarist does it all. He is Tommy's rival, but does Novarro stand up for himself? No, he is, as usual, a punching bag, lovable but exasperating.

There is little reason to expect that in singing or talking pictures the case will be different. Some one will see to it that he is again the doormat, and Mr. Novarro, who seems to feel he owes nothing to those who have supported him in the past, will be too indifferent to care.

S. W.

Box 4271, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Boost Home Talent.

So far I have read only the professional flattery given the screen people in the magazines. When I read "What the Fans Think," I had to hang onto the arms of my chair for support in astonishment at the opinions held for and against the stars. The universal opinion seems to be that the approval or disapproval of the fans will make or break a star. Then, Fans, at least let’s be decent about it. Why not talk about the ones we like, instead of running down the ones we don’t like? Sarcasm doesn’t help our favorites, and that’s really what we want to do. What good does it do to criticize, if we have no remedy to offer? Positive criticism is always better than negative.

A money-mad nation like the United States is very fortunate in having talent like that of Lillian Gish, Lon Chaney, and Anita Page. Let’s boost our countrymen. If we don’t, who will? In running them down, we lose the respect of the very foreigners we praise.

I wish John Gilbert would show us some real personality that would justify his going about with the air of being the "world’s gift to women." A good way to start would be to shave off that ridiculous mustache.

Then there’s his coworker, Greta Garbo. When I first saw her in "The Temptress," I thought of her as a snake woman. The idea stayed with me. But, on the other [Continued on page 10]
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What the Fans Think

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GRAYCE M. TETHER.

13136 Indiana Avenue.
Detroit, Michigan.

A Tribute to Bill Russell.

Bill Russell has played his last rôle, he has smiled the eternal smile, that smile which first won Helen Ferguson's heart.

"Why does any one mention him? The first Western I ever liked, even a little bit, was Gary Cooper, in "Arizona"—or was it "Nebraska"? Any- way, he had that and would have enjoyed it a third time. Gary is so serious and straightforward and—fickle!

The clever, peppy, "If" girl is slumbered under the suave fans gone mad, Clara Bow's work is the only comedy I have ever cared for, but since I like dramatic pictures best, I really would rather see the doing something deeper than light comedy.

And Buddy Rogers—try as I may, I can't find a single fault in him. And since no one else can, I won't say anything nice about him, either.

Where is Renée Adorée, with her beloved dimples? I've been waiting ever so long to see her in some more important rôle, but she had an ad for Gilbert's leading lady in the "Cossacks." Oh, well. I waited longer than that for Marian Nixon to attain the stellar glory. Maybe I would have waited this time.

Why don't we see and hear more of Carroll Nye? He did such splendid work in "While the City Sleeps," that I think he should have given more credit and publicity. His first interview in Picture Play hardly did him justice.

I'm glad Esther Ralston is doing dramas. Comedies are never as true to life as dramas. The average person has no intelligence and sorrows than are portrayed in comedies. I like pictures to be lifelike in emotional reaction, if not in plot.

I'm going to find just one fault with Colleen Moore, aside from the fact that she is a comedian. She plays her flapper roles well, but instead of looking like a flapper she looks like a schoolgirl. She's supposed to be a flapper, but doesn't know how. Couldn't Colleen change her style of hair-cut—just once?

One thing I should like to know—do the stars read this department, or is it just a battleground for the fans?

THERESA L. KEERS.

Woodburn, Oregon.

A Battle Cry for Asther.

Attention, Nils Asther fans! Do you see what they are doing to him? They are going to make him learn to speak English, as we Americans know it. They are going to make him learn to say "goft," "coitainly," "hot mamma," et cetera. He is going to learn North, South, East, and West. He doesn't have to be going out—out—so they say. They aren't allowing him the time it will take to learn some of our own people to talk.

Are we going to stand by and see our favorite Nils Asther, whom we adore, under his nose, simply because he has a Swedish accent, and mixes up his sentences? Not much! What we never have had we shall never miss, but if there is one thing I loathe enough to value him, so there will be an awful void if he goes. And all because of these darned talkies. Who asked for 'em? No one. We should stand by him a year or two, but must all the theaters have them?

Shout out your ideas on this latest injustice. Even if it doesn't get us anything, we will have at least tried. Let's help Mr. Asther all we can. If bowels will do it, then altogether let's howl.
What the Fans Think

11

the producers insist upon giving us these Gilbert-Garbo episodes, one after another, all the way through. I roll down to the theater to see these two, I know what to expect. Nothing more than a lot of mugging, with Greta kicking off in the end. The only thing that is versatile is the way she does the kicking. She gets variety in that—by automobile accident, throwing herself in front of a train, and what not. I suggest that in their next opus she die of ingrown toes.

But the love scenes seem to be the same. And if the thing that they depict is really lovely, I suppose the public will be more than a lot of cheap stuff, if you ask me. Their petting is suggestive, to say the least. Take, for instance, "A Woman of Affairs." Any one who has seen it could not help noticing the manner in which John kissed Greta. She looked as if she was about to swallow him. I'm not a prudish little thing—on the contrary, I am supposed to be what is termed a flapper—but I didn't get any throes out of that. To me it was disgusting, and I laughed out loud.

The public probably liked the first two Gilbert-Garbo pictures because they were different, but now that is all we get, and we're getting tired of it. I do not mean to knock Mr. Gilbert-Garbo, for I admire both tremendously—when they are not together. Gilbert is one of the finest actors on the screen, so far as acting goes is concerned. But when he and Greta get together—ouch! Bring on the fire extinguisher!

Don't ask me why I go to see them together. That's all. The reason is that they always get a showing at my favorite theater, and I attend every week because of the splendid stage shows that are featured after the picture begins.

I want to say that John Gilbert can act like nobody's business. So you see, I'm not panning him and Greta—merely the type of pictures they make.

LORETTO MORGAN
677 South Grant Street, Denver, Colorado.

New Faces and Old.

I am glad that in the past few months we have been spared many of these "squashy letters which fairly drip sentiment." As one who has grown up with the pictures, I believe the greatest fault is exploitation of too many persons.

The producers have, by their childlike actions, justified the name "the infant industry." Like a child with a new toy, they drop their well-established players for any new person, who by publicity or some so-called personal actions, has attracted public notice.

This seems to be the case of Janet Gaynor, who has, since she became a featured player, been compared to Greta Garbo, even though she has had such slim plots as the one in "Street Angel." Yet Fox has apparently decided to exploit Mary Duncan, who certainly did nothing in "Four Devils," and not much more in "The River." I do not say that new faces are not welcome, but they are better disguised. They have no acting ability behind them.

This exploitation does not only concern the new players, but some of the older ones, too. I don't like Greta Garbo.

These last few years what has Norma Talmadge done to justify her stardom? Even allowing for the weak plots of her pictures, her acting has been very ordinary, and only glamour and fan-worship have kept her on the screen. Have her late contributions even remotely compared with her initial successes?

Ramon Novarro is called a "genius," yet considering the length of time he has been in pictures, what great acting has he displayed? Is he the answer to justification that appraisal? John Barrymore, another "genius," although no more ridiculous movie fare or more mediocre acting has been displayed on the stage in "Wine and Man Loves," or "The Beloved Rogue."

There is Barry Norton, whose every performance has been compared to his "Mother." He is "What Price Glory," to the spoiled son, in "Sins of the Fathers." He is never called a genius, or even given the credit for being a more exceptional actor than most of the stage actors who encroach on the screen.

No more delightful personality has come to the screen than that of Charles Farrell. What he may lack in profile, or in resonant voice, is compensated by the characteristic he achieved in "Seventh Heaven." Even in that terribly miscast role one could see that emanated from the screen made the incongruities bearable.

If the very obvious gift for acting which Mr. Farrell has is cultivated, instead of being neglected for interest in making a hit, he will become one of the few actors who justify motion pictures. In the mad rush for new players the producers have overlooked most of their valuable and marketable material.

M. G.
Grantwood, New Jersey.

Shave Those Mustaches!

Who thought of dressing Clive Brook up with an ugly mustache? He looks absurd. It is time something is done about this. Many young actors are growing mustaches, and it does not improve them at all. Rod La Rocque, Warner Baxter, Antonio Moreno, and Ricardo Cortez all would look better without mustaches. Richard Arlen tried it for one picture, and looked terrible. I hope he never does it again, as he is my favorite. There are only a few men on the screen now who can really look well with a mustache. They are Ronald Colman, Adolphe Menjou, Nils Asther, and William Powell. Imagine Charles Farrell growing a mustache! And I saw a photo of Richard Arlen with one. Do they want to look like saps?

The talkies are getting to be a more serious problem than they were at first. Will some one please tell me why having a lot of noise in a picture makes it more realistic? Every time I hear a sound picture the terrific noise from the orchestra makes me almost hear music. It is not good. Half the time it cracks and sounds worse than static on a radio. One thing that almost drives me wild is that invisible voice that is heard some of the time, while the love-making is taking place. I cannot concentrate on the picture at all.

This mad rush for stage talent is showing how little we really know. They display the poorest judgment sometimes. With such capable actresses already in Hollywood as Lois Wilson, whose voice is many times better, why do we want new players? Saying it will give the people in small towns a chance to see and hear stage players, is nonsense. The real fan's loyalty is already tested. I certainly know right now that I will never go to see a picture with a cast made up entirely of stage players. They belong on Broadway, not in the movies, and I hope they all fail to make a hit. I saw "The Barker," and I don't want to hear any nicer voice than Dorothy Mackaill's. And her performance was good, too. Milton Sills was excellent.

I hope the producers will wake up soon and realize that we don't want new stars, that we are perfectly satisfied with the stars we have liked and admired for years, and if we must have talking, we want our own stars, not strangers who will be far from interesting.

Will some one kindly tell me why Loretta Young is on the screen? Of all the insipid young people, she is the worst. She is absolutely uninteresting, and is entirely too young to be playing sophisticated roles. We don't want to watch babies make love. If she can act, let her become a star.

I agree emphatically with Miss Agnes Lawrence, whose letter appeared in the February issue. For months now I've endured gushy, silly, sentimental letters about our dear little Rudy. He was wonderful, I admit. But we can't bring him back. All the ranting articles about his spirit messages, et cetera, are the bunk.

154 Elm Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Let the Stars Alone.

What do the Stars think? How interesting is your column, and how funny! A fan gives his opinion as if it is the only one in the world, and the next fan comes along and condemns the first, just because she thinks the column is different.

Sometimes the "thinks" become rather disgusting—especially when catty, personal remarks are made, but always they are interesting.

I have never written to the so-called stars, expecting an answer, nor have I asked them for autographed pictures. Never having noticed them before, I have no reason to expect that they will be different. We fans do not deign to notice me. Enjoy their pictures? Yes, the majority of them, but let 'em alone. Would I like to meet them personally? Certainly, who wouldn't? But if I did, I'd like to meet them in a common way, and have some reason for it. Want their autograph? Not unless I knew them personally, for in a few years they will be forgotten. The public has a new boy or girl, and only laugh at all the trouble we went to get their autographs. Let the stars enjoy their health and wealth while they may. Fan letters? They're all right, but why should we expect an answer?

Tom M., Mix, Lily Damita, Mac Murray, Ruth Taylor, Vilma Banky, Herbert Biberman, and a host of others have made the personal appearances in Detroit. Of course, I want to see them, and even stood in line to do it. They all tried to please. Some of them I would have liked, but why condemn them because I did not like them. There are plenty of others who did.

Some people we meet we like instantly; others we dislike in the same space of time. Why condemn the players for their reactions to both the interviewers and fans?

After all, I wonder how each of us would act if given a screen test in a star's place?

M. J. N. JONES
7238 Webb Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

A New Style of Hero.

I want to give praise to a new star who, through one picture, has proved himself to be one of the sincerest and best actors on the screen. James Murray, in
What the Fans Think

"The Crowd," not only played his part almost perfectly, but gave us a new style of hero—not the sleek type, or a dressing, handsome hero, but the simple, sincere, genuine character, who earns his living as he can.

Through his splendid work, and that of Eleanor Boardman, "The Crowd" comes to us as a distinct contrast to the commonplace and sex pictures we are getting at present, and I am sure the fans will welcome the change. I am sure James Murray will become even greater in the future. He is perfunctorily near perfection now.

I should like to see him and Eleanor Boardman costar in several pictures, depicting the life of a poor American family. They are splendid together.

Eleanor Boardman.
1105 Olympia Avenue, Olympia, Washington.

A Brook but Not Tennyson's.

Why is it that so little is written in praise of Clive Brook, when he is one of the most handsome and fascinating actors on the screen to-day? Every rôle that is assigned him, he carries off intelligently and brilliantly. He has poise and finesse, and is the very picture of the well-bred gentleman he is, and we in New Orleans would like to see him often and in better roles.

The public may like the younger stars, but Mr. Brook is my idea of a consummate leading man. I have nothing but words of praise for him, but cannot say the same for many of the pictures he is forced to play in.

1527 Antoine, Apartment 15, New Orleans, Louisiana.

A Fan Travelogue.

Breathes there a fan with soul so dead who never to himself has said, "I'd like to go to Hollywood?" Well, I’ve been there and will tell you something about it, if you’re interested.

My husband, sister and I visited the First National and Paramount studios. We saw Milton Sills working on a scene for "Beggars of Life." We asked him how he does on the screen, seeming very serious and conscientious about his work. Colleen Moore was making "Like Time" with Louis Calhern. We were most interested in that, so did not see her but caught a glimpse of Gary Cooper and saw Fitzmaurice, the director. Some of them are quite surprising to the layman.

At the Paramount Studio we had a passing look at Richard Arlen, Adolph Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Nancy Carroll. The latter is a newcomer. She is small and graceful with bright-red hair and round, blue eyes, a baby-doll, but no beauty. Florence Vidor is a slender, dainty lady, sweet and well bred, not exactly alluring, but quite sincere. Next we came to a Richard Dix set where he and Charles Sellon were making a scene for "Easy Come, Easy Go." Is he good looking? Will say he is, more so in person than on the screen, in my opinion.

I also worked as an extra in Universal’s "Racket," a college picture starring Marion Nixon, and got to see a kick out of it. Miss Nixon looks as she screens, small and slender with an especially attractive smile. Charles Rogers, the leading man, with wavy black hair and perfect profile. He has the nicest smile and unassuming manner, and I hope the movies or anything else will not change him. He has one slight defect, that of posture, noticeable more in person than on the screen. He kept his head down and shoulders slumped most of the time. Watch him, he’s good, and I believe he will be one of the most popular male stars of the future.

We went through the grounds of "Pick-fair," which are beautiful, and the view from there is wonderful. I must admired its lack of pretentiousness, but while it might well show place in Beverly Hills, it is not. We also saw a number of the other stars’ homes, but as I have to sign off some time it might as well be now, what I have to say.

Mrs. G. H. Bose.
Orchard, Iowa.

Pleasant of Favorites.

First, I want to say that I think Marion Davies, Phyllis Haver, Claire Windsor, Virginia Lee Corbin, Esther Ralston, Vilma Banky, Ruth Taylor, Dot Mackaill, Laura La Plante, Patrice, Blanche Sweet, and Josephine Dunn are the nicest group of blondes on the screen to-day. I adore all of them, because they are not only beautiful, but all of them which distinguish her from the others. I always go to pictures if I know any of them are going to play. I am sure the picture will not be a bad one.

I shudder when I think of the Banky-Colman break. There will never be another such team. Why couldn’t the producers take Miss Barnet, Walter Byron and Lily Damita together? If Farrell and Gaynor, and Cooper and Wray could succeed, why not Byron and Damita?

I adore a great many of the screen’s newcomers, such as Sally Phipps, Nancy Carroll, Alice White, Lina Basquette, Dolores del Rio, Lupe Velez, Janet Gaynor, etc. Miss Gaynor and Miss Arthur bears a close resemblance to Mary Brian. We like Jean Arthur very much, and hope she will succeed.

I think the ones I like are Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels, Dolores Costello, Lois Moran, Marcelline Day, Corinne Griffith are excellent box-office attractions.

Whoever put Garbo on the screen? She says she is too much in public, but doesn’t she know that it is the public and the fans who make her what she is?

Long live Picture Play and its ardent readers!

Miss Mason.
112 North Sixth Street, Vineland, New Jersey.

Times Changed.

The next time I hear any one say something to the effect that movies are dull and stupid, and movie audiences are mostly composed of ignorant people, I shall re- mind them of the anguario of the movie hero, which I will describe to him somewhat like this: When feature films were first made, the hero was that stereotyped type of hero which everyone recognized as a hero, a charac- ter, who always rescued the heroine in time from the clutches of the villain. It was unheard of to make a picture without such a hero. But look what we’ve got now! George Bancroft and Emil Jan- ningis! Lon Chaney and Conrad Veidt! Heroes who just don’t fit into that old-fashioned mold. They’re not perfect either, but they do the things on the screen. Those little, subtle move- ments they have stolen from the villain, add a human touch, and make them real people. People who you’d like to know!

I’m glad they’ve come into their own, and I believe the reason they did was because the fans made them. Chaney’s and Jannings’ pictures draw the best of any. Varsity boys and girls. I have heard anything but vivid enthusiasm for Ban- croft and his pictures. Conrad Veidt is having a hard time making the reviewers like him, but I think his strong personality and understanding of people will bring him triumph—with the help of the best stories, Uncle Earl!

These players are going to keep right on being the force pictures, which’s what’s more, there will be some more just like them! The younger ones are throwing a severe, like a dash of absinthe, into their roles. Tod Senn’s "Laugh, Laugh, Laugh!" and "Laugh, Laugh, Laugh!" refuses to follow the set standard for heroes, and becomes so interesting that you forget his acting and think how Barov Erich is the former Ralston in the Chaney picture. He has the most de- lightful way of making you forget there’s a camera out there in front of him, and a director telling him what to do. Even some of the older ones can’t do that! Barbara-Ann Phillips.
Milford, New Hampshire.

You’re All Wrong, Garvey Thomas!

Why don’t we hear more of Ivan Petrovich? I, too, should like to have this question answered, as would M. E. S. From the description in "The Garden of Allah" was superb. Moreover, he has a handsome face, full of character. His acting is so magnetic that one does not notice his clothes or motor dress in the height of fashion. I should love to see more of Ivan Petrovich, the realist.

However, I disagree heartily with a writer in "The Fans Think," who stated that without Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman would be lost. Evidently this writer has seen only Colman’s very latest picture, which has costarred Mr. Col- man and Miss Banky. He does not realize these two form one of the most wonderful teams in film history. However, it did not take Miss Banky to make Mr. Col- man.

In "Lady Windermere’s Fan," the gentle- man now under discussion—and he is truly a gentleman—was without doubt a supporting role. He showed energy in comedy, as well as play the romantic lover. In "Her Sister from Paris," Mr. Colman was a great hit. At this time few of us knew of Miss Banky’s existence. Miss Banky’s "A Woman’s Place" put Mr. Colman could act whether his leading lady were Vilma Banky or Zasu Pitts.

V. V. A.
325 South Orange, Orange, California.

From China.

There seems to be quite a bit of controversy regarding Ramon Novarro’s ability as an actor, but why people have to get insulting about it I don’t know.

Personally I like Ramon Novarro’s acting immensely, but I quite agree with Joan Blondell that his personal manner has nothing whatever to do with his screen career. On the other hand, I must say her judgment of him is harsh, to say the least.

He has been miscast, yes, but that does not make him a poor actor.

I liked him best in "The Prisoner of Zenda," as Rupert of Hentzau—the part was well suited to him. He brought vividness to mind the bold, bad and yet lovely Rupert of the story.

Since then I have seen several of his pic- tures, and I still see something of him. I am hoping to see him in the title rôle of Rupert of Hentzau. I know the part has been played by Lew Cody—but with a difference. Llew Cody was not at all convincing, whereas Ramon lost his own personality and lived
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SAY it with flowers, if you want to, but better still, say it to the syncopated rhythm of a tinkling tune—A new type of entertainment has arrived!

Yes, the very newest kind of talkie isn't a talkie at all; it's a sing-ie. It's not so new, either, when you come right down to it, because Al Jolson really set the style when he made "The Jazz Singer." However, the evolution has by degrees become complete, so that now we have something absolutely different to while away idle hours in the movie emporium.

Every big company in Hollywood wants to make a picture with music this year. Most of them have already started, and one, Metro-Goldwyn, has chalked up a success in "The Broadway Melody" that has simply hung the "Don't crowd" sign out on the marquee of every theater where it is being exhibited.

"A song a reel," is the new slogan in movieland. The question, "Have I a voice?" which became both insistent and popular some months ago, has been turned into, "Have I a soprano, or a contralto; a tenor, or a bass? Whatever I have, oh, Heaven, please give me the gift to sing, or send me a good vocal double!"

Of course, there are some readers of Picture Play to whom all this crescendo and fortissimo of melody and harmony will mean little or nothing.

Glenn Tryon and Merna Kennedy will sing in "Broadway."

**The Song's**

"Say it with music," is the slogan in mony, jazz, and syncopation are entertainment which will bring music.

By Edwin

There are still towns to which Vitaphone, Movietone, and other talking devices have not yet penetrated. Still everybody who goes to the theater is becoming rapidly acquainted with the screen that "speaks and sings," as the posters say. It has renewed an interest in the screen that has not existed in many a long day. And this interest promises to be greatly increased by the advance of the melodious movie that has become the rage of the hour.

"The Broadway Melody" has set the pace. If you have seen it, you know that it is fashioned along the lines of the old-time play with music, like "Maytime," although this is hardly a very apt comparison. There is a story, and there are tunes. Furthermore, in "The Broadway Melody" there is a clever touch of the spectacular in "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" and a song and dance number in color.

Using "The Broadway Melody" as Exhibit A, let's see what has happened, and what is now doing.
Ramon Novarro's voice will be heard for the first time by the fans in "The Pagan," while Dorothy Janis listens to his song.

the Thing

Hollywood, where melody, hard-developing a new type of film sical comedy to the smallest towns.

Schallert

First a little glimpse at the past.
When talking pictures were first introduced to the public about three years ago, every one was pretty well convinced that music could be used to advantage in the new medium. Indeed, Warner Brothers, who sponsored the premiere of Vitaphone, practically adopted a policy of music, and music alone, for their larger productions, on the strength of this first showing. They decided, also, to make some short pictures of vaudeville stars doing their tricks, both good and bad.

The first sensational event was "The Jazz Singer." Here Al Jolson actually talked in a feature picture. It was only a few minutes of talk, but it scored an instantaneous hit. There was no question but that pictures could be made with dialogue. And so, very shortly, actors, right and left, front and center, and anywhere else, commenced rolling out words.

But—the mechanical reproduction is cold. It needs relief and variety to counterbalance the certain dullness that results from hollow, and sometimes sepulchral, voices alone. Tragedy, at this stage of development, might become so solemn that it would be grotesque, were it not relieved by something in the form of a sugary coating of sound.

If you saw "The Singing Fool," you will remember that Al Jolson did not talk his way into the hearts of the public; he used his more lyrical talents with overwhelming effect. His rendition of "Sonny Boy," while holding little Davey Lee in his arms, is what caused the theaters throughout the country literally to be drenched with tears. It also brought on an epidemic of "Sonny Boy" vocalizing over every radio in the land.

Along with Al Jolson's picture have come others in which songs played a part. There was, for example, "Mother Knows Best," with "Sally of My Dreams"; "Lilac Time," with "Jeannine, I Love You"; and "Warming Up," with "Out of the Dawn"; not to speak of such earlier features as "Ramona," and "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," which had theme songs that were immense successes. In the two latter cases, however, the numbers were not sung from the screen, but were published about the time that the picture was released.

It is the song rendered with the film, and particularly by somebody appearing in the film, that wins the greatest and the quickest vogue. Such numbers as "You Were Meant for Me," and "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," in

Irene Bordoni will sing her famous songs in a First National film.
The Song's the Thing

"The Broadway Melody," will, for instance, go round the world, finding their way to the pianos of thousands of people. Of the songs not actually rendered on the screen, "Ramona" was the biggest success. It has sold 1,500,000 copies, and has yielded Dolores del Rio $50,000, her share of the royalties. It was one of the first of the sensational hits.

What has this done?
It has caused a mad rush of song writers to Hollywood. They are finding a bigger and better bonanza in pictures than they ever dreamed of along the Great White Way.

Where work on the lots used to be quiet, one hears now the strains of a dozen pianos, all going at once. The thump of ragtime vies with the plaintive notes of the sentimental ballad. The saxophone's wail, or the trumpet's call, occasionally breaks upon the ear.

I asked somebody recently at one of the studios, "How many pianos have you now on the lot?"
"Oh, a coupla dozen, I guess. The boys need 'em for their work. Some of these two-finger composers simply can't work without them, even though they can hardly play. Gee, you ought to hear the noise when they all turn loose!"

On the studio stages there is also a unique change. There are hours of rehearsal. Perfect timing is required. A false step by any one in dancing, a false note in singing, turns everything askew.

Too, the singing generally has to be done very softly. An overload note will blast the recording apparatus, and even put it out of commission for a time.

You will see one group of girls practicing tap steps while a pianist plays with crisp accent on the beat, and a director waves frantic signals with his arms, to induce the proper convolution of the group at certain points in their ensemble of posings. You will see another group of girls performing some climaxing musical phrase, or working out the intricacies of some difficult bit of close harmony in a newly written chorus selection.

The dancers and the singers do not need to be in the same group. The dancers can pretend to sing—go through the motions—while the singers do their chanting into a microphone off-stage.

Individual voices can even be doubled. Corinne Griffith's was, very adroitly, in "The Divine Lady," when she was supposed to be singing "Loch Lomond" to Lord Nelson. So was Richard Barthelmess' voice, in the contrary notwithstanding, in "Weary River." It took days to do the doubling convincingly, because the movement of Corinne's lips, and those of Barthelmess, had to synchronize exactly with the words of the song.

A number of the stars, of course, can sing, or make a very good attempt to do so. In "The Broadway Melody," Charles King does his own song numbers. He is a prominent singer of both the musical comedy and vaudeville stage. Essie Love, in this same picture, has vocal gifts, and little Anita Page, as she told me, "trailed along" when it was necessary. "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" was sung off-stage. One didn't miss the singer on the screen in this case, because the charm of the pantomime held supreme attention, and the voice was more or less an accompaniment.

Many song-and-dance numbers will be presented in this fashion. The eye will be filled with beauty, while the ear hears fascinating music. At least it is to be hoped the tunes will be fascinating, and not cheap, as have been some songs written for the screen.

Of all the vocal numbers for the films, "Sonny Boy" has perhaps the most interesting history. It was written in an evening. The composers of the song, like most song writers at that time, were in New York. Jolson was in California. He wanted a tune for "The Singing Fool" of the heart-tugging type. And he had an idea. So he called his three friends of the tin-pan alley world, De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson, over the long-distance phone, and announced the specifications. They went to work and evolved a musical selection. Then they called Jolson, and had it played and sung for him. Jolson suggested some changes, and they went to work again. And so the affair progressed during the whole of the evening, with about $500 or $600 in toll charges piling up while the composing was going on. But it was finally completed over the phone.

Nacio Herb Brown, who wrote "The Broadway Melody," is authority for the statement that song writing isn't as much of a snap as it is supposed to be. "The idea of a song isn't generally so difficult to get," he said. "That's largely inspiration. But you have to be careful in developing it, so that it will not sound conventional."

Continued on page 110
Oh, Naughty, Naughty!

Lois Moran despairs of ever outgrowing goody-goody rôles, but at last her chance has come to be a hey-hey girl, and she revels in it.

By Ann Sylvester

Lois Moran has made her final appearance on the screen as a little kiddie, a goody-goody girl, or even a desirable citizen.

As fast as they can write scripts for her, she is going rapidly to the dogs. In "Joy Street," her new picture, she will die from excesses of tobacco, hard liquor and ardent romances. If advance reports hold up she will out-Crawford Joan in "Our Dancing Daughters." She will be one of those girls, if you know what I mean, that aren't all they should be, whether you know what I mean or not.

Like all radical departures, it is a surprise to everybody but Lois and the Fox officials, who believe she has an unlimited future in nicotine plots. But for those of us who remember our ingenues, and fondly treasure the shades of Betty Bronson's Peter Pan, Mary Brian's Wendy, and Janet Gaynor's Diane, Lois' descent from the straight and narrow looks like the last of the Mohicans and the minors.

She's getting an awful kick out of it, this being naughty. For a certain hey-hey sequence in the picture, she was wearing a sheer, little waist, and black panties that revealed two white and very shapely limbs. Her hair, elaborately frizzed à la Mae Murray, was a blond flag of her newly acquired abandon. She was between scenes—romances—with the dozen or so leading men who pursue her amorously through the picture. That wasn't hard to believe. Lois was registering sex appeal and plenty of it.

"And the funny part of it," she smiled from a curled-up position on a divan, "is that I have never been in love in my life. Not for more than a week, anyway. And you couldn't call that love. It is only the screen me that is changing. I don't feel different myself—except that I feel glad and pepper at the opportunity of playing this girl."

In spite of the sophisticated coiffure, Lois' face remains childishly round and inexperienced. Her eyes are wide and frank—her mouth sweet and gently curved. Not counting her jazzy costume, she didn't give the appearance of a whoopee lady.

"But I'm acting like one," she insisted. "You'll be surprised when you see me. For a long time I have felt that I should break away from the little-girl sort of thing, that was just a mere imitation of my part in 'Stella Dallas.' But no one believed with me. They said I didn't look like anything else. And so I drifted along in goody-goody rôles that were characterless and unimportant, until I signed with Fox. You can imagine how I felt when, after I had signed my contract, Mr. Sheehan said, 'Lois, I think you are being lost in bread-and-butter rôles. At the first opportunity I want you to branch out in something more colorful. I think you have it in you.' I could hardly believe it was true. Coming from some one else, it revived my faith in my darker self." She laughed.

"Then, along came my first picture with Fox. I read the script avidly for some mention of sin, syncopation and synthetics. I read it twice. But no matter how many times I read it, I couldn't make anything but a nice girl out of the heroine. I wondered if Mr. Sheehan had been joking with me. Here was just another milky part—like all the others. My second rôle was the same. So were the third and fourth. I was pretty discouraged about making a naughty girl out of Lois, when along came this story of Raymond Cannon's, and Mr. Sheehan made good his promise. I hope you like me in it," she said suddenly, "because I want to make more and more of them."

[Continued on page 110]
Harry Langdon's remarkable talent was dimmed by his insistence on being tragic.

Their Chaplin Complex

The attempt to emulate Charlie Chaplin's unique versatility as author, director, and star has cost some comedians dearly, as this amazing story of their vicissitudes explains.

By Nat Dyches

SCREEN comedians are taking a fall. To which certain wry wits may reply that screen comedians are always taking falls. But this is not said in idle banter. The situation is entirely too serious.

One by one the comedy stars are falling—and oblivion looms as the termination of their descent. Buster Keaton, Raymond Griffith, Harry Langdon, Clyde Cook—the roster of comedy fatalities begins to sound like a G. A. R. roll call.

And as the stars decline, screen comedy declines likewise. Why?

The answer we submit is Charlie Chaplin! Or, rather, the Charlie Chaplin complex.

A startling accusation to lay upon the plaintive little man who gave the film world, in “The Kid” and “Shoulder Arms,” two of its greatest comic gems. The tragic truth, nevertheless. It is the curse of Charlie's genius.

The other comedians know that Chaplin is his own director; know that every phase of a Chaplin comedy bears the stamp of his individual touch—they all know it and aspire to the same impossible feat. And in the face of that impossibility, they rush to their doom like sheep plunging over a cliff in a blind rush after the bellwether. Their every move, it seems, must be made with one green eye on Chaplin.

Only a supernatural equilibrist could balance on one foot on the highest spire of the world, and maintain his balance indefinitely. And there is room on that highest spire for only one at a time. Charlie Chaplin is that one. The rest who set up spires and essay the feat naturally take a clumsy fall. But the rest steadfastly refuse to acknowledge the impossibility of the feat.

Chaplin chooses his own stories? Then the rest of the comedians must do likewise. Chaplin writes his own gags? Then the rest of them must scorn the suggestions of their highly paid gag men. Chaplin’s directors are mere figureheads? Then the rest must reduce their megaphonists to an equally perfunctory status.

The one exception to this rule is Chaplin's only rival—Harold Lloyd. Lloyd succeeds, because he is content to be just Harold Lloyd. Not because his inherent talents are greater than the others. They are all fine pantomimists, with individuality and versatility, while Lloyd’s talents have frequently been rated below his less successful rivals. But Harold Lloyd has brains. Make no mistake about the convolutions of the Lloyd cerebrum. Any man who is big enough to listen to the advice of his subordinates has brains. Especially in the autointoxicated atmosphere of Hollywood success. The lowest underling at Lloyd’s studio can gain his ear.

Any suggestion for a gag or situation, be it even from an office boy, gets kindly consideration from the star. And if it is a good suggestion—oh, miracle of miracles!—it is accepted. Before Lloyd starts shooting a picture every detail is carefully worked out clearly on paper. He is one star who does not wave aside advice in the assurance that he will find his inspiration on the set when the cameras start clicking.
Their Chaplin Complex

How different is Harold Lloyd from the general run of film comics!

Take Raymond Griffith, for example. Griffith won his way up by sheer artistry, creeping by slow, persistent toil from the extra mob, smoothing off the rough edges of his histrionism against jutting obstacles in his climb. Finally he stood at the top, the exponent of an individualistic type of comedy—subtle, polished, at times brilliant, the arch-exponent of arch-roguey, but always the gentleman.

And yet, with all the radiance of his earlier brilliance, Paramount, the company distributing his pictures, declined to renew the contract binding them to take his films.

Ray Griffith wrote his own doom when he became too big to make pictures for a regular producing organization. Even a magician cannot pull rabbits out of top hats, unless the rabbits are at hand. The necromancy of a film lies in the story. But what did a lot of factory heads know about choosing stories for Raymond Griffith! Eventually those factory workers grew tired of his interminable harangue, voiced in his husky whisper, “I’ll do it—I’ll do it if the office wants me to—I don’t want to, but I’ll do it if the office insists.”

So Ray Griffith was permitted to make his own comedies. He started by being his own producer, director, author, star, et cetera. He needed no script to work from; either he would make up his story as he went along. The result was “Wet Paint,” and the result of that was his exit to slow music.

He still has the ability, so let us hope the short dialogue comedies he is making for the Christies will bring him back to stay.

And now Buster Keaton no longer makes his own comedies, but is with M.-G.-M. as a contract star under a first-class director. Quite a come-down for Buster after having an exclusive studio and his own organization with which to turn out about one picture a year. “The Camera Man,” his first for Metro, was a good start, and “Spite Marriage” promises much.

Buster is a pantomimist with comedy sense and the ability to project the humor of human emotion. But he insisted on bringing a two-reel “frozen-face” idea into the more complex feature field, where only a story can put over the actor. Who ever saw Buster make love on the screen? His steadfast refusal to attempt it is indicative of another complex—an inferiority complex.

Buster had a scenario staff. That is, he had men drawing salary under the title of scenario and gag men. But then, every comedy star needs something of the sort for atmosphere. One must maintain atmosphere in Hollywood. True, Harold Lloyd was able to take these same men and derive a few gags of comedy from their suggestions. In fact, one of Buster’s gag men, the late Jean Havez, wrote “Grandma’s Boy,” the finest comedy Lloyd ever starred in.

And, oh, yes—Buster had directors, too. Somebody had to stand by and see that he didn’t accidentally stray out of the camera lines. Malcolm St. Clair, for instance. To-day most of the world admires the prowess of St. Clair as a director of parts. But a few years ago Buster couldn’t see any promise in the then novice, fresh from the ranks of newspaper cartoonists; so St. Clair faded out of the Keaton picture.

Buster Keaton once starred in a picture in which he played every rôle.

Clyde Cook profited by experience and is now more firmly established than when a star.

Now Buster has gone over to M.-G.-M., where stardom is a sort of vassalage to the liege-lord, the supervisor. Trailing his glory in tatters he goes, but carrying one memory of which nothing can strip him—the memory of one picture in which he was allowed to swell himself until even the vanity of the actor could swell no more. The occasion was back in the old two-reel days, when the frozen-faced buffoon did a burlesque called “The Theater.” In this he played every rôle—even including the orchestra and the stage carpenter. How the other funsters must have envied him that moment!

Each star of comedy has one trait in which he approaches Chaplin. Harry Langdon has the pathos. There is something about this actor which makes one instinctively sorry for him. Unfortunately, Langdon insists on being sorry for himself. Where Chaplin is wistful, Langdon must be mournful. His mirth must be plunged into the muck of darkest tragedy—like Hamlet wise-cracking as he sticks a dagger into his hated uncle’s gizzard. Tragedy is the Langdon obsession, hence one of the most talented graduates from the two-reel ranks finds himself no longer on the screen.

Langdon no doubt has been informed of his mistake. And there is this about Harry—he will listen. Oh, charmingly listen! Most gallantly Prince Harry will give ear to his scenario men and advisers in the conference room—then go out forthwith and forget all that was said.

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GOD has been good to the Warner Brothers. He gave them the talkies and made them rich.
He was so good to them that I regret to report that they have made a pal of Him. Cecil DeMille always worked miracles in His name, but the Warners made Him a coproducer of "Noah’s Ark," and worked more miracles per foot of film than DeMille ever dared to. The sacrilege is the Warners'.
In the picture God flings thunderbolts with the same streaks on the film that, in comedies, cause the villain to grasp his pants and leap into the air, before starting a precipitous flight through a long shot of a city street. And they are thrown with the carefree abandon of a small boy tossing rocks through the windows of a vacant house, and who is not satisfied until he has dispatched every pane of glass in the same way.
Arthur Caesar, the wit, or whatever you want to call him, remarked, "Here the Warners take an established hit for centuries—the Bible—and make a flop of it. The picture should have been called ‘Curtiz’s Last Stand,’ or ‘Zanuck of the North.”

My poor heart quivered with joy when I discovered a new illusion at which to aim the iconoclastic rock. I was wandering through a First National set, and saw on a table a strange assortment of pads and things, which carried me back fifteen or twenty years, when, as a child, I was amazed at the paraphernalia I once discovered on an aunt’s dressing table.
I didn’t quake with mortal fear that some one might see the things, but leaped on them with joy and cried, "What are these?"
"Shush," whispered the alarmed wardrobe mistress.
Instantly, from the frightened looks about me, I knew that I had pulled a faux pas, and I decided to take a correspondence course in studio etiquette—if there is any etiquette. They thought I was a flat tire until I started to dance, but even my boss was amazed and gave me a five-dollar rise. "Rise" is correct. Look it up yourself.
I once took a course in detecting, so I removed my guide from the set to probe him, as we say.
Under my searching questions he broke and admitted, "Them was pads for the star’s hips and bust," and he went on in much crude language that I must paraphrase.
Well, I always knew that the Hudson Beef Trust type was still popular in the burlesque houses, and have heard rumors that it is a spreading thing. Maybe Molly O’Day made a mistake.
Now I know why certain stars have voluptuous curves in evening dress and street clothes, and look so angular in bathing suits and sports clothes. The string bean is changed to a pea pod.

Every time I see extrovert movie children playing on the street, I am seized with severe cramps in the tummy. At the tender age of six they are thoroughly schooled by their mothers to work on the theory that every man who passes them on the street is either a director, or might be a director, who would like to "discover" them. These lanky, gawky, abnormal brats are thicker than locusts in Egypt in plague time—and look it.
In my most inoffensive and undirectorish manner I was searching for a new apartment. Little "cheedrens" were playing on the sidewalk. As I approached I noticed they were playing the normal game of hide-and-seek, but their shifty eyes spotted me, and they assembled on the sidewalk and started tap dancing. All Hollywood children take dancing from the time they are able to walk. I looked at them scathingly and they grinned with the hoped-for lure of infamous intercollegiate vamps.
With mayhem in my heart I hastily retraced my steps, wondering what Herr Schopenhauer could have done about it, had he lived here.

A male star had an operation for appendicitis about two months ago, and went to New York last month, where he developed what the doctors there said was the same trouble.
So he had his appendix out again, and when he returned to Hollywood he accused his first surgeon, and demanded the return of his $1,000 operating fee. The doctor is reported to have paid it.
Although I know of several women stars who have had as many as three operations for appendicitis, this is the first time I ever heard of a man having it twice. Victims should be sure they get the appendix in a bottle of alcohol to set on the mantel.

They were preparing the comedy sensation of the decade, but they had no story.
The director and the gag man were looking for one, and were besieged by writers with scripts.

A writer was sitting in the director’s outer office, waiting to be ushered into the august presence. The door was slightly ajar as the secretary had left it. Loud voices emanated therefrom.

“Let’s buy Whoozis’ story. That’s good,” suggested the director.

“What’s this—a gag?” shrieked the gagster. “We’ve used all the good gags in that in our last three pictures.”

The outer office was instantly evacuated.

Every once in awhile I get an opportunity to point out the slips of contemporaries, to pillory them, and rebuke them.

A story, or rather a rumor, was recently sweeping the country that David Lee, the star of “The Singing Fool,” was dead. It was just one of those things that buzzes around like the one about the canary having kittens, and the producer who invented a cross between a poached egg and a Swiss yodel, which he was going to star in “The Golem,” an all-sound picture for the blind.

One writer for a big New York daily wrote a long sob story which racked the hearts of readers. “Tain’t true, folks, anyway.

Well, I can remember when no one believed that Gloria Swanson was Gloria Swanson. The present Gloria, they said, was the real Gloria’s double, who stepped into her shoes when she died many years ago.

Really—and what of it?

And Rin-Tin-Tin, that barking picture star, has died twice, and his second double is now starring in his name, the rumors have it.

In deference to my Hollywood readers and my other unintelligent fans in Pago Pago, Gloria is the same girl. David is still alive, and Rin-Tin-Tin is still starring in pictures—but maybe “Rinty” is a new Rinty. I don’t know. He seems to have a lot of pep for a dog that fought in the war. He may be starring a hundred years from now, either with teeth gone and hair white, or with the zest of a puppy.

The noble art of press agentry ran out of new ideas years ago, but along came the talkies and squirted Ananias serum into its sluggish veins.

I truly marvel at the imagination of some of the devotees. One sold a news-syndicate writer a gag on painting sound-proof sets with ox blood imported from China to deaden sound. So, may I suggest that some one release a story that sets are made of resilient green cheese, floors built over layers of chap suey, and polished with butter, windows made of rock candy, books of pastry, and chairs stuffed with dodo feathers? What, pray tell, would happen if the director, slowly starving to death, was making his first picture in two years?

Hollywood women are now assured of the ultimate in beauty “shoppes.”

No longer need they go to Paris for facials, hennas, and bleaches.

That Adonis of the screen, Karl Dane, is proprietor of a new beauty parlor.

Contrary to rumor, the original Rin-Tin-Tin is still carrying on, and may be for years and years to come.

I have been on the set of “Broadway,” a lot, with Carl Laem- mle’s son. There’s a night club in it that makes the baths of Dio- cletian look like a wee clothes closet. The picture, I predict, will not suffer from the wholesale theft of its ideas by other producers.

As Carl Laemmle, Sr., said, recently, “Producers who have stolen ideas from ‘Broadway’ have only got a few pin feathers, and you can’t eat pin feathers.”

An incendiary, probably a movie fan, is believed to be responsible for the destruction by fire of Paramount’s half-million-dollar, 3,000-per-cent sound-proof stage.

There are people on the screen that I admire—probably because I admire them off the screen.

James Murray, the lad who played in “The Crowd” and “The Shakedown,” is one. I like him because he is so irresponsible. He doesn’t care whether he’s a star or a truck driver, whether he has a bank balance or owes a thousand dollars. All he wants from life is to do what he wants to when he wants to.

An ordinary, conventional person can’t understand this. Jimmy—who hardly knows me from any other writer—should have risen immediately to permanent stardom with M.-G.-M. He had the contract and all. He also had more money than he had ever had before. They had another picture ready for him, but he suddenly disappeared. He was out spending his money, in San Francisco, Mexico, Hawaii—having a helluva time.

Then he came back, started the picture, decided that pictures were too stultifying, and went on another tear. After that he was through and went to Universal, where he made another whale of a picture with William Wyler directing, and disappeared before that was finished—but returned to finish it.

“If they think I’m good,” he said, “let ’em. I’ll work for ’em when I’m ready. But I’d just as soon dig ditches.”

And he means it. It’s such a refreshing attitude to encounter in a city of vanity, name, struggle, and self-seeking. Jimmy may never get anywhere, but he is an artist without peer, because he is such a hobo at heart.

In the later days of good, old Si- lent Cal’s administration, Cal turned Movietone actor.

Now that he is out of the president’s chair and looking for a lucrative job, some one should tell him of the opportuni- ties Hollywood holds.

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The miniature hospital on the Paramount lot, where every employee, from star to page boy, receives treatment free of charge.

Temperament? No—Temperature

Even the most temperamental stars are found to be quite human when accident or an attack of influenza sends them to the studio emergency hospital.

By Myrtle Gebhart

The plaintive melodies and the scent of blossoms lead to an Esther Ralston garden set, the jazzy jingle to the latest Bow-knot of scarlet ribbons. But a fusillade of grunts, capped by a vehement "Ouch!" means that if you would find Wallace Beery, you must follow the arnica trail to the little, white bungalow with its Red Cross emblem. At least that was where I found the big, jovial Wally several times, getting splinters removed from his fingers, gargling a cold away, or pretending he had a sprained ankle, chuckling slyly as a white-uniformed nurse hovered about solicitously.

There, between scenes, sneezing and spraying, you will find various Paramount stars who know that keeping fit is an asset, and that to neglect a cold is asinine.

Besides there only, in their highly taxed lives, they get something free—treatment for any malady from toothache to influenza.

In the bandbox hospital, all shining white enamel, where dainty hangings conceal that surgical dress that most hospital wear, any employee from haughtiest star to humblest porter is treated without cost, for any illness not a major one, nor operative.

Doctor Emanuel Stern, Paramount medical adviser, arranged for this considerate service, and Doctor H. J. Strathcarn is the physician on duty.

"Bebe Daniels used to be our prize patient," Lillian Rock, the nurse who during three years of service at the Paramount hospital has had a succession of stellar cases, told me.

"She's a hardy perennial. I can recall but one picture in which Bebe was not ill or injured. Her most serious accidents occurred when, on location, the protruding branch of a big tree swept her from a truck, and during the sword play of "Senorita," when she was accidentally stabbed in the corner of one eye. Her bravery is no publicity myth around our first-aid hospital. Regardless of suffering, she is always ready with a joke.
Bebe is almost continually in a state of bandage. She must meet herself coming home from the hospital.

"Pola Negri, despite her advertised temperament, was a splendid patient. Our first expectations that she might be fussy were soon proved wrong. Probably had she gone to a private physician, she would have demanded a lot of attention. No doubt, realizing that our service is free, many of the stars are more appreciative than they would be if they had to foot the bills.

"Amusing incidents make our work far more enjoyable than the routine of an ordinary hospital," Miss Rock continued, smilingly showing me about. "I recall, when 'Loves of an Actress' was being made, that for one scene Pola had to stab herself and roll down the stairs. With rehearsals and retakes, she was considerably bruised. But even the regal Pola was not without humor. Her husband chanced to be at the studio that day, and when she came over to the hospital for treatment, she said, 'See, everybody, if I wish to get a divorce, I have evidence that he beats me.'"

Parenthetically speaking, on another occasion an injury to Pola brought about an amusing contretemps. While at the beach a spider-bite on her face caused an uncomfortable swelling, infected by the application of vinegar, in following a friend's advice. Alarmed, the prince called the nearest physician listed in the directory. The medico arrived, regarded the "case," and said, with dignity, "Madame, I cannot treat you. I am a maternity doctor."

Pola told that, later, with considerable merriment.

During the influenza epidemic, Miss Rock was extremely rushed, spraying throats, rubbing chests with camphorated oil, and keeping the "rolling stock" of Paramount on its feet. Baclanova, particularly, is subject to colds. Though it isn't difficult to believe that Fay Wray, who looks so delicate, is bothered with colds, it is strange that one from wintry, snow-clad Russia should contract sniffles in sunny California.

While filming "The Street of Sin," Emil Jannings gashed his wrist when a scene required that he break a window with his fist. As he was being bandaged, he chuckled, "See, I am no fake actor." His pain was lost in pride that they did not need to apply red grease paint to his wrist.

"Of course, the women are more courageous," the nurse replied to a question. "Aren't they always, in any illness? Men are babies—braver, no doubt, in time of war, when there is a dramatic stimulus, or in serious accidents that challenge their strength, but fussy over minor ailments. Though Wallace Beery is pleasant, he does like petting and lots of attention. All the men do. Richard Arlen proved a good scout when, for 'The Four Feathers,' he had to go barefoot, and his feet became swollen. "While fighting off the flu, Esther Ralston fainted one day, after some arduous scenes. Before I could get to the stage, some frightened but thoughtless person threw buckets of water over her. I found her in a state of partial drowning, and dried her out with the lights. Instead of going home and playing invalid, as the average woman would have done, she called in a hairdresser, was revived, and returned to work."

Mary Brian is the white spot on the Paramount health map. Not once has she asked medical aid. And Florence Vidor seldom requests arnica or aspirin.

A careful record is kept of every case treated. The average is eight hundred a month, though during epidemics as many as twelve hundred persons have been vaccinated. Ordinarily, two thousand

Continued on page 108
"Over the
by The Bystander"

"Anna Christie" in the dialogue version. But no, Phyllis is
adamant.

"Of course, she has had to make sacrifices for her career.
I'll grant that. Phyllis is the type who shows fatigue, and
that has meant that whenever she was working, which was
practically all the time, she has had to go to bed at nine
o'clock. And she hasn't eaten a square meal in years.
Imagine the thrill of eating whatever she wants for lunch-
eon, instead of wasting away on an apple and a cup of tea!
And her prospective husband is in the wholesale grocery
business!

"Oh, but every one will miss Phyllis," Fanny rambled on.
"Whose merry laughter will ring across three stages and
throughout the studio office-building, now that she is gone?
Who will give gag men and title writers their ideas? Who
will bring joy to the hearts of costume designers, by granting,
as Phyllis always did, that they know something about their
business? Oh, there are so many others that might more
painlessly be spared!"

"A dozen names rush instantly
to mind," I assured her.

"Florence Vidor threatens to
retire every now and then," Fanny continued, "but it is al-
ways just a threat in the dim, dis-
tant future. She is going to
make 'The Concert,' with Emil
Jannings, so there is no danger
of losing her right away. Alice
Joyce did retire from the screen
once, in all seriousness, but she
couldn't stand the inactivity, so
she came back. And inciden-
tially"—Fanny appeared more
cheerful now—"you may re-
member that it was 'The Green God-
ness' that brought her back. And
now, seven years later, she is to
play the same role in the dialogue
version of the picture. Warner
Brothers are to make it.

The Warners expect
to remake quite a few old
plays that were filmed as
silent pictures. "The Gold
Diggers" is one. And First
National is ransacking all
the old treasures in the at-
ic, and dusting off a lot
of almost-forgotten stories. Of
course, they will write practically
new versions of them, as Alfred
Santell has done with 'Twin
Beds.' But it does seem too bad
to dig up the old ones that we
remember as the best pictures of
their day, and defy actors to play
them any better."

"And who is doing that?" You
can always count on me to want
the sordid details.

Phyllis Haver is making
"Thunder," her last pic-
ture for all time.
“Poor Dorothy Mackail,” Fanny explained. “They are to star her in a dialogue version of ‘Classified,’ which was Corinne Griffith’s greatest success only a few years back. Of course the dialogue part is new, and they are changing the story. It will have a new title, and the girl isn’t to be a solicitor of classified ads, and Jack Mulhall won’t play the hero, and—”

“As nearly as I can see, it won’t bear any more resemblance to the old picture than it will to ‘Leah Kleschna,’ or ‘Cinderella,’ or any of the other scenario writers’ old stand-bys.” Fanny does get so excited over trifles.

“There’s a rumor that Colleen Moore is to star in ‘The Rosary,’” Fanny spoke up with enthusiasm. “That ought to be a great box-office attraction.”

“I’m sorry you mentioned it. Long ago I promised myself the pleasure of strangling the next person who warbled ‘The Rosary,’ and even if it happens to be Colleen, well—a promise is a promise.”

“Oh, you’ll forget your promise when you hear her cute brogue,” Fanny assured me. “Wouldn’t you know that her husband would think up something to make her talking pictures different? Colleen’s roles will capitalize the quaint little twists in her voice. In fact, she is cultivating them by hanging around her grandmother all the time. And her grandmother has the most irresistible Irish brogue you ever heard. It is a joy to listen to her.”

“I haven’t felt any great joy listening to any one in talking pictures,” I confided, assuming my natural role of an old crab, “except possibly Zasu Pitts. Her voice sort of reaches out and breaks my heart, and not in the way that Dolores Costello’s does.”

“And have you heard,” Fanny was beaming with delight, “about Zasu going into vaudeville? She is to play ‘The Old Maid’s Baby,’ and it ought to be a riot.

“I saw her in it the other night. She tried it out at the Santa Monica Theater Guild, and although she was so nervous her hands trembled like the justly famous aspen leaf, she was marvelous in the part.

“That was a big night in the history of our little village. No one had ever heard of the Santa Monica Theater Guild before, but because Zasu was in a play, and Agnes Christine Johnston had written it, and because Ann Rork was in another play on the bill, all Hollywood, more or less, went down to see them. Ann had all the poise and assurance of a veteran actress, and was even adroit enough to improvise and cover up deficiencies, when the other actors went up in their lines. She wore an extraordinarily heavy make-up, owing to a slight encounter with a polo pony a few days before, in which she emerged with a black eye; but before the footlights one never noticed it.

“Virginia Sale, who is Chic Sale’s sister, appeared in an act called ‘The School-teacher’ in which she treated the audience as her pupils and bawled them out by name. Miss Sale has become the most sought-after guest in Hollywood. She gives tremendously clever recitations, and is always nice about taking over the burden of making a party a success. I know, for the evening was over Zasu was booked for a vaudeville tour, Ann had both a vaudeville and a
Over the Teacups

“Isn’t anybody going to make any silent pictures?” I asked, plaintively.

Fanny shook her head. “Nobody. Lon Chaney refuses to speak, but the rest of the cast in his pictures will. He is to play men of mystery shrouded in silence.”

“At last, for all time, it is settled who is my favorite actor,” I remarked.

“Isn’t it marvelous what vaudeville is doing for people?”

I stared at Fanny in amazement. It was only yesterday that she looked on a vaudeville tour as an admission of rank failure for a screen star. And now she is positively enthusiastic when one of her friends opens at the Podunk Bijou in songs, dances, and funny sayings.

“But look what it is doing for people,” she insisted. “Irene Rich went into vaudeville, and after a couple of weeks a scout for the Fox studio saw her, and insisted on her making pictures for them. Leatrice Joy, who had been practically relegated to the has-been class by producers, went into vaudeville and made such a hit that First National gave her a starring contract. The funny thing about that is that now Leatrice has signed the contract and bound herself to make pictures, she has had an offer to tour England and is simply dying to go. She is trying to get First National to postpone her first picture until late fall.

“Ruth Roland and Ben Bard, her new husband, are touring in vaudeville, and maybe it will catapult them back into pictures, as it has others.”

“Well,” I sighed, “at least Carmel Myers didn’t have to go into vaudeville in order to convince producers that she has a voice.”

“No,” Fanny admitted. “She got Al Rockett to play her accompaniment when she sang at a party, and who could fail to be swept off his feet by the applause for their joint efforts? Then and there he gave Carmel a First National contract. Many a girl is cursing her luck, because she didn’t know that he loved to play accompaniments.”

“But speaking of vaudeville graduates, Liza Grey Chaplin may break into talking pictures. She closed her vaudeville tour abruptly, and hastened home to make tests. The returns aren’t in yet.”

We had been talking so intently that we hadn’t noticed how crowded Montmartre had become. Once more the restaurant looked like old home week, with everybody visiting from table to table.

There is very little going on in the studios, and between tap dancing and singing lessons, everybody finds time to be sociable.

Evelyn Brent has been working like a galley slave on ‘Broadway,’ but she and Betty Francisco always find
time to run up to Hollywood for luncheon. No one else at the Universal studio is working.

"Broadway" occupies practically all the stages, and all the attention of the sound experts at Universal, and all the other employees have been held off until it is finished.

"Have you heard about the Universal theme songs?" Fanny asked so brightly that I knew a dirty crack was coming.

"They have two. One is 'Don't Blame It All on Broadway,' and the other is 'There's a Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway.' So for once theme songs really have a meaning.

"I can hardly wait to see what that picture will be like. It should have been marvelous, but some of the advance reports are disquieting, to say the least. You see, it is the story of a poor, smalltime hoofer, who works in a cheap night club, and it is the burning ambition of his life to work up to something really swell. But Universal has built a set that represents the biggest, most ornate night club that ever was seen, which takes all the point out of the hoofer wanting to work his way up to something.

"But even if the handling of the story has been a great mistake, Glenn Tryon and Evelyn Brent are said to be glorious. Some rank outsider stole into the projection room and heard Glenn sing, and he said that he recorded like a combination of Al Jolson and 'Whispering' Smith.

"And, oh, I meant to tell you—or maybe you have heard about Patsy Ruth Miller and the double who lost a job."

Even if I had heard it, she probably would have told me again.

"Pat was making a picture for Warner Brothers in which she was supposed idly to burst into song, as she wandered about her household duties. Imagine her surprise when they led out a big prima donna, with a heavy voice all marcelled into trills and crescendos, to double for her. Pat simply couldn't bear it. She argued and pleaded, and was on the verge of bursting into tears, so they finally consented to let her do her own singing. After all, Pat has a nice voice, and she has taken singing lessons every now and then, and the character she was playing wasn't supposed to be a prima donna, anyway.

"Everything has been breaking nicely for Pat lately. You know, Al Santell has always had a desire to have her in one of his pictures ever since he graduated into the big-league directors. She worked for him in a couple of the first pictures he made, but since then they have always been under contract to different companies. Now Pat is free, so he has cast her opposite Jack Mulhall, in 'Twin Beds.'

Irene Rich went into vaudeville, but Fox lured her back into pictures.

"Pat is also to be in a Pathé picture soon. It is called 'The Flying Fool,' and, as you well know, that is Pat herself in person. They will probably have their troubles getting her down on the ground long enough for close-ups.

"And that reminds me, Bebe Daniels got her pilot's license the other day. She has put in her order for a plane."

"I'd be more interested to hear that she was returning back to work in pictures."

"Well, she probably will, almost any day now. But don't be heartless about it. Think of the years that Bebe has put in just rushing from one picture to another. And think of the money she can make building houses and dabbling in real estate, while she is not tied up at a studio."

Some day I may really believe that motion-picture players work, but it all looks pretty much like play from where I sit. Not since the days of Pearl White serials has it really seemed to me that girls in pictures work for a living. Tap-dancing lessons and vocal lessons ought to come under the heading of amusement, if they like their work. Lots of people take them who don't get paid for it.

"Oh, there's Lilyan Tashman!" Fanny exclaimed, and all the dishes on the table were momentarily in danger as she waved with a sweeping gesture. [Continued on page 107]
**“Old Clothes! Old Clothes!”**

What becomes of the stars’ cast-off finery? This article answers the question and reveals the surprising fact that some of the costumes are converted into lamp shades and sofa pillows.

By Virginia Morris

Have you ever thought what a lucky fellow Hollywood’s secondhand man must be? Think of him sporting one of Adolphe Menjou’s cast-off suits when he dresses up for Sunday! And think of his wife, blessed perhaps with a real ermine wrap, many now, no doubt, but once the raiment of Gloria Swanson. Maybe you don’t like to think about it. Maybe it makes you burn with jealousy. If so, be consoled. The movies have put all the secondhand men in Los Angeles out of business. They’re selling real estate now.

Has you guessing, hasn’t it? What then, you ask, happens to all those gorgeous screen clothes? Can it be that they are packed and sent away to relatives in the country, or are they donated to the Salvation Army? You’ll admit that most poor cousins would have scant use for such things as Lon Chaney’s one-legged costume, and that the Salvation Army would wonder what to do with some of the feathered, but skirtless, creations that Evelyn Brent disports in every now and then.

Still, what becomes of them all? Where are those snappy, little frocks that Bessie Love wears in “The Broadway Melody,” those clinging negligees glorifying Baclanova in “The Wolf of Wall Street”? Of what use now are Janet Gaynor’s Dutch togs that look so cute in “Christina”? Where has Greta Garbo’s green hat blown, since “A Woman of Affairs” was completed?

Perhaps you’ve experienced the inclination to write to your favorite star, and ask her to keep you in mind when she has no further use for such-and-such a dress that looked so well on her, in such-and-such a picture. After all, she has dozens of gowns, and a good-looking evening frock would mean so much to you. Have you felt slighted when she failed to comply with your request? Were you disappointed when she didn’t answer your letter at all?

The chances are that she didn’t want to hurt you with a refusal. For the truth of the matter is that she hasn’t any more claim to those stunning clothes than you have. They all come under production costs, and they remain the property and assets of the studio that produced the picture.

If your bedroom closet is crowded, imagine the wardrobe in a place like the Paramount studio. It occupies a compact floor space of ten thousand square feet. No one on the Paramount lot can very well
voice, the complaint of "nothing to wear," when you consider that, at the present time, there are seventy-two thousand dresses hanging there, covering fashions from the day that Moses stood on Mount Sinai, until Herbert Hoover was inaugurated President of the United States.

Maybe you figure on one day every month to stay at home and repair your clothes, to keep them looking neat. Consider, then, the forty or fifty people who are constantly employed by Paramount to see that those seventy-two thousand get-ups are spick and span. Not only seamstresses, but office help are required to take care of them, for every suit of clothes, and every dress, is indexed, filed, and assigned to a particular place on the rack, just as books are accounted for in the public library of your town.

It takes a lot of oil to keep all the Paramount sewing machines running smoothly, and scores of expert hands to manipulate them, for approximately one hundred and fifteen gowns are always in the making, about forty-five of them new, and the other seventy renovated, or done over. These makeovers are worn by the extras, or occasionally by the less important principals. The new creations that reflect the very latest modes of Paris are meant for the stars. The materials are the handsomest procurable, and they are put together in many striking and bizarre color combinations, the beauty of which, unfortunately, is lost to the audience in the neutral shadows on the screen. To design and supervise the progress of these gowns that shall perfectly suit the individual type of each actress, is the work of experts who are as thoroughly connoisseurs of fashion as Patou, Chanel, Lelong, and other arbiters of style for Deauville, the Lido, and Paris.

You will, of course, argue that the studio's concern over preserving these dresses, when they have been worn first by the stars, and then made over for those of lesser rank, is a little unwarranted. It is true that modes change with each season, but the wardrobe department learned long ago that the production chiefs are capricious in their choice of stories, and it may be called upon at any moment to resurrect dresses that were made ten years ago, and that are now desired for a scenario dating its action in 1919.

The First National studio used to feel that preserving costumes in such numbers was unnecessary. But they, too, changed their minds, and three years ago installed the same system that has prevailed at the Paramount studio since 1912. The custodians of the First National wardrobes discovered that it was more difficult to find the proper styles for a scene laid in America five years back, than to procure clothes for Babylonian dancers, or Aztec princesses. So now they carefully keep each dress that has temporarily fulfilled its mission, for to-day's dernier cri will be dug up a decade hence for a costume drama, and there will be no arduous research necessary to have its lines exact.

The Fox studio works along the same principles. What a museum their wardrobe racks are! There are Theda Bara's evening gowns, low-cut black-velvet things with snaky trains, the correct rigs for the seductive vamp of 1915. On a hanger close by are the costumes worn by William Farnum, in "The Corsican Brothers," and those from "A Tale of Two Cities." Farther along, you'll come across some of the gingham's the little girls of the family wore in "Over the Hill," the royal robes from "A Connecticut Yankee," and many hundreds of olive-drab uniforms used for "What Price Glory?"

Just outside the main wardrobe is a smaller room which bears the sign "Retake Closet." This, they will tell you, is the place where all costumes are temporarily stored, between the time that camera work is completed, and the picture is playing all over the country. At any moment in the interim it may become necessary to retake various scenes. Perhaps the film editor insists on having an extra sequence shot, perhaps the first preview may suggest some change, or perhaps the picture is torn to pieces by a censor board, and ad-
Old Clothes!

In that case there is no panic. The cast is recalled, and the costume of each player is in readiness. Not until there is no possibility of immediate need for a particular gown or suit of clothes, is it relegated to the racks of the general storerooms.

Nothing, however, is ever completely standardized in the movies—not even wardrobe systems. Seldom do you find executives in every studio of one mind on any subject. At the Metro-Goldwyn studio, they disbelieve completely in the idea of keeping every costume indefinitely. They do, however, preserve a certain number of each year's styles to meet emergencies, and in case such modes are wanted for future productions, the required costumes are made. The old ones are utilized only as models.

The fate of most costumes offers an interesting example of the movie folks' ingenuity. On the M-G-M lot the costume department works in close cooperation with the property room. Although each dress knows only one season of use, it is never destroyed or sold. Instead it is turned over to the property room, where another set of seamstresses appraise its worth. Then it is cut up, and eventually finds its place again before the cameras. It is no longer a dress, however, but part of the furnishings of a living room or bedroom. Thus a satin frock worn by Norma Shearer in her last picture does not end its professional career, but is likely to appear as a sofa pillow in Ramon Novarro's next picture. Josephine Dunn's black-velvet dress is likely to turn up as part of a futuristic boudoir rug, or Marion Davies' negligee may be made over into window draperies.

The movies, so often accused of extravagance, can be taken as a model of economy by even the average housekeeper. If women showed the same resourcefulness in their homes, there would appear many bright, new decorations at negligible cost. The next time you see a Metro-Goldwyn picture, be sure to notice the lamps. In films coming from that studio, all lamp shades are reincarnated costumes. Almost every woman has a friend who knows the fundamentals of lamp-shade making, and with a couple of lessons and a little practice, she can learn from the movies how to utilize old clothing which she now casts aside as worthless.

As you probably know, many pictures are produced by independent units which do not have the resources of big studios to draw on. There are several plants in Hollywood which cater to the producer who releases through a large concern, but does not use its studio. Such a producer procures the costumes he requires from professional costuming firms, who have thriving businesses. At a moment's notice these companies supply him with costumes of any era, in whatever quantity he desires. Seldom, however, is his star or featured players clothed for their roles by the costumer. That service is all right for the members of his mob, but the high-priced players must have new clothes of exclusive designs.

That is why the independent units allow the star a certain sum of money to buy the seven or eight gowns she will wear during the development of the story. At the end of the picture she has an option on the purchase of the dresses she likes, at a substantial reduction. Those she does not wish to buy are usually auctioned off to minor players. Often an evening wrap, in which the producer has invested as much as four hundred and fifty dollars, is disposed of for seventy-five or a hundred. No wonder there are so many chic women on Hollywood Boulevard.

Sometimes varied used articles are made of costumes that have served their day before the cameras. Many of those gorgeous ones made for period pictures are preserved for exploitation purposes. That is, when the production plays in your home town, the star's costumes may be sent to the largest dry-goods store, and placed on display in a window. This often happens to Norma Talmadge's gowns. Those dainty, hoop-skirt dresses, all lace and rosebuds, that Norma wore in "Smiling Thru" and "Secrets," were afterward utilized in this manner. So were those sumptuous brocades worn by Dolores Costello, in "When a Man Loves," designed especially for her by that accomplished artist, Sophie Wachner, who to-day is the head of the wardrobe at the Fox studio, although she has costumed many big pictures for Warner Brothers, Metro-Goldwyn, and others.

Sentiment often motivates the stars to keep certain of their professional regalies as heirlooms. Douglas Fairbanks has most of his, including the ones he wore in "The Three Musketeers," "Robin Hood," "The Thief of Bagdad," "Don Quixote," and "The Gaucho." Al Jolson has

Lilyan Tashman's gown, fashioned expressly for her by First National, will eventually be remade for use by a lesser player.

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Cold Lips

These sirens of the screen fascinate the gallants, only to repulse their victims.

Nena Quartar, above, curbs the ardor of Mitchell Lewis in "One Stolen Night."

Evidently this was not the moment, when Rod La Rocque, right, tries to kiss Billie Dove, in "The Man and the Moment."

It may be that horrid mustache that causes Margaret Livingston, below, to repulse Armand Kaliz, or perhaps it's just "A Woman's Way."

Gloria Swanson, above, in "Queen Kelly," has her hands full in making the dashing officer, Walter Byron, behave as a gentleman and officer should.

Greta Garbo, below, feels the hypnotic spell of Nils Asther's personality, when she finds herself alone with him in "Wild Orchids," but refrains from taking advantage of his ready response.
Jack—As He Is

If there is such a thing in this polyglot land as a hundred per cent American, Jack Mulhall is it.

By Margaret Reid

He once made a picture called "Smile, Brother, Smile," which pointed a salesman's philosophy of consistent, contagious good cheer. As an addition to the cinema it may not have ranked at the top, but as an exposé of Jack Mulhall it was illuminating. He is, literally and figuratively, the young man with the smile. Such theories are apt, in practice, to be more medicinal than pleasant to the world at large. Good humor in the wrong hands can be infinitely depressing. But Jack's is infectious. It is, perhaps, less conscious good humor than unconscious good spirits, happiness, kindliness. His smile is omnipresent, but never tedious, because he means it.

Running boldly in the face of Hollywood tradition, he is an actor without a grievance. He is well content with his lot in life, and remains imperturbable in the midst of studio dissonance. People working in his company are at first inclined to discredit his sincerity. They think such a disposition can't be real. But after they have seen it subjected to the hundred and one minor torments peculiar to studio routine, and still survive intact, they have seen it pass the supreme test. People who have once worked with Jack are thereafter miserable with any other troupe.

The morale of his company becomes dependent on him. The atmosphere of a set is almost a reflection of the star's mood. The atmosphere on a Mulhall set never varies, and is a sure source of whoopee. Even those trying hours when work has been persisting for a day and a night, and weary nerves are beginning to snap, are not unbearable with Jack between scenes doing an impromptu "Florodora Sextet," portraying all six sirens at once.

He is breezy, talkative, ingratiating. During an interview he has moments of shyness. When confronted with questions about himself, his face shows momentary panic, which he tries to cover by talking very fast. About himself he talks badly and with great rapidity, so as to get it done. On other topics he has the conversational charm and facility of the Irish.

Occasionally, in moments of excitement, his r's still betray his ancestry. His forbears were Irish, but Jack was born in "Wappinger's Falls—Dutchess County, New York." His boyhood was a happy one. The summers he recalls as sheer, sustained bliss, principally because, from April to October, his shoes and stockings were put away and he wandered happily over the countryside, feeling the dust and grass between his toes.

The acting-bug attacked him early. His paramount interest in life—to be champion swimmer of the patrons of the "crick" up in the woods—suddenly paled into unimportance. The occasion was a school entertainment. Jack recited "I shot an arrow into the air" and, all at once, realized that he wanted to be an actor. Later, when his family moved to Passaic, New Jersey, he hung around the theater, haunting the alley, and peering plaintively in at the stage door. No amount of dismissals could affect him. For policy's sake he would go tractably away, returning a few minutes later with unabated curiosity. The stock company in possession at the time was financially embarrassed, and unable to pay rent for props. They needed an alarm clock for a certain scene, and wondered gloomily from where it would be forthcoming. Jack, cavedropping brazenly from the alley, turned and sped out to the street and home, and back again. Hurling himself breathlessly in at the enchanted door, he thrust his father's alarm clock into their hands.

This effected an entrée for the young enthusiast. He regularly supplied them with what small incidentals, in the way of props, that he could sneak out of and back into the house without discovery. Difficulty, however, occurred when he was asked to bring some dishes. To his discomfort, these were not returned, but were smashed each day in a scene, and his mother was asking suspiciously where all her dishes were disappearing to.

Partly as a reward for his fervor, and partly to get him out from underfoot, Jack was finally given a bit—a page, in "In the Palace of the King." Galahad in sight of the Grail knew no greater ecstasy than Jack's on the opening night. His fourteen-year-old knees bulging knobbily under carelessly fitted tights, his shoulder blades giving his doublet a peculiar hang all its own, and his voluminous wig shifting uneasily at every step, Jack strode confidently onto the stage, thinking amusedly of Booth, who also was an actor. In a voice that, though it changed range unexpectedly, was charged with dramatic feeling, he began his one line and stepped forward.

The huge, fluted ruff around his neck obscuring his vision, he stumbled over a footstool and kicked it into the footlights. There was a bang, an explosion, two lights went out, and Jack stood paralyzed. Then from the gallery, which was filled mostly with his pals, came a yell, "Hi—Mulhall!" In the hysteria born of excitement and terror, Jack began to giggle. Uncontrollably, and with the silly unreason of the awkward age, he stood riveted and giggling until the curtain was rung hastily down, and the stage manager grabbed him and administered as fine a whailing as the young Thespian had ever had.

His unfortunate début did not dampen his ardor. Even to-day his pleasure in his job is as keen as it was then. He likes best to do human stories of average people, the little dramas of your next-door neighbor. He

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JACK MULHALL'S good humor deserves emphasis, because it is inherent and never becomes tedious, as Margaret Reid brings out in her comprehensive story opposite, together with hitherto unpublished facts about the comedian's early life in his home town.
THIS glimpse of Laura La Plante in a corner of her living room finds her at ease after a long siege of work in "Show Boat," and if you have seen her as Magnolia you won't begrudge her the rest she has earned.
BECAUSE Dorothy Sebastian is from Alabama, and because of her expression in this photograph, you might think she was getting ready to sing a Mammy song, but such is far from true. Instead, she is meditating on the vagaries of fate and longing for bigger and better things, which in the case of every player means a great, big dramatic rôle.
If Mary Brian would heed the title of her new picture, "The Man I Love," and make as simple a declaration about the man she loves in real life, there would be less unrest in this anxious world of the fans.
By dint of hard work, a lot of talent and the encouraging smiles of Dame Fortune, William Bakewell has lifted himself from the unknowns to the limited group of young players who are very well known. His next lift—"Hot Stuff."
LONG absent from the screen, Julia Faye is coming back bent on causing an upheaval. This will not be difficult, because of the importance of her role in Cecil DeMille's "Dynamite," in which she is expected to make sparks fly.
THIS is Eddie Quillan who, at twenty-two, finds himself a featured comedian in leading roles. Why? Because he's clever, without trying too hard, and likable, because he can't help it. You will agree when you see him in “Listen, Baby.”
M Y R N A  L O Y was born in Montana, she has freckles and her name is Williams, but she looks anything but American, and hers is one of the unique personalities in Hollywood. Why this is her misfortune you will learn in the story opposite.
She Pays the Penalty

Because Myrna Loy is distinct unto herself and does not fit into the Hollywood mold of standardized types, her career is a baffling enigma to those who believe in her.

By Margaret Reid

THERE is a Hollywood mold into which all studio femininity is poured. It is a sort of final test. If any edges stick out, or lap over, they are skillfully pruned by the studio. "Thou shalt conform," is the first commandment around our cinema factories. It is a great executive whimsy that players are hired because they are distinctive, but retained only if they can be made to fit the mold. Generally and basically our actresses all resemble one another. Don't blame them—it's apparently the secret of screen success. To be different is to be outre, also out. To get ahead is to think, act, talk, and look as much as possible like the accepted Hollywood formula. Therefore shed a sympathetic tear for Myrna Loy.

Myrna's plight is dismal indeed, her misfortune twofold. The Loy countenance is too decisive, too immutably strange and medieval, to take on the pretty lines of Hollywood physiognomy. And the Loy personality just as stubbornly resists the corrosive inroads of Hollywood conventions. There is no pigeonhole into which she fits, no category in which she can be placed. Hence movie moguls are quite at sea as to what to do with her.

What, I'm asking you, can be done with a face that might have been contrived jointly by Helene Perdriat and El Greco—a boldly, yet finely etched countenance, with long, slanting eyes, broad cheek bones, pointed chin, retrousse nose and voluptuous mouth? The standard pattern of a movie is simple, and there is no segment of it where Myrna looks at home. The tip-tilted nose is ingénue, but then what? The eyes would do for a villainess except that, despite their shape, they are guileless. The mouth suggests a vamp, but there is that pointed chin which is purely elfin. The ensemble is exquisite, I grant you, and interesting far beyond the limits of candy-box prettiness—a face eminently suited to intelligent drama. But this, remember, is the movies, where characters must be tagged to avoid confusion as to their identity.

Myrna herself is fully conscious of her difficulty. Until recently her main interest was in getting established, and almost any sort of rôle serves that purpose, as long as the player's name is on the screen. But now she is beginning to feel uneasy. Her parts have increased in importance until she is a featured player. The rôles are bigger, but in the main just as bad as ever.

"I've been a contract player for three years," she remarked, "and I still haven't done a picture to which I can point with pride. Two or three incidental parts have been good—the native girl in 'Across the Pacific,' an episode in Victor McLaglen's 'A Girl in Every Port,' which was a little gem of tragedy and had to be cut out, because it killed the laughs, the lady-in-waiting in 'Don Juan,' which was fun to do. Outside of those I hide my head in shame."

Four years ago she was dancing in prologues at Grauman's Egyptian Theater. Henry Waxman, a young photographer, took some portraits of her and found them so interesting that he advised her to try pictures. He showed the studies he had taken to Valentino.
"Come One, Come All!"

The call of the barker is heard nowadays from the screen in increasing volume, as one after another of the masculine stars enters carnival life.

Robert Armstrong, above, is vehement in his praise of Mary Astor's charms in "The Woman from Hell."

Alan Hale, right, describes the thrills his listeners will enjoy when the diving girls do their sensational stunts in "The Spieler."

Milton Sills, below, the first impresario of the carnival to reach the screen in "The Barker," exhorts his audience to pay their dimes.

Walter Huston, right, the stage actor, contributes an inimitable portrait of a side-show spier in "The Carnival Man," a short dialogue film.

Ralph Graves, below, finds little effort needed to "sell" Marie Prevost to the crowd in "The Side Show," while Albert Roscoe assists in the trick.
Gone Are Her Languors

A fainting heroine no longer, Mary Astor blazes forth in spangles and tights,—with a wry smile at her screen "past."

By William H. McKegg

THIS madness called a film career is one of the most deliriously inconsistent things in the universe. You have perhaps heard that before, but it is always good for a repetition, and none the less true.

A newcomer will start out full of ambition. He will get his break. A smooth future unfolds itself before him—but he finds that he is not accomplishing any of the great things he had hoped to do. Do not blame him. You don't know the precarious movies. Neither does the aspiring newcomer.

As examples, take Richard Arlen, Hugh Allan, Clara Bow, and Esther Ralston. All had been in pictures several years before they won their spurs. Suddenly they flashed to the front in a particular picture, long after their first chance. It seems that a player's second chance is often the better one in the movies.

All that's a long introduction to the main issue—Mary Astor. Like these other players, she has spent several years in pictures—but only now is she flashing to the fore, and surprising the fans. Don't blame her because she was such a long time proving she could do something worth while.

"I had been kept down to the sweet, fainting heroines," Mary declared, with a whine of simulated despair. "Never would any one in the studios believe I could do anything else. I was always the meek, little girl, ready to faint at the least provocation."

But how far from fainting is the Astor of to-day! In "Dressed to Kill" she had no chance to faint, having to keep her wits among a gang of crooks. In "Dry Martini" she carried on so gayly in Paris that she shocked her sophisticated father, who was a real Parisian boulevardier at that. Mary is now, as we say, showing the world.

"When I look back on all the long struggle, it is with a smile and much amusement. Mother and I often laugh about it. Yet, at the time—"

She smoothed some cold cream over her face. Perhaps I should have said that I was in her bungalow dressing-room, once occupied by Olive Borden, and that Mary was making up for "The Woman from Hell."

"Without stressing the old point too much, I admit that ever since I was a kid I was always crazy to act. School theatricals, or any public event, called forth my ambitions. Mother had wanted to become an actress, but she had been born in too early a period. There was tradition. The stage was bad, and so forth. However, she did not let old-fashioned ideas hamper my attempts to make a start."

The cold-cream massage over, the Astor picked up her cigarette and caused the red-gold end to blaze brightly as she drew in the smoke. Then she returned to her facial duties.

"Dad was a language professor. He was without work at the time, so we sold what we had and went to Chicago, because some bogus schools there promised a rosy future on the screen to all who enrolled. Like
It's a far cry from the poetic "Beggar Maid," her first film, to "The Woman from Hell," her latest.

many others. I believed what I read. How many dollars we spent, studying make-up and supposed dramatics!

"To tide us over, and to educate me, mother obtained a position as a teacher of elocution in a private school. Her salary paid for my tuition."

The cold cream was by now all wiped off, and a thin layer of pink grease paint was being patted over the Astor's features.

"Then the great event came," Mary continued, turning the shades of the electric lights above the dressing table to afford more illumination on her face. "A magazine contest was being conducted in New York. The winner would get a five-year contract, or something, and much publicity. There was only one thing to do. We scraped up enough to get the three of us to New York.

"I had photographs taken, and sent some in. I was one of the first eight winners. At tea one day we met Charles Albin, the artist. He said he'd like to photograph me, and would I sit for him? Of course, mention of the contest was made. Mr. Albin saw some of the pictures I had submitted. 'Terrible,' he said. 'They're nothing like the pictures you should have had.'

"Until Mr. Albin's portraits were finished, I didn't know that proper lighting could do so many wonderful things to a person. I hardly knew his pictures were of me. The editor of the magazine saw them. 'That settles it,' he remarked, with grand decision. 'She wins right now.'

"Another celebration was justified. I think we each ordered a steak on that occasion. But—another girl was given first prize, and poor Mary was handed only a gold medal as winner of the second prize. I still have that medal. I keep it as a memento."

Miss Astor can laugh—not that superficial giggle, nor the mechanical "number six" expression of the movies, but a smile that radiates with humor. She laughed now, as she recalled her failure to win the contest.

"By plugging away after work, I was eventually chosen to play in a series of artistic films—rather interesting, little stories written around famous paintings. The first was 'The Beggar Maid.' Sir Edward Burne-Jones' canvas. Reginald Denny was the leading man. There was also, 'The Young Painter.' Based on Rembrandt's masterpiece. Pierre Gendron was the hero of that. Watts' 'Hope' was the other I made—don't I look a freak!"

Miss Astor had just coated her face with white powder and, indeed, looked like nothing on earth.

"Well, not much happened after that. I was under contract to Paramount for six months, but never got anything to do. I played a small part with Gareth Hughes in "Sentimental Tommy," but the entire sequence was cut out.

"To add to our depression those artistic pictures failed to get a release. They got tied up in some way. I was pretty much discouraged. Then I found work in a picture which took me to Canada. On my first evening back in New York, I went to see a play. Just as I came up from the subway near the Rivoli Theater, I faced MARY ASTOR, in "THE BEGGER MAID"—all in electric!

"It was a good thing mother was behind to prop me up, for without doubt I would have fallen down into the subway again. That was my first great thrill. I'll never forget it."

Miss Astor carefully brushed off the superfluous powder, leaving on her face a thin mask of make-up. Daintily she touched up her lips and eyes, all with the nonchalant ease that comes from long practice.

The phone rang. Her maid informed the caller that Miss Astor would be on the set very shortly. Whereupon the star said, "I'll have to chase you out while I get into my costume. I'll meet you on the set in a few minutes."

I was shoed out, and went to "hell"—that is, the set built for Miss Astor's new picture, "The Woman from Hell."

The rest of Mary's screen history is well known to the fans, for she has had a following ever since she appeared with John Barrymore, in "Beau Brummed" and "Don Juan." Then followed her contract with First National. "Rose of the Golden West," with Gilbert Roland, was very romantic, but that was all. Even in that Mary had to fight among the folds of her billowing silks.

Miss Astor revolted against playing "dumb" roles. She wanted something with a little more naturalness in it. Her contract had expired. Mary hied herself to the golf course. Sol Wurtzel, general superintendent of the Fox atelier, was also giving a little time to golf that day.

"I'm looking for a job," Mary bluntly stated, without any diplomatic reserve, when Wurtzel asked what she was doing.

"There's a picture about to go into production over at our place," he said, "but I don't think it is a part you'd care to play. It's entirely different from anything you've ever done. It's a crook picture."

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Square Shoulders

Junior Coghl

Junior, left, shows that he can lift weights along with the best of the boys.

He shines, below, as a kid swimmer at the Hollywood Athletic Club.

Junior can do tricks on a horse as well as Tom Mix—if it's the gymnasium horse, above.

It sometimes takes nimble legs to keep in range of the "mike," so Junior, above, has taken to track work.

Bring on your miniature Dempseys, and Junior, above, will give them a run for the honors.

Junior Coghl

uses his hours away from school and studio to develop a strong body.
The Second

Ruth Chatterton, distinguished on the stage, brought to the screen by talking pictures, and "The Doctor's Secret" with a revival of the

By Elza

in sound films for Paramount. The rôle she portrayed was a young English society woman. She imbued it with grace and charm and style and proved completely her possession of that triple entente extraordinaire, a definite screen personality, predominant in magnetic appeal—"It" we used to say in the old days—a lovely, flexible voice, and undeniable gifts of acting.

Metro-Goldwyn, after viewing and hearing her work, forthwith borrowed her for the big, emotional rôle of Madame X, which they are remaking as an all-dialogue picture, and Lubitsch is planning to engage her for his next production. So in the vernacular of the show world, she is getting the breaks.

Pauline Frederick was the screen's first Madame X, but that was when pictures were silent. It was her most striking rôle, and established her as a popular idol. Now Ruth Chatterton comes to the screen as the second and younger Madame X, and as one who speaks.

Perhaps it is fateful for her that her first potent dramatic rôle should be one that is of almost perennial appeal for audiences. There never was a more sympathetic character on the screen or stage than the tragic mother who was condemned to die, but was saved from the guillotine by her son—the young attorney who pleads her case—unknown to him, and from whom she had been separated since babyhood.

Perhaps it means the start of a new career for Miss Chatterton, as it did for Pauline Frederick, who also came to pictures from the stage. Miss Frederick has added her chapter to the history of the silent screen; Miss Chatterton makes her film début at the propitious moment when new screen history is in the making.

She represents the type of actress we may often see during these first milestones of sound pictures. In her type are crystallized the attributes that sound films demand—intelligence, voice, personality, and acting ability. Physical beauty henceforth will not be the prime requisite of the new art. Both the eye and the ear, from now on, must be appealed to. It is inevitable that there will be changes in the general personnel of the screen. These are already taking place.

I visited Miss Chatterton one afternoon during the making of "Madame X." It was the second or third time I had seen her to talk with, other than exchanging brief greetings at musical events, which she regularly attends. Like many stage players, she often visits the theater. But opera, concerts, recitals—these engross her when she tires of the theater.

The first time I had met her was at dinner at Emil and Gussie Jannings' hospitable "Berlin und Hamburg" board. One of those gay, cosmopolitan evenings never to be confused with a convention of the English-speaking Union. But—that is quite another story.

She had just been engaged by Paramount as "the other woman" in Emil's picture, "Sins of the Fathers."

AFTER all's said and done, we have sound pictures to thank for many things. They have brought new and varied experiences to the humdrum pleasure of moviegoing. And they are proving the greatest stimulus the picture industry has ever had, although that stimulus has caused havoc and confusion which have virtually turned Hollywood inside out.

All is topsy-turvy. Everything and everybody seems to be talking or singing at once. The most silent place in the world has suddenly become a babel. Through it all, the mechanical developments of sound pictures are racing toward the goal of a highly perfected technique for the thousands of voices that are waiting to be heard.

Progress is a lightning swiftness. One scarcely recovers from the shock of a bad talking opus, before the thrill of a very fine one is provided. There is the terrific urge of what might be termed a renaissance in the colony—a renaissance that has closed the era of silent pictures, and flung open wide a veritable Valhalla of sound, and with it, new personalities.

Ruth Chatterton is one of the most engaging of these new personalities. She has come directly from the stage—half of her life has been spent behind the footlights—and she has had no film experience other than having refused a magnificent offer six years ago.

Her success has been immediate. It all came about in "The Doctor's Secret," William DeMille's first venture

Photo by Blitho

Ruth Chatterton disdained a munificent offer to appear in films some years ago, never dreaming that this year would find her acclaimed by the fans.
Madame X

heads the procession of new stars follows her brilliant début in great drama of mother love.

Schallert

This was not a talking film, and was something of an experiment on the company’s part to determine her photographic personality. She registered favorably, and the next step was the talking lead in “The Doctor’s Secret.”

At the Jannings party she was accompanied by Tullio Carminati. She and her husband, Ralph Forbes, were at that time passing through a mild state of temperament differences, which I believe are now entirely smoothed out. The “differences” may easily be attributed to their persistent separations, owing to their respective work, shortly after their marriage. Ralph just would enter the movies, when Ruth so loved the stage. Now Ruth is striking big in the films and Ralph is making a huge hit on the local stage, giving a beautiful performance of the young professor in “The Swan,” opposite Lois Wilson. Such are the vagaries of the show business. Perhaps they will appear together some time in a talking film. They made a captivating pair when they played in the stage version of “The Green Hat” in Los Angeles.

A peculiar, almost ominous silence pervades the sound stages these days. Gone is the clatter and clamor on the sets that was typical of silent pictures. The absolute quiet and stillness that are part and parcel of sound films in the making, are bringing an unconscious dignity to studios. One senses more of the spirit of the theater. This was particularly manifest on the “Madame X” set, what with Miss Chatterton and Lionel Barrymore, who is directing the picture, besides Lewis Stone, Raymond Hackett, and Mitchell Lewis in the cast—each at one time or another a distinctive figure of the stage—players who have been trained in the ways of words and articulation, and in the technique and tradition of an old art that is blending with a youthful one.

Miss Chatterton was robed in a shabby dressing-gown that tightly hugged her slender figure. On her feet were old, felt slippers. She looked pathetically small and thin. Her face was seamod with lines of make-up, emphasizing the marks degraded living were leaving on the once-beautiful face of the young mother who, because her baby had been taken from her, was tobogganing straight toward hell.

The scene was a hovel in Hawaii. She was leaning forward in a dilapidated rocker, holding a half-empty glass in one unsteady hand. At her feet a Hawaiian boy sat singing plaintive tunes to the accompaniment of a steel guitar. When his song ended, her voice rose in a hoarse, broken whisper:

“Oh, that’s beautiful!—beautiful! But very sad.”

Large tears dropped from her eyes, while she rocked her head in her hands. Then with a startlingly swift, pantherlike movement, she leaped to her feet, screaming in frenzied tones, “Get out of here! Get out! You and your sad songs—get out!”

Her voice changed again to a whisper, which she does surprisingly well. Not a throaty, guttural sound, but something reminiscent of an unexpected, eerie wind sweeping across the desert.

“Come here. Don’t be afraid of me—come here.” This was followed by a low, tragic laugh.

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Tights and Tan Bark

The combination of these circus essentials inspires the stars to feats of daring and reveals their physical perfection as well.

George O'Brien and Lois Moran, above, finding no circus picture to play in, donned the proper costume for a little stunt of their own.

Renée Adorée, left, as Cleo, in "The Spieler," is not only the owner of the show, but its star attraction as well.

Charles Morton and Janet Gaynor, below, truly glorified the trapeze in "The Foul Devils" and popularized tights and tan bark.

It's none other than Hoot Gibson, above, who, clad in skirts, holds Dorothy Gulliver for a thrilling stunt in "The Wild West Show."

Doris Hill, left, slipped into tights and became an aerial artist for "Tillie's Punctured Romance."
How to Break Into Talkies

Often as eager aspirants have been warned not to attempt the movies, there is actually some chance of their breaking into talking pictures, as this article clearly explains.

By Inez Sebastian

If you’re one of the thousands of people who feel that life won’t be complete until you’ve tried to break into the movies, you’ve had “Don’t!” said to you, emphatically, over and over. Every one, from clergymen to motion-picture moguls, has said it.

Well, I’m going to say, “Do!” For I’ve been talking to some of the makers of talking pictures, asking them what you could do, and how you could go about breaking into talkies—for talking pictures are something new under the sun, and they’ve upset Hollywood. There’s more room at the top than there has been in years, and more room all the way up, too.

People who thought they were pretty well set, so far as working in pictures was concerned, are now learning that the big companies are renewing contracts only with players whose worth in talkies is unquestioned. Some of the old-timers, like Betty Compson, Gladys Brockwell, and Bessie Love, are coming back strong. Stage players, such as Ruth Chatterton and Jeanne Eagels, are stepping in, and in some cases are remaining. Nobody can tell what’s going to happen.

And newcomers are breaking in, because of their voices, and because the opportunity to speak has given them a chance to show that they have personality.

I talked with Bryan Foy, the keen young man who has charge of making short subjects and features for Warner Brothers. “Brynie,” as everybody calls him, is a son of the famous Eddie Foy, and began making pictures with dialogue three years ago. Before most of the people in the industry realized that talkies had descended upon them, he had made the first all-talking picture, “Lights of New York,” and now he has directed another, “Queen of the Night Clubs,” with Texas Guinan.

“You’ve got to have intelligence and acting ability, to work in talking pictures,” he told me. “The days of the beautiful and dumb are gone, so far as talkies are concerned. And there’s a lot more hope now for the extra, who has a chance to step out of the crowd and do a bit, than there has ever been before.

“The minute a person talks, the director has a chance to see whether that boy or girl has personality. He’s not just seeing what they look like. If they’ve got it, he’ll remember them. The next time he wants some one for a small part, he won’t just run through a lot of screen tests and pick some one who looks all right; he’ll recall somebody he’s heard talk. There’s more chance to make an impression, now, than there ever has been before.”

Fine! How many people have you seen on the screen who did just some little thing, and did it well, only to vanish forever from sight.
How to Break Into Talkies

of audiences? Why, not long ago a young chap had a chance like that in a picture made by Warner Brothers—a silent picture—and did it so well that fans wrote in about him, and critics picked him out for special mention.

An effort was made to find him to use him again, but he’d disappeared, leaving no address.

Now, about voices. Probably you’ve heard of Robert Milton, famous as a stage producer and director. He went to Hollywood to direct the screen version of the stage play, “The Dummy.” He immediately did away with one bugaboo by declaring that personality was more important than voice, that if a player had charm that would get over, the voice could be made to take care of itself, in nine cases out of ten.

As an example, he cited Zasu Pitts. He wanted her for a rôle in “The Dummy,” but her voice test wasn’t satisfactory. She was too conscious of the microphone, and too eager to use her voice correctly. He got her to sit down and talk to him, to tell him stories. Then he had her make another test, just talking naturally as she had to him, and it was fine.

So don’t take elocution lessons in preparation for breaking into the talkies; you’re not going to speak pieces before the camera. Of course, you’ll have to speak clearly, and if your voice is monotonous you won’t have much chance to succeed. Vocal monotony was a bugbear that stood in the way of Vilma Banky’s talking for public consumption, that and her accent, and the fact that her voice is rather guttural. Now she is studying to correct those faults. You must be able to use your voice with feeling; Evelyn Brent’s is a good example of what that means.

Nor is too precise enunciation to be desired. Natural speech, clear enough to be understood easily—that’s the goal to aim at.

A desirable thing is what is known as “the telephone voice.” When “Interference” was made, every one went around talking about Betty Brent’s telephone voice. It carries well, without apparent effort on her part, and has a certain quality that keeps it from recording so that it sounds mechanical.

Some say that stage experience is desirable, some say it isn’t. Bryon Foy says that acting ability is the important thing, and that it may be natural, as Lois Wilson’s is, or more or less acquired, as is the case with many actresses who have worked on the stage. Robert Milton says that stage experience isn’t desirable; that stage folk are likely to have a habit of declaiming rather than just talking. Any number of picture people, who’ve never set foot on a stage outside the studios, are making good in talkies, so apparently these two authorities are right.

In talkies good looks are desirable, of course, but not essential as it used to be. Look at Ruth Chatterton, and then at Olga Baclanova. Not beautiful, either of them, but superb actresses. So if you’ve been thinking that your face could never make the grade you’d have to climb to get into pictures, you can forget about that obstacle now.

So much for requirements. The only one I haven’t mentioned, I take for granted that you have remembered—and that is the possession of enough money to take you to Hollywood, and keep you there till you’ve broken into the motion game.

Now, as to methods of getting in. The methods followed for breaking into silent pictures has been to register at the Central Casting Bureau in Hollywood. But Cen-

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By Margaret Reid

It is a face almost any young man might be proud to own. A more than ordinarily handsome face, dark, romantic, insinuating—the sort that induces lady fans to turn a coldly critical eye on their hitherto satisfactory beaux. A face that fits neatly into the romantic tangents of almost any gal.

In the beginning, producers took one look at this face and cried, in their various dialects, "Whoopee—here's a sheik!" Because it was dark, they declared it dangerous to women and forthwith consigned it to such roles as required high-voltage s. a. and little else.

So that, children, is why Ricardo Cortez has no particular affection for the movies and would rather not talk about his career, if you don't mind. He is in the movies—they are his business and he is a good businessman. But he tosses no phrases about his art. To him that would be as silly as a realtor dilating on the artistic message of selling lots. Ricardo thinks that another and more apt name for movies is "grief."

"Because I happened to go into pictures at a time when all characters were stereotyped, my face has been held against me ever since. And after all these years of being a well-dressed come-on for the susceptible ladies in the cast, I am pretty well fed up.

"Perhaps it's the innate vanity of actors that they want their abilities taxed to the full. I left the brokerage business, because I hated the dull routine. I went into pictures, because acting seemed a vivid, satisfying job. But that delusion has been kicked out of me. It is no more stimulating than being a broker. It pays better, but after you've made a certain amount of money, the pay check isn't quite as important as appeasing some unreasonable urge to make more of yourself."

He is deprecating when he talks about his work—apologetic for referring to a topic that he thinks must bore others, because it has lost most of its significance to him. You get the impression that he thinks he is terrible on the screen. It is almost wistfully that he speaks of the one picture in which he was really happy. This was D. W. Griffith's "The Sorrows of Satan."

"Only a Griffith," Ricardo observes, "would have had the temerity to cast me as a starving English author. It was a splendid rôle, and working for Griffith, and with an artist like Carol Dempster, was incentive such as I never felt before."

It is still, incidentally, remembered in the studios that Griffith, the arch-technician and mentor of every detail, practically gave Ricardo free rein in this picture. Par-

Photo by Hommel

Ricardo Cortez left the brokerage business, because acting seemed a vivid, satisfying job, but he doesn't think so now.
His Face Is His Misfortune

particularly in the scenes between Cortez and Carol Dempster the director almost dispensed with direction, asking Ricardo to follow his own inclinations. These scenes, it developed, were among the most charming in the picture.

After “The Sorrows of Satan” Ricardo hoped that others, too, might be open to the suggestion that he was not a sheik.

“Wouldn’t you think,” he said ingenuously, “that after all this time I’d be cured of optimism? But I’m not. Every picture I begin looks vaguely promising. My judgment has become so ruffled that I can’t tell a good script from a bad one any more. It always seems as though the next picture is going to be better, and when it turns out to be worse I still see the one to follow in a rosy haze.”

Things really haven’t been quite so bad as all that, but he is capable of a great deal more than rôles where emotion is subdued so as not to obscure the cut of his dinner coat. In proof is the fact that no matter how puerile the rôle, Ricardo’s work is as sincere as if it were a masterly one. He never glosses over details, or skimps on concentration. And against that day when he does finally graduate, he has in readiness a wealth of knowledge and technical assurance, earnestly acquired through these years of enforced apprenticeship. Added to this is a nice feeling for characters, a quick sense of their foibles and meaning. His heart was set yearningly on the part of the bootlegger in “Broadway.” And when “Lulu Belle” is produced on the Los Angeles stage, if he can arrange for time between pictures he wants to do the man in this.

Free-lancing since he severed connections with Paramount, Ricardo goes from one picture to another with scarcely breathing space in the intervals. Despite his high salary, he is in constant demand by directors who have learned that they can depend upon his intelligent, polished troupimg. His fan following has remained, among the dizzy ascents and dizzier descents, stable and inflexible; his rating at the box office has never fluctuated. Even if the circumstances he deplores have worn the luster off Thespian ambitions, they have not injured his popularity.

It is especially ironic that, a few years ago, Ricardo missed what would have been the psychological moment by a scant twelve hours. Rex Ingram, after “The Four Horsemen,” was looking for a leading man to succeed Valentino. He interviewed hundreds of possibilities and one afternoon Cortez was among them. Ingram considered him carefully but said nothing, and Ricardo thought the incident closed.

At five o’clock of the same afternoon he was peremptorily summoned to Paramount and Jesse Lasky’s office. Lasky was cordial—he had seen Ricardo at the Coconut Grove on the previous evening and was convinced that he showed great promise. When Ricardo left the studio an hour later it was with a five-year contract, signed and sealed, in his pocket. And at nine o’clock the next morning Ingram sent for him, having decided that he was the only logical choice. Told of Ricardo’s contract, the director flew into a towering Irish rage which subsided only after Ricardo explained the circumstances. Later Ingram signed Ramon Novarro, while Ricardo was consigned by Paramount to the type of rôle which he feels he has duplicated in almost every picture since.

It is one of Hollywood’s many incongruities that Ricardo Cortez should be exploited as a sheik. For, outside of being good looking and dark, he has not one of the accepted attributes. He is a thoroughly regular person—the sort other men like for a good scout. Extremely conservative, he shrinks from the professional ostentation of the film colony and does not participate.

“We ought to feel embarrassed, I suppose, that we don’t live in Beverly,” Ricardo apologizes for the old-fashioned house he occupies with his wife, Alma Rubens, in a secluded section of Hollywood. “But our justification is that here every inch of ground and every stick of furniture is paid for. Even our cars run no risk of being attached. We try not to boast, but it is rather gratifying in this town of mortgaged mansions and bad-tempered creditors.”

Their dearest possession is a diminutive, highly pedigreed Aberdeen terrier named Andrew. Andrew is the despot of the household, with the freedom of any tapestry chair or brocaded counterpane he fancies. Ricardo thinks he looks like George Bernard Shaw. He is shaggy and volatile and, when the mood is upon him, goes through a repertoire of tricks with a faint air of bravado.

A lover of dogs, Ricardo admits that he finds it easier to wax sentimental over them than over people. He reads every known text book dealing with canines and is an authority on their care, education, and characters.

Secondary weaknesses are golf and tennis. On Sunday mornings he is up at six and on the links till mid-afternoon. When Cochet, the French tennis champ, played in Los Angeles, Ricardo and Alma entertained him.

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Billowing In

That describes the growing vogue of voluminous skirts in Hollywood, and it's a graceful star that doesn't trip over her ruffles these days.

Lina Basquette, below, poised for flight between movies and the stage in a swirl of tulle.

Lucila Mendez, above, flounces about in a bouffant frock consisting of twenty yards of flesh-colored tulle and some flowers and ostrich feathers as well.

Jeanette Loff, above, achieves quaintness in an odd frock made of ten yards of white lace embroidered in silver.

Bessie Love, below, is surrounded by ten yards of baby-blue taffeta, her contribution to the billowy mode.

Raquel Torres, above, spreads wide her skirt of white tulle to show where the fifteen yards of it have gone.

Nancy Carroll, above, knows perfectly well that she's a knock-out in ivory taffeta setting off her red hair.
Hugh Allan and Cathrine Hoffman are looking in the direction of June and their wedding day, and thanking their stars for the lucky day when the bride-elect, a writer, came to interview her husband-to-be.

HOLLYWOOD simply can't become highbrow. Every time the film colony tries to soar to empyreal aesthetic heights, a constitutional ailment develops. Then some famous visitor's feelings are hurt, and he goes home in a huff.

The latest to take his departure in haste and disgust is Max Reinhardt, the famous German stage producer. Brought over here some six months ago to make a Lillian Gish starring picture, he never so much as shot a single scene.

Difficulties over story and contract, and uncertainty about talking pictures and other problems, reputedly came to the fore while he was preparing the production, and finally an agreement to disagree was reached between him and the studio executives. He sailed for Europe a few weeks ago.

Reinhardt can console himself with the fact that others who came and saw, but did not wholly conquer, included at various times Maurice Maeterlinck, Sir Gilbert Parker, Michael Arlen, William J. Locke, who just recently left, not to speak of numerous lights of the New York literary and show world. It would seem oftentimes that the picture realm likes to toy with great reputations, and that's what occasionally gives Hollywood a name closely synonymous with Boobville.

Auditory Complexities.

Somebody has made the impressive discovery that ears are more temperamental even than actors. The result is that everybody in pictures is soon to have his hearing tested. "You can get glasses to correct people's sight," one high official explained to us recently, "but nobody has yet discovered any apparatus to offset slight defects in auditory perceptions. And it's making a lot of trouble on sound sets. No two people can agree on what voices sound like."

The executive might have extended his theory to include sound-picture audiences. However, they pretty thoroughly concur on how voices seem in bad talking pictures. But it probably can't be effectively told in polite language.

They Pay and Pay.

Income tax! What a baneful word in the movie colony! It would seem as if some one is always having a squabble with the government over money said, alleged, and asserted to be due.

Not long ago it was Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, who took a hurried trip East to argue out some differences with Uncle Sam, and recently Lillian and Dorothy Gish had a $60,000 dispute over their returns for 1924 and 1925. The trouble disclosed the fact that the salaries paid the sisters aggregated more than $1,000,000 during the two years mentioned.

Income tax difficulties also brought William Haines, Rod La Rocque, Mitchell Lewis, Dorothy Mackaill, and others, into court. They were witnesses in an inquiry directed against an income-tax adviser who, it was claimed, had been too generous toward the film celebrities' pocketbooks in handling their problems.

A Swanson of Voice.

Cecil DeMille has found a "vocal Gloria Swanson." That's the way, at least, he proclaimed his newest discovery, Kay Johnson, who plays the lead in "Dynamite."

"She has the same emotional qualities in her speech that Miss Swanson possesses in pantomime," DeMille told us. "She will be a sensation in the talking medium."

DeMille's picture, his first for Metro-Goldwyn, is a colorful and daring affair in his best grand-society manner. It will have spectacular embellishments. The most novel will be a race of huge wheels in which a number of girls will take part. The feet of the girls are strapped to the inside rim of these wheels and, by keeping a straight position within the circle, and correctly balancing themselves, they are able to make the wheels revolve down a grass course. Thus, head over heels they go down to the goal posts in the race.

Precocious Youth.

Make out of this what you can! A Wampas baby star has been elected to play the starring rôle in "The Gold Diggers."

Celestial Wisdom.

"Tom Mix! Tom Mix!" We heard this shout recently on a studio set and were nonplused, because it was a Karl Dane and George K. Arthur film. Besides, we knew that the celebrated cowboy hero was supposed to be on a vaudeville tour.

Investigation disclosed that the Tom Mix in question was a Chinese extra, and further inquiry determined that there was not only a Mix among the celestials, but also a John Barrymore.

It seems that the Chinese-like film acting so well that
they even assume the names of some of the leading personalities for screen purposes. What is more, it probably helps to make them remembered at the casting office.

Mourning Helpmeets.

"Microphone widows!" That's a new one. And believe us, it has a pathetic meaning. So, at any rate, say the wives of a number of Paramount's leading actors, who have found their home life turned topsy-turvy by the working schedules at that studio.

Ever since fire destroyed the sound stages on the Paramount lot, the leading players in talking pictures have been forced to work at night, and sometimes for long hours in the bargain. Home and social duties keep the wives busy in the daytime, while professional obligations keep the husbands away in the evenings. So domestic life just isn't in those households for the time being.

Neil Hamilton, who was among the victims, therefore decided that since there were grass widows, golf widows, and various others, he might as well coin the new phrase "microphone widows." And it has become duly popular.

Footlight Notables.

Interest in the advent of stage players has been genuinely intensified by the arrival of Peggy Wood and Basil Rathbone. The former is playing in "The Wonder of Women," and the latter in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." Miss Wood is a capable actress, who has appeared in both dramatic attractions and musical shows. Rathbone achieved a conquest in "The Command to Love."

We saw them both on the sets at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, and were rather impressed with their seeming adaptability to the film medium. Rathbone had one previous adventure in pictures, "The Masked Dancer," made several years ago with Mae Murray, and Miss Wood played opposite Will Rogers in a film ten years ago.

The Fatal Three Again.

It's enough to make any one superstitious—this continual repetition of trios of deaths. The names added to the fatal scroll recently are Frank Keenan, Casson Ferguson, and William Russell.

Keenan was the veteran of the trio. Seventy years of age, he was in his prime one of the most successful of screen actors. He made his début under the old Ince régime, his most famous performance, perhaps, being in "The Coward," which brought Charles Ray into his earliest triumph. Keenan had appeared infrequently in recent years, but was widely known to fans.

Doris Dawson illustrates her own way of breaking into the movies, but doesn't advise you to try it.

Ferguson was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was a bitrly tragic note in his passing, since both he and his wife were victims of death-dealing illness at the same time. They died within a day of each other, and the funeral services for both were held together.

William Russell, who was about forty, was the husband of Helen Ferguson. They had been very happily married for several years. His passing was very sudden, and his wife, who was filling a stage engagement in San Francisco, returned just a few hours too late to be with him before his life ended. Russell was for a long time a star with Fox, and later achieved a distinct success in the rôle of the battling sailor in "Anna Christie." He had many friends in the colony.

Toward Golden Goal.

Forty years married! Now let the pessimists croak about the ephemeral quality of all professional matches. A pleasant exception is furnished by Mr. and Mrs. George Fawcett. They can begin to look toward their golden-wedding anniversary.

In case you are curious to know what Mrs. Fawcett looks like, it might be mentioned that she appears in "Innocents of Paris." Her husband is known for his numerous impersonations of character roles, usually with ample mustachios.

Ruth a Theater Fan.

Ruth Chatterton is scarcely a stay-at-home. Indeed, we catch glimpses of her everywhere. She seems to love the theater, especially, and attends every play that is produced. Also the opera.
Hollywood High Lights

She doesn't go unattended, either. Bernie Fineman, the producer, John Colton, the writer, and William Powell, were among her escorts. So she didn't have to be quite lonesome while her husband, Ralph Forbes, was busy playing in a stage production. However, she and Ralph are doubly devoted since they recently decided that their happiness lay along parallel paths. Appropriately, her new film is named "The Constant Wife."

Ruth is so clever and intelligent that we do not wonder that she is widely admired.

Riches for Tooters.

The Midas touch of filmland is being extended to many new people since the advent of sound. What, for instance, do you suppose the musicians receive who play for the orchestras that furnish accompaniments? Just the next little sum of thirty dollars an hour each. Fiddlers, cellists, bass drummers, and e'en the often despised saxophonist have emitted a cheer over the result.

However, the cheer isn't one of unmitigated joy. The hours are terrifically hard, for one thing, and we know of a case where some harpists plucked strings so vigorously that the ends of their fingers were all but raw, because of their endeavor to furnish appropriately celestial music for some allegorical scene.

Wedding Problems.

Mrs. Nicholas Soussanin! Yes, that's Olga Baclanova's new name—in private life.

The wedding was celebrated with no small amount of difficulty. Marriage licenses were obtained at the wrong place, proper dignitaries to perform the ceremony couldn't be found, and then on top of the other tribulations, the dynamic Olga was arrested for speeding, and had to appear in court.

The main trouble was that Soussanin and Baclanova wanted to be wed by a Greek orthodox priest, and they took out their license in Riverside where no such churchman was to be found. So, after due deliberation, they had to be satisfied with a civil ceremony. But it was all very disturbing, to say the least, particularly when Miss Baclanova was handed a traffic ticket by a hard-hearted officer for going "thirty-five" through a school zone. Who could expect a gifted actress not to become excited and forget speed rules, when her wedding day was all upset by a sequence of technical problems that were new to her?

They Return to Speak.

Yes—Raymond Griffith speaks! We heard him. And his voice is really very good on the screen. Just about three times as natural as life.

We looked at the short comedy, made by the Christies, in which he plays a burglar, appropriately named "Whispering" Smith, and we understand Ray is to follow this with others. He has also been engaged for a Fox feature.

The talkies are coming along very brightly now. "Alibi," one of the most recent, had a big preview and was received with great acclaim. This production is responsible for another come-back, namely, Pat O'Malley's. He plays the leading masculine role, and has received several engagements on the strength of his work in this feature.

Still another return—Leatrice Joy has been placed under contract for four films with First National, in which she will speak and sing.

Avoidopus Inspection.

It's scarcely believable, but Esther Ralston wins highest place for weight at the Paramount studio. A survey was recently taken of the present avoidopus of the stars, and Miss Ralston registered 124 pounds. Weights of the more prominent leading women ranged from 102 pounds, for Ruth Taylor, up to Leona Lane, a newcomer, surpassed Miss Ralston by one pound, but she is not as yet known to the fans.

Here is the deadly reckoning: Nancy Carroll, 118; Clara Bow, 110; Evelyn Brent, 112; Florence Vidor, 118; Ruth Chatterton, 110; Fay Wray, 110; Doris Hill, 108; Mary Brian, 105; Jean Arthur, 105. The height of these girls averages 5 feet, 3 inches. Miss Ralston's slightly greater weight is explained by the fact that she is the tallest—5 feet 5.5.

Perfection at Any Cost!

A director was shooting a wild police chase in a comedy-crook picture. An automobile was going down a make-believe street, hurting around a corner, while pedestrians madly scattered. It looked exciting and like a perfectly good "take," but after the scene was finished the director wanted it done over.

"What seems to be the matter? Why isn't he satisfied?" asked one workman of another.

"Aw, he didn't like the hub caps on the automobile."

Al Grows Wistful.

Al Jolson is acquiring a good old-fashioned ambition that some time or other hits nearly every star. He says that when he is through with his present film contract with Warner Brothers, he may become an executive as well as a star. There's lots of glory in being a star, but no money, he said. Al also remarked that with all the film mergers, one was likely to go to bed working for Paramount, and wake up working for Pathé News.

Sue Carol Free!

Finis was written recently to another of those chapters of contention that occasionally crop up over contracts.
Sue Carol obtained her freedom from the Douglas MacLean organization, which sponsored her debut. At all events, an injunction was refused to the MacLean concern, which means that Miss Carol is at liberty to go on working for Fox.

The story of this fight is too long and complicated to recite here, though its settlement probably means a great deal for Miss Carol professionally. In any case, she is playing in a picture called "The Exalted Flapper." And we'll say that the title ought to suit Sue.

**A Husband's Duty.**

The vicissitudes of the husband whose wife is cultivating her voice! Rod La Rocque gayly told them to us not long ago. He says that Vilma Banky is zealously studying Shakespeare, spending every free moment learning the lines by heart, and striving to perfect her pronunciation of them. "And I'm the audience!" said Rod, somewhat ruefully, "but I am giving her all the encouragement I can."

**Case of Diminution.**

Another of the strange title transitions: "Broadway Musketeers" becomes "Broadway Babies." Alice White is the star.

**More Revivals.**

Requests for revivals of films in talkie form are waxing insistent, according to one of the studios. Among pictures named for remaking with dialogue are "The Phantom of the Opera," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Ben-Hur," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Male and Female," "The Merry Widow," and "Scaramouche."

What is your choice?

**Noisy Intrusions.**

Airplanes are fine in their place, but that place is not overhead when an outdoor talking scene is being made. There is reported to be some friction between the films and the aviators on this score. It seems to be a favorite custom of the fliers to come buzzing along just at the time that everything is set for a scene, and baleful but ineffectual looks are cast skyward at these moments, though the plight of those on the ground is hopeless enough.

Meadows larks also caused much disturbance recently, while William Boyd and Carol Lombard were working on some exteriors in the early morning for "High Voltage," in Culver City. To drive the birds away, a round of pistol shots was fired by the technical men of the troupe. It silenced the overenthusiastic carolings of the feathered folk, but woke up the residents of the neighborhood and brought the police, called by fearful souls—who thought that some desperate racketeering was going on. The officers found nothing in the city laws, however, that prohibited shooting at meadow larks. It just wasn't done.

**A Lyrical Argument.**

Another cause for debate has arisen. One company has announced that it will make grand operas, including "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Faust," "Martha," "Tales of Hoffman," "Carmen," and "Aida." A high official of another company has stated that any attempt to make grand operas at the present time is ridiculous. This should make a popular vote on the subject right in order.

**Lupe now a Stella.**

Lupe Velez made such a distinct hit with her comedy in "Lady of the Pavements" that it has been settled that she will be starred. We hope it means a lot for her, because she really has bright talent and has had a struggle to establish herself individually, because of a rather readily noticed resemblance to Dolores del Rio. In "Lady of the Pavements" she exhibited a marked departure in her work. For this, D. W. Griffith, whose skill in bringing out the new in actors is unending, is to be thanked. "D. W." is still one in a thousand.

**Comedians Are Concerned.**

Comedians of the first rank are worrying more about talking pictures than anybody. Charlie Chaplin has virtually decided against having any vocal efforts in his feature, "City Lights." And now we learn that Harold Lloyd is somewhat doubtful about the expediency of speaking lines.

Both these fun makers have a highly developed art in their comedy, and it would perhaps be a great mistake to turn away from this familiar medium into channels doubtful and unknown. Still they are both in a quandary at times, we understand.

**Temperament Approved.**

Jetta Goudal is justified. Settlement of her suit against Pathé, dating from old differences which she had with Cecil DeMille at that studio, reveals that she wasn't regarded by the court as the bad, little, temperamental star she was supposed to be. She received a judgment of $31,000 cold cash.

There are interesting phases to the Goudal suit. The judge, in rendering the decision, indicated that artists have more rights intellectually than is ordinarily presumed, and that they can't be treated as menials and ordered about with pleasure.

Among the very pertinent statements was the following: "It cannot be said that in an employment of this character obedience of 'theirs-not-to-reason-why' type is required. The reasonableness of the orders, as well as the effect of noncompliance are to be considered."

This might be construed as a blow to the so-called czaristic methods that occasionally are advocated in the management of players.

**Insulting Competition.**

Rivalry has exhibited itself all of a sudden in the case of Hollywood's "insulters."

"And who," you will ask, "are the 'insulters'?" Yes, that's just it. They really do need explanation.

An "insulter" is a professional actor who, as a side line, furnishes amusement at banquets, dinner dances, teas, and other film functions, by making what might be termed laughingly offensive remarks about those present.

[Continued on page 94]
For months on end Miss Pickford was content to idle at Pickfair, but now she is charged with renewed energy.

Pollyanna Turns "Coquette"

Mary Pickford discards rags for orchid chiffon in her new picture, and changes her screen self to match the critical turn in her career.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THOUGH the fact that Mary Pickford had discarded curls and gingham was common knowledge, I scarcely expected the vision which burst upon me when I peered into her dressing room.

A whirlwind of orchid chiffon, high-heeled slippers, pirouetting. A very short bob in a symmetrical marcel lay close to a little head held high. Outflung arms were encircled with pearls; a diamond caught the light.

"Like me?" She slipped into an ermine jacquette. "I do!"

I could only gasp. Where was Raggedy Ann? Even her loved heart-shaped face looked different. Eyes that used to be rounded were saucily slanted.

Oh, Cinderella was indeed ready for the party, as chic and impish as any flapper of the furious films.

On the set Mary enacted a scene of cajolery. In her flirtation there was a flick of sarcasm, an ironic eyebrow, a disdainful moue, challenging eyes eloquent with a language all their own—arrogance, enticement, mockery.

I watched, startled. "America's Sweetheart," the very air about her electric with—that appeal designated by initials.

"You have——" It didn't seem quite right, somehow, to say it. She laughed, delighted. "Those skirts! Shocking! I remember that Doug wouldn't let you wear 'em short when you dressed up."

"Perhaps," her newly articulate eyebrows arched, "had they been more attractive, he wouldn't have objected."

The skirts? Or the general ensemble?

Curiously, while in "Coquette" she challenges the Bows and the Whites on their own flapping ground, there is about Mary's debut a welcome freshness. Older than they, she yet has cherished her youth. Where they are already blasé, she is naive.

A star of more years than it would be polite to enumerate, she possesses an artistry they, probably, can never hope to imitate. But that she also has, with her wealth of compounded talent, a youthful, unspoiled zest that will shame theirs, strikes me as something of a sort of anomaly.

Mary faces a crisis. She has definitely closed a door. Will she be

Photo by Hobson

Miss Pickford, as Norma Besant, in "Coquette."
merely a capable actress, portraying the usual gamut of roles? Or can she, through the alchemy of her ability, create a character of young girlhood uniquely individual?

At no more auspicious time could she attempt a change of such contrast. The very air quivers with the breath of novelty, with expectation of the next moment's wonder. Into this new picture-world—of sound, color, talk of new dimensions, abrupt transformations—marvels are ushered each day.

"The change I am making is a drastic step, perhaps dangerous," she admitted. "But I felt there must be no concessions, no timorous change. I am a mature woman. It required, perhaps, more technical ability to simulate the child than older drama necessitates. I shall not, however, cater to passing phases. There must be, as in 'Coquette,' story and ample motivation. Norma is a victim, not only of her own waywardness, but of circumstances and of stressed conventions. I will look first for logic, second for reality of character, and she must have lovable traits and humor. I have no intention of 'going jazz.' She—each she—must have an impish quality. Wherever I find interesting characters, I shall play them, whether they live in tenements or manors. I do hope, though," she laughed, smoothing her orchid chiffon, "that their fathers are wealthy. Dressing up is such fun."

This is a direct severance of old ties, with no attempt to retain, in any guise, the whimsical pathos so essentially her motif.

She flaps, but without exaggerated pyrotechnics. She doesn't make whooppee for its attraction alone. As the spoiled, headstrong daughter of a well-to-do family of a small Southern city, Norma's drama is the point of interest, atmosphere incidental.

Mary was the visual spirit of childhood, a universal language; age and all differences were for-gotten in her play-garden. She wasn't Mary Pickford, playing a part; she was a shanty-Irish kid, with an individual mingling of pathos and temper.

In a certain sense, Mary's manner conforms to the atmosphere of her screen self. The childlike maternal quality of Pollyanna had its counterpart in the Mary Pickford of family and business responsibilities. Her wings protected her own; she counseled and loved and worried over them; she had worked for them, at a sacrifice of her own childhood freedom. Invariably, my impression of her was of child weariness. So tiny, so frail, the sense of many duties hovering over her. The very way she threw back her head had a sort of bravery.

She regarded everything with a tremendous amount of personal concern. She philosophized. Her mental links were carefully soldered—but, oh, it was all so serious. Even her humor had a sadness. A wistfulness hung about her. Conversation was so much of the world's suffering, of work. Doug once told me that the reason for her warm, quick sympathy was the fact that always care and trouble were shoved at her. People brought their sorrows to her understanding, their perplexities to her calm judgment, instead of more often bringing their joys for her to share. It was natural that she should reach the point where she took out her own emotions to regard them wistfully, and tuck them away again. Continued on page 114
Where the Stars Meet

The irony of fate brings expensive movie queens, as well as the hard-hitting stars of horse operas, together on the same program in an all-night, ten-cent film house.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

It is five minutes until ten on the gigantic stage which is the pride and joy of Egregious Pictures Corporation. The stage is the largest of its kind in the world. Every studio in Hollywood has the largest stage in the world, and readily produces statistics to prove it.

There is silence and tenseness on the vast set as twelve high-salaried supporting actors, six hundred extras, and innumerable assistants and workers wait. The director looks nervously at his watch, and the assistants chime about, for all the world like a crew of huskies in the hall outside the maternity ward.

They are awaiting the arrival of Fanya Fotheringill, and well may they be tense and nervous, for her arrival is at most a matter of pure chance, despite the fact that she is in the very center of a spectacular production which should not, but will, cost several hundred thousand dollars.

Fanya needs no introduction, but will get one. Her face is as well known as those in the blindfold test, and a deal more attractive. She receives $15,000 a week in the newspapers, and actually gets $12,500. She has had three husbands removed by processes of law, and a fourth by mutual consent. She does not completely own, but rides in variously, a Rolls-Royce, another expensive foreign and two American cars, and a new Ford coupé. The ornamen
tess of her Beverly Hills mansion puts a French château to shame. She has supplied indisputable proof in refutation of the rumor that she was once a waitress in Dallas, Texas. The proof was procured at considerable pains, inasmuch as the rumor was not without foundation.

Fleet couriers bring to the set the joyful news that Fanya is on her way. She has left her seven-room studio bungalow, done by an interior decorator whose fee was $25,000. Her four maids have costumed her, marcelled her, powdered her internationally famous nose, and ushered her into the limousine which will take her over the arduous journey of eighty-seven feet to the door of the stage.

As she alights from the car, she is received by a group of diplomatic dignitaries from the director's staff, chosen for their suavity and tact, and escorted with due pomp to the throne-like chair in which she reclines, when not before the camera.

The director, who is paid $6,000 a week, and earns every cent of it when working with Fanya, approaches and bows low. Fanya smiles faintly and nods with the democracy of true royalty. In carefully worded advances, he sounds her out on the subject of appearing in a scene, perhaps two, if she is in the mood. Feeling magnanimous, she consents.

The scene becomes charged with action and subdued excitement. Lights and lesser actors are moved about, one about as gently as the other. An expensive orchestra—Fanya will have no other—hidden behind a Chinese screen, begins to play.

"Now, Miss Fotheringill," begins the director, "if you don't mind stepping over here, we'll——"

Another day's work has begun on "Flaming Lives." Down on Poverty Row, in the converted warehouse which now serves as a studio for the picture enterprises of Jake Finkelstein, it is also ten o'clock—which means that the Pete Casey troupe has been at work three hours.

Pete Casey is the current Western star for Finkelstein. He gets $125 a week when he works in Westerns, and plays extras at other times. He lives in half of a duplex house just behind the gas tank at the corner of Santa Monica Boulevard and La Brea. He makes a complete, five-reel Western every six days, and does his own falls. There are plenty of falls in Pete Casey Westerns, too.

Pete started as a cowhand in Oklahoma, which isn't very far from that coffee shop in Dallas. He and two buddies bummed their way to Hollywood because they heard that men who could ride were getting as much as five dollars a day, and he's been working in Westerns ever since.

Finkelstein picked him up because he was a slick rider, and also because the star preceding him had become so temperamental he wanted $175 a week and a double.

Pete will grant that he's not much of an actor, but if you say he can't ride with the best of them, you've got a fight on your hands.

By working extra hard, and taking no scene more than once, Pete's latest picture has this day been finished. A fight with six heavies wound up the picture, and the star of it is going home to take a hot bath and rub arnica on himself.

"Everybody on the set at seven o'clock," yells the director, who was formerly a boxer. "We start the next picture to-morrow."
“Flaming Lives” at length has been finished. The star has gone to Europe to recuperate, and the director has gone to Matteawan for the same purpose. The picture has been cut and recut, titled and retitled, previewed and re-previewed. Seven minor studio executives and two scenario writers have been discharged during the controversies regarding its editing.

It has had a gala opening at Grauman’s Chinese Theater, and a long run on Broadway, with a synchronized score and phony sound effects.

A distorted, Gargantuan likeness of Fanya Fotheringill clutching an equally hideous representation of her latest Latin leading man, with the name of the picture in enormous, red letters, adorns the diminutive lobby of an all-night movie house, let us say on the Bowery, or on the faded Barbary Coast. The meaner districts of any large city will do.

All for ten cents, ladies and gentlemen, you can see Fanya Fotheringill in “Flaming Lives,” just off Broadway, and Pete Casey, in a five-reel Western, “The Range Outlaw.” In addition to these attractions, you can smoke, buy candy bars and chewing gum from the hawkers roving the aisles, whistle if the picture displeases you, pick a fight at the drop of a hat, or sleep. The last is quite an inducement. The joint is open all night, it is warm, and it is cheaper than a flop house.

Furthermore, you can listen to the fat, weary man at the piano who plays and plays and plays. He works two six-hour shifts, and although his touch is not of the best, his industry is above reproach. He has no music—he needs none. He sits at the battered piano, viewing with a jaded and atrabilious eye the picture on display. As he watches he hangs out tunes theoretically pertinent to the action.

I’d like to take Fanya Fotheringill, or one of her numerous colleagues, to an all-night movie some time. For instance, the one in which I saw “Flaming Lives.”

You pay a dime and you find your own seat. It’s wise to be cautious in doing this, because you may be scraping the shins of the principal in the latest ax murder. On one side is a jaded patron of the drama, fast asleep, and snoring quite audibly. On the other is a little colored lad eating peanuts. The man directly ahead is chewing tobacco.

There is a constant rumble of conversation, and one gets glimpses of the screen through billows of smoke.

I stand up to remove my coat. Wham! comes a missile on the back of my neck. It is tin foil from a candy bar, wadded into a lethal weapon. I sit down hastily, deciding to let the matter drop right there.

Fanya, so modest that the set is banned to every one when she must appear in negligée, flashes across the screen, displaying a considerable proportion of her anatomy in a pleasurably revealing slip. She is greeted by whistling.

“Some broad, huh?” says a thick accent behind me.

“Oh—h—not so hot. Forty if she’s a day, and I understand she’s fulla hop all the time.”

The Fanya fan is still loyal. “She’d do, anyway.”

“Gimme Clara Bow.”

Thus are the charms which bring $12,500 a week, and 700 fan letters a day, disposed of.

Three young mugs, as tough as casting directors, clamber between the rows of seats, each careful to bump my shins, and manage to disturb the sleeping customer at my side.

“Whatinell’s zidea, yuh hooligans, cancha pickupyer dogs?”

“Whazzat?”

“Yuh heard me.”

Sock, bam, crash. The bouncer comes on the run, and tosses all principals out into the street, where they may argue without interfering with the unreeling of the arts.

The flurry of excitement over, the crowd settles down to an apathetic study of the three-hundred-thousand-dollar picture which took four months to make.

“You are an unspeakable cad, Montgomery Trevor,” says a title, presumably from the lips of Fanya.

“Take that, you big pansy!” cries a voice from the house.

A scene two hundred feet long, and the making of which necessitated a seven-hundred-mile location trip, flutters into view. Fanya is being rowed over a beautiful lake by her mascaraled leading man. The long-suffering pianist brightens, and launches into the opening bars of “Then We’ll Row, Row, Row.”

A drunk wanders down the aisle into a chair already being occupied and is ejected from it. “Whooppee!” he shouts. Sock! comes an empty pasteboard box. Silence. [Continued on page 165]
She Refuses

Though a full-fledged star, Vilma Banky avoids the usual innate simplicity of her tastes, and because of her rare when she finishes the

By William

wraithlike. The sun lit up her golden hair, and the whole effect caused my poor sense to swim and swim.

Vilma was quiet at first. She had little to say. It was obvious that this shyness was natural with her. I was quiet, too. But I had been stricken dumb by her ethereal loveliness.

She gradually spoke of Europe, then of America, and how strange the place seemed to her. I cannot remember what she said, word for word, but the purport of it was the bewilderment she felt at everything around her. She was also a little homesick.

Her brother Julius might come for a visit. She would like to see him. She wished her parents were with her, too.

Wise to the ways of cinematic Hollywood, my thoughts ran something like this. "You are quite new to Hollywood. Will you become like the rest—go in for show and pomp, and lose your innate simplicity?" Thus the philosopher philosophized, although such thoughts seemed like sacrilege.

When she arrived in New York, the press took no notice of this unknown, young beauty. She was a pleasant, but slightly plump, girl. Many scribes had their doubts as to how she would fit into pictures. Some even maliciously expressed their doubts in print.

Vilma rarely went to parties. One hardly ever saw her in the nightly spotlight. Nevertheless, when "The Dark Angel" was released, she was acclaimed one of the screen's most dazzling figures.

The events leading up to her marriage with Rod La Rocque are well known, and need not be mentioned here. Every fan was interested, because the fair Vilma's name had never been connected with that of any one else—a startling thing in Hollywood. Vilma and Rod are the ideal couple of the fantastic cinemetropolis.

In time I came across Vilma at various times—at the Varconi home, or elsewhere. Her shyness had disappeared, but not her reserve. She was always bright and humorous, and would make fun of many things in her work.

Since her marriage I did not see her to speak to, until just after she had completed her latest picture, "This Is Heaven." No one was to blame for this oversight but myself.

She came swiftly into the room. "Hello there, what's the news?" was her greeting.

I raised my brows. The same shy Vilma—a strange newcomer from Budapest? Rather a young American just from New York. No longer was there a homesick person before me, but a very-much-at-home individual.

Vilma Banky at home is just the gracious mistress of the La Rocque household.

BESIDES her rise to stardom, and the success she has achieved within the last four years, Vilma Banky deserves credit for at least two or three other laudable virtues she is already known to possess.

Where other European importations flourished over the cinema horizon, flashing temperament wings of egotism, Vilma remained quiet and essayed to learn the manners and ways of the people she had come to live among.

Because it is supposed to be good business to startle the public with sensations of one kind or another, and to dazzle the film colony in general, stars have lived in an artificial atmosphere even when away from the studios. Vilma has avoided all that. She is one of the few who refuse to glitter.

The first time I met her was at Santa Monica. I had gone to spend a Sunday with the Victor Varconis at their beach club. Vilma accompanied Mrs. Varconi. She was dressed in white, which made her look
to Glitter

manifestations of stardom, because of the faculty of leaving the studio behind her day's work.

H. McKegg

"Europe?" she echoed when we spoke of it. "Yes, it was nice to go back and see my people and my old home. At first I enjoyed every little thing I saw. But after a while, I felt that everything was unfamiliar—that my home was really in Hollywood. I cannot explain the feeling very well. I only know I was very, very happy to be back again in America.

"The first few weeks in the old country are wonderful. There are so many memories to recall. But soon one begins to sense that one no longer belongs in Europe—that one's home is elsewhere."

True, those who come to Southern California are usually apt to forget the outside world, especially if they are connected in any way with pictures. Vilma almost agrees with this, for she said, "The cold they have recently experienced in Europe has been the worst in two hundred years. The other week I received my mother's letter telling me about it; but I could

In "This Is Heaven" Miss Banky is a bewildered immigrant.

The immigrant finds work in serving the great American breakfast.

not believe it was really as bad as she said." Vilma held out her hands, palms upward, and shook her head, gesturing to the sunshine outside. "How could I, with all this?"

When more letters and newspapers confirmed the report of Europe's severe winter, Vilma began at last to believe that there had been no exaggeration. Hearing that the Danube—the swiftly flowing, glorious Danube—had frozen over, left no doubt in her mind.

"Rod and I are leaving soon for a holiday in the Yosemite. There are all kinds of winter sports there. Imagine—my people complain of the cold in Europe, while I seek the snow!"

A strange thing happens to a newcomer to this country. He has a great love for the country he leaves; there are numerous memories dear to his heart; but little by little, America gets into his blood, so that finally he sees his past becoming vague and more vague, like a dream.

I felt at once that this was what had happened to Vilma when she spoke of her trip to Europe, and how glad she was when she returned to Hollywood. In any case, she is now an American citizen, and married to an American.

I recalled how much three years ago, Vilma wished for her people to be with her.

"No," she admitted, "I know why my parents do not want to come here. It is hard for elderly people to learn a new language. We do things so differently over here." [Continued on page 104]
Boyish Bobs

The title refers to the spirit behind the hair cutting, rather than the probable results.

John Gilbert, above, chooses a regular barber, but the task is supervised by Conrad Nagel.

Karl Dane, right, and George K. Arthur enjoy a moment of revenge when they get "Chuck" Reisner, director, in a barber's chair.

Johnny Arthur, above, plays barber to William Haines, and Raquel Torres is his manicurist.

Ramon Novarro, above, gives his director, George Hill, a navy bob while he rests between scenes.

Karl Dane, upper right, is just a little doubtful of Buster Keaton's intentions.
WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE


"Redskin"—Paramount. Richard Dix in a dramatic role, pictured in color. Story of an Indian boy's yearning to find his place, and his disillusionment, but prospects of happiness in the end. Gladys's Belmont effective as heroine; also Jane Novak, Larry Steers, Bernard Siegel, Noble Johnson, Tully Marshall.


"In Old Arizona"—Fox. An all-dialogue picture, most of it occurring in the open, it is in a class by itself—supplementary story of a vaudeville "Carmen," her passing love for a Portuguese cattle thief, and her betrayal of him to an American soldier. Gripping, picturesque, amusing, tragic; superb performances by Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe, with interesting support from Dorothy Burgess, a new-comer.

"Awakening, The"—United Artists. Simple story of a genuine soldier in love with sophisticated chorus girl who gradually responds to his idealistic worship, but hasn't courage to tell him truth about herself. Acted with rare feeling, delicacy and intelligence by Gary Cooper, Nancy Carroll, and Paul Lukas, with the absence of the maudlin. Mr. Cooper heard for first time in talking sequence. He's there!

"Barker, The"—First National. Exceptional picture of carnival life, moving, gripping, thrilling, with splendid dialogue sequences adding greatly to punch of the film. A veteran Barker permits his innocent son to travel with the show, thus arousing the jealousy of the Barker's girl who brings another girl to take the boy away from his father. Milton Sills, Betty Compson, Dorothy Mackaill, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"Craig's Wife"—Pathé. Psychological study of a domineering wife, her passion for her home and determination to manage the lives and conduct of all who come within hearing distance. Quietly tense, beautifully produced, superbly acted by Irene Rich and Warner Baxter. Carroll Nye, Virginia Dwyer, Lilian Tashman, Ethel Wales, and Jane Kecceyke excellent.

"My Man"—Warner. The Vitaphone début of Fannie Brice, the famous comedienne, is successfully accomplished in a sympathetic picture that enables her to sing long and often as a seamstress who rises to musical-comedy fame, and whose lover is annexed by her wayward sister. Deserted at the altar she sings "My Man," in bridal array, and how! Guinn Williams, Edna Murphy, and Ann Brody are fine.

"Interference"—Paramount. The first all-dialogue picture produced by this company is more polished and believable than any of the other talking pictures, though slow and only tolerably interesting. The thrilling adventures and her tragic end at the hands of her former lover. Evelyn Brent, William Powell, Clive Brook, and Doris Kenyon.

"Show People"—Metro-Goldwyn. Gorgeously entertaining satire on Hollywood and the movies, or a slapstick comedy with sentimental trappings. Whichever way you accept it, it is robustly funny and is the best picture Marion Davies or William Haines has ever appeared in. Story of a goofy girl and what happens to her as a movie actress, Paul Ralli, Polly Moran, Harry Grabbin and numerous stars.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"—Metro-Goldwyn. Expertly played story of likable young crook who reforms for love, routs detective who tries to break down his alibi, then sacrifices all to open safe in which child is smothering to death. Capital entertainment, brilliant performances by William Haines and Lionel Barrymore, Lea Hyams, Tully Marshall, Karl Dane. Don't miss this!

"Four Devils, The"—Fox. The glamour and excitement of the circus superbly pictured. Film quite all it should be, and has moments of genius. Barry Norton, Nancy Drexel, Charles Morton, Janet Gaynor, with Mary Davenport in the siren role.

"Wedding March, The"—Paramount. The long-awaited Ethel von Stroheim story of the love of an Austrian prince and a peasant girl, told in the unique Von Stroheim style. Fay Wray plays with abandon and charm, Zasu Pitts has the tragic rôle of a lame heireess, and "Von" acts himself.

"Singing Fool, The"—Warner. Al Jolson as singing waiter, with "Sonny Boy" the theme song. Thin story, but his voice is not lightly exploited. There are good speaking parts for Betty Bronson and Josephine Dunn. David Lee, a child newcomer, is nothing less than a sensation.

"Patriot, The"—Paramount. A story of Russia in 1901. As magnificent and inspired a production as any that Emil Jannings has done. Shows masterly direction of Lubitsch, perfectly cast—with Lewis Stone, Florence Vidor, Neil Hamilton, Tullio Carminati, Harry Cerdning, and Vera Voronina. Sound effects are least commendable part of otherwise exceptional picture.

"Mother Knows Best"—Fox. A picture that gives a side of mother love hitherto untouched by the movies—the loving domination of an ambitious parent. It is entertainment cut to the past, preferred by many. Beautiful performance by Madge Bellamy, another by Louise Dresser, and Barry Norton's fan mail will grow.

"Sunrise"—Fox. One of the best of the current slate. Story of a farmer, his wife and a city vamping, George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Livingston.

"Man Who Laughs, The"—Universal. No one should fail to be engaged by its strange story, or fascinated by its weird beauty. Conrad Veidt's characterization is magnificent, Mary Philbin pleasing, and Olga Baclanova gives distinctive performance. Brandon Hurst, Josephine Crowell, Sam de Grasse, Stuart Holmes, Cesare Gravina, and George Siegmann.


"White Shadows in the South Seas"—Metro-Goldwyn. Filmed on authentic locations, and has much to offer in pictures of beauty and manliness. It purports to show the corrupting influence of white men upon the islanders. Monte Blue is capable in the lead, and Raquel Torres makes the native girl, "Fayaway," vital, naive and charming.
TALKING pictures are vindicated and justified as never before by Jeanne Eagels, in "The Letter," by all odds the most dramatic picture the talkies have yet offered.

To miss it is to ignore a milestone in the progress of the new art, for surely the history of audible films must ever give a glowing chapter to this no less than to Miss Eagels herself. Every good fan remembers her in John Gilbert's "Man, Woman and Sin," in which, though silent, she was strangely eloquent. Add to that eloquence the power of a unique voice trained to the sheerest gradation of expression, and you have as skilled an actress as the stage in America can offer. Now, thanks to the screen, her acting can be enjoyed away from the Broadway of the big cities.

Because of this, and because of her great gifts, Miss Eagels has the opportunity to educate the picturegoing public in subtleties of acting undreamed of by movie cuties and their heavy-handed directors. Let you get the mistaken idea she is a mere missionary and "The Letter" is a highbrow film, I hasten to assure you that the picture is entertaining first of all and that Miss Eagels is young, slim, and handsome to a highly individual degree. But hers is civilized beauty and not the standardized pulchritude of Hollywood. So, too, is the picture civilized and not a sweet fairy tale which ends with twining arms and lip upon lip in a mist of gauzy photography.

It has for its leading figure Leslie Crosbie, wife of an English planter in Singapore, who, deserted by her secret lover and maddened by his preference for a Chinese woman, shoots him. Then follows her trial at which, for once, courtroom drama is justified on the screen by the magnificence of Miss Eagels' simulation of her straightforward innocence. Suddenly to her lawyer's attention is brought the existence of a letter written by Mrs. Crosbie to Geoffrey Hammond, the murdered man. It is in the possession of Li-Ti, the Chinese woman, who not only demands a large price for it, but will sell it only if Mrs. Crosbie herself brings the money. The letter finally in the hands of her lawyer, Mrs. Crosbie is acquitted by the jury and has the prospect of a journey with her adoring, sympathetic husband. But the lawyer must, of course, be reimbursed for the letter he has bought. Thus the unsuspecting husband is brought face to face with his wife's infidelity. His savings gone, his honor, his trust, his love destroyed, he denounces the wife who betrayed him and, in fury, says that her punishment will be spending the rest of her life in the tropics she hates. It is then that the bitter, devastating climax of this extraordinary picture is driven home in the cry of Mrs. Crosbie—"With all my heart and soul I still love the man I killed!" That, she says, will be her hus-

band's punishment. According to movie conventions this is a darkly unhappy ending, but it is a bright augury of the future of the talkies. For if at this early stage of their development they can flout convention and dare to be courageous, then it means the coming of age of the movies.

The cast, recruited entirely from the stage, is devoid of pretty juveniles, but is rich in voices and the intelligence of experienced artists. O. P. Heggie is Joyce, the lawyer; Reginald Owen is the husband; and Herbert Marshall the lover. Lady Tsen Mei, a Chinese singer well-known in vaudeville, is Li-Ti, and Tamaki Yoshiwara, a Japanese, is effective as the lawyer's clerk who acts as a go-between in making known the existence of the fatal letter.

For the Glory of France.

"A magnificent tapestry" best describes Douglas Fairbanks' "The Iron Mask." It is a tapestry that moves and shimmers with beauty, but unfortunately it does not at all times pulse with life or reality. Combining incidents from Dumas' "Twenty Years After," and "The Man in the Iron Mask," it is in the nature of a sequel to "The Three Musketeers," which Mr. Fairbanks produced in 1921. This raises the question whether a costume romance of seventeenth century France is capable of evoking a degree of interest commensurate with the superb production Mr. Fairbanks has given it. For all his dash and daring, D'Artagnan is a florid figure that bears no relation to life as it is lived to-day; and his romantic exploits, however authentic their backgrounds, take on the aspect of a fairy tale.

In this latest incarnation he is again the leader of that gallant trio comprising Aramis, Porthos, and Athos. His guiding purpose is to protect the rightful heir to the throne of France and displace the usurper, his brother. Early in the film we are shown the birth of royal twins and the concealment of one of them by Cardinal Richelieu to protect the throne, and subsequently the conspiracy of De Rochefort to rule France through the pretender. Through this run the familiar figures of Constance, Milady de Winter, and Father
**In Review**

Dialogue takes its place on the screen as never before, and certain audible pictures evoke applause and reveal new favorites.

Joseph, played, respectively, by Marguerite de la Motte, Dorothy Revier, and Lon Poff; but unfortunately none of them has much to do, and Constance dies early in the film and with her perishes the slight love interest. The rest of the picture concerns the heroic efforts of D'Artagnan in his service to France and the romantic emphasis given the famous motto, "One for all, and all for one."

Whatever the lapses of the picture as a whole, at least it achieves an impressive climax—imaginative, inspired. It occurs when D'Artagnan dies from a stab by the renegade brother of the king. As his life ebbs, the heavens open and a fade-in reveals his companions and himself marching along with drawn swords through the clouds toward the beginning of greater adventure.

Twice in the picture Mr. Fairbanks recites a brief invocation in verse and an appropriate musical score accompanies the film. Of the players I liked best William Bakewell, as the twin brothers, and Ulrich Haupt, as De Rochefort.

**A Boy Detective.**

Besides being an all-dialogue film, "The Dummy" has other claims to distinction. Its leading role is played by Mickey Bennett, the boy actor: it has no love story beyond the reconciliation of an estranged husband and wife, and it permits us to hear Zasu Pitts for the first time on the screen. Quite enough to lift it above the ordinary? Then we agree, and I hope you will see it. Without being sensational, it is quite worth while by reason of its suspense, its well-knit dialogue and the intelligence which pervades throughout. It seems to me these qualifications are enough nowadays, when so much second-rate stuff is palmed off by the producers merely because of a few snatches of dialogue, in many instances grafted onto the film after it was completed in silence.

"The Dummy" is Barney Cook, the office boy of Walter Babbing, a lawyer, who believes that he has traced the kidnapping of Peggy Meredith to a certain band of crooks. The mother of Peggy has received a letter demanding the usual ransom and is on the point of complying with the demands of the criminals, when Babbing begs her to leave the matter in his hands if she wishes her child restored to her alive. Quick-witted Barney, the boy who has lately forced himself into the lawyer's employ, suggests that he can be of aid in trapping the crooks. Cleverly Babbing telegraphs to the band to meet a rich, dumb boy who will arrive from Chicago at a certain hour. Of course Barney is the mate in question, his orders being to get word to Babbing of the kidnappers' whereabouts. This is the nucleus of the plot from which suspense and complications develop until everything comes out all right.

Capital performances are contributed by every member of the cast, though the brilliant Ruth Chatterton hasn't nearly enough to say to suit me. However, compensation is found in Zasu Pitts, whose voice is exactly suited to her odd individuality, and Vondell Darr, the child who made a hit in "On Trial," again is lovely to eye and ear. Others are John Cromwell, Fredric March, Jack Oakie, Richard Tucker, and Eugene Pallette.

**The Wrath of Jehovah.**

As a colossal spectacle "Noah's Ark" has never been equaled, and the Deluge floods the screen with stupendous reality. The destruction of the world is overwhelming, a mighty cataclysm to eye and ear, for sound adds to its verisimilitude, and the rush of waters is not only seen but is heard in furious uproar. This is the spectacular high light of the picture, naturally enough, for nothing more of physical action could climax it. Preceding this, however, is a modern story concerning characters who reappear in the biblical sequence. All their problems are supposed to be analogous, but the relationship is slight enough to be ignored. It is on the strength of the Deluge that the picture must find its chief claim to greatness.

It begins in 1914 on a train in Europe. Marie, a member of a German theatrical troupe bound for Bucharest, attracts the attention of Travis, an American, and his companion Al, together with the leering Nickoloff, a villain painted in bold colors. A wreck enables Travis to rescue Marie and win her gratitude, as well as protect her against the advances of Nickoloff. In Paris Travis and Marie marry, while Al quarrels with his friend for not enlisting when war is declared. When both men are at the front Travis is briefly reunited with Al, only to have him killed before his eyes. Meanwhile Marie, dancing in a wayside theater patronized by soldiers, is recognized by Nickoloff, who is now in the secret service. Because she will not succumb to his demands, he instigates her arrest as a spy. When she is about to be executed, Travis, one of the firing squad, recognizes her and refuses to shoot. A bursting shell shatters the scene.
and into it fades the biblical city of Rephaim. Mary is Miriam, the handmaiden of Noah, and Travis becomes Japheth, his son, while the chaplain who ministered to Mary in prison is transformed into Noah. Nickoloff is seen as the pagan god Jaghut, whose demand for a sacrificial bride finds answer in Miriam who, torn from Japheth, is dragged to the palace. It is at the moment when the populace is flocking Noah for building the ark, and Miriam is about to meet a fate worse than death, that the flood is unloosed. Though blinded at Jaghut’s order, Japheth wanders through falling masonry and raging torrents, confident that he will find Miriam. He does.

There are innumerable points on which “Noah’s Ark” may be criticized, but the sheer magnificence of the flood reduces minor faults to relative nothingness.

Besides sound effects throughout the film, there are several dialogues which, though inoffensive, are unimportant except to enable us to hear players for the first time. George O’Brien, Guinn Williams, and Noah Beery are among these. Dolores Costello has, of course, been heard before. But after all, “Noah’s Ark” is a picture to be seen more than heard.

Who Killed The Canary?

Some clever sleuthing and smooth talk by William Powell, as Philo Vance, put “The Canary Murder Case” in the class of those films that hold interest, but give one a chance to feel superior by pointing out an occasional slip. Bright Sherlocks must strain the credulity of their audiences and admirers now and then, no doubt, but the screen Philo more than makes up for it in the way he solves the riddle of who killed The Canary. So all will join the police sergeant in wishing the gentleman sleuth good luck in his next case.

Although essentially an all-talkie, there is fine suspense in an almost silent poker game arranged by the detective, which outclasses the chimaeric episode. Mr. Powell’s screen voice is lifelike, giving Philo the tonal shadings needed to make the rôle convincing through the various scenes. James Hall, as Jimmy Spotswood, proves that he also has a gift for talking on the screen.

The story, as the army of Van Dine readers know, gets an early start through the murder of a show girl, played by Louise Brooks. The plot is conveniently thickened, on the night of the murder, when Margaret decides she is through with several men she has flirted with, and undertakes to do some heavy blackmailing. This results in a grand puzzle for the police, but Philo takes off his gloves and sets to work. Suspicion falls here and there, for the cops always insist on taking a part in these mystery solutions, and Sergeant Heath gets things into a fine mess. Then the great detective sees through it all, and proves his case in spite of a turn that would have floored a lesser individual.

Louise Brooks, as the hardboiled Margaret Odell, is first seen smiling down to her lovers as she swings out over the audience from an elaborate stage setting. Later, when she frightens the gentlemen with a phone call, Margaret Livingstone does some business-like dialogue for her. Jean Arthur is permitted to do her own talking, as Alys LaFosse, the girl destined to be happy. Eugene Pallette is the police sergeant. Gustav von Seyffertitz, Charles Lane, Lawrence Grant, Louis John Bartels, and E. H. Calvert are seen and heard a great deal.

The novel is followed fairly closely, except for the addition of the juvenile rôle played by James Hall. The mighty Philo is toned down to a human being, however, and emerges as an agreeable person—decidedly an improvement. On the whole, the picture should please the followers of Philo Vance’s adventures, unless his creator has fanned their imaginations beyond reason. And it is a pleasure to report that no theme song is launched with the picture.

Upholstery.

“Lady of the Pavements,” an elaborately mounted melodrama of the second empire in France, brings to light characters who are old friends in spite of their brilliant trappings, and situations that every moviegoer knows well. For example, there is the haughty, wicked Countess Diane, who is spurned by her fiancé when he finds her in the embrace of another man. He says that no Von Arnim has ever married another man’s mistress, and that he would as soon marry a woman of the streets. With this as her cue for revenge,
Countess Diane sends Baron Finot to find a lady of the pavements who, for a price, will do her bidding to humiliate the proud Karl von Arnnin. Baron Finot doesn’t exactly find her on the streets, but her carefree ways in a café indicate a close relationship to the gutter. She is coached in the supposed ways of a lady, and at a glittering reception is brought by Countess Diane to the attention of Karl, who is immediately enthralled. Their romance progresses to that point where a revelation is conventional, and Nanon del Rayon flees, ashamed and heartbroken, back to the café where, needless to say, Karl follows to assure her that nothing but love matters in the world of the movies.

This familiar story has the doubtful quality of permitting the fairly seasoned spectator to anticipate every move of the characters, so the conclusion is hardly one to arouse any suspense. But the players succeeded in holding one’s interest, particularly Jetta Goudal, as Countess Diane, Lupe Velez, as Nanon, and William Boyd, as Karl. Miss Velez is lively and unrestrained, and Miss Goudal is every inch the great, though wicked lady, wearing her costumes with a delicate distinction all her own, thus making the lack of distinction in her rôle more regrettable. Very frequently Miss Velez sings, but her songs are feebly sentimental and her voice is too limited to give them color, or even distinctness.

“The Barker’s” Brother.

“The Spieler” is another picture of carnival life. Without a sentimental story like some of its predecessors, its atmosphere and detail are better, and the narrative is thought by experts to be truer to the life it portrays. At best it is a sordid existence, but credit must go to the director, Tay Garnett, for depicting it with brutal realism instead of sugar-coating it with maudlin icing. Two crooks read that Cleo, the owner of a sideshow outfit inherited from her father, is trying to operate it without the crookedness of such enterprises, so decide that the girl and her show are fair game. The crooks join the show and discover that while the girl has the best intentions, her troupe is infested with petty grafters as well as criminals who practice all known devices for fleecing the public as well as the proprietress. Flash, the crook who becomes a Barker, is gradually disarmed by Cleo’s sincerity and honesty, and falls in love with her. The picture has many melodramatic thrills, interesting camera angles and last, but not least, admirable acting on the part of all concerned. Alan Hale’s best work is found in Flash, and Renée Adorée is interesting as Cleo. Fred Kohler and Clyde Cook are also important, and brief dialogue adds to the effectiveness of the film.

Are Mammy Singers People?

Lest you run the least chance of forgetting that George Jessel is the star of “Lucky Boy,” he calls the rôle he plays George Jessel. Not that there is much opportunity to overlook him, for the picture is a collection of songs—all of them sentimentalizing his mother, of which he sings for all they’re worth. The acting of the other characters consists of asking George to sing. Sometimes he does so without being asked. He begins bright and early when he is seen in a music store, only too willing to sing every song in stock to a customer. But he is misunderstood by his father, a jeweler, who wants his lyrical son to help him build up his business. So George travels from the Bronx all the way to San Francisco in order to get a chance to sing on amateur night, where he goes to a night club and fame. News of his mother’s illness reaches him, so he sings directly to her over the radio. When he arrives at her bedside her improvement is immediate, and not long afterward he is singing from the stage of a theater which bears his name in huge electrics. Some of the players who impel Mr. Jessel to sing are Rosa Rosanova, William K. Strauss, Gwen Lee, Richard Tucker, Margaret Quimby, and Mary Doran.

Starring Davey Lee

It was inevitable that Davey Lee, the Sonny Boy of “The Singing Fool,” should have stardom thrust upon him by shrewd producers eager to convert into gold the tears the child caused to flow in Al Jolson’s film. So the little boy is the star of a picture called “Sonny

Continued on page 98
A touch here and there, and Max Factor works wonders in Vera Reynolds' make-up.

Some one has said that any mildly pretty girl can, by expert grooming, be made to look beautiful. And certainly the American woman's annual bill for cosmetics would indicate that, if we do not all look beautiful, it is not because we don't try!

But the question is, how skillful are most of us? And you know the answer yourself.

All of which brings us to Max Factor, who is called "the make-up wizard of Hollywood." For years he has specialized in what might be called prescriptions for faces. For years he has diagnosed faces, as a doctor diagnoses symptoms. He decides what are stars' best features, and should therefore be emphasized, which features are bad, and should be made as inconspicuous as possible.

And where could Mr. Factor make better use of his talents than in the movies? Where else in the world is make-up quite so important? Screen acting is the one profession in the world where one's face is really one's fortune. If the camera does not lie, it certainly exaggerates, and it is highly important to any player that his features look as nearly perfect as possible.

When Betty Bronson was selected to play Peter Pan, she was sent to Mr. Factor for advice on her make-up. When Clara Bow began to work for Paramount, after several years of semi-obscenity on the screen, she did not suddenly arise to her present box-office value without cause. She learned, at last, how to make up, and her screen appearance became that of an almost different girl. Formerly she appeared before the camera with great globs of mascara around her eyes, and with masses of lipstick crudely applied. Max Factor changed all that. He showed her how to apply mascara delicately, how to make her mouth look natural before the camera, and what shade of grease paint gave her face its best coloring. And Clara became, suddenly, for camera purposes, a beauty, which she had never been before, and which she is not in real life.

Julia Faye has a rather pointed chin, which comes out badly in photographs. Max Factor arranged a make-up which rounds out this pointed feature. She uses very light-brown grease paint on her chin to catch all the high lights before the camera. And beginning at her chin, she uses darker and darker grease paint up her cheeks, until her forehead, which is quite broad, becomes very dark. This is called setback. And of course the various tones are blended together, as she applies them, so that one shade gradually merges into another.

Such are the make-up problems which are brought to Mr. Factor to solve. With his son-in-law, who is also a chemist, he works them out.

When Douglas Fairbanks was making "The Thief of Bagdad," there were numerous rehearsals for the scenes in which the robber band climbed into large jugs à la Ali Baba and his forty thieves. Of course, there was really no oil in those jugs, but it was warm under the heavy arc-lights, and climbing in and out was strenuous work. The men wore very little clothing, but were covered all over with grease paint.

And there was the problem. Each time they emerged from the jugs, the grease paint was all smeared, and there had to be time out to apply fresh make-up. And that's expensive, on a set using hundreds of extras. So Max Factor was called in. He concocted a make-up which did not smear.

Another problem came up in filming "Noah's Ark." There were water scenes, involving dozens of extras. How to make them up so the grease paint wouldn't wash off? Max Factor supplied a waterproof coating to apply on top of the regular grease paint.

Movie make-up has changed con-
Make-up

tars, and has developed a new personality for some this article he discusses his work and tells how to best features.

Talley

ciderly since the old days, since, indeed, the use of panchromatic film, which catches colors much more vividly than the old type of film. For instance, panchromatic makes bright-red lips come out on the screen as a violent, black line which looks unnatural and leaps out from the face. The coloring has to be toned down. Max Factor tries very hard to induce actresses to use brown lip salve, a little darker than the tan grease paint on their cheeks; but stars are reluctant to use it. They wish to look pretty on the set; who wants brown lips? For the same reason, they are unwilling to use gray grease paint instead of brown, which, according to Mr. Factor, is a much better shade for the camera.

Mr. Factor's son-in-law evolved a new gold paint for professional use. Oriental dancers are frequently called upon to gild or bronze themselves all over. This has always been a precarious undertaking, because the pores were thereby closed, a condition which, if prolonged, causes death. Now there is a gilding which is porous and does not shut the air off from the skin.

Max Factor's lifetime of experience in this work began when he was eight years old. At that age he was apprenticed to a wigmaker in his native Russia. Americans have no idea what an apprenticeship, in the European manner, really means.

To Max it meant that for five years he worked constantly at the wigmaker's long, drudging hours, and no pay. His compensation consisted of the knowledge of the trade which he was acquiring. At the end of five years, he was given a new pair of shoes as a bonus. That was all.

But his training was thorough. It was much more than merely learning to make wigs. It included everything one would normally learn in a beauty parlor about cosmetics, and so on.

He gradually rose to success in his na-

tive country. He became official cosmetician for the Russian Imperial Opera. He was called upon frequently by ladies of the court. And it was only due to an impending war that he finally left his native country.

He had served the compulsory two years in the army, and had had enough of military life. Through his contact with court circles, he learned that war with Japan was a certainty, not many years in the future. So he came to America. With a French partner he went to St. Louis in 1904, where the World's Fair was being held.

Max Factor had a large stock of perfumes and cosmetics, and his French partner absconded with it all, leaving the young Russian immigrant all but penniless.

And that is when he went to Hollywood, where the film industry was just taking root. Movies seemed a good field for his talents. Since he was expert in a profession which had few experts at that time, he had no difficulty in making studio connections.

And now, girls, if you've been waiting for a little advice as to your own make-up, here is what this authority has to say:

The first principle of make-up, for ordinary use, is that it seem as natural as possible. This is an obvious statement, but it requires only a glance around to realize that there are many women who need such an admonition.
Spanish—with English Reserve

Expecting to find a Latin youth determined to be romantic, the interviewer discovered Don Alvarado to be gently circumspect and disinclined to talk about himself.

By Madeline Glass

When Hernando Cortez conquered Mexico, he started something. It was he and his formidable warriors who blazed the way for the Spanish invasion that swept the conquered territory, pushed on into the great Southwestern areas of the United States, and left for American posterity, even as the Aztecs left for their conquerors, a heritage of romantic history and tradition. Of more tangible importance is the fact that the Spanish invaders left descendants of such charm and beauty and talent, that many of them have in turn conquered America's amusement stronghold, and endeared themselves to millions of once hated gringos.

In the forefront of these velvet-voiced emissaries of peace is Don Alvarado, who is three-quarters Spanish and one-quarter English. Don's excellent performances in recent pictures have made him an actor to be reckoned with. He is essentially a romantic type, and it begins to look as if he will become one of the most spectacular gallants of the screen. Don's technique is more intense than Cohn's, more subtle than Gilbert's. He glows where others glow dim.

From such gay and sophisticated roles as the French husband, in "Breakfast at Sunrise," to the polished and palpitating Spaniard, in "Drums of Love," his work has become increasingly impressive. Unfortunately, directors usually depict romantic love in terms of physical embraces, rather than by acts of kindness and sacrifice. Much as I deplore this stupid tendency, it must be said for Don Alvarado that he at least invests such amorous demonstrations with poignant allure. In "The Scarlet Woman," one of the worst pictures of 1928, '29, and '30, he managed to retain some measure of human appeal, in spite of the Russian revolution and Lya de Putti. Recently he completed another Spanish characterization, that of one of the twin brothers in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

Judging Mr. Alvarado by his hectic screen roles, I had pictured him as being a man in his late twenties, determinedly romantic, and so imbued with Latin fire as to be on the verge of spontaneous combustion. Although I was genuinely interested in him as an actor, I must admit that curiosity had much to do with my desire to talk with him. Possibly, I figured, he would have acquired a fine collection of complexes, doubtful philosophies and flaboodle notions, that would make interesting reading for the Picture Play clan. But, hang it all, I never seem to have any luck in such matters. The impecable Novarro himself could not have been more gently circumspect.

The day Mr. Alvarado called to take me to lunch he was suffering from a cold, a misfortune that was not improved by the drizzling rain and chill wind. From the window beside our table we could look down on drenched and lovely Westlake Park, which has seen service in many a film.

"I didn't have any breakfast," said he, in a somewhat husky voice, "and I am starved." He began to study the menu.

The appearance of this twenty-four-year-old actor is so extraordinary as to cause even well-bred people to stare. He is, by all odds, the handsomest man I have ever seen. His hair is as black as the proverbial raven's wing. His complexion is olive, and of the fine-grained, flawless texture peculiar to certain types of brunettes. Although he has long worn a mustache, he is now clean-shaven—thank Heaven!

Considering his exceptional good looks, it was rather a surprise to learn that he was once an amateur prize-fighter. I immediately began asking for details. It required a good bit of probing to get at this phase of his life. In fact, it requires much probing and cross-examining to get him to talk about himself at all. Although he is by no means diffident or introspective, he has, I think, a broad streak of English reserve.

It seems that Don took up boxing, not with the intention of permanently identifying himself with the cauliflower-car industry, but for the sport of it. When about seventeen years of age, he conceived the not entirely unique idea of running away from his home in New Mexico. So, accompanied by a pal, he set out with the intention of taking Hollywood by storm. At San Bernardino, Don failed to get aboard their private freight-car when it pulled out. Stranded and without money, he was wandering dejectedly along; when he stopped a stranger to ask for a match. The stranger turned out to be a professional pugilist. When he learned of Don's misfortune, he arranged matters so that the runaway was matched to fight. Don won the decision and the munificent sum of twenty dollars, which enabled him to reach Los Angeles and pay the rent of a room. Failing to get work at the studios, he did the practical thing—got a job in a candy factory and kept it for a year.

Through the interest of a friend, he met Robert Leonard, who was directing "Mademoiselle Midnight." Leonard thought he had possibilities, and gave him extra work in the picture. Later he went to the Warner studio, where they gave him a job and changed his name from Paige to Alvarado, his mother's maiden name.

"An actor," explained Don, "is like a turtle; treat him kindly, and he comes out of his shell, but treat him badly, and he closes up."

[Continued on page 109]
Grist for Her Mill

Every celebrity who visits Hollywood is fair game for Marion Davies, because she entertains them all with charm and finesse.

Miss Davies is seen, below, with Nicholas Longworth, speaker of the House of Representatives, whose wedding to Alice Roosevelt caused a furor years ago.

Without doubt, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, above, was Miss Davies’ greatest “catch,” for he was her guest against the competition of all Hollywood, which grained its teeth in the chagrin of defeat.

Babe Ruth, above, autographs a baseball on his visit to the comedienne, whose trophies of this sort are said to occupy an entire room in her home.

Miss Davies’ adaptability to her varied guests is one of the reasons for her popularity, as Anthony Asquith, above, son of the late British premier, will testify.

Judge Ben A. Lindsay, above, looks as if his belief in companionate marriage were stronger than ever.

Sir Esme Howard, left, British ambassador to the United States, and Lady Isabelle Howard are at ease with the star,
T<ms>he steam shovel stood at rest near by. On the speakers' platform sat guests of honor, the men in their frock coats and patent-leather shoes, their arms folded, their “toppers” on the floor; the ladies wearing their most fetching costumes, and nodding greetings from their superior station to friends in the crowd.

“And now,” said the mayor, concluding the usual oratorical outburst, “we dedicate this plot of ground to those sterling men whose efforts have made this project possible; to those captains of industry who, defying all barriers, overcoming all obstacles, strove unfalteringly to give to our city the magnificent structure which is to rise upon this hallowed ground. And we have with us to-day ‘America’s Sweetheart,’ Miss Mary Pickford, who will operate the giant machine which will turn the first shovelful of earth, to mark the beginning of this stupendous enterprise. I take great pleasure in presenting to you, ladies and gentlemen, Miss Mary Pickford—our Mary!” There followed cheers, handclapping, and other exuberant manifestations.

Mary stepped daintily toward the wooden steps, smiling sweetly at the throng. She was assisted to the hurricane deck of the trestlework, old steam shovel from which a part of the grease and clay had been removed. Her little white hand sought an oily throttle which previously had been pointed out to her, and she turned on the steam. The huge arm, with the clawlike bucket at the end, groaned audibly as it started down to gouge into its maw a few hundred pounds of dirt to deposit in a waiting truck.

A new theater in Los Angeles was formally under way.

With much ceremony, Mary Pickford pulled the throttle that broke ground for a new theater.

Whether it be a turtle derby, the opening of a Los Angeles subdivision, the fostering of a better-baby contest, the exploitation of corn plasters, or the inauguration of a campaign for bigger and warmer earmuffs, the movie girls are asked to take part. They just have to be present. And the actors—well, many public events would, it seems, be sunk without them.

Buddy Rogers was approached by a delegation not long ago. A pretty young thing acted as spokesman.

“Oh, Mr. Rogers,” she said, rapturously, “you simply must take part in our turtle derby at the Olympic auditorium. We need help so badly, don’t you know? It doesn’t look as if many will be there unless you come—you and Mary Brian. It would be so thrilling to announce you two as patrons.”

“But I have no turtles,” protested young Rogers. “I do not know how to manage turtles. I have none in training. Now Miss Brian may have some racing turtles. You had better see her.”

“Oh, we’re going to,” the sweet young thing assured him.

“But first we want your promise that you will be there—with your turtle. Of course, we know that turtles don’t run so very fast, but——”

“I should think it would be thrilling to watch one whiz by,” surmised the affable young man.

“How do you keep them from flying the track?”

“But we are in earnest,” the young woman insisted. The upshot of it all was that Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian borrowed two turtles and entered them in the derby. And the crowd came.

But was it the derby which attracted?

There was the formal dedication of the Lake Pleasant
the Day

they pep up the ballyhoo turtle races, and dedications. the incredible demands made them.

Wooldridge

dam near Phoenix, Arizona. A splendid engineering project was to be formally opened to the world. The enterprising president of the Arizona Industrial Congress wanted all citizens of the commonwealth to turn out and give the dam its due. A spectacular pageant was planned, with bands, music, oratory, and all those things which go to make big civic whoopee. To insure success, Gloria Swanson was invited to be present, and at the proper moment to "crown" the huge retaining wall with a bottle of unfermented Arizona grapefruit juice, then leave it to its fate.

"I shall be delighted," Gloria replied.

So the arrangements were made, and the event was widely publicized. But something happened, and Miss Swanson suddenly found that she must hurry to New York. The christening was postponed. The dam was allowed to stand idly by in the glare of the sun, while Gloria attended to business on Broadway. After about seven weeks, her name was dropped from the program. And some one probably drank the grapefruit juice.

Gloria was not going through to lend her services when the cause is worthy, and when there is something which it appears she can do better than any one else. She knows her limitations, however, as well as her talents. When the Pacific Southwest Exposition opened at Long Beach, California, last July, and some one was needed who could turn on a switch to illuminate the grounds, and turn it on right, Gloria agreed to assume the responsibility. She knew just the twist to give the switch, and just how far to turn it. So when the crowd gathered, and the cameras were set in place, she strode gracefully forward and socked the light transfuser right where it should be socked, then bowed and drove away. But curses! The lighting effect was faulty, and the cameras did not get printable pictures. Or maybe Gloria turned her wrist too far, or something.

There seem always to be events in, or near Los Angeles, which require the attendance of the movie queens. The recent opening of the first transcontinental motor-stage line, which provided sleeping berths for passengers, was the occasion for prompt and determined action on the part of obliging actresses.

Just before the stage started from Los Angeles, Clara Bow, standing on the front bumper of the car, snacked the top of the radiator with a bottle of ginger ale, and when the bus reached San Francisco, preparatory to heading East, Raquel Torres, who had been sent in advance, smacked it again in the same place. The stage started over the high Sierras smelling more or less like a bottling works. But the actresses had "seen their duty and done it," while the cameras clicked and public attention had been drawn to a new thing in the bus business, so all was harmony.

The advent of a new automobile, the dedication of a city hall, the production of non-skidding upper teeth, the manufacture of never-rip overalls, or special services for Dancer, last of Los Angeles' grand, old fire horses, necessitates the appearance of some beautiful star, or featured player, to attract the proletariat.

The Santa Fé Railroad purchased a series of monster locomotives to pull its trains across the desert and through the mountain passes in Arizona and New Mexico. Huge mogul they were, capable of doing one hundred miles an hour. But shocks! No one paid much attention to them when they rolled into the terminals. The newspapers did not even publish pictures of them. Something had to be done about it.

"Get one of the movie actresses," some one suggested. "She'll put those old moguls on the map." [Cont'd on page 106]
Experiences of an

Jennie, whose ruminations have appeared in Picture Play before, is with lesser-known types in the movie colony who are, however, as

By Mignon

"Yeah, I was a somebody, then, instead of just a bit player. Why, I remember when Booth came to my house one night, and begged me to go on the road with him. 'I'll give you a hundred and fifty a week. How's that, Al?' he asked me.

'A hundred and fifty ain't enough,' I declared. 'Three hundred dollars, not a nickel less—that's my price!' All night long we argued, my wife in the time, prompting me to stand by my guns. Well, to make the story short, I got it. Three hundred berries! Some money in those days—and even in these, I'll say. 'But movin' pictures—Lordy! An actor ain't got a chance. Producers don't know one when they see one, to begin with. What they want is a puppet who photographs well. I been in the business twelve years, and am no richer to-day than when I arrived in Hollywood. Poorer—honest!'

"Cheer up," declared Blankstein, straightening the flaming-red tie he wore with a bright-blue shirt. "A better day's coming soon."

"I been hearing that line ever since I broke into the business," said Al gloomily.

"But it is—that's a fact," exclaimed the debonair young man. "Talking pictures are here to stay. You troupers are goin' to have your big day. It's got to be. I tell you. Half the phony actors pullin' down big money now are goin' to be out of it, because they ain't got the right kind of speakin' voices."

"I sure hope so," said Al. "Wonder what the poor saps'll do for a soft living then?"

"They'll either have to brush up on their elocution, or go back to where they come from," declared Rube prophetically. "I hate to think what's goin' to become of most of them. They're ridin' down Hollywood Boulevard right now in cars that ain't got even the first installment all paid for. They put on the dog to fool the public all right, but I bet they don't stand in so good with the butcher and grocer in their neighborhood. If they're still lucky enough to be gettin' credit from those in their neighborhood."

"Well, I can't say much on that score," declared Al, shifting his feet uneasily. "Because I don't stand any too well with those guys myself. Actors are funny people. They never seem to grow up. Spend their last nickel on making a splurge. If they've got the money, they live high. They like to put it into show—stuff their pockets full of yellowbacks, and whenever they see an acquaintance, casually yank out a fifty-dollar bill and buy a package of cigarettes. The first thing they do, when they get paid, is to rush to a good restaurant—not a one-arm joint—and buy a high-priced meal. Then they move into the best suite in the house where they're stayin', and begin clamoring for service."

"The joke is that they get it too," said Jennie, taking out her compact, and readjusting her rosebud complexion in preparation for leaving.

"They may be good talkers to their landlords," admitted Al, "but they're terrible when they're trying to sell themselves to producers, as a rule. I know a fellow who can talk his landlord into believing he's goin' to pay the rent he's been ownin' for two years. If he could use the same tactics on the casting director, he'd be rich to-day."

"Huh, that's easy," yawned Jennie, rising languidly.

"It's because the casting director was once an actor himself. You know the old saying about it taking a thief
Extra Girl

here the heroine of certain encounters typical in their way as she is in hers.

Rittenhouse

to catch a thief. Well, everybody, so long. Have to interview Blister, the art photographer. There’s a man who can talk big money to the producers, and get away with it. Maybe I’ll see you soon from the cover of his magazine. Worse figures than mine have appeared there.”

Jennie had had no idea of posing for Blister, the temperamental art “genius” of the movie colony. Not until it came to her suddenly, as she sat listening to Al’s chatter. She had been wondering how she could get along until her next call from Central Casting Bureau. She hated to think of drawing out the two hundred and fifty dollars she had saved during the past few flush months.

Blister’s studio was an elaborately fitted-out house in the center of Hollywood. She had passed it many times, but never before had she had enough courage to approach the man, who had a reputation for being rather eccentric and temperamental. It was this combination of traits rather than his actual ability, which had sold him to Xarvier, producer of super-special comedies, who, like most of Hollywood, believed strictly in appearances. Because Blister went around when working on the lot, or in his private studio, rigged out fantastically in varicolored smocks and caps, such as are worn by chefs, and exclaimed every few moments, that his artistic nature would be outraged if Xarvier didn’t come across immediately—with a few thousand dollars more for the “art sequences” of the picture, the producer was firmly convinced that Blister was a genius.

“Sure, he must be,” declared Xarvier, who two minutes before had bargained with an excellent, but unfortunately modest comédienne, until he had finally bulldozed her into signing a contract for just half of what she was worth. “Nobody but a genius could act as crazy as he does. Believe me, I know a genius when I see one!”

Jennie had met every variety of funny bozo in pictures, so she thought. First, there was the “I’ll-sponsor-your-career” specimen. He was not as bad as he appeared, and not nearly as Don Juanish as she thought he was. Often as not, he was a portly, oldish sort of fellow of fifty-five or sixty, who had climbed to his present position because he was a relative, or close friend, of the boss. Usually there was a wife and four or five children in the background—very much in the background. If you fell for his line, you would probably have a studio job for a week, or possibly a month, but after that, it would be back to the switchboard for you, or to the extras’ bench.

Jennie had seen them come and seen them go, and had come to believe that it was a wise extra who waved aside the long-term contract or big job offered with a proviso, and stuck to small jobs and imitation pearls.

“Don’t fool yourself,” she told one of her girl friends. “That’s all you’ll get out of it in the long run, anyway. Those bozos who promise the earth, usually turn out to be dirt cheap. They’ve got too many women on the string to dig up real pearls for them all.”

She had met the usual assortment of fresh assistant directors, who had more nerve with the screen-struck damsel than influence with the director. She had met the sheik who frequented beauty shops, and arrived at the studios with marcelled hair, plucked eyebrows, and a rainbow-hued scarf. She had met the exiled Russian nobleman, who was really a former ice-man from Hoboken, New Jersey. She had met notorious crooks who worked regularly in pictures, because they had something on the

Miss LeClair shows what happened to Jennie in her encounter with an “art” photographer.

Continued on page 108
Up in Arms

The belligerent phrase has a new meaning here, where all is peace—plus.

George Bancroft, above, great, big he-man that he is, finds Betty Compson is just a morsel of femininity, in "The Docks of New York."

When Jack Holt, above, tamed Nancy Carroll, as the shrewish flapper in "The Water Hole," he took this means to make sure of it.

Though William Powell, above, is a dying man in "Interference," Evelyn Brent tempts him with a heady kiss.

"Now that I'm in your arms, what of it?" asks Joan Bennett of William Boyd, above, in "Power."

John Eyles' arms, left, snatch Donal Blossom from the torrent in "Bride of the Colorado," and she is too grateful for words.
Six Months to Live!

This was the sentence the doctors pronounced over Bebe Daniels, and this story tells for the first time what she did to prove her courage.

By Helen Louise Walker

What would you do if you knew you had just six months to live? That question has intrigued the imagination of almost every one in the world, at some time or other. Novels, plays, and short stories have been written around it. It has been the topic of discussion at a thousand gatherings. It has been answered flippantly or thoughtfully, according to the mood and temperament of the speaker.

One person would make great haste to try to finish his work in the world—write the novel he has been considering for years, but had never got around to doing.

Another would quit his job, draw all his money from the bank, and start out to see as much as possible of the world he was so soon to leave.

Another would throw discretion to the winds, and attempt to run the gamut of all the emotions, secure in the thought that he would not live to face the consequences of his acts.

Still another would turn to religion, and prepare for his conception of the life to come.

By their answers to this question ye shall know them. At least you will be able to tell quite a lot about them.

But Bebe Daniels put this question to herself in grim earnest. Four years ago Bebe was under sentence of death—with six months to go.

She had undergone an operation for appendicitis. Afterward she had disobeyed the doctors' orders, and had done all the forbidden things—had gone swimming, ridden horses back, driven her car, and played tennis.

"I felt all right," she relates, "and I couldn't see any sense in acting like an invalid." This attitude, I might add, is characteristic of Bebe.

Presently, however, it became apparent that Bebe was not well. She was losing weight so rapidly that her company complained. She was told to see a doctor, to take a vacation and try to gain a little flesh.

She went to her family physician with the idea of getting a tonic. His gravity during the examination prompted her to ask him for the truth. Convinced that she wanted it, he told her that she would probably live six months. They would not give up hope entirely, of course, but—

"Letting me down easily!" thought Bebe, trying to adjust her mind to this incredible situation.

"I did the usual thing," she says. "I went to see two other doctors, hoping for a reversal of the verdict. None of the three was acquainted with the others. But each one told me the same thing, and each set the time at six months."

"I swore them all to secrecy—I did not want my family or my company to hear about it—and then I sat down to consider what I should do. I was not at all impressed with the faint hope they held out. I felt that that was merely to make it easier for me.
“I thought first, of course, of my family. I wished that I had managed things a little more wisely, so I could have left them in better circumstances. I was a little sorry for certain extravagances.

“I was sorry for the grief I should cause them—and I got a little chuckle from the thought of the people who would not really be sorry, but who would be put to the inconvenience of acting as if they were.

“I wasn’t afraid. I was sorry my life was to be cut off so soon. I had loved every moment of it, and it seemed too bad to stop just when things were so interesting—like stopping in the middle of a good book.

“I wondered what to do with the portion of time which remained to me. Should I try to crowd it with experience? Should I try to cram the emotions of a normal lifetime into that short space? If any one had asked me—before—that is probably what I should have thought I would do. But somehow, face to face with the actuality, I didn’t want to.

“‘There was religion, of course. But I didn’t want to be any more religious than I had always been. It is fear that makes people turn to religion when death faces them. I wasn’t afraid.

“‘I decided that I would simply carry on just as I had. I would get things in order as best I could. I would work as long as possible. If I had to go out, I would go out as just Bebe.

“There were things I had wanted to do in that vague future that always stretches so far ahead of us. Especially there were books I had thought I would read—some time. I rushed down and bought dozens of them.

“It is a strange feeling, to be deprived of your future. My career! Just at its beginning and filled with promise. Strange that it should stop after all my work and planning. My house which I had never had time to enjoy. trips that I had planned, a thousand things to which I had always looked forward—all erased, counted out.”

Bebe’s escape from death increased her devotion to her mother and grandmother, Mrs. Eva Griffin.

Following her program of carrying on as usual, and urged by her company, she entered a milk sanitarium to rest, and see if she could put on some weight so she might continue in pictures.

“I lay there on my back,” she recalls. “I could not sleep for days at a time. Every half hour a bell rang, and they brought me a glass of milk. Each time that bell sounded it was like a knell. Thirty more minutes of my time has passed,” I would think, ‘and I am lying here not doing anything!’

“I read my books, though, avidly and hurriedly. There were so many of them.

“The biggest feeling I had about the whole thing was that death was so inconvenient!

“The details of living became inexplicably dear. The sun, the wind in the trees, small things in the hodgepodge of life—eating—drinking—little comforts. I loved every bit of it. Never, since that time, have I passed by the small pleasures, unthinkingly. I know how important it is to be happy to-day!

“I used to look at people who came to see me and think, ‘They look strong, yet they may die before I do. They may be killed on the way home from here.’ It became a sort of race in my mind—looking at people, and wondering which of us would die first.

“And always that bell would ring. Thirty minutes gone!

“I stayed in the sanitarium for two months and gained some weight—enough so that they thought I could work again. Then came my next struggle.

“They cast me in a Zane Grey picture, with two months’ location work in Arizona.

“‘This,’ I thought, ‘is the end. It will hasten it, and my time will be less than the doctors have allowed me.’ Location trips, you know, are always strenuous and fatiguing. The food is likely to be bad, and living conditions are hard. And to spend two whole months of my precious time out there, cut off from my friends, away from home—could I do it?

“I had told myself that I would carry on as usual. To tell any one now, and to cringe from this thing, would be too big a defeat. I went.

“‘I had a strange set-apart feeling. I was different from other people. I had lost something which they had. It was my future. Funny how dear one’s future is. I went through the same motions they did. I worked and slept and ate and rode and laughed. But I was different. Four more months. Then three months. I began to count it in weeks and days and hours. I would be gone, and all these people would still be here.

“I didn’t pity myself, or grieve. I just felt strange. Sometimes I was tempted to tell them, just to see the

Continued on page 107
JOAN CRAWFORD

HAVE YOU SEEN?

"The Broadway Melody"... M.G.M.'s great all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing picture... the current sensation of America. (A great picture in the silent version too.)

"The Pagan"... In which Ramon Novarro reveals a glorious singing voice.

"Where East is East"... another Lon Chaney thriller.

"The Voice of the City"... a great dialogue picture (also silent) with and by Willard Mack, the famous playwright and actor.

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Vamp-proof Men

Rare birds they are, but occasionally you find them on the screen at least.

Nick Stuart, left, stands out stubbornly against the cajolery of Sue Carol, in "Girls Gone Wild."

Wallace McDonald, below, must be hard-hearted to be practically untouched by Myrna Loy, in "Fancy Baggage."

Give a girl a blond wig and it takes stern Johnny Arthur, above, to resist the synthetic vamp of Louise Fazenda, in "The Desert Song."

The wiles of a flapper, Ruth Taylor, left, and the direct approach of a cave woman, Marcella Arnold, make life just too perplexing for Fredric March, in "The Wild Party."

Edna Murphy, below, as the blonde in "Stolen Kisses," goes after Hallam Cooley, whom she has picked for her prey.
Their Chaplin Complex

Continued from page 21

Clyde Cook is another example of what's wrong with the wags—only Cook has learned his lesson. For a brief period a few years ago Cook was taken into the Keaton studio to be starred in a series of short comedies. It did not take Cook long to put the scenario men in their places. And, in spite of their chagrin, the gag grinders were compelled to laugh loudly at the cleverness of Cook's clowning. He is one of the most agile acrobatic dancers, and the stuff that he had done in the "Follies" certainly looked amusing.

But when it was shown in the cold light of the projection room later—that was a different matter. On the screen the sparkle of the Cook comedy gems had turned a sickly yellow, and it was not long before he went the way of most Christmas jewelry.

But Clyde Cook was made of the right stuff. He started over again, with a clearer vision and an open mind. Gradually he worked his way back up, doing comedy relief in feature pictures. In this field he has slowly been winning his way back to the heights. His caperings with Victor McLaglen, in "Captain Lash," deserve remembrance.

Now to return to Chaplin. Charlie is a living contradiction of every sound rule of commercial enterprise—perhaps the exception that proves the rule. Chaplin is madness without method. At least it is madness for any one to emulate his method. Charlie might start a picture to-day and complete it a year from to-day. He might start out for the studio of a morning with plans for the day's shooting all mapped out, and lose the map before he arrives. Or he may play a scene calling for a hundred or more extras and keep those extras waiting day after day, with the salary-meter clicking; and eventually the anguished production manager hears that Charlie is over at Catalina spearin' flying fish.

There is nothing elaborate in a Chaplin film in comparison of production value with the average program picture. His sets are drab and meager against the Byzantine splendors of a DeMille bathroom, or a Von Stroheim satirinanda. And yet $1,000,000 is less than average in the cost of a Chaplin comedy.

Crazy? If Charlie is crazy it is with the wiliness of those ancient Egyptian Pharaohs, who get all the credit for the building of the pyramids. For it is not on his own pocketbook that the burden of Chaplin's seeming extravagance falls.

When Chaplin was producing "The Gold Rush" more than a million dollars was taken into the coffers of United Artists, the company of which Charlie is one of the owners, before the picture was completed. This money came as deposits on advance bookings from exhibitors who, in some instances, would not have the picture to run in their houses for at least a year after its release. But they put up their quota of the million in advance, without interest.

It is a recognized fact that the output of a few stars are staple products. Like sugar, bread, butter, and certain advertised commodities, their pictures must be shown in the dominant theaters whether they bring a profit or not. The public demands them, and for an exhibitor to let them go to the opposition would bring a loss of patronage and prestige. Imagine a grocery store refusing to sell butter and sugar, because the market for profit is too small.

Many of the popular slang expressions of the day have been coined in Hollywood. One of them is "Be yourself." The comedians have uttered it often, never dreaming that it would profit them to take heed of their own words. They must all be Charlie Chaplins.

How to Break Into Talkies

Continued from page 52

tral now has so many names on its books that it won't accept another unless the applicant is referred to the bureau by an assistant director, at least. If you haven't any assistant directors, or their equivalent, on your list of acquaintances, there's no hope there.

But remember that, since voices are taken into consideration, you'll have far more opportunity to make an impression than you would have had in the past. You'll no longer be just a face and a figure.

Bryan Foy suggested that the best way to break in would be as a member of a vaudeville act, or a theatrical production. Rather a limited field! But why not use a little intelligence, as well as a good bit of courage, and crash the gates by a roundabout route?

They have telephone operators in Hollywood, and motion-picture folk, like the rest of us, use telephones. Hint No. 1.

They have demonstrators of everything from cold cream to windshield wipers, as do other towns. Hint No. 2.

They have waiters and waitresses and clerks. Probably you've heard about how Phyllis Haver wandered into a five-and-ten store, and seeing Dorothy Ward, knew she'd be good in pictures, and asked her if she wouldn't like to have a test made. Miss Ward thought that Phyllis was just having a little joke, and high-hatted her. Not till Phyllis sent a studio scout to talk business, did Miss Ward believe that she was serious. The result of the negotiations was a contract with Pathé. Hint No. 3.

If you're a good stenographer, carpenter, electrician, or bookkeeper, there's a chance that you may get a job in one of the studios, and once in, you may have a chance to play in pictures. At least, your voice will have an opportunity to register with the powers that be. And to be on the inside of a studio looking out, instead of on the outside looking in, is all important. Alice White was a stenographer for First National before she ever faced a camera, you know. Hint No. 4.

Of course, there's always the chance that, once in Hollywood, you'll be smiled on by Lady Luck, and just casually run into somebody who is somebody in pictures, and can give you a hand up. James Murray got his part in "The Crowd," because King Vidor gave him a lift in his car one day, and liked him. But you can't depend on chances like that.

Charles Farrell and Richard Arlen can tell you that; they both had to stand the gaff before they broke in.

Here's another thing. Doubling in talkies is going to be a pretty well-paid profession. The man who sang for Richard Barthelmess in "Weary River," didn't do it for nothing, you may be sure. The screams that curdle an audience's blood, when mystery pictures are shown—and heard—have to be screamed by some one, and it might as well be you. Incidentally, one of the first of the Metro-Goldwyn pictures that came East to have a sound accompaniment made had to have a scream, and when the work was being done there wasn't a good dramatic screamer available.

Major Edward Bowes, who has charge of audible effects for M-G-M, was in a quandary. So he called in his wife, who in her day was famous as an actress under the name of Margaret Illington. And she very obligingly did the screaming.

Now I'm not saying that if you have a good voice and real personality, that you're going to find the studio gates open wide if you invade Hollywood. It won't be easy to break in. But it's likely to be easier than it has been for the past few...
Out of the East

Desert chieftains and East Indian costumes prove alluring to some well-known players.

Sojin, left, as Daman, a Javanese bandit in "The Rescue," readily adapts himself to his fantastic costume.

Robert Armstrong, below, dresses up as a rajah just to see how it feels.

Richard Arlen, below, disguises himself in an Arabian costume and heavy whiskers in "The Four Feathers."

Otto Matiesen, above, the stranger in "Strange Cargo," takes a look into the future and mystifies everyone.

Noah Beery, below, shows how a desert man settles down for a quiet evening, in "Love in the Desert."
Hollywood High Lights

A studio revue—as all good revues should be—is a nice potpourri, a snatch of song, a bit of dance and a dash of comedy. Incidentally—and this with great solemnity—it includes the presentation of various stunning stellas and stellas, in either their very niftiest apparel, or a well-concocted stage act, also with apparel. Partly the revue is to make the picturegoers acquainted with the starry choir of voices—those not heard already.

One of our quaintest impressions in connection with this sort of entertainment is of a view of Marie Dressler, clad in thin draperies like those worn by an Isadora Duncan dancer, coyly emerging from a huge prop seashell, and doing an impersonation of a "walking goid's" vicissitudes, with sound effects. Watch for it when M-G-M's "Revue of Revues," in which this is incorporated, reaches your town.

"Birth" May be Talker.

Add to pictures that may be revived in talking form, "The Birth of a Nation." There are even hints that it may be done with part of the original cast. Several members of that glorious company have, of course, passed away, notably Robert Harron, George Siegmann, and Wallace Reid; but many of the others are still in pictures. Of the trio who have passed on, Siegmann played the most prominent rôle in the original.

Welcome Reappearances.

Cheerful news seems always circulating these days about the better-known players. Evidently this is due to the talkers. The old-line favorites all appear to possess the poised and experienced that enables them to succeed in the new medium. Naturally, in many instances, it isn't actual stage experience, but even silent-screen training over a long period of time is proving more than salutary.

We find Bebe Daniels now scheduled to do four films for RKO, all with dialogue. Carmel Myers has been engaged for a big role in "Dis-ersion." She has an excellent voice, by the way. Patsy Ruth Miller is the heroine of the comedy, "Twin Beds," in which Jack Mulhall plays opposite her. Lina Basquette is starred in an underworld story, called "Come Across," being made by Universal.

Miss Basquette has been absent lately on a vaudeville tour.

The Blond Sovereign.

A "lucky break," or so 'tis reckoned, is the White Queen, in "Trader Horn." And Edwina Booth is the girl who has been elected, or perhaps one should say born for a queen, to this portrayal.

Miss Booth has only been a bit player in "Our Modern Maidens," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and "My Man," ere this. Now she has her chance to become famous.

Going back further into her history, she was a stenographer two years ago at the Metro-Goldwyn studio. Her photographic possibilities were discovered when she posed for some publicity pictures.

Needless to mention, she is a blonde, and a platinum blonde at that. Meaning that her hair is too light to be described even as golden.

Connie's Third Venture.

Constance Talmadge's admission of her engagement to Townsend Natcher followed an even more abundant series of denials than is usual in the film realm. In fact, at various times and in various places, the pair took occasion to state the doubtfulness of their intention to wed, during the past six or seven months.

However, it's slyly settled at last, and Connie's third venture, it is hoped, will prove the charm and be permanent.

Natcher, who is a merchant in Chicago, was divorced not long ago from Gertrude Selby, a stage actress.

The Era of Change.

The purchase of Metro-Goldwyn by Fox caused some violent shivers in various departments of the M.G.M. organization. One never knows what will come of these huge film deals. In practically every case they spell changes in contracts, programs of pictures, and other matters that seriously affect the stars and other talent. As a matter of course such upheavals are always denied in advance, but they generally occur some time later.

Since its formation about five years ago, Metro-Goldwyn has been one of the leaders in the picture business. It has contributed such elaborate and successful productions as "The Unholy Three," "The Big Parade," and "Ben-Hur," to name some of its earlier sensational hits. Only recently the company came forward with one of the very best sound productions in "The Broadway Melody." Its record has altogether been splendid.

There are those who profess to see in the consolidation of film companies like Warner Brothers and First National, and Fox and Metro-Goldwyn, a growing influence in the electrical companies who are supplying synchronizing equipment. Certainly these deals mean something strange

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Toilers All

These working girls find that any job may lead to romance.

Vilma Banky, above, starts her career in "This Is Heaven," by turning pancakes in a restaurant window, but she has her mind on bigger things.

Mary Astor, right, also turns a mean waffle, which she does to perfection in "Romance of the Underworld."

Maid of all work, Esther Ralston, below, finds it difficult to please her mistress, Emily Fitzroy, in "The Case of Lena Smith."

Probably overanxious to make good with her boss, Wallace MacDonald, above, Audrey Ferris gets her pothooks and dashes mixed in "Fancy Baggage."

Alice White, above, helps the great American caravan on its way by filling automobile tanks in "Hot Stuff," but it is safe to bet she gets on in the world.


"True Heaven"—Fox. War melodrama with the old reliable artifice to the rescue of the country. Review by John Hodiak. Published on page 100.


"River, The"—Fox. Romantic, poetic and slow picture of sten's upbringing effort to win an innocent country boy. Review by John Hodiak. Published on page 103.

"Lady of Chance, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. Elke's a man, pretending to be a man, to escape her rich and powerful husband and to flee him. But he is poor, so she falls in love with him, and confesses, is sent to jail, but is paroled with the help of his friends. Review by John Hodiak. Published on page 104.


Where Billy’s Boss

William Haines is that wherever he is, for no one can resist him, but these pictures of his new home show where he is undisputed sovereign.

Dressed at last, below, Billy seats himself on a sofa upholstered in maroon satin-damask to await guests.

He is especially gratified with the living room, above, because most of the furnishings he collected himself, and he insisted on arranging them all. “Though I’m no interior decorator,” says Billy, “I know what I like!” Then as if apologizing for that conventional remark, he points to the fine, old French commode beautifully painted.

Billy, below, lingers beside the handsomely carved mantelpiece, which he likes so well that he says he built the house to fit it.

William Haines, above, in dressing gown and pajamas, pauses beside a little antique table which he greatly enjoys, because it came from his old home in Virginia.

Still in negligée, below, he takes his ease on a day bed with the morning paper. Needless to say it’s Sunday morning.
The Screen in Review

with repetition. Mother Nature really gives more to the picture than her children. The panorama of mountain and forest is beautiful.

A Reluctant Crook.

Douglas MacLean, last seen in "Soft Cushions," returns to the screen after too long an absence in "The Carnation Kid," and incidentally makes his début as a dialogue comedian. He is excellent, and the picture is diverting. Its novelty lies in the light, amusing treatment given a grim theme—the underworld. Mr. MacLean is Clarence Kendall, a timid typewriter salesman, who is mistaken for a murderous gunman by the gang that hires him to terrorize the town of Chatham. Clarence Kendall's innocent confusion is what causes the mix-up of identities. The farcical complications are many and I found them all rather ingenious, especially the scene where a large shipment of a noiseless machine gun turns out to be typewriters. The considerable dialogue is agreeably delivered by Frances Lee, Lorraine Eddy, William B. Davidson, and that always interesting denizen of the movie underworld, Francis McDonald.

Loud Speaker.

Like the proverbial taste for olives, one's enjoyment of Texas Guinan has to be cultivated. In "Queen of the Night Clubs" she is brought to the screen by Vitaphone, and you may thank the contrivance for enabling you to hear her. Perhaps you won't hang out any thanks at all. If so, then I'm with you, kid, with a broad smile in each hand. Her invasion of the screen, luckily brief, has no justification except for the publicity attached to her name as a figure in the night life of New York. Her qualifications as an actress are nil, and as a photographic subject she is hardly alluring. However, her Vitaphone voice is strong enough to compete with the roar of the Deluge in "Noah's Ark," so perhaps Miss Guinan is not niggardly in her gift to the screen after all. The picture is a machine-made addition to the many night-club films already seen. But at least it has the saving grace of plausibility in presenting Tex Malone as the mother of the leading man, instead of his sweetheart or daughter. He is suspected by Tex, the night-club hostess, of killing her business partner, but in one of those courtroom scenes the expression of guilt on the face of another man in a flash-light photograph taken at the time of the murder, is the means of bringing mother and son together.

Eddie Foy, Jr., is unusually natural, as the son, and Lila Lee is strikingly handsome, as the girl who unwittingly causes all the shooting.

On the Erie Canal.

"The Girl on the Barge" is a good lead picture that touches both extremes firmly. It begins well, but ends with a storm in the studio tank.

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Boy," which isn't strange at all. I mean the title. The picture is, though. You see, it's a bedroom farce! Best this album you, permit me to assure you that Davey has ample chance to do his stuff, including lipsing The Lord's Prayer and indulging in particularly dialogue. He is supposed to be the son of estranged parents on the point of becoming divorced. The sister of the wife agrees to kidnap the child and keep him from his father. Missing her train, she takes the child to the deserted apartment of his father's lawyer, where the latter's parents appear and cause complications by summoning their son to explain his "marriage."

Though far from novel, all this has movement and frequent dialogue, together with a charming performance by Betty Bronson, which is delightful whether she speaks or not, but more so when she does. Gertrude Olmsted is the mother of Sonny Boy, John T. Murray the father, and Edward Everett Horton the lawyer. If infant stars appeal, you should see Davey Lee by all means, but more on account of the child than the picture.

Woof! Woof!

"Wolf Song" isn't nearly as vigorous as the title sounds. Indeed, it has very little at all, but is tedious. Why this is so, with two such interesting players as Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez in the cast, is unfortunate. But the chief reason is the comparative absence of a story. Another is the feebleness of what there is of one. Mr. Cooper is Sam Lash, a trapper, who hastily leaves his native Kentucky to escape the ire of the father of a girl, and sallies forth into the uncharted forests with his companions. It is all supposed to happen in 1848. You feel that some one responsible for the picture believed it to be terribly picturesque and elemental. But it succumbs in being as artificial a costume film in which the characters wear powdered wigs.

When the roistering woodsmen reach California, Sam Lash falls in love with Lola Salazar, a proud don's daughter, and they elope. No sooner are they married than Sam is torn between fidelity and the lure of the open spaces. So he deserts Lola for the wolf song of the trappers, but eventually returns humbly to her. There you have the story. It is told to the accompaniment of a great deal of singing, a male chorus obliging with the song itself. It tempts Sam Lash to leave Lola, and the girl herself repeating her sentimental air whenever a guitar is handy. Neither the voice of Miss Velez nor the song improves
A Mad Hatter's Dream

This array of fantastic headgear is not just a milliner's whimsy, however, but was designed to set off the costumes of the wearers.

The skyscraper headdress worn by Merna Kennedy, below, is appropriate enough in "Broadway."

June Collyer, right, in a tricky, little windmill "creation."

The unusual pose of Carol Lombard, above, hints of what may be expected of her in modernistic settings.

Bessie Love, below, does some high stepping under a skeleton topper in "The Broadway Melody."

Helen Twelvetrees, left, wears a highland cap with ermine tails.

The mode of ancient Egypt is captured by Betty Lorraine, left, as Cleopatra, in "When Caesar Ran a Newspaper."
going on in the financial part of filmmaking, and as there are other indications besides that the old régime is passing, they are viewed with certain misgivings.

Whoever is to dictate the future has a lot to live up to. The entertainment had better be good, because the memory of what has already come and gone has, on the whole, been distinctly pleasant, and often rare and beautiful.

Romantic Nomenclature.

Names are getting odder and odder. Here's a new one to put on the increasing list—Moon Carroll. She is a stage actress playing in Norma Shearer's "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

Lloyd, Plus Two Ladies.

One girl is not quite sufficient for Harold Lloyd's new comedy. So he has done the unprecedented thing of selecting a second leading lady. She is Mary McAllister.

The real heroine is played by Barbara Kent. But Miss McAllister's rôle, so Harold tells us, is very important.

Lloyd also related some portions of the plot of his production, and we'll wager it will be one of the best he has made in several seasons. Clever gags will abound, and their effect will be heightened by the use of sound. Lloyd may also try a few dialogue sequences.

Aquatic Chorus Passes.

Mack Sennett has declared against bathing girls, so he tells us. They're not essential, he feels, for talking comedies, and that is what Sennett is doing right now—filming talking comedies most enthusiastically.

However, in one picture he did have a bevy of beach beauties—perhaps just as a gesture of goodwill to one of the attractions that have made him widely known as a picture personality.

Sennett also had a roaring lion in one of his short-reelers. The noise made by the beast was realistic and boisterous. What's more, it keeps up a Sennett tradition, for lions always played an active part in thrill finishes of the earlier comedies.

It seems funny to visit the Sennett establishment nowadays. The famous comedy maker has moved far out beyond the bounds of filmmaking, and his company is housed now in an elegant Spanish group of buildings. It is a very classy ménage, and a contrast to the historic, ramshackle lot where good, old Ben Turpin, Louise Fazenda, Fred Mace, Ford Sterling, Mabel Normand, Charlie Chaplin, and Chester Conklin fronted groups where the talents of Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, and other aquatic sirens, were first discovered.

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That isn't so good, unless it is done convincingly. The story introduces us to a motherless young girl, Erie, whose life has been spent on a canal boat under the stern domination of a hard-shell father, who justifies his cruelty by quoting biblical texts. Finally Erie meets the deck hand of a tug, and the youthful pair fall in love. Against the father's orders the young fellow teaches Erie how to read, and they run away to spend a day at a fair. Both the girl and the boy are beaten by her father, the boy being left half dead as the barge creeps off. Months later, when the vessel is tied up for the winter, a storm causes it to break from its moorings and it is in peril of being dashed to pieces on the rocks, when the boy goes to the rescue in his tug. When he meets with disaster, Erie heroically saves him by dragging herself along a tow line amid the raging waters. Of course there's a sunshiny conclusion.

Scenes of pathos and genuine humanness are frequent early in the film, but the melodrama is reminiscent of a bygone day in its violence. However, the acting of Jean Hersholt, Sally O'Neil, and Malcolm McGregor is exceptionally good, and the occasional dialogue, though not helpful to an understanding of the characters, causes no annoyance.

An Innocent Escapade.

Gentle as a zephyr on an August day is "Geraldine." But, alas, it isn't nearly so refreshing. The name of Booth Tarkington as its author inspires the hope that one is to enjoy his inimitable characterization of adolescence, but the scenario was carefully denatured of this and every other individuality. Instead, it is just another film of jazz youth and is not sufficiently original to go anywhere near the head of its class. It starts out rather well by introducing Geraldine, a plain, clumsy girl in love with a dashing man about town who will have none of her. Her sympathetic father tries to help her by employing a youth to teach her charm. He begins by inducing her to cast aside her spectacles and—but you have seen this sort of rejuvenation often enough to know the process well. The two go to a road house, enter a dancing contest and win the cup just as the place is raided. A rather amusing sequence follows in jail, where the youth masquerades as a girl in a cell with a dozen females and is rescued by Geraldine, now indifferent to the sophisticated gentleman who formerly gave her the cold shoulder. Marian Nixon, in the title rôle, is attractive and convincing, particularly in Geraldine's ugly-duckling phase, and Eddie Quillan, as the young instructor, is clever and likable. Both acquire themselves creditably in the dialogue allotted to them. It's just that the conversation and the story are without stimulating qualities.

The Ham What Am.

A quaint antique of a movie called "The Lone Wolf's Daughter" stars Bert Lytell, who, they tell me, is a sensation on the stage. But neither his acting nor his voice, briefly heard, justify his reputation. It may be that the character of Michael Laney, "The Lone Wolf," has grown tiresome through repetition and has become outdated as well. Certainly the debonair crook, who steals jewels, has given way to a brainier and more desperate criminal in the underworld films of to-day. The gentleman thief is passé; he has been supplanted by the roughneck bootlegger.

Mr. Lytell makes this latest Michael Laney a stagy actor fluent in the use of the tricks of the old stock company—noble, dashing, affable and mechanical. In this latest chapter of The Lone Wolf's artificial life, he has reformed and is trying to conceal his identity in order not to spoil the matrimonial chances of his adopted daughter. In the course of this, he foils a jewel robbery and unmask two crooks wanted by Scotland Yard. It is all quite dull, and one's sympathy with the Law is not increased in their humiliation at being thwarted by such a phony mastermind. Besides Mr. Lytell, much of the film is unintentionally funny, particularly the scene of an auction, where valuable jewels lie about for persons to pick up and do with as they please. However, the high light of this episode is the prominence given a "Ming" vase and the fact that it is not even Chinese, but was obviously culled from a bargain basement. Gertrude Olmsted, Donald Keith, Charles Gerrard, and Lilian Tashman are some of the luckless ones in the cast.

Hollywood High Lights

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The Ham What Am.

A quaint antique of a movie called "The Lone Wolf's Daughter" stars Bert Lytell, who, they tell me, is a sensation on the stage. But neither
Fleet as the Wind

These players know the meaning of the phrase in fullest measure, for they play polo while their more leisurely brothers and sisters dally with golf, ping-pong, and turtle racing.

Jack Holt, below, is the dean of Hollywood's poloists, because he was one of the first to popularize the sport among the movie folk and remains one of its most strenuous devotees.

Pauline Starke, above, to whom a horse is like a brother, finds no difficulty in upholding her record as the speediest feminine polo player.

Bebe Daniels, below, has had many accidents in her day but, oddly enough, none while playing polo.

Charles Rogers and Jean Arthur, above, are ready for an afternoon of lively sport with their mallets.

Hal Roach, above, producer of Our Gang comedies, is a polo enthusiast, and is the only polo southpaw on record.

Huntly Gordon, left, being an Englishman, just naturally takes to polo as an American takes to baseball, and not because it's the sport of society people.
Hazel Lambert.—I don't think women have any monopoly on being inquisitive. Yes, Farina is a boy, named Allan Hoskins. No, I can't think of any stars with birthdays on January 4th. Marion Davies is the 3rd. By this time, you have probably seen Ran on Novarro in “The Flying Fleet.” Since “Lilac Time” Gary Cooper has made “The First Kiss,” “Shopworn Angel,” and “Wolf Song.” Billie Dove has several fan clubs. Nearest you is the one at 334 Sentiment Avenue, Longview, Wisconsin; Aline Rider in charge.

Mary E. Brady.—Sorry, but answers cannot possibly appear within three weeks of the time you mail your letter. Magazines require several months to print and distribute. To join the Mary Brian Fan Club, write to Clara Foehi, 53 Villa Avenue, Yonkers, New York. Stars get hundreds of letters a week and therefore can't attempt to answer them. Their secretaries usually send out photos on receipt of a quarter—stamps would do, I think. Clive Brook was born June 1, 1904. He is five feet eleven, weighs one hundred and fifty, and has blond hair and grey eyes. Conrad Nagel is thirty-two, six feet; weight, one hundred and sixty. Blond hair, dark eyes. Buddy Rogers is about six feet, brune; age, twenty-four. Dolores Costello is a blue-eyed blonde, five feet four; weight, one hundred and eight. Mary Brian, brunette, five feet two; weight, one hundred and nine. Vilma Banky was born January 9th. Philippe De Lacy was born July 25, 1917. As he is constantly growing, I can't keep track of his height and weight. He is brunette, with hazel eyes. His recent films are “Four Devils,” “Napoleon’s Barber,” “The Redeeming Sin,” and “Square Shoulders.” Jack Dempsey is not in movies at present. Well-known players from Ohio are Warner Baxter, Columbus; Dorothy Gish, Dayton; Lillian Gish, Springfield; William Boyd, Cambridge; Gertrude Astor, Lima; Ralph Graves and Alice Calhoun, Cleveland; Carroll Nye, Canton.

Frances Kappel.—What miracles are asked of me! The March issue went on sale three weeks after your letter was written—and you wanted an answer in that! There's a long waiting list for replies in the magazines. Sally O'Neil is twenty, five feet one and one half; weighs one hundred and four, unmarried. Jacqueline Logan is twenty-six, five feet four, and weighs one hundred and twenty. She was married last August to Larry Winston. As to which actresses smoke, I think most of them do. But women's smoking is so general nowadays, I confess I seldom notice enough to remember which do and which don't.

Ruth.—John Mack Brown was born in Alabama, September 1, 1904. Not married. Doug, Jr., is eighteen. I understand that Marion Davies' voice comes over very nicely in talks. She only stutters when she is embarrassed or shy.

The Lion Girl.—What do you do, eat them or tame them? Anita Page was born in Murray Hill, Flushing, Long Island, August 10, 1910. She attended Washington Irving High School in New York and began her film career in a picture which wasn't released, but which gave her an opportunity to show her screen potential. The William Haines Club, write to Vivian Stephens, Perry, Lake County, Ohio. The Joan Crawford Club has headquarters with Helen Cohn, 3628 East First Street, Long Beach, California.

Edward H. Pike.—No, Eddie, I'm afraid there's not a chance for a personal reply from a star. They get several hundred letters a week. Anita Page and Joan Crawford are both with Metro-Goldwyn; Sue Carol with Fox; Louise Lorraine was the heroine in “Circus Rookies.”

Alice Joyce Fan.—Alice Joyce was born in Kansas City, Missouri, October 7, 1890. She is five feet two; weighs one hundred and twenty; brown hair and hazel eyes. She was once married to Tom Moore, the father of Mary Alice. Her present husband is N. B. Regan, and she has another daughter, whose name and age I don't know. She doesn't give an address, but her husband's office is listed in the New York phone book at 522 Fifth Avenue. The pronunciations you ask for are as follows, accent on italicized syllable: Moran, Moreen, Vi- dor, Vera-dor, DeMille, as spelled: Lupe Velez, Lu-pay Vay-ayz. Nils is Neels. Renée Adorée, Ray-ray Adore-ay or Adore-ay, Menjou, Mon-joo, soft j. The latest home address I have for Irene Rich is 8082 Selma Avenue, Los Angeles. Barry Norton's real name is Alfredo de Blaraben, Jr. He was born in Buenos Aires, June 16. Edward Dolores Costello is American, of Scotch-Irish descent. Born in Pittsburgh in June, 1905. Ralph Forbes and Alonzo Barlow were both born on September 30th.

Guy.—You did pretty well for guns? But you're not from Chicago! Yes, poor Arnold Kent was killed in an automobile accident. He was born in Italy—I don't know just when—at Lido Monetto. He studied engineering, but went on the stage later. He played in various European capitals and then in German films. Adolph Menjou got him his first American role, in “Evening Clothes,” followed by “The World at Her Feet,” “Hula,” “The Woman on Trial,” “Beau Sabreur,” “The Showdown,” “Easy Come, Easy Go,” and “The Woman Disputed.” It seems rather out of the question to get an autographed photo of him now.

C. D. H., South Bend, Indiana.—David Lee is very much alive. That incident started through the death of a musician in the Hotel Ambassador orchestra, Los Angeles. He was called “Sunny” Boyce—hence the confusion. Dorothy Dwan doesn't give her age; her mother is Mrs. Smith. Irene Rich's real name is Luther; she acquired the name Rich through marriage. I don't know whether Jean Arthur's name is her real one. Madge Bellamy's is Philpott; no, Madge never lived in Centralia, Washington. Rex Lease is from Central City, Washington. Other players from your State are Robert Armstrong, Alma Bennett, Seattle; Mickey McBan, the child actor, Spokane; and Edward Hearn, Dayton. Jola Mendez is with RKO. I doubt if any star could possibly have time to answer fan mail personally. Kathryn Perry played George O'Brien's sweetheart in “Is Zat So?”

Helen.—I'll try not to wear myself out answering your questions, as you suggest; I've got to go on for years like this. Anita Page was born August 4, 1910; she is five feet two. “Her films include “Telling the World,” “Our Dancing Daughters,” “While the City Sleeps,” “Broadway Melody,” “Flying Fleet,” and her new one, “The Gob.” Joan Crawford is five feet four, Josephine Dunn an inch taller; Jo was christened Mary Josephine
What the Fans Think

Before the Gilbert fans descend on me in wrath, let me announce that Jack is also one of my favorites. If he never made another good picture, his Jim Anderson has earned him a place in the hearts of the other imitators of Miss Frederick.

But Nils Asther is so utterly Jack's superior in charm, good looks, poise and rare ability to interpret his roles—whether he is playing an English doctor or a fiery Russian prince—with a subtle touch possessed, apparently, only by foreign stars. For me, he dominates any scene in which he appears, dwarfing even Anna Q. Nilsson, Gilbert, and Torrence. Even Chaney's personality failed to overshadow Asther's.

It is incomprehensible to me that Renee Adoree, who appears to be a disarming young woman, could solely Gilbert while Asther's presence brightened the same scene. As Asther's on-screen death almost spoiled "The Cossacks" for me. Not quite, however, for with Asther eliminated from the story, Gilbert was fascinating, too.

I prophesy—spare your brickbats, Gilbert—worsippers—that Nils Asther will some day flame in the screen galaxy, an even brighter star than Gilbert himself.

ALICE SIMPSON.
4402 West Atlantic Street, Seattle, Washington.

No imitations for her!

I think Phyllis Silver has written a splendid letter about that unrivalled actress, Pauline Frederick. There will never be another like her.

Not long ago I saw "Zaza," with Gloria Swanson in the title rôle. It was nothing short of a travesty on Pauline Frederick's work in that same rôle. I have no wish to see "Resurrection" played by Dolores del Rio, or any of the other imitators of Miss Frederick.

Now, for three brickbats aimed at Pola Negri, John Gilbert, and Greta Garbo. They are not concerned with the amounts to dashing about mildly, and pawing the air. He must do well at getting parties! Greta is merely "a dying duck in a thunderstorm."

I think the criticism of Belle Bennett by M. C. Parrish is unfair. I don't consider her a brilliant actress, but she certainly deserved the praise she received for her work as Stella Dallas.

I wonder if any of Evelyn Brent's fans have ever received a photo from her? I have written three times and have been ignored. I still admire her, but consider she is not worth bothering about any more.

I am also an admirer of Leatrice Joy. She can act, and her looks certainly was not due to John Gilbert. That's all.

"LAVENDER."

Boosting Nils Asther.

Not since Valentino flashed on the screen in his memorable "Four Horsemen" has there been a magnetic personality with such an overpowering appeal as Nils Asther. It was his splendid performance in "The Cossacks" that focused my attention on him. In this picture, Nils Asther gave John Gilbert stiff.

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Putting You Wise.

Many fans would like to know why the cast is not shown in some pictures, so that the names of most of the players can be identified.

It's this way. The cast is always included in the film, but very often the theaters cut it out. Many theaters have a strict schedule to maintain, and for this reason eliminate what seems to them the unimportant parts of a film.

There is one corporation that gives the cast both at the beginning and end of the picture. That is Universal.

I hope this will put some fans wise.

J. BUSTOL.
72 Irving Avenue, Bridgeton, New Jersey.

A Prophecy.

What was Metro-Goldwyn thinking about when Gilbert to play in the same film with Nils Asther? Are they blind to the brilliant charm of this Swedish newcomer, or are they careless of Jack's laurels?

Dunn. She was born May 1, 1907. Marion Davies is thirty-one and has blue eyes. See Ruth and an Alice Joy's fan? Also Many E. Brady. The last home address I have for Phillippe de Lacey — several years old — was 1949 Grace Avenue, Hollywood. Sue Carol's real name is Evelyn Leda. At La Plante was christened by that name.

SHEAR—That's an appropriate signature for one who asks about a sea picture. "Sea Pie" — no, I don't know of any film with such an absurd title. "Sea Tiger" is the nearest to it in sound.

E. S.—So you want to tax my brain? There doesn't seem to be enough of it to be assessable. Phillips Holmes, the son of Taylor Holmes, the actor, was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, twenty years ago. He was a sophomore at Princeton when the "Varsity" company went there to take scenes, and Mr. Holmes was given a part. He was taken to Hollywood for additional scenes and was signed to a contract. Paramount, who furnished the above biographical data, has no record of his line or coloring. It doesn't give his home address, but I think a newcomer like Phillips will still be waiting for the Nansen mail at the studio.

David Rollins was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1909. He has black hair, blue eyes, is five feet ten and one half, and weighs one hundred and forty. See Helen.

THOMAS THOMPSON—Charles Rogers' new picture is "Young Sinners." He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and sixty-five. The Richard Arlen Fan Club has headquarters with Frank W. Leach, 4 North State Street, Concord, New Hampshire. Clara Bow has several clubs — that nearest you is at New Burma, North Carolina; write Romulus Gooding, 93 Broad Street. "The Mysterious Island" was first started about three years ago. I've lost track of who was in the original cast. The new picture of that title is finished, but no release date settled. I don't think it has color shots.

HELEN HOWELL—Thanks for the bouquets for Picture Play. You're right; the bandstand in "Reversion" was LeRoy Mason. He is quite new to the screen, so, unfortunately, I have no information about him. You might write him in care of Ben Carewe, the producer, in Hollywood.

BUCKEYE S. OF HIAWATHA—What caused the rumor that Clara Bow was dead? If I knew who caused those crazy rumors, I'd be the wisest man in the world. I've lost track of who was in the original cast. "The Prince of Headwaiters"; Robert Agnew played the son. James Hall's wife was Renee. I don't know her last name. The young leading players in "Our Dancing Daughters" were Joan Crawford, John Mack Brown, Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian, and Nils Asther. The fan clippings I had were in Pola Negri, Henrietta Hendrick, Box 129, Route No. 2, Ridgewood, New Jersey; Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Helgren, 146 Ballou Avenue, Garbo-Ditzerland, and Garbo-Denio. The Fan Club, Evelyn Elizabeth Gilley, 77 Winslow Street, Everett, Massachusetts. See TIP TOP GRL. No, William Haines and Pola Negri played "Dancing Daughters." Who started that one? Fred Thomson died following an operation; he had been injured internally while doing one of his stunts. Charles Hackett has been in vaudeville recently. No, Anita Page and Anita Stewart are not the same. Anita Stewart was one of our biggest stars about ten years ago. Anna Q. Nilsson is in her late thirties. Buddy Rogers has dark-brown hair and eyes. Alice White's hair is, I think, blond at the moment.

MAE RIFFER—Yes, unfortunately it is true that Fred Thomson died last Christmas Day. See above. Doug Fairbanks, John Gilbert, and Greta Garbo are quite popular, according to accounts, but no one knows just when it occurred. Dorothy Mackaill plays opposite Milton Sills in "His Captive Woman."

RICHARD PASSMORE—I'll be very glad to keep a record of your Ramon Novarro Club.

VIOLETTE MOVIE—So you're "trying your luck" with a few questions? That is a pleasant and useful pastime. Dolores del Rio was born in Durango, Mexico, August 3, 1905. Her name was Asumolo until, in 1923, she married Jaime del Rio, who died last year. She was quite a belle in Mexico City and frequently danced at social affairs. Several years ago she danced at a dinner party at which the guest of honor was Mr. He was a very smart fellow, Mr. Carewe, Bert Lytell, and Claire Windsor. Carewe was impressed and persuaded Dolores to sign a movie contract. In "Tropical Nights" my cast does not mention a character called "Snake" or Bill. Wallace MacDonald played the villain.

JOHN BARRYMORE FOREVER—Even the best actors cannot last that long. John was born in 1882. He is five feet ten, weighs one hundred and sixty, and has light-brown hair and eyes. He has played over 200 roles, off and on, for about twelve years, so a complete list of his films is impossible in this space. His present connection with movies, however, began with...
The Second *Madame X*

Her heritage from the stage is her association for twelve years with that imposing figure of the American theater, Henry Miller. Up to the time of his death, a few years ago, Miss Chatterton had almost steadily appeared with him. At seventeen she made her New York début, under his guidance, in "The Rainbow." "Daddy Long Legs" was one of her early successes, and in recent years nothing was more charming than their appearance in "La Tendresse," which Miss Chatterton translated from the French and herself produced. It is not at all unlikely that she will some time soon réinter the production field, playing the heroines of Shaw, Barrie, and Galsworthy, provided, of course, that films do not engage too much of her time. And this, too, is not at all unlikely. "I am terribly, terribly thrilled over them," she said. "Their possibilities are so vast. They will have to combine the best of the stage and the best of the films. That is why I am so enthusiastic.

"You know, for a long while—in fact, not until I married Ralph—pictures had no allure for me whatever. It never occurred to me that I might not photograph. I just would have nothing to do with them. I only cared to see them occasionally." This was followed by a merry laugh.

"I am thinking," she continued, "of how disdainfully I turned down an offer of $300,000 a year for five years from Mr. Selznick a while back. Then I was all heart and soul in the theater. But that was before the débâcle of tawdry plays. I was also six years younger! A few years mellow us, do they not? Mr. Selznick saw me working the other day, and reminded me of the incident."

I inquired how she happened to be converted to pictures.

"After Ralph and I did 'The Green Hat,' I stayed on, loving California very much and being very happy. Norma Talmadge and I are friends, and one day I went out to watch her work while she was making 'Camille.' Fred Niblo, also an old friend, jollied me into having a test made. Then, for the first time, I became frightened of the movies, and realized that I might be a ghastly failure photographically."

"After serious deliberation and numerous pangs of fear, we all finally decided that I make the test. Fortunately, it turned out better than I dared hope. That was my true beginning—and conversion. And here I am, happy, but still a trifle bewildered. I wonder what we will be saying about the present talking films a few years from now? And I wonder if we will not have to develop almost a new race to be the perfect talking-picture type, as the screen has had its perfect picture types?"

Many persons wonder about this, too. Who knows, maybe Miss Chatterton is one of that new race.

She Refuses to Glitter

I confessed that this was what I found most boring in listening to talking pictures. Also that I had to use more senses than my sight.

In any case, Vilma has a beautiful throb in her voice, even if she does speak with an accent. In "This Is Heaven," she will hear it—I mean the throb and the accent—that is, if her voice is well reproduced.

In spite of the fact that Samuel Goldwyn has decided to film only stories of everyday life for a while, after his deluge of costume pictures, I think he ought to make a production of "Joan of Arc," and give Vilma Banky the rôle of the *Maid of Orleans*. This is only a suggestion, but Iherewith call Mr. Goldwyn's attention to it.

"This Is Heaven" is the first picture Vilma Banky has played in which is laid in the United States. Like "The Awakening," the title is again prophetic in connection with Vilma's Americanization.

She came here as a shy stranger. Of
Where the Stars Meet

Continued from page 68

The Latin leading man bounds into a heroic pose. It is a big scene, as he confronts the silk-hatted heavy. A blow from the manly Latin fist is imminent. It brings boots and laughter. "Match 'em wit' Dempsey," some one calls.

The three-hundred-thousand-dollar version of "Flaming Lives" is flickering and leaping through indifferent projection toward its climax. Fanya has been proved innocent and pure, despite her presence in the apartment of Montgomery Trevor the night the murder was committed.

The Latin leading man, late of the Bronx, speaks the title, "Can you forgive me, Marlynne, for ever doubting you?"

They clinch. The house goes into an uproar of whistling and stamping. This theater needs no sound effects for the embraces. The customers take care of that.

"Candy bars, peanuts, chewing gum, cigars, and cigarettes—a prize in each and every package, no blanks —" The butchers start their raucous promenade through the aisles.

"Well, I'm glad that piece of cheese is over," growls the captious critic behind me.

"Ain't she awful?" says his companion.

A four-weeks-old news reel follows. Then:

Jake Finklestein
PRESENTS
PETE CASEY
IN HIS WESTERN THRILLER
"THE RANGE OUTLAW."

Whistles and cheers again, but not derivative ones this time.

Pete has never had a world première at Grauman's Chinese Theater. He has never been to one. Indeed, he does not own a dress suit. He does not dance at the Mayfair Club, lunch at the Montmartre, drop into Henry's for a midnight sandwich, or attend parties in Beverly Hills.

But when he rides down a sheer cliff, conquers seven villains with his bare hands, lifts the mortgage on the ranch which is about to be taken from the girl's father, and thwarts the holdup of the stage bringing the pay roll for the mines, he's a riot in the dives.

Yes, the more I think of it, the more I'd like to escort Fanya Fatheringill, or one of her numerous Hollywood sisters in art to an all-night movie house some evening.

"One thing my daughter must be told"

Says a mother of today about this phase of feminine hygiene

No longer need women fear offending. Deodorization* is a new feature of this sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

**HOW**EVR carefully she may guard and advise, no mother can protect her daughter from self-consciousness at certain times.

If she constantly is aware that she may be offending others, good times are impossible for her; light-heartedness flees.

That is why mothers and daughters both learn with relief that each Kotex sanitary pad is now treated to end all odor. The fears that were once inevitable now disappear.

**Shaped to fit, too**

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered, it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods.

You can adjust the filler to suit your own special needs. Cellucotton absorbent wadding, with which Kotex is filled, is amazingly absorbent—3 times more than cotton itself. It is easily disposed of (see simple directions in each package). No laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

Buy a box today . . . comes in two sizes—

the Regular and Kotex Super. 45c for a box of twelve (regular) at any drug, dry goods or department store, also obtainable through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

**SUPER-SIZE KOTEX**

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Some women find Super-size Kotex a special comfort. Exactly the same as the Regular size Kotex, but with added layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

**KOTEX**

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

* Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587)
“Not a bad idea,” the railroad officials decided. “We’ll try it.”

An emergency call was sent to Metro-Goldwyn. “An actress—a pretty actress,” the company requested. “One who can make the world sit up and take notice that the greatest locomotives in captivity arrived at our Western terminal.”

Again Raquel Torres, the dark-eyed Mexican maid, was summoned.

“Raquel,” said the head of the publicity department, “the Santa Fé Railroad can’t draw any attention to its new engines. You’ve got to do something to help out. You’d better be an engineer. Get ready, and we’ll send a photographer along.”

Now little Miss Torres didn’t know anything about being an engineer. She didn’t even know how engineers dressed, except that they wore caps and overalls, and carried long-nosed oil cans.

Thus it came about that one afternoon not long ago Raquel went to the terminal station and approached an idle mogul. She slipped off her coat and stood revealed in her engineer’s “costume.” This consisted of a pair of overalls, from which the legs had been cut high above the knees; a silk shirt, a leather cap, and pair of tennis shoes. Her legs were as bare as the summit of old Mount Baldy. The trusty oil can was in her hand.

“All right,” she said demurely to the camera man. “Let’s go!”

Will the world sit up and take notice of the engine and the modern maid with the new style of uniform? Well, rather!

The support of the movie girls must be back of all well-regulated movements, it would seem. Esther Ralston was named godmother to a better-babies contest conducted by a newspaper, although all she knew about babies was what she had read.

The city of Los Angeles is not alone in its yearning for aid from actresses. Suburban towns, too, have grasped the value of their presence. There was Santa Ana, for instance, a few miles distant, in which the chamber of commerce and the junior chamber decided to merge. A big, get-together dinner was arranged, to be attended by members of both bodics, as well as by church societies, women’s clubs, and social organizations. To lend glamour to the event, a few of the movie girls from Hollywood were invited to be present. Among them was Sally Rand, who is now dancing in vaudeville. Sally took along one of her dancing costumes—a shred of silk—and a pair of slippers.

When the proper moment arrived, Miss Rand slipped into a side room and donned her inconsiderable costume. Then she burst into the banquet room and executed a dance which made the good matrons of Santa Ana gasp.

“Think of that!” they exclaimed, excitedly.

The smaller towns now borrow actresses for all their big events. Fresno chose Marie Prevost to be queen of its annual raisin festival, and Wallace Beery to be king. Hoot Gibson is the official master of ceremonies at half the rodeos staged on the West Coast, all the way from Pendleton, Oregon, to San Diego, California. Joan Crawford has been made a reserve traffic officer in the Los Angeles police department, and has a cap, badge ‘n’ everything. Clara Bow gave an official send-off to a man who started a cross-country drive in an automobile, tightly handcuffed. She was also called upon to autograph the shoes of another, as he started a marathon from San Diego to Los Angeles.

Possibly the most audacious request on record came from an ambitious underwear manufacturer recently, who wanted a widely-known star to pose in some of his products. He planned to spend a large sum in advertising, he said.

“Let’s see some of the garments,” said the studio director of publicity, excitedly.

The first arrived in a letter-size envelope. The star took one look and tramped from the studio.

How to Break Into Talkies

years, because picture players are at sea, most of them, when it comes to using their voices before the microphone; because a lot of people have been released; and because the chance to use your voice will double your chances of breaking in, if it’s the right kind of voice.

I’m not urging you to go to Hollywood; there will be tremendous difficulties to overcome now, just as there have been in the past. But I am saying that, if you feel that you simply must try to break in, it looks as if your chance of success would be good right now.
expressions on their faces. But that was only for a moment. I couldn’t have borne it, really, for any one to know.

"The end of the story is stranger still. When I came back from Arizona, and went to see my doctor, he told me that I had made almost miraculous strides toward health, and that I would live! The outdoor life and simple food, which I had fancied would be my final undoing, had been, it seemed, the things that saved me. He was amazed at my improvement.

"I think that was really more of a shock than the other news had been. Reprieved! Saved! The words did not mean a thing.

"I realized that I had been almost relieved about a lot of things. Problems which I had thought I should not have to face—things like that. There were so many things that I had simply stopped considering. And there they were, waiting to be solved.

"It was like coming back to consciousness after an anesthetic. I had to orient myself. I realized that for months I had been thinking of myself as dead! Now it was the inconvenience of living that troubled me!

"I became used to living, however, much more quickly than I had adjusted my mind to dying. But the experience left me changed in many ways. I can never take life for granted again. I am grateful every day for the tiniest details of existence. It was the most profound experience of my career. But I am glad, now, because of the things it taught me."

By their answers ye shall know them!

Bebe’s answer was entirely characteristic. She would carry on as usual and go out—just Bebe. She faced it alone. No heroes, no dramatization of her emotions, no self-pity, or sops thrown to her ego.

A quietly courageous and thoroughly sporting girl.

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**Six Months to Live!**

Continued from page 90

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**Over the Teacups**

Continued from page 29

"There’s a girl who has been working so hard I haven’t seen her in ages," she rattled on. "But Lilyan is always the same—gay and crisp and smart. If she ever has any troubles she hides them successfully. She has been working day and night on ‘Bulldog Drummond’—" What girl would think it was work to be playing opposite Ronald Colman?"

"No matter what producer comes along with a gorgeous role for Lilyan, she will refuse it, for she is about to rush off to New York for a vacation. Wish I could send a spy along and find out where she buys her shoes. It is one of the major mysteries of Hollywood, and every one would like to find out. No one else ever wears such stunning slippers."

"And speaking of shoes, Joan Crawford has started a vogue for colored-linen tennis shoes. She has them in every imaginable color to match her sports dresses, and wears them practically all the time."

"But a girl could go slouching around in tennis shoes all the time without looking dowdy? Joan avoids it, somehow. She looked so gorgeous at the opening of ‘The Iron Mask,’ that she was quite the belle of the occasion. No, she didn’t have tennis shoes on then, of course," Fanny frowned at me for taking her statement literally, then took the floor.

"And that was an opening! Naturally, everybody in the colony turned out for a Fairbanks opening, and a few thousand more tourists than usual stood on the outside and gaped at the arrivals.

"I’ve never seen a more beautiful audience. Every one was out in their spring finery, shedding crinoline coats for the chiffon and velvet wraps that are much more colorful. Marion Davies never looked so radiant before in her life. Marion is very happy now. She was a little crushed for a while. She was making ‘The Five O’clock Girl,’ and nothing about the picture went right. Finally, after they had all just broken their hearts trying to make something of it, Marion persuaded them to scrap the whole thing, get another story, and start out with some real enthusiasm. Marion promises to be the ranking musical-comedy star of the screen."

"As usual, she will have a marvelous cast. Oscar Shaw is being brought from New York, and Robert Ames will also play in the picture. And there will be a lot of pretty girls."

As for me, there is nothing left but to wish you many happy returns of the day."

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**Kleenex Cleansing Tissues**

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

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**unless you remove cold cream this way...**

1. Blackheads, acne, skin troubles are likely to begin, because you are rubbing cold cream further into the pores instead of rubbing it off.

2. High laundry bills and ruined towels will result. Cold cream — oils shorten the life of a towel disastrously. The finer the towel the worse the damage.

HERE’S a new way to remove cold cream that absorbs the cream, rubs it off, and with it the dirt, oil, make-up that can ruin the finest skin if left in the pores. Kleenex Cleansing Tissues are made to do what harsh towels and griny old clothes can’t do. You use three sheets at a time, then discard them, hygienically, like paper. And they cost so little that high laundry bills and ruined towels are extravagant in comparison. You’d better try Kleenex today if you haven’t already. Just see what a difference there is in your complexion, after even a week’s trial.
Experiences of an Extra Girl

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director, or producer, who might send him to prison if they revealed his past. She had met frauds of every description, both men and women, who passed for the originals at the studios, because they had a good line of talk. Later, when the originals appeared on the scene they were turned down, because they weren't able to sell themselves as glibly as their impostors had.

But she had never met Mr. Blister who, she soon discovered, was an essential addition to the true Hollywood girl's education in types. Blister had native and taking ways. From the moment he met her at the door leading into his studio, clad in a brilliant salmon-colored smock and cap, until she took her departure three quarters of an hour later, with the promise of a try-out for a bathing-girl job in pictures, and three dollars and a half for posing, he assured her that he was a friend of poor, struggling extras.

"Not the brazen, painted kind, you understand," he exclaimed, "but the timid, sweet little things like yourself, who are so much in need of protection from the wolves in sheep's clothing. By the way," he cleared his throat, "have you a date for to-morrow evening?"

Jennie declared that she lived with a very strict relative—if you could stretch the number of relations you possessed to include a poodle—who insisted on accompanying her wherever she went in the evening, and Mr. Blister assured her that he was old-fashioned enough to believe in chaperons, though he did not persist further in making an appointment for the next night.

"Now, now," began Mr. Blister after he had decided Jennie was a good type, and had posed her with a yard of chiffon and a rose before the camera, "don't be afraid. Just know that everything will come out for the best, my dear. Where are you from, by the way? The country, I presume."

"Well," hesitated Jennie, "my home town is Claymont, Utah." This was true, but she failed to add that although she spent her summers there, she had lived the rest of the year, prior to coming to Hollywood, with her aunt in Chicago.

"I knew it!" Mr. Blister declared in a satisfied tone, which implied that this proved him to be endowed with psychic powers. "The moment I laid eyes on you I thought, 'Here is a dewy-faced little girl fresh from the country—unused to the wiles of an insidious city like Hollywood!' I myself—true sophisticate that I am—am often shocked at the things that go on here. No doubt you are perfectly dazed by them, aren't you, little one? A girl who takes life as seriously as you do, would naturally be. Tell me," he rambled on, "what is your great ambition in life?"

"To make an honest living," blurted out Jennie, in what she thought to be true country-girl fashion.

"I certainly do hope," thought Jennie, as she walked away from his studio a little later toward the vicinity of her one-room-and-kitchenette apartment, "that there's a word of cheer from Central Casting waiting for me. If I keep up this country-girl pose for many more settings, I'll have to bide some wardrobe man to lend me half a dozen sunbonnets and polka-dot aprons!"

Temperament? No—Temperature

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employees are on the pay roll, increased by five hundred in the rush of production. All receive free treatment for anything, unless the illness or injury is so serious that it is deemed advisable to rush the patient to a Hollywood hospital. Doctor Strathann is on duty, and a half hours daily, overseeing the work and diagnosing and giving advice.

Though all studios maintain some sort of first-aid emergency service, I have noticed none that cares quite so much for its employees' health as does Paramount. While it may seem expensive, there is no doubt it is some arrangement with the insurance companies, whereby the film concern does not have to delve too deeply into its pockets, as, under the workmen's compensation act, all must be insured by the studio.

A physician and nurse accompany each troupe on location. Usually the doctor is one who chooses this way of spending his vacation, for a lark, or a young medicus who has just completed his internship. But it is in the "baby hospital" on the lot that, while they are being sprayed and dosed, the stars are the most human and, often, reveal their good sportsmanship.
Spanish—with English Reserve

That, surely, is an original idea. I've heard actors compared with many things, but never before with an humble turtle. It is a descriptive simile, and just the sort of remark one would expect from this very conservative and polite actor.

"When I heard they were casting 'Seventh Heaven' at the Fox studio," said he, "I went to see if they would consider me for the rôle of Chico. While I was looking for the casting director, I met Charlie Farrell, who was then playing in another picture. He took me to the director, and recommended me for the part. There was some delay in starting the picture, and meantime Charlie had finished the one he was making. In the end, they gave him the part he had tried to get for me."

"They 'made' me do more for me than any picture I have yet made. I also have a good part in 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey.'"

"Why didn't they let you play both twins?" I wanted to know.

"If I had played both, I would have been the star of the picture, and that wouldn't do. More than that, it is very difficult and expensive to have an actor play two parts. I would have had to enact one character, while the director timed each gesture by counting. Then I would have had to get on the other side of the dividing line, and make the gestures of the other character synchronize."

"Lily Damita is going to be a sensation in this picture. She looks like a real, old-fashioned beauty, a charmer out of the past."

He pronounced the word "beauty" with considerable feeling.

"Old Clothes! Old Clothes!"

Continued from page 32

carefully preserved from his cinema infancy the cantor's robes from "The Jazz Singer."

Harold Lloyd has many mementos of the past—the abbreviated mustache he wore in his first comedy characterization, "Lonesome Luke," and the first pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

Charlie Chaplin is another sentimentalist. Wrapped in tissue paper in the trunk upstairs, are not his baby shoes, but the first pair of dandified footware that made his fans roar. It was recently proved that others besides himself are interested in such relics, for these celebrated boots were borrowed by Symon Gould as a display to the public when the Film Guild Cinema was opened.

The chief trouble in trying to get a story about Don is that he continually talks about the people he likes, and the people who have been kind to him, instead of talking about Don Alvarado. I ask you, what is one to do in such a situation? Where were these flapdoodle ideas I had expected to unearth? When I finally insisted that he tell me about himself, he thought for a moment, then, after counting on his fingers, announced that he had five sisters.

"Last summer," he said, showing more interest than formerly, "I sent for my mother to come and visit me. She had never been out of New Mexico, so you can imagine what a thrill it was for her. My father couldn't come last year, but this summer I intend to have them both visit me.

"All my life I have been just good, ordinary people. None of them were rich or famous. My father is in the cattle business. At home we all spoke Spanish, and I am wondering if my English is good enough for talking pictures. I really hope so, for I want very much to make one."

Another thing he wants to do is to change his name, for he does not like the one given him by the Warners. Did I think it was a good idea? I didn't think it was a good idea, and said so. His present name is now well known to the public, and a change undoubtedly would cause much confusion. Still, I may be wrong in this matter. What do you think? Don would be glad if you would write and tell him your opinion.

Just one thing more—he is married.

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Feels Peppy "After Losing 50 Pounds"
Scales Tip at 122 lbs. Now!

Jannita Anderson says: "I felt so rotten before, so I decided right away to lose weight. Youth and green moss were never mine. But, it was a lost cause since I had been dieting for years. Then I discovered KOREIN and lost 50 lbs. in three months. Now I feel different and energetic. I am ready for anything."

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BASHFUL!
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BY MRS. VICTOR L. MELVILLE
"A book that is always at hand...""I can't live without it...""It's like thinking aloud..."
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KILL THE HAIR ROOT
A妙 way to prevent the hair from growing again, easy, painless, no danger. No even blonde free. Nothing else compare. Young Men and Women Write for Free Booklet. Free shoe samples. We teach beauty culture.

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MOVIE STARS Autographed
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WRITE SONG POEMS (OR MELODIES)
I have "real" proposition for you

Oh, Naughty, Naughty!
Continued from page 19

Maybe, as she says, it is the artist in Lois that is crying out for bigger and better expression in the field of gilded lilies and painted roses and glaze. But I have a hunch that it is a suppressed complex, to use a quaint and antiquated term.

You see, her life is so sheltered and, for Hollywood, so sane. Almost too safe. She has never mixed to any great extent with the bohemian crowds of the studios. She has never formed intimate friendships with girls who go tea-dancing or Montmartre-ing. Instead she has lived busily and studiously with her mother, whom she adores.

She has worked hard and remuneratively. There are very few players in Hollywood as financially well off as Lois. Thanks to her own energy and talent, and her mother's business sagacity, Lois holds one of the best contracts ever signed, and out of her earnings has invested so carefully as to have made a great deal of money on the market. The process has kept her nose a little to the grindstone—but she has liked it.

"I think work is the most important philosophy of life," she said, after I brought up the subject. "It's my philosophy, anyway. Mine and Voltaire's. Remember he once said something about work being the solution of all problems, and the root of all happiness? If we are working at top speed, to the utmost of our ability, we have no time to stop and think of the futility of life, or careers, or even love. Did you ever stop to think of the incongruous philosophy of philosophers who groan and moan about futility? They could not have found that to be true, or they could not have brought such zest and enthusiasm to their work.

"If I weren't so busy with the workaday problems of living, I would find futility, too. That is the reason I always want to be occupied. Perhaps later on, when the speed and excitement of just doing things has died down, I will have time to sit down and fall in love, or acquire experiences and be properly miserable, as recommended."

In the meantime, until she shall have time for some soul-touching experience, she is perfectly content with her life as it is. Recently she has purchased a home for her mother and a little adopted cousin, whom she calls "my baby sister." When she is away from the studio she spends most of her time with them. It is no gag to say that Lois reads deeply of books ordinarily beyond girls of her age. Her conversation expands beyond new dance steps and phonograph records. She dresses as a débutante rather than a movie actress.

"I'm sorry," she apologized, wriggling a well-arched shoe that shaped off the exposed limb to perfection, "that I can't give you a real life story as zippy as this get-up. I'm sure it would make much better reading if I had taken to earrings and slinky gowns. But I'm just the same Lois in a new setting. I would be simply embarrassed to tears if somebody asked me for the story of my love life. I haven't one—I mean any. I guess I'm the only girl in Hollywood who couldn't mention at least a couple of men who had kissed her elbow. Why"—she smiled—"I hadn't even a rumored engagement! But, I'll show you something—"

Proudly she reached for a cigarette. With the poise of an addict, she flared the match on the bottom of her shoe, and inhaled deeply. No taking—a real, down-in-the-lungs puff. The wide eyes narrowed to a glint of—you know what I mean. The lips parted into a cynical half-smile. Slowly, carefully, she exhaled. It was the last of the kiddie motif.

"Don't tell anybody," she whispered, "but it took me a week to learn that!"

The Song's the Thing
Continued from page 18

Brown, who composed the "Doll Dance," as well as the "Broadway Melody" tunes, is among the more ingenious writers of popular songs to day.

Will the popularity of the song picture lead to the introduction of more serious music to the screen? That, of course, is what everybody is wondering. I have talked to some producers who expressed the belief that it will be possible to do certain grand operas in the course of the next few years—the popular Puccini works like "Tosca," "Butterfly," and such short works as "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "I Pagliacci." Several of them also highly favor "Louise," because it has a good story for the screen, and the music is unusually beautiful.
At any rate, tone is now making the way easy for the talking picture. It will bring to the small towns many of the biggest Broadway musical hits. "The Desert Song," "Río Rita," "Show Boat," "Hit the Deck," and others, are to arrive in the near future. Many of the older favorites, even to Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, like "Pinafore," "The Mikado," and "The Pirates of Penzance," are to be done.

Mostly, though, the musical films will be of the specially written type, like "Innocents of Paris," in which Maurice Chevalier is starred; "Close Harmony," featuring Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll; "Shoestring," with Carlotta King, Joe E. Brown, and Sally O'Neil, who sings a little; and others. Every company will doubtless have a "folly," such as the "Movietone Follies," now being made by Fox, which promises to be a big feature of the year.

Six good songs are the requirements to put such a music picture over, it is generally contended, and it has to have a stronger story than the average music show of the stage. It must also have a spectacle. The musical numbers are generally most successful if they are closely linked with the sentiment or the action of the play. And they have to be either very peppy, or very heart-touching. So you see in this new form of entertainment, the screen won't be likely to borrow so much from its older brother, the stage. And that's what makes the sound picture a brand-new type of entertainment.

His Face Is His Misfortune

Continued from page 54

Among their circle of friends are Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco, Fred Nilbo and Enid Bennett, Rex Ingram and Alice Terry. Ricardo rather thinks he would like to live in Europe, having acquired a taste for it during his visit there when he made a picture in the Ingram studio at Nice.

Small wonder that it grates more than a little on Ricardo's nerves that, himself the antithesis of the sheik, he is eternally called upon to portray one. Since the gods of the cinema are as inconsistent in their melodramas as in their benefactions, it is quite possible that some approaching day may see Ricardo freed of his professional shackles and his talents employed in more intelligent rôles. And in the meantime let it suffice that he is, anyway, a very nice young man.

Why Fat Returns

when folks stop starving

One may reduce by starving, but the fat returns when one stops. The reason is this: Most people who are over-fat have an under-active thyroid. That is the gland which largely controls nutrition. Until this deficiency is corrected, much food goes to fat.

Modern physicians, in treating obesity, aim at this condition. They use to correct it, the chief factor used in Marmola.

Marmola prescription tablets are made in a special medical laboratory. The formula appears in every box, also the reason for results. Users know what they are taking and why.

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S. BRAN STUDIO

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She Pays the Penalty

Continued from page 43

Any Hollywood zany could serve in the rôle Myrna is called upon to play. The general idea around the Warner studio seems to be "Well, here's a part, and Myrna isn't working right now, so—"

-It doesn't need profound perspicacity to recognize the Loy possibilities. I don't know if she is a good actress — no one has had a chance to find out yet. Because she is more than ordinarily intelligent, I should venture a guess that she is. Even if the contrary were true, in intelligent pictures just a series of Myrna tableaux would be enough to delight the aesthetic sense. But that is beside the point, which is that we assume her abilities match her beauty, and still her status is that of a program-picture dame. Were an disposition nasty, I might make similar cases such as Nijinsky being hired by Western Union, because he's quick on his feet.

"I'm the cameraman," she says, "an uncomfortable yen to do Ibsen. His women are such perfect drama, such understandable people. Also I should love to do Viking sagas—that is a field that has never been touched, and is fertile with drama and beauty.

"In the meantime, between now and this Utopia I spout about, I do dark-skinned ladies with bad tempers. The last few have been Vitascope and I've raised so much Cain in them that my voice has become hoarse and tragic.

"But I'm not asking for the impossible. All I ask is that a part be consistent. No part can be completely dull, if it is an accurate picture of a human being. The principal satisfaction in acting is taking a word picture of a person and making it live and breathe. Most of the roles I've had been so appallingly inconsistent, so painfully fictitious, that nothing could be done with them. And I don't derive enough pleasure, otherwise, out of my profession to be content to just stand in front of a camera, and open my mouth and turn my head when the director tells me."

She had just finished playing the famous Nubi, in "The Squall," and looked forward eagerly to the release of the picture.

"It's one of those things that will be either very good, or very bad. I'm trying not to be sanguine, but with Alexander Korda directing, and such troupers as Alice Joyce and Richard Tucker and Loretta Young, it does seem promising."

"At first, I was not at all anxious to do Nubi. I had seen the play, and had not liked it, and such a person as Nubi, with every man in the cast falling into a faint when he looked at him, never existed. Then I decided that since nothing could make her human, I'd try to make her symbolic—a symbol of the various suppressed desires of the men about her, and of the symbol of the conflict among them, of the storm, the squall. It was the only way of injecting any reason into her, but I don't know whether or not I got it across. Maybe when the picture comes out, I'll find it's just another dark-skinned wench with bad intentions."

Might I respectfully call the combined attentions of the Warner brothers to the thought and care and intelligence which their young player brings to her rôle? And, just as respectfully suggest that they do something about it then? The idea is that bringing such intelligence to bear on rôles such as "The Girl from Chicago," and "State Street Sadie"—well, like that Nijinsky smile I tossed off so cleverly a while back.

So now that I've mentioned it to the Warners, I'll sit back and see what happens. Because that is the quarter from which the change will have to come. Myrna, despite her red hair, is gentle and quiet, and not at all the volcanic type who know how to get their own way around a studio. It is the psychological moment and, after her long apprenticeship, she is all set to go. So it is only civil of the Warner brothers to let us see the lovely Loy in better, rather than bigger, pictures.

She Refuses to Glitter

Continued from page 104

course she was not an immigrant, nor did she wear nifty petticoats, as the heroine does in the first part of the film; but Vilma was bewitched at everything.

Little by little, just as she does in "This Is Heaven," she has adapted herself to the customs and habits of the New World. You will see her playing golf, tennis and other sports. Yet she always maintains true feminine grace while doing so.

No longer do you see Vilma Banky, a shy newcomer, bewildered at everything around her. To-day you meet Vilma Banky, an American and a star who refuses to glitter, but is seen all over the world.
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STREET & SMITH CORPORATION
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Pollyanna Turns "Coquette"

Continued from page 61

Now she has shed all that. Though concerned about the picture, she waives worries to others. She teases, she is vivacious. One has to acclimate oneself to this delightfully spontaneous April Mary.

Keen interest in a basket-ball game—merciless kidding of John Mack Brown—minnity of his Southern drawl, her blue eyes laughing into his—a candid pride in her clothes—a light vein of nonsense in everything.

"I had great fun getting acquainted with my screen self, dressing me for a picture. Costuming oneself for the camera differs vastly from designing one's personal wardrobe. I had to learn my lines, and colors, and effects to give me height."

Small, fluttering hands would touch in a fleeting caress the soft folds of her frock, ending, palms upward, in that gesture whereby a very young girl seems to be saying, "Look at me! Aren't I nice?" Even her hands coquet. Yet so well does every motion fit into her new mood and environment, each seems a spontaneous expression, rather than a mannerism.

The pathos of the child-Mary cast lingering shadows over Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Her marriage and happiness, her maternal success and interests, did not mitigate this wistfulness. Even amid worldly splendors, among distinguished personages, traveling with a retinue, or living in the semi-seclusion of Pickfair's luxury, it was inescapable.

She and Doug became regal rulers of filmdom, due equally to Hollywood's esteem and the distinction which they attained. When they began to entertain royalty, and invitations to their formal dinners became the aspiration of other stars, Mary became more mature of manner. That elegance which is of severe but costly simplicity marked her. Her rare public appearances took on the aspect of importance, though she was without hauteur.

Now, with flapperish Norma, a radiantly exuberant Mary appears. Her gestures are Norma's, toned down with that perfection of taste always a characteristic. A new animation shines in mischievous eyes, leaps from her carefree air. She entertains more frequently people whose sole claim is that they are interesting, instead of distinguished, seems more joyous at her own parties, and appears more often in public. Teas are graced by her presence; occasionally she even lunches at Montmartre. Her laughter flows easily; her vibrant interest in everything is marked.

I doubt that these evolutions have been conscious emulations of her picture phases. While largely that effect which she wishes to create upon the screen is reflected in her personal program, it works vice versa; as she feels it right to be, and is, as she pleases in her private life, so each change is mirrored in her work.

Now she considers herself entitled to the youthful enthusiasm hers by right. Possibly she realized that a career may become leechlike, its demands exaggerated out of justifiable proportion. Partly premeditated, perhaps, but largely, I prefer to think, accidental, is her decision to permit indulgence of natural inclinations, instead of forever making obeisance to her sense of obligation.

"I am doing things I have always wanted to do," she said. For the first time during any talk I have ever had with her there was no reference to duty, either personal or professional. I think that she has gone through an important psychological change. The loss of her mother was her greatest tragedy. I feel certain that for a long while Mary did not care much about anything, and that it required considerable courage to take up her life again. Doug's vitality probably energized her. To be true to that mother-love which was the boundary and the essence of her career, she must go on, and achieve; to sorrow would be to sap that plant, the seeds of which had been planted with great care and nourished into flower.

Both her heart and her brain, so inaccessible interwoven are they, must always motivate her. Work is a form of love; financial recompense alone could not intrigue, with her independent wealth. In attempting to better her art, I imagine that she is expressing a dual love, for her mother and for the work itself.

So she drove herself to work, in a change of scenery, and finds it vastly entertaining. Even the charm of Pickfair, where for months she was content to loaf, no longer holds her. Twelve hours a day are spent at the studio. Doug is restless, eager to travel, but Mary wants her picture after picture. A vitality blazes within her to achieve, to climb, on this new ground to which she has assigned herself.

A gentle glamour always surrounds Mary at the studio. Beneath the surface case, there is the usual busy worry over her. How they do all love her! Her office and technical forces have been with her for years.
They have acquired much of her own rare personality—exquisite manners, calm control, serenity, consideration. No one ever appears to be working. Yet with the quiet comings and goings, business machinery whirs, its rumble muted.

There is now a brighter, quickened rustle; smiles, overlearn with love, flash quickly, follow her. One after another asks, "Isn't her hair cute? Don't you love her even more?" Secretly has a low-toned voice in her selection of frocks from an array just arrived. The long table in her bungalow dining room is set with sparkling glass and silver for the dozen who lunch daily with them—directors, writers, visitors, cousins. Employees exhibit at once the deference of menials and the love of friends.

The oral version of "Coquette" completed, a joy she could scarcely credit, induced by the relief that the picture hadn't turned out well, was mere. How worry is a sure sign of success; the more despondent she is over a film's reception, the higher the hopes one may entertain. Her voice is considered by many the most mellifluous ever tested. It is low and rich, vibrant, a bit throaty, yet with a curious crispness. With her own tones, and John Mack Brown's Alaba-

bama accent safely caught, she was starting the silent version. The ending? Suicide? Mary wouldn't tell. Possibly there will be two endings. At any rate, it will be convincing, with no obvious catering to movie tradition.

The first victim of Norma's capri-

lery is her father. Discovering that a smile and a wink are faculties for acquisition, she develops an art in using them. Mary plays her in a light, bantering key, until her tragedy sweeps into her turbulent emotions.

Risks are of far more consequence to a crowned career; slight mistakes have tremendous effect. Mary's courage, however, has many times demanded respect. Her shrewd judgment and tenacity of will are known. Right now thrones are insecure and salvos acclaim new queens each day.

I doubt that at any time Mary has ever hazarded as much upon one picture. Yet, I have no fear that she will fail in "Coquette." She doesn't know what she will do next. If she did, she wouldn't tell. She is too clever in gauging the time value of an announcement. Whatever the plot, it will be mature drama. For Mary is determined to go forward. That she will acquire new laurels is the firm belief of those who love her.

Information, Please

Continued from page 108

"The Sea Beast" and includes also "Don Juan," "When a Man Loves," "Beloved Rogne," and "Tempest." Also a new one, "Eternal Love."

A Deputi FAN.—See VIOLETTE Mover. Lya de Putti played in "The Scarlet Lady," for Columbia, about a year ago. She is now making pictures in England. Lya was born in Vesce, Hungary, twenty-four years ago.

Anne Chadell.—Don't you believe everything the interviewer said about me. I think she was kidding. of Nissrow and Moe Riefer.

Low.—If you admire Nils Asther so much, you're wishing him hard luck to want him to play in a John Gilbert picture. Second fiddle to another male star—how would Nils like that? Yes, that's his right name, and he's a Metro-Goldwyn player. He has brown hair, hazel eyes, and weighs one hundred and seventy. I don't know about his playing in a talkie. He naturally has an accent.

Mrs. W. P. A.—You'll be glad to know that your favorite, Leatrice Joy, recently signed a contract with First National. She was born in New Orleans; I don't know of what descent she is, though Zeldler, her real name, sounds Dutch. Her latest films are "The Bellamy Trial" and "Strong Arm."

move Phann.—One of those trick spellers; I suppose you run a little "shoppe." Lon Chaney is five feet ten. He was born in Colorado Springs. His next picture is "Where East Is East."

Clara Bow is five feet three and one half and weighs one hundred and nine. Born July 29, 1905. Karl Dane weighs two hundred and five.

MRS. J. SANDERSON.—Violet Mer-

sceau has recently dropped out of sight, hasn't she? She may be born in New York City, but doesn't say when. The last I heard of her, some years ago, I believe she was playing in some European film. I've no idea where she is now. Jetta Goudal was born in 1898 and is about five feet two.

M. M. R.—No, I didn't think from your stationery that you were sending me a gas bill, though perhaps some of my friends would like to when I grow tall.
thoughts that romance is just as real
among everyday people as it is when
ornamented by dinner coats and dia-
monds. And, for himself, he finds it
most interesting.

Chaplin and Fairbanks are his
idols. He considers Fairbanks a
tremendous force for good, and believes
that his pictures spread a sound phi-
losophy more widely and more beau-
tifully than all the works of Epico-
tetus, Homer, et al.

Off a picture, Jack's time is divided
between the ocean and the golf
course. He swims magnificently.
His golf game, though energetic, is
quite bad. He claims that the only
way he could burn up a course would
be with a can of kerosene. But the
game is his passion, and he continues
to enjoy it blithely. The one flaw in
his inherent gentleness is the unap-
ppeased desire to kill those persons
who wisecrack while some one is
making a putt.

He has several distinguished rela-
tives—doctors and lawyers. These
do not figure frequently in his con-
versation, but no one can know Jack
for two days that he doesn't tell, with
ill-concealed pride, about his brother
Eddie who is engineer of the Wall
Street Special, which runs between
Tuxedo and New York, and who has
the bronze nameplate on his engine
which is the recognition of ten years' faithful service.

He doesn't talk about "his books." His favorite reading is periodicals—
Life, Judge, College Humor, The
New Yorker, and Time, for which
he discarded newspapers. His one
highbrow weakness, to which he ad-
mits guardedly lest it appear an affec-
tation, is paintings. Fine pictures re-
duce him to awe. Could he afford to
indulge in such an expensive hobby,
he would go in for serious collecting.
His knowledge of painting and paint-
ers is extensive. He would like to be
able to wield a brush, but cannot
draw a straight line.

He thinks that education in the
arts should be compulsory in Ameri-
can schools, as it is in Europe. He
thinks that it is a mistake for the
educational system here to concen-
trate on turning out good business
men, the pupils thereby missing some
of the greatest elements in life.

His eleven-year-old son shows
promise of becoming a remarkable
pianist. He has given recitals in Los
Angeles, and is already famous
among men who never heard of Jack.
Jack is introduced as "John Mul-
hall's father," and glows with pride.

He likes well-made clothes, and has
patronized one tailor for years. He
always manages to look well-turned-
out, without resembling a Boulevard
fashion plate. His wife is one of
the best-dressed femmes in Holly-
wood and together they make a stun-
ning appearance at openings and res-

taurants.

He likes dogs and his idea of
heaven is a place quite overrun with
Aberdeens and wire-haired terriers.
He also likes football, and after a
game, is amused by the recollection
of his collegiate, noisy abandon. He
does not, on the other hand, like talk-
ing pictures, except when used for
comedy, with long intervals of music
and singing. But he is still open to
argument, as the process improves,
and is doing his second dialogue pic-
ture. The first he did fifteen years
ago, when Edison was experimenting
with records.

He likes California, but tires of
the serenity of the climate. He likes
to travel, and during his later boy-
hood took every cent he had made
and went to Europe. There he rev-
eled in the old towns and unfre-
quented byways until he was broke,
and then worked his way back by
shoveling coal on a tramp steamer.
While he enjoys Europe and Euro-
pean customs, it is only as a spectator.
America is his country, and he gen-
uinely loves it—in spite of, he says,
evangelists and Prohibition. Which
is fitting, for if there is in this poly-
glot land such a thing as a hundred
per cent American, Jack is it.

MARRIAGE PACT

Curly locks, curly locks,
Will you be mine?
You shall not wash dishes
Nor stay home and pine.

We'll go to the movies,
Have dinner, and then,
If you wish, we shall go
To the movies again!

BLAINE C. BIGLER.
A Wizard of Make-up

Continued from page 78

Young girls, says Mr. Factor, should always use a lighter make-up than older, more sophisticated women—lighter tones of rouge, lightly applied.

Powder, of course, should always match the tone of one's skin. The back of the hand is a good place to test the shade.

Brunettes should never use orange rouge—with one exception, and that only. That exception is, at night, when one is wearing an orange frock. Never at any other time, with any other color!

Girls with large or prominent noses should rouge as closely as possible to the nose—dexterously, skillfully of course. This makes the nose seem smaller.

And, on the contrary, sharp, pointed noses can be made to look fuller if the rouge is applied only on the outer edges of the cheeks, say from the center to the hair line.

Puffy eyelids can be made to seem less so with the application of a little eye shadow, light or dark, according to one's coloring. This is rubbed in thoroughly, so that it cannot be detected, and blended into the skin at the edge of one's eyelid. The idea is that if the eyelids are imperceptibly darkened, it gives them greater depth—setback.

Eyebrows are sometimes improved by extending them a little at the outer edge, with an eyebrow pencil.

Eyebrows should never be thinned from the top, as this destroys expression. The thinning, if any, should be done at the bottom, and the tweezers used at the top only to even the line and remove any stragglers.

As to lips, rouge, this is best applied with the fingers. And Mr. Factor calls attention to the number of girls who spread it on carelessly, just on the outside of the lips, so that there is an ugly, red line where the rouge stops. In applying lip salve, one should always open the mouth slightly, and rouge inside the lips as well. And, in completing the operation, put powder over the lipstick to soften the color. Wet the lips to remove the powder a little.

Mouths that droop at the corners can be made less droopy by curving the line of rouge at the edges, not too conspicuously. And if the lips are not uniform—that is, if one is thicker than the other—they can be matched, or nearly so, by skilful application of rouge.

Oh, there are many tricks to this business of make-up; professional beauties usually learn most of them.

And of course there is the right way to go about putting on make-up. First, be sure that the face is thoroughly clean. Then use a powder foundation over the face and neck. Then, according to Mr. Factor, a light coating of powder. Then rouge, rubbed in thoroughly and blended with the natural coloring, so that there is no definite spot where the rouge leaves off. Never, never, just a round blob of color, which so many girls seem to achieve!

Then another coat of powder. This is put on with a large puff, patted on, not rubbed in.

"What part of her face does a girl usually powder first?" Max Factor asked me.

"Her nose, probably," I said promptly.

"Exactly. And that's all wrong. She should always powder first under her chin, to take the heaviest load of powder off the puff. Leave the nose until the puff is more lightly covered."

Of course the neck should be powdered, too, to match the face. Eye shadow, provided one used such extreme make-up, would be applied at this point. And then mascara, which young girls should be wary of using.

Last comes the lip-rouge, which should be powdered over. And the finishing touch to the face, as any actress would tell you, is to brush the whole surface, neck and face, with a complexion brush, similar to a baby's hairbrush. This removes any surplus powder, and gives a smooth surface to the skin.

All this is the expert's method of making up. And of course the best rule one can follow, is to use the very least amount of make-up to bring out your best features. Because the very first demand of good taste is not to look made up at all!

INVOCATION

Movie maiden, sweet and shy,
Over whom we laugh and cry,
Verily we win our hearts
In your pretty playful parts.
Ever may your ringlets dance,
Spirit of the world's romance.

Blaine C. Bigler.
How Old Are You?

Good stories appeal to every one.
No matter what your age, you’ll enjoy

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 96

good, the picture is entertaining without being anything to rave over. Pauline Frederick, in subordinate rôle, Bert Lytell, Lois Wilson, Jason Robards, Richard Tucker, Johnny Arthur, and an appealing child, Vondell Darr.

"Terror, The"—Warner Brothers. A mystery movie, entirely in dialogue. It is too slow to make the most of thrilling situations and a murder plot. Louise Fazenda has an unusual rôle. The rest, all of whom have lots to talk about, are: May McAvoy, Edward Everett Horton, Alec Francis, Mathew Betz, Holmes Herbert, John Miljan, Otto Hoffman, Joseph Girard, and Frank Austin.

"Lilac Time"—First National. A little bit of everything you have seen in all the other war pictures, but done on a big scale, with sound effects and an effective airplane sequence. Colleen Moore's capers dominate the first part and her emotional acting the second, so you can take your choice. Gary Cooper.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS

"Redeeming Sin, The"—Warner. Sonorously tragic talk and overcome horrors turn out to be a farce. An under world girl, played by Dolores Costello, captivates a doctor for revenge to satisfy an unreasonable grudge, and the "fun" starts. Conrad Nagel is the doctor. Warner Richard and George Stone.

"Naughty Baby"—First National. Alice White shows hotel-check girls their romantic potentialities, if they have good figures. The man is ensnared, complications set in, but in the well-known nick of time all is saved. Jack Mulhall is the man.

"Show Folks"—Pathé. Backstage vaudeville life à la mode, reminiscent of "Excess Baggage" but similar pictures. A hoover trains girl to team with him, but when she succeeds he becomes jealous and fires her. His Broadway debut a failure, she leaves her rehearsal and joins him to make his act a success. Mildly interesting, with little suspense and poor dialogue sequences. Eddie Quinnan, Lina Basquette, and Robert Armstrong.

"Manhattan Cocktail"—Paramount. This is warranted nonalcoholic. There isn’t a kick in it, but it is pleasant to take because of Richard Arlen, Nancy Carroll, Paul Lukas and Eliyan Tash.

man. The machinations of a hateful theatrical producer to get a young fellow out of the way, so that producer may have a free rein with young fellow’s girl, a choreme.

"Napoleon’s Barber"—Fox. A solemn talking picture, mercifully short. A proroyalist barber vows he would slit Napoleon’s throat if he were shaving him. Napoleon, on one of his marches, pauses for a shave and confesses his identity, whereupon the barber is transformed into a cringing coward. Much, much talk. Otto Matiesen, Frank Reicher, Helen Ware, Philippe de Lacey.

"Power"—Pathé. William Boyd in another roughneck rôle, this time working on the construction of a dam. He and his pal are fascinates by an adventurous, but show lively interest in the next girl who comes along. A feeble excuse for wise-cracking. Alan Hale, as usual, Boyd’s partner in inepitude.

"Caught in the Fog"—Warner. Snatches of dialogue help this mediocre picture not at all. A girl crook and her pal invade a houseboat and are apprehended by a young man, who is the son of the owners. He falls in love with the girl, who promises to reform. Conrad Nagel, May McAvoy, and Charles Gerad will blust for this a year hence. They may do so now.

"Outcast"—First National. Brightly done story of streetwalker befriended by whimsical society man, whose sweetheart has jilted him for a richer catch. When married sweetheart tries to resume liaison, the ex-streetwalker shows her where she gets off and grabs the man for herself. Shallow, but not annoying. Corinne Griffith, Edmund Lowe, and Kathryn Carver.


"Revenge"—United Artists. Florid, unconvincing tale of a Rumanian bear- tamer’s daughter, tempestuous, untrammelled, who is abducted by a gypsy brigand and tamed to melting sweetness by hard-boiled tactics. Beautiful backgrounds and indifferent acting by Dolores del Rio, LeRoy Mason, Rita maes, and Jose Crespo.

PUNCTURE!

By L. B. Birdsall

'Twas at a small-town movie show, Where the lights burn low; And sentimental lovers go; A hush hung o’er the audience— The scene was gripping, vital, tense. Each breath was held in grave suspense, A fat man wobbled down the aisle And filled a seat in ponderous style, Intent a leisure hour to while. There came a sound like a squashed-out blister, Then a plaintive cry of "Mister, mister! You’re sittin’ on my little sister!"
The Stroller
Continued from page 28

Probably the most atrocious subject ever offered in the Movietone News was that of Cal shooting clay pigeons. For minutes and minutes you would see him raise a gun, hear a plunk, and that was all.

From the way audiences greeted Cal's appearance in news reels after Hoover was elected, I am convinced that he would make one of our best comedians, and suggest him to Mack Sennett or Hal Roach.

I confess to ennui. Hear my tale! I learned in school that 100 per cent meant "all," "total," "one," or what have you?

The advertising in newspapers on talking pictures is growing a little bit too enthusiastic to stir my phlegmatic temperament. I could understand the "100 per cent talkie," but, like a billion dollars, I can't grasp the ad on "The Wolf of Wall Street," which proclaims "1,000 per cent talkie," nor the one of a rival Los Angeles theater seeking for big names and better things which is advertising "Interference" as the "2,000 per cent talkie."

I, for one, am 204,608 per cent bored. The 8 per cent is for interest.

Gone Are Her Languir
Continued from page 46

"That's just what I'm after, Mr. Wurtzel," Mary exclaimed, and made a neat drive.

Mary got the role, as you know. In "Dressed to Kill," she was an entirely different person. Whoever thought that the young Astor, generally speaking, was sight-seeing and fainting on the screen, would ever reveal such acting? Fox signed her on the strength of the success she achieved in that picture.

Moreover, she married Kenneth Hawks, brother of the director, Howard Hawks, himself a supervisor on the Fox lot.

In the cavernous recesses of the hell set I was eventually joined by the lady herself, in a few spangles. So far, Mary Astor has never had a big story, nor a big director—two essentials for the ultimate making of any star. I have no hesitation in saying that she was to come under the guidance of a Borzage or a Murnau, she would give the world a greater surprise than she has already done in mere program films.

Without doubt she will. She has been kept long enough in a rut. Right now she is showing us what she can do. Mary is stepping out.

What the Fans Think
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competition. My conviction is that, were it not for Gilbert's seasoned acting, Asther would have run away with the whole show. Recently, in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," he showed a far more finished technique. As a reward for his growing popularity, Metro-Goldwyn are grooming him to take the incomparable John Gilbert's place, left vacant because of his affiliation with another company. My assurance is that within a year Nils Asther will eclipse John Gilbert and Ronald Colman in popularity, and gain the title of the first romantic actor of the screen.

GEORGE A. ARBATE
630 Mary Street, Utica, New York.

On the "Foreign Invasion."

I take this opportunity of thanking John Gilbert for the best answer to what makes screen success, in the enlightening article "Just What Is Acting, Anyhow?"

I used to be under the impression that success in the movies was due to personality, but now I realize it's really more than that. All the players have personality, or otherwise they wouldn't be on the screen at all. But all are not missing favorites, so it must be more than personality. In a word, as Mr. Gilbert puts it, they are "vital." Another item, which I hope those fans who growl about the foreign invasion have read, is in the article "You Can't Do That." It says "some films derive a forty or fifty per cent income from European distribution." Surely, under these circumstances, the foreigners may be allowed to invade in peace!

I'll finish with a few comments. Helen Louise Warner is the best interviewer on the staff; Picture Play, the best magazine on the market, and "What the Fans Think" is the best item in the whole book. Greta Garbo can't act, but is a good ingredient in any film, providing you don't have too much of her at one time. "A little goes a long way," said the gaffe with a sore throat. John Gilbert is the best actor on the screen, except when engaged in necking scenes with the aforementioned Garbo.

ESTELLE J. THOMPSON
397 George Street.
Brisbane, Australia.

Only One Pola

Why all the argument over the divine Negri? There is one, and only one, Pola! She has been my favorite actress for five years now, and shall continue to be, no matter what Mr. Oettinger says. She is the greatest actress we have to-day. How can any one compare her, even, with Greta Garbo? Long live Negri!

"POLA'S CHAMPION."
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- **BLUNDELL'S LAST GUEST** Albert Payson Terhune
- **THORNTON THE WOLFER** George Gilbert
- **THE COASTS OF ADVENTURE** James Graham
- **OL' JIM BRIDGER** Joseph Montague
- **THE SLEEPING COP** Isabel Crandier and Christopher C. Batty
- **THE BAYOU SHRINE** Perley Poore Sheahan
- **THE SILVER SKULL** George C. Sheldon
- **THE TRAP AT COMANCHE BEND** David Manning
- **HIDDEN OUTF** Howard Flanders
- **YOUNG LIGHTNING** Charles Wesley Sanders
- **THE GLORIOUS PIRATE** James Graham
- **SCHENED AT SANDY BAR** George Gilbert
- **THE HOUSE OF DISAPPEARANCES** Chester K. Steele
- **ISLAND RANCH** Thomas K. Holman
- **STRAIGHT TIMBER** Joseph Montague
- **THE FLYING COYOTES** Raymond S. Spears
- **THE THUNDERBOLT'S JEST** Johnstom McCutty
- **THE MUSTANG HERO** David Manning
- **MUTINY** Frederick R. Beebe

**INFORMATION, PLEASE**

Continued from page 115

The White Sister. He was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, but I don't know where he went to school, nor just which battles he took part in during the war.

Gish-Novarro—Rumors of an engagement between Luise Novarro and Ramon Novarro are false. Indeed, no! Elsie Janis is a new vaudeville star and many years older than Ramon. Dorothy Janis is a new screen star and is engaged to no longer work for the same company as Ramon, I doubt if there is much chance of seeing them together on the screen. Ramon's devotion to Lillian is like that of one of her fans. He adores her, but they do not go about together.

Robert Eucken—No, it's not true that David Lee is dead. Walter Hiers was born in Georgia; Betty Blythe and Dempster, in California; Louise Dresser, in Indiana; Anna Cornell and Kenneth Harlan, in New York; Jack Luden, in Pennsylvania; Georgia Hale, in Missouri; and Robert Armstrong, in Washington. Ralph Forbes is not under contract now, but perhaps just "Hollywood, California," would reach him.

Billie of Cornwall, Ontario—Sorry, I don't know of Charles Rogers fan club in Canada. Barry Norton was born June 16, 1905. Nils Athens comes from Malmo, Sweden. That's his real name, I think. The "Our Gang" comedies started about eleven years ago, with little Mary Kornman, Sunshine Sammy, Johnny Downs, Mickey Daniels, and Jackie Condon as the original principals. Fatty and Alf joined the gang shortly afterward. There was never a baby Eleanor among them.

**Addresses of Players**

- Charles B. Charles, 62636 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
- Edith Miller, 408 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.
- Artie Agnog, 6337 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.
- Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.
- Beulah John, Garden Court Apartment, Hollywood, California.
- Malcolm McGregor, 9643 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.
- Jack Costello, 57 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
- Warren Lloyd, 6450 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
- Atilio Wang, 2414 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.
- Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.
- Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.
- Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, Toc-Art Studio, 5560 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.


W. B. Hart, Laurel Canyon, Box 790, R. F. D. 10, Hollywood, California.

Ruth C. Blythe, 1501 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Felis Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1532 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Gordon Griffith, 1523 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3825 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Clyde Gray, 2 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Ray Hirtell, P. O. Box 225, Hollywood, California.


Ben Lyon, 1049 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.


George Hackathorne, Hotel Palomar, Hollywood, California.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Picture Play, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1929.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ormond G. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is President of the Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of Picture Play, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 211. Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., editor, Norbert Lusk, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; managing editor, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; business manager, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding the greater or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and other security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders, and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trust is held, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders may or may not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affidavit has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as is stated by him.

ORMOND G. SMITH, President,

Of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1929. N. De Witt, C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public No. 74, New York County. (My commission expires March 50, 1930.)
and joking suddenly ceased.

It was evident that I had taken them by surprise. What a treat it was to have people listening to me perform. I continued with "Kiss Me Again" and other popular selections of Victor Herbert. Soon I had the crowd singing and dancing to the tune of the latest syncopation.

Finally they started to bombard me with questions... "How?... When?... Where?... did you ever learn to play?" came from all sides.

**I Taught Myself**

Naturally, they didn't believe me when I told them I had learned to play at home and without a teacher. But I laughed myself when I first read about the U.S. School of Music and their unique method for learning music.

"Weren't you taking a big risk, Ted?" asked Helen.

"None at all," I replied. "For the very first thing I did was to send for a Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easily it was to learn without a teacher I sent for the complete Course. What pleased me so was the fact that I was playing simple tunes by note from the very start. For I found it easy as ABC to follow the clear print and picture instructions that came with each lesson. Now I play several classics by note and most of the popular music. Believe me, there's a real thrill in being able to play a musical instrument."

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**They Poke Fun at Me**

"Ha! Ha! Ted thinks that's a player-piano," chuckled one of the boys.

"This is going to be a real musical comedy," added one of the fair sex.

I was glad I gave them that impression. Their surprise would be all the greater. I kept fiddling around the pedals—making believe that I was hunting for the foot pumps.

"Come over to my house some night," said Harry. "I've got an electric player and you can play it to your heart's content. And I just bought a couple of new rolls. One is a medley of Victor Herbert's compositions—the others.

Before he had a chance to finish I swung into the strains of the sentimental "Gypsy Love Song." The laughter and joking suddenly ceased.

"HA! HA! HE THINKS THAT'S A PLAYER PIANO!"
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By Edna Wallace Hopper

WHEN summer comes I leave the States for my vacation in Paris. This capital of gay cities is always fascinating to me. The Parisienne is smart. She knows the art of attracting. To the Frenchwoman any amount of work is worth while if it makes her beautiful.

American girls, with their many advantages, can be just as alluring. No extensive program is necessary, but in busy, hustling America you must protect your face against the wear and tear of dust and wind. Use care in the selection of your cleanser—it should soothe the skin as it gently removes the day's collection of make-up and grime.

During my annual stays abroad I have examined many creams. None has taken the place of my own on my dressing table. My Youth Cream is light... airy light. A cold cream should not be an added burden. The force of "rubbing in" a heavy cream causes fragile tissues to sag. My Youth Cream is so dainty and easily absorbed you do not need to rub it in. There are two types, the cold—and vanishing for oily skins.

For a finished toilette apply my face powder over the Youth Cream base. It's the French, clinging kind that adheres for a long time. It blends so subtly with your skin as to seem a part of it. Only its fragrance is apparent.

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Remove the clay when dry with a dash of cold water and you'll be delighted with the warm, natural blush and satiny smoothness of your skin.

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I will also send you a sample of my Youth Cream and Youth Powder, three samples in all.

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Picture Play

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THE NATION NAMES THE LEADER IN TALKING PICTURES

APPLAUSE!

Says the Duluth "Herald": "There is something about the Paramount all-talking quality pictures that registers as an artistic and box office attraction, and the "Sun," Baltimore, echoes with "It seems that of all the firms offering talking picture entertainment Paramount is accomplishing the trick best."

About "The Letter," Robert E. Sherwood, one of America's foremost critics, said: "It is more than a milestone in motion picture history. It is the herald of a new order." And this is only a smattering of the applause for Paramount Pictures which you can hear from coast to coast. Paramount encores now with even greater productions that you should not miss. Make it a point to see them all—to see any pictures labeled Paramount, whether with sound or silent.

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"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y. C.
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STARS WHO ARGUED TOO MUCH

Not too much to be amusing, you understand, but too much for their own good. There are many such, and the consequences of their freedom of speech have invariably been the same—loss of stardom, demotion, and sometimes even obscurity. The history of Hollywood yields many instances of disputes and wrangles among the stars and their employers. These arguments, in turn, reveal conditions in the movies of interest to every fan, because they disclose reasons for the disputes which have cost the stars so dearly. You will learn all about them in the August PICTURE PLAY by means of Edwin Schallert's illuminating article, which covers the subject as only Mr. Schallert can.

AND WHAT IS MORE

The next number will contain such an array of features that you will wonder how so much can be crowded between the covers of one magazine. Famous for giving its readers more information than any other fan magazine, PICTURE PLAY next month will place before them a veritable embarrassment of riches. One morsel will be Aileen St. John Brenon's astonishing comparison of Jetta Goudal and Gloria Swanson, a story sure to arouse controversy among the respective fans of these stars. Another will be Herbert Cruikshank's interview with Charles Rogers, in which the dark-haired heartbreaker discusses details of his private life hitherto avoided. Still another is Inez Sabastian's advice to those who wish they resembled their favorite star. In substance, the writer says, "Fate gave you your rôle in life; let the stars teach you how to play it." And she proceeds to outline a campaign of emulation. But with all the unusual items in store for readers next month, favorite contributors will not be crowded out. Margaret Reid, Myrtle Gebhart, and William H. McKegg vowed to excel themselves in the August number. We'll say they have! And so will you when you see how splendidly PICTURE PLAY is surpassing its winter record in its summer blooming.
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"The Desert Song" thrills you with its chorus of 132 voices. 109 musicians add their matchless harmonies. Exotic dancing girls charm you with their grace and loveliness.
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What the Fans Think

Gary's "Friends" Too Hasty.

HAVEN'S! Gary Cooper upset? Holly, I hardly think you know what you're talking about. I'm afraid "former friends" and "old acquaintances" are too hasty to find snobbishness in their acquaintances whose destinies bring them face to face with Madame Success!

I have admired Gary Cooper since the very first small role I remember him in, the aviator who crashed in the beginning of "Wings." I have admired him in all his later pictures. Each time he seems to grow dearer, and his success is greater and more permanent.

Recognizing, as I can, a genuine product of the real West, I am sure that Gary Cooper is not upstage, nor will he ever be. I saw him once, as he was coming to work at the Paramount studio in Hollywood. I was perhaps fifty yards away, but not too far to hear the cheery greeting he gave the watchman, accompanied by an affectionate slap on the back. Gary did not have a car whisk him to the studio gates, and descend from the chariot à la royale. No, if he had a car, it must have been driven by himself and parked on the lot, for he was walking when he appeared in sight. Does this seem upstage?

Too many "former friends" endeavor to take advantage of former friendship, which, after all, may be only the slightest acquaintance, and capitalize it. I imagine many even become pests and try to force themselves upon those who have won a place in any of the many fields of fame.

Now, might not this so-called friend of Gary have been of this type? Might there not be two sides to such a story? Holly, why not try to get an angle upon Mr. Cooper's side of it? Busy people do not have time to notice snubs. As a matter of fact, very few people minding their own business are ever snubbed. And surely the well-bred person who is ever unfortunate enough to be snubbed will hesitate to tell others about it. There's something degrading in being snubbed, even though it is one of the silliest, cheapest, and most unworthy of human reactions! I'm sure I'd feel ashamed to shout it from the housetops.

After all, how can we expect such busy people as the stars to remember us of years gone by, with new people, new work, new ideas, and vast popularity that constantly surrounds the famous at all times? Would you, Holly, be level-headed under such pressure?

If this friend whose indignation was so great at a supposed slight were really a friend, in the true meaning of that word, I doubt that he would have thought of the snub. No, indeed; the love of one friend for another forgives all. Or else he is not worthy of being called a friend. Unless he is a fair-weather friend, he will suffer no indignation or slight.

It just may be possible, you know, that Mr. Cooper was preoccupied with business and was really unconscious of slighting any one. There are none of us above this, I am sure, and often we may slight people we know well, because our minds are deeply centered upon something else.

Yes, former friends—and I can see no reason for such wholesale abuse of the word "friend"—are like leeches. They are parasites on the lives of persons who gain in the world of fame. Every famous person has this type of parasite to combat. Every star has this type of "publicity" to contend with, so we are not greatly worried about Mr. Cooper. We also feel sure that Gary is too big a man to allow anything so cheap as this sort of ga-ga from envious "friends" to interfere with his peace of mind.

It is unfortunate that the newspapers and magazines play up Gary Cooper's name with that of the sensation seeker, Lupe Velez. If there is a real romance here, the press might at least respect Mr. Cooper's silence, even if Lupe, in her exciting way, hasn't the good taste to use the soft pedal now and then.

Here's a great big bundle of good wishes to Mr. Cooper, for his continued success and happiness. If the Gary Cooper that the fans love is upstage, then our cry is for him to stay that way! But we know he is not. GENEVIEVE A. LARRIEUX-LOUDDANCE.

P. O. Box 272,
Wilmington, California.

In Chico's Home Town.

Gather round, Charles Farrell fans, and read about my visit to his home town. Onset, Massachusetts, is very proud of its famous son; its affection for Charlie was demonstrated to me many times. I first visited the New Onset theater, owned by Charlie's father. Its lobby is a veritable shrine to the actor. On one wall is a large picture "Old Ironsides," with the familiar Chico-Diane picture beside it. On the right wall is the...

Continued on page 10.
Now through the Magic of Fox Movietone, Broadway's greatest song and dance entertainment comes to the screen of your nearest theatre.

WILLIAM FOX presents FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES

A gorgeous extravaganza, dazzling with beautiful girls and a brilliant ensemble of 200.

Cast of Story—JOHN BREEDEN, LOLA LANE, DEWITT JENNINGS, SHARON LYNN, ARTHUR STONE, WARREN DYMER, STEPHEN FETCHET, ARCHIE GOTTLER, ARTHUR KAY.

Principals in Song and Dance Numbers—SUE CAROL, DAVID PERCY, SHARON LYNN, DAVID ROLLINS, DIXIE LEE, MURIEL CARRIE, JACK WADE, MELYA CORNELL, PAULA LANGLEN, CAROLYN SWEET, JEANETTE DANCEY, HENRY M. MOLLANDIN, FRANK LAMONT.

Words and Music by
ARCHIE GOTTLER
C. N. GONZALZ
and
SID MIDDLETON

Story and Direction by
DAVID BUTLER

Dialogue by
WILLIAM K. WELLS

Revue Directed by
MARCEL SLEEP

Ensembles by
ARCHIE GOTTLER and
FANCION & MARCO
What the Fans Think

Holly states that he was aloof and bored with making a stage appearance. I would suggest that next time she gets a seat near the front, and notice that the alleged "shabbiness" is just plain stage-fright and nothing more. It takes more than three successful years in pictures to make a Montana rancher at home on the stage, and it takes more time than that to make a picture anywhere.

Therefore, if you are sincere in wanting to know the true side of Gary Cooper, you are now informed. He's not upstage, high-hat, or snobbish. He's a regular fellow, and despite several years' exposure to Hollywood manners, is still bashful and sincere.

LYNN DOYLE.

445 South Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Disgusted with Alice White.

Whither Grayce M. Terber meant to be amusing or not in April's Picture Play, she succeeded. It appears she has much time on her hands. So much, in fact, that she sees a picture through twice, and then if that doesn't square to a few strangers' viewpoints, the picture being "Dream of Love," the abused one Joan Crawford. Well, Grayce, no matter how many times you see the pictures, they're either too dumb to recognize a beautiful and talented actress, or they're just so catty they won't admit it. Joan Crawford is the most beautiful actresses of the screen and a marvelous actress. I'm not the only one who thinks so.

Yes, Correll Mullen, you are absolutely correct in your opinion of Alice White, and I'll bet you didn't have to sit through any picture twice to figure it out. One look at this dame and she's all over Alice—a convicted, self-centered little flapper who should learn the value of silence. I've read loads and loads of interviews, but I've been thoroughly disgusted with any as with her interviews. I'm willing to bet that a few of the male stars could cheerfully strangle her for so childishly broadcasting her love affairs in "Amar." Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

From Gary's College Friend.

Holly's letter in April Picture Play says that Gary Cooper is high-hat or upstage, and a "posing screen star." Undoubtedly this impression was given by persons who have never met or personally known Gary.

Having two years in college with him, and later met him again in Hollywood and continuing our friendship, I feel able to say whether or not Gary is upstage, high-hat, or he is not upstage, and never has been.

If you consider that Gary acts through repressing his emotions, rather than expressing them, I believe that his manner might be considered upstage, and as for Gary's high-hatting a friend, I can safely say that is not the truth. A fellow with Gary Cooper doesn't do that. Just because he never runs up and slaps you on the back is, in my opinion, no reason why one is to consider him high-hat.
What the Fans Think

I have heard that Billie Dove takes care of her own correspondence. Maybe if the other stars followed in her footsteps they would be more appreciated. It wasn't for the splashy acting of George O'Brien that the public came to see What the Fans Think. It was for the brilliant photography and the wonderful color schemes that were used in the film. The public was captivated by the beauty of the scenes and the elegance of the costumes. It was a wonderful film and I wish more stars would do their own writing and acting.

B. Held, Misses O'Brien, I was always a big fan of her photography. I wish she would write a book about her experience in the film industry. She is a wonderful photographer and I wish she would share her knowledge with the rest of us.

The Play's the Thing

I humbly suggest to some of the players that they indulge in an occupation that has been too much of a trial for their minds. They need to do some thinking, for, take it for what it is worth, you are the ones to be praised; and the amount of pull, publicity, or what have you, can forever keep unwanted players on the screen. A person's own mind is the best guide to pictures that he should enter. The players too are most in earnest show it on the screen, and those who think show it. Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Janet Gaynor, and Fay Wray are doing the most thinking. They are directing their whole souls into grooming themselves to become fixed planets, and I certainly believe they will succeed. Alice White, Sue Carol, and George Rogers will be only passing fancies. When I see Alice White, I can almost see the director tearing her hair in despair, for all of her movement is purely mechanical, and lack any sort of real feeling. I wish she would become an interior decorator in some distant state.

To me, Norma Talmadge and Thomas Meighan are the most profound players on the screen, and I believe that for years and years, in spite of the fact that now the story counts and not that they will be leading lines, I am glad to see so much star worship cease. It is not sensible or natural. Appreciation of work and mere worship of every act and movement are two different things. The fans are slowly beginning to think, and we now want sincere, honest work, and we care not what Jack Arlen or Richard Cooper do after working hours.

Jack Westervelt.

Box 462, Greenville, South Carolina.

In Memoriam

I have just read of the death of Larry Semon. We have our Valentinos whose deaths command headlines and extra editions. And then we have our George Beards and our George O'Briens. These people accompany a short paragraph when death comes.

I am sorry about Larry Semon. He was my most dependable favorite for a long time, when I was young and under the impression that feature pictures were only dispensable in making a few dollars, after running the all-important comedy. He wore funny clothes and made funny faces and kept me howling with delight, even when I felt sorely tried. I laughed at everything. I'm sorry about George Bela; he was a fine actor, but my appreciation of him came later. More is done about a man when he cuts your throat than when you are talking to him in the street. I dare say there are many others who feel as I do about his death. I wish I had written him a fan letter in the few days when he meant so much to my Saturday afternoon enjoyment. It isn't that I will miss him as I would have a few years back, when his death meant a terrible tragedy in my life; it is only that one hates to see these funny fellows go before one has had a chance to shake their hands and thank them for the happiness they have contributed.

I am not trying to write coherently. I write this because I am afraid no one else will think to pay him a little tribute in this long-forgotten cinema, and does deserve it. I couldn't bear to see him shown any neglect.

He finished making comedies a long time ago, and that was as the interests I had in him, but, all the same, I'm sorry. Maybe all the little kids that have died meanwhile, that used to like him, were worse off in the end. They were the ones who stayed here and were living a regretful, good-by to a well-loved Pagliacci.

Nancy Kaugh.

830 Powell Street, San Francisco.

Agrees with Fanny

After I read What the Fans Think, I usually turn to what Fanny thinks. In "Over the Teacups," I admire Fanny's line and her opinions are great. In a recent issue Fanny raved over Olga Baclanova and hopes the public is also enthusiastic over her, saying if they are, it will prove the public has grown up and developed a rate ability to appreciate the individual beauty. When I first saw her in "The Street of Sin," with Emil Jannings, I did not think she was beautiful; but when I saw her in "The Street of Sin," with Pola Negri, I decided at once she was very chic and smart looking, and I agree with Fanny she is more than a doll-faced girl. She is wonderful—too wonderful for me to describe within my limited vocabulary. I have only seen her in the two pictures mentioned, but she impressed me as an honest-to-goodness, real actress in both of them. Rose Borne.

104 Waldorf Avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

A Rose for Camilla

I have followed Joan Peirulli's discourse on Ramon Novarro and I would like to thank her for her courage and cleverness in arousing the Novarro fans out of their lethargy. I believe that I will plan a similar letter on Betty Compson—her fans seem to be asleep, also.

I would like to express, through this department, my appreciation for the appearance of the new satellite, the beautiful and talented actress, Camilla Horn. Her acting in the Ufa production "Faust" was finely done, but her treatment of the rather unsympathetic role.
of the Princess in John Barrymore's "Tempest" was nothing short of miraculous. Rudolf Horn seems to prefer the medium of stark feeling for expression rather than any tricks of coquetry and emoting so often used. You will notice, fans, that her love scenes with John Barrymore were uniquely satisfying in their realism and their directness, as if they were created out of "Garbage," as one flapper fan so neatly calls this too-forward love-making so often seen. FLORENCE F. DOSTAL.

What the Fans Think

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Britain Can Make Films.

I felt extremely angry after reading William Mitchell's letter. He says Britain cannot make films. Let me state here and now that Britain can. I think Mr. Mitchell is very unhappy and disloyal. He speaks of our being forced to see our own films. Possibly a regiment will be spared, with fixed bayonets, to do the forcing and the theaters will be filled with chumps to each seat to hold us through the entire program. In spite of all this, I am going to make a request to Mr. Basil Wright, president of the British International Pictures, Ltd., to complete negotiations for a gigantic distributing concern, which will handle an unlimited number of British films in America. This will be a great help to our films, and I ask American fans to give welcome and appreciation to them and to our stars, as we English fans have given welcome and appreciation since 1905. I can assure you that they are not nearly so bad as Mr. Mitchell would have you believe.

4 Burton Street, Leicester, England.

A Plain Tomb for Valletino.

Do you want to know why the fans are reluctant to give money for a tomb for Rudy? I'll tell you! They all adored him, just as I did, but in their admiration for the wonderful roles he created on the screen, for his wonderful acting and his artistic ability, they did not forget that beneath all he was a man—just a human being living many years ago. When that plea for money went forth, they wanted to give, for the memory they had of the screen Rudy, but movie fans anywhere had hard times since the film fans began. I can assure you they are not nearly so bad as Mr. Mitchell would have you believe.

ESTHER MARTIN.

Taste Misplaced.

My choice is a Rolls-Royce. The new Ford is more in keeping with my board. My burning desires are for sincerity. Instead, while my desire eols, I'll inherit grandma's "jool." I love coats of mink and sable. With a silver spoon in my hand I have a taste for sunken tubs and Arab horses and dogs and lion cubs. But what's the use? I can't induce anyone to star me! JULLIANE ASQUITH.

Box 373, Manassas, Virginia.

Why Slight Leslie Fenton?

Can any one tell me why, after a career of fine portrayals, Leslie Fenton has not been made a star? John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, and John Barrymore are all "stars" of screen stage and screen, the Mad Hatter said, but Leslie Fenton occupies a niche all his own in movieland, and it is a perfect shame that he has been overlooked all these years. I very much enjoyed "The First Kiss," and "The Dragnet." Leslie Fenton played but short part. He gave simple, moving performances in each picture.

Believe me, talent is not appreciated in Hollywood. I sent to four different studios for a picture of Mr. Fenton, and each time my letters were returned. Can someone please tell me where I may obtain a photo of him? "The Big Parade" and "What Price Glory?" were two of the finest films I ever saw. They were not, thank goodness, accompanied by this awful din of canned music, yet they were big hits. May we soon get over the era of talkies! We go to the movies to lose ourselves in the beauty and dignity of our own good sense, to turn our eyes to the accompaniment of well-played music. Who can lose oneself in beauty, when voices break the enchantment of our dreams and sound disturbing our nerves in the heavy silence? ARTHUR CASSAY.

285 West Tenth Street, New York.

Correcting a Juvenile Error.

The verse signed "Jill Merrick" in Picture Play calls for a copy of "The Works of De Morgan." The writer calls herself a reporter. Surely a very embryo specimen. When Miss Merrick has been a film reporter as long as I have, she will know that to express her private opinions as if she has done, is in the very worst taste.

Experience will teach her that to manifest her temper is a breach of etiquette. And she will also learn that to be ignored by a prominent star, who does not depend on fifth-rate publicity for her position, is the treatment to be expected by insignificance.

I am not defending Miss Corda. I am endeavoring to correct a juvenile mistake.

CORBETT.

New Battleground Seen.

Well, the guy that started Vitaphone and Movietone certainly was out to raise Cain! The only good that will ever come out of it is that the people stop whirring over Norraro and Gilbert, or mourning Valentino, and rise up, either for or against, the talkies. And something else—where about it? The producers seem to think talkies are here to stay. The talking picture is just an effort to combine the stage and screen and make a mess of both. Talking slows down the action, kills a picture, and makes it. I would really have enjoyed "Tempest" if it had not been for those ridiculous squawks from the mob. Deaf people say they cannot hear them and the bluenoses lose all enjoyment. They are fortunate in not being able to hear this form of annoyance.

A little goes a long way! I wouldn't object so violently to the Movietone news, or the short selections, but when it comes to jamming it in a feature, I draw the line! C. HENRY.

Baltimore, Maryland.

A Motto for Grouchies.

Richard Dix is my favorite. He is, without doubt, one of the outstanding actors on the screen to-day. Now, as seems to be the custom of writers to this department, I should mention the other actors of repute, and tear them to pieces, vainly trying to find an excuse for their existence, much less their success, as stars. But I am not a critic, and there is some of the letters, isn't that exactly the idea they convey? "Don't be satisfied with naming your favorite, but try to knock the pedestal from beneath some one else's," seems to be the motto of many contributors.

Why can't the fans send in helpful criticisms, instead of seeing what can say that will hurt thinheads? Too, if they would restrain their—eritisms to acting alone, it would not be so bad, but when it comes to including the way the stars dress, how they have their hair done, the way they wear their hair, how much they show their teeth, and even probing into private affairs, which are none of their business, then is the time some of the fans should quit.
What the Fans Think

In closing, I want to speak a word of praise for Nick Stuart, Richard Arlen, Glenn Tryon, Lupe Velez, Sally Phipps, Sally Eilers, Charles Morton, and Martha Scott. And in that connection a little notice—Mona Ray, who made a sensation as Topsy. CLAYTON J. LOTT. 4653 Hyde Park, Kansas City, Missouri.

Disputed with O'Brien.

When I read of the hanging of Edward Hickman, at San Quentin, California, I was surprised to find as among the witnesses, the name of George O'Brien, the actor. I have seen Mr. O'Brien portraying a character just the opposite of one who would want to see such a gruesome spectacle. I always liked his face and voice and speaking could draw me into a theater to see him again. Here is register my supreme disgust for any man who wishes to witness such a hideous scene for atmosphere, or any other reason. The free advertising he received through this display of callous conscience, will only put him on the wane. Had he not thought what boy's poor mother and father? He displayed the instinct of gorilla.

FRED J. GIESER. New York.

A New Glorious Apollo.

Will you give space to my opinions in What the Fans Think? Gloria Swanson—I have never liked her till I saw her superb performance in Sadie Thompson! John Gilbert—I have often wondered why people care for him. I hate his films. Richard Arlen—He is a charming boy. I'll never forget his delightful though sad performance, in "Wings." William Boyd—He was superb in "Two Arabian Knights." William and Eleanor, what a charming couple they are! But above all Ralph Gibson. Has nobody noticed that he is the handsomest man on the screen? I like him tremendously, not only because he overshadowed Colleen Moore, but because he proved himself to be a fine actor in his best rôle, that of John, in "Beau Geste." Long live to this glorious Apollo! CARLEEN SOWLES. Balsare 854, Rosario, Argentina.

Drama for Clara Bow.

When I signed my name and address to one of my letters I never dreamed some of my readers would write such a letter to me in Los Angeles! Whew! I have seven letters right here before me.

And I am ashamed to say I have been so thick-headed as to have not answered. I answered one right away, because the writer was just my age, height, and weight, and is coming to live in Los Angeles. He showed me up. She's from Lima, Ohio, and I am from Michigan.

The others who wrote will please forgive my negligence, on the promise that just as soon as I have time I am going to answer every one. Almost everybody had something to ask about a favorite actress, and believe me, Clara Bow has her staunch admirers—plenty of 'em! And how they do defend her, even after Mr. Oettinger's interview in which he said she was be-

coming the "rather bored, indifferent, pet star," like most of the others!

I adore Clara Bow. Of course I have some reasons! A principal one is that a relative of mine, a Clara, did, once, and she said Clara deserves every bit of praise and success that is hers to-day. It is due to sheer stick-to-it-iveness, which Clara has, in a way, the hundred per cent! You can just picture her gritting her teeth in the face of disappointment, and waiting in for what she is after with a smile on her lips, grim determination in her heart. That's why we love Clara Bow. She's a symbol—not of "it," to me—but of what a person with little to start with in life, can accomplish in this day and age. Let's see more of Clara Bow in drama, and less of her in low-necked dresses and sporting apparel, for she's really got better things in her than cheapness. I don't mean for her to suddenly turn haughty, demure, or minus that famous smile of hers. All I mean is, remember people judge by the way you dress, as well as how you act, and I hate to hear any one call Clara common—but those low-necked dresses of hers recently! Nay, Clara. FRANCES S. Los Angeles, California.

Too Many Mexican Girls.

Dolores del Rio was my favorite among the newcomers until she divorced her husband and ran away with her director. I still think she is a great actress. Some say that the private affairs of the stars shouldn't influence our opinions, but I can't believe that. Del Rio has gone a long way down the scale in my estimation.

All these Mexican girls are becoming borsomesh. Just as Dolores del Rio became popular, we were swamped with Mexican stars. We much prefer girls like Mary Brian, Marjorie Dean, Joan Crawford, and Jean Arthur. They seem typical of the spirit of wholesome romance. VERDA COLLEN BUNCH. Centrahoma, Oklahoma.

What is a Fan Club?

I have often seen fan clubs mentioned, but never was interested enough to inquire what they were all about.

Now I'm interested and wonder if any of the readers will enlighten me as to what the functions of such clubs are.

L. HARPER. 6241 Sansom Street, West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Random Thoughts.

Just a few bouquets, and one brickbat, to hurl.

It isn't often that I see a movie which has not been underhyped. "Legion of the Condemned." After its extravagant previews and extensive publicity, I made up my mind that it was but one more of the pet projects and nearly forgot it. Only the presence of Fay Wray in the cast changed my mind when it played here recently. May I say right now that they have done more of these Cooper-Wray duos? They fit perfectly. Their characters must be especially congenial, I suppose, but, anyway, it's goodness knows how long since we've seen two of the prettiest faces paired off on the screen with such complete success. Cooper is admirable, but my real bouquet is for Miss Wray. She was exquisite, and any one who could manage to look beautiful and altogether desirable in the pre-war costume inflicted on that star, deserve credit. She played her scenes most understandingly, and left nothing to be desired, as far as I was concerned. Here's to you, Miss Wray. By the way, I hope you'll give me a free autograph; I think, for the nicey with which he played his bit. We wished it had been more of a bit. This young man is climbing rapidly. I think "Elinor" was great. We both love to see Voya George. Where has he been all this time? Save for a single picture and article in PICijARK PLAY a short time ago, we've never heard or seen him. Can't he develop his personality? Trust Picture PLAY to make the discoveries, every time.

My brickbat is hurled with a steady hand at Mary Pickford. She's not the Clara of "Down to the Sea in Ships" and "Black Ozenx," and even "Rough-house Rose." She's getting not only flappish, but sophisticated—almost we can term her high-bait. It's really most discouraging. We used to like Clara. Evidently the fact that she draws the largest load of fan mail at Paramount—since Negro's departure—has turned our fair one's head. We even read in Picture PLAY just a bit back, in one of Mr. Oettinger's best articles, that the Bow now "can't believe her luck"—not well enough—we'd probably do the same if our trilling heads were the subject of such sundry bouquets as are constantly tossed Clara's way. When one wise—we've heard not a few say lately, Clara? She's well enough, but just a bit tiresome.

As a parting shot, we want more and still more of Louise Fazenda, and not the "Five-and-Ten-Cent Annie" sort. Give us another "Ladies at Play."

SARAH THOMAS, 43 Summer Street, Montpelier, Vermont.

A Big Collection.

So many fans have written to me, asking me to tell more about my movie treasures, that I am depending on the generosity of Picture PLAY to grant me further space to describe them.

In my famous autograph album have the following new autographs: "Sincerely, Eddie Peabody"—the famous banjo king who played to packed houses for a season in Seattle, and who has now gone to New York; "Sincerely, Norma Shearer"; "Vilma Bank's autograph; "Los Angeles, California. My best wishes to Elinor Garrison from Harold Lloyd"; Clara Bow's autograph; "To Elinor, with my best wishes for your happiness, Sue Carol"; "To Elinor Garrison, sincere best wishes, Dorothy Mackall"; "Best wishes, Milton Stills"; "To Colleen Moore, George Fawcett—I'm mighty proud of that!"; "Sincerely good wishes to Elinor Garrison, Thelma Todd." "To Elinor Garrison, with best wishes, Jeanette Loff." "To Elinor Garrison, I send my sincerest personal regards and best wishes. Always, Jeanette Loff."; "To Elinor, wonderful thoughts and good wishes, Anna Q. Nilsson." A beautiful photo came autographed, "To Elinor Garrison, with best wishes, Billie Dove"; one from Colleen Moore, and one from Colleen Moore personally autographed. A beautiful one of Anna Q. Nilsson was autographed, "To Elinor Garrison, with my best wishes, Anna Q. Nilsson" and one of Louise Young, autographed to me; a large, beaut-

Continued on page 101
In my next picture, 'Smiling Irish Eyes', I'm actually going to—
TALK to you—SING for you

Folks you ain't heard nothin' yet! Wait—you have a big thrill coming.

Imagine the excitement when you HEAR the voice of the greatest of all screen stars—when you meet the real Colleen for the very first time.

That's the treat the next First National Vitaphone TALKING Picture—"Smiling Irish Eyes" has in store for you.

Colleen not only TALKS all through it, but SINGS four songs you'll whistle for days, and DANCES like only she can.

Watch for the date in your home town!
From now on every appearance of Jeanne Eagels on the screen will be a major event, no matter how many stars spring up to compete with her. For who will forget her in “The Letter,” and the history she made with eloquence such as the screen had never given us before? She is seen here in “Jealousy,” her new picture in dialogue, with Anthony Bushell, also from the stage.
Pity the Poor

His lot is not the merry one it used to be the sweet nothings he wrote. Now the players grant one at all, and the magazines want facts, the great change that has

By William

Perhaps it was the stars' fault in not being sincere, and treating the interviewers as something necessary, but annoying, to their high positions. Most of the players condescended and posed.

When upbraided by another writer for calling Marie Prevost "a little roughneck," after having partaken of her hospitality, Alma Whittaker, a Los Angeles newspaper woman, said, "What? A guest? Don't imagine things. No interviewer is ever treated as a friend by any star, so why pretend? They don't regard us as guests, so I am free to express my real opinions."

And don't forget Phyllis Haver. Beautiful Phyllis, with her hair so blond. Phyllis gave a party some time ago, so huge that she hired a top floor, the roof, of a large apartment building to entertain her guests. One writer, who had done a great deal for her when Phyllis had her comeback a few years ago, wondered why she had been left out.

"But I didn't invite any writers, because I didn't want any publicity about my party," Phyllis naively

Billie Dove detained an interviewer for hours while her guests lunched in an adjoining room.

In the sweet past the most gracious gestures in dear Hollywood were those exchanged by the stars and interviewers. But what has happened? Why is all that old-world grace transformed into tense, snarling antagonism? Is there war between them?

A couple of years ago they were great events, these interviews. The stars would figuratively receive the scribes with open arms. The one outstanding gesture above all others was lunch. Food was the indispensable touch, without which no interview could proceed. But gone are the golden days, with their old Spanish customs.

Gradually during the past year, players have ceased asking writers to lunch or dine with them. A few may still continue this old-fashioned custom, but I am speaking of the majority. Most of them will grudgingly give you half an hour, or an hour, of their valuable time, making you sense their eagerness for your early departure.

In so doing they err.

In most cases writers have a certain unwritten code. They will not break bread with the stars, then ridicule or revile them. The players probably know that, "Poor things," they used to think, "we must feed them. It makes them good natured." They would smile and smirk, though inwardly they regarded their visitors as troublesome intruders.

Dorothy Dwan objected to an interview that mentioned her smoking.

Priscilla Dean had good intentions toward a writer, but forgot them.
**Interviewer**

when the stars feasted him in exchange for grudge him the time for an interview, if they not flattery. This article amusingly sets forth come over scribes and stars.

**H. McKegg**

confessed, as only she can, thus proving that writers are asked only when they can give the player publicity.

Nevertheless, the party was duly publicized. And the lady scribe left out in the cold has a merry laugh nowadays when friendship with stars is mentioned. She should know.

You know the humorous Neil Hamilton. So do I. He and his wife, Elsa, look me up now and then to see if I'm still breathing, and, finding that I am, generally give me a good time.

Once Neil said to me, "I don't know how you writers can be so polite and patient with us. You must think, 'You poor sap. You've got no brains—only your looks!'"

"Yes," I put in, "and not always that."

Neil looked sharply at me, then after short deliberation, said, "Yes, sometimes not even that."

Perhaps I should state here whether the convivial Gilbert Roland is a favorite of Mr. McKegg.

Neil has, or has not, both brains and good looks. Instead, I'll let you guess. You'll probably guess right the first time.

"The trouble with the writers is," Richard Barthelmess said to Dorothy Woolridge, one of my fellow scribes, "that they never write the truth about the stars."

Sweetly drawing in her breath, Dorothy replied, "God help the stars, Mr. Barthelmess, if they ever did."

The days of the "blah" interviews are over. Occasionally a few appear, but not many. Today, in order to sell stories to the magazines, the writers must put something genuine and true in them.

A few writers on the Coast have not been afraid to be truthful. One clever, young fellow, Cedric Belfrage, was so candid in his opinions that he was finally barred from the Warner, First National, and the Metro-Goldwyn studios. I don't know whether the ban has been lifted yet, after the bell, book, and candles had been used against him. The last time I met Cedric, he was still outside the pale, but as pronouncedly cynical about everything as ever.

While mentioning this gentleman, I might add that he is a man of the world, picking cynical morsels off the bones of human weaknesses. Hollywood is a good hunting ground for him. Cedric has caused several stars to squirm, when they have read his interviews with them—yet we can't always go on smiling without being smiled at, as you will plainly see.

Mr. Belfrage many times has poked fun at the so-called "true confessions" the stars relate with amazing eagerness. So funny and incredible did Cedric find the movie people, that he surprised many when he married one. Virginia Bradford was the bride. But when one knows Virginia, one can't wonder any longer at the erudite Mr. Belfrage's behavior—that is, in marrying her.
Pity the Poor Interviewer

More wonderment came to Hollywood when, a few months ago, Miss Crawford's own "true confessions" appeared in one of the fan magazines. "Virginia Bradford's Love Life," it was called, and it supposedly related her affairs of the heart, ending with her last—the said Cedric.

I defy Mr. Belfrage from now on to ridicule any "true confessions," or to make fun of the stars as of yore. He has been hit with a boomerang of his own making.

Diaries are other absurdities. It is astonishing the number of young players who have all of a sudden produced diaries. Ruth Roland, I believe, was the original and genuine diarist. Ruth had some of its excerpts published. But now every little girl keeps one. When brought to light, all have the flavor of the press agent, but so long as it gets the star into print, why worry?

"Sensationalism" is the word of the hour. No "blah" stuff any more. Only the "hot" yarns will be accepted. True—as they inform us—life stories have already appeared. Joan Crawford's made her out to be anything but a demure, young girl, consequently many people in Hollywood, and scores of fans, can hardly believe that Joan's "reformation" is really genuine. Her love for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his for her, have been duly reported. It would have been wiser had she Crawford not striven to be so revealing regarding her "past."

But to go back to interviews, especially lunchless ones, the sure harbingers of the present war between star and interviewer.

The beautiful Miss Rosemary Cousins was interviewed not so long ago. The lady scribbler had been invited to visit the Belfrage home at eleven thirty a.m.

"I'm having luncheon with Miss Cousins," she told me, gleefully, when I met her on the Boulevard.

"I hope you get more than I got—well, be on your way," I added; "lunch will probably be at twelve."

The hungry interviewer arrived at the Belfrage estate. Miss Cousins, having some friends there, could not concentrate right away. "But you might care to read the paper," she suggested, returning to her guests. Finally the interview began.

One o'clock came. A Japanese servant came, too. He whispered something to Miss Cousins. He received a whispered answer. Then he drew together the curtains separating the dining room from the drawing-room. The guests could plainly be heard taking their places at table. The meal was served. The tantalizing smell of delicious food wafted into the drawing-room. Still Miss Cousins sat there and replied casually to questions. Perhaps she was dieting, but there was no cause to inflict such torture on the poor scrib.

At two o'clock the interviewer rose to go.

"You must come and see me again," Miss Cousins said warmly.

"I'll bring a box lunch with me, if I ever do," the interviewer just as sweetly replied.

Had Miss Cousins's caller been another writer the contretemps would have been avoided. This lady likes the sensational, and does not give a hoot for any star. She merely says she will be there for lunch, or dinner—whichever meal she believes will be in progress when she arrives.

Perhaps such enterprise has caused the stars to withdraw their hospitality. I only know that everything is changed.

It used to be another gracious gesture of the stars always to send a car for the interviewer. But to-day—the stars have forgotten that such old customs ever existed.

Perhaps Evelyn Brent should be admired for her utter disregard of all things pertaining to publicity. I don't think Miss Brent gives a darn for an interview.

One writer had an appointment at her home at two o'clock in the afternoon. No mention of a car was made.

Miss Priscilla Dean was present. The writer was surprised, for she said she would see Priscilla at another time. But there she was at Miss Brent's abode, ready to be interviewed along with Evelyn. Two interviews in one, without a bite to eat, or a wheel to ride on!

Phyllis Haver excluded a writer from her party, and ruffled feelings resulted.

Photo by Sour

Virginia Bradford married Cedric Belfrage, whose cynical interviews have caused upheavals in Hollywood.
viewer was ready to depart. It was getting dark and a fine rain was falling—it was during the winter season.

"I shall get wet," the perplexed scribe murmured.

"I've got to get to the studio right away," Miss Brent declared, as if she hadn't heard.

"I live only one block from Paramount," the interviewer put in, hopefully. But Miss Brent was on her way upstairs to change from silk pajamas into street clothes.

Priscilla, probably a little conscious-stricken, said, "I'll phone home and see if my car can be brought around," and followed Evelyn upstairs. She returned a little later, but not a word was said about the car.

"Well," the harassed scribe remarked, her last shred of hope gone, "would you mind giving me directions as to which way I shall walk to the street car?" This was addressed to la Brent, who by now had reappeared, ready to leap into her limousine and be driven to the studio.

Abruptly Evelyn walked to the front door.

"Walk three blocks south. Turn to the left. Two blocks farther on you'll come to the car lines."

Her tone was one she would use in saying, "Go to Halifax."

I imagine the interviewers are to blame, if Miss Brent feels any antipathy toward them. She has been sorely misrepresented on two or three occasions. But for an interviewer to have to ask her way home! Interviewers should never ask directions, but walk dazedly around in the rain.

I interviewed John Bowers a couple of years ago. I had been asked to do the story. It was hard for Mr. Bowers to suggest a meeting place. Finally it was fixed at the Athletic Club at three o'clock.

"Do you mind sitting outside in my car?" he asked. "I have several things in it, and they might be stolen."

I noticed a couple of phonograph records, which could easily have been carried, without taxiing Mr. Bowers' muscles, into the club.

"I can spare only about half an hour," my subject stated. He was terribly busy, et cetera.

As far as time went, ten minutes would have been ample, for Mr. Bowers' information was not what one could call illuminating.

Some writers have an annoying and stupid way of believing they have become intimate friends with the players. Once they have interviewed them. Possibly this has caused the stars to refrain from being in any way friendly. Perhaps it explains why to-day we get no rousing welcome, but only an icy reception.

Joan Crawford's "true confessions," reported by a writer, have done her more harm than good.

Richard Barthelmesse complained that writers never tell the truth about stars, but one scribe thought otherwise and told him so.

The players are ever a race to themselves. There are a few cases where a writer becomes a friend, and a very good friend, of some of the stars; but this is rare. In my three years of steady interviewing, I must honestly say that, although I have met and known most of the players, there are only six or seven who like me for myself alone, irrespective of my writing for Picture Play.

Only two of these several I count as my intimate friends. They are Madge Bellamy and Gilbert Roland. The other four are Jetta Goudal, Janet Gaynor, Victor Varconi, and Barry Norton. There is also Mrs. Charles Emmett Mack. She is one of the regulars. Her humor is unexcelled. At the Warner studio she is known to every worker. "I don't know whether I'm getting popular or common," she told me when I last saw her on the set, and commented upon the greetings she received from all hands.

Madge Bellamy is one of my best friends among the screen celebrities. I like her for her capricious ways, her conscious unconsciousness of what she does, her intellect, and the gayety of her youth. I entirely forget pictures and the troubles of an interviewer, when I spend a day at the Bellamys' Beverly Hills home, or at her beach house.

Gilbert Roland is one of those fellows Continued on page 9
Maurice Chevalier, below, celebrated star of the Paris music halls, sings no less than eight songs in "Innocents of Paris."

Skeets Gallagher and Jack Oakie, right, are booters in "Close Harmony."

Everybody's Doing what? Why, stepping and singing in the on the screen. Just look at the pictures on this in which the stars

Cliff Edwards, above, better known as "Ukulele Ike" to radio and vaudeville audiences, is doing his stuff in Metro-Goldwyn's "Revue of Revues."

Sophie Tucker, below, center, is certainly surrounded by musical-comedy atmosphere in "Honky Tonk."

Polly Moran and Marie Dresser, above, center, are two ladies of the tintype age in the "Revue of Revues."

Glenn Tryon, right, as Roy Lane, the song-and-dance hero of "Broadway."
Doing It

musical comedies now visible and audible page and get a foretaste of the high jinks are indulging.

Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll, right, play the leading roles in the screen version of the play "Burlesque."

Charles King, below, who made a hit in "The Broadway Melody," is the singing hero of the "Revue of Revues."

Eddie Dowling, above, deserted Broadway so that fans could see and hear him in "The Rainbow Man," and, judging from the hit he has made, only the fans will enjoy him for a long time to come.

Nick Stuart and Maria Alba, right, cut capers in "Joy Street" to the tune of a burlesque Spanish dance in the true musical-comedy spirit.

Alice White, above, left, will make her talkie début in "Broadway Babies," in which she leads the chorus, among other things, and promises to make herself heard.

Charles Rogers, above, has the time of his life in "Close Harmony," in which he plays the leader of a stage band in a big movie theater.
Stranger Than Fiction

One doesn't have to use a magnifying glass to discover curiosities in Hollywood, because many of them are catalogued right here.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

A GREAT deal has been written, and a great deal more has been said on the general opinion that Hollywood is a funny place. I recall having written something of the sort once or twice myself.

Most of these astonished reactions, however, usually verge on the discovery by the newcomer, who observes—in print if he is able, or otherwise vocally—that nowhere else on earth does one see a man going to work at seven o'clock in the morning in a dress suit, or virile gents parading the streets in complete facial make-up, without catcalling crowds in their wake.

This is all quite true, but obvious, and by this time so oft-repeated that it is probable even the Fiji Islanders know, now, that scenes requiring evening dress are often made in the morning.

But a vast field remains untouched in cataloguing all the more subtle reasons why Hollywood is just Hollywood, and in a class by itself.

It has seemed to me for a long time that some reliable and exhaustive compendium should be gathered touching on the less apparent, but really more fantastic peculiarities and fancies and facts one may come upon in this quaint village, if one does sufficient poking and peering.

Now, in the first place, when one speaks of Hollywood one is referring to a place of no more concrete existence than Graustark, or the mythical kingdom of Boo.

For there isn’t any town called Hollywood, and there never has been, so we are off to a good start already. However, the name Hollywood has come to mean an area of western Los Angeles. It rubs shoulders with the prosaic village of Sherman on the west, and with the downtown business district on the east, and is as far from either, judging by a mental and rational standpoint, as it is from Kamchatka.

Its fantastic proportions take on more impressive aspects, when one considers that the precise things for which it is noted are just the things which it does not contain; namely, the homes of movie stars, and the studios. With the exception of Fox, United Artists, and Paramount, all the large studios are out of town.

And without exception, the more celebrated stars reside not in Hollywood, but retire in solitary splendor to their early Grand Rapids castles in Beverly Hills and the surrounding holy land of moviedom.

So, taking this into consideration, we are really on our way toward proving my contention—and others—that Hollywood is the most charmingly odd little place you ever saw.

One must consider that Hollywood itself, outside of a boulevard full of stores, a speakeasy or two, and, of course, Sid Grauman’s theaters, is made up almost exclusively of apartment houses and bungalows, and these are filled with a mixture of entirely rational folk who don’t work in the movies, sentimental folk who do, and completely halmy folk who want to.

Every monomaniac with an invention for keeping actors’ hair from falling out, every one who has the remotest claim to a phony European title, every cut-up whose home-town friends told him he’d be a scream in comedies, every trick actor or buttonhole maker from Europe, every prodigy who can wriggle his ears, or undulate his left kneecap while keeping his right shoulder blade stationary, every one who has engraved the Lord’s Prayer on the head of a pin, or built a complete ship inside a beer bottle, every one who can put forth the slightest proof of authorship, blows into Hollywood at one time or another to engage his or her talents in the movies and clean up a fortune.

Then there are the uncharted hundreds of persons possessed of petty rackets, who seem to be able to live indefinitely without working. There are sharpshooters who are continually selling something of no value to some one else. There are representatives of newspapers and magazines never heard of before. In short, there is every sort of person you’d normally find either in or out of Mattewan Asylum.

In addition, of course, there are the actors themselves, the profession never being particularly celebrated for its rationality; and there are the directors, most of whom used to be actors, and have managed to retain whatever mental abnormality they acquired in the profession.

All these folk, huddled together in a comparatively limited area and very rarely associating with any one outside the charmed circle, cannot but create a remarkable atmosphere.

They seem to work on each other. The man who is firmly convinced that he will revolu-
 tionize the picture industry as soon as he can sell his patented device for projecting pictures upside down, meets the woman who wants a contract to write scenarios by the science of numerology, evolving her plots by a slide rule from the numerical movements of the stars.

They will exchange theories earnestly, and before you know it, the man will be mixing mathematics with his theory that the eye can distinguish objects more clearly when inverted, and the woman will be standing on her head to read the stars.

All this so far seems quite vague and general, so I shall try to produce concrete examples, not so devastating as the man who wants to show pictures upside down, but of sufficient leaning toward the picturesque to be peculiar to Hollywood.

I know a scenario writer, for instance, who is said to be a gypsy, and is a firm believer in the existence and power of the "evil eye." He is ever on the lookout to prevent its being fastened on him in Hollywood.

Still, looking back on it, I'm not sure this guy's so crazy at that.

And remaining in the scenario writers' cage, there is one who once contended, quite seriously, that he gets inspiration from eating peanuts, and is never without a large bowl of them on his desk while he is at work.

Lest you think I am imagining this, I will name him as none other than Carey Wilson, who in other respects seems as ordinarily rational as his profession will permit.

Whether Carey still holds to this contention I do not know. It may have changed to dried herring, or preserved waffles, by this time. But the peanut theory was true, for at his own instigation I once took a picture of him so doing, in my capacity as press agent for the studio in which we were both employed.

And surely no one would put forward such a statement, and have it registered by the camera, unless he meant it!

Then too, outside a circus, perhaps where could one find a man who picks up a comfortable living shooting apples and other objects off people's heads, and out of their hands? Hollywood has him, and his official name is "Pardner" Jones.

He is upward of sixty now, and has never hit anybody yet. I suppose directors will keep on hiring him until he does. Or perhaps they engage him out of mere speculative curiosity as to when it will happen.

Then there is the star of Westerns, and a very prominent one, too, who has gone to such pains to convince the public and interviewers that he really is a product of the range, that he has utterly convinced himself as well.

It is pretty generally conceded that he was never on a ranch, until he stepped from the stage to the movies, but he has been playing "let's pretend" so long that he is his own best customer to the deception, and he actually believes that he came rightly by his drawing, Texas accent, quaint expressions, and smiles of the range with which he enlivens his speech.

And in what other industry, I ask you, could a man draw a salary upward of $40,000 a year, who can neither read nor write. Yet there is a star—and it is neither a child prodigy or a performing animal—who, I swear by whatever heathen spirits may rule over me, can do neither, to my knowledge.

I spent two years in the same studio with him trying to find out, not from any malicious motives, but for my own personal satisfaction. But try as I could, I never succeeded in pinning that man down to writing something before my eyes, or reading something the contents of which I was sure he could not have known.

Then there is the man around the studios whose business card states solely that he is a chess player. He is attempting to make his living by serving as technical director on scenes in which actors play chess, and seems to be succeeding at it.

I once spent an evening with a gentleman who came all the way from Spain for the purpose of exhibiting his device for the revolution of motion pictures. He was not an ignorant man, either, but seemed highly intelligent.

His idea was, to say the least, thorough. It was his plan to make drawings to correspond to every foot of action in filming a motion picture. Thus one could plot out the entire picture, and see how it would look before recording it on film, and any weak spots could be changed.

He had made a model, too, some several hundred drawings which represented the first reel. He had been at work on them for several years.

He admitted that it might take a little longer to make movies his way, but thought the process might be speeded a little in time.

I recommended him to Erich von Stroheim.

We must not, of course, forget the man on Sunset Boulevard, whose sign in front of his office advertises him as an alchemist.

Then there are the hobbies of Hollywood! And I am convinced that most of them are not the creations of press agents.

Reginald Denny is an enthusiastic archer, and went hunting bears with a bow and arrow; Colleen Moore, who is a big girl now, not only collects dolls, but admits it; Huston Branch, a prominent scenarist, collects dictionaries and has some forty assorted editions, though he rarely uses them, his profession being little concerned with either the spelling or definition of words. [Cont'd on page 118]
What's Become

Kenneth Harlan, Charles Ray, Bert Lytell, and Cullen do they enrich the screen no longer? The writer of you have his report of

By Samuel

My appointment was for eight. Mr. Lytell greeted me at ten after, in his dressing room. Valet hovered close by. Pale-blue eyes pierced me. "What's on your mind?" he shot out.

"We—the public and I—have been wondering what's become of you? To be frank, if you don't mind, you were riding the crest of the movie wave for a time, and then all of a sudden—eclipse. There was no gradual diminution in your appearances; suddenly one just didn't see you any more. What happened?"

"After the expiration of my last contract, I made two pictures abroad—one in Europe and one in Africa. There was some difficulty about their release, so that in addition to the time it took to film them, about eight or nine months elapsed before they were shown. After that I made a few independent pictures which were released in the smaller houses, and then I began to realize that the public was tiring of me, which was natural."

"How's that?" What kind of a star was this, who openly admitted it possible for interest in his art and personality to wane?

"Well, here's what happens. On the stage, if you're lucky, you play a season in New York and a season on the road. If you're not lucky in getting a play that will measure up to those specifications, you probably appear briefly in two or three plays in New York. In this event it is unlikely that the same people will see you in all three, as most of the theater-going public is made up of transients who wouldn't be in town long enough to see you in three plays. Or you'd play part of a season in New York and tour for the rest of the season.

"That could go on almost indefinitely, because people would only see you three or four times in the space of a lifetime, and that would not be enough to tire them if they liked you. Now, in the movies, when you are working steadily, you make anywhere from six to eight pictures a year. Multiply that by three or four, and you'll see that you

Kenneth Harlan, who is now in vaudeville, says he will never return to the screen without a long contract.

"If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your will long after they are gone,
And so hold on, when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them, "Hold on"!
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And, which is more, you'll be a man, my son."

This is a short story about several favorites of a bygone day, whom the fans haven't forgotten and who have held onto their profession through sheer will power.


At New York's Forty-eighth Street Theater the electrics read, "Bert Lytell, in 'Brothers.'"
of Them?

Landis were once cream in the fans' coffee, but why this article sought them out for an answer and here them as they are to-day.

Richard Mook

can crowd a lifetime on the stage into three or four years in the movies. When you consider how small a percentage of hits fall to the lot of any actor and take into consideration the fact that, in addition to seeing you so often, the public sees you in so many rotten pictures—well, really, I think the public is pretty patient and long-suffering.

"Going back to the question of wearing oneself out with the public—you appear in so few plays that you can give thought to their selection. If I give a reasonably good performance and put honest effort into it, it stands to reason that the people who come to see me in this play will continue to come to see me in other plays."

"And the screen?"

"To be trite, the talkies, or squawksies, or what you will, are opening up a new field to us. I hope to be able to make a couple of pictures each year, either in the summer, or here in the East while I am appearing on the stage at night."

"I no longer sigh for the vast rewards that accompany screen contracts. Right now, if I had a suite at the Ritz or the Ambassador, I should be worrying for fear the time would come when I should no longer be able to afford it. I live modestly and know that by exercising a reasonable amount of intelligence I can go on that way."

The well-modulated tones stopped and I looked at him. Don't pity Bert Lytell, and the fact that he may have passed his zenith. He has intelligence, coupled with ability, and it is extremely unlikely that you will ever read of him in a home for aged actors. You'll be seeing him, either on the stage or screen, or both, for a long time to come.

Cullen Landis.

Here is one of the strangest anomalies who has ever walked the face of the earth. Though still youthful, he has crowded a lifetime of experience into the few years of his existence. A lifetime of bitterness and disillusionment.

Differing from Mr. Lytell, who admits that he wore himself out with the public, this likable chap is no longer seen on the screen for no other reason than that he dared be true to himself, and had the courage to live his life according to the dictates of his desires. Studio executives outside of business hours didn't interest him. Prizefighters, taxi drivers, men who had seen life in the rough, did. They formed his associates. His employers resented it, felt it a slap in the face. Cullen went blithely on his way. They were paying for his talent; his talent was what they got. His companionship and his friendship were his own to give as he saw fit.

He found among the lower classes a loyalty to friends and associates and a regard for the given word, which was total lack in the men of affairs with whom he was associated. The promises made by these were manifold and glowing. It was a case of "Trust me, my boy, and you'll not regret it." Between promises and fulfillment lies a deep and rocky chasm. Somewhere in the depths of this is buried Cullen Landis' faith in human nature.

At the end of a year, instead of the bonus he had been promised by one company, he got the merry ha-ha. There was no swallowing the hurt and keeping going, somehow. There is no logic in him. He can't work for people he doesn't respect. His code is "Stand on your merits, if you have any, and reap the reward to which you're entitled. If you have no merits, you take the consequences, but be true to yourself at all costs."

Sensing this, there was a gradual effort on the part of his employers to wean the public away from him, so that when his contract was not renewed he wouldn't be missed.

[Continued on page 88]
Eddie Peabody, the banjo-playing orchestra leader, is the subject of Mary Brian's impersonation, above, and who shall say it doesn't look like him?

Paul Ash, left, the band leader with a flapper following, fan mail and everything, looks this way to Miss Brian.

The embonpoint of Henry Busse, right, thus appears to Mary when she takes a deep breath and holds it.

Mercy, It's Mary!

Woman, in all her reputed variety, never assumed more disguises than does Mary Brian in her impersonations of well-known jazz leaders.

Yes, it's Mary, right, showing there's no limit to her protean ability, for she's giving us her impressions of Paul Whiteman, the maestro of jazz.

Below, center, the eccentric Creatore is Mary's disguise, shaggy hair and all, but not his frenzied motions.
Pioneer's Luck

Although May McAvoy blazed the talkie trail for Hollywood stars, hordes of newcomers are now dangerously crowding Sentimental Tommy's sweetheart.

By Ann Sylvester

May McAvoy and the covered wagon have much in common. They've taken the bumps, shouldered the dirty work, and eased out the rough spots for those who followed in their tracks. Only their destinations were divergent. The grand old buggy trekked over a continent to settle a new world. May trekked through the first dialogue film to unsettle a whole industry. And what thanks did they get, May and the wagon? They were promptly forgotten in the rush of improvements and innovations that inevitably follow in the tracks of pioneers. The iron horse supplanted the wagon, and with history repeating itself, a horde of Broadway babies with imitation British vowels are dangerously crowding the future of Sentimental Tommy's little sweetheart.

"It's hardly fair," remarked May, dryly, but with an upward tilt to her gentle mouth, seeming to understand the whims of an ungrateful profession.

The simile of the pioneer isn't borne out in May, physically. She is too freshly youthful and delicate, her skin too clear, her tiny stature too fragile. If it weren't too hackneyed a phrase, "a Dresden doll" would fit her nicely. But that's a bit moth-eaten. A powderbox figurine might be more to the point—and slightly more original.

She wore red the day she lunched with me, and there was a vitality to her words that equaled her costume. "I'm tired of being idle, because certain critics didn't like the first Vitaphone picture I did," she said. She wasn't exactly complaining.

"I was the first Hollywood player cast in a talking picture. That was 'The Jazz Singer,' made more than a year ago. Everything was so rawly new. There was no time to prepare ourselves for either the production or the outcome. The tempo was speed, speed, speed. The producers were in the wildest haste to get the new toy on the market.

"The Vitaphone was far from being the clear recording machine it is now. It has made wonderful strides in a year. But at that time there was a slightly scratchy effect, which did nothing toward improving the human voice. Of course I was thrilled to do the picture. I jumped at it, before I realized what comparisons I was letting myself in for. I thought it would be perfectly clear to everyone, as it was to me, that the picture was just an experiment.

Miss McAvoy will not attempt to learn stage English, because she believes in the "natural" accent.

"But imagine my surprise to find, after the release of the picture, that I was being measured with the same rod as Ethel Barrymore, Jeanne Eagels, and even Jolson himself. Some of the critics realized my odd position, and made allowances for it. But not many of them. The majority carefully pointed out that my voice sounded weak and untrained, in comparison to Jolson's. It struck me as being rather funny."

Again that little smile of May's, which seems to understand and question at the same time.

"What voice in the world wouldn't sound weak compared to Jolson's? He is conceded to have one of the richest, deepest, and most appealing voices on either stage or screen. It's tremendous. Fairly rings in your ears, long after you've left the theater. Coupled with it's natural vibrancy, years on the stage have strengthened it. Even with the marvelous strides made by the various 'phones,' no voice has equaled Al's. And yet I, without one whit of stage training, must equal his range and vibrancy in my first attempt at speaking, or suffer from the critics!

"Following 'The Jazz Singer' came 'The Lion and the Mouse,' in which I was teamed with another stage veteran, Lionel Barrymore. After that came 'The Terror,'"

Continued on page 96
It is just across the street from the Vine Street Theater, so Franklin Pangborn and his gang rush over between rehearsals. Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, and Lola Lane and most of the other youngsters from the Fox lot lunch there. It is a place where you can go dressed for the tennis court, or made up for work, and not be shamed by the swish of silk, or a blaze of jewels from near-by tables.

Of course, it was difficult to convert Fanny to quiet and corned-beef hash, after her years of devotion to the fribburies of Montmartre, but now—like almost every one else in town—her tastes have changed. She came rushing in, laden with bundles, just in time to wheeze the head waiter into letting us have the coveted first booth, where you can see every one coming and going.

"Well, at last I got into the theater to see 'Coquette,'" she announced with an air of triumph. "The only way to do it is to get up at the crack of dawn—"

"At eight o'clock or so," I interpolated.

"And be there when the doors open at nine o'clock. And what a thrill it is to see how many other people are early risers! It certainly seems silly to go to a theater at that hour, but you recover from being light-minded once the show begins.

"Mary gives a beautiful, touching performance. You love her from the minute she appears, not with that amused, slightly patronizing love you had for her when she was the little Cinderella with long curls, but a deep, respectful admiration.

"And her voice! I've forgiven a lot of other players for blaming their deficiencies on mechanical imperfections, but Mary makes you feel that it is her own voice and not a machine that you hear. And it is so nice to see her playing a grown-up rôle with real intelligence."

As for me, I will never quite forgive Miss Pickford for changing the play and whitewashing the heroine, but I saw that Fanny had gone off on one of her enthusiastic spells, and it was no time to venture a criticism, if I didn't want to get into a lengthy argument. However, I did force Fanny to admit that a Southern heroine needn't have worn such dowdy clothes.

"Mary is as enthusiastic as a child over her triumph. Whenever she has time she goes downtown and drives past the theater to see if it is really true that there is a long line at the box office waiting to get in. Making a picture like 'Coquette' was

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Ina Claire is renewing old friendships in Hollywood preparatory to her début in the talkies.

At last, after all these years, the film colony has another restaurant! Now, instead of fighting your way through the crowds at the Montmartre, it is quite possible to have luncheon among friends and still not hit the dishes on the next table with your elbows.

Of course, there have been dozens of new restaurants that tried to challenge the supremacy of Montmartre, but most of them died unsung. They never quite outlived the discouragement of being patronized by a single buzzing fly, or a few people who didn't want to be seen lunching together. But when The Brown Derby opened under the management of Wilson Mizner, the first wit of his time, every one flocked to it. Maybe they came, hoping to pirate a few of his priceless remarks, but it was the food that brought them back.

The Brown Derby isn't the party air of Montmartre. There are no flower-decked tables, where twenty-five or thirty women bring presents and celebrate the birthday of some director's wife. There is no orchestra, no fashion parade. No photographer dashes in to grab a flash light of the exhibitor from Tawanda surrounded by Wampas baby stars. There is just a big room, with booths around the sides, and a big table near the entrance where hors d'oeuvres are displayed.

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Photo by Denley

Ina Claire is renewing old friendships in Hollywood preparatory to her début in the talkies.

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Photo by Denley

Over the

by The Bystander

Loretta Young is to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Fast Life."
such a brave venture for her, and there were so many times when she wondered if her public would stand for it."

And stand for it is just what they are doing, though I'd hardly mention that.

"I wonder if it is really true this time that she and Douglas plan to make a picture together?"

Dear, dear, Fanny still believes in publicity announcements. Will she never grow a little skeptical?

I wonder sometimes why none of the younger stars ever learn from the Fairbankses how to get reams of publicity year after year between pictures. They do it by announcing one year that they are to take a real vacation and go on a world tour. That makes the public rush to see their current picture for fear there won't be any others for a long time. Sometimes they get as far as France, then they come home, make another picture, and announce that they will make a picture together. But first each makes one without the other. Then they announce again that they are going on a world tour. To make it news the second time—it seems more like the fourth—they add all sorts of homely, little details about how they expect to rough it. They announce how they plan to travel in an unpretentious car and go off the main roads, like the gypsies-o, with Mary washing out Doug's shirts in a roadside stream. What they actually do when they get to Europe is to rough it in some place about as primitive as the Duke of Alba's castle; but never mind, they've had the publicity—reams of it.

Well, this year they're back to the costarring gag. And to make it a little more startling, they've announced it would be something Shakespearean, "Taming of the Shrew" most likely.

Well, maybe they will. And maybe they won't announce again next year that they are going on a world tour. But if they do the first and don't the second, I'll be a little disappointed. They will have spoiled the greatest space-grabbing record ever based on nebulous plans.

"You know, Mary seems to be getting much more fun out of life than she used to," Fanny broke in on my reverie. "She's become quite an aviation enthusiast. She and Douglas and Lillian Gish made a tour of the Southwest a while ago, visiting various points of interest. I doubt if she will ever be—"
"I know that I am going to love Ina Claire, because she has shown rare judgment in choosing Mickey Neilan to direct her first picture. No matter how many poor films he has made, I still believe that he is the most brilliant director of all. And I am all for any star who has the foresight to give him a chance."

"But Ina Claire doesn't really need any one's good wishes," I insisted. "She was charming in the silent picture she made years ago for the old Metro company, and now with her voice on display she just can't fail to be good."

"Have you heard about Charlie Farrell?" Fanny asked, and without waiting to hear whether I had or not, she rambled right on. "He is running for mayor of Toluca Lake. The opposition candidate is Richard Arlen, so it is a pretty tough decision for a fan to have to make. There are only nine families living in Toluca Lake, so the race is bound to be close, and Richard has the advantage of being married. There is one vote he can be sure of, and that is Jobyna Ralston's!

"Charlie is getting a boat—a nice cruiser—but he won't be able to take the voters on excursions around the lake. After all, Toluca Lake is only about four feet deep at the height of the rainy season. And the chances are that the boat won't be delivered in time for him to ingratiate himself with the voters, anyway. But it will make him awfully popular with his friends in general this summer. Charlie has to start making a picture with Janet Gaynor very soon, so he has offered the use of his boat to his friends while he is working. And just about all his old pals at the Athletic Club are figuring on borrowing it for week-end cruises.

"Have you noticed what a lot of pretty, young girls you see everywhere nowadays?" Fanny asked, as a group of youngsters in their early teens came tripping in. "All the tap-dancing schools in town are full of ex-chorus girls and young hopefuls. Why, the Fox 'Follies' alone have about thirty of the prettiest girls you ever saw. They all had to go down to court the other day to have their contracts approved. None of them have reached their twenty-first birthday, and most of them are nearer fifteen.

"All the studios are making musical revues and comedies with music, so there is plenty of work for two or three hundred chorus girls. Louise Fazenda is making a Technicolor picture for the Warners, called 'On with the Show.' It's a grand role for Louise, because in addition to giving her a chance to be funny—and how little opportunity she needs!—she wears some gorgeous costumes and a bright-red wig. Bessie Love is a trouper again, in 'Eva the Fifth.' But that is a story about an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' tent show.

"The prettiest chorus girl in town has signed a contract to be featured in Edward Small's productions for Columbia. That's Marjorie King, who used to be in
pictures, but who was in the chorus of 'Show Boat' in New York last winter."

"Is that the same Marjorie King?" I started to ask, and Fanny assured me that it was the very same one who made such an impression on us more than a year ago. We were at the Metro-Goldwyn studio when the prettiest little slip of a girl you ever saw came to make a test for the lead in 'White Shadows.' She didn't get the role; didn't even make a test for it, because she realized she was unsuitable. But at the time we were so impressed by her youth and beauty and charm, that we predicted immediate success for her. Which, as you see, she didn't get. But there are high hopes for her now.

"It's funny how few newcomers there are in pictures, except for the people who have stage reputations," Fanny remarked. "In the old days directors were always discovering some girl in the extra ranks and promoting her to featured roles, but now only some middle-aged woman, who can point to ten years on Broadway, is looked on as promising screen material. Bill Beaudine is the only director with real courage—or perhaps it's keen eyesight. He's found a youngster by the name of Virginia Bruce who has never had any stage or screen experience, but he has such confidence in her ability that he has signed her to a personal contract, and intends using her in big roles from the start.

"I doubt if this craze for stage players will last. We're so used to youth and beauty on the screen, we'll never work up the same enthusiasm for mature and rather colorless creatures of dignity. After all, you can't have the same friendly feeling for a person who is introduced to you at the height of her powers, that you have for some one like Clara Bow, whom you have known from her first crude efforts to the day when she convinced you beyond a doubt that she could act."

"But what about her voice?" I inquired, just by way of being disagreeable.

"Well, what about it?" Fanny answered belligerently. "You couldn't really expect her to have a melodious voice, could you? I didn't mind her voice in 'The Wild Party'; that is, not much. It was the general rowdy air of the picture that annoyed me. It was a sort of extravaganza of burlesque beauties in such a college as was never seen even on the musical-comedy stage."

"But didn't Marceline Day look lovely?" I exclaimed.

"And she made me like her even if her part was prudish and unsympathetic," Fanny assured me. "In spite of all I've said in favor of talented guttersnipes on the screen, I think there really is a place for a few nice girls. And Marceline and Alice Day are my favorites of these."

"Evidently producers agree with me, as Marceline and Alice are being kept awfully busy. Marceline is under contract with Fox and is working all the time. Alice is playing with Richard Barthelemy, in 'Drag,' and as soon as she finishes that she is going to Warner Brothers to make a jazz-mad picture, with Ted Lewis. Alice grows more beautiful every day.

"Sharon Lynn played in Marceline's last picture for Fox. Every once in a while between scenes some one would ask her to play the piano, and one day while she was playing, one of the studio executives came by and heard her. "What's that you're playing?" he asked, and to his surprise learned that it was a composition of her own. He had her play it for some of the other officials and they all liked it, so it is to be used in one of the new Fox pictures, probably 'The Cock-eyed World.' So, if Sharon's beauty fades—and there is no danger of that for years and years—she can get a job composing theme songs."

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History

The present invasion of Hollywood by players ago, and the refusal of the fans to take to their Remembering this, the prediction is made that than familiar favorites

By Elsi

Because their salary demands were enormous, producers argued that they must be good. It was the same line of reasoning that prompted them to crowd their sets to suffocation with priceless rugs and genuine antiques, and to contract for their stories at the rate of fifty cents per word.

Only the vital spark which has somehow persisted in spite of abuses, saved the movies from annihilation during this heroic art-grafting operation; and now that talking pictures offer a new lease of life and the crippled industry is able to sit up and take a bit of nourishment, it looks as though producers are about to repeat the mistakes which branded silent films as economic and artistic failures.

The wholesale importation of voices, with nothing to back them up but a transient Broadway reputation, the reckless expenditure of vast sums on sound equipment, while the new medium is still in its experimental stage, suggest that the powers-that-be of Hollywood have not learned their lesson.

Present conditions in Hollywood bring to mind the panic that swept the film world slightly more than a decade ago when producers were vying for the services of such stage and opera stars as Elsie Ferguson, Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, Geraldine Farrar, Billie Burke, Enrico Caruso, and Mary Garden.

Then, as now, established screen favorites shook in their shoes as the restless eyes of the moguls of moviedom turned to the footlights in search of big names, glamorous personalities and that professional dignity of which the infant industry seemed sorely in need.

The gesture was typically movie in its grandiloquence. It was at once a challenge to Old Mother Stage, who could not hope to compete with the lure of Hollywood gold, and a sumptuous bid for the serious attention of a class hitherto contemptuous of, or indifferent to, film entertainment—the highbrow element.

Playwrights, critics, eminent authors—of happy memory!—and that section of the public which bowed down to their opinion, were drawn willy-nilly into the movement.

The movies were talking in terms of much hard cash, and the organized writing fraternity, of which there is no more cash-canny group in America, was impressed. The result of this recognition was the elevation of the humble motion-picture into the dizzy realm of art.

Art consciousness has always stood in the way of the natural and logical development of the screen. At least, it began to intrude at the period of which we speak, when the first stage luminaries were transported across the continent in private cars to mingle their costly effulgence with the Kleig rays.
Repeats Itself

from the stage recalls a similar condition years
hearts most of the high-priced newcomers.
the real stars of the talkies will be none other
of the once-silent films.

Que

Thrilled with optimism and enthusiasm for the
life-saving device which, we are told, came just in
the nick of time to prevent a fatal crash, the gent-
lemen who make our movies have again gone off
their heads.

Point to the dusty back pages of screen history
wherein are inscribed those big stage names which
were to revolutionize the business, point to the
frightened filmites of that day, a few of whom are
still going strong despite the effort to supplant
them, and your entranced movie magnate will wave
you aside with a laugh.

"But we didn't have the voice then!" he will
explain. "Think what Ferguson and Farrar and
Caruso would have been on the screen if they could
have spoken or sung their lines!"

It is a fallacious argument, and one destined to
bring much grief in its wake. Ferguson, Farrar,
and Caruso were interesting to the public as per-
sonalities. So, in an earlier day, were Sarah Bern-
hardt and Minnie Maddern Fiske. The attempt
to immortalize in celluloid the genius of these last-
named great actresses was a pitiful failure.

Improvements in the mechanics of picture-mak-
ing seemed to point to screen success for stage favor-
itites of twelve years ago; not only was this in
their favor, but they were, for the most part,
women in the full flower of their beauty, able to
face the camera with a measure of confidence,
despite its cruel distor-
tions; and, it should not
be forgotten, they had
already reached the pin-
nacle of success in their
profession before the
movies beckoned. Due
to a number of reasons,
of which the advance-
ment of pictures is an
outstanding one, no stage
figure of to-day has a
fame comparable to those
giants of yesteryear.

This last fact is ap-
parently ignored in the
mad rush to import stage
talent for the talkers.

Keokuk and El Paso
knew about Ethel Bar-
rymore and Otis Skinner

Billie Burke's infections vivacity
is largely due to her voice, which
the screen could not make audible
when she went to Hollywood.

before these great Thespians
were flashed on the screen. Who,
outside the big cities of the East,
knows or cares much to-day
about reigning Broadway favor-
ites?

The public wanted to see, at
least once, men and women of
whom they had read and heard
for years. Once was usually
enough. The stage-trained movie
aspirant of to-day has not only
public indifference to surmount,
but must face an improved criti-
cal faculty and the skeptical atti-
tude already apparent in audi-
dences to which sound films have
carved to be a curiosity.

"Canned theater" and canned
lobster may do for emergency
entertainment, but a little of each
will go a long way with the fast-
idiously inclined. If the talking
picture succeeds in becoming
more than a novelty, it will have
to develop as an independent art;
and the players will have to be
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Esther—As She Is

This accurate review of Miss Ralston’s life includes the extremes of hardship and luxury, and accounts for the woman she is to-day.

By Margaret Reid

EVERY one was surprised when Esther Ralston gave a stirring performance as Lena, in “The Case of Lena Smith.” Hitherto identified with regulation comedy-dramas of infinitesimal caliber, Esther has never been recognized as other than a sweet girl, pretty but insipid. So insipid was her manner, that when she begged for mercy from inane, frothy rôles, begged for an opportunity to test her strength in drama, executives laughed indulgently, patted her on the head, and sent her back to the set.

Few people know how extraordinarily well-equipped for dramatic acting Esther Ralston is. If experience is the paramount requisite it is supposed to be, Esther is an embryo Duse. Her life has proceeded in broad sweeps of tragedy. Because she is naturally reticent, she does not exploit the drama of her life for publicity purposes. Therefore little of it is common knowledge. Only fragments are available.

She is gentle of manner, gentle of speech, gentle of thought. Which is not as it should be. By rights, she should be at least a little hard, brittle and bitter. She should be more knowing and impervious. That she isn’t is a glaring incongruity.

Born of theatrical parents, she made her début at the age of two. Her childhood was the turbulent one of the stage child. A six-month stay in one town was a rare and exciting occurrence, smacking of permanence. During these stationary intervals, the small Esther would watch, shyly, from afar, little girls who lived always in one house, little girls who played with dolls in the daytime and, after a dinner which never failed to materialize, were tucked into bed. Esther envied them passionately. To her their existence was an enchanted one.

When other children were being put to bed, Esther and her four brothers, with their mother and father, were stepping confidently out before the footlights, sometimes leaping and swaying tortuously among trapezes, or, just as blithely, storming through the tearful emotion of the current melodrama.

These, however, were the halcyon times. There were other periods, dismal ones, when there were no engagements, and the Ralston family paused uncomfortably, dawdling as long as possible between one precarious meal and the next.

Even in the dim days of her earliest childhood, Esther was conscious of the complexities of existence, the difficulty of finding ways and means. Her short legs working furiously the pedals of a tricycle, and her infant pride tortured by the humiliation, she would be sent one or two or three miles across town to borrow five dollars so that the Ralstons might eat.

It was impressed upon her always that she was an actress, and that actresses never for a moment forgot their trade. The world outside the theater was as much a stage as the expanse between footlights and backdrop. The natural, thoughtless abandon of childhood was forbidden her. She must be appealing, she must be dignified. She must use this gesture and that intonation—not just between eight thirty and eleven at night, but all the time.

She finds to-day a sharp pleasure in being natural, in discarding pretense of any sort. It is a heady sensation to herself, to confine her acting to the camera. She delights in being able to do it, just as other girls delight in “putting on an act.”

The lovely, gracious Esther of to-day has been evolved, amazingly, out of the stilted, self-conscious little marionette of her childhood. She insists that credit for the change is due her husband. Some of it, perhaps—the smoothing of rough edges. But not all. Esther herself is a person of strength and individuality. The material was there, or it could not have been brought out.

During a chance sojourn in California, the Ralstons discovered moving pictures. Howard, a brother, distinguished himself in “Pollyanna,” with Mary Pickford. Through contacts that he had made, Esther got work as a stock player at the Universal studio, with a noble contract involving fifty dollars a week. So Esther worked, and the idea seemed to have been that the brothers were, by this means, to be given a college education. The quiet Esther, as she rode bucking bronchos, and was thrown over cliffs in Westerns, may have questioned the justice of this arrangement. But, if she did, it was silently, for she was a Ralston, and the little clan was fierce in its family pride.

It was while she was with Universal that she met a man who looked at the angular, shy, affected girl in badly chosen clothes, and recognized the potential charm underneath. He was a manager of actors, and elected to take her in hand. His interest extended beyond the routine of getting her good rôles. He made her take the frills and the ribbons off her dresses, the abundant roses off her hats. Made her walk with an erect carriage, instead of the slouch she had adopted in vain attempt to conceal the height which was her de-

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DURING her childhood on the stage Esther Ralston was never permitted to be natural, to be herself. That is why her greatest satisfaction to-day lies in casting aside pretense and being wholly herself. Margaret Reid’s analysis opposite is one of her keenest.
FOR all the high spirits of the collegiate heroes he plays, Nick Stuart is really an exemplary young man. He doesn't even smoke, and refuses coffee and tea. Honestly he does. It's because he needs no other stimulation than his abounding good health.
HERE'S the kid himself — Davey Lee—all but his remarkable voice which endeared him to the fans in "The Singing Fool." It will be heard again in "Little Pal," the new picture which, incidentally, stars his own pal, Al Jolson. But no matter who is the star, Davey's own particular heart-throbs make him the pal of every fan.
WHO'LL buy a paper from Colleen Moore and keep a roof over her head for another night? Who wouldn't buy a whole edition, especially when her voice is raised in crying, "Wuxtry! I'm going to make a talking picture, though I said I wouldn't!" It will be called "Smiling Irish Eyes," and Colleen will speak and sing in it.
TALKING pictures have wrought a marvelous change in Norma Shearer. They have disclosed a fine voice and a new, compelling personality as well, which combine the appeal of screen and stage. Make way for her in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"!
FOR all her poise, professionally and socially, Alice Joyce is
girlishly awed by prominent people, even those in the movies.
Alma Talley tells you about this in her story opposite, and ex-
plains why Miss Joyce's position is unique among the stars.
She Acts When She Chooses

Alice Joyce is the only player who retires for long periods, and finds the public waiting for her when she comes back for an occasional picture.

By Alma Talley

It is a dangerous thing for a star to take a long vacation, and then try to regain her pinnacle. Fame, popularity, box-office appeal—call it what you will—is evanescent. A star may have it to-day, but she dare not gamble on to-morrow.

Many stars have tried, sometimes involuntarily, because of illness. Many more—women stars—after several years of marriage and domesticity, have changed their minds about retiring, and found, to their dismay, that the public had also changed its mind. A newer, younger public had grown up, with newer, younger idols. An erstwhile star, bored with inactivity, missing the adulation and the limelight to which she was once accustomed, tries to stage a comeback, and finds that her niche has not been waiting there, empty, for her return. Her successor has filled it.

Theda Bara, heavy-eyed, voluptuously curved, once set the style in sirens. She was Cleopatra, 1915 model. Girls and boys, all over the country, learned about women from her. She married Charles Brabin and took a rest. And then she began to miss her career. She tried to step back into her place on the screen, “The Unchastened Woman” was to put her back on the main highway of fame, just where she left off. But it didn’t. The public had changed its mind about sirens. Sirens were slim and subtle—enchanting—mysterious. The public’s idea of allure was ready to receive a new, modern type of siren. When Greta Garbo came along, she filled the niche once occupied by Theda.

And so it goes. Lilian Walker, once famed for her dimples, was forced off the screen by an illness of several years. And when she at last recovered, her public had forgotten. Dimples were out of style. Sweetness was no longer in vogue.

Such has been the history of film idols who tried to come back. Which makes it all the more amazing when there is an exception. Alice Joyce is one who has over-ridden all tradition, all precedent. Alice plays on the screen when the urge impels her, and then retires for months at a time, in the midst of her family, a happy wife and mother.

Ten to fifteen years ago Miss Joyce was one of the Vitagraph galaxy of stars. Anita Stewart was another. Where is Anita now? Occasionally she plays in a quickie.

Ruth Roland and Pearl White were the reigning serial queens. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne were the first co-starring team. Now, as screen idols, they are all but forgotten. Now and then a small rôle, or a lead in a minor picture.

Some of the stars of that period have retained their positions—Mary Pickford, Co-riene Griffith, the Talmadges. But they have never left the screen. They didn’t drop out for a time, and then attempt to come back where they had left off.

Alice Joyce is almost unique in having achieved this. Some years ago she married James Regan and retired. She became the mother of a baby daughter. She might easily have passed into the limbo of forgotten idols. But she didn’t. Suddenly her name was appearing again in casts. Alice Joyce was back on the screen, successfully.

She has no contract. She works when she wants to—and whenever she wants to, but not otherwise.

Miss Joyce has not tried to revive her early successful roles, but is willing to play the mother of grown boys and girls.

Lucky? Of course. But perhaps it’s more than that. Perhaps it’s because that, in addition to being beautiful, Miss Joyce is wise. She does not, like Theda Bara, try to continue in the same sort of roles with which she made her name. Miss Joyce is willing, for example, to play the mother of grown sons and daughters—the mother of Mary Brian, in “The Little French Girl,” of Clara Bow, in “Dancing Mothers,” of George Lewis, in “Thirteen Washington Square,” of Barthelmess, in “The Noose.” Miss Joyce does not stand still and let time march by. She marches along with time, and is not, like some of her contemporaries, left behind in the procession.

Whatever rôle she plays, Miss Joyce invests with dignity, poise, sophistication. She has what is vulgarly known as “class.” She has never “gone Hollywood.”

Lunching at the Ritz, for example, where I saw her, she wore, as usual, a severely tailored suit of brown tweed. No jewelry, no ruffles and beads and fur dangling all about her person. You should see most Christmas-tree-hung stars from Hollywood!

Miss Joyce is a little difficult to know well. She talks, yes—quietly, with dignity, and easily. She has too much poise to be shyly silent. But through all her conversation she is aloof, reserved. She gives you nothing of herself, really, nothing of that self buried down years ago.

But, incongruously enough, she has the enthusiasms of a seventeen-year-old fan. Despite her sophistication, her social sureness, she is awed in the presence of the great.

She described, for example, her recent stage venture in Los Angeles, when she appeared in “The Marriage Bed.” It was her first professional experience on the stage, and naturally she was somewhat timid.

“I’ve never been so terrified in my life,” she said, “as I was one night when, at the beginning of a performance, another member of the cast came into my dressing room...”
They Take the Cake

Every day is celebration day in moviedom, what with birthdays, weddings, or pending nuptials, and an occasional good-will fling.

Chester Conklin, above, found time between scenes of "The Haunted House" to give a party, but his fun before serving his director, Benjamin Christensen, at his right; Wid Gunning, the producer, and Louise Fazenda.

The big wedding cake, right, was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellis, on the set of "Broadway." Left to right are Merna Kennedy, Mrs. Ellis, formerly Vera Reynolds, Mr. Ellis, Thomas Jackson, and Evelyn Brent.

Joan Crawford, above, is feted by the troupe filming "Our Modern Maidens" in honor of her stardom, the cake being presented by Jack Conway, director, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Rod La Rocque.

A huge "Washington pie" was made for Mary Duncan, below, in celebration of her recovery from illness and return to the cast of "Through Different Eyes."

Who wouldn't be for birthday cakes if they were decorated by Janet Gaynor, left, like the one she gave Charles Morton during the making of "The Four Devils."
Pat's Awakening

Pat O'Malley slipped into obscurity, and then did some serious reflecting that resulted in a renewed man and career.

By Myrtle Gebhart

HEY! You're looking great!—Peach of a picture!—Sweet child, you get prettier every day! Listen, have you heard this one?

Whenever a brogue drifted by, in kidding banter, you knew that Pat O'Malley was around. He'd talk your arm off. Blarney rolled off every word. His jokes were funny, but too continuous.

A wise-cracker, a smart Aleck, a nuisance. One of those slap-on-the-back fellows, breezy, insincere, sappy. His blue eyes were always up to mischief, his manner too jovial.

Through finding out that a man isn't put in this world simply for that, Pat O'Malley has remade himself. The first sting of realizing what it meant to be merely entertaining passed in the work of making himself into something solid.

For two years he has been out of pictures—not, of course, through his own volition. Yet he has been very busy, much occupied with self-improvement.

Henry Ford once said that a young man shouldn't save, but should put his surplus earnings back into his business. Much of Hollywood must agree, for a large amount of wealth goes into showy display—clothes, cars, social life—to an extent an actor's assets, his "rolling stock."

But Pat knows, now, that a fellow who sinks most of his money in the accouterments of his career is taking chances.

He now is that "investment." The business failed.

What per cent his profits? Little was salvaged except his acting experience. His other present assets—common sense and a clearer viewpoint—were not among his stock before the crash.

Gone is the kidder. The O'Malley who is being given some very important rôle is a new man.

I hadn't seen Pat since he suddenly dropped out of things—talked himself out, some said. So for the first half hour I waited, warily. Where was the joke? Rather, where was Pat? His entire manner has been affected by one of the greatest changes I have ever witnessed. He looks younger, but he talks older. Quieter, steadier, you sense strength and confidence.

His blue eyes, that have a sort of steel as they meet yours, began to gleam. He enjoyed my reaction hugely, but in a chuckling way. His humor now isn't broad or wise-cracking; it is quizzical and kindly, rooted in shrewd observation. We talked over the problems of an actor who goes broke to be a good fellow, who takes his success presumptuously, the spendthrift who laughs at re-

Photo by Dunan

Mr. O'Malley, the great kidder, has changed into a younger-looking Pat, who is quietly fighting back to screen prominence.

The pride of the O'Malleys, their daughters, left to right, Sheila, Mary, Kathleen, and Eileen, are being trained for the movies.
trench. Most of all, we discussed the necessity of fighting back.

"Every man has to strike off a couple of years with red ink. There must be a time of facing facts, of readjustment. The gain in knowledge is worth the cost. I just went Hollywood!" His chuckle mocked the phrase which a few foolish stars have used to publicize their misfortunes and lack of balance, but the sting of truth, a ruthless self-diagnosis, showed in his remarks.

"At first glance, it looks as if the show-offs know their stuff, that spending is the only way to make money. It used to be more necessary than it seems to be now. Buddy Rogers and the other kids live more economically than leading men would have dared, a few years ago.

"Apparently, the spender won, but only for a time. Because of his nonchalance, the spender often gets better roles and more salary. But when the slump comes, or the changes inevitable in the uncertain show business, the miser is sitting pretty. You can't live on cars and credit for long. The plugger has money to tide him over. Eventually the financial status of each is nosed about, and the producer sees the miser's merit.

"I have been both, and I know!"

"After I had been out for a year, it occurred to me to wonder if the reason for the bad break might possibly be found in myself, to stop blaming it on conditions. When anybody's career has done a tailspin, and he reaches the point of wondering if the fault lies in himself, he is on the first step of the upward climb again. This change of viewpoint means a truer outlook.

"Every person should now and then get away from things, even if only for a while in the country. In semisolation, you clean out the cobwebs and quiet down, and learn to know yourself. That acquaintance usually shows that change in some form would benefit you.

"I saw what a fool I had been and, more clearly, my job in life. I had been broke often, before I was married, and had worked at odd things to tide over dull theatrical seasons, never worrying. But here I had a wife and three kids. I had failed. With youth and will, couldn't I start over?

"A man is never licked until he admits he is. I had been a nut. I hadn't meant the flattery and kidding. I understood why they had lost confidence in me. I would show some grit and prove that I wasn't an idiot, nor a weakness. First, I went into rigorous training and took off twenty-five pounds.

"There wasn't anything in Hollywood for me, so I went to New York, to start over again on the stage. I had been in the show business almost all my life. I got on a cheap vaudeville circuit—seven shows a day. Henry Duffy had once said that if he put on a certain play, he wanted me for it. Hearing he was going to do it, I wired, and he advised me to hustle home. I got here a day too late.

"But Freddie Schuessler, casting director for United Artists, and an old friend, began plugging for me for 'Allan.' Nobody else could see me, until the director, Roland West, liked the way I went about the tests. Freddie said West wanted me. We talked salary. I said, 'Freddie, write your own ticket. I want to work. It will please him, too, if you can cut cost.' So I accepted his offer—half the salary I had received before the slump."

Painstaking study partly ironed out his brogue, which had been so thick you could cut it. Experience, both on stage and screen, again proved his value. No stripling could have played that role, yet he had to have youth. There is a new trend toward such parts of contrast, which only the seasoned actor can portray. Not many, however, look as young as this new O'Malley.

Next he had to practice the brogue again for Richard Arlen's prize-fight story, "The Man I Love." Pat has ditched the tall headgear. He will work for anybody, for any money they want to pay him. Conditions matter little. He's through with feeding pride. Instead, he wants to be certain of feeding his children in the future.

"I've got three of the smartest rascals in the world. Everybody knows the O'Malley kids. Lillian and I have been in the theater almost all our lives. Naturally, they are born actresses. They will do something worth while. No matter how low we were, they were always shined from the tops of their red heads to their toes. They shall have the best. Not only material things, but health, education, knowledge of values, a constructive bringing up."

Pat recalled an incident of his own childhood as an added incentive to provide for Sheila, Mary Kathleen, and Eileen. When he was fourteen, there was a strike at the mines. Poverty stalked the village. They had Continued on page 112
Photo by Mitchell
Lola Lane is described as a cross between Dolores Costello and Corinne Griffith, with a full, smooth voice.

A New Face—and Welcome
Lola Lane came to the talkies from Broadway via Iowa and shows promise of never returning.

By Margaret Reid

The studio whimper for new faces had become a rubber-stamp cry. Every producer began his day with the same automatic liturgy, "We gotta have new faces." Even if, on an auspicious morning, the chant took on any semblance of meaning, its import was quickly lost in the shuffle of hiring established box-office names for current pictures. You know how it is, what with one thing and another, and hardly knowing which way to turn.

Then this cataclysmic monster, the talking picture, descended on the movies and had to be given lodging, even before it became tamed and housebroken. What the talkies have done to the erstwhile placid—everything is comparative!—movies is another story. A good one, too. Remind me to tell you some time. We are, at the moment, concerned with only one phase of the havoc—the fact that the cry for new faces has ceased to be whimsy, and is now stark realism. And as if that weren't sufficient to take the taste out of the executive morning coffee, the faces have also to be equipped with voices.
The beautiful can no longer be dumb. It is the millennium.

The new audibility of old favorites heretofore silent has been, in the main, disquieting. Unless their strength has been built up by previous stage experience, most of the victims of the deadly microphone fall by the wayside, with a despairing gurgle of sibilant lips and strident vowels.

So that to make a long story shorter, is why the movies really are going in for new faces, with the legitimate theater their natural field of plunder. The newest and fairest of their booty is the girl I’ve been trying all this while to introduce to you. No more shilly-shallying—step right up, folks, and shake hands with Lola Lane. It will be a pleasure now. In a few months it will be a triumph.

Lola is the blond charmer you may already have seen in Fox’s “Speakeasy.” No, you’ve never seen her before, unless you attended George Jessel’s recent stage play, “The War Song,” or caught Gus Edwards’ revue on the Orpheum circuit a year ago.

Ben Stoloff was assigned to direct “Speakeasy,” and went to New York to shoot the local-color scenes—and to rifle the Broadway theaters for a leading lady. He learned that, even in the new order of things, leading ladies are not the result of whistling outside stage doors.

That is, leading ladies who measure up to the difficult standard demanded by talking pictures. The discovery of new talent was never a cinch. Now it requires the divine spark of a C. Columbus. Few there are who can survive the double test of camera and microphone.

Stoloff tested from four hundred and fifty to five hundred Broadway actresses. Some photographed well, but the microphone did strange and detrimental things to their voices. Others sounded elegant, but were better heard than seen. Nowhere did the director come upon the femme he needed—a paragon who would be young and distinctive, who could act, and yet be easy on both eye and ear. He gave up in despair, and decided to wire the West Coast studio to send him anybody—anything. On the evening of his decision, he went to the theater—for the first time on pleasure bent, instead of looking for talent. The show was “The War Song,” because he wanted to run back and say “Hello!” to his friend, George Jessel.

He saw the play, but when he went backstage it was to nab Jessel’s leading lady for a test. Taking the test and running it in the projection room were the first hints of a Santa Claus that the director had had in several harried weeks.

Lola, in appearance, is a cross between Dolores Costello and Corinne Griffith—if you can fancy a girl struggling through life so blighted. Softly contoured face, wide, cornflower-blue eyes under finely arched brows, ash-blond hair that never saw peroxide, lisson, voluptuous figure. She looks like the perfect decoration for chaise longues, gardens, and other aids to femininity. Temperamentally, she is forthright and intrepid, with a fund of philosophical common sense that renders her more practical than an ornament really need be.

But twenty she is well on the way to success, fame, riches. Seven years ago, at thirteen, she was a silent, moody child, rebelling against an unhappy environment. But even then, at the basis of her rebellion was logic. Maybe this, she reasoned secretly, was her métier, her niche in life. But there was also a chance that it wasn’t. If it wasn’t, then something had to be done about it, and she was the only one to do it. Methodically, while other little girls were playing with their dolls and having tea parties, Lola was already laying down plans.

Because Lola evinced a natural flair for cooking, she cooked three meals a day for the seven in her family. With school, this occupied rather a lot of time. But she was not satisfied. Cooking for the family and going to school were getting her nowhere. She had never studied music, but played the piano by ear. Indiana, Iowa, had one movie theater, and the thirteen-year-old Lola got the job of pianist there. Still insatiable, she made use of an innate talent for dressing hair, worked up a clientele, and was finally able to open and run a tiny shop. Until she was seventeen her life revolved around her four activities—the kitchen, the schoolroom, the movie theater, and the hair-dressing shop.

She had made enough money to put her sister through college, and to give herself two years of it. But she needed more. It was a driving urge to improve her status in the world, to surround herself with lovely things, to come in direct contact with the fine things the world had to offer.

The movie theater instituted a new policy. During the summer trade diminished, so they dispensed with Lola’s services and installed a piano that functioned automatically. Lola was desperate because of this cessation of a source of income. Leaving her sister in charge of the hair-dressing shop, she went to Des Moines for the summer months. For two years she did this, and saw to it that there were no idle moments. She was a stenographer, a nursemaid, a governess. She worked in an ice-cream factory and, having majored in chemistry at school, rose almost immediately to the position of head of the testing department. She was a bookkeeper to a secondhand clothes dealer. She took any job she could get, never swerving from her ultimate purpose so much as to deplore her circumstances.

It was in Des Moines that she met Mabel Wagner Schank, a Chautauqua entertainer well known through...
The Kids Grow Up

Once reigning favorites among the child players, these girls are now promising ingénues.

Peaches Jackson, left, is able to give an account of activities during the years since she played the screen child.

Gertie Messenger, above, used to disturb the hearts of the juvenile fans in a series of kid comedies.

The Fairbanks twins, below, will bring to "On With the Show" the training obtained from their former child roles.

Virginia Lee Corbin, above, once one of the leading baby actresses, has grown up to be a blond young lady.

Mary McAlister, left, who is remembered as a child star, will be seen in Harold Lloyd's new comedy.
Well, if here isn't Louise Fazenda out for an airing with her dogs, even as you and I!

All protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, the foreigners are headed homeward. Filmdom's colorful and fascinating European colony is a shambles, and six glorious years of cosmopolitan dialects have culminated in the dominance of the pure Hollywoodian.

There are, to be sure, some actors who insist upon speaking with Anglicized accents, but even they are in the minority. No more will be heard the rich Hungarian gutturals, the German diapason tones, the French and Italian inflections.

The ravages of the talking pictures are both complete and far-reaching, and the movies are fast losing their international aspect.

The Procession Moves On.

The major departures to date include Pola Negri, who went more than a year ago; Conrad Veidt, Lya de Putti, Victor Varconi, Charles Puffy, Maria Corda, Camilla Horn, and finally Emil Jannings. Yes, Emil—most picturesque of all invaders!

It has been said that Jannings will return in two or three months, but we doubt it.

The glamorous procession has passed. It is a new and different era.

Concerning Greta's Accent.

Even the future of the lovely Greta Garbo might seem uncertain. It depends, perhaps, upon the sway exerted over the public by the audible feature, to which she may or may not be attuned. Greta was announced to play in a dialogue film of "Anna Christie" upon her return from Sweden, but a switch in plans occurred, with the result that she will be seen in a silent picture, "The Single Standard," based upon the Adela Rogers St. Johns story.

Anna Christie" is scheduled as her next film, but will it be made? People are asking.

"Anna Christie" was proposed, because its heroine is supposed to speak with a Swedish accent. It was thought that Miss Garbo might match the demands of the rôle with her own natural inflection.

However, the inquiry has lately been raised as to whether or not an accent is as good when it is the actual inheritance of a player, as when it is assumed by one who ordinarily speaks clear English. The stage precedent would seem to favor the latter belief. Then, too, there is the axiom that the illusion of reality is much better than the reality itself. Perhaps this also applies to screen dialects.

Footlight Invasion Grows.

While the Europeans depart, the advance of footlight celebrities assumes constantly greater proportions. Ina Claire, Marilyn Miller, Peggy Wood, Mary Eaton, Nancy Wilford, Ann Pennington, Helen Chandler, Ann Harding, and Willie Collier, Sr., are names newly added to the studio roster. Will they supplant long-established favorites? In any event, their débuts will be interesting, whether they are praised or criticized.

Miss Claire's arrival was celebrated with a party at which the stage star appeared most gracious and charming. She remarked, among other things, that she had brought all her voices with her to Hollywood, and she hoped that at least one of them would register for the microphone.

Comedy Pie Passé.

The modest two-reeler is no longer disdained by the more prominent actresses. We found Lois Wilson engaged in a short talking-comedy that Christie was making not long ago, and Mae Busch busy on a Stan Laurel-Oliver Hardy film. Harrison Ford was also cast in the Christie picture.

Lois told us that short comedies are receiving so much more attention from the picture makers that it is really quite au fait to be identified with one. She assured us that the volplaning pie has absolutely no part in them any more, and that therefore one is safely assured of not having to put up with the old, slapstick type of messiness.

More Film Revenants.

Everywhere we go we seem to be renewing acquaintances with stars who have been missing. On the set of "Twin Beds" not long ago we encountered Alice Lake doing a talkie rôle—her first. Wanda Hawley we observed one day at the Metropolitan studio. She, too, has been speaking her initial lines for the screen and also appearing in a stage production.

Lila Lee played the lead in Richard Barthelmess' film, "Drag," and Edith Roberts was in "The Wagonmaster," with Ken Maynard, while Helene Chadwick was cast in "The Greene Murder Case," another of the S. S. van Dine mystery thrillers.

Eleanor Boardman, who remained absent from the screen for all of a year and half when her little girl was born, is doing her first talking rôle, in 'Redemption,"
opposite Jack Gilbert. We saw Eleanor in “She Goes to War,” a silent film, and liked her portrayal very much.

**Gloria Would Demonstrate.**

How can a star prove that he or she really has a singing voice? The answer to this perplexing question has been solved by Gloria Swanson.

Lest you should not realize why it is a perplexing question, we might mention that stars’ voices are so frequently doubled in songs that nobody believes they do any vocalizing themselves.

Gloria really can sing, however, and just to give an adequate demonstration of it, she may appear in a recital this fall. She has been studying most industriously with a teacher in Los Angeles, and her progress in the vocal art is rated remarkable.

**Colleen with a Brogue.**

Colleen Moore also is among the students of song. Not that she expects to enter on a career as a concert artist, but simply to pave the way for her venture into talkies.

Colleen has made her first dialogue picture, and has perhaps very wisely chosen a rôle with an Irish accent. We saw her the very day of her baptism in the new medium, and she had managed to survive the agonies of microphone fright. It is difficult to realize the pangs that the experienced silent-film player goes through in making the transition to the vocal form of expression. Cases of nerves were never so numerous as to-day in the studio world.

**Oft in the Stilly Night.**

Night is no longer turned into day, and vice versa, at the Paramount studio. The company’s sound-proof stages, replacing those destroyed by fire early in the year, have been rebuilt, and the actors are working again on regular schedule.

It was a romantic period, nevertheless—that period of night work there—as we had occasion on several visits to find out. The lunch room of the studio, virtually empty at noonday, was replete with glittering personalities at the midnight hour. The stages and the lot were fantastically illuminated, while the wheels of industry ground on.

One of the most attractive sets under this nocturnal spell was an exterior for the opening scenes of “The Wheel of Life,” adapted from the Elsie Ferguson stage play. It represented London Bridge. In the background was the phantom shape of a huge ocean liner used as a setting in many productions. It had no part in “The Wheel of Life,” except as a gallery for the electric arcs which were turned on Richard Dix and Esther Ralston, principals in that feature. However, it added immeasurably to the atmosphere of the scene.

**Dix a Sizzler.**

Dix in a gay mood told us blithely of his first efforts to register on the microphone. “It seems that he wasn’t aware of the peculiarities of the apparatus during its earlier stages of development, and picked a sentence that was full of ‘s’s.’”

“They must have been having fun at my expense, because they let me go ahead and speak the lines with every belief on my part that I was doing a good job of it,” he said. “When they played back the test for me, picture my amazement, if you will. I sounded exactly like a seltzer siphon!”

**Stature and Repartee.**

Singer’s Midgets grew rather punitively during their recent visit to the film colony, according to all reports. They denied that they were going to appear in short subjects.

The impresarios of Our Gang comedies, not to be behind in the race, announced that the first audible film done by the youngsters would be called “Small Talk.”

**“Dream Castle” Changes Hands.**

The Fred Thomson estate has been sold for $540,000. Perhaps the most beautiful of all estates in Beverly Hills, it may no longer be pointed out as a cherished exemplification of the filmland home. The new owner is not of pictures.

In conjunction with Marie Dressler, the character actress, Frances Marion, the widow of Thomson, gave a garden party on the property shortly before bidding it farewell. Many people who were present viewed with a tinge of regret the passing of the beautiful mansion as a picture world “castle of dreams.”

Miss Marion, however, found the responsibility of maintenance too great, following Thomson’s death, to undertake the burden alone. It was Hedda Hopper, the actress, who assisted her in disposing of the place, for she acted as agent in the deal.

Miss Hopper, while not so active in films at present, has had remarkable success in the real-estate business, proving that versatility evidences itself in more ways
Hollywood High Lights

than one with picture personalities. The commission which Miss Hopper earned out of the deal for the Thoms-son, estate would doubtless make many another player envious these days.

Dolores London Idol.

Dolores del Rio is the enchantress of the London screen. News received from the English metropolis indicates this most dazzlingly. Miss del Rio was the favorite Hollywood actress in a vote recently tabulated there, no less than 250,000 persons having expressed their preferences in stars. The victory was complete, except in the single detail that Miss del Rio was tied for first place by the English star, Betty Balfour. Miss Balfour is virtually unknown in this country, but is apparently a decided hit abroad. Other American actresses who won high honors included Clara Bow, Vilma Banky, Florence Vidor, and Mary Pickford.

Ronald Also Victor.

The conquest was even more complete in the instance of the men. Ronald Colman gained first place—united and unrivaled. Other idols in order were Richard Dix, Adolph Menjou, Syd Chaplin, and Charlie Chaplin. Talking pictures were also voted on, and declared undesirable by a majority. However, an American ballot in many places would run much the same, and shows that disappointment was felt in the earlier and immature efforts at making dialogue films.

The success of the talkie is amply proved by the increases in theater attendance everywhere. So it seems that despite all protests they are here to stay. This is borne out especially by the announcement of one of the largest companies that they will produce no more silent pictures.

Betty and Jim Separate.

Betty Compson and James Cruze took the studio world by surprise with the announcement of their separation. They have been wedded six years, and everybody was under the impression that their life together was exceedingly happy. Reconciliation was even talked of, following the news that they had decided to live apart—but apparently with little substantiation in the attitude of the two principally concerned.

Miss Compson is living at Santa Monica, and Cruze has remained at the home in Flintridge. The disagreement seems to have been due largely to lack of similar social interests. Miss Compson likes to go to the theater and to parties, and Cruze prefers to remain at home. The custom of entertaining on Sundays, which has long prevailed in the Cruze household, also did not find favor with Betty, because she regarded that as her one day of rest. Betty, of course, has been active in pictures for some time, having established herself as a talkie actress.

Cat Proves Battier.

Cats are just cats, but then some cats are different. They haven't entirely overcome their primitive ancestry. Louise Dresser found this out not long ago.

$250, although rumor may not be absolutely right.

Anyway, Peter felt that when this Tolstoy production was filmed, wrong had been done him because he asserted, he had been promised the starring part. So he brought legal action. He asked $130,000 damages, originally, but from all indications compromised for a much smaller sum.

The suit and its settlement are among those novel happenings that bob up occasionally to brighten the horizon of Hollywood.

It will be remembered that Rod La Rocque played the leading role in this film.

The Village Poet Resumes.

The air is full of mergers, both finished and impending. O, Hollywood, just be yourself, with change and happy ending. This is the age of tempests, the movie moguls tell us—Who cares if actors speak their piece or, gesturing, impel us? All we want is lots of fun and plenty of good adventure. We'll never fight a clever film, or wish upon it success. The talkies furnished lots of sport, when they were merely squawkish.

Now they're more comme il faut; hope they ne'er get mawkish. Mary Pickford owns a voice, and surely she can use it. Even if she sweetened "Coquette," maybe we can excuse it. Phyllis Haver'll quit the screen; she wants to be happily married. Maybe she's wiser in certain stars, who, when wedded, tarried. The screen has reacquired that humorist, Will Rogers. This time he'll talk, while playing amusing old codgers. A beef-trust ballet was a recent innovation.

What is it? Don't ask! Straight lines now rule the nation. Every studio wants to make a snappy movie "Follies." Songs and jokes they use, and lots of pretty dolls. The Barrymores are back from honeymooning cruising. We find they traveled far, by news accounts perspiring. John discovered lands with aspect quite Darwinian. And voiced on his return many a sage opinion.

The holidaying mood will soon be hitting the player. To prophesy seaward he'll go needs no soothsayer. Hollywood can't cease its life, just for a little upheaval. Heigh-ho! Summer is here, let's to joys primeval.

Ample Advance Warning.

Nothing if not amply in advance are the plans being made by Joan Crawford for her wedding to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. A great many people have, of course, insisted that these two young people are already married, but judging from the ceremoniousness of present preparations that could hardly be true.

Joan recently announced that October 23rd would be the date of their wedding, and also stated that Dorothy Sebastian will be the maid of honor and Vilma Banky the matron of honor. It might also be noted that a three-month honeymoon tour of Europe is contemplated by the couple.

Peter the Hermit Protests.

How much did Peter the Hermit receive for not appearing in "Resurrection"? Rumor whispers that it was $250, although rumor may not be absolutely right.

Anyway, Peter felt that when this Tolstoy production was filmed, wrong had been done him because he asserted, he had been promised the starring part. So he brought legal action. He asked $130,000 damages, originally, but from all indications compromised for a much smaller sum.

The suit and its settlement are among those novel happenings that bob up occasionally to brighten the horizon of Hollywood.

It will be remembered that Rod La Rocque played the leading role in this film.

Betty and Jim Separate. "And don't go near the water!" Anita Page admonishes her pneumatic pet as she feels it preparing to leap into the surf.
It happened at her home in Glendale during her endeavor to protect a puppy from a feline onslaught. The cat was a hard-boiled alley denizen, and after having mauled the dog belonging to Miss Dresser, gave battle to Louise herself.

Miss Dresser had attempted to rescue her dog during his affray with the age-old enemy of all canines. The dog and the cat were having a fearful tussle and the dog was getting the worst of it. Louise intervened in the midst of the conflict, first using the garden hose on the battling pair, and then trying to pull her dog out of danger with her hands.

Her interference so angered the cat that the animal turned on her and bit and scratched her legs, inflicting such severe injuries that the family physician had to be called, and Louise ordered to bed until she recovered from the wounds.

**Bill Hart, Jr., Hurt.**

William S. Hart, Jr.—Bill Hart’s six-year-old son—played in very bad luck recently. He broke his leg and was forced to stay in bed for six or eight weeks.

**At Last—Together!**

Douglas Fairbanks, as Petruchio; Mary Pickford, as Katherine. And that means, in case you haven’t heard the news already, that these two famous stars plan to appear together in “The Taming of the Shrew.” Yes, Mr. Shakespeare’s “Taming of the Shrew” —legitimately adapted and properly condensed.

It all happened one rainy morning at Pickfair, their decision to costar. Doug was feeling a bit glum, because he couldn’t go out to play golf. Also he was unsettled about just how he was going to inaugurate his dialogic career.

**Right then, half in earnest, half lightly,** Mary made the suggestion, “How would you like to play Petruchio in ‘The Taming of the Shrew’—how would it be if we did it together?” The idea struck fire immediately. “Will you shake on that?” Doug queried. “I will,” replied Mary. “O.K.—it’s set,” he answered.

So, just like that, the plan the two stars have often talked about—namely playing in a film together—matured into a definite project. Talkies seem to bring about all sorts of long-deferred decisions, and also some rather amazing ones.

**“Lummox” is Chosen.**

Winifred Westover is another who has sprung a surprise. After an absence of fully eight or nine years from the screen, she is returning in one of the big roles of the year, in Fannie Hurst’s “Lummox.”

Dozens of actresses have been literally fighting for the chance to play this rôle. The fame of the story, the fact that the character is both dramatic and super-sympathetic, and that the picture itself is to be big, has proved a threefold lure. Nearly a hundred different actresses were tested by Herbert Brennon, the director.

Then, one day, Miss Westover flashed upon the horizon. She saw Mr. Brennon in New York, and indicated her keen interest in the rôle. Her arguments were in a degree effective, but did not fully convince. However, she obtained a test. It was not only a photographic test, but also a voice test. The results were good. It took some consulting back and forth between studio executives, Mr. Brennon and other people connected with the production, but finally Miss Westover was the choice.

As you know, she was once the wife of William S. Hart, from whom she was divorced.

**Journeys Become Valuable.**

New name for location trips. Marcel Silver of Fox “Follies” being its sponsor, as appertains to talkies—“Location trips.”

**Ruth’s Triumphant Progress.**

“Madame X” lives again vibrantly on the screen. Ruth Chatterton is her impersonator, and she adds another glowing set of laurels to her waxing celebrity as a talkie actress.

We saw the picture at a preview and it is a true tear-wreinger. The courtroom scene is notably well done, with young Raymond Hackett winning almost as much honor as the star for his portrayal of the son who defends his mother on trial for murder.

The production is distinctly one of the best talkers to date.

**A New Outburst.**

A bright announcement from Universal City contains the advice that a picture in the making there, called “The Climax,” will proffer twelve different varieties of sound, many of which have never before been used in films. They are enumerated as follows: Singing, playing of the flute, violin, organ and piano; playing of a full-piece orchestra, whistling, a Swiss music box, roosters crowing, doves cooing; dialogue and an entirely new musical sound, which will be kept secret until the picture is shown. We are on the toes of anticipation for the last named. Yes, yes, what can it be? Perhaps some smart boy at the “U” studio has invented a new kind of saxophone.

**Fine Financial Distinctions.**

Puzzle: What is a star’s income? Also how much? The inquiry applies to directors, too. It springs from the recent indictment of an income tax counselor, who assisted various people of the screen in making out their returns to the government.

Without going into details of the controversy, it may be noted that some interesting and rather exact figures were divulged on what the film celebrities make during a year.

For example, Ramon Novarro’s gross income during 1927 was shown to have been $241,833.33, according to figures supplied by his income-tax adviser. The government claimed that it ran $248,452.23.

George O’Brien’s was $45,266.66, according to his agent’s report, versus $45,813.33, government claim; Raoul Walsh’s $100,266.66 versus $121,808.33; Fred Niblo’s $166,241.57 versus $166,316.27.

Continued on page 100

**What is David Rollins reading that so amuses him? Ah, that is indeed a question his fans had best answer for themselves.**

Photo by Koble
Little pearls will click, so Nancy Carroll's nice frock is taboo.

Photo by Hurley

Anita Page's fringed dress would fairly steal a talkie scene.

Photo by Bell

You Can't

The microphone made this the battle no clacking of beads, rattle of taffeta.

By Myrtle

Now that the screen stutters, and mum movies are a blessing of the past, all sorts of problems confuse the sound engineers. Even with thick walls lined with felt, the stages ricochet a sigh into a sneeze, and the delicately sensitive microphone can pick up, so one is told, the thud of a flea's hoof.

Clothes, too, have become articulate, and vocal wardrobes must be soft-pedaled. Brocades boom at too vibrant a pitch, the coloratura screech of silk offends the mike's sensitive ear, and even some softer materials have accents.

"Speak easy" is the new motto of costuming.

The gowans' gabfest threatened to drown the stars' soliloquies, so materials and imitations have been sought which present, if any, only soothing syllables. The new opti-audience, both seeing and hearing, has quite enough to occupy itself in becoming accustomed to the hero's squeak and the heroine's resonant basso—many voices recording with just that startling incongruity—and lacks sufficiently trained auditory equipment to absorb, also, the mumbling of clothes.

That fanciful expression of the society reporters who write up fashionable gatherings, "Mrs. De Blump was a symphony in yellow satin," has become an actuality, to the horror of directors—except that in its auditory rendition satin is slightly off key and inharmonious.

Beads rattle. Maybe this explains the sudden departure from the studios of Betty Blythe and Gilda Gray! Magnified by the mike, taffeta rustles with the crackle that our grandmothers had to don numerous petticoats to achieve.

Clothes have a tonal range from the highest notes of the oboe to the saxophone's moan. Organdie has a swish and a smack all its own, crinoline a soprano squeak. Some crapes yodel. And metallic cloth does a verbal valedictory.

Some incidental sartorial noise is permitted. While spangles are out, merely as an ornament, they are used if their clacking sound, as the wearer crosses the room, seems suitable to character and scene.

Shoes are soled and heeled with felt or rubber.

No longer will the heroine proclaim herself of the haute monde by adorning herself with jewels. For most gems have a repertoire of celluloid calisthenics. Jewelry is either worn most sparingly, or not at all, and in some cases is made of rubber in clever imitations.

Pearls seem to be the worst offenders.

Nice, ladylike pearls, that so add distinction,

When Baclanova goes Moscow, now what'll she use for pearls?

Photo by Bull

Creations such as Josephine Dunn wears here irritate the sensitive mike.
Wear That!

cry of the directors, for there can be or even—but let Miss Gebhart tell you.

Gebhart

and to an ingénue that note of sweetness, misbehave awfully. They clatter more than any other beads. During the filming of an articulate chorus sequence of “Burlesque,” three strings of pearls worn by each stepper created the effect of Lupe Velez in action. So the little oysters may keep their valuable contents, so far as the screen is concerned. You may see your favorite roped in pearls in still photos, but not often in the eloquent movies.

It was discovered that pearls worn by Miss Lee Patrick, in scenes for “Strange Cargo,” clicked. Lee mightn’t, with them—so off they came.

Costume pictures may be rendered obsolete, unless substitutes for crinoline and brocades are devised. And what about the hero’s coat of mail? Whose voice, even a Nagel’s, could project an oral bomb over the clank of armor?

Soundless sartorial splendor. Three commonplace words, but when linked together they present a problem which is graying the thatches of designers, and giving camera men the rabies.

Even silk hose and lingerie have been known to announce their presence by rustling. The stars may be forced to wear cotton stockings, even when not cast in ragged rôles!

Lilyan Tashman appeared on a set, an exclamation point of chic. Her frock had that handbox crispness, her Bangkok a silk ribbon band, her costume jewelry was in perfect taste. But oh, what a vocabulary she gave to the mike, besides her own dialogue! Having heard the echo of the ensemble, in the “play back,” she agreed that noiseless dresses would be better.

“I couldn’t stand the competition,” she said, but added, “however, that outfit did speak Paris better than any label.”

A girl was called aside and asked, by a stammering director, if she wore silk bloomers, as a curious crackle could be accounted for in no other way. Only when she retired to her dressing room, and sent her maid out to a dollar store for plebeian cotton lingerie could the scene be filmed.

One line of girls appeared for a chorus dance: there was, as an overture, one might say, an odd rustle imperceptible to the ear, but which made a squeak through the mike; with the full ensemble kicking and prancing about, the “mixer” man in the glass box signaled frantically. The scene was stopped when he explained that their silk skirtlets had the power, though not the harmony, of a symphony orchestra. (Cont’d on page 107)
They're Hits

The talkies are responsible for making these youngsters doubly popular.

Mickey Bennett, above, who has grown up in the movies, played the longest talking rôle of any child when he made his hit in "The Dummy."

The beauty of Vondell Darr, right, was given amazing emphasis when she spoke in "On Trial" and, later, "The Dummy."

John Hanlon, below, makes hard-boiled critics weep when he is heard in "The Shakedown," because of the naturalness and pathos of his speaking voice.

David Durand, above, left, has quite a lot to say for himself in "Innocents of Paris."

Jack McHugh, above, right, distinguished himself in "Chinatown Nights."

Yes, it's Davey Lee, right, who needs no introduction to those who saw "The Singing Fool," but it's nice to see this picture of him, isn't it?
A Timely Rescue

Just when Robert Ellis was about to fade into obscurity after years on the screen, the talkies discovered that he had just the voice that was wanted for "Broadway," so now he flourishes anew.

By Helen Louise Walker

It is a lot of fun to be in Hollywood just now, while everything is in a state of hysterical upset over talking pictures. Fun, I mean, for the mere observers. The participants in all this appear to find it somewhat nerve-racking.

Pictures, B. T.—Before Talkies—had grown pretty stereotyped. Stories were written according to formula. Stars were "discovered," or created in much the same fashion. The lead in a picture was always a beauteous youth or damsels, and by that token if you weren't a star by the time you were twenty-five, the wise ones would have told you it was no use to struggle any longer. Producers were looking for youth—youth!

Talking pictures have changed all that. It has been discovered that it is often much nicer to look at beauteous youth than to listen to it. It has been discovered, also, that if people are going to do their acting right out loud, it is really better for all concerned if they have at least some small notion of how the thing is done. Dismayed executives are casting about with a wild look in their eyes for people who can talk into a microphone as if they meant it.

At the present writing, youth and beauty are rather drugs on the market.

All of which, while it is a little bit hard on the youngsters, is pretty dandy for a lot of experienced trouper who, having spent years and years learning their jobs, were about ready to be discarded.

Take Bob Ellis. Perhaps I shouldn't be so informal in introducing him. Take Robert Ellis.

Bob had a lot of stage experience before he entered pictures and settled down to the weary grind of playing juveniles. He knew how to act, but he was handsome. So he went on and on as a leading man in those stereotyped roles, which gave him no opportunity to do anything but walk around and look nice and embrace the lovely maiden in the fade-out. Finally he began to edge into those late thirties which mark the time when a chap tapers off a bit on the handsome-boy roles, and begins to drift into the slightly jaded society-heavy type of thing.

In the day of silent pictures that meant the beginning of the end. Roles became fewer and farther between.

"Just when I began really to know my job," says Bob, "just when the years of work and study and experience were beginning to mean something, I faced the fact that I was about through in pictures."

Bob's marriage to Vera Reynolds three years ago in Paris had been kept a secret because of a clause in Vera's contract with Cecil DeMille which forbade her marrying. She was having some unhappy breaks, too. So then there was when Vera's contract terminated and their marriage could be announced, they would chuck pictures for a time—perhaps forever—and have a holiday. They had even engaged passage for Honolulu.

When—zing!—talking pictures burst upon us.

Even then Bob didn't realize what it would mean to him, and when he was called to make a test for Universal's expensive and much-discussed production, "Broadway," he wasn't particularly excited.

But "Broadway" is an all-talking picture, adapted from a most successful stage play, and Bob found that the part of the wicked heavy in the piece was just his meat. He found himself, moreover, after the test, with a nice, juicy contract staring him in the face, with the dotted line invitingly prepared for his signature.

"Well! Well!" said Bob, or words to that effect.

And he obligedly signed the thing and the trip to Honolulu was postponed indefinitely.

The wise ones are saying now that he is one of the best bets in the industry. Bob, who was through six months ago and ready to chuck pictures for good and leave Hollywood forever!

Just between you and me, Hollywood is going to find a lot of buried treasure among its own trouper, now that the ability to act is more important than profiles. It is a bit amusing to note that, despite all the scurrying about on the part of producers to sign up stage actors and singers and things, the most notable "discoveries" in the new medium to date have been two people who had

Continued on page 108
The residents of Sound Trackia may sit back and chortle over a Mexican revolution a few hundred miles away—but their own revolution is taken seriously to heart.

There is this about their own little tempest. The alleged City of Sin takes it all very seriously, and like Rome, has its song writers from New York composing scores of scores, as it were, with Neronic abandon to accompany into oblivion the cortège of sad-faced actors who, though alive, are dead.

The old régime is passing. Mortgages are being foreclosed, import duties are being surrendered to their rightful owners, the finance companies—when they can find the cars—and high-salaried valets and Japanese gardeners are feeling the pinch. Some of what we call the preceding generation have grown upstage to prove they are not hurt, while a few have dropped their former pose for the newer and more difficult one of being the tail fellow.

As a whole it is a pleasant spectacle—one which in the Coliseum probably would have drawn the Roman gesture of thumbs down. Had there been real fighting by the writers, actors, and directors of the silent screen as a body, they would be deserving of sympathy. Those who have fought, strangely enough, have repulsed, at least temporarily, the onslaught of dramatographers, footlight favorites, and stage directors. And many, once submerged in the silent drama, have shrieked for recognition and gained it—to wit, William Powell, Warner Baxter, Bessie Love, and a few others.

On the other hand, most of the noteworthy performances in the new art have been given by players from the stage—players, who in one picture, have gained a greater public following than a screen player ever was able to accumulate with a series of six silent successes.

Months ago the outposts on the Western front fell before the verbiage from the East neatly aimed at Hollywood, at about the corner of Sunset and Western, whence it scattered on the pavement and ricocheted with an alarming whine westward, splashing into the Pacific Ocean, after lopping off a few scenario stragglers en route.

The front-line trenches have been surrendered, the retreat has become disorderly. The Von Stroheim line has fallen, and now the cry echoes along New York's Great White Way, "Unconditional surrender, or we'll talk you to death."

Louis B. Mayer has capitulated, and to prove his right to the Turkish ambassadorship, should he get it, is said to be preparing an armistice contract, and to be framing, with diplomatic finesse, the fourteen points under which Hollywood will be evacuated. Latest reports are that New York offered to accede to but one condition: that the poorhouse be endowed to shelter indigent actors, writers, and directors, with the proviso that the inmates must not be harrassed by words, but must communicate in pantomime only.

The few angry survivors, who have been hiding out in cellars, are reported to have come up for air one day, and to have seen the new legion marching over the Hollywood hills with colors flying. One of the disgruntled group, a member of the extinct species, Comedias Constructorianus, muttered the derogatory wheeze, "Not a gag in a carload."

*Esprit de corps* is unknown to the defenders. It's a rout, with every man for himself, and a lot of guerilla warfare going on behind the lines. It is not a pleasant sight to some. Others, however, figure that Chicago benefits by gang wars which only kill off people the police should "get um" anyway. So why not Hollywood?

The novelty of the thing is that two armies are battling, but the kings don't care. The producers want one army, and they don't care who's in it. They'll end up with a polyglot thing, and continue to get richer.

When certain of our well-known—and may I say esteemed?—actors are referred to as having their intellects sorely tried by talking pictures, I believe I know what is meant.

The old dogs can scarcely find the ability to jump through the directorial hoop which demands memorizing words, sentences, paragraphs.

Going to school all over? Some of them have even returned to their days of the slate. I witnessed a rather pathetic spectacle of a famous and highly talented star—by name Jack Mulhall—trying to recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

William Beaudine, who was directing,
The Stroller

was infinitely patient with his charge, who repeatedly stumbled. While a few extras with more character than most dared to titter a bit, I could visualize Hal Wallis, the studio manager, tearing his hair over the waste film and records, and losing the ability of enjoying—if he ever did—a Fritz Kreisler phonograph record, because of the nightmarish association, and imagining Kreisler stopping in the midst of the record to remark casually.

"How unfortunate! I forgot what's next."

An "out" was discovered when some third-assistant prop boy, who should have been made a director for the thought, suggested writing the words of the poem on a ten-foot blackboard, and posting it out of the camera's range, where Mulhall could glance at it when he felt weak.

If you want to check up on his memory, watch his eyes if you see the picture—if they don't cut the sequence out.

After reading this, I suppose mothers whose children have recitations for every occasion, will grom their offspring for stardom—if some long-suffering neighbor doesn't shoot them—either the children or the mothers.

I am reminded of the prodigy who memorized the Odyssey and knew the alphabet backward—

Hollywood has a woman director who is rather chummy with the girls who work for her.

I dropped into Henry's one Sunday morning at about 4 a.m. At a table were an elderly woman and five rather attractive but tired girls. There were few other people in the restaurant, so I watched them.

After a while the woman opened her purse, counted out a roll of bills, and divided it with the girls.

I couldn't help reflecting on Hollywood's need for more of this sort of democracy between employer and employee.

Her name is Sally, or Sarah, or something that begins with an "S," and she is a waitress.

She works in a drug store about two blocks from the First National studio, and to get there you must follow a narrow path through fields of weeds.

On the studio lot is another restaurant where studio employees can eat at the table next to Dorothy Mackaill, Billie Dove, Alice White—and glossy beauty and rampant sex of the type that draws ordinary mortals into theaters in flocks.

The old, reliable blackboard is coming back as the players start their school-day drills over again.

Parents of infant prodigies are grooming them for talkie stardom—and shielding them from suffering neighbors.

But tut, tut! Not the studio employees. They walk through the fields of oats and mustard to gawk at the little waitress, who is, withal, attractive in a homely sort of way.

There is something hidden and esoteric about this. I'll have to ask Doctor Marston, Universal's new psychologist, to explain it.

I sat in a publicity office one day last week, and was even more disillusioned about the souls and characters of our celebrities.

Enter first star, with a magazine in her hand. "What do you mean by not putting my name in this ad in bigger type than the title of the picture? My contract calls for it—"

Enter featured player. "You got my name wrong on that billboard."

Publicity director, referring to sheet of contracts: "Your name is right. According to these contracts your name is to be in letters 57 per cent of the size of the third player. His contract demands that his name be 82½ per cent the size of the leading woman's, whose contract states her name shall be in type 90.4 per cent the size of the picture's title. Then of course the director's name must be the same size as the leading woman's, and the author's half the size of the director's, to say nothing of the scenario writer, and the fact that we used technicolor in the picture."

Featured player, pugnaciously: "I don't want to hear that. I ain't complainin' about the size of my name, or where it is. You forgot my middle initial, 'C'."

Player leaves, as publicity director mutters, "I can tell him what the 'C' stands for."

Agitation favoring the return of one Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle to the screen has been going on in its subtle way for the past two years.

Personally, I don't think Fatty is any worse than a lot of people outside Hollywood, and I was all in favor of giving him a break, and decrying the brutality and heartlessness of public opinion.

I hope you noticed the past tense, because I was a recent visitor to Fatty's café, the Plantation, and I'm all in favor of keeping him there.

His comedy is puerile. His gags are the hoary ones he used on the screen a generation ago. And like a beggar, he makes a crude play for public sympathy, during his duties as master of ceremonies, by constantly referring to his hard lot in recalling, with mock humor and much self-pity, his experiences in the courts.

The producer mind, in a good many cases, is a fascinating thing, if you are entertained enough to try to analyze it.

There is a new quickie company with an amazing name. How it got it is worth mentioning.

The embryo producer, who, so far, hasn't made a picture, was in a quandary for a name.

He was talking to a scenario writer who had a flash of inspiration—scenario writers, I am told, do occasionally have such flashes.

The scenarist was trying to help the man.

"How about Supreme Pictures? Or Artistic Pictures? Or Tremendous Pictures?"

"Naw," said the near-producer, "them ain't classy enough."

[Continued on page 117]
The interviewer went to see Elinor Glyn wearily that she had drunk pre-Prohibition champagne. She had prearranged an interview, and describes one of the most surprising incidents of her day with the Englishwoman, Elinor Glyn.

I scouted up to Madame Glyn’s Chinese apartment, wearily willing to be thrilled, brought me down again feeling as though I had drunk some pre-Prohibition champagne.

To say that Elinor Glyn sparkles but poorly expresses her scintillating personality. As an individual she is as unique as she is stimulating. “Just because I do not think and feel like every one else,” she told me, “I am considered a poseuse, arrogant, uppish, fearfully egotistical.”

I found her anything but! Instead of the over-dressed, over-painted woman with green eyes and flaming-red hair pictured by Glyn biographers, I saw an English aristocrat, appropriately turned out in every detail, living in a world of beauty far above the average ken.

She had just returned from an early-morning shopping tour, and was wearing a one-piece frock of rose and gray silk, gray-kid pumps with French heels, plain, tailored hat of soft-gray felt, pulled at the fashionable low angle on her head—so low I could not tell whether her hair was bobbed. Enough hair showed, however, to see that it was the natural red that generally goes with freckles, the which dot Madame Glyn’s milk-white skin.

With a figure that could make her fortune if she hadn’t a brain in her head, Elinor Glyn, a grandmother three times, has exuberant vitality and youth that are a novelty. There is scarcely a line in her face, the features of which are cut like a cameo. In her gray-green eyes, described by one of her vivisectors as “the shade of evaporating marsh water suddenly exposed to the sun,” lies the wisdom of the ages.

“How on earth have you kept so young?” was one of the first questions she astonished out of me. I had heard that Madame Glyn was an occult, not always on this plane. Was this her secret?

“By vibrating to all the beauty and color around me. Look!” she commanded, sweeping her hands over the dining room where, partaking hastily of a breakfast-lunch of fruit, she had received me.

I had been looking at a jewel of a Chinese room set in platinum—a jewl that glowed with all the colors of a rainbow softly veiled in mist. Every semblance of a hotel room had been wiped out. Even the doors had lost their identity in a glaze of mauve, decorated in gold dragons. The side walls were dull silver. In their panels were vivid Chinese paintings, representing the celestial goddess of wisdom, happiness, and love.

Intermingled with the black-lacquered furniture were orange, scarlet, and mauve cabinets and serving tables. There was also an especially fine bedragoned screen. The windows had their ledges painted periwinkle blue. They were hung with magenta silk, bordered with blue and mauve.

“Every color has a meaning for me,” said the woman who had created this setting, as she went about the room caressing various objects, declaring they meant more to her than the heirlooms in her London and Paris homes.

Though a grandmother three times, Elinor Glyn has scarcely a line in her face and possesses youthful vitality to a startling degree.

I n an exotic nest, on the rooftop of a Los Angeles hotel, dwells one of the most-talked-of and the least-understood women in the movies—Elinor Glyn.

I went for a prearranged interview with this much-discussed Englishwoman, expecting a totally different personality from the one I found. I neither went to scoff nor did I return to pray. But the elevator that
and After

willing to be thrilled, but came away feeling
in this story she reveals the causes of her exihib-
and least understood personalities ever identified
movies.

Ober Peak

because she had worked for them herself. "Magenta
is the most beneficent color—love and kindness. Peri-
wickle blue is the soul, the spirit; mixed with mauve,
it makes devotion. Putting in the scarlets and the
orange means the flame of life.

"Certain colors make bubbling talk; others, peace,
softness, gracious conversation. This room gives me
peculiar pleasure. Especially at night when the lamps
are lit."

Madame Glyn pressed an electric button. I, too, had
a peculiar kind of pleasure as the room was suddenly
suffused in a soft, blue light. "I have delightful, in-
tellectual parties here," she said. "Four or five to dine,
when we discuss history, philosophy, science. We never
speak of people. Horrid gossip to the detriment of in-
dividuals I never listen to!"

Continuing the explanation of her color cult, she led
me through a narrow, Oriental passage into her bed-
room, in rose and green, which she stated represented
life and happiness. It was almost like walking into a
California garden. A riot of roses ran over the green
furnishings, which was hung with coral taffeta. The walls
were paneled in coral and rose. Dainty Chinese figures
held up miniature umbrellas, shading lamps at the bed-
side and on the dressing tables. Just outside was
swung a balcony, also painted olive green, where Ma-
dame Glyn sleeps with nothing over her head but the
sky.

The most fascinating feature of her nest is the
"confessional balcony," where she tells it to the stars.
This is built out from the living room entirely of glass,
and overlooks the city, the mountains, and the distant
sea. The filmy blue hangings at the side are the same
color as the sky above. Low divans with cushions,
soft rugs, teakwood smoking stands, Aladdin-like lamps
in bronze, lend an air of almost supersensual comfort
and beauty.

"I rarely see any one in the evenings," said the
woman who wrote "Three Weeks," "but spend them
here, from six to ten o'clock, looking at the marvelous
stars. Then I am perfectly happy. I am not in this
world."

The balcony was flooded with sunshine on the morning
of my visit. As I entered the living room, with its jade
walls, glazed woodwork in Pekin blue, chairs covered
with green brocaded, colorful cabinets and cushions, the
effect was startlingly lovely. My involuntary exclama-
tion delighted Madame Glyn.

"The colors I have developed here," she said, "repres-
ent joy and gayety. The vivid green is for brilliant
conversations. There is not a single angry color in the
rooms—all are harmonious and happy.

"So that I may have no foolish thoughts, I have set
up an altar to the ten wise men. Look at them," she
invited, leading me to a tall, blue-lacquered cabinet on
the shelves of which were malachite figures. "There
they are, surrounding the god of wisdom and life, with
his two supporters, peace and success. And this is the
goddess of gayety in her garden of amethyst and jade.

Some of the gods glowed electrically. But there was
no incense burning. "I hate the female stuff," Madame
Glyn informed me. "But ah, smell this concentrated
essence of Chinese roses!"

I took a whiff and once more experienced that "pe-
culiar pleasure."

Finally I talked to the woman herself, sitting on a
broad divan that might have been made for a queen. It
was covered with blue brocade, banked with silk cushions
running the color scale from magenta to ashes of roses,
heliotrope to mauve.

"Wait," Madame Glyn requested before I was per-
mitted to sink down in its luxurious depths, "the maid
has got some false notes in my symphony. You can't be
happy there." She flung all the cushions on the floor
and with infinite care replaced them, each tone har-
melizing.

All this time I had been looking for the famous tiger
skin. There was none. Instead, tucked behind the pil-
Continued on page 110]
Caught by

The eye of the lens sees what every at the stars' pictures on

Doesn't the gentleman, above, look a little like Richard Arlen, and couldn't the lady pass for Gloria Swanson? They're Corinne Griffith and her husband, Walter Morosco, about to sail for foreign shores.

Joel McCrea, right, Hollywood's new playboy, has a heart that is not bowed down by Raquel Torres and, top, Joyce Murray.

Pensive, sad, Camilla Horn, left, pays her last visit to the beach before returning to Germany.

Moran and Mack, "The Two Black Crows," above, have joined the throng of stage stars in Hollywood. They're to appear in a Paramount film—talking, of course.
the Camera

fan would like to see, as a glance these pages will prove.

Edna Murphy, below, wants to know if you like her cloth-of-gold pajamas.

Gary Cooper, left, submits his own answer to the burning question, "Is Gary Cooper upstage?" and asks the fans to think it over.

Harry Carey and Edwina Booth, above, newly vaccinated and inoculated, pause for the camera before sailing for darkest Africa to film "Trader Horn."

Whether Davey Lee, above, is as expert a mechanic as he seems to be doesn't matter at all. Isn't it a cute picture?

Mary Brian, right, admires a bit of modernistic sculpture created by an artist with the "futuristic" name of Wiard Boppo Ihmen.
Caught by the Camera

The Florida home of Thomas Meighan, above, confirms the popular belief that he is the screen's richest actor, for it is but one of several houses he owns.

Jascha Heifetz, the violin virtuoso, above, is the husband of Florence Vidor, with whom he is shown, and if Mrs. Heifetz retires from the screen it will be in order to tour with him.

Nancy Carroll, right, fishnet tights and all, shows how she will look in the dialogue film of the play "Burlesque."

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, left, would as soon run away from the camera as they would desert the studio on pay day. Here they become prankish between scenes of "China Bound."
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE

"Letter, The"—Paramount. Entertaining eloquence and dramatic situations make this a milestone in all-dialogue films, and bring to the screen the gifted Jeanne Eagels. A civilized picture, skillfully directed by the new master, George Marshall.


"Canary Murder Case, The"—Paramount. The great "Philo Vance" screen, by Willard Powell, unrolls a mystery with fine suspense, and talks entertainingly. Louise Brooks seen, Margaret Livingston heard, as the miracle of "Canary." James Hall, Jean Arthur, Eugene Palette, Lawrence Grant. Powell takes the honors.


"Redskin"—Paramount. Richard Dix in a dramatic role, pictured in color. Story of an Indian boy's yearning to find his place, and his disillusionment, but prospects of happiness in the end. Gladys George, Virginia Cherrill, also Jane Novak, Larry Steers, Bernard Siegel, Noble Johnson, Tully Marshall.

"Wavy River"—First National. Richard Barthelmess as a melodious convict, in a well-directed, well-acted ordinary story of a man who sings his way out of prison shadows, slips, and is saved by his old sweetheart. Betty Compson, Louis Natheaux, George Stone, Gladden James.

"In Old Arizona"—Fox. An all-dialogue picture, most of it occurring in the open, is a class by itself-superlative. Story of a calico "Carmen," her passionate love for an Apache, hundreds of thrilling scenes, superb performances by Warner Baxter and the two stars.

"Awakening, The"—United Artists. violet Dancy's debut as a star is successful, her story one to her artistic height. She is an Alaskan peasant who falls in love with a Prussian officer, is humiliated and disgraced by the villagers, and flees into the wilds into which she is rescued by the soldier at the moment of her final vows. Beautifully produced. Walter Byron, as the soldier, handsome; Louis Wolheim, a strong villain.

"Shopworn Angel, The"—Paramount. Simple story of ingenious soldier in love with sophisticated chorus girl who gradually responds to his idealistic worship, but hasn't courage to tell him truth about herself. Acted with rare feeling, delicacy and intelligence by Gary Cooper, Myrna Loy, and Paul Lukas, with complete absence of the maudlin. Mr. Cooper heard for first time in talking sequence. He's there!

"Barker, The"—First National. Exceptional picture of carnival life, moving, gripping, thrilling, with splendid dialogue sequences adding greatly to "punch" of the film. A veteran Barker permits his innocent son to travel with his show, the result is the break-up of the Barker's girl, who bribes another girl to take the boy away from his father. Milton Sills, Betty Compson, Dorothy Mackaill, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"My Man"—Warner. The Vitaphone début of Fannie Brice, the famous comedienne, is successfully accomplished in a sympathetic picture that enables her to sing long and often as a seamstress who rises to musical-comedy fame, and whose lover is annexed by her wayward son. Deserted at the altar, she sings "My Man" in bridal array, and how! Guinn Williams, Edna Murphy, and Ann Brody line up.

"Interference"—Paramount. The first all-dialogue picture produced by this company is more polished and believable than any of the other talking pictures, and is a picture and a half tolerated - interesting. Story of a blackmailing adventurer and his tragic end at the hands of her former lover. Evelyn Brent, William Powell, Clive Brook, and Doris Kenyon.

"Show People"—Metro-Goldwyn. Gorgeously entertaining satire on Hollywood and the movies, or a slapstick comedy with sentimental trimmings. Whichever way you accept it, it is riotously funny and is the best picture of the year.


"Four Devils, The"—Fox. The glamour and excitement of the circus superbly pictured. Film quite all it should be, and has moments of genius. Barbara Stanwyck, Natalie Talmadge, Charles Morton, Janet Gaynor, with Mary Duncan in the siren rôle.

"Wedding March, The"—Paramount. The long-awaited Erich von Stroheim story of the love of a young woman and a peasant girl, told in the unique Von Stroheim style. Fay Wray plays with abandon and charm. Zasu Pitts has a tragic rôle of a lane heiress, and "Von" acts himself.

"Singing Fool, The"—Warner. Al Jolson as singing waiter, with "Sonny Boy" the theme song. Thin story, but the voice is excellent, exploited. There are good speaking parts for Betty Bronson and Josephine Dunn. David Lee, a new comer, is nothing less than a sensation.

"White Shadows in the South Seas"—Metro-Goldwyn. Filmed on authentic locations, and has much to offer in natural beauty and pictorial loveliness. T. O'Sullivan to show the actual existence of white men among the islanders. Monte Blue is capable in the lead, and Raquel Torres makes the native girl, Fayaway, vital, naive and charming.

FOR SECOND CHOICE

"Dummy, The"—Paramount. All-dialogue film distinctive in suspense and dialogue running through to a pleasant ending. Mickey Bennett leading, and Zasu Pitts making her first talkie, and about a kidnaping, and reconciliation of estranged couple. Capital performances by all the cast, Ruth Chatterton, Zasu Pitts, John Halliday.

"Noah's Ark"—Warner. A spectacle of more eye than ear interest, unsurpassed in its Deluge scene. Modern sequences culminating in a hopeless attempt to reach the ark, which fades to the biblical sequences, where the same characters appear. George O'Brien, Dolores Costello, Guinn Williams, Noah Berry.

"Wolf Song"—Paramount. Love versus wanderlust. Played by Gary Cooper, and Lupe Velez, the siren who would have the roistering woodsman forsake the open spaces. Beautiful scenery; singing not quite that.

(Continued on page 10)
Just when some of us thought we couldn't bear another courtroom drama and blamed talkies for the surfeit, along comes "The Trial of Mary Dugan" to make us glad there is such a thing as judicial procedure. For it glorifies the courtroom, with a vengeance. There is only one scene that doesn't transpire in the halls of justice. The rest of it concerns the trial of a chorus girl charged with murdering her sugar daddy. Not only this, but the picture ends with the verdict and doesn't trail Mary Dugan to an apple orchard, with a fade-out in the sunset. The stage play is followed scrupulously word for word, with even less departure from the original than was employed in that triumph of last month, "The Letter." But evidence of the picture's success must rest for a moment while the personal success of Norma Shearer is duly recorded. 

Too much praise cannot be accorded her. Speech has made her far more of an artist than she ever was in silence, and with it she has achieved a new personality - more sincere, less given to the futile sweetness which, with an apology, I confess often irked me, and a forthright sincerity that is a delight to behold and listen to. When one does listen to Miss Shearer, as Mary Dugan, he hears a voice that is capable of all the range of feeling expected of the character, yet with none of the obvious effort of an actress striving to make her points. It is supremely natural, but it is not hampered by being merely that and nothing more. It is poignant, dramatic, tender, appealing. Best of all, at no time does Miss Shearer seem conscious of "using" her voice to play upon her auditors. But she does it - and how! The talkies are certainly her salvation, and from now on we can expect such performances from her as are the prerogative of one of the foremost stars of the screen. 

It is a long and taxing rôle she plays, too, this Mary Dugan who is arrested with the body of the murdered Edgar Rice in her arms, as she cries, "Oft, my poor Jimmy - my poor Jimmy!" Then her trial begins, with the woful District Attorney Galwey prosecuting the case of the people versus Mary Dugan. 

I shall not report the progress of the trial, nor hint at its outcome, for the story is a mystery melodrama. Unmasking the real murderer is its high light and climax, as ingeniously brought about as the most baffling detective story you ever read. But I will tell you that Mary is defended by her brother, Jimmy, in order to make clear that the love interest in the picture is that of sister and brother; and also because you will see in Jimmy a new player, a recruit from the stage of whom you will see much from now on - and be glad of it. He is Raymond Hackett, whose ringing voice will echo long after the film is ended. Unlike most of his stage brothers, he photographs in a way that doesn't make you think that a mistake has been made in submitting him for the favor of the fans. Distinctly he "belongs" one hundred per cent. I say this in full knowledge of the many others from the stage who most decidedly do not. 

Like Norma Shearer, Lewis Stone also makes his talkie début. Naturally, his success as the attorney for the defense is no surprise to those who have seen him on the stage, or even to those who are aware of his long experience behind the footlights before the movies claimed him. H. B. Warner, as the prosecutor, is equally fine in his first dialogue film, and Lilian Tashman's voice matches perfectly her sleek, feline personality. Altogether, I found not a single disappointment in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." I am positive you will not, either.

The Fate of a flirt. 

You will see a new Mary Pickford, in "Coquette." The sacrifice of her curls for a bob, her decision to act in a dialogue picture and to play a grown-up rôle as well - all these comparative miracles have come to pass, as advertised, and have resulted in a personality that bears little resemblance to the precocious and pathetic child of yore. Miss Pickford strives valiantly to gratify the interest that attaches to this most important step in her career, but she does not reach the heights of inspiration expected of the momentous occasion. Both the picture and her performance miss perfection. Each is, in fact, disappointing, though this will no more lessen the popular appeal of the exhibit than a daisy chain would stop Niagara Falls. "Coquette" is a picture for the heterogeneous public rather than the specialized critic. The ideal picture satisfies both critic and fan. This is a consummation devoutly wished for by every star, whether they admit it or not. Therefore Miss Pick-
It is with conflicting emotions that the critic strives to do justice to a bumper crop of exceptional pictures, some surprisingly fine voices where least expected, and casts the mantle of charity over a few meager ones.

...
Mary, daughter of the hotel proprietor, Colonel Lanc. Through no fault of theirs, Rainbow and Billy are discharged from the show and ejected from the hotel on a stormy night. In the city they try to get jobs, but fail. Then Mary finds them, bringing the news that she is really Billy's aunt and that her father expects him to come home with her and be educated. First refusing to give him up, Rainbow later pretends that he has found a job that will take him to England—and Billy must be left behind. From this it is not difficult to see that a happy ending is evolved.

The simple story is set forth with vast charm, a great deal of movement and constant dialogue. Between Mr. Dowling's singing, mimicry, and conversation he achieves a genuine characterization. He makes Rainbow not merely a name, but a person typical of show folks. Rivaling his triumph is that of Frankie Darro, as Billy. Many a time and oft you have seen the boy in silent pictures, for he has grown up in the movies, but never have you seen him deliver such an astonishing performance. Though self-assured to the point of brashness, he is nevertheless engagingly eager and boyish, his acting is amazingly expert, and his voice matches every mood. Marian Nixon, in her longest speaking part so far, is sweetly pleasing, but the time has come when voices that are merely sweetly pleasing are pretty close to blah to me.

**A Picture Gallery.**

One thing is certain, and that is the visual beauty of "The Divine Lady." It is a series of exquisite paintings come to life, infused with poetic feeling, spiritual nobility, and some drama. The pity of it is that the lavish outlay of money wasn't able to buy more drama. At that, "The Divine Lady" is not a picture to be sniffed at. It commands respect even though it doesn't thrill, and for many good reasons it should be seen.

One of them is the gracious performance of Corinne Griffith, as Lady Hamilton, surely as lovely a presentation of the famous charmer of history as ever Romney painted. Another reason is the finely modulated Lord Nelson of Victor Varconi. He makes England's hero of the Napoleonic wars a gallant gentleman who loves like a poet, dies like a god, and is never like an actor. Then, too, there are H. B. Warner, Ian Keith, Montagu Love, Dorothy Cumming, and Marie Dressler, not to mention thousands of men in the scenes of marine warfare. These scenes, the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, are magnificently composed and executed, and they too have the quality of animated paintings in telling the story of Emma Hart, the daughter of a cook, who became a power in the history of England through her marriage to a peer and her love for a national hero.

As pictured on the screen, it is a sentimental story languidly told, without the vitality that must have caused Lady Hamilton to defy convention in acknowledging her love for Lord Nelson before the world, to have accepted the ostracism of the British court and been content to retire with her lord to a house in the country, without benefit of clergy. Despite this, however, it is agreeable to watch the story unfold, particularly as it reveals Miss Griffith at her best historically and sartorially. Rarely, if ever, has the heroine of a costume picture worn so many dresses, or such beautiful ones. The entire production is on a scale of magnificence hitherto unknown in Miss Griffith's pictures. While there is no dialogue, there is sound—heaps of it—and a little singing, presumably by Miss Griffith.

**The Perfect Crook.**

No matter what resolutions you may have made about seeing another underworld picture, "Alibi" will make you glad you weakened. A picture whose ingredients are essentially the same gumman, girl and policeman in the current deluge of crookies, yet is still able to draw a big hand on its opening night, is indeed worth seeing. The picture is well above the ordinary in its direction and construction, and foretells better things ahead for patrons of the audible screen. All good fans should now hope that the skill and subtle touches that lift "Alibi" out of the ranks of kindred opuses will be applied in other dramatic fields, giving the gummen a badly needed rest.

"Alibi" has several distinctive features. Some of the finer
touches of the silent drama have been caught, and at the climax of the sequences stage players contribute effective dialogue. The result is swift movement and logical talk.

Opening flashes show Chester Morris, as "Chick" Williams, dropping from the prison line to be discharged. The tramp of heavy feet and the clicking of doors make realistic the otherwise silent scene. In the robbery of the fur store later, capital use of incidental sound is made, and the camera tells the rest. Effective use of silence—and the ticking of a wall clock—distinguish the third-degree scene, in which a suspect is made to "squeal" on the killer of O'Brien, the policeman.

The love of Joan Manning, daughter of Sergeant Manning, for Chick, whom she believes persecuted by the police, including Pat O'Malley, motivates the story. On the night of her marriage to Chick occurs the murder of O'Brien. The girl's father and her disappointed lover suspect Chick, but the girl has theater-ticket stubs for Chick's alibi. Regis Toomey is a high light in the picture as a detective posing as a hail-fellow in a night club, whose investigation brings on a thrilling episode in which the alibi is broken down. Action swiftly transfers to a roof apartment where the lover-detective and the crook-husband have a grand settling up of accounts. There are surprising turns in store here.

The actors are nearly all from the stage, with the exception of Pat O'Malley, Mae Busch, and a few lesser ones. The big roles are played by Mr. Morris, Mr. Toomey, and Eleanor Griffith, all stage personalities. Mr. Morris makes Chick a bad man who is different from conventional villains. Mr. Toomey, as the Broadway fly cop who knows all the boys, is a wonder. Talking pictures were made for Pat O'Malley, Mae Busch and Harry Stubbs deserve a word for their touches of comedy relief.

The picture is intelligently directed and shows that the talkies are growing better with each film. One is not annoyed by love passages that sound like a schoolgirl's literary society reading, as in the early efforts. "Cooing, if any, is left to the imagination.

"Ol' Man River."

With the enormous prestige of the novel and the stage version, "Show Boat" on the screen has a great deal to live up to. While it does not wholly succeed in doing so, the film offers high lights of the story which cannot fail to interest. It is preceded, too, by a musical prologue on the screen, in which songs are sung by some of the singers who made the stage version famous. A stirring musical accompaniment is a feature of the film, with considerable dialogue as well. Despite this, however, the picture itself is scarcely the distinguished opus it should be. It lacks the romantic glamour of the original story and much of its drama, so that it fails to pulsate, but is instead a rather commonplace visualization devoid of brilliance or inspiration.

As almost every one knows, it tells the story of Magnolia, the daughter of Captain Andy and Parthenia Ann Hawks, proprietors of a show boat that plied the Mississippi in days gone by: Magnolia's marriage to Ravenal, a handsome, young gambler, the vicissitudes of their life together, their separation and eventual reunion. This covers a wide canvas, for it traces Magnolia's life from childhood and the scene ranges from river towns to the glittering half-world of Chicago in the '90s.

In attempting to screen so spacious a story it is natural to expect that much will be omitted both in action and psychology, so that perhaps as much of it has found its way into the film as might be looked for. At any rate, life aboard the show boat is picturesquely depicted, and the audible piping of calliopes does much to enhance the illusion. Laura La Plante, as Magnolia, is sincere and her voice registers with considerable feeling. Joseph Schildkraut, as Ravenal, plays his most important role so far and speaks his lines well. Emily Fitzroy is impressive as the gaunt Parthenia, and Alma Rubens in the all-too-brief role of Julie is extremely interesting.

Watch Claudette Colbert.

For one thing, "The Hole in the Wall" reveals an important newcomer from the stage; Claudette Colbert, whom I commend to the attention of fans. Here is a young actress of reputation on Broad-

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Beautiful, alluring, with pronounced ability certain popular players never attain stardom? stars they support, but theirs is ever the eminence of the star. This brilliant article but

By Willard

Notoriously loose ladies. Oriental dancing girls, Chinese slaves, spies, underworld mulls. Her slanting Chinese eyes and dark locks invite the complements of trailing negligees and dangling earrings. She can pose a slender cigarette holder with subtle ease, wear strikingly bizarre gowns, cast languorous glances with those exotic eyes.

"The lady known as Loy" has done well to rise above the milling throng of new faces, who are given publicity by appearing in silly poses in fan magazines. Have you not seen them, with slim legs peeping from beneath a large Valentine in the April number, perched on an enormous firecracker in the July issue, riding on a witch's broom in October, and appearing in the coat part of a Santa Claus costume in December?

These dazzling girls are used to add color to the sometimes whimsical publicity stunts of the producers, and are even lent for commercial advertising of everything from automobiles to nail polish.

Myrna Loy was subjected to such poses, wearing everything unsuitable from pajamas to a Puritan costume. But she has been given a chance to display her strange Oriental beauty in

Jane Winton's beauty and fascination equal that of many stars.

**Why Don't**
They Star?

to wear gorgeous costumes—why is it that
Often their beauty overshadows that of the
course of the flashing comet, never the fixed
explains why they are not to be pitied, 
envied.

Chamberlin

unusual creations which befit her sinuous grace. She has even starred once or twice, but alas, she is not the type to star. She must furnish always the color relief, she must trail in greens and scarlets through cushion-strwn apartments, posing—but, oh, so beautifully!

Gwen Lee, Dorothy Sebastian, and Jane Winton are all unusually attractive, are types which cause more than ordinary attention. They, too, have been subjected to the holiday poses, but have survived them by reason of their distinctive personalities. Gwen Lee, blond and vivacious, with narrow, flirtatious eyes. Can you forget the touches of color she lent to “The Actress”? Or alluring Dorothy Sebastian to “The Demi-bride”? Or fascinating Jane Winton to “The Patsy”?

Lupe Velez and Eve Southern both promise dramatic ability, as well as colorful personalities. Both these girls made their initial appearance in “The Gaucho.” Lupe, fiery, vivid, like a flashing crimson poppy, snapping her way through a rôle of madcap abandon; Eve, aloof and tall, dark and dreamy—seen to excellent advantage in “The Naughty Duchess.” And that glittering spark of fire, Baclanova—color, vivid, like cold sunlight, and marvelous histrionic ability.

Then there is Anna May Wong, the little Chinese-American actress. She has won fame and favor, but she can never be a star in American pictures. She must ever be the frail Oriental flower, dancing before a lacquered screen, almond eyes slanting a bit sadly behind her carved-ivory face. But can you forget the vivid touches of color she lent to “Across to Singapore,” and “The Chinese Parrot”? Or as the alluring slave girl in “The Thief of Bagdad”?

Carmel Myers has slunk her way sinuously through more than one picture. But she cannot be a star, either. She is that type you “love to hate.” The woman you love to see fall to her fate amid a swirl of fringe and a shimmer of silk. And so Carmel Myers in sweeping gowns and white wigs, will lure and be rejected. If you see Renée Adorée in peasant patches, or Norma Shearer in a tailored suit, Carmel Myers may be just around the corner as a glittering countess. Can you forget her Ira], the perfumed temptress, in “Ben-Hur”?

The regal Betty Blythe, who has descended from the gilded throne she occupied in “The Queen of Sheba,” still finds opportunity occasionally to play ladies of
Why Don’t They Star?

Some of our heroines can very capably handle the vamp rôle, and can bedeck themselves in jewels and sin with a great deal of effectiveness. Witness Anna Q. Nilsson, as Iris d’Acquitr, in “The Whip,” Pauline Starke, as a colorful underworld girl, in “Man, Woman, and Wife,” or Estelle Taylor, in the rôle of Lucrezia Borgia, in “Don Juan.” And Dorothy Revier, that golden blonde in “The Red Dance” and “Submarine.”

And so the actresses denied stardom do their parts in supporting rôles. You think sympathy is due them? Sympathy because their names cannot appear in foot-high electric lights? Well, perhaps they may have a few regrets, but after all, are their positions not more secure than those of the stars? Stars may come and stars may go, but there is always a demand for these colorful ladies whose public does not tire of them in their brief scenes. A few of them fade away, of course. Nita Naldi, Dagnan Godowsky, Arlette Marchal are gone, but it was through their own choosing, not because of lack of public interest. Nita Naldi might return now, if she desired—and reduced. Greta Nissen, the sparkling, naïve, little blonde, is doing her luring and flirting on the stage at present, but the screen will doubtless see more of her. Anyway, there is still “Hell’s Angels,” and “Fazil” cannot be forgotten overnight.

And so they vamp and pose and dazzle! Not to be pitied, but envied. Their few feet of film are bound to be what the Continued on page 107.

Yola d’Avril is wasted on inconsequential rôles.

Greta Nissen’s youth, beauty and exquisite pantomime are now claimed by the stage.

Carmel Myers, as Iras, in “Ben-Hur,” fairly dripped pearls, and since then she has never entirely ceased playing bejeweled temptresses.

Rose Dione, a brilliant actress, is forever cast as a voluble modiste, more comic than dramatic.
Boy, Page These!

The brass-buttoned brigade has been glorified in recent pictures, and here's several reasons why.

Nancy Carroll, left, as she appeared in "Manhattan Cocktail," in a costume pirated from an elevator girl in order to crash through to a theatrical producer.

Pat Rooney and his son, Pat III, below, are bell hops in "Love Birds," and with a family tradition like that to uphold, guests surely would have no complaints about service.

Sally O'Neil and William Bakewell, above, set a new pace for the brass-buttoned folk, as checkroom girl and head usher in "On with the Show."

A bell hop de luxe was Marion Davies, left, when she donned this uniform for "The Cardboard Lover," and snapped to attentive alertness.

Service with a smile would be no mere phrase if Barbara Kent, right, should realize her ambition to be a bell hop, though she says she absolutely wouldn't care to be one if she couldn't wear high heels, as she does in this picture.
Though charged with selfishness, Barry Norton has been known to lend his entire pay check to a friend in need, says Don Alvarado.

**Skipping With Barry**

Skittish, mercurial, Barry Norton has little regard for time, order, and the approval of his fellow human beings, but he is kind, loyal, and sincere, and altogether is one of the most interesting paradoxes in Hollywood.

**By Madeline Glass**

Whenever a Hollywood traffic officer sees Barry Norton he shouts, “Hello, Barry!” and automatically writes out a ticket.

Poor Barry! Poor, careless, indifferent Barry! He distresses his employers, grieves his friends, and harasses himself by disobeying traffic regulations; yet he goes right on getting himself arrested. He doesn’t want to break laws, but still he does. The odd part of it is that he usually commits the same offense—parks in a prohibited zone. He isn’t reckless, he doesn’t transport liquor, either in himself or his car, he doesn’t knock the policeman off his box. But when he wants to park, some perverse mental trait prompts him to draw up to a curb painted a nice red, or yellow.

Only recently a burly policeman nabbed him and took him to the station, where the actor was confronted with an accumulation of charges covering a period of many months. Barry paid a heavy fine, listened to a prolonged lecture, and went back to his waiting car sadder, but not noticeably wiser. A friend was with him, and as they drove along, he teased Barry about his traffic troubles. Finally Barry, already sore of spirit, seized the other fellow’s hat and threw it onto the pavement. Then, alas, he saw his mistake. The friend jumped out to get his hat, and Barry had to stop. It was by no means a good place to stop. Traffic was heavy, and the car was supposed to keep pace with the rest. The policeman from his porch in the center of the street leveled a threatening glance at the much-arrested actor. Barry saw visions of himself behind iron bars, his reputation ruined, his career destroyed, and his heart almost stopped along with the car. Luckily he got out of the scrape with nothing worse than a bad scare, but those who know him realize that, because of his peculiar temperament, the experience will profit him little.

Barry is a good boy. By that I mean that he has a naturally kind and loyal nature. Also, he has courage and generosity—too much generosity for his own financial good. He seems to be continually surrounded by the people who “knew him when”—Call on him when you will, and invariably some friend of pre-movie days is basking in his reflected glory.

For that reason, it is extremely hard to understand why young Norton is so frequently charged with selfishness. He is capricious, too, so they say, and hard to manage. In short, if we are to believe his critics, he is the *enfant terrible* of the Fox studio. Well, let’s see.

In Hollywood, as elsewhere, people are prone to toss off vehement criticisms, without stopping to analyze circumstances, or to make allowances for youth and inexperience. Moreover, many of Barry’s critics would do well to correct their own faults before sitting in judgment on him.

Not long ago a well-known actor said to me, “Barry is the most selfish boy in the world.” A few days later he went to the “most selfish boy in the world,” and asked for a loan of money. The man had no scruples about asking a favor of Barry, after trying to damage his reputation. Naturally, Barry did not tell me of the incident; it came from a friend who chanced to be present.

In direct contradiction to the above criticism of the young Argentinean was a remark by Don Alvarado. “I have known Barry,” said Don, “to lend his entire pay check to someone who was broke.”

The charge of capriciousness is not denied, for it is true. Barry was born with a skittish, mercurial nature, and a marked talent for tardiness.

There is not a doubt that he will be late for his wedding, and in all probability he will forget to bring along the ring. Then, when he reaches the church, he will park in a loading zone, and wind up at the police station.

In the scheme of social life these shortcomings aren’t crimes. They reveal, to be sure, a poorly balanced temperament, but at that, Barry’s many good qualities vastly outweigh them in importance.

Though never vulgar or *outré*, he has a coltish disregard for conventional behavior, and is as unself-conscious as a child. One evening his secretary and I were walking along the corridor of the Roosevelt Hotel with him. Linking his arms through ours, he said, “Let’s skip.”

Now, I am not at my best when skipping, but I swallowed my deep-rooted conservatism, and down the corridor we went.

It is a well-known fact that stars usually are coached and drilled by paid experts in the manner which they

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HOLLYWOOD abounds in hobos of a sort. It is thronged with men and women who can't get work in pictures, due to the increasingly overcrowded condition of the business, and either can't or won't work at anything else. And many a white-collared lounging who poses as a motion-picture worker, although chronically jobless, has a harder time of it than the shabbiest "bindle stiff" ever chased by a farmer's dog.

Some one has said that Hollywood has made more bums out of good men than liquor ever has. Literally thousands of persons who once had prosperous days in the studios, or even worked for a few weeks as extras, wait month after month, year after year, for another chance. Some are lucky enough to find other work in a city where employment is scarce, while they are waiting. But hundreds are forced into the hobo class, some take to dissipation and drugs, and the activities of the underworld. Even those who follow the straight and narrow path are eventually demoralized by chronic unemployment.

Many desperately try to keep up a front. They get clothes, and even big cars, on credit, and run so far into debt that they can never get out.

The life of the Hollywood hobo is a gamble, and he has a gambler's optimism. He often talks cynically of his one chance in a thousand of getting somewhere, and yet he waits for a lucky break—and waits and waits.

It is a wonder how some of the jobless manage to go on living year after year. The Hollywood hobos have a hundred ruses to live without cash. Many make a practice of skipping out of their lodgings when they have stalled off the landlady to the limit of her endurance. Some run up board bills at lunch rooms, with the promise to pay when they get the big job they are perpetually hoping to land. Some do not hesitate to commit petty larceny. In the old days they could legally case the pangs of hunger at the free-lunch counters in the Hollywood saloons, but now they must raid orange groves, or frisk milk bottles off doorsteps. Some pass worthless checks; in fact, many a shopkeeper has a drawerful of checks that have "bounced back" on him.

Some of the merchants of Hollywood play the rôle of good Samaritans to the starving, in spite of the fact that they have lost hundreds of dollars by trusting these "motion-picture workers." But it becomes increasingly difficult for the jobless to exist in the movie town.

Often the destitute double up on rooms with their luckier friends. Sometimes the occupant of a hall bedroom will have three or four pals sleeping in his room, draped across the chairs, or sprawled out on the floor. And occasionally such a benefactor will awake in the morning to find that his roommates have sneaked off with his clothes and belongings.

Sometimes the more ambitious of the unemployed work on "spec," or speculation. That is, they work in various capacities on a quickie, with the understanding that they will be paid if the picture is sold. Usually it is not, and if it is, often the producer tries to sidestep his obligations.

Only a small fraction of the number of extras who cling like leeches to a Hollywood future can be employed. Unemployment is general in all branches of picture work. "The panic is on" is the slogan of the crowd. "Pictures have never been as bad as they are right now," the jobless tell each other, month after month.

Poverty Row, the center of small studios, is a favorite hang-out for the Hollywood hobos. Here they mingle with the more successful, who are employed in the studios at least part of the time. Deprived of the cheer of the old saloon—although Hollywood has its bootleggers for those who can pay the price—they seek the price of "coffee and—" and set themselves up at Ma Marsh's combination lunch counter and pool room, or Raphael's drug store, presided over by Maurice Raphael, the "mayor" of Poverty Row. Or they can sit outside on the "mourners' bench," that throne of the jobless.

Poverty Row is full of interesting characters. There is, for instance, Luke, who was a steady-working prop man until he stood too close to an airplane propeller which was furnishing the wind in a movie storm. Luke wears a metal plate in his skull to cover the place where the propeller blade chopped away the bone. He isn't of much use to the studios now.

And there is Jim, who used to earn a regular living cleaning windows, but is now a "scenario writer."

To all who will listen, Jim talks expansively of writing a sequel to the current film hit. He once talked a Poverty Row producer into buying a story, but the producer later discovered the story, word for word, in a magazine; and it was not under Jim's name.

There is Jerry, who lives in the days of his theatrical triumphs of the 90s, and has a scorn for movie acting. But he waits for studio calls that seldom, if ever, come.

Tom is a "director." Back in 1917 he actually did direct a couple of pictures. Since then he has lived on the gullibility of his creditors and the generosity of his friends. He is always "preparing" a big production.

Harry is a once-popular, two-reel comedey star who hasn't worked in years. He loves to tell how he used to "panic 'em."

Jake is an orthodox hobo who bummed his way round the world, and finally settled down in Hollywood, because of the mild winters, and the possibility of getting easy work as a movie type. Anything suits him, if there is no work attached.

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For Art's Sake

Few, if any, Hollywood homes are without a fine painting or two, and some of the stars own valuable collections.

Jean Hersholt, above, has the Dane's love of simple decoration, the beautiful study of peasant life hanging above his mantelpiece being almost the only ornament in the room.

Lina Basquette, right, is proud of the woodcut proof of herself which hangs in her home.

Antique Chinese prints are the weakness and the delight of Aileen Pringle, below.

Richard Arlen, above, has only recently been able to purchase the Italian painting which he and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, long desired for their living room.

Clarence Brown, below, the director, is justly proud of the Mexican tile painting, "El Charro," by Pedro Sanchez, which adorns the wall of the patio of his home.
They Learned by Watching

Unknown to the screen, and with little hope of ever appearing on it, many aspirants found that in observing the stars they acquired knowledge of acting that made it all the easier for them when opportunity finally knocked at their doors.

By Myrtle Gebhart

At the organ sat a pretty girl, her fingers trailing the keys and finding the stops from familiar practice, while her eyes were fastened upon the screen above. Seen at such close range, the figures were enlarged and lengthened out of all proportion, but even with the lack of perspective she noted little things—the way Norma Talmadge used her hands and Constance her eyes, the gesture of a Chaplin.

Young and lovely and dreaming star dust, she wondered how she would look up there among that shining, silver pageantry, and reminded herself that she would do so-and-so, or not do thus.

Stored away in her subconscious mind, Jeannette Loff may have forgotten half the lessons she learned by watching while she played the right music for each scene in a Portland, Oregon, movie theater. George O'Brien learned the ins and outs of studio life while doing odd jobs for Fox.

As an usher at the Chinese Theater, Raquel Torres found opportunity to study the screen before she was "discovered."

Nick Stuart spent several years in filling every job possible, from messenger to assistant camera man.

A number of players, while dreaming starshine, have worked in menial jobs in connection with the movies, acquiring valuable training that enabled them to progress quickly when the chance to act came.

As an usher at Grauman's Chinese Theater, in Hollywood, the dusky Mexican child with such delicate features, Raquel Torres, was busy thinking and not just ornamenting the place. She was studying the screen. Many a bit of technique thus picked up was used in "White Shadows in the South Seas," "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and other films to which she has given her gentle charm.

Though his father was a stage manager, and backstage, therefore, was as familiar as the footlights to which he progressed, Edward Nugent found no paved road to movie success when he left the theater and moved to Hollywood.

While working as shipping clerk, he earned a...
Edward Nugent spent long years as prop man, gag man and in other capacities around the studios before he finally got the chance to act.

As organist in a movie theater Jeanette Loff had perhaps the best chance of any one to study the stars at close range and at quiet.

few extra dollars in prologues and there met Ramon Novarro, at that time also undiscovered and appearing, too, as a dancer. Eddie's first studio labor was as assistant electrician and general helper. A term as "comedy constructionist," a social way of saying "gag man," led to acquaintance with Harry Beaumont. The director gave him a test, and launched him on his career.

Eddie had learned a vast number of things—perhaps most important of all, the viewpoint of one standing behind the camera lines, of inestimable benefit now that he faces the magic box.

Some years ago George O'Brien also garnered valuable studio training while hustling props.

Wallace MacDonald owned three small movie theaters, when the Keystone Kops were patrolling the screen. He not only managed, but also tended his tiny show places with a parent's care, sweeping and polishing, welcoming the folks, selling tickets, singing songs to illustrate the colored slides, and performing sundry other duties. It was a one-man enterprise.

Wally didn't master much acting technique by watching those old flicker chases, but he noticed public response, and evolved some general ideas on what pleased. His film apprenticeship in Sennett comedies, working in dull times as prop man and assistant director, added details to his fund of knowledge. He had formed the habit of noting and filing many bits of useful information, which became an education to him in picture values. So he, too, learned by watching both the public out front and the machinery of the studio.

Hanging in William K. Howard's office is a certificate of honorary membership in the Motion Picture Salesmen, Incorporated, citing him as a former salesman who has reflected great credit on the organization. He was so good that he became exchange manager and, later, district general manager. Previewing pictures, he organized sales campaigns. Technique always interested him, the manner of obtaining effects, which, together with public attitude, was of value when he became a director.

You can label Nick Stuart prop boy, assistant electrician, office messenger and about nineteen other things. For during his years in the Fox studio preliminary to his acting career, he did about everything. He shoved props and held the script, and was assistant to camera men, electricians, technicians of all designations—as a matter of fact, to about everybody rating a helper. While he worked, he also watched, observing details. Timing, particularly, was studied, and such things as angles and lighting, of which many experienced actors have only a slight

Continued on page 107
The Tender Years

Six ladies of the studios gladly hark back to their days in the schoolroom.

Raquel Torres, above, won't admit that her school days included an experience as harrowing as this, but she shows how lightly a dunce's cap sits on her head.

Dolores Brinkman, above, reminds you of the little ragamuffin you were told not to play with, because he didn't live in the "nice" part of town.

Gwen Lee, above, illustrates with becoming gravity a more or less serious moment in every one's school days.

Josephine Dunn, below, assumes the complacent expression of the teacher's pet with ease, because she used to be one.

Leila Hyams, above, shows that even at an early age she was intent on voice culture, though she had no idea of making use of it except in vaudeville, with her parents.

Dorothy Sebastian, above, was always handy with chalk, which explains why she took to movie make-up with little practice when she grew up.
Questions directed to Jetta Goudal, Greta Garbo, same results as efforts to draw the mysterious chatter, so far as their inner selves and

By William

you both believe and disbelieve; she suggests and denies, which usually causes one's ideas to go this way and that.

Versailles, we are informed, is her birthplace.

A sphinx from Versailles. Why not?

Mention of Versailles recalls Vincennes. And Vincennes conjures up visions of Matahari, the half-caste Javanese dancer of exotic memory. Her real name was Margaret Zelle. Her father was a Dutch sea captain. During the war Matahari was a notorious spy for Germany, belonging to the Wilhelmstrasse. She was executed, presumably, by the French in 1916.

Matahari was fictionalized after her announced death, by several novelistss. Ibáñez portrayed her in “Mare Nostrum.” Elinor Glyn forgot “It” for a moment and declaimed, “Thus perish all spies!” when she had her executed, in “The Price of Things.” A few French writers dramatized Matahari in their novels, “La Chèvre aux Pieds d’Or” being the most famous.

Whether Jetta Goudal suggested “The Goat With the Golden Feet,” when she appeared on the stage in New York, cannot be said. All the same, the book made a splendid film for her, as some profess to believe that she is Matahari herself. Secrets were supposed to have been let out. Those who know say this.

Was it true that the French government freed Matahari in return for some very important secrets, then gave out the report that she had been executed? Was it true that they let her escape to Holland, with a stern command never to set foot in France again? Was it likewise true that Jetta Goudal was really that
Sphinxes

and Ronald Colman have about the lady of the Nile into self-revealing personal histories are concerned.

H. McKegg

lady when she landed in America in 1918? Or was it all fabricated by some one who had taken his spy stories too seriously?

Of course there is no great resemblance between Jetta and photographs of the Matahari of twelve years ago. La Gouidal also seems too young. Nevertheless, who could play the spy in "Three Faces East" and "The Forbidden Woman" with more conviction than she? None but a splendid actress, at least. She is a many-sided person, as her roles have proved.

In any case, why is she such a sphinxlike personality? Why does she remain secluded from all Hollywood? She is a very remarkable person, with an intellectual brilliance that would surprise many who do not know her.

A gifted linguist, she speaks several languages. She has a slight French accent. Yet Gouidal talks the purest English. Her French is fluent, too, but Jetta speaks it in a calm, stellike tone—hardly like a Parisienne. Of tremendous mental power, she knows more than any three people put together. Her personality defies definition—hence her mystifying ways.

Ronald Colman is not so mysterious as to antecedents as are Gouidal and Garbo, but he possesses a baffling something in his personality. It is well known that he comes from a good family. He does not hide his background. He merely objects to dragging in his private affairs for publicity.

Colman's sphinxlike quality is an acquisition. It was not always present. It has appeared only since the war. What caused that baffling, sorrowful expression that you see in his eyes when he believes himself unnoticed?

The war "got" those who were in it, and those just old enough to realize the slaughter of it all—that is, the young people of Europe. Colman's plans for the future were shattered on August 4, 1914. He was already in the reserves, and was one of the first to go to France. More than two years of horror passed before he was sent back to England, wounded.

He returned to the London of 1917. Every one was dancing amid the roar of near-by guns. To a returning soldier, the people must have seemed mad. One never knew when one went to bed whether one would be blown to fragments during a midnight Zeppelin raid. Soldiers on leave would have their "last fling" before returning to the death zone some forty or so miles away. Death had touched every family. People went about with a hideous mask of joy on their tear-stained faces, to conceal their terror.

The war snapped the cord that tied one to tradition. Many young people sought the stage. Colman was one of them. Poppy Wyndham, Lord Inchcape's daughter who also did splendid war work, was another. Colman and she acted together. This talented, beautiful girl was recently killed while attempting a flight across the Atlantic. The war had never left her.

Is it the war, now ten years gone, that causes Colman to smile so ironically at Hollywood's civilization? Or is it some sorrowful memory in his own life? To his personal friends Ronnie is no sphinx. He is humorous, honest, and straightforward. Still, he has a great sorrow for something—or is it some one?

Ronald Colman views his fellow men from a mountain of his own vision. He laughs at them for their vanities, well knowing the futility of everything that depends on material hopes. Yet in spite of his sphinxlike quality, Colman is the most sympathetic of men—that is, if one seeks his sympathy.

Greta Garbo has taken upon herself a sphinxlike personality. It is either because she has been advised to do so, or because she can't help it.

Where does Greta come from? Sweden, yes. But where in Sweden? Stockholm is given for answer, Continued on page 114
Something Loose

When milady of the Kleigs is in the privacy of her boudoir she wraps herself in something comfortable as well as colorful.

Renée Adorée, left, clings to the rather old-fashioned white satin and marabou.

The lounging robe of Ruth Chatterton, above, is of chartreuse Salome velvet, bordered with gray fox.

Thelma Todd, left, dons a stately mid-Victorian robe of heavy black satin touched with orange

Nancy Carroll, above, simplest of all the stars in her taste, finds comfort in a knee-length robe of soft angora in a pastel shade, unadorned.

Olive Borden, left, gives her flair for luxury full sway in a negligée of black chiffon embroidered in silver spangles and embellished with a roll of heavy pink satin.
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There will be stories by Marcia Montaigne, Violet Gordon, Sally Sewell, Cynthia de Vinne, and several other old-time favorites. Franklin Pierce Carrigan, Bert Cooksley, Helen K. Roberts, and Peter A. Lea have written poems especially for this number. And, best of all, many of the illustrations are by Constance Benson Bailey.

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'Neath Tropic Skies

Pictures are becoming so "hot" nowadays, or rather the locale is so near the equator, that men in many current films are wearing pith helmets.

Do you remember William Collier, Jr., left, in "The Desired Woman"? He was one of the first to wear a helmet to stave off the heat of the sun.

John Gilbert, below, in "Desert Nights," is apparently not troubled at all by the rising thermometer of Africa; but he is protected by a helmet just the same.

Neil Hamilton, left, finds that his helmet will protect him from the sun all right, but that it doesn't count for anything when Bacallanova turns her incandescent gaze on him, in "The Woman Who Needed Killing."

Clive Brook, right, combines a snappy turban effect with his helmet in "The Four Feathers."
way, who photographs handsomely and whose voice is used with utmost effectiveness, and without any affectation at all. Mark my words, it is Miss Colbert and others like her who one day will inevitably displace the baby-face ingénues of the screen, whose lack of vocal training causes them to pride themselves on speaking "naturally."

There is no such thing as natural speech in acting, in the sense that the player can speak as he does in conversation. It is the illusion of naturalness that the skillful player creates. This comes from knowledge of values in speech, in timing, in enunciating, in "coloring" words, and in breathing. However, all this is not telling you anything about the story of "The Hole in the Wall," is it?

It's a crook melodrama, having to do with a child's kidnapping by a gang posing as spiritualists. The girl just out of prison, who joins them, inspires the kidnapping to avenge a false accusation by the child's grandmother. The climax comes when the girl, holding a séance, receives a message from a dead member of the gang by which the child is saved from drowning. This is extremely dramatic. All in all, through the picture is not the best dialogue film yet made, it is worth seeing for no other reason than the acting of Miss Colbert, Edward G. Robinson, Alan Brooks, David Newell, Louise Closser Hale, and others—all from the stage. See it—and Miss Colbert.

**Three in One.**

Unusual, to say the least, is "Through Different Eyes." That is to say the narration of it is out of the ordinary, though the pleasure derived from it is not acute. Told entirely in dialogue, it gives speech again to those stars of "In Old Arizona," Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe, and accomplishes the debut of Mary Duncan in this medium.

At the outset it seems to be just another breaking out of the epidemic of courtroom drama, but in short order you find that it is something quite different. A man is on trial for the murder of his best friend. The prosecuting attorney sums up the case with a description of what he thinks transpired on the night of the crime. Whereupon you see the scene he would have the jury believe. Then the defense attorney offers his version of the vital night and an entirely different theory is visualized, with the same characters that appeared in the first version. Then a girl spectator rushes to the judge and cries that the accused man is innocent, and her version of the shooting is then seen on the screen. It results in the acquittal of Harvey Manning and his happy reunion with his wife.

"Four Dutch Kopjes" is an excellent one-act play lengthened together by brief courtroom episodes between. It is interesting, yes, but never quite convincing, probably because the episodes are florid in the extreme. In the first Harvey Manning and his wife are shown to be the victims of Jack Winfield, their friend, who is a madman. In the second the Mannings are revealed as profligate scoundrels, with Winfield their victim, and the third version shows circumstances as they really were. All this is out of the ordinary, but the characters suffer because you feel no sympathy for them in any version.

**Tulip Time.**

Saccharine, treacle, glucose—that's "Christina," the latest version of Janet Gaynor, in "Seventh Heaven." Siruppy though it is, so far as the story goes, it is one of the prettiest, quaintest pictures ever made. Perhaps Miss Janet in the costumes of a little Dutch girl, against backgrounds of canals, windmills and tulips, may compensate for the frail romance that engages her. Certainly she acts it with beautiful tenderness and all the charm that is uniquely her own. Furthermore, Charles Morton, as her circus sweetheart, is at his best and paves the way for a real triumph when it falls to his lot to play a more vital rôle. As it is, his Jan has the aspects of a fairy-tale prince, but it is no fault of his own. His rôle is that of a young fellow who dons a white uniform and rides ahead of the circus procession on a white horse. Christina, who lives with her aged father, a toymaker, has always longed for the coming of the knight on a white horse about whom she dreams. Hence she will have none of her boisterous suitor, Dirk Torpe. When all is going well with Christina and Jan and their tulip-scented courtship, comes the menace of the picture to spoil it. She is Madame Bosman, owner of the circus, who is as mean as the ogre in a fairy story and who, in the name of love, causes Jan's arrest for embezzlement so that he cannot leave the circus and remain with Christina. But the little girl follows him to Amsterdam and there comes upon evidence of his interest in Madame Bosman. Resignedly she is about to marry Dirk, when Jan returns in the nick of time and all is happy, forever after. The trouble is that no one with half an eye could ever doubt that Jan would come back, consequently there is no suspense. But "Christina" is delicately charming and is beautifully acted by the sweethearts and Rudolph Schildkraut, as Christina's father. As four other German actress, Lucy Dorrain, as Madame Bosman, she follows the technique of vampiring by Mary Duncan in "Four Devils" and "The River," so the influence of Theda Bara will not be downed. The film is unreelcd without dialogue.

**Congratulations, James Murray!**

James Murray is a fine actor! Perhaps you have known it all along, but I was not so fortunate until I saw him in "The Shakedown." Then he moved me greatly with his sincerity, naturalness and the wealth of feeling in his voice. His performance is one of the best of the month, and so far as my emotional response is concerned, it is the best individual performance of them all.

Part of my satisfaction comes from the fact that "The Shakedown" is only a program picture, therefore its exceptional merits surprised me. It is a prize-fight film, but it is different, not only the story itself, but the many unexpected touches which keep one in a state of surprise.

Mr. Murray's rôle is that of Dave Roberts, a purposeless young man who falls in with a group of crooks and lends himself to their "racket." They send a man to make friends and win the confidence of a community, and then advertise the coming of a well-known fighter who will give a thousand dollars to any man staying in the ring with him. Of course the advance man is then urged by the townspeople to accept the challenge, with their backing.

In carrying out this plan in a new town Dave saves the life of a child as a means of working up human interest in himself, and is disgusted when no one sees him do it. The boy, a juvenile hobo, warns himself into Dave's affections and, with the waiters Dave loves, is the cause of his reformation. The scenes between man and boy are touchingly human and show both Mr. Murray and Jack Hanlon, the child, at their best. I defy any one to listen to them unmoved. Barbara Kent, as the heroine, is refreshing, and Wheeler Oakman and Harry Gribbon are also in evidence. Have I made clear that this picture is worth seeing? It is, very.

**Tut, Tut, Mr. DeMille.**

Cecil DeMille has given us a strange picture in "The Goddess Girl." And when I say "strange" I don't mean good. Rather is it an example of judgment gone awry and values askew. Purporting to be starkly realistic, it is as unreal as life.

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Scarfs That Lure

Vivid silks add eye-catching appeal to costumes and set off the familiar faces of the wearers.

Clara Bow, center, with her "We" scarf, needs no explanation concerning her idea of a hero.

Archers and tennis players enliven the scarf worn by Merna Kennedy, lower center, in "Broadway."

Marian Nixon, above, wears a scarf of black, dark blue and tan.

Something different is worn by Betty Compson, above, in this tan scarf attached to her hat and wrapped around her neck several times.

Josephine Dunn, below, blossoms out in a rainbow scarf with a net background and glittering sequins.

Raquel Torres, above, strikes a lively note with her modernistic scarf of white on maroon.
on an imaginary planet. True, there are signs of his masterly direction, particularly in his handling of crowds, and over it all is the stamp of authority, even though that authority is distorted.

One of the chief defects is his telling of stories unrelated except by the presence of three characters in both. In the first he depicts the evils of atheism among students, and the second lets us in on the horrors of reformatory life. For all Mr. DeMille’s brilliant direction of the fighting students, the school never seems real.

One of the reasons is that Lina Basquette, George Duryea, and Eddie Quillian occupy adjoining desks. It isn’t made clear that one of these is backward in his studies, or that the other is precocious, so the seeming disparity in their ages should be accounted for, together with the presence of the child, Mary Jane Irving, in the same school. It is the death of this child in the rioting of the students, that causes the three principals to be clapped into a reformatory. Though well dressed and anything but waifs, not a relative or friend appears to defend them, to visit them in the reformatory, or to protest against the hideous cruelties imposed on them by Noah Beery, as the warden. When a fire destroys the place and frees the young people, they stroll out, the girls smartly attired, with silk stockings and stilts heels, and the boys nattily collegiate. Nor is there even then a soul to give them the glad hand.

The acting is good enough, particularly on the part of Eddie Quillian and George Duryea, a new personality and a pleasing one, and Marie Prevost is amusing, I suppose, as a slangy inmate of the reformatory. Though she and Miss Basquette are denied nourishment by the fiendish authorities, they could have made a square meal off their make-up.

Happiness Via Griddle Cakes.
A waitress falls in love with a chauffeur and discovers he’s a millionaire.

Who shall say that the gods are not weeping? For this is the plot of “This Is Heaven,” chosen from all the world of stories to star the exquisitie Vilma Banky, who is unlike any other star. Obviously an attempt is being made to Americanize Miss Banky, to divest her of the gorgeous costumes she wore in period pictures and to reduce her to the understanding of the herd. Said herd is becoming rigidly romantic, however, and while it doubtless enjoys seeing the realization of the poor girl’s dream to marry a rich man, it also relishes a heroine clothed in fine raiment moving through scenes of fabulous luxury. “This Is Heaven” is neither honest enough to qualify as a realistic drama, nor florid enough to be called picturesque. Instead it is common collage. However, there are redeeming features which may count for more with the majority than the lack of an original story. One of them is Miss Banky’s voice, heard for the first time; another asset is the wise-cracking titles of George Marion, Jr., and still another is the presence of the popular James Hall, as the chauffeur-millionaire, and the excellent acting of the entire cast, which includes Fritz Ridgeway, Lucian Littlefield, and Richard Tucker.

Miss Banky’s speech betrays a marked accent, a charming one, but as her voice is low and full, her possibilities as an audible actress are by no means limited to playing immigrants who say “Yah!” and “Nein!” She is first seen at Ellis Island, where she is taken in by a worldly relative who procceeds to change her shawl and voluminous skirts for more modish apparel. Presently Eva is metamorphosed into the loveliest girl who ever tossed a flapjack in the window of a restaurant where all who pass may see. There is no need to recount progress of the romance between Eva and the supposed chauffeur. It includes, as usual, the opening advances, later love-making, misunderstanding, and inevitably the complete understanding inside the swell home the millionaire has prepared for her.

Clara Bow Speaking.
Curiosity to hear Clara Bow in “The Wild Party,” her first dialogue picture, leaves no doubt of the crowds it will attract. Whether they will be enchanted by what they see and hear—well, that’s another story. I, for one, wasn’t. It isn’t because Miss Bow’s voice is not like Ruth Chatterton’s, either. Rather it is due to the slowness of the picture. This exposes the mechanics of the “wildness” and causes one not to believe the goings-on are so gay after all, particularly as some of the contributors to it—a bevy of girls—sound like children speaking pieces at a church social. Such piping, trivial, self-conscious voices don’t belong to wild maidens.

As for Miss Bow’s vocal equipment, it is for the most part adequate, though not exciting. But at least she is distinct, and only occasionally is self-conscious. However, the price one pays to hear her is high, because the essential speed of her picture is sacrificed. In this case diminished pace is all the more noticeable, because the story is about the high jinks of college girls led by Miss Bow, as Stella Ames, high priestess of wildness.

One of the pranks of Stella and her pals consists of attending an sorority dance in one-piece costumes. Ejected, they set off for a road house, fur coats slung over their spangles. Needless to say they are divested of their coats by a trio of roughnecks, and then trouble starts. Stella is rescued by young Professor Gilmore, whom she has already marked for her own. Eventually the “scandal” of their return to the campus in the wee, sma’ hours is discovered. To make Stella even more of a noble heroine, she assumes the blame for supposedly compromising letters written by her chum. Both she and the professor separately Telix the stifling confines of the halls of learning and, oddly enough, discover each other on the same train. But why go on?

Fredric March, as Professor Gilmore, is well cast in every particular. He has a voice and knows how to use it, though he is not a type to cause daydreams among the fans. Of the many girls who appear in the picture, the only ones who contribute more than legs and pretty faces are Shirley O’Hara, as Stella’s studious roommate, and Joyce Compton, as a catty tattler.

The Kindest Judge in Christendom.
If Dorothy Mackaill is your weakness, you will find her at her best in “His Captive Woman.” But if you look for another performance to equal Milton Sills’ in “The Barker,” you will not find it. His role of Officer Thomas McCarthy is scarcely as colorful as the carnival man, though Mr. Sills makes the most of it and his fine voice here assumes a brogue. Both have considerable dialogue, though much of the film is played in silence.

Speech and silence are rather cleverly combined, and, in fact, for the story begins with Dorothy Mackaill, as Anna Bergen, a chorus girl, on trial for homicide. As each witness takes the stand and is audibly cross-examined, his story is enacted in the silent form. The longest interval of silence comes when Officer McCarthy tells his story, which starts when he is sent to the South Sea Islands to apprehend Anna Bergen and bring her back to the United States. On the homeward voyage they are wrecked in the tropics, where much transpires, including Anna’s rescue of McCarthy from the jaws of a shark, and their ‘marriage’ in the sight of Heaven, but not the church. The arrival of a

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Love Betrayed

Good men and true find, with more or less shock, that the ladies they love have room for somebody else in their hearts.

Walter Huston, right, as a newspaper man in "Gentlemen of the Press," keeps his suffering to himself on discovering Katherine Francis prefers Norman Foster.

Poor, long-suffering Lon Chaney, in "Where East Is East," above, discovers that Lloyd Hughes has fallen under the spell of Estelle Taylor, as Madame.

What makes the distress of Clive Brook, below, all the more acute, is that Neil Hamilton, the gentleman Baclanova prefers, is his brother and—oh, torture untold!—she is Clive's wife in "The Woman Who Needed Killing."

Fair, but faithless. That's Jetta Gandol, above, in "Lady of the Pavements," while William Boyd discovers her in the arms of Guido Trento.

Milton Sills, in "Love and the Devil," goes a-gunning for Ben Bard, because of Maria Corda's graceful acquiescence to Ben's encompassing arms.
who does not spread his friendship over a great number of people. But those who possess it hold something of value. I have known Gilbert for a long time, and regard his friendship as something worth having. His loyalty to his friends is never found wanting.

I like Goudal for her brilliancy, her reasoning powers, and her personality. An interviewer will always get the respect of the occasion from Jetta.

Victor Varconi, and his wife, Nusi, and I took a great liking to each other from the first time we met. Our friendship has lasted ever since. If you knew the Varconis you'd understand why.

Then the little Gaynor. Janet and I met thousands of years ago, it seems. I do not often see her, except on the studio set. I do not know her circle of friends; but I don't think I'm mistaken when I say she likes me for myself—just as I like her.

Last but not least, Barry Norton. Perhaps I should say Barry is a distraction, rather than a friend. I knew Barry long before pictures ever revealed him to a host of adoring fans.

I like him because he makes me laugh—he is humorous when he wishes to be. And I like any one who can make me laugh.

So famous has Barry become that his elder brother, Marcel de Biraben, is now in Hollywood, representing several European newspapers. He has come just in time to mix up in this new conflict between stars and interviewers.

It is sometimes pleasant for a writer to learn that his story has been appreciated. But rarely will the star call him up and say so. Only the players I have mentioned as being my friends have ever thanked me for any piece I have written about them. All except Barry, Barry always upbrides me instead.

Often instead of praise the writer receives disapproval.

Dorothy Dwan was interviewed by Dorothy Manners, a remarkably clever young scribe. A few months went by, and no mention of the published story was made by Miss Dwan.

At a bridge party Miss Manners said, "How did you like your story?"

Miss Dwan put down her cigarette, and went on arranging her cards. Finally she said, "Oh, all right. But you need not have mentioned about my smoking so many cigarettes. It's not good for the public to know that."

Continued from page 27

which boasted a cast of stage actors.

I suffered by the same comparison I did in 'The Jazz Singer,' and in the two other films. The influx of stage players began to take the places of players, myself included, who weren't considered up to par on the Vitaphone."

May looked up in time to say "Hello" to Bebe Daniels, who had just entered the restaurant and was seated at a table near us. We talked for a minute of Bebe's cleverness, and how she had sacrificed her dramatic ability for years to make money for Paramount in comedies. After the advent of the talkies they allowed her contract to lapse.

"How do they know Bebe wouldn't have been good in dialogue pictures? They didn't give her a chance to test herself before the public. Hollywood is in a perfect uproar of excitement, and I think many mistakes are being made. The funny part of it is that many stage-trained voices do not record at all. But the studios and the critics seem to forgive them, for the mere reason that they should sound well. 'If the stage actors can't make the grade, who can?' is their attitude.

"Personally, I don't believe the cultivated voice, with its broad vowels, will be as effective in the long run as the natural voice. We all have a voice that goes with our physical make-up.

"I don't want to train my voice. Even in the face of my critics, I want it to remain natural. But I would have liked the opportunity to learn spacing, timing of speech, and expression, before I was held up as the untrained example."

From the very start of her career, the movies must have kept May wondering. Wondering what their strange ups and downs would eventually lead to. Five years ago she stood in the position of Janet Gaynor. With fair breaks, she might have been where Janet is now.

First, there is her delicate beauty, that for sheer perfection of feature is barely equaled in Hollywood. Moreover, it was, and is, a camera beauty, which is not always true of fine features. To top everything, she can act, as was proved so appealingly in "Sentimental Tommy." The girl had everything that spells stardom. So she was starred.

The great mistake was when her company tried to make a money-maker out of a personality that needed more care and attention than a run of program pictures. She was cast carelessly in roles that any pretty extra could have filled, and her peculiar talents were allowed to waste on the desert air of mediocrity. The starring contract was permitted to lapse. May became a featured player, leading woman to the virile he-men of the screen. This was no more her field than was the discarded stardom. But the company, realizing her charm and talent, clung to her, though they had no conception as to what should be done with her.

In time the puzzle wore them out. May became a free-lance player.

Nothing came along from the independents to frame her delicacy. "Seventh Heaven" went to another girl. "The Shopworn Angel" featured a new face from Broadway. Both were roles that would have made May. Bad breaks—bad luck all along, almost from the start of her career. Included among them may be considered her Vitaphone experience. It has done May no good, that pioneering work in the talkies. But maybe when the historical colony settles back to normal, the little McAvoy girl will find herself again with the big chance that has always lurked just around the corner of her career.

Pioneers are not without their glory, ever!
A Queenly Quintet

Ladies of the cinema enact rulers of nations sternly or sweetly, and always as to the scepter born.

Belle Bennett, above, as Anne of Austria, in "The Iron Mask," receives the tribute of a courtier, with the gained sweetness of a martyr to the cause of regal etiquette.

In "Queen Kelly," Seena Owen, above, as the queen of a German province, takes upon herself the prerogative of a full-fledged sovereign in administering a crushing rebuke to Walter Byron.

Otto Matiesen, left, is Napoleon, in "Napoleon's Barber," while Natalie Golitzin holds him in her spell as Empress Josephine.

Josephine Crowell, above, as Queen Anne of England, finally yields to the persuasions of Brandon Hurst, as Barkilphedro, and is about to sign a royal decree, as you will remember if you saw "The Man Who Laughs."

Dorothy Cumming, right, as the Queen of Naples, in "The Divine Lady," carries on an ardent flirtation with a young officer, just to prove that a queen can do as she pleases.
What’s Become of Them?

Charles Ray.

Lights outside the theater—vaudeville again—displayed the information that Charles Ray, in person, not a movie, was appearing there. I went inside. Before he ever appeared on the stage, when merely his name was flashed on the announcers at the sides of the stage, there was applause any star might have been proud of. When he actually appeared, he received such an ovation as I have never before witnessed in a theater. Cheers, whistles, huzzas. A stiller and yet, when he left the stage scarcely fifteen minutes later, there was merely a desultory ripple of applause. His act falls flat. With every chance to come back in a really big way, he misses fire just as surely as a one-cent cigarette lighter.

If memory serves correctly, it was his ambition to be the whole show—star, producer, and director—which wrecked him. It is the same story in vaudeville. He cannot resist the temptation to display what he considers his amazing versatility, by singing songs of his own composition. It is a toss-up which is worse. His voice is singularly toneless and usually more or less off key. He has been described as an apostle of futility, and I can think of no more apt description.

He talks glibly—too glibly. You have the feeling that it has all been written out and learned long ago. Charles Ray speaks volubly of his contributions to the screen. He gave a very definite characterization to the public, although it “peeves” and “irks” him to have that character referred to as a “hick,” or a “rube.” When that wore out and the public no longer cared about seeing him play rustics, he began to wonder what it was all about, he says.

He refers proudly to the fact that he made the first and almost only movie without subtitles, “The Old Swimmin’ Hole,” though I am still not certain just why that should support a claim to greatness. He links his name not infrequently with that of Douglas Fairbanks and I surmise that the word “genius” is the cream in his coffee.

Herbert Howe once wrote that “doing the right thing is a fetish with Charles Ray.” I do not believe it is so much a question of doing the right thing as it is of doing what he believes the public will consider the correct thing. Where Cullen Landis and Bert Lytell display native intelligence in expressing more or less original ideas, Charles Ray’s talk rambles along disconnectedly in an effort to impress his listener with his cleverness.

“The Story of Philosophy” and “Israfel” occupy an ostentatious position on his dressing table, and he naively confesses that he carries the former and a couple of volumes of Shakespeare about with him. He also confides that he takes singing lessons and “a language or two” when he has time. A couple of scouts are looking for a play for him, either comedy or musical comedy, and if these fail to materialize there is always—Heaven help us!—the concert stage. Music has always been very near and dear to him, he says, and in this I believe he is sincere.

When you recall his marvelous characterization in “The Girl I Loved,” and going back further, his appealing acting in “The Clodhopper,” you lose all patience with the smug poseur of “The Garden of Eden” and “Vanity.”

For the real Charles Ray there is still a large public and an enviable place on the screen, but for the merely capable actor who overestimates his ability to the extent of confusing talent with genius, there is only oblivion.

I know of no one of whom I would enjoy writing pleasantly more than Charles Ray, for he has contributed some of the finest acting the screen has ever known, but Charles Ray as he is to-day leaves me cold.

Here, then, are four prime favorites of a few years ago. Somehow I have a feeling that one of these days you will see Cullen Landis back on the screen in a bigger way than ever. With a sympathetic director and good stories, there is no limit to what he could do. Bert Lytell is too clever a showman ever to permit himself to drop entirely from sight. His appearances on the screen will be intermittent, but you’ll see him. Kenneth Harlan comes from a stage family and, with his peculiar voice, it seems more likely that he will be seen henceforth on the stage more than on the screen. Charles Ray is too well known ever to drop entirely from the minds of producers. It is probable that he will appear from time to time as suitable roles are found, but as he has learned little from his experiences and has already let pass many chances to come back, it is improbable he will have another big chance.

Drop the curtain, fans! For some of our favorites the play is over but, for others there will be a second and third act still to come.
It Was Once Taboo

Time was when leading actresses refused to play mothers, because they feared the implication of age; but just see how they feel about it now!

Laura La Plante, above, youthful and charming, finds that she can be the mother of Jane La Verne, in "Show Boat," without sacrificing any of her appeal.

Showing that there is no prejudice against playing mothers any more, Mary Brian, above, claims Douglas Scott as her son and Richard Arlen as her husband in "The Man I Love."

Esther Ralston, above, gave her finest dramatic portrayal when she played a mother's rôle, with Wally Albright, Jr., in "The Case of Lena Smith."

Surely Estelle Taylor, left, loses nothing by playing the mother of Lupe Velez, in "Where East Is East."

Gertrude Olmsted, right, is the mother of Davey Lee, in "Sonny Boy," and no doubt will play an ingenue in her next picture just as easily.
In any event, one can't miss very far the exact total, with these two sets of figures as a guide.

Most of the argument about the incomes arose over the amounts charged off to expense.

They Pick 'Em Young.

Enter the Hollywood chorus girl. Enter, indeed, a bevy of pretty chorusines. They are being used liberally these days in films with music.

A whole aggregation were recently signed for the Fox's most of them being high-school girls, ranging from fourteen to eighteen years of age. On account of their youth, a judge had to approve their contracts.

Even though they were novices, the majority of the girls lacked not in the possession of peepul chorus names. These included Dixie, Bobbie, Dot, Darline, Paula, Raymonda, and Billie.

Billie, by the way, whose last name is Kittredge, takes the grand prize for youth. She is twelve years old.

Costars To Be Articulate.

They'll speak in their next! Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are to follow the current custom. They have had their voice tests, and their dialogue duet is highly lauded. Frank Borzage, who directed "Seventh Heaven" and "Street Angel," and also the more recent film "Lucky Star," is to guide their steps—or should it be syllables?—in their first audible feature.

Hollywood High Lights

Another Old-timer Heard Prom.

Where does a star disappear to when he leaves the screen? Answer: Generally the stage.

Such, it would seem, is the case with Frank Mayo, who some years ago appeared in Universal films.

Mayo's name showed up in the papers not long ago when he married Margaret Shorey, a vaudeville performer. The wedding took place in Lynchburg, Virginia, where the two were filling a stage engagement.

Mayo was formerly the husband of Dagmar Godovsky, daughter of the celebrated pianist. He was married once prior to that.

Re-weds and Surprises.

Now what do you make of this, Watson? Roy d'Arey has remarried his former wife, Laura Rhinock Duffy Giusti. And all along we, and lots of other people, were believing that he would soon be the husband of Lita Grey Chaplin. Romance taketh many strange quirks and turns in filmland.

All's Well Again.

Reconciliations are the order of the day in Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix have made up, and Tom has promised either to join his wife in Europe, or else in Hollywood this summer. The agreement was reached during the visit of Mrs. Mix to this country about two months ago. The pair were reconciled at a meeting in New York, according to reports received by their friends. It was hinted that they may give up the celebrated Mix estate in Beverly Hills, and move to more modest quarters. High-tension social life was blamed for their differences.

Tom, by the way, is now associated with the 101 Ranch Show.

The separation of Betty Compson and James Cruze, which we mentioned in a preceding paragraph in this column, was very short-lived. Betty returned home after about five or six days absence. Which proves that domestic disagreements in Hollywood, no matter how devastating they may look, can have their happy ending.

Lubitsch Will Musicalize.

Ernst Lubitsch's first venture in the talkies is to be an operetta, and this should be his ideal medium. Lubitsch's pet pastime is music. He loves to play the piano. He knows the melodies of such creations as "The Merry Widow," "The Chocolate Soldier" and others of foreign composition by heart—or by ear. Indeed, he can play almost any tune from the comic operas that one suggests.

Cameras Rechristened.

Here's a new one—the "blimp." No, it's not a balloon, but a camera. It's called a blimp because it looks something like that. The reason for its odd construction is that the photographic apparatus in talking picture.

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"I doubt it," said Fanny, squelching my enthusiasm. "It isn't that sort of a sage. The title refers to the fact that Loretta plays a ticket seller in a movie theater. And they will probably have to change the title anyway; it's too long. Strange things happen to long titles when they reach the small theaters that have a limited amount of advertising space. When 'Mother Knows Best' was shown in a little theater in Los Angeles, it emerged as 'Ma Noz Best.'

Loretta is to make a picture with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. That ought to be an interesting combination. But think of the traveling Douglas and Joan Crawford will have to do. They lunch together, unless one of them is miles away on location. It is quite a trip from the Metro-Goldwyn studio at Culver City to the First National studio at Burbank, but one of them makes it every day. It's a romance that is beneficial to the tire manufacturers.

"But speaking of First National, have you heard what they've given Leatrice Joy for her first vehicle? It is simply too marvelous! She is to play 'A Most Immoral Lady.'"

"But I thought Corinne—"

"Yes, it was bought for Corinne." Fanny got so excited that her words were accelerated until they were fairly tumbling on top of one another. "But Corinne decided that she would rather make a new version of 'Lilies of the Field.' It was offered to Billie Dove then, but Billie didn't fancy taking a role that some one else didn't want, and she wasn't in favor of playing such a frankly wicked woman anyway. So Leatrice got it, and Leatrice is wise enough to know that the public likes heroines who aren't too uniformly good.

"If I were in Billie's place I'd much rather make a new play than an old one like 'Declasse.' I think it is terrible the way they are digging up all the old ones to remake. First National is to remake 'The Great Divide,' with Van Keith and Dorothy Mackaill. Strangely enough, Ian's wife, Ethel Clayton, starred in that in the prehistoric days when the Lubin company flourished. And just a few years ago Alice Terry and Conway Tearle made it for Metro-Goldwyn. And it never was what I'd call a masterpiece, even when it flourished on the stage years ago.

"Fox plans to disinter 'The Man Who Came Back' and remake it. Paramount is to remake 'Maytime,' with music, and Fox is to remake 'Cameo Kirby.' Likely as not some one will dig up 'Shore Acres' or 'East Lynne,' and serve them to us embellished with theme songs. There is just one consolation—"

"And what's that?" I asked eagerly.

"Producers have given up the idea of remaking any of the old pictures that Lubitsch made. He made them so well, that no one wants to invite vinioues comparisons by putting out a new version."

Oh, well, what I've always maintained is that the industry needs another Lubitsch or two.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13
tiful one of Thelma Todd, autographed, "To Elinor Garrison, with my very best wishes, Thelma Todd"; one of Jack Mulhall, autographed, "To Elinor, with my very best wishes, Jack Mulhall," 28.

Delaney, who was as kind as one of my liest photos, a large, full-length pose, autographed with a lovely message, also three from Milton Sills, autographed personally by the beautiful "Doris with little Kenyon, autographed, "Best wishes to Elinor. Garrison from Kenyon and her mother"; a beautiful, huge one; also a large one of Ken Maynard, a beautiful, personally autographed one of Lois Moran, and a lovely one of Sue Carol. I now have four hundred and sixteen photos—all are wonderful—and I have many, many lovely stills.

And I know the fans will be interested to hear about the real movie-star snapshots I have. I have here a large one of Charles B. Pickford, autographed; one of Mary Philbin, some of Reginald Denny, Cullen Landis, one of Louise Fazenda with Charlie Murray, a large one of Mickey Rooney, one of him with his son, one of Doris Kenyon, three of little Kenyon taken at the Sills home, one of Thelma Todd alone, and one of a box-office star, Eddie Cline, director. Also one of Arthur Edmund Carew, a perfectly beautiful one of Billie Dove, also of Loyd Hughes, Mary Astor, four of O. P. Rudin, one of A. Q. Atnes, Le Cody and Blanche Sweats, Lewis Stone, Ricardo Cortez, George Fawcett, Laura La Plante, Mary Philbin, Monte Blue, Syd Chaplin, Babe Daniels, Tom Meschen, William Graue, William Desmond, a snap of Molly O'Day, Alice Day, and Ann Christy posed together; three of Charlie Delaney, a lovely one of Leslie Fenton to "Evelyn" autographed, a large snap of Olive Borden. I also have several personal letters—three lovely ones from Olive Borden and another snap, her autographed photo.

ELINOR GARRISON.

1105 Olympia Avenue, Olympia, Washington.

Peace for Valentino!

First, I must thank Picture Play for the friendship I have had through its pages, and I am more than grateful. There is a reader of Picture Play of London, S. W. 1, who wrote me an anonymous letter. Through these columns, I wish to thank him, and I would be pleased if he would communicate with me.

Garrison, a friend of mine, of prejudice against Americans, and I find I like them very much, and should like to know them better.

Now, fans, why do you criticize the stars so severely? To me they are perfect, that you should find fault in others? Like you, the stars cannot always give of their best. They also have days when they are "off color." I cannot have them. I like these young stars that the producers are pushing onto us. Most of them do not know how to act. I prefer the older ones who know their jobs, like Fine Flanders, Negri, Gloria Swanson, Ramon Novarro, a most talented and criticized young man, and several other of the older stars. I am another who does not want talkies. If we want spoken dramas we can go to the theater. I prefer the movies silent.

What unprejudiced fans like British movies? I should think in time Picture Play could devote some space to the British film industry, and if the stars and actresses are known a little better. The industry has grown enormously over here. Studios and any number of cinema theaters are being built. The companies are not developing the star system as they have in America. Here the story takes first place, and the actors are cast accordingly. I cannot say which I prefer. "Beneath the Tides," and is being released in the new year. "The King of Kings" is being shown all over the country, but has been banned in a few places. A broken box-office records at The Tivoli, in London.

I was never so surprised in my life as when I read that Rudolph Valentino lies sick in an English hospital. Through I am an admirer of Valentino, I fail to see why the public should pay for his grave. And again, why should a monument be erected? Since the man had very little peace in life, I say let him have some now that he is gone. What is the matter with Valentino's brother? Surely he could afford to give him a proper grave to be in a quiet grave, than in a mausoleum through which people are continually passing out of curiosity. It is shameful that such a state of affairs exists.

Valentino, my idol, and the idol of millions, is sleeping. Let him rest in peace.


"Ramona" Sickening?

I wonder if other readers were as disappointed over "Ramona" as I? To me it appeared to be such sickly, overacted "sob stuff." The part of the making of the little wooden coffin, especially, was beyond belief. I have been so used to seeing the average of half the normal intelligence.

I got exasperated with the perpetual close- ups of the girls, as well as her exaggerated torture, and left the theater hoping never to see her in any similar film ever again—and I was by no means the only one.

It seems to me that once stars have created one good rôle, that is the climax of their careers. Then they get spoiled by all the boastings and praises, and think they can play anything and can be equally successful and popular. I have noticed this with most stars, but they will, I hope, discover this will not do.

JEAN F. MILLAR.
Alpenruke, Kendall Avenue South, Sanderson, Surrey, England.

Another Word for Ramon.

It's fine to know what else Ramon is doing from the four corners of the earth. But I do not agree with Joan Perula; and I do agree with the letters sticking up for Ramon Novarro. I suppose Miss Perula will continue to be an excellent fan of his. Well, I am not that. The reason I'm writing this—just to show Miss Perula.

The first at the beginning, I was among the Rudy fans when Ramon popped up. My pen pals went nuth cockoo over Ramon, and my personal pal began to go likewise. So, thought I, "No fear, I'm not in this for Rudy any more in every film, even the worst, and then one afternoon a chum asked me to go and see "The Red Lily." She was a Novarro fan, but I came out of the theater convinced that I'd wasted my money and so did she!

Along came "The Midshipman." A pen pal had begged me to see it, so I went. That time I came out of the theater—through Novarro's "The Arab" came. I liked Ramon more, if possible, but not with Alice Terry. Ramon never lessened my liking for Rudolph, but he is the star of a book a different place quite different in my affection.

I have seen "Ben-Hur" and am still great for Novarro. He is not a big favorite of mine—but do far. Then "The Thief" came. He is among what I term my 'steadies,' and I am more likely to be among my steadies in the years to come than to become my favorite. I have never read any articles on Ramon's woodiness and couldn't decide how Miss Perula attributes his popularity, nor do I think that that would affect any star with fans that are fans, and can think for themselves. Ramon has a brighter future than he or she is liked for what he or she can do, not for what they are at home.

I wish to hear from the farthest corners of the earth—I know Picture Play goes that far—so please, fans, will you write to me?

EDNA S. BOOTHWAY.
91 Pear Tree Road.
Derby, England.

Costello Voice is Thrilling.

In a recent issue of Picture Play "Hollywood in Hollywood" said, "When it comes to talkies, Dolores Costello would take a back seat." Granting that this writer has heard Dolores through the medium of the Vitaphone, may I ask a question of Holly? Have you ever compared the merits of Miss Costello's voice with any other feminine star? If so, you can but arrive at one conclusion—her voice is infinitely superior to that of any other. It has beauty, depth, and luster—characteristics of her lovely self. Even the imperfections of the talkies fail to mar the excellence of Miss Costello's voice. The softer, the more affectingly drawn and artificiality which many censure is merely the natural expression of a cultured, polished, and feminine voice.

Miss Costello should feel satisfaction in the fact that, while the greater number of stars must spend countless hours practicing voice culture, she may repose on her laurels, while her voice, as well as her beauty, continue to thrill thousands.

DOROTHY LESLIE.
Jersey City, New Jersey.

Evelyn is Not Amateurish.

I am indignant after reading Edward H. Vogel's letter. He states that Betty Compson and Priscilla Dean portray crook roles better than Evelyn Brent. Her name has been seen in many films in which Miss Brent played crook roles, I consider her portrayals quite equal, and somewhat better in a few cases. Also, her acting ability is certainly among those of the films were so poor they would have been utterly failures had it not been for Miss Brent's perfect acting. No, Edward H. Vogel, Evelyn Brent is not amateurish in any way. Evelyn is a name that is known to fans. I am delighted to see my favorite star rising so quickly to the top, and playing in worth-while pictures, opposite such actors as Emlyn Williams, Clive Brook, Adolphe Menjou, et cetera. Possibly Miss Brent does not want to continue playing crook roles when she is worthy of so much better parts, such as she has received in "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer" and "The Last Command." Whether she does or not, she will always be a capable, talented, and lovely actress in whatever rôle she portrays. That's all that, Edward H. Vogel!

AGNES PEARSON.
34 Josephine Avenue.
Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle

JAHALA ANN JORDAN—So you’ve saved all your PLAY PICTURES for years? Have you had a special room built to keep them all in? David Rollins was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1909, and began his film career as an extra in "The Collegians," a two-reel series. Since he’s only twenty, I think his previous career must have consisted only of attending school. As to building his own airplanes, I shouldn’t think so. Airplanes are very expensive, and David is still quite a beginner in pictures, who can’t make much money yet. The only film Ethel Clayton has made in the past year or so is "Mother Machree." Corinne Griffith wears her natural hair.

J. M. J.—Your first letter to THE ORACLE, but, I hope not your last! This typewriter cries from boredom if it isn’t kept busy. Einar Hansen was under contract to Paramount at the time of his death. Perhaps if you inclose ten cents with your request that company might send you his photos? They are beginning to make talkies in Europe, but they have not progressed as far as in America. Getta Granger is back on the Metro-Goldwyn lot now, and you’ll probably hear her and like it! Most of the big companies film an average feature in about six weeks. Quikies are made in ten or twelve days. Louise Glaum just went the way of many old-time stars, and faded out of the picture. William S. Hart lives on his ranch. Of course he is very rich now. Josephine Dunn was born in New York, May 1, 1907; Karl Dane in Denmark, October 12, 1887.

DON W.—So you were disappointed because Bill Haines’ voice sounds so deep? And here I always thought deep voices were an asset. Bill is an even six feet tall. The Waltz song you liked so much in "Aris Jimmy Valentine" is called "Love Dreams." I don’t think "Amalopus" and "The Patent Leather Kid" had any theme songs. Lula Hyams is twenty-four and is five feet five. Hugh Allan was born November 5, 1903. He is six feet tall.

A NOVARO FAN.—But you don’t ask a single question about your favorite! And where did you dig up all those old films you ask about? The heroine in "Dick Turpin" was Kathleen Meyers; in "The Prairie Pirate," Tribby Clark. The players "The Uninvited Guest" were Leif Jyrn, Jean Tolley, Mary McLaren, Louis Wolheim, and William Bailey. Hoot Gibson was christened Edward Gib-son.

Billy W.—So Sally Phipps is your weakness now? She was born in San Francisco, May 25, 1905. Her next film is "Joy Street." Matty Kemp was born in New York, September 10, 1909. Not married. He was engaged to Sally Ellers, but that seems to be all off. His latest film is "The Million-dollar Collar." I suppose you have read by now that Davey Lee did not die. It was "Skinny" Boyce, of the Hotel Ambassador orchestra in Los Angeles, who died. Joubna Ralston is Mrs. Richard Arlen. Eddie Cantor is a Ziegfeld star on the stage, and only plays in pictures incidentally. He made a two-reel talker, "That Party in Person," which was shown in New York on the program with "Interference." Larry Kent was the hero in "Hangman’s House." No, Don Terry is not related to Alice. I’m not sure about Buddy Rogers’ fraternity, but I think he is a Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Louise Osborne.—Many thanks for all the kind words about PLAY PICTURE and this department. Next to a raise in pay I like kind words. Sorry, I have no record of a Richard Talmadge fan club. I don’t know whether Richard’s parents are living, or not. Do write again.

Peggy Smith.—It is possible to procure back numbers of PLAY PICTURE only for the past year. Earlier issues are frequently out of print. If you have your copies of the past year, I doubt if there would be any more available with stories and pictures of Garbo.

The Marquise.—Not Gloria Swanson! Unfortunately we can’t help being a little behind with our list of addresses, when contract players change companies. You see, that particular list is set up in type about four months before the magazine appears. Savvy? Stars receive so many requests for photos that if they attempted to send them free, the expense would run into several hundred thousand a year. As to why "A Certain Young Man" and "A Gentleman from Paris" were both based on "Bellamy the Magnificent," the Novarro film was made first—a year or so before its release—and turned out so badly it was "shelved." In other words, it was decided not to release it, as Metro-Goldwyn sold the story to Paramount for Men-jour. I think this is a current plan, and put the Novarro film on the market, anyhow. "Les Miserables" was a French film. Betty Bronson has been working lately in Warner films. Just Hollywood, California, would reach Alva Rubens, I think. Lya de Putti is now working for British International Films, London. Perhaps some kind London fan would look up the street address in the phone book for me.

A RED-HOT FAN.—So are we all at this time of year! Dorothy Janis was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1910. Don’t worry, you’ll soon see her photo in PLAY PICTURE; she’s new to this screen just now. No, she’s not married. Her first film was "Fleetwing"; she also played in "Kit Carson," and is now being seen opposite No-varro in "The Pagans." William Boyd has been in pictures about ten years; some of his earlier films were: "Michael O’Halloran," "Exit the Vamp," "Moonlight and Honeyboat;" "The Young Rajah." Richard Arlen is about six feet tall; George O’Brien five feet eleven, weight 176. Anita Page and Louise Brooks are both five feet two; Anita weighs 118, Louise about 110. Lois Moran is five feet one and a half, June Marlone an inch shorter. June weighs 120.

VERA J. THALMANN.—I can’t very well refer any one to your "Abe’s Irish Rose" chapter of the Buddy Rogers fan club, since you forgot to give your address.

IVA JERRICK.—Yes, it is true that Carroll Nye was born in Canton, Ohio. He’s a free-lance player, but you might write to him at Covina, California, where his father is apparently the postmaster. I don’t know of an autobiography of Mary Pickford in book form.

BILL BOYD FOREVER.—Most of your questions seem to be answered in the reply to RED-HOT FAN above. William Boyd is thirty-one; six feet one, weight 175, grayish-blond hair, blue eyes. Yes, he was once married to Diana Miller; he married Elmar Fair in January, 1926. Dorothy Janis was discovered by James
is acceptable for them to pass over the picture-making plants.

Another word on the light is the red electric lamps that glow over the doorways to stages nowadays. When these are turned on they spell—figuratively—"Thou shalt not enter here." They are always aglow when a talking scene is being made, and if they do not keep out intruders, a stern and uncompromising doorman is certain to bar the way.

Alas, Poor Mabel!

What strange days! In the midst of all the hurly-burly of revolution and change in Hollywood comes the news that one of the screen's greatest favorites of past years, Mabel Normand, is fighting for life. Poor Mabel! Cherished Mabel! We haven't seen her for many months, and visiting is naturally restricted now. Latest reports afford some compensation in that they indicate her condition is improved.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 65


"Speakeasy"—Fox. Melodrama, in dialogue, of newspaper office, the ring, and fringe of underworld. Has interest, but weak in thrills. Noises of New York caught. Two newcomers, Paul Page and Lola Lane, in leads. H. B. Walden as the character player. Sharar does not

"Lady of the Pavements"—United Artists. Old screen friends in new trappings, but familiar situations. A haughty countess, Jettie Goudal, spurned by her fiancé, countess, by making him fall in love with a café girl, Lupe Velez, pickée up and made a lady overnight. The affair gets out of hand, the girl flees, and the lover follows. William Boyd is the man. Lupe sings and sings.


"Strange Cargo"—Pathé. Mystery aboard a yacht sustained without claptrap. Film favorites acquaint themselves well in dialogue. Russell Gleason excellent as the jeweler. Good performances by André Beranger, Claude King, Warner Richmond, Otto Matiesen, Frank Reicher.


"Ghost Talks, The"—Fox. A blonde, two crooks, a boy with detecting ambitions, some bonds and a haunted house make up a comedy-mystery story that will delight children. Dialogue. Two newcomers, Helen Twelvetrees and Charlotte Henry. "Wolf of Wall Street, The"—Paramount. C. A. LaMar, as the wife of a mercurial speculator, in an all-talkie. "The Wolf" is fooled by his wife and business partner in a love affair and metes out subtle punishment. Talking début of C. A. LaMar, George Bancroft, Paul Lukas, Arthur Rankin. Nancy Carroll also speaks.

"Bellamy Trial, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Much about who killed "Mimi Bellamy." with tableaux with tricky ending. Fans likely to be concerned with Betty Bronson and Edward Nugent instead of the burning question of the dramatic. Leatrice Joy, Kenneth Thomson, Margaret Livingston, George Barrard.

"Case of Lena Smith, The"—Paramount. Esther Ralston splendid as tragic heroine of the biography of a woman," an artistic success for the minority. Story of an able mother's frantic struggle to keep her child despite humiliation and persecution, and her eventual sacrifice of him to his country. James Hall and Fred Kohler.

"River, The"—Fox. Romantic, poetic and slow picture of siren's unquenching effort to win an innocent country boy, who doesn't know what it's all about. Magnificent backgrounds of forest and stream and best acting of Charles Farrell's career. Mary Duncan unusual as persevering siren finally sublimated by love.


"West of Zanzibar"—Metro-Goldwyn. Not as interesting as usually expected of Lon Chaney, but unusual atmosphere and woodsmoke of jungle natives helpful. An ivory trader plans elaborate revenge through supposed daughter of enemy, only to discover that girl is his own, and sacrifices his life to save her. Mary Nolan, Lionel Barrymore, and Warner Baxter.

"Dream of Love"—Metro-Goldwyn. Elaborate, overdressed story of mythical kingdom, with important cast. Crown prince falls in love with gypsy, who later becomes great actress after he has cast her aside. Rest of story given over to court intrigues and efforts of prince to win back. Nils Asther, Joan Crawford, Allen Fringle, Carmel Myers, Warner Oland, and Harry Myers.

"Masks of the Devil"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert at his best, as a pseudo-villain whose handsome face conceals hideous soul, thus making profligacy attractive and easy to accept. He betrays his best friend in fascinating the friend's promised bride, but retribution comes when he sees in a mirror a reflection of himself as he really is. Unhappy ending of this gorgeous picture. Eva von Bern, Alma Rubens, Ralph Forbes, Theodore Roberts, and Ethel Wales capital.

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The Screen in Review

The Eternal Triangle.

"Wild Orchids" brings forth Greta Garbo in what seems to many a way of thinking, in a far more believable picture than usual. Its slowness, considered by many its chief fault, can be forgiven because the characters are impelled by adult emotions and the atmosphere of Java is magnificently reproduced. These advantages, with Nils Asther and Lewis Stone adding their quota, make the picture one of the most interesting I have seen in months. The complete absence of that commodity a fan rather cruelly termed "Gilbo-Garbage" adds to the dignity and credibility of the picture.

There are but three characters in it, a husband, a wife and a friend, the latter a Europeanized Javanese prince, who meets the dull husband and his glamorous wife aboard a ship bound for the East, and at once begins his siege of Lillie Sterling. He is the host of the Americans at his semiregal palace, where they are entertained with Oriental magnificence, and whence they depart for an inspection of tea plantations in which the husband is interested. Because of the latter's dullness, his wife is virtually forced to yield to the prince's attentions against her will. Once the husband's suspicions are aroused, however, he becomes far more subtle than the Javanese in planning revenge. What that revenge is I shall not tell you, nor shall you be informed of the outcome. Enough to say that thrills are not lacking, nor does Lillie Sterling sacrifice her claim to sympathy and fidelity to the man she really loves.

Miss Garbo's performance is wonderful and her appearance is equally so. As for Lewis Stone, I have never seen him play with more finesse, "The Patriot," and Nils Asther will, I fear, render his fans quite hysterical from now on. That overworked and frequently banal word "exotic" best describes "Wild Orchids." It is truly an orchid of a picture.

Be Yourself, Miss Vidor.

Oh, me, oh, my! The exclamation of anguish is evoked partly by "Chinatown Nights" and partly by Florence Vidor's role in it. Or to be more definite, her voice. It is an affected drawl, neither a convincing English accent, nor yet a good imitation of one. And as she plays a society girl who falls in love and lives with a Chinatown boss, there is not excuse for affectation at all. She saw her man and pursued him till she got him. Now, if that's ladylike behavior ask me another. This is one of the defects of the picture. It is not believable. In this case the screen isn't searching enough to explain such goings on, or to justify them. Certainly the combination of Miss Vidor and the screen, with dialogue to boot, isn't enough to arouse any sympathy for Joan Pride, the lady who went slumming in a spangled wrap and gardenias, and decided to stay—not even when becoming what she calls "a real woman" after spending a night in Chinatown.

Wallace Beery, as "Chuck" Riley, the leader of a warping tong, is the rough diamond who attracts her attention and is forever driving her from him until finally, after she has been reduced to the dregs, a waif brings them together and Joan induces Chuck to renounce tong wars and go "uptown." How Joan explains her long absence from the haunts of society is a mystery to me, just as the absence of a searching party is. The process of becoming a real woman is apt to arouse some curiosity among one's friends, now isn't it? Wallace Beery, though unsympathetically cast as Chuck, gives a good account of himself vocally, and Warner Oland, as an Americanized Chinaman, is very effective.

The Queen's Necklace.

An amusing trifle, not on any account to be taken seriously, is Victor McLaglen's "Strong Boy." It is a combination of slapstick, bitter satire, and melodrama, but it is diverting if you don't ask questions. Mr. McLaglen, as the hero, belongs to the strong-arm squad who toss trunks around, ride electric trucks in dizzy circles and make a lark out of baggage smashing in a railroad station. He is in love with Mary McGregor, who presides over the station news stand and is ambitious that her strong boy be something more than a baggage man. He is given the opportunity to fill a white-collar job, but accepts the only promotion he will consider—that of a fireman. In this capacity he foils a band of crooks, who board his train to rob the Queen of Lisonia. One is made to feel that his heroism and the applause he wins will compensate Mary for her refusal of a white collar.

Needless to say Mr. McLaglen plays the muscular hero with all his accustomed vigor and humor, making one forget that the rôle is unworthy of him. But for that matter, so is Mary unworthy of Leatrice Joy. However, if you feel as I do about Miss Joy, you will selfishly enjoy her refreshing presence on the screen, without taking her task to sacrifice herself. Clyde Cook, the reliable, and Slim Summerville, provide many laughs, and there is Farrel MacDonald also.

Mr. Keaton Again.

There are hilarious moments in Buster Keaton's "Spite Marriage," most of them occurring when Dorothy Sebastian feigns intoxication in a night club and Mr. Keaton attempts to haul her out. Why this should be funny I do not know, but audiences laugh at it, so perhaps you will, too.

To my taste—which has grown rather jaded where Mr. Keaton is concerned—a more amusing episode is found in the performance of the stock company in the film. Mr. Keaton, as a pants presser, is in love with the haughty leading lady, and contrives to join the company for one night as an extra in order to be near his idol. The performance of a Civil War melodrama is burlesque of the highest order. When Mr. Keaton can hardly bear his unrequited love any longer, the leading lady forces him to marry her to spite the leading man, with whom she is in love. He falls in with a bootlegger, is later seen on a yacht and eventually wins the love of his wife. It is a rambling story, as you see, but if you enjoy Mr. Keaton's familiar characterization, I see no reason why you will feel it disappointing in this picture. Edward Earle and Leila Hyams are in the cast, and sound, not dialogue, punctuates the film.

In Havana.

If for no other reason, "Shady Lady" is noteworthy because it marks the beginning of the end of Phyllis Haver's screen career. Except for "The Office Scandal" and Lon Chaney's "Thunder" it is indeed her last picture, because of her marriage and retirement. So a veil of sadness hangs over "Shady Lady," though it is by no means a bad day, nor is Miss Haver a pathetic figure as Lola Montell, an American exile in the smart hotels of Havana.
has been indicted for murder in New York, but manages to live a lite of ease outside the law. However, she falls into the clutches of Louis Wol-heim, as a run runner, who knows all about her past. To placate him, she is forced to betray Robert Armstrong, as his rival, who loves her. But it comes out all right, due to the time-honored expedient of a confes-sion from the woman who actually committed the murder. So Lola is free to marry Mr. Armstrong.

This sounds like a simple story, and indeed it is not calculated to tax any one's mentality. But it is interesting, nevertheless, because of clever direction and admirable acting and a brief talking-sequence at the end. Russell Gleason is capital as an idealistic cub reporter, who chival-rously protects Lola.

**Jazz After Midnight.**

“Syncopation” is a combination of song and speech, with just enough plot to keep the music and dialogue from falling apart. But the presence of the band known as Waring’s Pennsylvanians, playing “Jericho,” will prove an attraction to those who like jazz orchestras which feature clowning. As for myself, they’re all alike and are a poor substitute for actors. To be truthful, however, the actors in this picture are so miscast that the musicians are superior to them. The familiar story has to do with Flo, a dancer, who deserts her husband because she listens to the persuasions of the suave night-club owner. On discovering that his intentions do not include a wedding ring, she is properly surprised and re-turns to her hoofer husband, who has been pining for her and is glad to get her back to resume their act. Barbara Bennett, as Flo, is neither convincing as a dancer nor sympa-thetic as a heroine, and Bobby Wat-son, who is well known in musical comedy, does not suggest a hoofer. Morton Downey, recruited from the night clubs, sings a great deal in a high, thin voice. As the same voice has brought him popularity, I suppose the lack of my applause is because I have no ear for music and no interest in singers minus screen personal-ity.

**ALFRESCO**

Here be paths a-winding,
Glimpses of far hills,
Nymphs in charmed circles,
Merry winding rills.
Find with me green spaces
Where the hymns of lea
Freed from cares, exultant, we
Will picnic on the screen.

ALICE THORN FROST.
She Acts When She Chooses

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and said, "Gloria Swanson is out front to-night." That put me in a panic. "Oh, dear," I sighed, "why didn't you have to tell me now? Why didn't you wait until the performance was over, so I shouldn't have to go on knowing Miss Swanson was there?"

Afterward Gloria came backstage to congratulate her.

"She said very nice things," remarked Miss Joyce, "but I haven't the faintest idea what they were. I kept staring in a sort of fascination at those luminous eyes of hers. The light in the dressing room shone right across them, and they looked such an amazing blue I couldn't think of anything else."

And this from Alice Joyce! This girlish awe! I met Erich von Stroheim," she said, and made some favorable comment about my work on the stage. I wanted to make some clever answer to his praise, but I was so pleased, so flattered, I afraid I just stood there rather gawky and said, 'Thank you.' Von Stroheim! Von Stroheim congratulating me!"

It doesn't seem quite credible, this girlish naiveté, after years of fame and adulation, and yet, somehow, you can't question Miss Joyce's sincerity. When she describes her thrilled delight, because John Gilbert escorted her to a party, she might be any fan of seventeen. But you can't help believing she really means it. Her quiet way of speaking, her elegant poise, all these qualities belie such impressionableness, but at the same time convince you she is above posing, above talking for effect.

"I never think of myself as a movie star," a friend of hers told me. "She seems more like just a friend, another woman like myself."

And it is quite true that Miss Joyce has none of the egoism of the actor, none of the mannerisms of Hollywood.

For instance, a few months ago, she and her small daughter, Peggy, visited the convent where thirteen-year-old Alice, her other daughter, is going to school.

"Alice goes to Sacred Heart in Torr螺丝dale, just outside Philadelphia," Miss Joyce explained. "She was acting in a little play, so Peggy and I went down to see her.

"We had to change to a local train at Trenton, and there was quite a long wait there. Do you know what we did?" Miss Joyce's eyes twinkled as she talked. "We took a box of lunch—sandwiches and oranges and things—and ate them sitting in the waiting room at Trenton."

Just fancy! If you had been longing for a glimpse of your favorite star in person, and suddenly saw him—or her—placidly eating sandwiches out of a box in the station waiting room! Well, I assure you, if you missed Alice Joyce in Trenton, you probably never will see any such thing.

Most stars would feel such conduct beneath their dignity. "Eat a box lunch in the station? Suppose some one should see me?" That would be the Hollywood reaction. Fear of imperiling one's dignity which cannot afford to be imperiled. And that's the secret of Alice Joyce. Hers can! It is only the man not sure of himself who worries about what others will think of him. Only the woman whose dignity sits on her rather precariously fears that it will fall off.

Miss Joyce doesn't need to worry. Hers is the poise, the self-assurance, which doesn't mind admitting awe in the presence of glamour; which doesn't feel her position is endangered by eating in a waiting room.

That perhaps is the secret of her continued success on the screen, despite such intermittent efforts. A role in "The Squall," recently completed; a film at the studios; a role in "The Green Goddess," her next picture. Vacation, home life, travel in between.

And always sure of her screen welcome when she wants to make a picture. No, she doesn't have to worry that some one else will fill her niche. She brings to the screen something very few have to offer; youthful maturity, in addition to beauty, and a sure, quiet elegance. The grand manner in its best sense, without pose, without affectation. The personification of that misused term—a lady. That's Alice Joyce.
You Can't Wear That!

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Nonvibration dinner shirts! Ask the boy friend if his is the kind that boasts a vocabulary, and I'll promise you can hear his expression! Sound engineers on Ronald Colman's "Bulldog Drummond" found that the stiff, glazed bosoms of the shirts worn by the men reflected sound; anything starchy becomes a veritable sounding board, causing distortion.

A peculiar, grating sound, picked up on the "Leatherneck" set, was traced to Robert Armstrong's cor-duroy trousers.

Russell Gleason had to have the silk lining of his coats removed, though none of the other men have reported this particular difficulty. Possibly his tailor had used an unusually crisp silk.

If clothes will talk, their tonal equipment must harmonize with the character that they "accompany," and express individual personality. A gingham dress worn by Louise Fazenda in a slavey comédienne rôle spoke a cockney dialect—or seemed to—so it was allowed to remain, and no doubt felt properly proud of its oral début.

Travis Banton, Paramount designer, believes that a certain amount of "complementary" sound, when natural, should be left in the scene. If a girl nervously twirls her beads, or dances in a frock embroidered with clusters of brilliants, the noises thus made add to the realism.

However, he admits that some materials speak their pieces too well, and that woollens, cottons, tweeds, flannels and such "muffling" goods, and chiffons, may become popular in doubling for satins and other finer fabrics, and that beaded fringe is decidedly out.

"This replacement, necessary until improvements in the mechanism can subdue these noises," said Mr. Banton, "will not result in any radical change of styles, however. Women's clothes to-day are designed to give them freedom. Old-fashioned modes will never return, though formality will be achieved again for evening by means of longer skirts and draperies.

"The talkies will introduce better taste in clothes. Formerly costuming was exaggerated to suggest moods, or to reveal character. The dialogue now conveys these impressions. Wardrobes will be suitable to the rôles, but not overemphasized. And, despite their femininity, they will be silent!"

Why Don't They Star?

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reviewers term an "eyeful." Gorgeous butterflies, fascinating the fans in one picture after another. And think of the gowns they can wear!

When May McAvoy was trailing about in drab hoods and robes, in "Ben-Hur," Carmel Myers was fairly dripping beads and fringe, languishing in all her peacock glory. While Marion Davies posed in the unbecoming costume of a bell hop in "The Cardboard Lover," and fell into the lily pond, Jetta Goudal was parading in gowns that would make the French designers tear their latest creations into shreds. And while Marion suffered in simple, little frocks, in "The Patsy," bad Jane Winton sparkled in beaded velvet. While Bebe Daniels did her best in makeshift affairs, in "Take Me Home," Lilyan Tashman wore furs and brilliants by the carload.

When Colleen Moore donned her Irish maid's uniform, in "Oh Kay," she had to have some naughty lady to wave her duster at, so Julianne Johnston appeared on the scene, looking chic. While Lina Basquette, leading lady in "The Wheel of Chance," donned a kitchen apron, Margaret Livingston, who attracted more attention than the leading lady herself, lounged about in striking negligees.

And these are the ladies of luxury, secure in their satins, perfect in their pearls, alluringly elegant, gorgeously grand!

They Learned by Watching

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knowledge. So when a test gave him a chance, he knew what he was doing.

Timing of emotions and gestures proved such a fascinating study to Barry Norton during the months he worked for Douglas Fairbanks as office boy, neglecting his routine duties to hang around the sets, that he was fired. However, his A B Cs thus learned are of service now.
been in pictures for years and who were beginning to be considered passé. Warner Baxter and Bessie Love.

"I have never acted in pictures before," Bob says. "Really acted, I mean, in the sense of creating a character who is real and an individual. When you are a leading man, you play the same character over and over—and he isn't an actual person. He is a good-looking, noble youth who never has a wrong impulse, or a moment of human weakness.

"You are chosen for the part because you more or less look that way. You dress very much as you do off the screen. You walk through the part and really 'play it straight.'

"If you are supporting a woman star you have few close-ups and practically no dramatic scenes. These, naturally and rightfully, are shown to her. There is no arguing the fact that in most silent pictures all the characters except, perhaps, the star, have been shadowy symbols. They haven't been real people.

"But here is a funny thing. The moment you make a character speak, the moment you hear his voice, he becomes real. He remains to no longer a shadow. He is a person.

"You wait and see. After we have had talking pictures for a while you won't hear much more about 'types.' You won't hear the roles in a picture distinguished by the terms, 'hero,' 'heroine,' 'heavy' and so on. You will hear those characters called by name. Each part will have an identity of its own. And you won't have 'leading men' and 'mother types' and 'comic heavies' any more, either. You will have actors.

"I don't mean that we will have men of sixty playing Romeo, as has been done on the stage sometimes. There is no need for that and it isn't practical, because of a disconnecting way the camera has of finding out your defects. People still will be chosen for certain parts partly because of physical attributes which go with certain characters. But there will be more to it than that.

"Despite the augmented opportunities for experienced actors, youth will still have its place. It will have to be talented and trained youth. As a matter of fact, any actor is a better actor in many ways in the years before he is twenty-five than he ever is again. He is more enthusiastic, more earnest, and more spontaneous than he will be when he is older. After a while acting becomes a matter of routine. He learns the tricks and he doesn't have to give so much of himself to put a part over. If he is smart, he studies those tricks and learns a technique which will let him be convincing in any situation, without making any violent effort.

"He won't be as emotional and as spontaneous as he was in his younger days. But he will look that way. Because he knows how. And it isn't nearly so hard on him!

"While this business of screen technique versus stage training is being so much discussed and is the subject of so many experiments, I think it is interesting to observe that many people, who have had very little stage training, sound better over the microphone than people who have been legitimate actors for years. Your legitimate player is so likely to 'elocute.'

"First-rate stage actors, who seldom appear outside the metropolitan centers, have taken great pains to learn to speak what they call 'pure' English—which means that they speak with a distinct British intonation. Audiences in large cities—people who are habitual theatergoers—are accustomed to that. They know that is the proper way and they value it accordingly.

"But when you attempt to sell a story about ordinary, Middle-Western Americans—and then show the picture in the Middle West—it will sound strange to people who live there if the hero speaks like Lord Something-or-other in a formal moment. I am afraid they are going to titter!

"The ability to act is an inborn thing which can, of course, be improved by study and experience. If a chap is one of those born actors—and there are many of them—and has learned what to do with himself in front of the camera, and can develop the knack of speaking lines naturally, he won't need to study elocution.

"A stage actor is likely to sound too loud on the microphone, anyhow, because he has learned to pitch his voice for the back rows of a theater. He has things to unlearn. And the screen actor has things to learn. I think their chances are about even."

Bob, it would seem, is likely. He has the knack, coupled with years of experience in both mediums. Fusing of the two should be easy for him.

It is nice to see these people with real ability getting the breaks at last. It's one thing for which we can thank talking pictures, however we may feel about them as entertainment.
spair, it being the era of ingénues. gave her books to read, taught her to talk and behave without striving for effect, encouraged her to develop opinions of her own, to think independently.

The Ralston clan was resentful of this outside influence that was absorbing more and more of Esther. She was changing—her money was going into an account of her own, instead of the family coffers; her interests were no longer centered in the clan. She was becoming an entity in herself and this man was blamed. And Esther was openly in love with him. They were panic-stricken. The man was dark and suave, with a waxed mustache, and they doubtless construed him as the heavy of the piece.

Esther’s succession from her family was always a source of achieving sadness to her. She is still a Ralston, one of the clan, who grieves her that, with the exception of her mother and a brother, Clarence, whom she loves, she is denied by the family. And the breach widened irreparably when she married the resented man.

George Webb is fifteen years Esther’s senior, but there is no gap between their tastes, their interests, their ideas. After five years they are still rapturously in love. Theirs is not one of the better-known “happy marriages of Hollywood,” because they feel no urge to publicize their happiness. It exists for them, which is all that matters.

Esther’s attitude toward her career is not feverish or strained. She works earnestly and with enjoyment, but her actual life revolves around her husband and his two little daughters. These three people are dearer to her than the most fabulous of contrivances. On them she lavishes the warmth and abundant tenderness that starved so long.

Her magnificent home on a hilltop above the town is still an incredible place to her. Even after several years of success, she can’t quite realize that it is she, so surrounded by luxury—the same girl who helped carry the scenery of the Ralston troupe along the railroad tracks from one town to another, when there was no money for fares. Her delight in comfort and lovely things is the keener for still remembering vividly what was and what was.

She loves peace, quiet, seclusion. For this reason, she and her husband seldom go out. Last year their only public appearances were one visit to the Coconut Grove, one to the Mayfair, and attendance at the opening of “Interference.” They entertain frequently, but quietly, at home. On an average of three evenings a week, they are alone, playing honeymoon bridge on the floor in front of the fire, or, now and then, playing hilarious games of mah jong with the houseboy and cook, who idolize them.

Besides managing all her contracts, Esther’s husband has invested and increased her money so shrewdly that, were movies to vanish to-morrow, she is secure for the remainder of her life. He looks after all details of her business so that there are no petty difficulties to disturb her. She lives on a fifteen-dollar-a-week allowance, finding it ample to cover her modest flings.

She loves to sew, and has always been able to construct dresses from any remnant handy. She makes most of the clothes for the two little girls, delighting in new designs in smocking or embroidery with which to please them. Her own clothes are simple and very smart, and obviously from the best shops. She wears her clothes well, being tall, graceful and easy of movement.

She is a ruddy picture fan, and a regular patron of the neighborhood theaters. She adores Gloria Swanson as the epitome of charm and élan. Her idol is Mary Pickford. She has visited Pickfair a few times, when Mary entertained Our Girls Club. On these occasions she followed her hostess like a shadow, praying for some emergency to arise so that she could save her life, or pass her a cup of tea or something—anything.

She likes to swim, and every morning before breakfast, winter and summer, has a quick plunge in the pool. During the summer she and her husband keep Sunday open house and, with their guests, are in bathing suits from morning until evening, sometimes till midnight.

She is an adept dancer, having danced since, as a child, a fall from a trapeze precluded further acrobatic work. She has not kept it up consciously, but on many evenings after dinner she turns on the phonograph and dances for her own pleasure.

She has never outgrown the imaginative moods she had when a child, and was forever being interrupted in the midst of some splendid scene by a prince who had come to claim her. Even now, when she is alone, she often finds herself pacing up and down the room with a grave face, saying, “Oh, no, Mr. Lasky, it is too generous. I can’t accept.” or, with

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lows, was a white fur rug lined with peach crape. In it, Madame Glyn told me, she nestles at night on her balcony.

"For twenty years," she told me, 
"I have been living under Maya. All kinds of tiger skin stools, all that is meretricious and false, have been attributed to me. Not only my hair is represented as false, but everything else about me.

"All this came from a deliberate misinterpretation of ‘Three Weeks’ by the English press, which has shown great enmity toward me, because in the first days when I began to write they had a feeling that it was the shoemaker taking bread out of the baker’s mouth."

"They were angry that a society person should have written it. Its success amazed them. Each critic wrote something worse about me than the other. That, I conclude, influenced the American press. Half hit me like the English; the other half praised me. But none of it has ever mattered to me.

"The whole meaning of my existence has been peculiar. I had a thorough classical education, but never had an opportunity to meet literary people. I wasn’t brought up with other people at all. I lived entirely with my thoughts."

As Elinor Sutherland, she told me, she married young Clayton Glyn, a member of a family as old as her own. She proudly exhibited, as any other woman would, photographs of her two daughters, high-bred types of English beauty, and of her three grandchildren. Likewise a portrait of her mother, a handsome, rather autocratic woman of eighty-five.

Since Madame Glyn’s marriage she has lived in Paris, visited every court in Europe, and been honored by nearly every nation. "I know life thoroughly now," she declared.

"Nineteen years ago, I came first to America to stay with friends in New York. I came back in 1911 and again five years later, at the invitation of Jesse Lasky, to work for him.

"I had never seen a moving picture, and found the movie angle difficult to learn. But I set my mind to it. Three months later I wrote the picture ‘The Great Moment,’ for Gloria Swanson. Then ‘Beyond the Rocks.’ I was so disgusted with the changes made in this picture that I went back to Europe. A year later I was tempted to return.

"I will never make another picture, with somebody else’s ideas disrupting the meaning of my charac-

ters. I object to comic opera being put where it does not belong. It is up to the director to get over the psychology of the characters, and not place a totally false interpretation on them.

"I have no desire to have my name as director on my pictures. All I contend is that I am more likely to know the thoughts and psychology of the characters I have created than any other person.

"I always draw them from life—some man or woman I know. That is why they ring true. My eventual aim is to put over perfect beauty, to represent life as something not altogether sorrid."

Madame Glyn’s insistence upon "perfect beauty” both in the sets and costumes for her pictures, is very evident to the students. In the wardrobe department at the Metro-Goldwyn studio I saw half a dozen three-yard trains made of real ermine and edged with lace, that were used in one of the Glyn pictures and have never been used since!

She told me that she writes rapidly by long hand, and rarely makes a change in her “first flush.” “I write, curled up on the divan,” she said, “with a wooden block on my knees. When I come to a stale and my thoughts are not ready to leap over, I get up, turn on the radio and dance. That makes the whole blood stream run differently, and then I start again.

"I always write in the morning, never at night, and only when I feel like it. Though I like money very much, a million dollars wouldn’t induce me to write when I didn’t wish to."

"Do you ever dictate?"

"Mercy, no! I couldn’t stand another personality in the room with me."

"And yet Madame Glyn isn’t a temperamental woman. I wouldn’t want an easier one to work with." This interruption came from her young business manager, John Winn, who was admitted just then. He was sent over by the London office of Elinor Glyn, Limited, to look after her American interests.

"He combines great knowledge of my business with pretty good knowledge of me,” she laughingly explained. “Every morning he comes to early breakfast, when we discuss every detail of the day’s business, and he goes to the studio when I go. He looks after all my bills, makes my contracts, and takes large burdens off my shoulders. In all this time we have never fought.”
“Madame never interferes with anything," he declared. "She is not temperamental, but absolutely logical. The best of women are rarely that!"

"Pooh!" returned Madame Glyn, who believes women are made for love, "the greatest women haven't fifty per cent of the practical intelligence of men, and the average woman hasn't the intellect of a rabbit!"

"Don't forget to say in your story that Madame never spent a dollar for publicity, has never accepted a present except flowers, and never goes to parties unless she has to," was Mrs. Winn's parting request, as he bowed me out with the air of a court chamberlain.

What a queer thing is press agenting, I ponder, now that I have seen the woman that Elinor Glyn is not.

[Edron's Note.—Since this was written Madame Glyn has established the same apartment in a New York hotel—all but the star-gazing balcony!]

Esther—As She Is

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Tears streaming down her face, trying to be brave at the wedding of one of the little girls.

With "The Case of Lena Smith," she has been graduated to drama. When complimented on her performance in this, she gives the entire credit for it to Joseph von Sternberg, and wants keenly to do another picture with him. Whatever the pictures to follow her "Lena Smith," Hollywood and the public will await with new interest the beautiful blonde, whom no one suspected of dramatic power. No one, that is, except the few who knew that the unassuming Esther is drama herself.

PASTORAL

Last night I saw a homestead old
Among tall maple trees,
A garden full of fragrant blooms—I almost heard the bees.
Far off there rose the guardian hills,
My eyes grew dim with tears;
The country seemed to call to me
As in my boyhood years.

I longed to take the winding path
And find an open door,
A gentle face must welcome me—I'd seen it all before.
Far off the city's rush and din,
I watched great branches lean;
A wondrous visit that I had
Upon the friendly screen.

Alice Thorn Frost.
How Old Are You?

Good stories appeal to every one. No matter what your age, you'll enjoy

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Pat's Awakening

Continued from page 46

traded with an Irish grocer, ignoring the Jew farther down the road. But when credit was exhausted, the Jew came to the house and said, "You come down to my store and get what you want. You pay me back some day."

That man's daughter married Sam Rothafel, or "Roxy," the theater owner. His kindness won Pat's gratitude, and made him exceedingly more tolerant of all.

"It's always that way," he mused, eyes upon the brightly garmented stars motoring along the Boulevard in all their expensiveness. The sunlight that streamed into the club, slanting our window table with gold, fell full upon their lavish luxury of furs and gleaming cars, garish in that broad lane of light. "The ones you think are your closest friends forget, and those you least expect come to the mark.

"Picture people? Only two stuck. Shirley Mason was a peach. She would take the kids out, buy a nice piece of goods for a dress for Lillian, or clothes for the children. She was always thinking of something to do. Nan Howard, Director Bill's wife, helped. Otherwise the movie crowd didn't bother. Old ladies would come in and mend stockings, or relieve Lillian in some way. Neighbors, not actors' wives. And the men who offered me financial loans were outside acquaintances."

There is no rancor in Pat's outlook. He doesn't blame the gay, bright cinemese. Many have obligations, some are teetering perilously themselves, the majority are thoughtless rather than callous or ungrateful, and all are busy. However, lessons are learned from fair-weather friends.

"Some people brag when a man is careful of his cash, having isn't being miserly. You invest in public utilities, or a factory, anything that helps business and employs others. You draw a comparatively small interest, but your money is safe, and it spreads happiness, gives others a chance to share your success in a constructive way. Suppose you spend it on the night clubs, or parties and cafés. Stoking rich food that undermines health, gin that ruins well-being and morality. You build the wrong kind of factory.

"You can't beat the law of compensation. It's like gravity. What goes up comes down—regardless of the knaves. There must be self-discipline and denial, to some extent, if your life is to be balanced and of any use."

None of his remarks, couched in even tones, had a very sentimental twang; nothing seemed to be said for effect. He didn't make a drama of his misfortunes and rehabilitation. He simply stated facts and conclusions, in a matter-of-fact way. How much more impressive is truth, simply told!

"When I was flying high, our household expenses were fifteen hundred a month," he replied to a question. "Mail chauffeur, and nurse. People to pick things up so we wouldn't have to get any exercise."

Things are different at the O'Malley home now. There is one servant. His car is good, but old. A homy atmosphere pervades. Pat steps like an athlete, but his voice is low. With a quiet dignity that nobody would ever have suspected possible in him, he is at home to his friends. The sycophants are crowding in again. News travels fast in Hollywood. Many, who have been just awfully busy, call to congratulate him on his recent success. He takes it good-naturedly, and says very little, but they are not pressed to stay to dinner. And the family goes to the theater.

"I figure I'm sitting pretty. I'm in my prime, alert, feeling better than ever. I've been in pictures for twelve years, counting the two that I wasn't in, exactly. I have experience and a voice that the mike accepts. Most of all, the producers know that O'Malley is back and staided. They have confidence in me now."

"Pat," I said, thoughtfully, "you've been darn lucky. There are a good many riding for similar falls. You were fortunate to be jerked up in time. How do you account for it?"

The steely quality receded from his eyes, melted into a deeper blue, as he looked over my head, beyond the showy parade outside. He hesitated, and then hummed slowly, "If I were hanged on the highest hill, mother o' mine——"

That was all.

GOODY! GOODY!

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Call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow'll be the happiest day—
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The Three Sphinxes

Continued from page 89

which is as good as any. And that's all we know of Greta Garbo.

The lady herself remains annoyingly silent regarding her past. She admits that she has had no stage experience, beyond an entrance in the yearly competition at the State Theater.

She now looks at Hollywood and Culver City through half-closed, slanting eyes—as profoundly disturbing as ever gazed at any Oedipus.

Of course rumors have been spread about by those who "know." Some say that Garbo was a waitress in one of the open-air cafes in the Swedish capital. They add that the poverty and sorrow she underwent made her fearful of life. Only those who have experienced poverty really know how cruel human beings can be to one another. Some say she was a singer. Who cares?

The only man Greta has ever appeared to be happy with was Mauritz Stiller, the director—probably because he was the first person to be kind to her. Not even that galloping cyclone, John Gilbert, could entirely supplant Greta's first guide and friend. Stiller's death moved her profoundly—yet hers was not the arm-waving, hair-pulling sort of sorrow, but the silent grief that is always deeper and more poignant.

Greta refuses to speak of her family. But one can perceive that she loves them with an unspeakable love. She admits that she has a mother, a sister, and a brother. One sister died a year ago, adding to the Garbo's ineffable sorrow.

Greta is young, in her early twenties; yet the wisdom of the world and grim reality flash through her eyes—at times. Again, she is very childlike—at times. Then she becomes sad and, oh, it makes one's heart nearly break. On such occasions she wants to be alone—which is often enough—as if to battle some army of hideous memories—or is she longing for something or some one?

Well, well. There they are—Jetta Goudal, Ronald Colman, and Greta Garbo. These three people puzzle Hollywood. They are its sphinxes. They will probably remain so.

If one knew each one's mind, what would one learn? Much, or more mystery?

History Repeats Itself

Continued from page 33

something more than just "Voices! Voices! Voices!" That indescribable, elusive quality known as screen personality, will, as of yore, be the determining factor.

Geraldine Farrar had it to a greater extent than any of her contemporaries drawn from the stage. Her Carmen and Joan the Woman will always hold a high place in the annals of screen performances. Would the hampering restrictions of voice-recording mechanism have limited her in these fiery portrayals? Would Ethel Barrymore, whose screen personality was negative, have registered magnificently if her famous, throaty drawl could have been faithfully reproduced? If Elsie Ferguson had had the benefit of vocal contact with picture audiences, would her cold, patrician beauty have longer survived the camera test?

The pictures of Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tee, Cyril Maude, and William Faversham were sorry flops. Lady Tree's biography of the late Sir Herbert, and the recently published reminiscences of Cyril Maude, throw an interesting light on the attitude of these great actors toward the movies, which may explain in part why they, and lesser stage luminaries, were not more successful.

Pictures to them were a freakish hybrid, neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. Tremendously interested in, and curious about, all that pertained to the new medium, giving of their best under unfamiliar and trying conditions, they yet reflected, perhaps unconsciously, a certain degree of condescension. They stooped to conquer; but, saturated with the theater tradition which had solidified through the years, they couldn't unbend sufficiently. It was a noble experiment, but it didn't click.

The picture public would rather hear what may be the gamin accents of Clara Bow than the most dulcet, cultivated voice that ever sent a Little Theater group into refined ecstasies. It is the fact that the "mamma doll" can speak, not the quality of the sound which issues from her sawdust interior, that fascinates a child.

After hearing them all, let the fans decide which of the established film favorites they wish to hear more of. Then, having worked out the gold mines in their own back yards, it will be time enough for producers to start frenziedly prospecting unknown fields.
The Hobos of Hollywood

Continued from page 83

Phil is a clever camera man, who has reported for duty under the influence of liquor so often, and got into so many disputes with influential people, that no studio will employ him. He has not quite succeeded in drinking himself to death.

Annie is a girl who came to Hollywood years ago with movie ambitions, but soon gave them up. It is only when she lands in a court that she describes herself as "a motion-picture actress."

There are scores of types, ranging from the hopelessly down-and-out, to the struggling who have merely temporarily fallen on hard times, in Hollywood's hobo class.

Many of the movie great at one time or another have been "on the bum." Every once in a while some underdog climbs to success as an actor, director or writer. But the day has passed when anyone could drop off a freight, casually get a humble job in a studio, and soon find himself a world-famous figure. As the business becomes more and more overcrowded, and competition for jobs becomes fiercer and fiercer, Hollywood's vagabond stratum grows. And often the only difference between the steady job holder and the hobo is that the one has reputation, influence, or an imposing front, while the other has not.

Most of the Hollywood hobos are trapped. They have been told "nothing to-day," and "Mr. Jones can't see you, he's in the projection room," a thousand times. Yet no one can say for certain that some day any given one of them won't get a real break. Strange things happen in the chaotic movies, and the occasional news that one pal has struck it rich keeps the mob waiting, waiting.

The jobless one gets little sympathy. The public attitude is, Why doesn't the poor sap get out of pictures and go to work? He is the target of jests, and often he laughs cynically at himself. Sometimes, in a fit of discouragement and disgust, he is ready to leave the picture racket for good. It dawns upon him that if he put in a fraction of the effort and the energy in any other line of work than the movies, he might have a reasonably secure and comfortable life. The outgoing train whistles enticingly beyond the Hollywood hills. But usually he decides to stick it out.

There will always be Hollywood hobos who will manage eventually to break through the barriers. But the vast majority will continue to starve and hope.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 108

"Home-coming"—Paramount. Sombre German picture, with foreign cast, but decidedly meritorious because of fine acting and distinguished direction. Two soldier comrades are separated, one fighting the other dead. He goes to the latter's wife and, against his will, falls in love, return of the husband bringing about striking, unusually intelligent direction, by Lars Hanson, Gustav Froelich, and Dita Parlo.

"Woman of Affairs, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. Elaborate picturization of Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat," skillfully equivocating censorable incidents and achieving moderate interest. Story of a promiscuous heroine, her flagrant affairs, and the one true love of her life—a version of "Camille." Great Garbo finely effective, John Gilbert sacrificed to her; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Lewis Stone, Hobart Bosworth, Dorothy Sebastian, and John May Brown support them.

"On Trial"—Warner. Heavy melodrama of a husband accused of murdering his man friend, and his justification shown by means of cut-backs, though he is saved from conviction by a last-minute courtroom confession. Entirely in dialogue, some of it very good, the picture is entertaining without being anything to rave over. Pau

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Skipping With Barry

Continued from page 74

are to assume before the public, the pose being reinforced by careful publicity. In the case of Barry, one can easily imagine how impossible it would be to get him halter-broken to this system. From all I can learn, the Fox publicity department has abandoned him as an incorrigible subject on which to hang pretty adjectives. As a result we have the real, unretouched Barry, in all his native waywardness and undeniable charm.

Recently an interview was wanted by a writer for a popular magazine. The publicity to be gained from such an article would be, to an embryo star, of inestimable value. Barry, however, at first refused to see the writer at all, but finally compromised by saying he would give her twenty minutes.

"But why?" asked his secretary, baffled by his stubborn attitude.

"I don't like her," said Barry, calmly.

And that illustrates Mr. Norton's attitude toward people. No fawning, no insincerity. About as impractical as it is possible to be, but true to his natural instincts.

Once I suggested that he should live in less expensive quarters, his reckless expenditures having provoked me to the rudeness of giving advice.

"But if I don't have a nice apartment," he explained, "I am unhappy, and don't like to come home in the evenings."

"Look at Buddy Rogers," I said. "He has only one room in a private family."

"Does he?"—incredulously.

"Sure, he does," I continued, waxing eloquent and ungrammatical. "Now if you'd——"

A few days later I heard that Barry had given up his expensive apartment, and taken another only slightly more expensive.

Suppose you have dropped in to see him before dinner. You find the temperamental Thespian sweatered, and unbecomingly tieless. Oh, yes, he will dress for dinner, eventually, when he feels like it.

He lives in a state of luxurious confusion, books and magazines lying about. The walls are decorated with etchings and photographs, and on the table and desk are numerous interesting knickknacks. Barry is engaged in unwrapping a tennis set. Yards of twine and paper are torn off and dropped on the floor.

"Who wants a drink of water?" he inquires, the business of the tennis set having been completed. He leaves the room and returns very shortly with a glass or mug of water. You drink what you want, then Barry unaccountedly finishes what is left.

Although his English is very good, and practically without accent, he sometimes asks to have published criticisms of his pictures put into simpler language.

"What does that mean?" he inquires, leaning forward eagerly.

"It means that your two roles are very much alike," you explain.

"No, no, they aren't alike," he declares. "Very different."

The one thing that makes Barry fighting mad is to be accused of looking effeminate. Still, the accusation is understandable, when one remembers his nicely modeled features and the angelic expression of his face. It is a peculiar coincidence that the camera should have a tendency to slendereize young Norton, when it usually adds a few pounds to one's appearance. Actually, Barry is a sturdy chap, with noticeably large wrists.

So there you have him, one of the most expert actors and interesting personalities in his profession. For my part, I deeply admire him, not only for his intellect and ability, but for his fine disregard of time, order, and the approval of his fellow human beings. Strange? No. In many respects his amazing indifference is a blessing. Not for him the anguish of wondering "what people will think."

Having lived for more than a quarter of a century in a lather of apprehension at the thought of being late, incurring criticism, provoking enmity, or neglecting my duty, it gives me an uninhibited thrill to meet some one who doesn't give a whoop whether school keeps or not.

LUORE OF GOLD

Oh, young Lochinvar is
Come out to the West!
A movie director
Has promised a test!

Blaine C. Bigler.
The Middle West. Miss Schank became interested in the earnest eighteen-year-old girl, and on closer acquaintance realized that she had made a "find." Lola had frequently, when the press of her other occupations permitted, sung and played the piano at entertainments, but more for the five dollars involved than to appease any desire for the footlights. It remained for Miss Schank to discover that there was active talent behind those impromptu performances.

She took Lola with her on a tour of the Chautauqua circuit and taught her invaluable tricks of voice culture, of stage deportment and of confidence in her flair for this new medium.

At the end of the tour Lola peremptorily gathered up her sister, Leota, and went to New York. Leota's voice had been the pride of the family. Lola devised a plan to make of them a sister team. On Lola's nerve they won a hearing from Gus Edwards. And they got the job. As The Lane Sisters they entertained in Gus Edwards' "Ritz-Carlton Revue" and served time in the chorus of the "Greenwich Village Follies," because they wanted to master dancing; then Gus Edwards signed them as a special feature in the revue he took over the Orpheum circuit last year. When they got back to New York, Lola was given the lead in "The War Song." To follow that, the Shubert's planned to feature her in a show designed for Marion Harris, who had quit abruptly. Fox, however, outbid them, and here is Lola, the particular rising comet of the Fox lot, with a five-year contract involving weekly pay checks of a size usually seen only by established players.

Now that she has achieved her purpose, this valiant young fighter is awed by what she considers her remarkably good fortune. The years of struggle notwithstanding, she marvels at the lucky breaks that placed her where she is.

Now that it has come, she can at last relax and revel in the sense of security for herself and for the mother who is her idol. When she was making fifteen a week, five of it went in the bank, five she lived on, and the remainder was always sent to her mother. Now that the remittances are larger beyond Lola's most fanciful hopes, there is the best of education for her two little sisters who, she says, have more talent in their little fingers than she will ever possess. For Lola there is the sesame to all the lovely things she fought for. And important, too, the business of acting, to which she brings all her fine, well-trained energies, and which is really less business than fun.

Predictions are premature as yet, but the studio executives, who are pessimists by profession, are already giving to rhapsodizing about Lola. Her screen personality, they tell any one who will listen, is a rare blend of delicacy and strength. Her emotions are keenly sensitized, and her feeling for scenes is unerring. She photographs like a poem, and her full, smooth voice encounters no difficulties with the capricious microphone.

It sounds fulsome—until you know that she hasn't a press agent to her name. Then it sounds rather authentic. Skeptical or credulous, it would be well to make a note of it for reference a year from now.
Stranger Than Fiction

Continued from page 23

Billie Dove professes—and I have seen this in print, so it must be true—a fancy for watching surgical operations, though in every other respect she seems to be not only a rational, but a charming young woman.

Malcolm Stuart Boylan, whose smart cracks in subtitles have made him more or less celebrated, keeps a goat as a household pet, although a pig would be more in keeping with the traditions of his Celtic forbears.

And there is a director who has a horoscope cast before starting each picture, to be sure that the zodiac will do what it can to improve the production's quality.

Surely no such catalogue of Hollywood would be complete without mention of Peter, the Hermit, who lives at the top of Laurel Canyon, and can be seen almost daily, barefooted, and generally driving his donkey, with a dog or two trotting along, walking about the Boulevard.

Time was when Peter was more or less the outstanding figure among Hollywood eccentrics, but he has become old-fashioned now. He still holds seances in his tent, which attracts a small gathering of assorted believers and curiosity seekers.

He blows out the light, and the tent is filled with spirits. Auras of light float about the place, halos of varying colors encircling the heads of those present. Peter sees them and calls attention to them.

When I was there he saw a light purple one around his head, which he said was very high up in the spectrum, and meant great things for me. I would have felt a little more flattered about this, except that the very day Peter took me there he had told Peter in advance that I was likely to write something about him.

Then there is the young man with a string of imported automobiles, who makes his living by renting them to picture companies, the man whose lack of teeth and peculiarly arranged features, make it possible to touch his chin with the tip of his nose, and earns his living almost solely through this feat; the thirty or forty old gentlemen who make their living renting their beards to pictures; and have even formed a club to keep down competition; the Serbian girl with an apartment on Hollywood Boulevard who dips batiks and keeps a baby python; the young Russian lad who asserted in all seriousness to me his belief that the spirit of Don Pio Fico, last governor of California, who surrendered his forces and command to United States troops in the vicinity, was responsible for the cracking of the new concrete bridge which leads to the First National and Universal studios.

Now do you gather from this that Hollywood and the film industry is filled with nothing but such odd and assorted facts? But it is not.

The motion-picture business is founded on solid toil, but is glossed over with festive and gaudy decorations, some of it unconscious and some of it assumed.

Hollywood is an international winter headquarters for all the circus in the world. Every attraction on the midway is under one big tent, and all three rings are going every minute.

But at the same time, it is a village where one may lead almost any sort of existence his fancy demands, and unless one becomes too noisy or blatant about it, very little heed is paid to it all.

Artists and writers, some of whom have no connection with the films, have chosen to make it their home.

Any one with a sense of humor will have a gorgeous time watching, and if one doesn't have, one can make up for the lack of it by amassing a large fortune in the two-reel comedy business.

One may rub shoulders with movie stars in a church, a night club or a Turkish bath; one may converse with men who have written a great novel, or men who are certain they are about to perfect a perpetual-motion machine; one may attend concerts in the Bowl, or wild parties in Beverly Hills; one may step from a household of abundant wealth to one of abject need in the same block; one may take an extra to a meal, and six months later see his name in electric lights, and his person in a Rolls-Royce.

Said the poet, "See Naples and die!"

Instead, see Hollywood, and then go back and tell the folks in Cedar Rapids all about it.

SOPHISTICATION

All is not gold that glitters.
All are not film stars that shine;
Some sparkle and some shimmer,
Grow brighter—then dimmer—
Darkness and sudden decline!
Blaire C. Bigler.
Information, Please

Continued from page 102

Raven, Fox casting director. I believe she is part Indian. She is five feet tall and brumette. Diane Ellis is from California, blonde, of course. Her films include "Sat Zat?" "Crattle Snatchers," "Chain Lightning," "Hook and Ladder No. 9," "Happiness Ahead," "Leatherneck," "High Voltage," and I don't know what small roles earlier.

MARY JEAN.—Congratulations on having lost a daughter, Charles Rogers, so successfully! "Get Your Man" was his fifth film to be released. His first was "Fascinating Young" in which he played with various other players of the Paramount school. Then came "Moonlight, My Work," for Fox, then "Wings," and "My Best Girl." Buddy was born August 13, 1904. Yes, it is true that Sue Carol is getting a divorce from Allan Keeter.

A LADY OF LEISURE.—And in your leisure you think up questions to make work? Well, I must earn money somehow. The reason you saw no advance reports of the Barrymore-Costello marriage was a surprise to everyone. You see, he was married and the divorce from Michael Strange was procured so secretly no one knew he was free to marry Dorothea Barbara Bedford, born in Prairie Du Chien, Wisconsin, and educated at Lake View, Wisconsin. She is in her late twenties and in private life she is Violet Rose Roscoe, divorced from Al Roscoe. Sorry I don't know her maiden name. She has a five-year-old daughter, Babie. She was formerly married to Irvin B. Willat, now Billie Dove's husband. Screen Ricardo Cortez and Mary Pickford appeared in last month's Picture Play. But there isn't much left for Mary to say that the fans don't already know, is there?

JANICE TOLLIVER.—I don't know very much, as yet, about Virginia Cherrill, except that she is a blonde, from Chicago, and that Charlie Chaplin discovered her, and asked her to play opposite him. This will be her first picture.

ANGELA MORROW.—Yes, you're right, Lantu. Sanders hasn't been as successful on the screen as his admirers predicted for him. Did you see him in "The Big Killing" and "The First Kiss?" He is now cast in "The Studio Murder, Mystery," and presumably in "Dirigible." I don't know whether Paramount ever completed "Dirigible," or not. Lane was born in 1901, but I don't know the month. That's his real name. Pots Neier's husband in "Three Sinners" was played by Paul Lukas.

JOAN DELANDRE.—Crazy over Greta! And who isn't, among movie fans? Greta was born in Stockholm, in 1906. She is five feet six and weighs 125. I doubt if she answers fan mail, though probably Metro-Goldwyn answers it for her. That's all the address I know for her. As for Swede, since John Gilbert had the only one we hear about, though Mau- ritz Stiller, the Swedish director who died several months ago, was very much in love with her wouldn't you think of her relatives came to America with her. Since her American films you mention, she has appeared in "Mysterious Lady" and "Wild Orchids." There are several Greta Garbo fan clubs—either Virginia McGuire's, 611 Shatto Place, Los Angeles, or Elinor Rodenbaugh's, Baird Avenue and Fourth Street, Barberton, Ohio.

JOHN ALLEN.—I'll keep a record of your David Rollins fan club. It was David Powell, not William, who played with Evelyn Brent years ago in "Spanish Jade." David is now dead. Yes, the film was made in Spain. I think Richard Dix's first Paramount film was "The Woman with Four Faces," opposite Betty Compson.

CLARA L. ENNIS.—Leslie Fenton, at this writing, has just completed "The Woman Who Needed Killing" for Paramount. The other addresses you ask about are all given in the list at the end of this department.

J. E. W.—I don't know why Francis B. Bushman, Jr., is not given more to. Since "Four Sons" he has made only one film, so far as I know, and that's a Pathé dog picture called "Marlie the Killer."

TEDDY BEAR.—Jeanne Esterman very kindly writes in response to your question of where Clara Bow lived in Brooklyn, that her address at the time she won the beauty contest was twenty-third Street. Thank you, Miss Esterman.

EDDIE DICKSON.—There is no place you can write to get your local theater to show a talkie. Speak to the house manager about it—but the chances are he won't. You see, the theater has to be wired for talking pictures, and it's rather expensive. But don't worry, your exhibitor will have to work out a plan to make it work. The "sound effects" and dialogue is that in a film with sound effects the players don't talk. The music is synchronized, and such things as our old friend, footstep approaches on horseback, etc. you don't know of any Ken Maynard fan clubs.

ROBERT M. CICERO.—The only address I can suggest for Johnny Downs is the Hal Roach studio, Culver City, California. Letters to him there would probably be forwarded to his home address.

CLEOPATRA.—Just to show you what a good sport I am, when I get through with all your questions, I'll come up bravely for air and say, "Ask me another." It's the star's right to give information on a star's religious faith; that subject is too full of dynamite. Sue Carol is about five feet two, and weighs about 110. Her real name is Evelyn Lederer and she is American. So is Charles Farrell. Baklanova doesn't give her age. Carmel Myers is the daughter of a rabbi. Enid Bennett was Douglas's sweetheart in "Robin Hood;" Besie Love was not. I can't see that picture. Thelma Todd is in her early twenties, five feet six, weight 130. Milton Sills is about forty-three. Nancy Carroll is twenty-three. Sue Carol was born in 1906. Yes, she's four years older than Doug. Jr., Laura La Plante is twenty-four, five feet two; weight 122. Marjorie Nixon, same age, five feet five, 105. Marjorie Rambeau is twenty-nine. Yes, Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper are reported engaged. Tom Mix is fifty; little Thomasina is in her late teens. Ruth, born January 1, 1919, is an earlier marriage, who is about nineteen. Marceline Day is twenty-three; height five feet three; weight 104. Sue Carol is five feet five inches. She is from Santa Monica, California. "The United Flapper" is my sorry, but "The Way of a Man" is such an old picture I haven't the cast. Do you remember who produced it?

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CHELSEA HOUSE

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Ethel S. Cottingham.—I will keep a record of your Kenneth Harlan club and refer his admirers to you. Also your Bee Line chapter of the Richard Dix club.

Carrie, Milwaukee.—Yes, Picture Play published an interview with Mary Brian, "Wendy Grows Up," in the issue for April, 1928. You can obtain this issue by writing to this office inclosing twenty-five cents with your request.

A Disguised Picture Fan.—I'm sorry to hear that Gertrude Olmsted high-hats her former neighbors in La Salle, Illinois. But perhaps you're doing her an injustice about her claim of Chicago as a birthplace. Her biography states that she was born in Chicago and educated in La Salle. So probably her family moved to your city when she was small.

Paul Martin, a French boy, would like to hear from other Charles Rogers fans. His address is 21 Rue Vernet, Paris, 8 arr., France. And don't forget, boys and girls, that takes a five-cent stamp. Your English is perfect, Paul, and needs no apology. Perhaps it was a special favor that Buddy Rogers personally autographed the photo he sent you. He probably doesn't get so many letters from France, in such excellent English. Most talking pictures, so far, have been made with silent versions for the benefit of those theaters which are not wired. Do write again.

Buddy's Buddy.—What a coincidence! There's a Buddy Rogers fan club with headquarters right in your home town of Channute, Kansas. See Randolph Tye, 708 South Central Avenue.

James Reed.—You're just four years too late for the Paramount school. That was organized in 1925, but was discontinued after the first class.

Sally.—As to how long Colleen Moore has worn a Dutch bob, what a troubling question for an old man like me! Several years, I should say. Clara Bow uses her real name. Zasu Pitts can be reached. I think, at Hollywood, California. I believe you may see the Bellamy picture from S. George Ullman, Hollywood, California.

Hula of Hawaii.—It was thoughtful of you to send me the casts of those old films, which I don't have. Any time I can return the favor! Dorothy Costello and John Barrymore were married last November twenty-four. Dolores' fan club is in charge of Francis Wilson, Blountstown, Florida. There is none for Barrymore, nor for Audrey Ferris. Madge Bellamy is one of the stars honored by Our Club fans; Julia David, 62 West Dedham Street, Boston. Bed ford doesn't give her age. She is five feet four and weighs 130. I don't know of what descent she is. I haven't seen Douglas Gilmore's picture in any recent casts, but as he is only a minor player it's rather difficult to keep track. I'm sorry, but Mona Rico is so new to the screen I haven't yet been able to get her biography.

Barney Googe.—I have no way of knowing the reliability of fan clubs; I merely keep them on record when I am asked to. Bill Haines was born January 1, 1900; he is six feet tall and weighs 172. His fan club at 103 Vivian Street, Chicago, Stephens, Perry, Lake County, Ohio. Robert Frazer was born June 20, 1891. He seems to keep quite active on the screen, chiefly in quickies, which perhaps you don't see. In the past year he has appeared in "The Little Snob" for Warner; "The Scarlet Dove," "Out of the Ruins," First National; "City of Purple Dreams," "Black Butterflies," and "Sioux Chief." M.G.M.

A Girl Who Worships Joan Crawford.—You and Doug, Jr.! Joan is a Metro-Goldwyn player, and perhaps would send you her picture for ten cents. She was born in San Antonio and grew up in Kansas City. When she was fifteen she ran away and went on the stage in Chicago. From there to New York, where she was "discovered" for the screen by Harold J. Costello. Olivia de Havilland works at the RKO studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.

Nina B. Cowan.—There was a full-page picture of Richard Dix in Picture Play for February, 1929.

A Buddy Rogers Fan.—Buddy is twenty-four and six feet tall. Dick Arlen is twenty-nine; six feet tall. I don't know what the chances are for a reissue of any of the Valentino films.

Alice Clifton.—So you think you unveiled the secret of my identity? I'm only a community "detecting." John Darrow is the young man you fancied in "The Racket.

Gregory H.—A nickname for "Gigles"? Yes, you may have your own way about Nils Asther; he's getting very popular. He was born January 17, 1902, and is six feet one. He's with Metro-Goldwyn. He has no fan clubs as yet. At last accounts Betty Bronson was working in "Broadway" fan club headquarters. Write to Chaplin's leading lady, Virginia Cherrill, at his studio, 1416 La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles. The list of addresses of foreign players was not sent to publish, but was sent to publishers entirely, and I don't know which ones you are interested in. Would you like Brigitte Helm, Feulerstrasse 4, Berlin, Friedenau, Germany; Susi Varela, Boulevard Soul; Paris; Willy Fritsch, Charlottenburg Kaiserdam 95, Berlin; Gosta Ekman, 19 Hjortahovsgaten, Stockholm, Sweden?

Helen Blaisdell.—Dear, dear, by the time I get through questions, where will all my magazine space be then, poor thing? Yes, Phyllis Haver is rather the party-girl type. Malcolm McGregor freelances. I never learned any signs of activity from my fan club. Let's keep our heads up. For the contrary. Mary Astor is now a Fox player; "The Woman" is her newest film. I don't think Mary makes personal-appearance tours. Dolores Costello was on the screen three years, Gloria Swanson about eleven. Conrad Nagel's rise has been so gradual, I can't set a definite date. Barbara Stanwyck became prominent. Victor Varconi looks precisely as he does on the screen; yes, I've met him. Evelyn Brent is divorced from B. F. Fineman; Madge Bellamy was sent to France for Thomas H. Ince. I think Rex Lease uses his real name. And I don't know whether Chive Brook's parents are living, or where Vilma Banky was educated—except, of course, in Budapest.

Addresses of Players


Good serials on the way in

LOVE STORY Magazine

for the month of June. In the June 8th issue:

"LOVE'S BARRIERS," a two-part story by Louise B. Jones begins. This is a story of love and mystery.

On June 15th—"JOY HEART," a long serial by an old favorite, Ivy M. Clayton, begins. This is a romantic tale of first love.

In the June 22nd issue another serial by Millie-cent Moreland begins. "THE PRICE OF A GOOD TIME" is even better than "The Forbidden Marriage," about which letters came in from all over the country.

Don't forget the dates.

Love Story Magazine

Published Weekly 15c Per Copy
~but when I started to play the laugh was on them!

"Well, folks, I guess we'll have to lock up the piano and make faces at ourselves."

Helen Parker's party was starting out more like a funeral than a good time.

"Isn't Betty Knowles coming?" an anxious voice sang out.

"Unfortunately Betty is quite ill tonight and Chet Nicholls is late as usual," replied Helen gloomily. "I wish Sis wasn't away at school and she'd make the keys talk for us."

"I know some brand new card tricks," volunteered Harry Walsh.

"Great!" said Helen. "I'll go and find some cards." While she was gone I quietly stepped up to the piano bench, sat down, and started to fumble with the pedals underneath. Someone spotted me. Then the wisecracks began.

They Poke Fun at Me

"Ha! Ha! Ted thinks that's a player piano," chuckled one of the boys.

"This is going to be a real musical comedy," added one of the fair sex. I was glad I gave them that impression. Their surprise would be all the greater. I kept fiddling around the pedals—making believe that I was hunting for the foot pumps.

"Come over to my house some night," said Harry. "I've got an electric player and you can play it to your heart's content. And I just bought a couple of new rolls. One is a medley of Victor Herbert's compositions—the other..."

Before he had a chance to finish I swung into the strains of the sentimental "Gypsy Love Song." The laughter and joking suddenly ceased.

It was evident that I had taken them by surprise. What a treat it was to have people listening to me perform. I continued with "Kiss Me Again" and other popular selections of Victor Herbert. Soon I had the crowd singing and dancing to the tune of the latest syncopation.

Finally they started to bombard me with questions... "How?... When?... Where?... did you ever learn to play?..."

I Taught Myself

Naturally, they didn't believe me when I told them I had learned to play at home and without a teacher. But I laughed myself when I first read about the U. S. School of Music and their unique method for learning music.

"Weren't you taking a big risk, Ted?" asked Helen.

"None at all," I replied. "For the very first thing I did was to send for a Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it was to learn without a teacher I sent for the complete Course. What pleased me so was the fact that I was playing simple tunes by note from the very start. For I found it easy as ABC to follow the clear print and picture instructions that came with each lesson. Now I play several classics by note and most all of the popular music. Believe me, there's a real thrill in being able to play a musical instrument."

This story is typical. The amazing success of the men, women and children who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music—actually simple.

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Thus you actually teach yourself right in your own home, without any long hours of tedious practice. Without any dull or monotonous tasks learn how to play real music from real notes.

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Remember—it is not too late to become a capable musician. If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain new harmony and increase your popularity—send off this coupon at once. Forget the old-fashioned idea that "talent" means everything. Read the list of hundreds of famous musicians who have used this instrument to find their way to fame. Join the other average out of every five persons a day, who are taking this lesson.
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By ANNE O'HAGAN
Romola was thirty-two. She had a husband and two children. But romance insisted on coming into her life again.

Quicksands
By VICTOR THORNE
How a girl reared in poverty staged a campaign to win a wealthy husband. A story that deals with many of the vital problems of modern life.

The Love Bridge
By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR
How the destinies of two women and a man were vitally influenced by a bridge across a Western canyon. A splendid love story of the outdoors.

Her Wedding Ring
By MARCIA MONTAIGNE
The call of youth to youth and a love that sought to override obstacles instead of finding a way around them, are the dominant themes of this romance of the younger generation.

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